

SEPTEMBER 1933

10 CENTS

MODERN Screen

LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



WHY NOT CLARK GABLE AS MAE WEST'S SCREEN LOVER?



NIGHT

FLIGHT

JOHN
BARRYMORE
HELEN HAYES
CLARK GABLE

LIONEL
BARRYMORE
ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
MYRNA LOY

A CLARENCE BROWN Production

The Spectacular Romance based on the Prize Novel "Night Flight" has been made into a Giant Entertainment. It takes its place alongside of the Biggest Productions created at the Miracle Studios of M-G-M.

David O. Selznick, Executive Producer

ONLY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER COULD DO IT!

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Takes Pains Washing a Sweater
Gives No Care to Her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

THIS girl values her sweaters so highly that nothing could induce her to wash one hurriedly or carelessly. And everybody notices how grand and clean and soft her sweaters look!

Wouldn't you think she'd take an equal amount of trouble to keep from having dingy, grayish-looking teeth? They're the only teeth she'll ever have!

Her teeth look noticeably uncared-for because her gums are flabby and

tender. She has "pink tooth brush."

What about your own teeth and gums? Are you sure, when you smile, that your teeth are sparkling white? Are your gums hard and healthy?

It's no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common complaint. Modern foods are too soft to exercise our gums—to give them active, healthy stimulation. Naturally they become soft and tender—betray a tendency to bleed.

And not only may "pink tooth brush" dull the teeth—but it may open the way for gingivitis, Vincent's

disease and even pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To be rid of it—clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time squeeze a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and lightly massage it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana stimulates and tones the gums.

Thirty days with Ipana and massage, and your teeth will be brighter, your gums harder. Get the Ipana-and-massage habit—and you won't be bothered by "pink tooth brush." Start today!

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-93
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

AUG -8 1933

MODERN Screen

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MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SONG OF SONGS"

A Rouben Mamoulian Production with Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth, from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon.

One of the world's great stories comes to the star who can make it live..."The Song of Songs"—the Love of Loves—blindly sought through tragic amours by a woman too feminine to grasp true happiness.



if it's a **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**, it's the best show in town!

REVIEWS

—a tour of today's talkies

● Recommended. ● ● Specially recommended. Brief reviews on page 78.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ● ● Berkeley Square | ● Hold Your man |
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| ● College Humor | Man of the Forest |
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| ● Goodbye Again | ● Storm at Daybreak |
| ● Her Bodyguard | |
| ● ● Voltaire | |

THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox)

EXTRAORDINARILY *fine*. This picture could be recommended for its daring treatment alone. It could be recommended for the performance of Spencer Tracy. You shouldn't pass up an opportunity to see it for *any* reason!

The story is, briefly, the life history of a hated and muchly-feared railroad man. But the manner of telling the story is what you will remember. First, the death of the man . . . second, the life of the same man. With a series of exceptional "flashbacks," Director William K. Howard tells of the suicide of the man's first wife . . . his re-marriage . . . and the tale ends with the suicide of the man because his own son is having an affair with the second wife.

Spencer Tracy gives a performance that will mark him as one of the greatest actors on the talking screen. Colleen Moore is a little disappointing, but Ralph Morgan stands out. There will be a great deal of comment about this picture . . . so we advise you to be well posted. The little folks won't go for it, though.

VOLTAIRE (Warners)

VERY *entertaining*. George Arliss' last picture under the Warner banner is one of his best. The film has charm and enjoyable comedy . . . and Arliss' portrayal of the great writer of the eighteenth century is delightful and, as always, flawless. Although he remains the center of the picture, Reginald Owen's performance as King Louis XV is outstanding. Alan (Continued on page 8)

Warren William and Joan Blondell in "Goodbye Again." From the successful stage play, you know. And one of the most hilarious, crazy and delightfully insane comedies the screen has ever had.



Jean Harlow keeps her stockings lovely looking this way

Official in all the big studios..

Wardrobe director of the M. G. M. Studio, Joe Rapf (shown making a personal check of Luxable costumes), says: "We have found a way to save on the costumes! By using Lux on all washable garments—heavy and sheer fabrics alike—the color is protected. Besides being safe, economical and quick, Lux restores the costume to its original state of newness and beauty."



Why don't you follow her easy LUX method?

"I'm awfully fussy about the way my stockings fit," says fascinating Jean Harlow. "That's why my maid has explicit instructions to wash them—and my underthings, too—with Lux. Never rub, never use ordinary soap or hot water. Stockings *do* look so much lovelier washed the Lux way—and they keep their beautiful fit."

YOUR STOCKINGS can fit flatteringly, too, like Jean Harlow's, if you care for them the Hollywood way—with Lux! It's especially made to preserve the elasticity in stockings—that's the quality new stockings have that lets them stretch—then spring right back into shape. When elastic, they can stand sudden strains, too—aren't apt to break into runs so often.

With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing, no harmful alkali such as ordinary soaps often have to weaken elasticity, fade color. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

"Yes, indeed, you can tell my girl 'fans' that I'm a fan for Lux," says this M. G. M. star now appearing in the glamorous all-star production, "Dinner at Eight."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck



TRUST TO LUX

(Continued from page 6)

Mowbray as Counte de Sarnac, the King's right hand man, also does some fine work. Doris Kenyon is lovely as Madame Pompadour and Margaret Lindsay is adequate in a small rôle. A thoroughly entertaining picture for the whole family.

BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox)

TRIUMPH. Hollywood agrees that this will be considered one of the ten best pictures of 1933. Hollywood also admits that Leslie Howard is "Berkeley Square" . . . and that without him it would be a hodge-podge, indeed.

'Tis a tough story . . . this idea of having the hero step from the twentieth century to the eighteenth, but Howard carries the audience with him perfectly. The idea is briefly this: A young man is consumed with the idea of living in "the jolly past," getting his inspiration from a room hung with pictures of his famous forebears. Suddenly his wish is granted. Of course he takes his twentieth century language and customs with him . . . and the results will give you some real laughs. One little item will suffice: They didn't have bath-tubs in those days.

Heather Angel, in a very difficult rôle, does very well . . . as do Valerie Taylor and Irene Brown. You'll have to see this one to appreciate Leslie Howard's true artistry. The kids will neither understand nor enjoy it.

NO MARRIAGE TIES (RKO)

SWELL. If you want speed, laughs, and some of the swellest lines ever to reach the screen, this is your best bet. Richard Dix is another swaggering, but perfectly likeable character (did you see him in "The Great Jasper"?) as the ad man whose slogans are catchy, but not always honest. He meets Elizabeth Allan, a struggling artist, in a speakeasy . . . and it's a friendly relationship with no ties. A pretty client (Doris Kenyon) almost leads him to the altar . . .



(Above) Bing Crosby, of the crooning Crosbys, Lona Andre and Richard Arlen. Wouldn't you like to see Crosby as a professor? Oakie is in it, too.



(Above) Elissa Landi and Victor Jory in "I Loved You Wednesday." Very sophisticated—and quite good. (Below) Jean Harlow and Clark Gable will thrill you—make you cry—and make you laugh—in "Hold Your Man."



LADY OF THE NIGHT (M-G-M)

GOOD drummer. This one is particularly noteworthy because of Loretta Young's super-swell performance. She is really something to rave about as the gal who seems to be a target for all the tough breaks in life. She experiences poverty, death, reform school, jail—and when a gangster (Ricardo Cortez) offers his apartment, she experiences that, too. Franchot Tone, a young attorney, captures her heart, and it's real love for the first time. To save him, she kills a man . . . there's a trial . . . and a happy ending.

It's an engrossing yarn, and although Cortez and the rest of the cast, including Una Merkel, give excellent performances, Loretta remains the shining star of this film. See it, but better leave the kiddies at home.

GOODBYE AGAIN (Warners)

TERRIBLY funny. One of the funniest, craziest, goofiest and most infectious comedies to hit the screen in many a day. Largely responsible for the laughs is Hugh Herbert, who is so funny and so foolish that you'll hold your sides from the agony of an overdose of laughter. He is the rather insignificant husband of Genevieve Tobin, whose weakness is the brilliant author (Warren William). She believes she is his inspiration and refuses to be convinced otherwise. Joan Blondell is William's secretary.

Not a pretentious pix, but mighty swell entertainment, with one humorous situation following another in rapid succession and witty lines galore! The Misses Tobin and Blondell do creditably. (Continued on page 92)

You can't go wrong if you
say "Let's go Tonight

to see one of
these great

WARNER BROS. PICTURES"



"CAPTURED!"

with LESLIE HOWARD. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas. A dramatic surprise you will never forget!



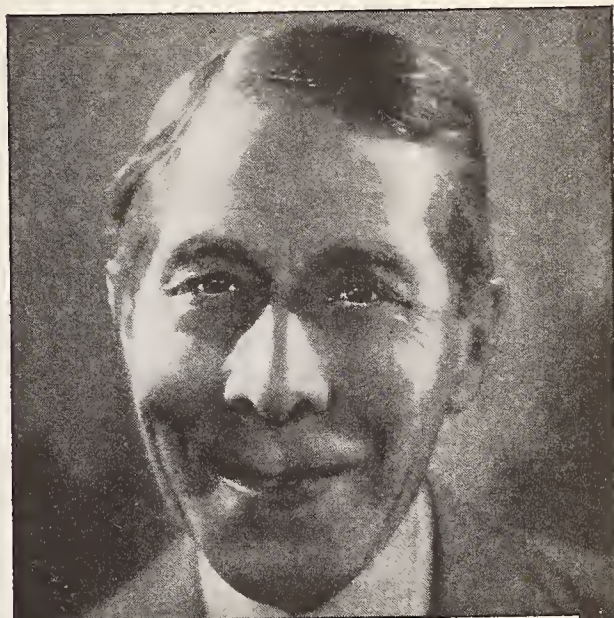
"MARY STEVENS, M.D."

with KAY FRANCIS ... LYLE TALBOT ... GLENDA FARRELL. The passionate pilgrimage of a woman doctor ...



"GOODBYE AGAIN"

B'way's sensational stage success with Joan Blondell, Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford, Hugh Herbert.



GEORGE ARLISS

in "VOLTAIRE" with DORIS KENYON. The greatest characterization that Arliss has yet brought to the screen.

● AND WATCH FOR EDWARD G. ROBINSON, KAY FRANCIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN
"I LOVED A WOMAN"

"HOW MUCH?"
 "WHEN?" "WHAT
 KIND?" "HOW?"
 FAMILIAR BEAUTY
 QUESTIONS! THIS
 DEPARTMENT
 ANSWERS THEM



Leila Hyams—quiet, gentle and dignified—knows the value of good judgment and moderation in beauty problems.

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

THE things you tell us are all very well," someone wrote to me the other day, "but you don't tell *enough*. How much . . . when . . . to what degree? These are the things we want to know. For instance: I have been using oil on my hair to cure dandruff. I have kept up the treatments, faithfully, for a considerable time. But I still have dandruff. And my hair is very oily and unpleasant looking most of the time. Something must be wrong. I know the fault is my own—I don't do it properly, or I overdo it, or I omit some important part of the treatment. But I don't know just *what!* Can't you be more definite about things?"

Well, I'll consider myself bawled out. I'll try to be more explicit about things. Starting right now—in this month's article. But before I begin, let me offer one blanket suggestion: for goodness sakes, use your common sense! If you read here some advice that sounds appropriate for your needs—and try it—and it doesn't work out—well, then, for pete's sake, try to adapt to your own needs that *part* of the advice which you can profitably use.

People have actually asked me how much cold cream to use to cleanse one's face! I'll refrain from sarcastic comments and tell you how I clean *my* skin which is a fairly typical sort of skin. You know, a tendency to oiliness down the middle of the forehead, over the nose and on the chin, and drier on the cheeks and neck. I use cold cream—not cleansing cream—since my skin isn't particularly oily all over. I slather on a goodly quantity first with my fingertips. A very light touch for the first application, because one doesn't wish to grind in the day's

accumulation of dirt with the cream. Then I remove that application with tissues. Use plenty of tissues. They're cheap. Don't neglect the neck—front and back. Now apply cream a second time. Take a little more time over this application. Sort of mess around with it. Slap under your chin with the backs of your hands. Tap lightly but firmly with the cushions of your fingers on the fleshy part of your face. Smooth around the eyes very, very gently with your fingertips. Iron out any incipient wrinkles in your forehead. By this time, your skin should begin to have a tingly sensation. You should have color in your cheeks. After a few minutes, remove all excess cream.

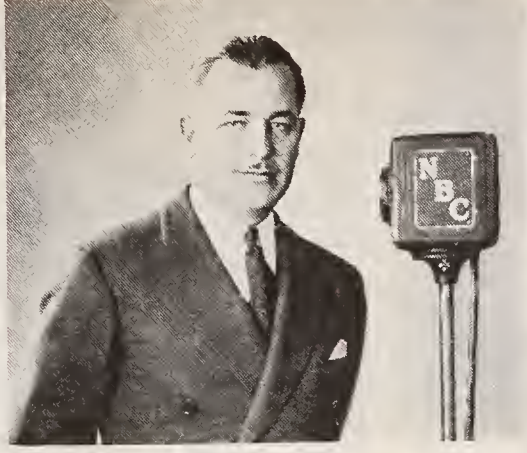
WHAT you do after a cream cleansing depends entirely on your personal preferences and the needs of your particular type of skin. I like to wash my face with bland soap and warm water. This is good for skins which are not excessively dry. Use your hands to work up a lather. Rinse plentifully. Warm water first. Then cooler. Finally, have the water very cold.

Excessively oily skins may use the soap and water method, or, better, a brisk slapping with cotton soaked in astringent. (It's nice to keep your bottle of astringent in the ice box—when it's ice cold, it feels so grand.)

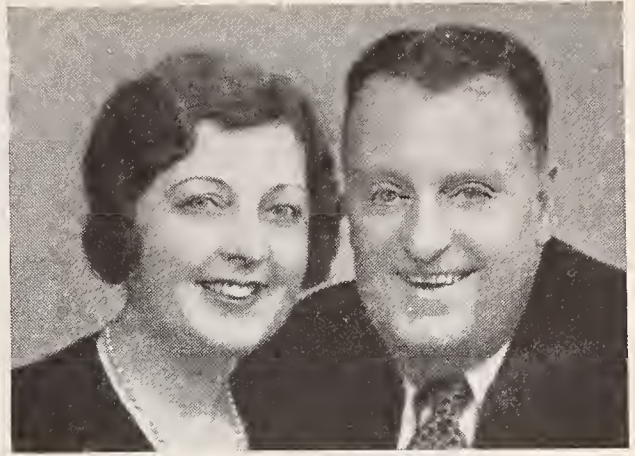
Excessively dry skins had better finish off with a little very mild tonic—witch hazel will do nicely. This takes away any possible greasy feeling that may be left. Some dry-skinned people prefer to let it go at two cream cleansings. That's quite all right if you are careful to remove every last trace of the cream. If you make use of a tonic, you should put a little tissue (*Continued on page 96*)



ANN LEAF



PHIL COOK



CRUMIT AND SANDERSON



THE
GOLDBERGS



STOOPNAGLE AND BUD



BERT LAHR



ARTHUR
TRACY

THE THINGS THEY'D RATHER *FORGET*

Behind the laughter and nonsense of Stoopnagle and Budd . . . what sad memories linger? Behind the melodic jollity of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, what bitter thoughts? What are the things Bert Lahr would rather forget? And the mother of "The Goldbergs"?

RADIO STARS asked them—and they replied, with stories and experiences that will make them your friends more than ever. which is RADIO STARS' purpose—to make your radio favorites actually live for you. RADIO STARS is the forth dimension of radio—the fascinating reporter of the air. Try it this month, and see for yourself how much more entertainment you'll get out of your radio set hereafter!

The September issue, now on sale, includes in addition to "The Things They Would Like to Forget," "The Romance of the Street Singer" (which reads almost like fiction), and interesting slants on Jeannie Lang, Little Jack Little, "Sherlock Holmes"—and many many others.

RADIO STARS

The Fascinating Magazine of Radio Personalities
September issue • **10** cents • on sale now





GET WELL SOON, CLARK GABLE!

Retakes on "Hold Your Man" with Jean Harlow, when he was in desperate pain, only aggravated his condition.

CLARK GABLE is very, very ill. This is not an alarmist story.

MODERN SCREEN is not prophesying that "Clark Gable will never make another picture!" We have, however, investigated in a very careful way, his present and probable future physical condition—and the truth is:

It may be months and not "a few weeks—" as Hollywood is predicting—before Clark Gable will be able to face the cameras again.

There were many in the film colony who were quick to say, "Gable is leaving the cast of Joan Crawford's 'Dancing Lady' because he doesn't like his rôle. That business about being 'sick' is just a stall!" But it wasn't a stall! Clark Gable isn't bluffing—not *this* time. He is still dangerously ill at the moment this is being written.

On page fourteen is a feature that asks you a question: Would you like to see Clark Gable as Mae West's screen lover? It's an idea that MODERN SCREEN is sure would please the fans and—well, the question is put up to you all to answer. This severe illness of his makes all the more interesting the question, "What will he do when he returns to the studios?"

Those who saw him hobble about the M-G-M lot a few days ago, in a painful effort to say good-by for a long vacational recuperation, were all too well aware of his condition. The trouble, which at first attacked his back, has now spread to his legs and leaves him almost paralyzed.

**B y W A L T E R
R A M S E Y**

It all started on a recent hunting expedition in the High Sierras. As you all know, Gable is a great lover of outdoor sports. Every moment he is free from the studio, he plans an outing trip, either hunting or fishing. Generally, these little vacations have turned into parties, with sometimes Wally Beery and his wife, Dr. Franklin Thorpe and his wife, Mary Astor, and many others going along with Clark and Mrs. Gable.

But on this particular expedition, Clark and Dr. Thorpe decided to go alone.

CLARK has often said to me, "Sometime, I'm going on one of these hunting jaunts with just a pal—with no women to tell us to 'be careful, to keep away from deep gullies and steep cliffs, to keep our socks dry'—and generally treat us as if we were a couple of small kids on a lark." This, then, was to be the great chance—just Clark and the doctor alone.

It was great stuff, the first few days. No one to remind them to do this and that, no one to watch them. They had quite a lark just doing the things they had always wanted to do—get up when they got ready, stay out hunting as far into the night as they cared to, and to the devil with the "dry socks" and all the other feminine last words!

One day, after a particularly hectic hunt, they returned to their camp dead tired. They had waded across streams and were steaming with perspiration—and they were tired. So tired, in fact, (*Continued on page 92*)

Gable, dangerously ill, cannot—must not—work for some months

HOLLYWOOD'S SADDEST DIVORCE



... It has come! The break-up between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. A sorrowful—but inevitable—conclusion to thirteen happy years

Mary has tried to smile—but there were tears behind that smile. She has tried to deny—but her denials carried no conviction. So at last, she tells the truth. (Right) Last Christmas, when Doug returned from his world tour, Mary and Doug, Jr., met him in Hollywood. How different it was that later time when Doug came back!

By CARTER BRUCE



Wide World

SOMETHING that can never be replaced—something fine and strong—has passed from Hollywood. Pickfair, the royal home of the colony, the castle of Queen Mary and King Douglas, has been placed on the market for sale—and with it has gone the marriage that has meant so much to Hollywood.

True, Hollywood has produced sad stories, but to us, the passing of the great Pickford-Fairbanks romance, and all it stood for, is the saddest in the most famous divorce town in the world. Mary, Doug and famed Pickfair are a legend to the rest of the world. The legend is falsified. The bitterness of reality has taken its place.

Hollywood has reluctantly suspected the true state of affairs for months. Doug's frequent jaunts around the world alone—his recent headquarters in London—Mary's sadly beautiful face; all these facts have contributed. But the legend persisted. The actual break wasn't possible to forecast until Doug's latest trip to Hollywood.

Upon his arrival then, he went immediately to play golf rather than greet Mary at Pickfair! So hurt was

Mary at this slight, she took the next train to New York. A chastened Douglas followed by airplane to overtake his broken-hearted wife. This might have brought lasting reconciliation, if Doug had remained home, but he returned to London.

From there came the usual reports of his name linked with that of a rich and titled woman.

In Hollywood, Mary tried valiantly to smile away the gossip—but the smile had no heart behind it. At last the rupture could no longer be denied and Mary stated:

"Divorce from someone you love as dearly and tenderly as I have loved Douglas for sixteen years is an almost unbearable thought. I love my husband—but I can no longer refuse to face the facts behind his long absences."

Douglas may marry again and Mary may eventually find another happiness, but Pickfair (and all it has stood for) has passed into new and unknown hands.

Thus one of the real high spots of Hollywood's fame has crashed. The world has good cause to grieve.

Why not CLARK GABLE as

. . . What do you think of the idea?

These two top-notch box office people in the same picture! Here is your chance to do your bit toward getting the sort of pictures you want. Read this story carefully—and obey directions!

THE other day a group of us were sitting in the editorial office of MODERN SCREEN, when suddenly one member of the staff began that old, old cry, "What's wrong with the movies?" Naturally, we all yelled back, "Nothing; they're swell!"

But that didn't hush him up. "What I think," he persisted, "is that the people who go to the movies night after night—the fans, I mean—don't have enough to say about the type of movies they like. Suppose that everyone of us here in this office could turn movie executive for ten minutes. What would we do?" He looked across the office at a girl. "What would you do if you were a movie executive?"

She didn't wait a minute to answer. "I'll tell you what I'd do," she said. "I'd have Clark Gable and Mae West play together in the same picture."

"Terrible idea," somebody shouted. "Mae West represents the Gay Nineties and Clark Gable is as modern as next summer's hat."

"It's a swell idea," somebody else put in. "Why, those two were made to co-star. They're the two most vital people on the screen."

"But they're working for different studios," the office wet-blanket put in.

"That doesn't matter," we all yelled. "Studios are always loaning stars. They trade back and forth."

I'm telling you that we all sat there for one solid hour talking about this grand subject and then somebody had the best hunch of all. "Why don't we put it up to our readers? After all, they are the fans, they are the people who go to see the movies. They know what they want—and what they don't want."

And that's how a swell idea was born.

Not for today or tomorrow, of course not. That's out of the question, for those mean old Hollywood medical men are shaking their heads over Clark just now. They're saying he must take a prolonged vacation. (Read the story on page 12, if you haven't already done so, and you'll know why.)

But when he comes back . . . say, wouldn't he and Mae be the team to set the country on its ear? Provided, of

course, Mae hasn't been taken in tow by those same medical wise-guys. She's at the top of the ladder today, you must admit, which means her bosses may try to capitalize her popularity. They may try to work her as they have other box office bets.

But they won't succeed.

Want to know why? Because Mae is an old hand at this dizzy business of entertaining the public. She's no super-ambitious chit out of a finishing school with nothing on her mind but getting her picture in the magazines.

She's that freak in the show business, an actress who is also a business woman.

You can't imagine her as a business woman, can you? But she is. New York learned it when she took her different shows through an amazing lot of ups-and-downs that would have floored the great Flo Ziegfeld himself, until the theatrical sharks with whom she did business learned they couldn't deal off the bottom when they played in a game with Mae.

So she isn't going to work—unless the picture is suited to her. Her present contract, unless our keyhole peepers are wrong, takes her from picture to picture at her own leisurely speed. And Mae's speed, as you well know, is what she chooses to make it.

Now some more about this idea of ours. We've decided



MAE WEST'S screen lover?



CONTEST RULES

1. First prize will be \$50.00; second, \$25.00; and five third prizes of \$5.00 each.
2. Contestant may submit as many entries as he chooses. The ballot below may be used, or a replica of it.
3. Contestant shall vote "yes" or "no" to the question "Would you like to see Clark Gable and Mae West together in a picture?" In addition, they shall give their reason for or against in twenty or fewer words.
4. No employees of Modern Screen or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.
5. In case of ties for any prize, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Send all entries to Contest Editor, Modern Screen Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City before midnight, Sept. 15, 1933.

If you like the scheme, say so. If you don't, say so. On paper, of course. If you give us your reason for or against it in twenty words or less, you've got a chance to win any one of seven different awards. The best reasons why you would *or* would not like to see Clark Gable and Mae West together in a picture will win the prizes. The first prize is \$50.00. Second prize is \$25.00. And the next five entries picked by the judges will receive \$5.00 each.

For your convenience we've printed a tidy little ballot at the bottom of this page. Use it, if you wish, or send us your vote and reason on your own stationery.

Get your vote in early. It must be mailed before midnight, September 15, 1933. And remember, the best reasons win the prizes. Prizes announced in our December issue.

there are a lot of people in this world who might be happier if the bottom of their pocketbooks didn't show through the long green so often. So-o-o-o-o-o, out of the kindness of our hearts, we intend to make it worth your while to vote for this Gable-West idea.

SOMEWHERE hereabouts you'll find all the glittery details, details that instruct you in the art of winning prizes for relieving your mind. Ladies and gentlemen, how *can* you lose?

And now, if you're still with us, what can you do with that money? Don't be silly, of course there's *something* you can buy. How about that lovely pair of pajamas you swooned over on High Street last week, or that ship-shape bridge lamp you didn't get as a prize at the club?

I { would } like to see Clark Gable and Mae West together in a picture.

.....
Name Address City and State

Reason (20 words or less).....

.....

.....

BLASTING THE



DIETRICH MYTH

Her fame has cheated you out of knowing the real, lovable Marlene!

By PETRA CUMMINGS

IT was a certain gentleman—we'll call him Mr. B.—who told me so much that has never before been printed about Dietrich, the screen's fallen angel with the divine legs. And after he had told me these truths, he looked at me quizzically and said:

"Your readers won't want to read what I have to say about Marlene. I'm sure they're much happier hanging on to those exciting, if slightly distorted, opinions, they've picked up about her in their magazine reading. Do you actually believe that they'll thank you for telling them that all those purple-spotted romances with Von Sternberg, Chevalier, Francis Lederer, or Brian Aherne, which are feverishly reported from time to time by enterprising Hollywood journalists, are groundless? That they are more apt to be creations of the journalists' sun-stroked imaginations than the ungilded truth?"

"Let me give you an example of the situation as it really stands. When Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's husband, was last in America to pay her a visit, Marlene hurried east to meet him. While here, they both stayed at our home in Larchmont. One day we were calling on a famous American theatrical producer and his wife. Marlene was in marvelous spirits, for her husband had just given her a stunning emerald ring, which she was proudly exhibiting to everyone who came into the room.

"The producer, an unpleasantly jealous husband, was even then openly discussing his plan to start divorce proceedings against his own wife, one of New York's most beautiful and charming former show girls. His outrageous suspicions and unfeeling treatment of her were making juicy gossip for Broadwayites.

"Jokingly, but with malicious intent, this jealous husband suggested that he wouldn't be so anxious to give his wife expensive gifts in view of the intriguing stories of her devastating influence on men. He was referring, of course, to the tales of Marlene's conquests in Hollywood. 'Are you such an innocent,' he demanded of Sieber brutally, 'or are you above being affected by rumors?'

"Turning on him quietly, Sieber responded, 'I would be a fool to be jealous. Marlene and I are in love, and we understand one another perfectly. If we didn't, our marriage couldn't continue. But Marlene is an interna-

tional star and that means that she will inevitably be talked about. And that means also that we are forced to be apart a good portion of the year. Of course she has friendships with other men—why shouldn't she? But they have nothing to do with our relationship and never will. We trust one another, and there are no poisonous doubts in our marriage!'

SO you see, my lady," continued my informant in a deprecating voice, "there's no imminent scandal in that marriage. And my wife and I have had many other signs of the secure quality of that relationship. For we know Marlene intimately, and she hides nothing from us. She's admittedly, ardently, and perhaps permanently in love with Rudolph!"

Mr. B. raised a warning finger. "You still have time to ask me to stop before I blast any more illusions about Marlene. The other things I can tell you about her will contradict your preconceptions, and those of your readers, just as forcefully as the down-to-earth facts about her marriage." He was grinning at me now.

"Really, my dear," he said, "you're making a mistake to disillusion them! Think—you are about to destroy that glamorous dream picture of Marlene as the strange siren of a thousand unpredictable

moods—the beautiful puppet who, they've been led to believe, can only be brought completely to life through the hypnotic influence of Von Sternberg. Don't you think they'd much rather go on believing in that Trilby-Svengali myth, whether they approve of it or not?"

But I didn't agree with him. I believe that the revelations of Marlene's character, as they were given to me in various conversations with those who knew her so well and who are yet so removed from the whole motion-picture atmosphere, will illuminate her personality for you.

NOW, another gentleman—a musician of importance, who we'll call Mr. A.—lived with the Losch's, Marlene's family, in that cloudy past when she hadn't any ideas whatever about a film career. He remembers her as a plump, awkward, often dowdily dressed girl of seventeen or so. A typical daughter of one of the upper class families of the old (Continued on page 89)



Wide World

With little Maria—a picture taken in Berlin. How could this wholesome, talented youngster thrive in the atmosphere with which her mother is supposed to surround herself?

"WILL YOU EVER FORGET HOW
SWEET SHE WAS IN THAT SCENE?"



"THIS IS ONE PICTURE
YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE."



"THE TAXICAB INCIDENT
HAD ME ROARING."

"YOU *Must* SEE

PILGRIMAGE"

The new season's biggest thrill . . . talked about by everyone who's seen it . . . and you'll rave too. "PILGRIMAGE" . . . burning story of three great loves . . . a picture too big for words to describe. Be sure you see it . . . so ask your theatre manager now when he plans to show it. "PILGRIMAGE". . . triumph of Fox Films, new leader in Motion Picture Entertainment.

FOX



"MY DEAR! I THOUGHT
I WAS HARD-BOILED BUT—



"WE JUST SAW 'PILGRIMAGE'
... DON'T MISS IT!"



Portraits

Loretta Young's career as a free lance player is on. Having completed "Midnight Mary" for M-G-M, Loretta is considering a tempting invitation to make a film abroad. Or she may do a picture for Twentieth Century Productions. Sister Sally Blane reports that social activities across the Big Pond are humming.

MADGE EVANS
WARREN WILLIAM
WARNER BAXTER

Madge Evans is one of the busiest girls in pictures. Recently she was called back from a San Francisco vacation because the studio wanted her for a picture—"Bride of the Bayou," which follows "The March of Time." Madge dances exquisitely. She's still romancing with Tom Gallery, Zasu Pitts' ex. (Opposite page, left) Warren William has just finished "Good-bye Again" with Joan Blondell. He is working in "Lady for a Day" at Columbia—they've borrowed him from Warners. He chartered a thirty-foot sailboat for the summer. Called it "Common Sense." He and Mrs. W. live on the highest hill in the Los Feliz district. (Opposite page, right) Warner Baxter, after "I Loved You Wednesday," did the leading male role in "Paddy" with Janet Gaynor. His next is "The Tale of Two Cities"—and his chance to do this fulfills a life-long ambition. He's planning a home in Bel Air.

Photograph by
Clarence Sinclair Bull





Photograph by John Ellis



Photograph by Otto Dyar





Photograph by Jack Freulich

Ginger Rogers can rattle off Pig Latin faster and more proficiently than anyone you ever saw. She's still going places with Lew Ayres. And the "places" include all the late spots of Hollywood. You will see both of them in "Don't Bet on Love." Ginger has completed "Professional Sweetheart" in which she plays a radio star who is ballyhooed as America's Purity Girl—and is expected to live up to the title. Her next film is "Rafter Romance."



Katharine Hepburn still has the largest collection of insane hats in Hollywood. They're even insaner than Lil Tashman's—and just as smart. No other woman could wear 'em. They say Katie is simply magnificent in "Morning Glory." Her next will be "Little Women" in which she will, of course, play Jo. Katie has suddenly discovered tennis and goes at it with characteristic vigor. She still stops in the middle of the road in front of the studio to read her fan mail.





Culver Service

(Left) Barbara and Donald Cook in "Baby Face." (Right) With her husband, Frank Fay.

GIVE US BACK BARBARA

WHEN the ancient Psalmist wrote that God made men and women a little lower than the angels, he surely had the loyalty of the latter in mind. But even so, some women can be as loyal as the angels. Witness Barbara Stanwyck's loyalty to her husband, to his detriment, and her own.

We have at present the spectacle of this greatly gifted actress abandoning her career in Hollywood to travel about the nation with her husband in a second-rate musical comedy. We also note in the advertising, that her husband's name is placed on a level with, sometimes even above, her own. To one who knows the envies and jealousies of the theatrical profession, the loyalty of woman can go no further.

Frank Fay, Barbara's husband, is a highly intelligent and versatile actor. He lacks, however, that great funda-

**B y J I M
T U L L Y**

mental, without which no player can long remain in the front rank—*emotion*. Without this quality there would have been no Bernhardt, no Duse, no Stanwyck. It is the cement which holds all hearts together, the language which can be understood in

all weathers and all climes.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have long been my friends. But there are times when friends must face one another honestly and say what is in their souls.

Frank Fay owes a tremendous debt to life. It has given him a numerous following. He holds the world's record of fourteen weeks continuous playing at the Palace Theatre in New York. No vaudevillian has ever surpassed this achievement.

But, I say this kindly and without malice . . . the man of great talent married a woman of genius. For the little Brooklyn orphan that was Ruby Stevens is destined to go

A HEARTFELT PLEA BY ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S FINEST WRITERS

to far and beautiful places in the land of the emotions where few others find their way.

She is by far the greatest American actress ever to appear on the screen—and—given equal parts with Garbo—and *proper understanding*—she will surpass the Swede. Unlike most actresses in Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck is a bud that has never quite been allowed to burst into full bloom. A child from the streets of Brooklyn, she is as much at home in a palace as Emily Post. Her nonchalance and poise might be offshoots of long generations of culture and breeding.

With the exception of Garbo, this girl's nearest rivals in Hollywood are quite synthetic—the pale ghosts of beautiful and shallow women walking without feeling through rôles as synthetic as themselves.

Old Doctor Johnson long ago said that Oliver Goldsmith touched nothing he did not adorn. The same can be said of Barbara Stanwyck. She has exalted, for at least a moment or two, the very tawdriest rôle she has ever played on the screen.

America, of the emotions, is a barren land. Its finest artists are cramped to make moronic holidays. One is tempted to ask Sam Goldwyn why he does not "borrow" Barbara Stanwyck from Warner Brothers, at any sum they name, and place her in the leading rôle of Zola's "Nana." He would thus immortalize himself in screen history as the man who made it possible for one of the world's few great film actresses to come into her own.

Frank Fay should send his wife back to Hollywood, and be content that she remain there. Though she may believe that wherever he goes she must go, her husband has a greater duty to fulfill. He is robbing the screen and its millions of devotees of that which is rare indeed—a great actress.

There are those who might disagree with me—who feel that a woman's first duty is to her husband, and that her career comes second. I hold that a great gift should be shared with millions instead of one . . . that the eagle should roam in the far azure, and allow birds of weaker wing to fly above the meadows.

Hollywood, which too often admires the superficial, has smiled at Barbara's loyalty—without understanding. She is a one-man woman in a five-man town.

A KNOWLEDGE of the forces which formed Barbara will do much to explain her position as a wife and actress. Like all supremely great emotional actresses, she was early imbued with suffering.

Starved for affection during her girlhood, she lavished her whole heart on her wandering and often inebriated bricklayer father. Later on, she transferred this tremendous affection to the man she married.

There is perhaps no tale in all the annals of human tragedy more pathetic than Barbara's. Her mother, soon to bear another child, was pushed from a street car in Brooklyn by a drunken stranger. Her mother died. The stranger was never found.

Four little children, and a more or less shiftless father

were left behind to face the years unaided and alone.

The father, in desperation, went to the Panama Canal, to work as a bricklayer. The four children lived wherever they could. Barbara for a time, stayed at a home which also housed a young maniac. The scar which he inflicted upon her with a knife can still be seen. Her two older sisters, as if a Hand were guiding them, taught Barbara to dance and act. They, too, are long since dead of tuberculosis, but not before they taught their brilliant young sister the fundamentals of the majestic career she was to make.

At thirteen, Barbara worked in a telephone office. The boss spoke rudely to her, and Barbara promptly told him to go to some land that is hotter than Alabama in August. Just when she thought she was fired, the man gave her a raise.

When a half dozen years went by and the four children had been passed about Brooklyn as barren as a contribution box, the father wrote a letter from Panama. He was returning to America—to establish a home for them.

Only those who know the agonies of a homeless childhood can ever quite deeply feel how happy the children were. For weeks they planned and dreamed. Their father was coming home. There was a younger brother, and the three girls pinched their ever scarce pennies to dress him as something proud for their father to look upon.



Culver Service

Hollywood smiles at Barbara's loyalty to Frank—smiles without understanding. Here you see them backstage at "Tattle Tales," their New York show. In the billing Frank's name was first.

EARLY at the dock, the ship still miles at sea, the patient and pathetic children waited. Barbara, the ever maternal, held her brother's hand. Since the beginning of time, no childish hearts beat faster.

As the passengers left the ship, the four children huddled together, and peered into the mass of faces.

Finally the Captain approached them, "Children," he said, "your father died, and was buried at sea!"

With but little education, and hardship too long endured to record here, the little Irish girl that was Ruby Stevens, learned to be a typist. On this one thing the whole course of her life was to swing. Going to a music company, that had advertised for a typist, she was told that the company was putting on a show. Instead of getting work as a typist, she went into the chorus.

Later she took the last name of a forgotten English actor from a theatre program. Henceforth she was Barbara Stanwyck.

Appearing in Night Clubs as an entertainer, then, as the years passed, in melodramas such as "The Noose" and "Burlesque," she achieved an ephemeral New York fame. Then she met and married Frank Fay.

They reached Hollywood together. He was then the big shot. To his everlasting credit, he tried hard to induce the producers to give his wife the chance he thought she deserved. He even offered to pay her weekly salary, of more than a thousand dollars, without her knowing it.

At last, Barbara got her chance.

Fay's particular talents, though excellent, were perhaps too sophisticated for the screen. He returned to the stage, and took his genius wife with him.

But surely now he will encourage her to return to the films. They are sadly in need of her.

There is a niche which she alone can fill.

Barbara—return to Hollywood. Frank will understand.



All these pictures are by Scotty, MODERN SCREEN'S exclusive cameraman. He took them on the opening night of orchestra leader Abe Lyman's return to Coconut Grove. (Above) The crowd, dancing to Lyman's music. (Left) Eddie Cantor with Lyman. (Right) Harold Rosson, Jean Harlow, Irene Jones and Johnnie Weissmuller. What, no romances? (Below, left) Harold Lloyd and the missus, greeting Lyman. (Below, right) Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, Bob Abbott of the Boston textile Abbotts (he's Joan's Boston boy friend) and Helen Hayes.





Behind the scenes on "Hold Your Man." Clark: "We had dinner with Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur last night. Swell people." Jean: "Yes, grand! . . . Hot, isn't it?"

During a nerve-frazzling scene for "The Narrow Corner." Patricia: "I think you're a very conceited young man." Doug, Jr.: "Well, do you know what you are? A fresh little brat, that's what!"

DON'T LET MOVIE LOVE SCENES FOOL YOU

THE final fade-out—a sizzling hot movie clinch—has ended. The boy and the girl, holding hands in a back row a moment ago, leave the theatre, where, for an hour or so, they have been held in a dream of romance and glamor.

They stroll out into the glare of the brightly lit lobby—and they look at each other. In the darkened movie house they had been in another world. Here, it is different.

He looks at her. She's rather pretty, yes, but just an ordinary girl, after all, in an ordinary sports dress. Not smart. Not glamorous. Quickly his mind races back to the picture they have just seen and he thinks, "If you were only like Joan Crawford. . . . And I guess I'm expected to make love to you. After that picture! . . ."

But don't imagine that he's doing all the thinking. She looks at him and sees, not the hero of her dreams, but her own boy-friend she's known for ever so long. She's used to him. She thinks, suddenly, how ordinary he is and inaudibly she sighs to herself, "Oh, if he could only make love like Clark Gable!"



The director of "Morning Glory" is probably saying, "Mr. Menjou, could you hold Miss Hepburn a little more toward the camera? . . . There—that's O. K. Shoot!"

"Mary Stevens, M. D." as portrayed by Kay Francis, is doubtless wondering fondly about husband Kenneth MacKenna, while being made screen love to by Lyle Talbot.

Have you ever had this happen to you? Think back to last night's movie. Be honest with yourself. Don't you know just how this couple I've just described feel?

I know that thousands of young men and women throughout the country grow dissatisfied with their sweethearts after seeing ardent screen moments enacted on the silver sheet and wish with all their hearts that they could for a moment at least know that exciting, glamorous love the camera records. For certainly, after witnessing Gable crush the leading lady to his manly breast with the suave and sure technique for which he is noted, the kisses of the boy friend seem amateurish. When *he* tries that big sweep-'em-off-their-feet stuff the kiss is very apt to land somewhere in the vicinity of the tip of the nose.

It looks so easy on the screen. But don't let it fool you. Instead of pining for Gable, be thankful for your own boy friend for, if he had as many rehearsals as Gable he'd probably do quite as well in intimate moments.

By KATHERINE
ALBERT

I'M going to tell you the inside story of film love-making, and when I'm through I'll bet you won't think the boy friend—or girl friend—is so bad.

I watched Katharine Hepburn and Adolphe Menjou do those big moments in "Morning Glory." Adolphe is an old hand at sophisticated screen love-making, but in order to hold Katharine just right and give just the correct angles to the camera, they rehearsed six times. Who couldn't be good with that many tries?

No, there's not much glamor in screen love-making while it's being

done. You see it in the theatre and think it's pretty swell, but to the actors it's all in a day's work.

For instance, you will probably thrill at the tender moments between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Patricia Ellis in "The Narrow Corner." If I tell you a secret, will you promise not to let anybody know I told you? Those two actually disliked each other all during the making of their picture. (At least *your* boy friend is



Myrna Loy, playing in "Night Flight", with William Gargan, is expected to be just as professionally ardent as she was in Novarro's "The Barbarian."
And Myrna's said to be in love with Ramon!



"Hold Miss Hopkins a little tighter, Mr. Tone," calls King Vidor, director of "Stranger's Return." And Vidor is crazy about Miriam. And Franchot is thataway about Joan Crawford.

sincere.) But you should have heard Patricia and Doug sounding off about each other! I'll admit the situation was trying. The company went to Catalina on location, but the wind howled so incessantly that production was held up. And nothing can make actors more cross. For hours they sat around waiting for the weather to calm down so they could make love to each other.

Patricia thought Doug was conceited—and told him so. Doug thought Pat was a fresh brat—and told her so. It was neither real nor lasting dislike, mind you, just actors' nerves. And such clashes of temperament happen every day in Hollywood.

Now here's another situation. In "Stranger's Return," Franchot Tone makes violent love to Miriam Hopkins while the action is being directed by King Vidor. But here's the angle on that one: King shows Franchot just how to hold Miriam in his arms, yet King is in love with Miriam and takes her to most of the smart parties in the evening when the day's work is done. And Franchot is, as you know, rather that way about Joan Crawford.

Speaking of Joan, I'll tell you a funny one that hap-

pened to her. A lad named Lester Vail was her leading man in "Dance, Fools, Dance." The director introduced them.

"Miss Crawford, may I present Mr. Vail?" he said.

THEY smiled, shook hands quite formally, and murmured the usual things one murmurs after an introduction. Exactly two minutes later the camera was busily recording a hotter-than-hot love scene between these two!

I've told you how Pat Ellis and Doug, Jr., felt about each other. Going 'way back into film history, there is a marvelous incident concerning Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle. When these two co-starred they worked up a little nifty of a feud and battled through every foot of film. Love scenes? Oh, gosh! Aileen, just to annoy Lew, used to eat onions before every intimate episode. Can you imagine making convincing love to a girl who has just made her lunch on nice, fresh green onions? But convincing love Lew did make, because it was part of his job.

(Continued on page 99)

Meet Victor JORY

...Who is slated for stardom by Fox and, they say, is wanted as leading man by Garbo herself!

By WALTER RAMSEY

HE'S the only actor I know who could possibly play the role of John the Baptist in "The Pilgrimage Play"—and rate as a light-weight champion.

He's the only actor I know who, by the remotest stretch of the imagination, could play both the charming, delicate leading role in "Berkeley Square" (made famous by Leslie Howard) and get rave notices the next season playing the fast-talking columnist in "Blessed Event" (made equally famous by Lee Tracy)!

He's the only actor I ever knew who lived in Pasadena and who "wouldn't live in Hollywood on a bet"!

Meet Victor Jory, a very likeable gentleman, and quite a handsome fellow, too, who generally does his clever histrionics at or near that huge studio out in the Fox Hills but, secretly, is being groomed for a jump to the Culver City factory where ('tis said) he will don a bit of make-up and emote opposite M-G-M's Garbo! The great Garbo, rumor hath it, has had her eye on Mr. Jory since her return.

Not bad! for a young fellow who only landed in these parts nine short months ago—after having had quite a struggle since his birth thirty years ago in Dawson, Alaska.

But let me say seriously: (Continued on page 86)

Victor Jory has no patience with this high-hat nonsense of being seen in the right place with the right person. He's very genuine, as you'll discover. (Right) With Loretta Young in "The Devil in Love."





Photographs by Scotty, Modern Screen's Exclusive Cameraman

The Vendome is owned and being run by Billie Wilkerson, who is also the owner of a Hollywood trade paper, the Hollywood Reporter. (Above) Jack La Rue, in English army dress uniform, Billie Wilkerson himself and Joan Bennett. (Above, right) Kenneth MacKenna being Scotch, it seemed only fit that he and his wife, Kay Francis, should come to the party 'in kilts. (Right) The old fashioned lady (except for her shoes) is Virginia Cherrill. The wooden soldier talking to her is Cary Grant—of course you know they're that way.

COSTUME PARTY • •





(Above) And let us introduce the hostess herself, the Countess Frasso—and her boy-friend—or is it ex?—little Gary Cooper, formerly of Helena, Montana. Whether they're still flaming or on the outs is not known—but anyway she invited him. (Above, left) Fredric March. Doesn't the telephone look funny in conjunction with those quaint clothes? (Left) Mildred Lloyd, the Countess de Frasso (she received the guests in this costume—just for a gag—changing later to the costume shown above) and Harold Lloyd.

... When the Vendome, the new Hollywood restaurant, opened, Countess Frasso gave a costume party for the stars. More than a good time was had by everybody

See your favorites wearing wigs and whiskers and doublet and hose

(Right) Fredric March, his wife, and George Cukor, director. Freddie had a grand time simulating the mannerisms and gestures of the Henry the Eighth period. Henry probably looked like that before he got old and fat.



(Left) A slightly corpulent but nevertheless smiling Billy Haines. With him is lovely Lilyan Tashman—gone brunette for the evening. (Below, left) Jack Oakie wore his customary white trousers and sweat shirt—bowing to the festive occasion by deigning to wear an old-fashioned hat. (Below, center) Gene Raymond looked most effective as a courtier of the Empire period. His natural platinum hair came in very handy, didn't it? That's Mrs. Jesse Lasky with him, Effective, isn't she? (Below, right) And gorgeous Fay Wray was simply fascinating as a Gay Nineties girl. Incidentally, the Vendome, where the party was held, promises to be one of the most popular of all Hollywood restaurants before long.



MARION DAVIES ELECTED TO FILM POST OF HONOR

Ronald Colman and Mary Pickford also Victorious

When the votes were counted, Marion Davies discovered herself to be the new president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund of America. Ronald Colman and Mary Pickford serve as the two vice presidents.

And now that the balloting is over, the newly-elected officers are about to start a campaign to make general the practice of contributing one-half of one per cent of the movie player's salary to the fund, which takes care of unfortunate Thespians.

Rumors of Divorce for Carole Lombard and Bill Powell!

People always wondered how long it would last—that marriage between Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. For a time, they seemed ideally happy. Then there came rumors of little rifts. "Aha!" said Hollywood, "I told you so!" Even then, the Powells managed to patch up their quarrels and get along well enough. Now, however, comes the news that Carole will spend her vacation in Reno.

Richard Dix and Wife Announce Separation

Richard Dix and his wife, the former Winifred Coe, married less than two years and recently the parents of a baby girl, have parted. The separation virtually took place last April, but they had agreed to keep it a secret until it became legal. Incompatibility was given as the reason.



Acme

GLORIA SWANSON AND HUSBAND MICHAEL FARMER ON THEIR WAY FROM PARIS TO AUTEUIL TO SEE THE TENNIS MATCHES



Acme

HOOT GIBSON, SHOWN HERE WITH JUNE GALE, SAID TO BE HIS LATEST FLAME. NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH AT THE LOS ANGELES AIR RACES

GIBSON CRASHES FROM AIRPLANE

Star of Westerns Narrowly Escapes With His Life

Hoot Gibson narrowly escaped death when his plane fell from an altitude of two hundred feet during a race with Ken Maynard at Los Angeles recently.

"Hooter," as the hero of Westerns is known to his pals, was hurled from the plane's cockpit and landed on his face. He is suffering from severe cuts and bruises.

Male Population Increases With Crop of New Babies

With the arrival of the Crosby and Gargan heirs, the population of Hollywood has become better balanced. Until recently the young ladies had it pretty much their own way, but that is fast being changed.

Gary Evans Crosby (called after Hollywood's Gary Cooper) is the name of the sturdy youth whose father is that famous crooner, Bing; while young Gargan is to be William, after dear old Dad.

Little Gary is trying out his crooning proclivities on the nurses at the hospital, and reports are that he's a "natural" when it comes to singing the blues in throaty, dulcet tones.

Flashes from Here and There

The death of Fatty Arbuckle in New York where he was making a come-back picture was a sad blow to the many who loved him.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., recently ill with pneumonia, will recoup in Switzerland.

Clara Bow is still struggling to lose weight for her next picture. She has seventeen pounds to go.

For the first time in eighteen years, Fredric March got together with his whole family—Bickel, his real name is, you know—in Racine, Wisconsin. Wife Florence Eldridge accompanied him.

John Barrymore, Dolores, Baby Dolores and Baby John have gone on a three months' cruise to Alaska in Big John's yacht, the Infanta.

MORE CONTRACT NEWS; SOME OLD FAVORITES RETURN

Gish Come-back; Chaplin to Make Another Silent

There is a very pleasant noise around Hollywood right now. It is the noise that fountain pens make when they're signing on the dotted line.

One of the dotted line-signers is none other than your old friend Lillian Gish. She is allied with RKO now and will make a picture in the near future.

Then that splendid actor, Paul Muni, has signed a five year contract with Warner Brothers. He will make not over two or three pictures yearly. The first will be "America Kneels," a sort of American "Cavalcade."

And here's a grand picture you can look forward to in the near future: Walter Winchell has sold to Twentieth Century Productions the story of his gossip-grabbing, keyhole-peering life. It will be made into a musical, with Winchell's peregrinations through the New York night clubs as a theme.

And—more good news—Charlie Chaplin is going to make another picture. It will be a silent, with sound synchronized in.

Mary Pickford has, temporarily at least, abandoned the screen and will join the ranks of producers. She has chosen a story called "War Horse" as the first of the Mary Pickford Productions. She is trying to get Gary Cooper for the lead.

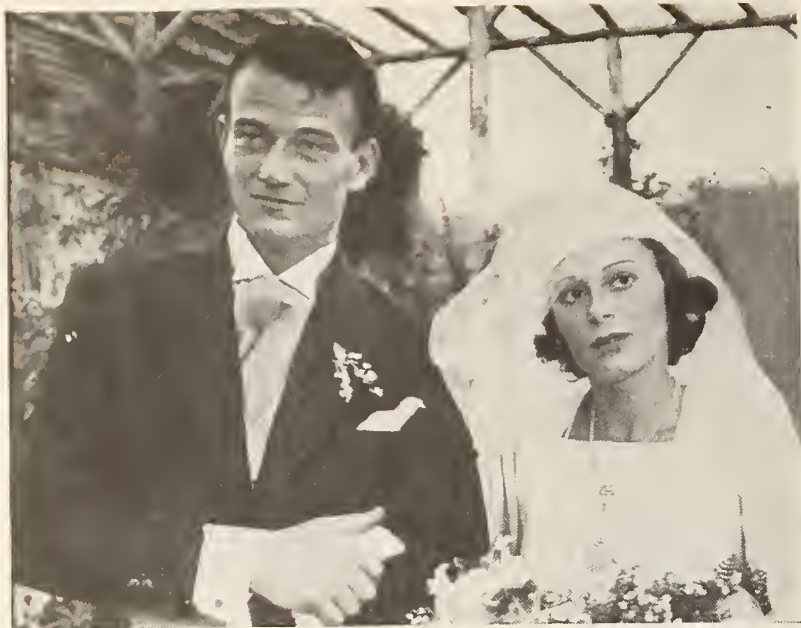
Furthermore, here's news of that cute little precious, Baby Leroy. After "A Bedtime Story," Paramount got busy drawing up a contract for him.

Twentieth Century has secured Connie Bennett under a long-term contract. Loretta Young, too. And negotiations are under way to sign Elissa Landi, Constance Cummings and possibly Clara Bow and Maurice Chevalier.



Acme

NORMA SHEARER WAVING FROM THE TRAIN AT EUSTON STATION, LONDON, ON HER WAY TO FRIENDS IN GLENEAGLES, SCOTLAND



J. B. Scott

(Above) When that sturdy depicter of he-men, John Wayne, married Josephine Saenz, local society girl, in Hollywood recently, Loretta Young (right) was bridesmaid. Doesn't she look lovely?

. . . What's this about La Gaynor? . . .
And La Bennett? . . . Joan telephones
Doug long distance . . . And other news

What every fan should know . . . !

WEDDING BELLS FOR JANET?

THE so-called insiders have, for the past week or so, been telling Hollywood that the next big wedding to watch for would find none other than Janet Gaynor and Winnie Sheehan, head of Fox production activities, walking the straight 'n narrow aisle. However, those of us who have looked into the tip have come to the conclusion that, at least, the story is a bit premature.

Janet has about another six months or so (under the California law) to wait before her divorce from Lydell Peck will become "final." How then can these two be married "sometime in late summer"? That is, unless they resort to the protection of a Mexican wedding, which would not be recognized in California until the entire year had elapsed.

Those close to the couple are varied in their opinion. Some believe that there is a chance that the wedding will be performed "sometime in the future," while a greater proportion are quick to discount the rumors. It looks as though it might be anybody's guess—but if it does happen sooner than we anticipate, don't forget: you saw it in *MODERN SCREEN* first.

● Can you imagine Bing Crosby turning down four grand for one week at the local Paramount Theatre on a personal appearance idea . . . just



J. B. Scott



Acme

Left to right: Mrs. Wesley Ruggles (Arline Judge) with Master Charles Wesley Ruggles; Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston) with Richard Ralston Arlen; Mrs. Woody (Helen Twelvetrees) with Jack, Jr.



J. B. Scott

Our cameraman caught up with Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland at the Los Angeles Air Races and Connie doesn't look too pleased about it! Why is Gilbert wearing a wedding ring? Mystery!

so he could be within hailing distance when that important phone call came telling him that his wife, Dixie, was having that blessed event at last? There's a born father for you!

- No sooner had Doug Fairbanks, Jr., stepped off the boat, terminating his European vacation, than he was rushed to the Doctor's Hospital in New York City suffering with a bad case of pneumonia. One hour later his mother, Mrs. Jack Whiting, was at his bedside aiding the two nurses already in attendance.

When, a few hours later, Mrs. Whiting made the statement that "Joan Crawford had already put through three calls from California," the rumors started to fly. (1) Joan will drop everything and hurry to the bedside of her former husband. (2) This will serve to bring the estranged couple back together! However, close friends of Joan in Hollywood were busy refuting the stories. They said, in unison, "Joan will not rush to New York and this will have no effect whatever upon her decision to go through with her divorce."

The latest development in Doug's condition is to the effect that he has just about licked the old demon pneumonia, but the doctors still maintain that he must be very careful or a relapse might result.

- Boy, howdy! You should have seen the creation that Estelle Taylor wore to the opening of the stage play "Twentieth Century!" Did it stop the crowd? Listen: bright red-and-green plaid with mittens to match! The onlookers gave her quite a thrill with their cheering when she stepped from her car. And at each intermission she continued to steal the show. It was rather too much in the way of dazzle, but it got over in a big way.

GRETA'S SECRET STAIRWAY

The story to the effect that Greta Garbo has demanded, as a part of her new contract, that she have a private stairway to her dressing-rooms, has caused a great deal of squawking at M-G-M this past week. We have a slight hunch that when the studio carpenter gets finished with that little job he will, no doubt, be set to work immediately on several other private stairways.

The Great Garbo can have some things that other stars are refused—but *stairways*? A loud and unanimous "No!"

- When the studio had finished reading "I'm No Angel," written by Mae West for her next Paramount picture, they first covered their heads to hide the blushes (you know what caused them if you've ever read Mae's snappy brand of literature), and second, sent for two capable scenerio writers to work with Mae in preparing the story for the screen. We have a hunch that they are also instructed to "clean up" the yarn a bit for public consumption. Hot or cold, however, it goes into production soon. Will you be in line when it shows in your town?

JACKIE COOPER'S OPERATION

- You really should have been in the hospital room to fully appreciate the line that Jackie Cooper pulled when he went there a few days ago for a slight operation. The nurses explained that they must prepare him for the operation. Jackie turned to his new Daddy and said, "Why don't you have all these dames leave the room, Charlie, and let's you and me attend to these little details."

- Jawn Barrymore and family are doing big things up in Yosemite Valley. In spite of the fact that the road to the Big Trees was still closed on account of snow, The Profile, wife and kiddies chartered mules and rode in anyway. Jawn says he wants to sleep under one of those giant trees "just once."

- We were just about to take a bow for telling you, in advance of any other publication, that Sue Carol's next trip to the altar would be made with her current heart-ache, Ken Murray, when *this* had to happen: Sue is seen twice in the same week with Carl Laemmle, Jr. Now we don't know whether to take that bow or not, but if Sue and Ken go through (with our plans) we'll take it later.

- The other day, out at the Fox studio, a group of visiting Chinese delegates were watching Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter make scenes for "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." As usual, the group were anxious to meet La Gaynor, who, just at that moment, was relieved for an



J. B. Scott

When Chester Morris' wife Sue Kilbourne, and the two youngsters, Brooks and Cynthia, returned from a vacation, Chet met them looking like that.



J. B. Scott

Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez at the opening of the play "Twentieth Century. The Weissmuller seems to be The Velez' permanent romance.



J. B. Scott

James Cagney and brother Bill Cagney with Gracie Murray, blues singer, at the Coconut Grove. Don't the two brothers look a great deal alike?

hour's rest. Some smart youngster from the company introduced them to Janet's double, and the delegates didn't know the difference. Honestly, she could fool anyone. The same hair, the same eyes, identical height and the same clothes. It was fun to watch the visitors beam and smile, though.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT CONNIE?

● Wonder what the Marquis will say when he returns from the South Seas to hear all the rumors that have been floating around town since his absence. Most of them concern his beautiful, blonde wife and her friendship for a certain tall, dark and handsome leading man. This same gentleman has been mixed up in the heart affairs of several other of our headline names. Wonder if he has a secret formula for his charm and all that stuff?

● The shadows have all disappeared. Durante is back in town! During his long string of stories about his New York experiences, Lee Tracy stopped him with, "Why, you sound just like O. Henry!" To which Jimmie yelled, "Wot? Do ya mean to tell me some other guy's been out here doing my stuff while I was in New York?"

● Did you know that the first passenger plane flown on regular schedule in the United States was owned by Charles Chaplin and his brother Sid? It was used on what was known as the Chaplin Air Line. This line was established on July 4, 1919, and extended over the twenty miles of Pacific Ocean which lie between San Pedro, California, and Catalina Island. The plane employed was powered by a single 150-horsepower engine and carried two passengers. The passengers were bundled up

in rubber flying clothes to keep warm and dry. The fare for the one way trip was \$25 or more than \$1 per mile, as compared with the present rate of about six cents per air mile.

Arthur Burns, pilot of the Chaplin ship, is still in commercial aviation as pilot for one of the large air transport companies and now has over one million miles of flying to his credit.

● Paramount has a new idea for pictures. "Funny Page" . . . using all the famous characters from the Sunday paper cartoons. This will be great news to all the kids of the country, but there is one person who is even more overjoyed at the prospect. Charles Laughton, no less! "For years," said Charlie, "I've wanted to play the part of the captain in the Katzenjammer Kids. Now I am going to have the chance." What other actors, on the Paramount lot, do you want to see as some cartoon character: Tillie the Toiler, Boob McNutt, Andy Gump, and the rest?

P.S.: Send your suggestions to Paramount Studios.

● Stanley Smith, former Hollywood High School boy and erstwhile singer in Paramount musicals, has been hanging around Hollywood for months waiting for another break. About a month ago, he told us, "Well, I may as well go to New York and try the stage. There doesn't seem to be a chance for me around here." So he went, and as luck would have it, got a job for a Shubert show to start soon.

When Dick Powell got pneumonia, Warner Brothers were in a spot. A singer with looks was needed. Where was that young fellow Stanley Smith? A wire to New York took *three days* to reach him. At last he got the message. What to do? He finally discov-

ered that Shubert had postponed the show's opening for a week—and so Stanley could take advantage of the break. Funny. He had to go away to New York to get a job in Hollywood.

● For the last few weeks, Hoot Gibson (separated from Sally Eilers) has been treating Hollywood to the sight of himself escorting a very luscious beauty. At first, it was impossible to find out just who the gorjus gal was and why. Now it comes out. She is none other than June Gale, the little heart-breaker who has just signed a long-term contract with Sam Goldwyn. You will get *your* chance to see her in two prospective pictures. In both the Eddie Cantor and Anna Sten films Miss Gale will strut her stuff and all that.

● A couple of our sweet old-fashioned gals have gone modern. Dolores Del Rio has bobbed her sleek black tresses and Miriam Jordan has bobbed both her hair and her name. From now on, she's "Mimi" Jordan. New types, no less, motivated all this shearing. Dolores' next will portray her as a vivacious Italian dancer of the ultra modern age, and Mimi's going in for pure and simple vamping.

LUPE IS STILL—ER, WELL, LUPE

● Lupe Velez evidently didn't behave any better in New York than she does at home. We hear tell that she went to one of the fashionable late spots one evening and first thing spied one of her boy friends (a gentleman of wealth, position and all that) dining with a lady of high social rating. In a grand rage, Lupe swept (dashed would be better) up to the table and shrieked, "Larry, you are a beeg liar. You tell me you stay home tonight and here you are with this little tramp!"

Hoot Gibson steps out—not with Sally . . . A new Hollywood racket



Leslie Howard has gone to London to do a play. Here he is with his wife and daughter arriving in Grand Central. Be back soon to do "British Agent."



Wide World

Ann Dvorak seems to find life as Mrs. Leslie Fenton eminently satisfactory. Here she is with Mr. Fenton, taking a walk down Hollywood Boulevard.



Wide World

When the small, slim and dark-haired hero of the Italian Air Force, Lieut. Tito Falcone, arrived in Los Angeles, Wally Beery was one of the first to meet him.

● What with Walter Winchell carrying the torch for Jack Oakie on that story about Jack being barred out of the Toluca Lake settlement, this latest addition to the story is funny:

It seems that Jack went out to the lake to swim (even after that "rib" story about being offered \$10,000.00 to stay out of the district) and after diving in, came up with this:

"Hey, how about a movement to keep Toluca Lake out of Jack Oakie?"

● The reporters grabbed Norma Talmadge and George Jessel as they walked down the gang plank of the liner *Santa Lucia* a few days ago. The press is still pressing them for the details of the divorce, which the press "knows" is going to happen soon. Norma said, "I don't know when I shall get a divorce, but when I do I shall buy American. I can't discuss romance, because I am still a married woman." Mr. Jessel remained silent. How would you like to see Norma Talmadge on the screen again? The line forms on the right.

● Jean Harlow went to Chicago to take in the World's Fair, but she didn't even get to the fair grounds. Every time she poked her blond head out of her hotel room, she was mobbed. Adoring, idolizing eyes followed her everywhere. Little girls with their autograph books, older women with their questions, and men with their compliments. They just wouldn't let her alone. She tried to disguise herself under black tresses and smoked glasses, but to no avail. So Jean gave up and came home.

PICKFORD WHIM COSTLY

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars a day!

That's what a sense of poetry cost

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

Several years ago, when Mary and Doug were considering building a new home, they looked at a property desirable in all ways, save one. It lay to the east of the United Artists studios.

"I don't want it," Mary said. "I don't want to turn my back to the sun when I drive home at night. I want to go towards the sun."

Doug agreed. He's found there's generally some good reason for Mary's notions.

Within a year that property was sold to one of the oil magnates and it was black with wells which yielded that many thousands of dollars worth of oil every day.

"Nevertheless," says Mary, "I'm glad Douglas and I didn't buy it. Truly. We would have been multi-millionaires. But I doubt that we'd have been as happy. Inevitably our life would have been very different. And I have a feeling neither Douglas nor I would have liked that other life nearly as well!"

It doesn't matter now, does it?

● Evidently Ina Claire can have her pick of a prince or a millionaire if she decides to marry again. Tommy Manville, Jr., heir to asbestos millions, boastfully admitted that he was going to marry the fair Ina. In the meantime, however, Ina was reported to be laying in a trousseau, and the lucky man in the case was not Manville, but Prince Lichtenstein. Maybe Ina is up against that "title vs. wealth" problem.

● There's a new racket being pulled on the movie stars of late. The gag is for someone to order groceries sent to the star's home (or yacht) and then intercept the groceries just as they are being delivered. It has been worked successfully on several of our better

people and so far two very blond young ladies have been arrested.

On the other hand, two brunette gals opened the home of a motion picture executive, who is traveling abroad, and ordered more than groceries. Expensive gowns, furs and all manner of high-powered lingerie have been delivered to that address since the executive left town. One of the girls wore a maid's uniform all day so that the doorbell could be answered with safety, while her confederate posed as "the lady of the house." Friends of the owner finally brought about their arrest and most of the loot was recovered.

● The latest news is, despite the rumors, that Claudette Colbert and husband, Norman Foster, are still that way about each other and no divorce is contemplated!

● Clarence Badger, well known director, who has had tough sledding lately, owes his big come-back opportunity to Clara Bow. Clara's cousin met Badger at a party one evening, heard the man's sad tale and immediately carried the story to Clara. In true Bow fashion, the famous redhead called on Badger in person and offered him the job of directing her next picture. Since then the Badgers, Clara and Rex have become fast friends. Almost every night will find the foursome deep in the throes of contract bridge.

● A nice gesture that Leslie Howard extends his old pal Gilbert Miller. Miller's the chap who gave Les his start on the stage and Les has never forgotten it. (Some do, you know.) Howard's journeying to London now to appear in one of Miller's plays, and he's doing it purely for the sake of friendship.

Jean Harlow practically mobbed . . . Clara Bow's nice gestures toward a friend

By
CAROLINE
SOMERS
HOYT



Gracie Allen speaking: "Oh, George, there yuh go!" . . . "Isn't George pretty?" . . . "My brother . . . my nephoo . . ." Oh, Gracie—you and your baby talk! How'd we live without it?



I WANT you really to know Gracie Allen and George Burns.

You have heard them over the radio. You have seen them in "The Big Broadcast," "International House" and "College Humor," and you have undoubtedly formed an opinion about this dizzy, goofy pair of nuts. But I want you to know them as they are—a charming, gallant, rather touchingly pathetic little couple—so very much in love with each other. For they have been through the heart-breaking misery of small-time vaudeville; yet now, when they are at the top of the professional heap, they remain as simple and unaffected as they were in those early knock-about days. There is something very fine about those two.

Now don't get me wrong. They are not the Pagliacci sort by any manner of means. George is very funny. He tosses off a smart crack a minute while Gracie laughs at him and—using her hands in that helpless, limp way—says, "Oh, George, there you go." She actually says it, for Gracie Allen, away from microphone and camera, is Gracie Allen. But she's so sweet somehow, with an earnest guilelessness that never fails to touch George's heart. She's so little, too. She walks in a cute, almost mincing fashion, and curls up in a chair with her feet tucked under her while he



sits back and adores his wife. Well, he should adore her. She's never let him down.

When they were playing around in vaudeville, they never knew from one minute till the next where they were going to be. "We were doing O.K.," George says now, "but we just couldn't tell anybody where to write us."

So they used to lie about their bookings. George, the brains of the act, was very proud. He didn't want the other actors to know how near rock-bottom they were. So whenever one would ask him where they were to be, George would mention some theatre, quick. One day when they had finished a split week, an actor asked George, "Where are you playing next?"

"The Capitol Riverside," said George. That was the second grandest theatre—next in importance to the Palace.

Gracie's eyes danced. "Oh, George, the Riverside, how wonderful. When did you find out about that?"

"Today," George snapped and drew her aside. "We are not really playing the Riverside, Googy," he told her. "But when they ask me I just *can't* say we haven't got a booking."

Tears came to Gracie's eyes. "Oh, George, I thought you meant it. But I don't care, we'll get a good booking some place."

BURNS and ALLEN

—meet them offstage!



BUT that story had a happy ending. That night when they went to the theatre they found a telegram from their agent telling them that they were playing the Riverside next week. They went out and celebrated that night. George was pretty proud of himself and Gracie was pretty proud of her George, too.

The Riverside engagement led to a couple more good breaks and, at a theatre in Brooklyn, their ears were tickled by laughter and applause such as they had never heard. Yes, they were getting on. And each night they hugged each other with delight over their success.

"I guess we are doing O.K., Googy," George said, and there was even more proof of it when the booker came to George and told him he had a spot for them at the Orpheum. This *was* a triumph.

"There's only one thing," the booker said. "You've got a swell place on the bill—sixth—but you follow Ethel Barrymore. Think you can do it?"

"Think we can do it!" George repeated, throwing out his chest. "Can we do it! Oh boy, did you catch us in Brooklyn?"

"Sure," said the booker. "You

were great, but don't forget you are following Ethel Barrymore."

"We can follow anybody," said George. And they celebrated that night, too. So now they were big shots—playing sixth—a marvelous spot—on an Orpheum bill. They opened matinee.

Ethel Barrymore played "The

. . . Meet Mr. and Mrs. George Burns and find out how charming, earnest and human they are. And how their love eased early hardships—and glorified their later successes

Twelve Pound Look," and the audience was made up of old people who had come to see Ethel once more before they died and young people who had come to see Ethel before *she* died, and the only thing that died was the act of Burns and Allen.

They followed Ethel Barrymore and they barely got a laugh. Humbled, miserable, they hurried into their dressing room and waited for the blow to fall. It fell. The manager came to tell them that they were

to be moved up from sixth to second place. That doesn't mean anything to the audience. Only extremely vaudeville-wise people knew, in those days, what position on a bill meant—but to a vaudeville team, and a team as sensitive as Burns and Allen, it was defeat and disgrace.

For the rest of the week they couldn't bear to see the other actors. They sneaked into the theatre before the others arrived and waited until they had all gone, to sneak out again. They were too crushed and humiliated to face their fellow workers. And they had gone over so big in Brooklyn!

It is things like this that cement the affections of a man and a woman. Together they have known defeat, together they have known triumphs. Together they've played dingy little theatres both in the United States and in Europe. Together they have laughed and cried. And argued? Sure they've argued—but they've had a theatrical of people to arbitrate their quarrels.

There was, for instance, the time George wanted Gracie to say a line he thought was funny and Gracie didn't want to say it. The dialogue went like this:

(Continued on page 111)

FORECASTING



Emanuel Cohen, vice president in charge of production of Paramount pictures. He decides the destinies of those of your favorites pictured below. A quietly forceful man who shows every indication of putting Paramount pictures back on top.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE:

Gary Cooper return to his clean-cut, hundred-percent-American characterizations?



Gary Cooper

Marlene Dietrich more human—less glamorous?



Marlene Dietrich

Fredric March always in roles that demand the superb acting he can give?



Fredric March

Mae West—in more of the same?



Mae West

Claudette Colbert return to the sort of modern, romantic drama she formerly played?



Claudette Colbert



George Raft

George Raft desert gangdom forever in favor of romance?

Carole Lombard as a human being instead of a mannikin?

Miriam Hopkins in more roles like that of the little princess in "The Smiling Lieutenant"?

Sylvia Sydney always in warm, human, down-to-earth pictures?

Maurice Chevalier playing lovable vagabonds rather than mythical princes?

THIS is the second of a series of stories from the front offices of Hollywood—in which the future plans of your favorite stars are made known to the readers of MODERN SCREEN before, in some cases, they are even known to the stars themselves. Perhaps you are one of the small army of fans who write the editor of this magazine protesting against the bad breaks that have befallen your favorite—either in stories or direction. Again, you may be one of those who write very frequently to demand that a "typed" player be given a more varied run of characterizations. You people particularly will be interested in hearing about the future as predicted by the various men who hold the destiny of the stars in their control.

FOR years, the slogan for Paramount pictures has been: "If It's a Paramount Picture—It's the Best Show In Town!" At least it was back in the palmy days of such successful pictures as Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel"; William Powell in "The Street Of Chance"; George Bancroft in "Underworld"; Dietrich in "Morocco"; all the Clara Bow films; the sensational aviation pictures that began with "Wings" and, going still further back, into the glamorous days of the Paramount stardom of Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino and Pola Negri. Paramount was proud that her name stood for "the best show"—the most scintillating personalities and the finest stories.

Eighteen months ago, however, Paramount dropped her famous slogan from the billboards—dropped it deliberately because the company no longer believed in the boast; because her officials were ashamed of the slogan on such mediocre output. No longer was it ballyhooed from the house-tops.

One month ago the order went through to re-instate the "Best Show In Town" into the Paramount advertising!

Hollywood, in all its enthusiastic show of excitement upon seeing the first evidences of its once-great leader's come-back, was quick to realize and admit the reason:

YOUR FAVORITES

OUR SECOND FORECAST—FROM PARAMOUNT, THIS TIME. SEE IF YOU LIKE THESE FUTURE PLANS FOR YOUR FAVORITES



Carole Lombard



Miriam Hopkins



Sylvia Sidney



Maurice Chevalier

Emanuel Cohen, quiet, gentle-mannered Czar of West-Coast production, leader of the greatest come-back fight in the history of the movie industry. Once again you are going to see:

Gary Cooper as that long, tall, rangey, ill-at-ease and intensely appealing figure who first captured your affections.

Marlene Dietrich as a flesh and blood woman, a human being, and not that mask of inscrutable emotions which she became following her first success in "The Blue Angel."

George Raft as a figure of glamor and romance, much after the fashion of the late Rudy Valentino and no longer as a Tenth Avenue gangster.

Carole Lombard as an actress, not a mannikin.

Miriam Hopkins in more of her loveable characterizations, such as the princess in "The Smiling Lieutenant."

Fredric March always in a rôle worthy of his great talents as an actor.

Maurice Chevalier as a more human person, not as a series of singing princes from mythical kingdoms.

Sylvia Sidney, cast more often as a pathetically human little waif of life, in down-to-earth pictures.

Claudette Colbert in the type of rôle she used to play when she was teamed with Fredric March.

And, of course, Mae West in just as many of her own delightful stories as can possibly be made. Mae will continue with her method of bringing "humorous" sex to the screen.

THESE policies are indicated by no less an authority than Mr. Cohen himself, in a tone of pride and confidence for the future—in spite of the past season or two of what he calls "direly uninteresting" productions with just enough exceptions to emphasize the scantiness of the program.

Whoever it was who made the original statement that there is no romance in big business had certainly never

met Mr. Cohen. As he talked to me from behind his huge desk in the most luxuriously appointed office I have yet encountered in Hollywood, I realized for the first time the thrill and tempo of the life that goes on behind the make-believe drama of the movies. In his soft, sincere, cultured voice, he made me see that entire organizations (as well as individuals) can be imbued with the courage and heart that is so necessary for a come-back. He made me feel the great force of cooperation that has set a cold producing **organization** throbbing with new life and strength. Emanuel Cohen does not shout nor does he

pound desks to emphasize his points. There is none of the former vests-and-pants executive about him. Every word he spoke, every technical set of figures and box-office reports he quoted, was colored with the man's personal power of conquest and success.

You may be asking at this point, "Who is this new crusader who carries such gilded names as Dietrich, Cooper, March, Raft, Chevalier and Mae West on his shield? Where did he come from and how did he earn the power he now wields so well? And in our answer we must bear in mind his own warning: "Keep everything you say about me as brief as possible. There is so much more of interest in our plans for the future."

Emanuel Cohen first came to the pages of Hollywood history when he started the Pathé News. This job, which he began immediately after his graduation from the College of the City of New York, required courage and foresight, and the results prove quite conclusively that Mr. Cohen has both. Pathé News became a powerful factor in the motion picture business, so powerful that Paramount engaged him for the purpose of building a newsreel for them. Thus was born The Eyes of the World—which made money in huge quantities until the advent of sound.

Talking pictures placed Emanuel Cohen in a tight spot. Fox had tied up the only equipment in existence for the making of sound pictures in the field. What was Paramount to do? Cohen's answer (*Continued on page 105*)

By WALTER
RAMSEY

WHY GLENDA FARRELL IS AFRAID OF LOVE

ALMOST every day you hear a new romance rumor about Glenda Farrell.

One day you hear that she is madly in love with Allen Jenkins, a player at the Warner Brothers studio where Glenda works. The next day you may hear that the only man she really cares about is Jack Durant of the vaudeville team of Mitchell and Durant, an old friend of hers. And the next that her current boy friend is Gene Raymond, and that they are practically engaged to each other. If you believe that, you'll hear or read shortly afterwards that Glenda Farrell has shelved all her boy friends for Cary Grant. Then that she's going places with Irwin Gelsey, a writer.

These are only a few of the amazing and conflicting rumors that have been published about Glenda Farrell. Ever since Glenda made a sensational hit as the night club girl in "Life Begins," her friendships and romances have been discussed not only over Hollywood tea-tables, but by newspaper columnists everywhere.

What does it all mean? Why all these rumors of romances and near-romances about Glenda? What is behind it all? Glenda isn't a fickle, flippertigibbet sort of girl. A more reliable, genuine person you never met. Then why all these stories?

I'll tell you.

I happen to know the inside story behind Glenda's romances. The real story of Glenda is not the story of a woman who is playing with love. On the contrary. It is the bitter, agonizing experience of a woman who is trying to live at odds with her own nature because she is afraid of love.

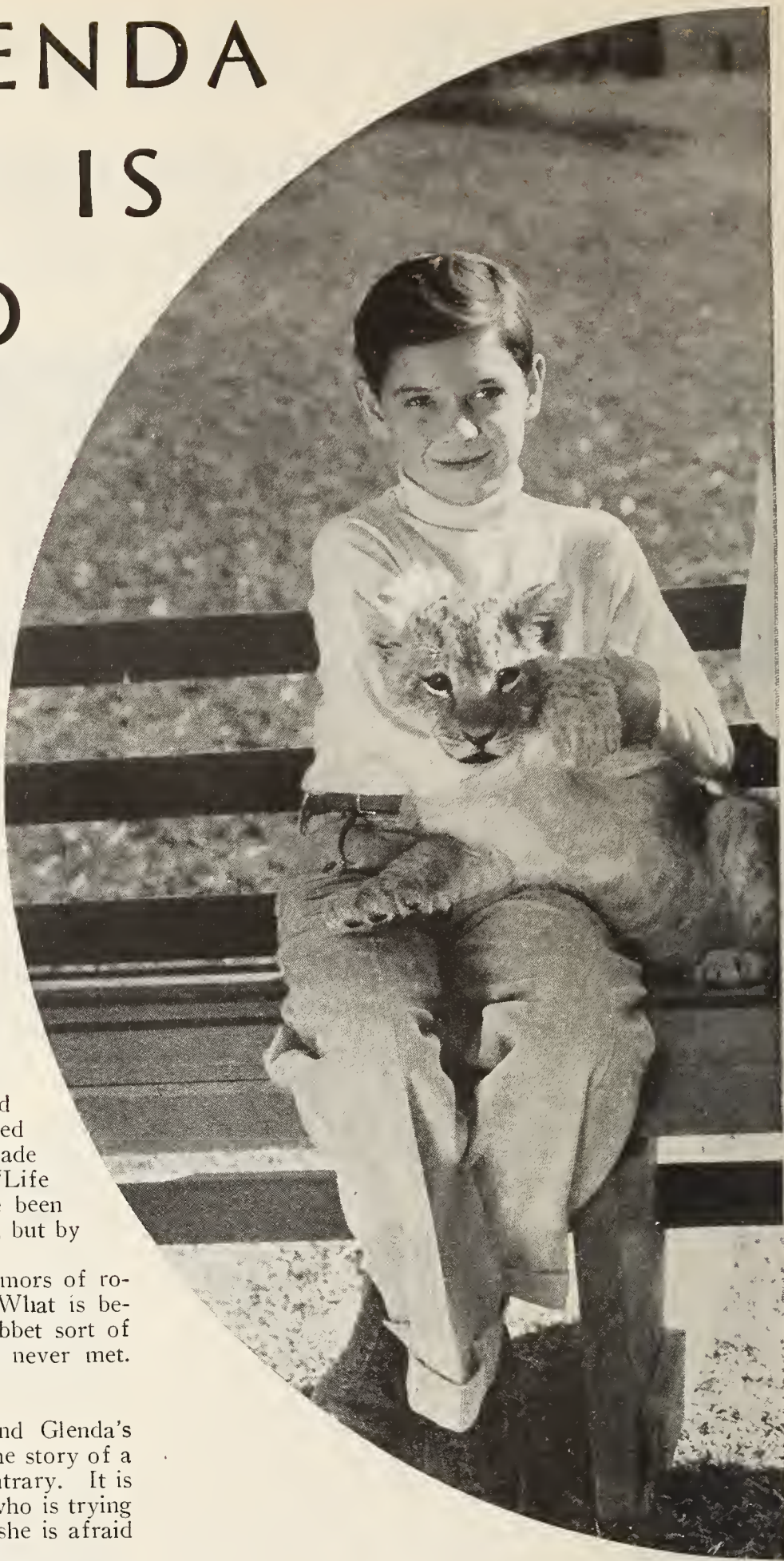
Glenda is torn this way and that by dangerous emotional currents. Because she is a woman who would fall in love quite naturally, ardently, altogether wholeheartedly if she would only let herself. But she is afraid of love, terrified of letting herself care too deeply for anyone.

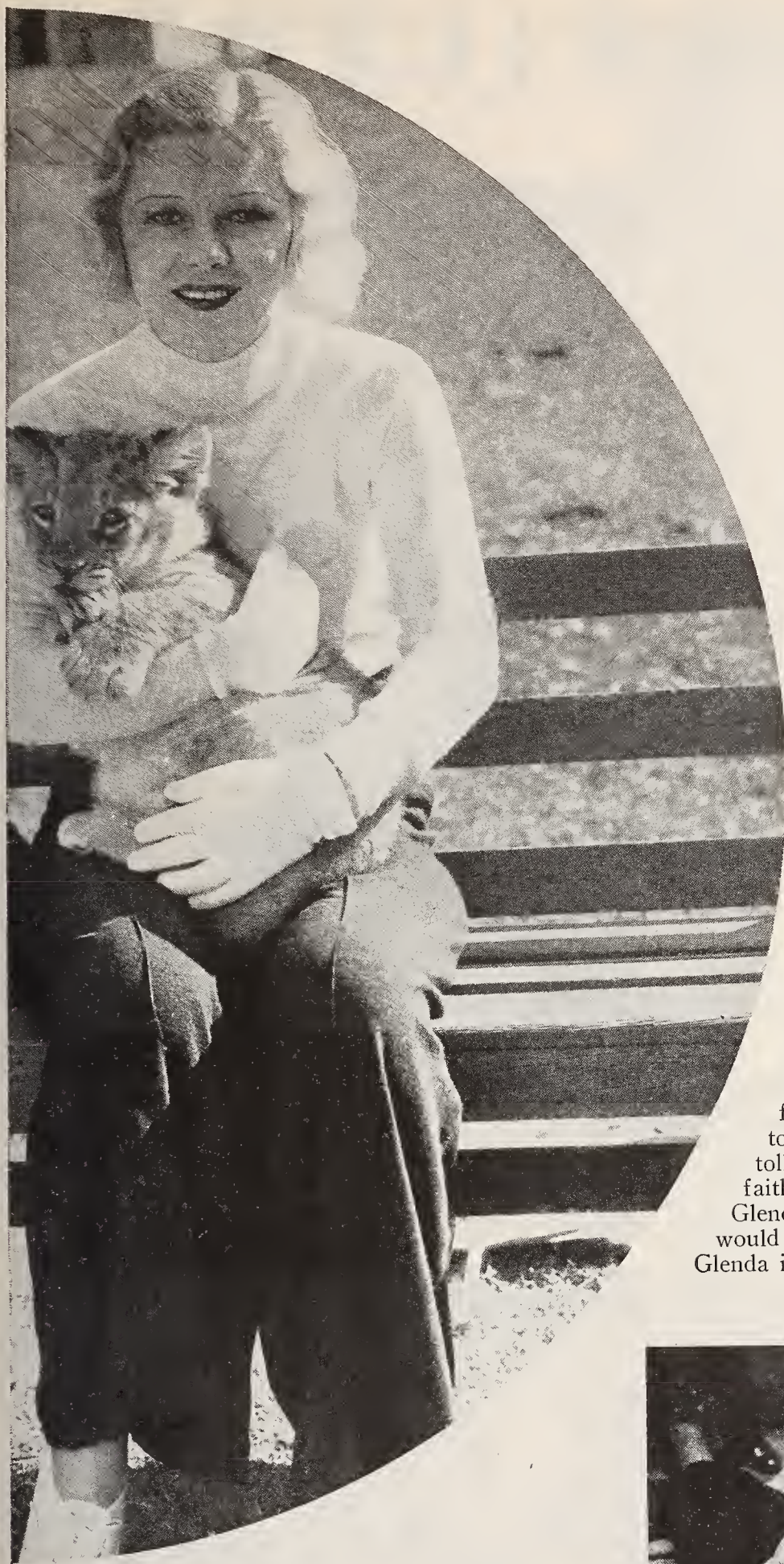
That may seem strange to you. Most women welcome love. Most women even seek it. Most women cannot conceive of complete happiness without love.

But there is a reason for Glenda's fear, a reason for her terrible emotional conflict. That reason strikes right

at the very heart of the woman, and when you understand it you will understand her. It is the result of a tragic, disillusioning romance that happened to her while she was still in her teens.

YOU probably know something about Glenda's early background—how she was born in Enid, Oklahoma, and brought up "in a trunk." You know that she made her debut on the stage at about the age of seven, playing





. . . Impulsive, over-generous Glenda—she was meant to love and be loved. But she doesn't dare. Because her first love treated her — and her young son, Tommy—so bitterly

By DORA ALBERT

such rôles as little Willie in "East Lynne" and little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After that she traveled all over the country with stock companies. And so from childhood she was never a butterfly, but always a hard worker.

When she was sixteen the thing happened that was to change the whole course of her life. She was playing in San Diego in stock when she met and fell in love with an actor. She probably didn't realize that it was of any significance at all that he was out of work when she met him. She was heedless, reckless, impulsive and trusting. She saw love as a beautiful, romantic dream and idealized the man she loved. Perhaps some older person tried to warn her, but when has youth ever listened to the wisdom of age? And so, a year after she met him, Glenda and the man she loved eloped and were married. And again Glenda probably thought nothing of it at all, but the man she loved was still out of work when they were married.

Four years their marriage endured legally—four bitter, disillusioning, wretched years that took their toll from Glenda. They took their toll in lost illusions, in smashed ideals, in wounded faith. During all the time they were married Glenda's husband never worked. That in itself would be enough to wreck most marriages. But Glenda is naturally soft and (Continued on page 98)

(Above) Glenda and Tommy. Mother and son. He is the most important person in Glenda's life. (Right) With Kay Francis in "Mary Stevens, M. D." Glenda's latest film,





J. B. Scott

(Above) Miriam Hopkins and Director King Vidor are (at the moment) the most in-love couple in Hollywood. Here they are on the Boulevard. (Below) Andy Devine, Fighter Dizzy Dugan and Bob Armstrong at Armstrong's Ontario (California) battling arena.

WHAT? MAE WEST IN JAIL AGAIN?



J. B. Scott

(Above) No, the West is just visiting the Los Angeles Jail. Being shown about by Chief Jailer Clem Peoples. (Below) This time it's an American girl—pretty Judith Allen of "This Day and Age," who has, they say, captured Coop's fancy.

BOB ARMSTRONG'S OWN FIGHT CAMP



J. B. Scott

GARY COOPER'S NEW FLAME?



International

NEWS...!

WELCOME HOME, DOUG JUNIOR!



Wide World

The young man himself (above) getting off the Bremen. He was very ill immediately afterwards with pneumonia. Better now. (Below) Before the Leslie Howards left for Europe, Mike Levee gave a party for them. Here's Les with Levee and Walter Winchell.

FAREWELL PARTY TO MR. HOWARD



Wide World

HELEN HAYES' VENDOME PARTY



J. B. Scott

(Above) Gene Raymond, Helen Hayes and the Robert Montgomerys at Helen's party to celebrate the opening of "20th Century, Ltd.," co-authored by husband Charles MacArthur. (Below) All for the sake of "The Life of Henry VIII," Laughton's English film.

IT REALLY IS CHARLES LAUGHTON



Wide World

THEIR OWN PICTURE NEWS!

COULD THIS BE ROMANCE?



J. B. Scott

When the stars go on a vacation—they photograph each other! (Above) There's Gene Raymond photographing Raquel Torres on her tennis court. (Below) Ginger Rogers is taking that pose of Foster to give to wife Claudette Colbert.

THE BRENTS RETURN FROM EUROPE



Wide World

(Above) Just before Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent left the Berengaria—which brought them home from Europe. (Below) When Adrienne Ames can't find anything else to photograph, she takes pictures of her lovely home.

NORMAN DOES A JOHN BARRYMORE



"SHOOTING" HER NEW SWIMMING POOL



J. B. Scott

WHAT ABOUT LEW AYRES NOW...?



(Above) Lew and Ginger Rogers in "Don't Bet on Love"—Lew's last picture for Universal. He has signed a new contract with Fox. But this story proves that—had there been no new contract—Lew would not have been bitter. On the contrary—



By S. R. MOOK

I'M not through in pictures yet—not by a damned sight! If that's what you're driving at."

Lew fairly spat the words at me as we sat in his living-room recently. Universal had just announced they were not taking up their option on him. He had not then signed his new contract with Fox. I was wondering how Lew was going to react to Universal's announcement.

I've known him pretty intimately ever since he first got a break in pictures. I've watched him go from an unknown to the heights of stardom and then start on the road back, fighting every inch of the way—doggedly, determinedly—often not realizing just what he *was* fighting, but fighting all the same.

Two years ago when he first began to slip, an article came out hinting that Lew was no longer the biggest male draw in pictures, as he had been for the year following "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Common Clay" and "The Doorway to Hell."

Just that hint of a lessening of his popularity at the box office upset Lew for days. I had been up to his house and Lola Lane (his wife at the time) and I had been trying to reason with him all evening.

The next time I saw Lola she told me what happened after I left. "We went to bed. About two o'clock I awoke and Lew was gone. I got up and went to the

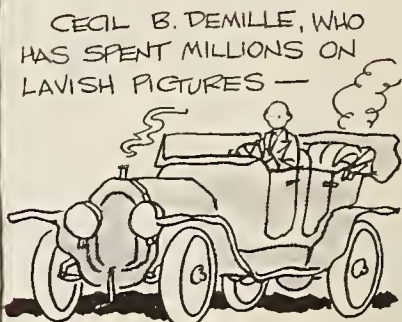
head of the stairs. The fire was smoldering—not quite out—and Lew was sitting on the floor in front of the embers with an old blanket around his shoulders. He was the most forlorn, pathetic looking boy I've ever seen in my life."

But that was two years ago. Today he doesn't worry over things like that. He merely sets his jaw and says, "I'm not through in pictures, if that's what you're driving at. I used to worry over bad pictures. Now, I realize that all you can do is your best and if you land in a picture that isn't a box-office smash, or if you find yourself in a part that wasn't made for you—well, you have to take the bitter with the sweet. It's part of the game.

WHEN I first read that I was slipping, I wondered if I oughtn't to commit suicide. Today, whether I'm a big shot or not seems relatively unimportant. Naturally I want to be a hit in hit pictures, but if it isn't to be I won't tear my hair out. I understand more about this business than I used to. I used to think you had to be at the top or you didn't count. When I leave Universal I might get into a picture—one picture—that would be such a hit it would put me right back at the top. Or I might be in a lot of moderately successful pictures that would enable me to go on and on for (Continued on page 113)

Bad breaks have disillusioned him. But they've made him a finer person

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



CECIL B. DEMILLE, WHO HAS SPENT MILLIONS ON LAVISH PICTURES —

HAS DRIVEN THE SAME "LOCO-MOBILE" FOR 16 YEARS



MAE WEST DRINKS A GLASS OF CREAM EVERY DAY TO KEEP -- ER -- THAT PEACHES -AND- CREAM COMPLEXION!



KATHARINE HEPBURN WAS RECENTLY APPROACHED BY A PROMINENT OVERALL MANUFACTURER FOR AN ENDORSEMENT OF HIS PRODUCT.



HERBERT MUNDIN STARTED HIS THEATRICAL CAREER DOUBLING FOR AN OSTRICH

JWELCH..

A great
PHOTOGRAPHER'S
greatest
portraits

George E. Hurrell

THE PICTURES ON THIS
AND THE FOLLOWING
PAGES WERE SPECIALLY
TAKEN FOR MODERN
SCREEN BY GEORGE E.

HURRELL



JEAN HARLOW—VENUS OF 1933



CONNIE BENNETT—SIREN WITH BRAINS



FAIRBANKS, JR.—A GOD TO HIS VALET



SALLY EILERS—IDEAL PROM GIRL




JOHNNIE WEISSMULLER—BRONZE GOD



HELEN HAYES—DRAMA'S FAVORITE CHILD



JOE E. BROWN AND SON—CLOWN AT HOME



YOU can get ANYTHING YOU want

By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

YOU can have anything you want! If only you will set your dream upon it. . . .

This may seem an astonishing statement at a first glance, particularly if you haven't seen the previous articles on this subject in MODERN SCREEN, so I hasten to tell you that it is backed by the findings of one of the most advanced schools of psychology in the world which states:

"Every idea tends to undergo transformation into reality. He who imagines, can!"

For a long time we have recognized the influence our bodies exert upon our lives. We know, for instance, that our energy supply is controlled largely by our glands and that indigestion is often enough the direct cause of depressed spirits.

Now we must admit the equally great, if not even greater influence which our minds exert upon our lives. Now we must face the great power of autosuggestion that we may use it to our advantage and not to our disadvantage.

I repeat, as I have in the two previous articles on this subject, you can have anything you want if only you will:

1. Dream. Strong. Constantly. Vividly. And true.
2. Not pick your dream out of the air but concentrate upon the dream which comes to you of its own accord.
3. Always see yourself in possession of your dream.
4. Never doubt that your dream will come true.
5. Work and plan towards your dream's fulfillment because it so obsesses you that you cannot do otherwise.

Joan Crawford began dreaming when as a little girl of seven she used to invite the neighborhood children into her barn to watch her dance.

Little Billie Cassin dreamed of being "a lovely lady, with loads of soft, fine clothes." And what happened to Billie Cassin when she grew up? Why, she became Joan Crawford, of course. And Joan has the "soft, fine clothes" and a hundred other luxuries.

WIDE planks did for seats. At last the whisper came from behind the old green portiere hung on a piece of clothes-line for a curtain.

"All right, Tommy. Ready!"

Slowly the green portiere moved back. There on the improvised stage

... Don't scorn daydreams.
They can bring you fame
and fortune, love and
happiness—whichever and
whatever your heart desires

Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER

hung with other discarded portières of many colors, stood Joan, then known as Billy Cassin.

She was wearing her mother's petticoat of purple and green taffeta, a black feather boa which almost covered the top of her little gingham dress, and a Merry Widow picture hat resurrected from an old trunk in the attic.

All the little girls murmured admiringly, while the little boys stamped and whistled. Joan bowed and smiled, consciously gracious. Then she went over to an old phonograph standing on another grocer's box, to set the needle in the groove, and wait, tense, for the strains of "The Blue Danube" to begin.

At the first squeak she was off with a gliding motion, her raised arms swaying, the expression on her young, freckled face rapt.

Her audience sat quiet as mice. This particular costume intrigued them, made it seem like a real show. Besides, they knew from experience that the neighborhood *première danseuse* would brook no inattention. Indeed, when her Merry Widow hat wobbled uncertainly and a new boy had the temerity to laugh, all the other children looked frightened.

"That's no way to behave when a great dancer is performing, you rude, stupid boy," Joan scolded, halting in her waltz.

"Go on," the culprit defended himself, "you're no great dancer. You're just Billy Cassin!"

Outrage flamed in Joan's cheeks.

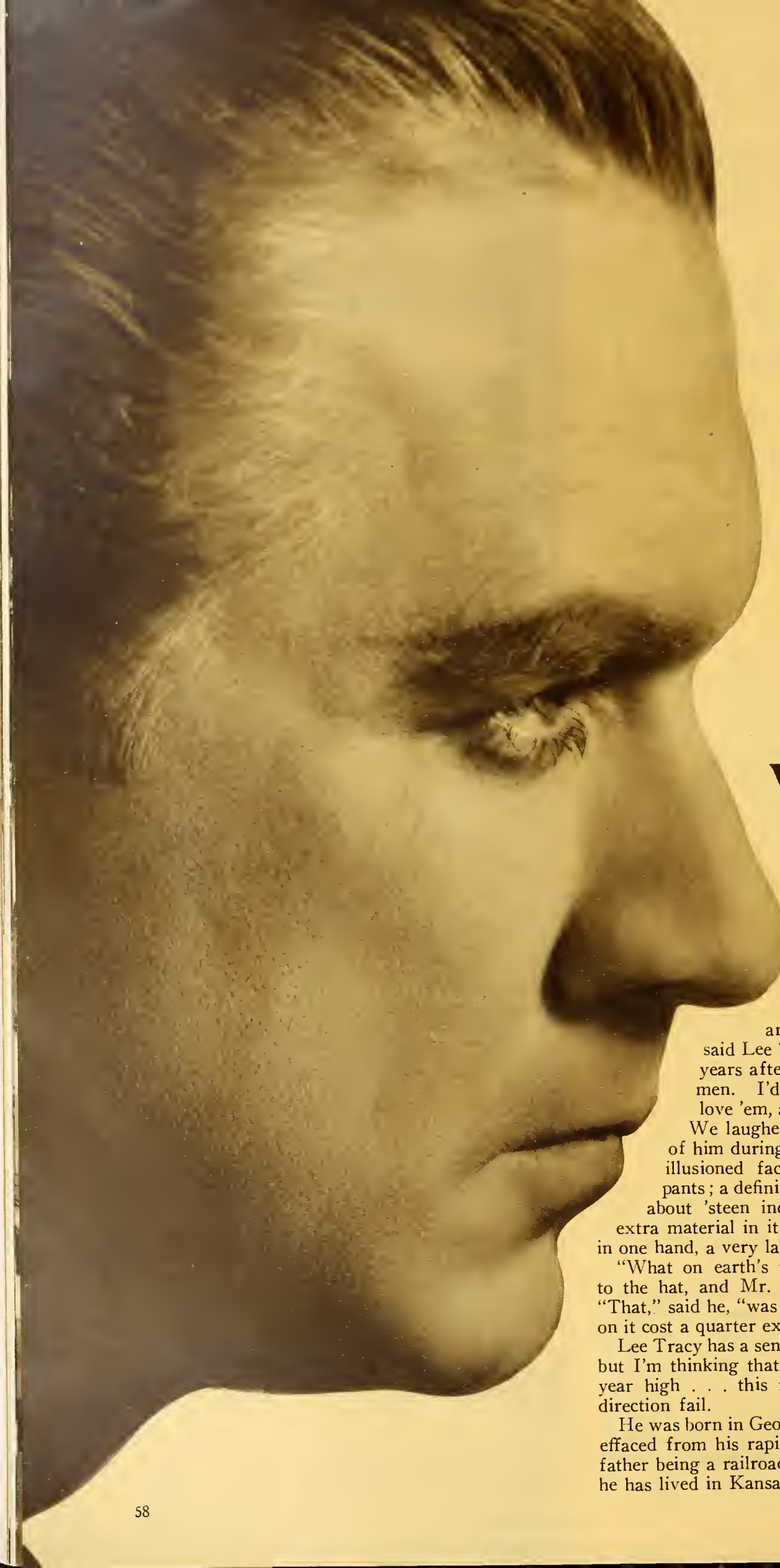
"I am not *just* Billy Cassin," she told him indignantly. "I'm a great dancer. In fact, Freddie Mathers, if you must know, I'm a premium danceroose. So there! You laugh again and you'll get out and stay out!"

WHEREUPON, having properly squelched him, she turned to the phonograph, replaced the needle at approximately where it had been when she had stopped, and finished her dance without any further interruption.

(Continued on page 107)

Hans Drier, Paramount designer, dreamed of doing sets like those for "Song of Songs" (sketched and pictured at top of page). (Right) Joan Crawford—and Mary Pickford—would they be as lovely as they are if there'd been no dreams?





. . . It takes a darned good writer to do justice to Lee—to catch the change of mood, the swift pace of his deft mind, the many sides of his personality. But Faith Baldwin succeeds perfectly in the task

B y F A I T H
B A L D W I N

WHEN Lee Tracy was in his third year high, he had a romance. But the object of it, doubtless an opportunist, took to running around with a rich man's son. Lee told her she shouldn't, really. And she asked him if he cared whether she did or not. Of course, said Lee, haughtily, he didn't care. So, being a practical girl she called his bluff and continued to run around with the r.m.s. . . . "And so," said Lee Tracy to me, gloomily, a good many years afterward, "I was through with all women. I'd make 'em suffer, I thought . . . love 'em, and leave 'em. . . ."

We laughed, looking at the photograph taken of him during that period . . . an austere and disillusioned face, and a very young one. Long pants; a definite check in the suit material; a collar about 'steen inches high; a cravat with a lot of extra material in it; and on his knee held prominently in one hand, a very large hat.

"What on earth's that?" I wanted to know, pointing to the hat, and Mr. Tracy looked at me reproachfully. "That," said he, "was a mighty fine panama, and the band on it cost a quarter extra!"

Lee Tracy has a sense of humor and a sense of direction, but I'm thinking that he slipped up on both in his third year high . . . this is a period when both humor and direction fail.

He was born in Georgia, although all trace of it has been effaced from his rapid speech. He left there at six; his father being a railroad man, the Tracys moved often. So he has lived in Kansas City and Louisville.

IF YOU MET LEE TRACY



(Left) Georgia was Lee's home at the time this was taken.

(Right) Lee with Madge Evans and John Barrymore. Lee is ever generous in praise of people who have helped him. For instance, of John Barrymore who gave him some fine pointers for "Dinner at Eight."



During his junior year at high, the same year in which he decided women were all alike, he lost enthusiasm for study. He wanted to go to work. So his father, a wise man, put him to work in the railroad yards.

He had six months there, with a hard job and a tough crew. But he liked it. After that, he entered a military academy, and after his graduation had a summer in California, without going near Hollywood. Then came a period of trying to enlist in the RFC and not succeeding, and finally Union College, where he made up his mind to become an actor after considering and rejecting several other professions.

When Tracy was twenty-one, however, he entered the officers' training school at Camp Lee, and shortly after his commission was signed the Armistice was signed, too. So that was that.

HE then went back home, which, by then, was in Sayre, Pennsylvania. After a time he informed his parents that he had selected the stage as a career, with the upshot that a sensible and comprehending family agreed to back him for a year providing that at the end of the time he would return to school and study engineering if he had not succeeded.

But he did succeed.

His sense of direction told him that there wasn't much chance for the amateur along Broadway, that street of so many unknown soldiers. So he looked as experienced as possible and talked vaguely of this and that, with the upshot that he got a part finally, a few lines with a vaudeville act. When that folded he got another, touring the country, playing a full season, and then enlisted with a repertoire company. Bluff carried him through everything, the bluff of being a veteran and not a youngster whose heart must have thumped more than once and who must have often been shaking in his boots.

But he put it over in spite of his extreme youth.

Closing, he was again jobless, but he had had experience and after weeks of making the rounds he got a juvenile job with a stock company in Elmira. There he made his first comedy hit and realized that light comedy was to be his forte, from then on.

More vaudeville. More stock. His first road show and then, after a period of waiting, Broadway . . . beginning with "The Show Off" which ran a year, going on through several good small parts in other shows, and eventually that great hit, "Broadway," in which Jimmy Cagney was his understudy.

After that came "The Front Page," and Hollywood, where, after a period in which nothing much happened, Lee Tracy became an established and successful personality in pictures.

There's his sense of direction running through it all . . . his selection, not impulsive, of his professions; his realization of the pitfalls and obstacles facing the beginner in that profession. His avoidance of them, part bluff and part his astonishing energy and the rest hard work.

IT so happens that short of a railway accident, I never miss a Tracy picture. So I wouldn't miss meeting Mr. Tracy in the not-too-solid flesh, would I? I sat on a very elegant but not too comfortable green divan in the offices of M-G-M in New York and regarded him.

He has hair which is slightly sandy and just escapes being red. He has blue eyes.

He is lean. He wears his hat pushed to the back of his bean, as it were. He talks a lot, and fast, in a low voice. He has a one-sided grin. He uses his hands when he talks. He is utterly natural. I bet he freckles easily. He is an elegant listener, which is the greatest compliment one can pay an interviewer. He decries superstition and then admits that he once almost broke a leg getting away from a black cat.

He can't go black cats, he says. (*Continued on page 110*)



ROMEOS
and
JULIETS



How do you like these new talkie love teams? (Right) Little Dorothy Jordan and big Joel McCrea will adore each other cinematically in "Three Came Unarmed." (Above) Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Katharine Hepburn in a romantically costumed sequence of "Morning Glory." (Below) Young Richard Cromwell and a pretty newcomer, Judith Allen, will be make-believe sweethearts in "This Day and Age." (Opposite page) Arline Judge and Eric Linden. You'll see them in "Flying Devils." And (small picture) John Boles and Lilian Harvey in "My Lips Betray."





The Joe E. Browns and Helen Twelvetrees were both pestered by the new racketeers. No doubt the Arlens will be, too. Joe E. Brown allowed the racketeers in because he thought they were autograph hounds!



Baby Le Roy seemed a grand opportunity, but it turned out otherwise.

HOLLYWOOD'S

... Since babies have become one of the leading interests in the cinema town, a veritable host of racketeers have sprung up—with a new racket. Their arguments are astonishing—and so is their persistence. No cinema baby—nor cinema parent either—is safe

WHEN Hollywood went in for maternity, the hygienic and educational gangster descended upon the town.

The first foray found a fertile field. Many of them landed jobs in exclusive homes. And at good prices. What more natural, then, that a second brigade of self-proclaimed infant experts should flare forth?

By day and far into the night, the invaders knocked at doors and demanded speech with the young motherhood of Hollywood.

The new racketeer is a woman—well-gowned, seemingly well-informed, plausible, persuasive and above everything else, determined. Only a few men are permitted in the game and are used for what the psychologists know as "the double approach."

Generally speaking, the racketeering gentry of babyland work along identical lines. Each pretends to represent an educational or hygienic cult. Once the young and inexperienced mother is contacted, the visitor stresses the importance of the child to the community because of distinguished parentage, and sketches a beautiful future—providing the racketeer and her system assumes a directing hand.

HELEN TWELVETREES has an attractive home in fashionable Brentwood Heights. The lawns are shady, the gardens cosy, the view perfect and the climate strictly Californian. And she is the youthful mother of Frank Bryan Woody, Jr., aged six months.

"Ah," decided the lady racketeer as she walked along

the gravel path toward the house, "it looks great and I don't know a better place for me to spend the summer. Besides, this girl has just signed a hot picture contract—nothing to worry about. If she don't know too much there's a lot I can tell her."

The same idea, however, was shared by many of the hygienic sisterhood, and for days, even weeks, the Twelvetrees' butler worked long past the union hours.

"At first, I talked with the callers," declared the young mother, "and tried to tell them my baby was fine and healthy—that the same nurse who reared me was caring for it. But they eyed me curiously, shrugged a condescending shoulder and said that inexperienced as I was, it would not be possible for me to know the least thing in the world about my child's health—that the nurse was naturally old-fashioned and therefore, incompetent.

"Even with their vast store of scientific infant knowledge, they said, it would require several months' residence in our home along with daily observations of the baby—and at what seemed a generous salary—before even they could determine its exact physical condition.

"Each caller knew of one hundred and eight different ways to rear a baby," continued Miss Twelvetrees, "but each was positive that a hundred and seven of them were wrong. There was but one way—the right way—her way. Each was willing even at great personal sacrifice, to make her home with me and save the baby.

"I listened to the body-builders, the muscle-developers, the mind-expansionists and the mental inspirationists. The no-clothes-body-breathers pooh-poohed the head-



The Lyons seem to have been one of the few couples not annoyed by the racketeers. The Harold Lloyds likewise. The Barrymores fared differently, however. John's reply to the racketeers was amusing.

NEWEST RACKET — "MOTHER'S HELPER"

covered-brain-breathers. Another sold a health-giving breath that came in tanks. At least ten offered intelligence tests."

Announcement that for a second time the stork was about to head for the Barrymores, drew a racketeering invasion to that section of Beverly Hills. But to John, infant rearing was an old story. One couple got in—their racket was new.

With an eloquent and impressive wave of the hand, the man informed John that the color scheme and decorations of the Barrymore nursery were all wrong. They could not be otherwise, he added, since the selection was made two years before on the arrival of Dolores Ethel. Such a color plan would be antagonistic to the new heir. There never was—there never could be, asserted the visitor, a correlation of spectrum between children of distinguished parents—always individualism. And Mr. Barrymore was inclined to agree. With delicate instruments, the scientist said he could determine to within 100 millimicrons of the true, par-length, prismatic wave of the baby's personal color choice—thereby keeping everything under control.

"And of course," went on the keeper and trainer of the vicious millimicron, "this would take weeks—perhaps months. Still, as a benefit to society, I would consider putting aside clients of lesser importance and undertake this important work. I must not be unmindful of the grave danger to this child—a child of genius—if exposed to antagonistic color waves—he might suffer psychological complexes and become—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the man of the Royal Family, "he might become—an actor. It's a Barrymore trait. I still think the color is right!"

AND did they get me—these infant advisers," said Joe E. Brown, smiling broadly. "Say, they were at our door before Mary Elizabeth and her mother got home from the hospital. I thought they were looking for auto-

graphs—you know me, so obliging—I let 'em all in.

"First, two women from the no-clothes union, bade me beware the purple and fine linen in which they were certain my kid was swathed. I told 'em the combination had worked out fine for young Pharaoh, and never once, so far as I knew, had any of the Rameses children found it uncomfortable, but they argued it wouldn't do for an actor's family. One woman studied me for a moment and then asked if any of my children had ever swallowed its silver spoon, on which point I hastily reassured her.

"Before the conversation got really general, it started out on infant diet. Then it became personal. The onion-juicers joined with the spinach-growers and laughed the raw egg cult to scorn. The vegetarians sniffed at the meat-rationists and the no-clothes lady butted in and told the soft-flannelers where to

get off. I got into the game on a three-card draw with the suggestion that in view of the new three-and-two-tenths law, a pretzel would make a fine teething ring; but I didn't help. About this time I had to go to the theatre, and left 'em, so I'll never know how it finished. Each side had a couple of rounds and the rest were even. My wife is an experienced mother—she won't listen to 'em."

One genius with a decided foreign accent hounded the Daniels-Lyon menage. He waited on the porch of the Stuart Irwins. He also tried to accomplish something that even important stars and big-shot writers are not able always to do—see Irving Thalberg. The same gentlemen argued at the portals of Miriam Hopkins' home, besieged the Harold Lloyds, skirmished the Barrymores, pleaded with Miss Twelvetrees and trekked to Laguna Beach in quest of the Fredric Marches.

This entrepreneur of things youthful carried a suitcase and, given the least opportunity, displayed a lot of clay disks—masque impressions—which he claimed to have made from the faces of Europe's infant royalty. Such sculptural records were to be made monthly, and from them—at least so the masque- (Continued on page 112)

By JACK
HILL

REVEALING THE LIFE OF

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE Dunne family lived in Louisville, Kentucky, when Irene was a little girl. Later they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, and Irene went to a convent school. The family were comfortably off—Joseph Dunne was a successful engineer. A big handsome man—and a wonderful father. He died when Irene was in her 'teens. It nearly broke her heart. But gradually—there was work to be done and a younger brother, Charles, to help forward in life—Irene recovered. She studied music at the Chicago Conservatory. Came to New York to get a job. And, after some lean months, got one in Peggy Wood's "Clinging Vine." She understudied Miss Wood—and one night the star couldn't be there. Irene played the rôle—so well that the producers sent her on the road with the show that summer. Then, there followed a successful summer season in Atlanta, Georgia. A gay season. Lots of parties. And at one of them, Irene met the most attractive man in Atlanta. They saw a lot of each other. Everyone told Irene that he'd had heaps of girls and never took any of them seriously. But that was all right with Irene. She had her career, after all. Then—one day—he didn't telephone . . .

Irene was resentful. She had not planned to take the young man any more seriously than she felt he planned to take her. "Girls as well as boys can have romantic interludes without losing their hearts," she had reasoned. "Quite as well." And even while she had said all this to herself she had been falling in love.

Later that morning when her young man did telephone at last she was extremely cool. She wouldn't be like all the Atlanta débutantes who went around mooning over

him. He'd never know how she felt. On this score she was determined.

Her coolness brought him, post-haste, to her hotel.

"I had to come," he said. "You sounded so strange. What is the trouble?"

"Nothing," Irene told him with elaborate indifference. "Not a thing. Why you think anything the trouble is more than I can see."

But her eyes weren't indifferent. They weren't any more indifferent than his eyes. And in his eyes his heart hung.

Now their casual days were over. They were in love. They both knew it. They both counted only those hours which they spent together.

Her Atlanta engagement ended, Irene had to return to New York. He followed. Without her quiet loveliness he found his home city as barren as a prairie. In spite of all the intrigued débutantes. In spite of all the designing mammas.

In New York, with Irene between engagements, they were together from early morning until late night. They were going to be married. Then, suddenly, they weren't going to be married at all. The crush, young and violent while it lasted, began to wane. Irene started rehearsing for "The Prince Chap." The young blood turned back home.

Rehearsals for "The Prince Chap" were held on the New Amsterdam Roof. One morning Irene recognized Florenz Ziegfeld going up with her in the elevator. She was glad she was wearing a smart blue crêpe, that her small hat with its perky nosegay of garden flowers was ultra smart. Aware of Ziegfeld's eyes on her she turned



I R E N E D U N N E

... Her stage triumphs ... The advent of Dr. Francis D. Griffin—and domesticity ... "Show Boat" ... Hollywood successes—and the sweet sorrows of a long distance marriage

(Below, left) Irene at eighteen. (Center) During the St. Louis season—which Irene left flat for Dr. Griffin. (Right) With Doctor G.—one of the most understanding husbands on record. (Opposite page) Irene with her mother, Adelaide Dunne, during the early Hollywood days.



International





"Leathernecker" (above) was Irene's first picture—and a failure. Her second was "Cimarron" (below).



(Below) With John Boles in "Back Street." Irene had to argue RKO into giving her that picture.



(Below) With Joel McCrea in "The Silver Cord." Irene doesn't have to fight for stories now.



her best angle toward the famous girl-glorifier. "Ziegfeld Offices," called the operator, bringing the car to a stop, flinging open the grille door.

Ziegfeld stepped aside for Irene to pass. He assumed any pretty girl in that elevator must be getting off at his floor. When Irene made no move to pass he looked surprised. Surprised and a little put out, too.

Ten minutes later a business-like young woman came up to the roof. Irene was sure she was Mr. Ziegfeld's secretary and that she was there to see her. She was.

"Did you just come up in the elevator with Mr. Ziegfeld?" she asked, coming over to Irene, marking the perky nosegay of garden flowers on her hat by which, it developed, she had been told she might recognize the right girl.

Irene nodded.

"He'd like to see you," the secretary said. "He's casting."

"Thank him," Irene said, "and explain I'm in rehearsal here."

"Nevertheless," she says, "I had a strong feeling that one day I'd be associated with Florenz Ziegfeld. But I did not dream of the great change that would come into my life in the meantime."

And little did Irene dream the evening friends telephoned to ask her to a party and she hesitated whether to go or remain home and study, dead set upon becoming as proficient in her French as a Parisienne, that the future pattern of her entire life rested with her decision.

It was the new red dress hanging in her closet which decided her.

"I'll go," she said.

SINCE her last crush had petered out she had been studying and working steadily. She was ready for gaiety again. As a matter of fact, this was probably what had prompted her to buy that dress the week previous.

It was a very simple dress. Very smart. Owning it made dressing rather exciting. Irene brushed her soft hair until it lay smooth and bright. Her quiet eyes were eager.

Later, in the famous Gold Ballroom, the dance music was perfect. It had swing and rhythm. Even going from one partner to another, even walking out to the dance floor, Irene must dance a little. And hum a snatch of whatever song they happened to be playing.

It was after a waltz when she was leaving the floor with her partner that she saw a tall, well-built young man, very dignified in his well-cut tail coat, coming towards them.

It was all very casual. There was nothing about it to warn her that in this moment lay her destiny.

"Irene," said her partner, "may I present Doctor Griffin?"

"Doctor Griffin, Miss Dunne."

Irene smiled.

The doctor bowed.

Never, Irene decided, had she seen more level blue eyes. He was serious-minded, this young doctor. Of that there could be no doubt. But he had humor, too. His level eyes were washed by laughter.

"Could I have the next dance?" he asked, "or isn't that possible?"

"I'm sorry," Irene said. She was sorry. She liked this tall, fair New Englander. Tremendously. Immediately.

"What dance may I have?" he asked. He would pin her down.

"The third after this?" She quite intended it to be a question but her voice leaped out of control to make it a very eager, hopeful question. The tone of her voice said, quite plainly, oh dear, I do hope that will be all right!

"Thank you," he said, "I'll come for you." He had a nice dignity. And a friendly (Continued on page 102)



Believe it or not Lil's a Housewife!

By
DENA
REED

Lil and husband Edmund Lowe and their two cute wire-haireds at the Tashman-Lowe beach house—a very efficiently run beach house.

... "One of the best dressed women in Hollywood" she may be. But Lil loves her home and her husband and manages both to perfection

LILYAN TASHMAN, in private life, is as much a hausfrau as Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones who spends her days caring for her house, planning her meals and complaining that "a woman's work is never done."

I can hear your gasps and snorts. "Lilyan Tashman," you're saying, "one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, whose very name is synonymous with the last word in fashion. What has she to do with housekeeping? How can she find the time to do anything but look as if the latest Paris evening gown were poured on her!"

All of which is true as far as it goes. Reputations are hard to maintain in Hollywood, where the competition is keen, and Lilyan's style sense has remained unchallenged for many years. But this comes as second nature to her and requires a minimum of time and energy.

But she does "shop around" for things for her homes in Malibu Beach and in Beverly Hills. Her decisions are snap judgments, because she has as natural a feeling for color and decoration in her home as she has in the clothes she wears. But she is definitely a housewife. I have it on the excellent authority of Edmund Lowe.

And right under my own nose I saw how she does it. For, while Lilyan was making personal appearances at the Paramount last year, she talked, cut clippings from the newspapers, ate her lunch, fixed her make-up, posed for her portrait, (*Continued on page 87*)





Myrna Loy, off for a late summer week-end, provides herself first with the greatest essential—a top coat (left). Hers is the most serviceable of all—a black and white checked lightweight tweed. She carries a white linen bag trimmed with black and white checks. (Above, left) Upon arriving—with time for a swim before dinner—she changes into beach pajamas. She lets the red knitted sweater with turtle neck take care of the sun-back by the clever way in which it is shaped. The trous are red and white linen. (Above, right) Her bathing suit is perfect for swimming or sun-bathing. Black knitted jersey.

A late summer week-end . . . What to wear? What to take with you?



No sunburn on the nose for Myrna. (She has red hair, you know, and the delicate skin that goes with it.) When she braves the outdoors on her week-end, she wears a wide-brimmed leghorn with a kerchief top—by far the largest hat seen on the beach this season. But at tea-time (as you can see in the picture below the big hat) she appears in a fetching little turban trimmed with a band of flatly sewn piqué violets, which flowers again make the collar on the blue silk coat. Even white piqué gloves take unto themselves an edging of violets, just to show that they are all in the scheme of the costume.

Even when your hostess says, "Oh, we don't bother about clothes up here. Just bring anything," it is wise to take along an evening gown. You never can tell what might turn up! Myrna's gown is lovely enough to go anywhere, but being white and very simple as to cut, it fits nicely into the summer scheme. It is made of satin and has a train that drapes most gracefully from the high waistline and meets, at that point, the V ending of the very low back. Remember that a white summer evening gown is really an economy, for when winter comes you may always have it dyed some lovely color.

Myrna Loy chooses exactly the right things—as you can see here



Sunday morning—and a tennis date. Myrna's tennis dress is patterned on the simplest sort of a design in blue jersey. The upper half of this two piece model is fashioned after a polo shirt and a varicolored striped belt is attached to the skirt. For her spectator sports dress, she carries along that one of white crepe, trimmed with green polka dotted silk and narrow pleatings set around the V neck, bow tie and sash belt. Her hat, this time, is of white stitched crepe with one of those large brims that are so smart and so soothing in the bright sunlight.

For Sunday evening, Myrna Loy has this mousseline frock, in her favorite color which she calls "Heavenly Blue." The trailing skirt is edged with a tiny band of pleatings, which also borders the high neckline. Rows of tucks in true Victorian manner are a part of the design and the long full sleeves carry out the picturesque nature of this becoming costume . . . Well, all good things come to an end, and when Myrna is ready to go back to town on Monday, she dons a crisp white linen suit and makes it utterly dashing by the addition of polka dot accessories.

To take "more than you'll need" is always a very wise idea



These four girls—Madge Evans, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert—know the importance of smooth, shapely arms. For evening and for short-sleeved daytime frocks. Give your arms an occasional beauty treatment as you would your face. And exercise them to make them graceful.

Lovely Arms





Irene Hervey knows her ingenu-
 genue stuff when she wears
 bands of rosebuds over the
 shoulders of a simple crêpe
 evening frock.

(Left) Helen Vinson's tailored suit with a pinched-in jacket—nice for fall.
 The vest and hat are made of brightly checked rabbit's hair material.
 (Right) This light beige wool coat of Marion Davies' is dashing-ly set off
 by the brown and beige plaid woolen scarf. The sleeves have shallow
 pyramid tucks which give shoulder breadth and the vagabond hat is made
 of crêpe in the same shade as the coat.

Patterns

TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.

For back views, see page 88



2599

973
994



973 (dress) and 994 (coat)—Helen Twelvetimes' first fall suit—a light-weight plaid wool dress with a tapcoat of plain color lined with the plaid. 973 and 994 in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 and 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

2599—Another good school or college frock for silk or woolen material. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust.

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

SH-H-H. This is a secret straight from the Hollywood front: Fall, 1933 is going to be the most glamorous season we've had in years and years. Who says so? Travis Banton, my dears. We are going in for trains in a big way. Especially the ruffled, frilly kind that make you think of Spanish rhumba dances. You should see the one on Claudette Colbert's new formal frock. It's six ruffles deep and swishes beautifully when she walks. The frock combines black organza and taffeta—the train being of the latter. "And," declares Claudette knowingly, "there can be no hot-cha numbers in this type of dress!"

No, *mystery* has replaced pep as the chief feminine allure. The new models simply ooze it. Even Mae West goes mysterious in her "dining out" costume. Mostly because of that hat. It's huge. It is the largest black hat you ever saw and it has the flattest of crowns. Her black gown is of tulle and gently falls to the floor in a demurely wicked line.

- The old-fashioned hook and eye is taking a prominent place on the fashion horizon this fall. Instead of hiding modestly under the folds of a placket, it now is used for adorning as well as practical purposes. The 1933-34 hook and eye is many times larger than its ancestors and of very elaborate design. Helen Twelvetrees has large white bone hooks and eyes running down the front of her black wool dress, and the effect is stunning!

- Bruce Cabot says there's nothing like a good zipper. He has his shirts made with a zipper attachment on the front, and the "missing button" problem that confronts most bachelors just doesn't exist any more for him.



Marion Davies is romantically attractive with a single strand of pearls and brilliants loosely binding her locks. The long pearl at the ear adds an unusual substitute for an eardrop.

- Adrian—and if you don't know by this time that he's M-G-M's style magician, you haven't been reading your MODERN SCREEN!—is advocating draped effects. A suggestion of them in skirts—softly draped bodices—swirls of fringe suspended from a low décolletage in back. One of the colors he is using most in his designs is *light peacock blue*. It's a glorious shade—particularly in the erect pile velvet that is due to be very popular.

Trust Adrian, of course, to pick ideas out of the air. And not only for fashions! In his lemon-and-lime colored workshop in the studio he has lovely white tulips made of *duck feathers*. Now it has become a fad: artificial flowers cunningly devised of feathers.

- It's a very chic note in ensemble effects—this matching compacts with your frocks. When Heather Angel powdered her nose at tea, every woman present strained forward with interest. The top of her compact was an exact reproduction of the blue and white plaid of her dress! She has another to match a blue and green striped frock and for formal wear there's a white and gold one to harmonize with her new evening gown.

- Tiny rhinestone ornaments seem to be the latest gasp for evening coiffures. The star and crescent prevail. And there's no need to restrict yourself to one—Lilyan Tashman wears two and sometimes three in her blond tresses. And Marion Davies! Just look at her with her fillet of pearls and brilliants.

- Maureen O'Sullivan has gone quaint on us. At least for evening. She looks like an 1860 belle—and if you think Johnny Farrow doesn't like it! Maureen wears her hair a-top her head in tight little (*Continued on page 100*)

Fascinating fall creations, old-fashioned smartness renewed, and beauty tips

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay— to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so

gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND"
IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're

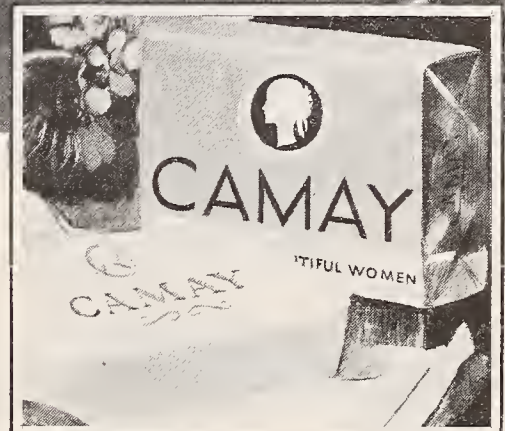
taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!



Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .



Ralph Morgan and his pretty daughter, Claudia, lunching in their Hollywood garden after a hard game of tennis. Claudia's recipes—and Dad Morgan's ideas—are worth knowing for a luncheon.



Courtesy of the Borden Company

Sandwiches, of course, have an important place in lunch menus. The Modern Hostess gives you some new sandwich recipes.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

WE chanced to drop in at the Ralph Morgan domicile one morning just as Ralph and his attractive daughter, Claudia, were finishing a set of tennis.

"Set point!" called Mr. Morgan, "ready?" Claudia nodded and crouched back of the base line to receive the service. Ralph sent over a terrific serve which Claudia returned with a clean, powerful shot. But Ralph picked it up and dropped it, hatefully, just over the net, where it bounced twice before Claudia could reach it.

"You're an old meany!" sang Claudia cheerfully, losing as grace-

fully and graciously as she played. Ralph walked over to us, wiping his brow.

"Oh, please don't stop!" we entreated. "It would be such fun to watch you."

Ralph shook his head. "I've had enough!" he announced. "Keen as I am about tennis, on a day like this the nicest thing about the game is how good it feels when you stop playing."

"Do stay and have lunch with us," invited Claudia. She had located all of the tennis balls and now sauntered off the court.

"Of course," seconded Ralph, "but I'm warning you, Claudia, if there isn't enough liquid refreshment to go 'round, I shall refuse to let our guest have a single drop."

Claudia laughed. "Father always wants quarts and quarts of something cold to drink after playing tennis," she said, "and he doesn't seem to care very much what it is—iced tea or coffee, lemonade, punch or what-have-you. But he insists on plenty of it. So I figure out what he can reasonably be expected to drink and then double the order for safety's sake."

"From way back somewhere," put in Mr. Morgan, "I remember a silly little jingle which goes something like this:

At tennis 'neath the summer sun,
Drinking water is not done
'Twill make you drive balls in the
net

Losing thus both game and set!"

"Well, there's many a word of truth spoken in jest—as some one has remarked before," we contributed brightly.

"Yes," said Ralph, "and there's a lot of good advice in that jingle. A smart player does his drinking after, not during the game."

HOWEVER, scenting a good food story and with our nose to the wind, like a good bird dog, we refused to be deflected by discussions of athletic procedure. For, you see, we were approaching the luncheon table, set on the terrace beneath a huge umbrella, and even at a distance our trained eye had begun to pick out unusual details.

We descried, for instance, a carafe of what appeared to be fruit juices, and a tea pot. Our curiosity knew no bounds, you can imagine, until we discovered that the carafe did actually contain sweetened lemon juice, because Ralph Morgan wants plenty of lemon juice in his iced tea—in fact it's almost a half and half proposition with him. Claudia poured tea over the ice in his glass until he said "When." Then Ralph filled the glass up with sweetened lemon juice. Ever on the alert for a new taste thrill, we followed suit. And right here and now we heartily endorse the custom. Your drink turns out not to be iced tea, nor yet lemonade, but a very delightful combination of both.

Ralph and (Continued on page 106)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCRENE Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for September, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

..... (City) (State)

The Ralph Morgans make luncheon a feast—as these recipes prove

She protects her wave with
JEAN HAIR NETS
and this is the NET result—



Single mesh or double. Babbed size or regular. In every hair shade, gray and white included.



**JEAN WATER WAVE AND
SPORTS NET**

Here's another beauty hint—when you set your waves, especially after a shampoo, slip one of these water wave nets over your hair—and get really professional results. Excellent for night wear, too. In lovely pastels and hair shades.

EVEN when she sleeps she keeps her wave in place! That's how she manages to keep smartly groomed always—and to save money on her beauty bills besides! Try her trick of wearing these marvelous long-lasting nets. You'll never be without them again!

Sold only at

S. S. KRESGE COMPANY

5c, 10c and 25c Stores

BETWEEN YOU and ME

Come one—come all! This is your spot for discussing talkie matters that are pleasing or bothering you

Dear Friends:

I have been away on my vacation. You have probably been away on your vacations. Now we're all back at work—or will be very shortly. A much better time for making good resolutions, this, than New Year's. At least that's what I think. And I have made a few resolutions.

Yes—it's easy to guess what they are. They concern this magazine. I'm going to endeavor to make MODERN SCREEN a better magazine than ever before. I have some grand ideas for the coming months. For our stories and our pictures of the stars and for our departments. I want you all to keep me posted on your reactions to them. That's the only way I can find out whether or not you like them.

So—I'll be waiting to hear from you.

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Defense of Englishman

MARIE KEU of Sheffield, England, writes:

First, I want to say how much I enjoy MODERN SCREEN. We've nothing to come within streets of it here, so I've signed up as a permanent reader.

Now, I have something to get off my chest. Why will producers or directors insist upon confining English characters to two kinds. The cockney with his "Gor' blimey" and the super-refined gentleman with his so-called Oxford accent, a "very naice person, don't cher know."

I admit we have both types, but neither is the ideal nor average Englishman, any more than the gum-chewing "Oh-yeah-sez-you" youth or the gangster is typical of your American manhood, and we should welcome a more natural character by way of a change.

Everybody here is enjoying Ralph Bellamy's work. Indeed, he has established himself as a general favorite, for he is particularly attractive and, above all, an excellent actor.

All the Way from Java

R. M. SOEMARTONO of Djokjakarta, Java, asks a few questions:

In a recent issue you asked for criticism. Well, here you are! "Tarzan, the Ape-Man" was a success, but it would have been better if Johnny Weissmuller possessed a muscular body. (?) He is a good swimmer, of course, but there are men like George

O'Brien who could really do Tarzan.

The Christians here were offended at "The Sign of the Cross." (*Why, R. M.?*)

What I should like to know is to whom is ex-mayor, Jimmy Walker, married? (*Betty Compton, New York dancer.*) And is Mr. Walker on the stage? (*No, not professionally, anyway.*)

Thelma Todd is married. I am glad to hear that. But Hollywood is not Hollywood if the divorce is long in coming. (*It has come.*)

Where's that team, Sammy Cohen-Ted MacNamara? (*Mr. MacNamara passed away about three years ago. Mr. Cohen is free-lancing.*)

That's all, Mr. Editor, and in advance, thanks for the bit of information.

Do You Feel the Same Way?

ANGELA LEWIS of Fort Wayne, Ind., is slightly disgusted:

You may think me narrow-minded, but if hating filth in pictures makes me that, I am glad.

I am a high school girl and an ardent fan, being an avid reader of fan magazines. I would be a much more constant movie-goer, too, if it were not for the fact that I have been embarrassed too often while attending so-called sex pictures with the boy friend.

Do directors think that injecting "dirt" into a film gives it box office appeal? There should be stories certainly, that give us a chance to believe there are some decent people in the world, that would not insult the intelligence of those of us who are modern yet clean-minded.

So, instead of starting a drive for bigger and better pictures, why not make it better and cleaner? I am sure it would meet with great response.

Barbara and Clark Teamed?

BEVERLY B. of St. Louis, Mo., offers a suggestion:

It will always be a mystery to me why Barbara Stanwyck does not get a better break in pictures. Why can't her producers find her a swell story? She certainly has many admirers who would appreciate it. Also, why not make Clark Gable and Barbara a team? With his personality and her beauty and acting ability, they would be a tremendous hit. I wonder if other fans feel as I do.

(*Speaking of teams, Beverly, how about Clark with Mae West? But better read the story on page 14.) Also, read Jim Tully's story about Barbara on page 24.*)

Glamor Versus Wholesomeness

MARIE GRIFFIN of Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

My friends, who, of course, may be prejudiced, testify as to my good disposition, and modesty (?) forces me to agree. I can stand disappointment and bad breaks better than most people. In fact, the only thing that makes me figuratively kick and scream, is that six-letter word—glamor.

Movie magazines declare, as early and often as possible, that Joan Crawford has glamor. Greta Garbo has glamor; Carole Lombard is loaded down with it; Marlene Dietrich exudes it and, even in her overalls, Katharine Hepburn radiates—what do you think? Right again. Glamor!

If picture producers would take time out to delve into the public's mind, they might be surprised to discover that more of us could care for fresh, honest wholesomeness (not to be confused with sacharrine sweetness) than all this "lacquered lady" stuff.

Madge Evans is distinctly among those present when a popularity contest is in order. So are Helen Hayes, Ann Harding and Irene Dunne. They are all attractive, honest-to-goodness human beings—like the girl next door or the very young matron across the street. Artificiality is as foreign to them as the French debt. There is nothing as desirable as naturalness, and I'll wager there are many picture fans who agree with me.

(*And now, gentle reader, what is your reaction to Miss Griffin's opinion? We should be very much interested to hear your opinions.*)

Praise for "Golddiggers"

A. L. of N. Y. C. writes:

I have just seen "Golddiggers of 1933." The whole cast does grand work! What a swell performance. The dancing, songs and beauty of the whole thing is a real treat. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell as a team have the world beat.

A Versatile Actor Certainly! And He Gets Lots of Praise

M. B. of San Antonio, Texas, writes:

The very first time I saw Walter Huston, I liked him—in fact better than any other actor. I think that Huston can play any kind of character role. He can play the role of crook or saint with equal facility. Once I read in MODERN SCREEN that he likes to play baseball. I do wish he would play in a baseball picture or any other sport picture. You can't give us too much of Huston.

Are You a Booster for Them, Too?

H. P. of Pasadena, California, writes:

A few lines regarding some of the very best talent one can wish to see on the screen, Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Zasu Pitts and Will Rogers. Why can't we see more of these players? They positively portray life as we like to feel it should be lived. You know people that live as good and clean life, helping others at every opportunity surely should be mentioned. So give these four people a real boost, please.

Lots of Readers Like Them

B. B. S. writes:

Ever since seeing Sylvia Sydney and Gary Cooper in "City Streets" I have been patiently waiting to see them together again. Here's hoping producers take the hint and star them as I'm sure they will make an ideal starring team.

King of Them All

E. N. of Toronto, Ont., makes a plea:

We read a lot about the different actors, such as Clark Gable and Ramon Novarro, but very little of the king of them all, in my estimation, namely, Warner Baxter. Here is one actor, who besides being in the first line when looks and charm were given away, really enjoys and puts all he has in his acting. He seems to be at last getting a break. Hurray!

Short Paragraphs and Answers

C. R. of Springfield, N. J., would like to see Fredric March and Joan Crawford in a picture together. JANET W. of Bethel, Conn., writes: "I'm so glad to see that someone has had sense enough to see that we're a bit tired of long, lanky glamorous ladies and smart enough to anticipate that we would appreciate a real, true-to-life, earthy per-

(Continued on page 81)

"why do my
NAILS BREAK?"

You wash
dishes an hour
a day in strong
suds . . it makes
your nails
BRITTLE

Use Ivory for dishes
(and all soap-and-
water tasks) for
a week

. . then . . see the difference

No free alkali in Ivory to roughen your hands, break your nails, spoil your manicure—Ivory is pure. Doctors advise Ivory even for a baby's skin. And Ivory is so economical. 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP **SAVES
HANDS**

DIRECTORY of PICTURES

... A sure guide to the best talkie entertainment. Read these short reviews before going to see that show and save yourself time and money

● RECOMMENDED

● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

● **ADORABLE** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor in a charming little tale of kingdoms, princesses and commoners. Henri Garat, the new French actor, is the perfect leading man. Janet and Henri do several delightful song numbers and some excellent acting. Very good—okay for kids.

● **BABY FACE** (Warner)—Barbara Stanwyck as a girl of the slums who ruthlessly fights her way to the top until she hooks a bank president. He makes her wonder. . . . Very good—but no interest for children.

● **THE BARBARIAN** (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro as the sheik who captures the love of a beautiful English girl. Exciting romance—but not for children.

● **BED OF ROSES** (RKO)—Story of two girls just out of prison and what they do. Connie Bennett is more beautiful than ever. Pert Kelton is good in a Mae West role. Good—send the kids to a Western.

● **BE MINE TONIGHT** (Universal)—A foreign film (English speaking). Lots of excellent singing and a touch of "La Boheme." Very good if you enjoy singing—children may like parts of it.

● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE BIG BRAIN** (KBS-Tiffany)—George Stone in a yarn of a bootblack who by fair means and otherwise winds his way up as a big shot in Wall Street. Fair—the youngsters will be bored.

● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **CAVALCADE** (Fox)—Historical drama from 1900 up to present time about an English family and their servants. You will love this terrifically human story. Excellent—okay for the children.

● **CHRISTOPHER STRONG** (RKO)—Katharine Hepburn as a young girl flyer who falls in love with a married man (Colin Clive). They make a brave fight against their love. Unusual ending. Very good—children won't like it.

● **THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER** (Columbia)—Murder, mystery and lots of blood-curdling excitement in a circus tent. Good if you go for this kind of stuff—may be too scary for children.

● **CITY HALL** (Wm. Berke)—Political drama. Quiet but good—okay for kids.

● **CLEAR ALL WIRES** (M-G-M)—An amusing story of a foreign newspaper correspondent who stirs up assassinations for news. It lands him in a tough spot. Lee Tracy is topnotch. Good—for kids, too.

● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—More adventures of these two families with Charlie Murray and George Sidney again as the respective fathers. Very funny—kids will like it.

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** (Universal)—Tale of a mysterious stranger who suddenly appears on a runrunner lost at sea and guides it back. The curious effect he has on the twelve men and one woman on the boat makes the picture. Very good—pretty dull for children, however.

● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (M-G-M)—A sophisticated drama of exciting intrigues involving the invited guests at a dinner party. An all star cast with John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and others. Excellent—but not good movie fare for children.

● **DIPLOMANIACS** (RKO)—Wheeler and Woolsey. Great for kids.

● **DISGRACED** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **DON'T BET ON LOVE** (Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount)—A gripping, powerfully realistic story of the horrors of war. Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Cary Grant do some very good acting. Excellent—all right for the young folks.

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warner)—Joe E. Brown in a very funny baseball yarn. Good—the kids will love it.

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy, and Betty Furness in a story. Good—fair for children.

● **EX-LADY** (Warner)—Bette Davis and Gene Raymond go through daring experiments to achieve real romantic happiness. Good—but dull for children.

● **FLYING DEVILS** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **FORTY-SECOND STREET** (Warners)—A grand show. Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, George Brent and others are in it. Excellent—kids will enjoy it.

● **'FRISCO JENNY** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton as a tough gal of the old days whose son grew up to be her unknowing enemy. Very good—but not for children.

● **FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—A kidnapping of the famous "Grand Hotel" with Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames. Very good—take the tots.

● **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE** (M-G-M)—Walter Huston in a timely story of a president who saves the U. S. from impending disaster. Franchot Tone and Karen Morley add the love interest. Excellent—okay for children.

● **GAMBLING SHIP** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **GIRL IN 419** (Paramount)—A snappy yarn about a police hospital with Jimmy Dunn as head and Gloria Stuart as the unknown beauty brought to the hospital dying. Good—exciting enough for children.

● **GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—If you've seen "Forty-Second Street," see this. If you haven't seen "Forty-Second Street"—see this. Swell music, swell dancing. Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Warren Williams, Ruby Keeler, Guy Kibbee and others are in it. Excellent—take the kids.

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **HELL BELOW** (M-G-M)—Powerful drama of men and submarines with Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery and Jimmie Durante. Excellent—kids will like it, too.

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **HEROES FOR SALE** (Warners)—Dick Barthelmess does some fine acting in a tiresome and terribly depressing story of an ex-soldier down on his luck. Depressing—not for children.

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **HUMANITY** (Fox)—Ralph Morgan as a country doctor whose heart breaks when his son (Alexander Kirkland) goes into the profession for the money only. Poor.

● **I COVER THE WATERFRONT** (United Artists)—Speed, action, sex and plenty of laughs with Ben Lyon, Claudette Colbert and the late Ernest Torrence. Excellent—but not for the kids.

● **I LOVE THAT MAN** (Paramount)—Eddie Lowe is the man, with Nancy Carroll playing opposite. A snappy, entertaining yarn with fast-talking devil-may-care Eddie at his best. Excellent—kids might enjoy it.

● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **INFERNAL MACHINE** (Fox)—Chester Morris wins his girl (Genevieve Tobin) by real courage—and trickery. Very good—okay for children.

● **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE** (Paramount)—Lots of funny nonsense, blue gags and shapely legs. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Stuart Erwin, Sari Maritza, Edmund Breese, Burns and Allen and others are in it. Funny and amusing slapstick comedy—take the kids.

● **JENNIE GERHARDT** (Paramount)—Sylvia Sydney as the tragic heroine in a rather depressing love story. Donald Cook plays opposite. Good of its kind—but children will be bored.

● **THE KEYHOLE** (Warners)—Kay Francis and George Brent in an amusing triangle of the wife, the wealthy husband and a detective. Fair—kids won't be amused.

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Good Western. Ken Maynard as a cowboy who turns detective to track down a mysterious murderer. Thrilling—take the kids.

● **THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR** (Universal)—Unfaithful wives, murder and renewed love. Fair—children will be bored.

● **LADY OF THE NIGHT** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **A LADY'S PROFESSION** (Paramount)—Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as a couple of English aristocrats in America. They get mixed up, unwittingly, with a gang of bootleggers. Very amusing—children will enjoy parts of it.

● **LILLY TURNER** (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton again in a tragic, self-sacrificing drama. A sordid, but different kind of triangle with a cheap sideshow background. Entire cast very good, but story dull—not for children.

● **THE LITTLE GIANT** (Warners)—Eddie Robinson turns comedian. As a former beer baron he and his pal (Russell Houton) take up "culture." Mary Astor and Helen Vinson provide the love thrills. Swell comedy—take the kids.

● **LUCKY DOG** (Universal)—A very good looking Chic Sale without his beard and specs in a little drama of the strong friendship of a man and his dog. Take the kids and go see it.

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **MARY STEVENS, M.D.** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—James Cagney and Frankie Darro in a yarn about a lot of tough youngsters in a reform school. Plenty of excitement and action. Good—kids will like it.

● **THE MIND READER** (Warners)—Warren Williams and Constance Cummings in a story all about the fortune telling racket. Very good—children might like it.

● **MURDERS IN THE ZOO** (Paramount)—Lots of horror in the zoo with Lionel Atwill, Charlie Ruggles and Kathleen Burke. Very good—might be too scary for kids.

● **THE NARROW CORNER** (Warners)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ralph Bellamy and Patricia Ellis in a love triangle. Not much plot but some excellent acting. Good—children will be bored.

● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE NUISANCE** (M-G-M)—The irrepressible Lee Tracy as a shyster lawyer. Frank Morgan plays a gin-soaked Doc. Madge Evans is the clever girl detective for an insurance company. She forgets her duty when she meets the lawyer. Good—for kids, too.

● **OUR BETTERS** (RKO)—Constance Bennett as a disillusioned bride who becomes the sophisticated society queen of postwar London. Very good—but not for children.

● **OUT ALL NIGHT** (Universal)—An amusing comedy of a honeymoon at Niagara Falls with Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville. Very funny—okay for kids.

● **PEG O' MY HEART** (M-G-M)—Marion Davies in the familiar and beloved story. Onslow Stevens and Juliette Compton are in it. The dog, Mike, is excellent. Very good—children will like it.

● **THE PHANTOM BROADCAST** (Monogram)—Ralph Forbes in a touching little story of a hunchback crooner. Good—children might like it.

● **PICTURE SNATCHER** (Warners)—James Cagney in a snappy comedy of an ex-jail bird who becomes the chief picture thief for a scandal sheet. Exciting and funny—children might be amused by parts of it.

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—Drama of a mother who sends her boy (Norman Foster) to war to separate him from the girl he loves (Marian Nixon). A woman's picture. Good if you like to weep.

● **PLEASURE CRUISE** (Fox)—Genevieve Tobin as a successful young wife who runs off from her depression-hit husband to enjoy a few new flirtations. Roland Young plays opposite. Poor.

● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **PRIVATE DETECTIVE** (Warners)—William Powell as a private detective who outsmarts some crooks and saves the girl he loves. Some excellent acting but the plot is somewhat vague—not much in it for young people.

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—Ginger Rogers as a radio entertainer publicized as America's "Purty Girl." Norman Foster is the Kentucky hick who believes all that's said about her. Zasu Pitts, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins are topnotch. Very good comedy—take the kids.

● **THE REBEL** (Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—Sophisticated comedy. John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard are superb. Excellent—dull for children, however.

● **ROME EXPRESS** (Universal)—Romance on a continental train with Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston. Excellent melodrama—kids will like it.

● **SECRETS** (United Artists)—Romantic story of the old frontier days with Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard. Excellent—okay for kids.

● **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Paramount)—Mae West in sizzling and uproarious Gay Nineties story. Excellent—not for children.

● **SHE HAD TO SAY YES** (Warners)—Yarn of a girl who works in a department store. Loretta Young is the girl. Fair—pretty dull for children.

● **THE SILK EXPRESS** (Warner)—Murder and mystery all brought about by a load of silk. Neil Hamilton with Sheila Terry opposite. Fair—don't take the kids.

● **THE SILVER CORD** (RKO)—A dramatic story of a mother's selfish love for her sons. Irene Dunne is the brave young wife of one of them who denounces the mother (Laura Hope Crewes). Irene and Miss Crewes do some superb acting. Very good—but not for kids.

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE SONG OF THE EAGLE** (Paramount)—A not-so-hot beer story, but a great cast, including Richard Arlen. Fair—kids will be bored.

● **THE SPHINX** (Monogram)—Lionel Atwill as a phoney deaf and dumb philanthropist whose hobby is murder. Good if you like mystery—better leave the kiddies at home.

● **STATE FAIR** (Fox)—All about Will Rogers, Louise Dressler, Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster and Sally Eilers at the State Fair. Excellent—kids will enjoy parts of it.

● **STORM AT DAYBREAK** (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

● **THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE** (Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins as the granddaughter of a respected southern judge gets mixed up with some gangsters. Very good—but leave the children at home.

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—A good Western with action and thrills. Go and take the kids—they will love it.

● **SWEEPINGS** (RKO)—Lionel Barrymore as a self-made man whose children have had it too easy. Good acting—children will be bored.

- ● **TODAY WE LIVE** (M-G-M)—An emotional love triangle story of the Great War with Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. **Good**—children might like parts of it.
- ● **TOMORROW AT SEVEN** (RKO)—Swell mystery and murder story. Chester Morris does some excellent acting but Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh as hick cops almost steal the show. **Good**—kids will like it.
- ● **TRICK FOR TRICK** (Fox)—Two magicians in a murder mystery with lots of excitement. **Very good**—take the kids if they like this kind of excitement.
- ● **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.
- ● **THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND** (Fox)—A hilarious satire. About a mythical kingdom where the ladies do all the fighting while their husbands stay home and tend the babies. But when those Greek warriors arrived—. **Excellent**—the kids will like it.
- ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—A grand triangle with Robert Montgomery as the philandering husband. Ann Harding is the wife and Myrna Loy the other woman. Alice Brady (back again) is a swell comedienne. She almost steals the show. **Excellent**—might be dull for the children.
- WHEN STRANGERS MARRY** (Columbia)—Story of a young engineer who marries a spoiled society deb. She finds that life in the jungle isn't so exciting as the night life of Paris. **Good**—a few thrills for the kids in the last reels.
- ● **THE WORKING MAN** (Warner)—If you are crazy about George Arliss see this. Not up to his usual standard, however. **Good**, but children will get fidgety.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 79)

sonality. I'm referring, of course, to Mae West. I thought you'd like to know that there's one woman, anyway, who appreciates her. I know the men do." (What do you think of the idea set forth on page 14, Janet?)

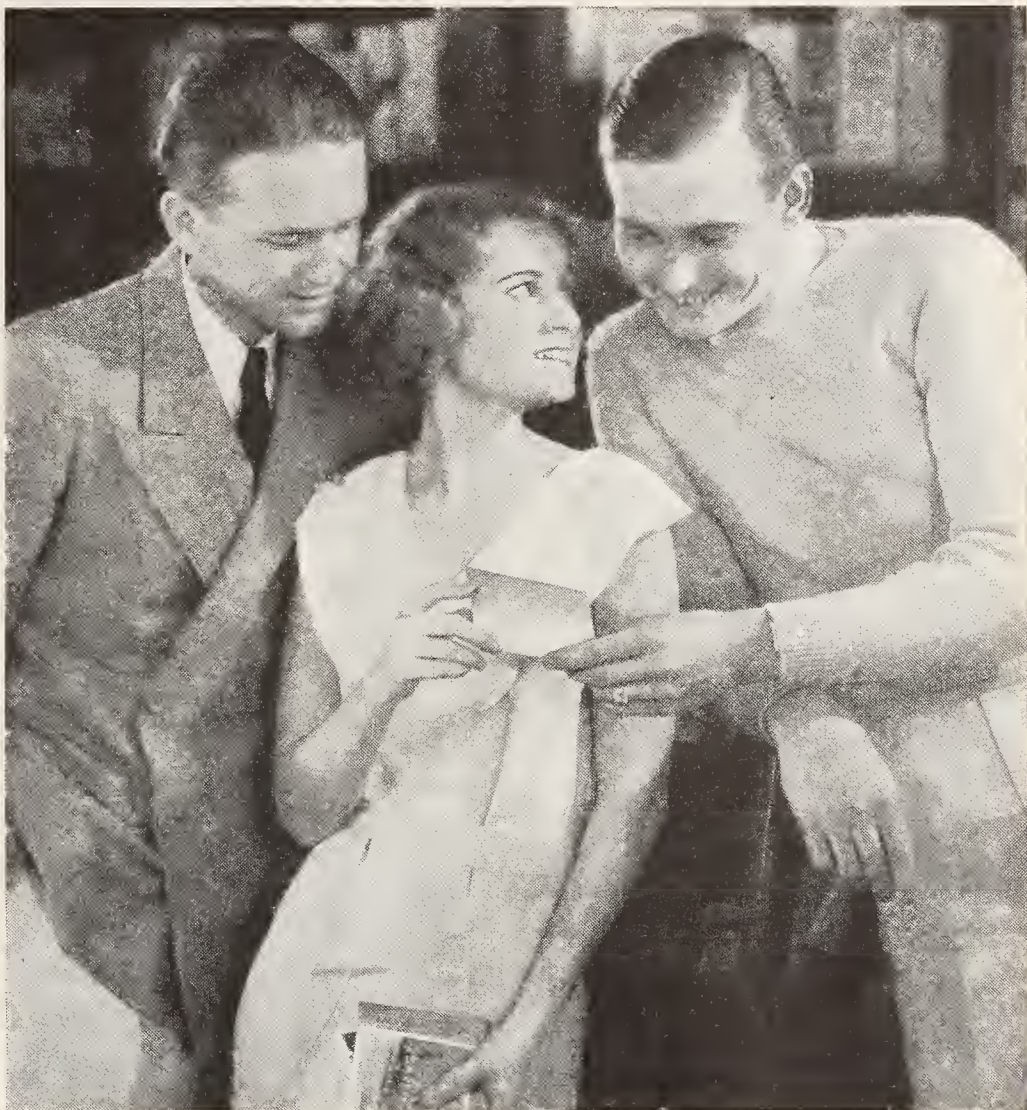
GEORGE JONES of Seattle, Washington, asks for more "male" pictures. "I mean—pictures like 'The Eagle and the Hawk.' The love interest in that—if you could really call it a love interest—was so slight that it was quite a relief. Yet there was enough in that picture to interest both men and women—at least it seemed so the day I went to the theatre. I don't think a love interest is nearly as necessary as producers seem to think."

LOUISE of Richmond, Virginia, wants to know if the historical film is returning. (Perhaps, Louise. Garbo is making one—"Queen Christina." Edward G. Robinson may do a story based on the life of Napoleon. There's Arliss' "Voltaire," too. And Charles Laughton has done the "Henry VIII" picture in England.)

DONALD DUNCAN of Memphis, Tenn., says, "Why can't Westerners always be as good as they should be? I like their action and excitement, but I often do resent the sappiness of their characters and the childishness of their plots. I don't see why they can't be adult entertainment instead of baby food."

L. S. of South Sioux City, Neb.: Douglas Walton was the actor who played Leonard, Jr., in "The Secret of Madame Blanche." H. V. of Wayne, Michigan: Richard Arlen was in our Gallery of Honor in the August issue. H. M. of Montreal: For information concerning the screen stars, see our Directory of Players—page 82. J. C. of Brooklyn: Ralph Bellamy is American. E. H. of Lancaster, Pa.: Marian Nixon and Sally Eilers are not sisters. J. and L. of Oneida, Tenn.: Yes, Janet really played the harmonica. And Dorothy Jordan is Dorothy's own name.

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THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM;
STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Working Man," Warners; "Song of Songs," Paramount. Working in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: Married to Stephen Ames. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "From Hell to Heaven," "A Bedtime Story," "Disgraced." Working in "The Avenger," Monogram.

ANGEL, HEATHER: Unmarried. Born in Oxford, England, February 9. Fox player. Featured in "Pilgrimage" and "Berkeley Square."

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The Island of Lost Souls," "The Song of the Eagle," "College Humor." Working in "Three Cornered Moon."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, England, April 10. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "The King's Vacation," "The Working Man," "Voltaire," Warners. Next is "The Life of Rothschild."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. RKO player. Featured in "King Kong," RKO; "Fast Workers," M-G-M; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Working in "Fog Bound," RKO.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia; "Night Flight" and "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY: Married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Little Giant," Warners; "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. RKO player. Featured in "Lucky Devils," RKO; "What, No Beer!" M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Murders in the Zoo" and "Song of Songs," Paramount; "The Sphinx," Monogram. Working in "Secret of the Blue Room," Universal.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Okay America," "State Fair," Fox. Working in "In the Money," Universal.

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M and RKO star. Starred in "Reunion in Vienna," "Dinner at Eight" and "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Cyrano de Bergerac," RKO.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M and RKO star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Night Flight" and "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Working in "The Doctor," RKO. Next is "Bride of the Bayou," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Cabin in the Cotton," "Central Airport," "Heroes for Sale." Next is "Shanghai Orchid."

BAXTER, WARNER: Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Forty-Second Street," Warners; "Dangerously Yours," "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox. Working in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

BEERY, WALLACE: Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh," "Dinner at Eight," Working in "Tugboat Annie." Next is "Viva Villa."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Narrow Corner," Warners; "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Flying Devils," RKO. Working in "Fog Bound," RKO.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Married to the Marquis de la Falaize. Born in New York City, October 22. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Rockabye," "Our Betters," "Bed of Roses," RKO. Next is "Free Lady," RKO.

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. Y., February 27. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Me and My Gal," "From Arizona to Broadway," Fox. Next is "Little Women," RKO.

BENNETT, RICHARD: Married. Born in Beaconsfield, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million," Working in "Big Executive."

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "No Other Woman," RKO; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount. Working in "This Day and Age."

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blondie Johnson," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Goodbye Again." Working in "Footlight Parade."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox player. Featured in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia; "My Lips Betray," Fox. Working in "Only Yesterday," Universal. Next is "King of Jazz," Universal.

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage." Next is "Hoopla."

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at RKO. Featured in "Lucky Devils," "Emergency Call." Working in "Flaming Gold."

BOYD, WILLIAM: Divorced. Born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Oliver Twist," Monogram.

BRENDEL, EL: Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Too Busy to Work," "My Lips Betray," "The Last Trail."

BRENT, GEORGE: Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Keyholes," "Baby Face," "Lilly Turner."

BRIAN, MARY: Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warners; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount. Working in "Shoot the Works," Universal.

BROOK, CLIVE: Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, England, June 1. RKO player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox. Working in "Midnight Club," Paramount. Next is "The Family Man," RKO.

BROWN, JOE E.: Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Elmer the Great," "How to Break Ninety." Next is "Son of the Gobs."

BROWN, TOM: Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Central Airport," Warners; "Hell's Highway," Universal. Working in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount. Next is "The Forgotten Boy," Universal.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. M-G-M player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount; "Never Give a Sucker a Break," M-G-M.

CABOT, BRUCE: Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "The Great Jasper," "Flying Devils," RKO; "Disgraced," Paramount. Working in "Glory Commands," RKO.

CAGNEY, JAMES: Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hard to Handle," "Picture Snatcher," "The Mayor of Hell." Working in "Footlight Parade."

CANTOR, EDDIE: Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "The Kid From Spain." Next is "Roman Scandals."

CARRILLO, LEO: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Warners; "Exile Express," Universal. Working in "Shoot the Works," Universal.

CARROLL, NANCY: Married to Francis Bolton Malory. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "The Woman Accused," Paramount; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man," Paramount.

CAVANAGH, PAUL: Unmarried. Born in Chiselhurst, Kent, England, December 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," Warners; "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES: Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, England, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLES: Married to Bebe Eltinge. Born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Fallen Arches," "Tarzan in the Wrongs."

CHATTERTON, RUTH: Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny," "Lilly Turner." Next is "The Female."

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting? Their Studios' Addresses Are Given in This Department.

Myrna Loy	August 2	Richard Arlen	Sept. 1
Anita Page	August 4	George O'Brien	Sept. 1
Hoot Gibson	August 6	Neil Hamilton	Sept. 9
Ann Harding	August 7	Claudette Colbert	Sept. 13
Charles Farrell	August 9	Alexander Kirkland	Sept. 15
Dorothy Jordan	August 9	Greta Garbo	Sept. 18
Mae Clarke	August 16	Maurice Chevalier	Sept. 22
Colleen Moore	August 19	Paul Muni	Sept. 22
Joan Blondell	August 30	Fay Wray	Sept. 25
Fredric March	August 31	George Raft	Sept. 27

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "Love Me Tonight," "Bedtime Story." Next is "The Way to Love."

CLARKE, MAE: Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Fast Workers," M-G-M. Working in "Flaming Gold," RKO.

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Undercover Man," "I Love That Man," Paramount.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount; "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Working in "Three Corned Moon," Paramount. Next is "Torch Singer."

COLLINS, CORA SUE: Child actress. Born in Beckley, W. Va., April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Picture Snatcher," Warners; "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: Divorced from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara," "The Masquerader."

COMPTON, JULIETTE: Married. Born in Columbia, Ga., May 8. Paramount player. Featured in "The Match King," Warners; "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Baby Face," Warners; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount. Working in "Brief Moment," Columbia.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms"; "Today We Live," M-G-M. Working in "One Sunday Afternoon."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. RKO star. Starred in "Broadway Bad," Warners; "Midnight Mary," M-G-M. Next is "Torch Singers," Paramount.

CRABBE, BUSTER: Married to Virginia Held. Born in Oakland, California, February 7. Paramount player. Featured in "King of the Jungle," "Stairs of Sand," Working in "Tarzan the Fearless."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Today We Live," Working in "Dancing Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "That's My Boy," Working in "This Day and Age," Paramount.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Paramount player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," "College Humor," Working in "Just An Echo," Next is "Too Much Harmony."

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Unmarried. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warners. Making pictures in England.

DAMITA, LILA: Unmarried. Born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Match King," First National.

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Forty-Second Street," Warners; "Cocktail Hour," Columbia.

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Peg O' My Heart." Next is "Paid to Laugh."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Starred in "Ex-Lady," Featured in "The Working Man."

DEE, FRANCES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. RKO player. Featured in "King of the Jungle," Paramount; "Silver Cord," RKO. Working in "The Doctor," RKO. Next is "Little Women."

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, August 3. RKO star. Starred in "Bird of Paradise." Next is "Green Mansions."

DEVINE, ANDY: Married. Born in Flagstaff, Ariz., October 6. Universal player. Featured in "The Big Cage," Universal; "The Son of the Eagle," Paramount; "Disgraced," Paramount.

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Blonde Venus," "Song of Songs."

DIX, RICHARD: Married to Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO star. Starred in "The Great Jasper," "No Marriage Ties," Working in "Escape to Paradise." Next is "Monsters of the Deep."

DORSAY, FIFI: Unmarried. Born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Warners. Free lance. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," Warners.

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie." Next is "March of Time."

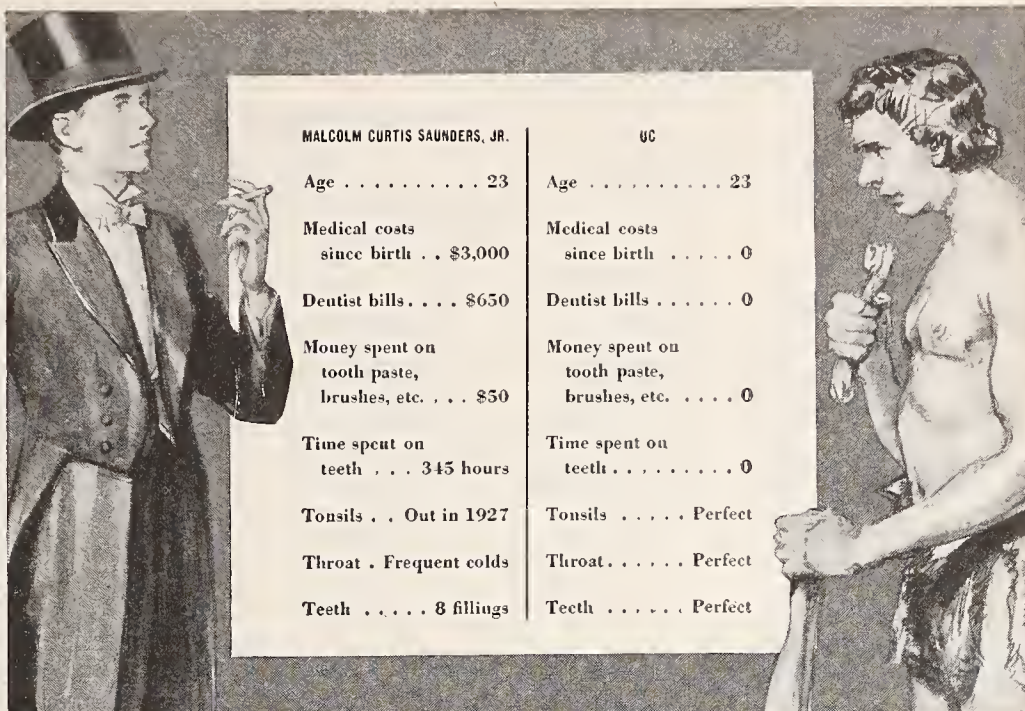
DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Hold Me Tight," "The Girl in 419," "From Arizona to Broadway."

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO star. Starred in "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M; "The Silver Cord," RKO. Working in "Lady Sal," Next is "Stingaree."

DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "What, No Beer?," "Hell Below," Working in "What a Liar."

DVORAK, ANN: Married to Leslie Fenton. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Three on a Match."

EILERS, SALLY: Separated from Hoot Gilson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Sailor's Luck," "Hold Me Tight," Fox; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "I Spy," British International.



MALCOLM CURTIS SAUNDERS, JR.	UG
Age 23	Age 23
Medical costs since birth . . \$3,000	Medical costs since birth 0
Dentist bills . . . \$650	Dentist bills 0
Money spent on tooth paste, brushes, etc. . . \$50	Money spent on tooth paste, brushes, etc. 0
Time spent on teeth . . . 345 hours	Time spent on teeth 0
Tonsils . . Out in 1927	Tonsils Perfect
Throat . Frequent colds	Throat Perfect
Teeth 8 fillings	Teeth Perfect

What Malcolm Curtis Saunders, Jr. can learn from Ug

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

- 1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.
- 2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.
- 3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.
- 4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

The debutantes would prefer Malcolm. So would we all. But Ug knew some things Malcolm doesn't. Ug never saw a dentist. Although he never brushed his teeth (!!) they were always firm and white.

At forty Malcolm will have to pay for some fancy bridge work, but at forty Ug's teeth were still strong, without even one cavity.

Ug, you see, ate hard grains, tough roots and raw meat and that hard chewing kept his mouth *naturally* healthy, his teeth clean. Alas, the young man of today exercises on golf links and tennis courts but doesn't know that he must chew to exercise his mouth, to make it keep itself healthy.

But at last we know what to do about it. Dentyne has exactly the right consistency to give the mouth the proper exercise. It makes the mouth keep itself healthy — and it keeps the teeth white. Every single day you should chew Dentyne. This is as important as any other daily health habit. And Dentyne is delicious. Here is an easy delightful way to keep the mouth healthy — the teeth white.



Chew delicious
Dentyne
KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY • KEEPS TEETH WHITE

(Continued on page 91)

5,000,000 WOMEN

CAN'T BE WRONG

in preferring

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Black
and
Brown

Lashes that look long, dark, luxuriant and sweeping add a most exciting interest to eyes. A simple touch of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and eyes that are "just eyes" instantly become lovely, bewitching pools—enchanted, beyond words to describe. Five million regular Maybelline users know this secret. They also know that genuine Maybelline is necessary to genuinely alluring eyes. The reason being that Maybelline gives an entirely natural effect. In addition, genuine Maybelline is non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless and stimulating to lash growth. Five million women can't be wrong! They are also right in preferring the excellent quality of Maybelline Eye Shadow, Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and Maybelline Eyelash Grower. These



for delicately shading the eyelids to intensify the color and depth of the eyes. Pure and harmless, smooth and creamy, it may be had in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green and Violet.

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smoothly and cleanly lines the brows, forming graceful, expressive eyebrows. Of pure and highest quality composition. Black or Brown.



Maybelline
EYELASH GROWER

contains highly beneficial oils that nourish and stimulate the natural growth of the lashes, applied nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless. It is an excellent stimulant for dry, brittle lashes.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Let's Talk About Hollywood

More news about the film city folks

THERE have been rumors circulating about Hollywood for some time that all was not so well with the domesticity of the Richard Dixes. Dix will neither confirm nor deny any of these reports, the reason being that he and his wife made a pact before they were married that they would never talk for publication on the subject of their marriage. Maybe that's not such a bad idea at that. It is a touchy subject.

Anyway, there doesn't seem to be much truth to the rumors, for the present at least, because as soon as Dix finishes his next picture (which, incidentally, will be his last for Radio) they're both sailing for Europe. So, so far so good!

EDDIE ROBINSON'S next flicker for Warners may be the life of that colorful personage, Napoleon. Writers are already at work gathering material for the story, which will deal with the romantic rather than the military side of his life. Now what we're wondering is: Who will play Josephine? Wouldn't Mae West be swell?

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., must have had quite an effect on His Highness, the King of Siam. The King has just become "the only Royal exhibitor in the world." The theatre he has built will seat about fifteen hundred guests and has luxurious appointments. Wonder if he has a Canadian Mountie for a doorman!

LUPE VELEZ says she "no like Johnny Weissmuller any more," but judging from actions, she's still crazy about the lad. The other eve at the Coconut Grove, Johnny was making goo-goo eyes at Renée Torres, (Raquel's sister) and Renée was returning the amorous glances quite obviously. Lupe saw . . . and whoopie! . . . in one wild dash she swooped down on Renée's table and in a flow of Mexican lingo, told the gal just where to get off.

After that, Weissmuller behaved, but Renée—hmmmm—she planned revenge. She called—and got—a date with Gary Cooper. But here's the rub: Gary has a manager (Jack Moss) who is just like Mary's little lamb. Wherever Gary goes, Jack tags along, and Renée doesn't figure that kind of a date would do at all! So she's still waiting.

WHAT started out as a publicity stunt, turned out to be real romance in the case of Constance Cummings and Benn W. Levy. When Connie first landed in Europe, her ambitious Hollywood press agent immediately started circulating rumors of this romance which was purely a concoction of his own brain. Later, however, Connie and Levy met, and well, to make a long story short, they're married now,

and honeymooning in that romantic spot, Venice!

Anita Page (very slim and blonde and beautiful) was dancing with Monroe Owsley at one of the late spots recently . . . unchaperoned! Y'know Anita seldom goes anywhere without her Ma. Maybe she's growing up.

LONDON is taking its bow as the new gay spot of Europe. With so many of our stars over yon, most any night club looks like a Hollywood rendezvous. One evening the following were reported dancing at one particular spot: Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Sally Eilers, escorted by Harry Joe Brown, Thelma Todd and Dennis King, Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé-manager Bob Ritchie.

But the folks are managing to have a good time in Hollywood as well. Jay Whidden's opening at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica found Bill Hart (his first time in a night club for many a moon) at a table surrounded with blonde cuties. Billie Dove in a youthful print dancing frock and gloves to match, with her handsome new hubby, Dorothy Mackaill in a white starched chiffon creation smiling at husband, Neil Miller, Dorothy Lee and her football sweetie, Marshall Duffield and oodles of others. All having a swell time!

IT'S a new deal for George Raft over at Paramount. He signed a nice contract with a big boost in salary and his pictures are not to exceed five a year. (George would like even less.) Also, there will be no more of those meanie gangster roles. Raft is going to be the "big romance" hereafter.

ROMANTIC Notes: It's a mighty sweet romance between Frances Dee and Joel McCrea.

George Raft is giving Marjorie King a record-breaking rush . . . for him!

Mozelle Britton and Alan Dinehart ankled to the altar, culminating a romance of six years!

Dorothy Lee passed up a date with Marsh Duffield to go dancing with Nick Stuart one evening.

Raquel Torres confides that she and Charles Feldman will elope one of these balmy days.

Lottie Pickford makes her fourth trip to the altar. The lucky man is John William Locke of Pittsburgh.

THAT little bird, who does all the Hollywood whispering—even to telling on a member of his own bird family—has been at it again. The stork is the feathery gentleman under indictment.

It seems that he has placed the Robert Young's household on his schedule, which will please this popular pair no end. The Youngs were school chums, you recall, and have been that way ever

since Bob stuck the end of his wife's braid in the inkwell. Anything for a laugh, he probably figured at the time. At any rate, the youthful Youngs are looking forward to the event with much rejoicing.

BURNS (the famous other half of the Burns and Allen team) tells a swell story.

When they were doing their act in Europe, Burns wanted it to run for fifteen minutes, but the management had allotted them only eleven. There ensued quite an argument. In Europe they have a little stunt whereby when one act should be off the stage in a minute, a signal is flashed in the footlights which reads, "One minute to go."

After Burns and Allen had been on for ten minutes, there came the flash "One minute to go." But the team went right on and, in spite of the every minute warning, continued their act for fifteen minutes.

When they came off, the manager was furious.

"Listen—you," he screamed at Burns, "didn't you see the flash? What's the idea of playing over time like that?"

"Sure I saw the flash," said Burns, quick as a flash, "but I thought it meant that the act to follow was late and you wanted us to keep stalling for time."

On Garbo's return Supervisor Walt Wanger presented her with the cutest police pup. The dog is a son of Rin Tin Tin and for once Garbo was so pleased that she sat right down on the steps in front of all the cutters and prop boys and began whispering sweet Swedish nothings into the pooch's ear. The pup likes his new owner, but her famous name doesn't impress him much. There's royal movie blood in his veins, too.

THE New York studios—long deserted villages—are humming with activity now that Paul Robeson, the famous negro actor and singer, is knee deep in the making of "Emperor Jones." There is only one white man—Dudley Digges—in the cast and almost half of Harlem has been brought down to work in this grand Eugene O'Neill play.

The man who plays the king was chosen out of the extra ranks and is pretty proud of his acting abilities. But the other day he forgot his lines and one of his "subjects", an erstwhile friend, began kidding him. A near riot was caused on the set when the king threatened to get a first-class razor out of his dressing-room and take care of the subject in the time-honored manner.

They've also had trouble with Robeson's stand-ins. Seems that the first one they had didn't want to jump into a shallow pool. They argued with him for hours, but he no would do. So they told him he wasn't wanted any more and got another stand-in. The next day the first man was back begging for his job, declaring he'd go into the ocean if they wanted him to. But it was too late.

This is, by the way, Robeson's first picture. And he loves it.

(Continued on page 97)



Try it! Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter

TAKE it easy next washday. Read a book while your clothes are soaking in Rinso suds. The dirt will float out by itself. You won't have to scrub. Just *soak* and then rinse for the whitest, brightest wash ever!

Clothes washed the Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. *You'll save lots of money.* The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—recommend Rinso. It's safe for the finest linens and colored things.

Economical, too. A box of Rinso lasts and lasts. It gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as puffed-up soaps, *even in hardest water.* Get Rinso at your grocer's today.

*It's safe for your finest
cottons and linens
—white or colors*



The biggest-selling package soap in America

Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you *can* afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO
REGULAR

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.

INSTANT
ODORONO

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Meet Victor Jory

(Continued from page 31)

When Hollywood starts to rave about a new moom-picture actor *after* his first two pictures, it speaks rather well for that particular gentleman's future success. But when Hollywood commences to rave about a new hero *before* either one of his first important pictures are released—well, remember what happened to Clark Gable when he got the same treatment!

NOT that Victor Jory is "another Clark Gable"! Heaven forbid! But I'd be willing to lay you a tenner that when he plays opposite La Garbo (if he does) he will be the second actor (Gable was the first) ever to go through that experience with flying colors. According to the Hollywood legend, Garbo's leading men never amount to much after they finish in one of her pictures. Just watch our new friend Jory upset that theory. It's a wager that when you have seen him in "I Loved You Wednesday" or "The Devil's in Love" you will agree that he is capable of giving a good account of himself in *any* company.

When one has spent the better part of Sunday afternoon with this six-foot-one fellow piled to the guards with about one hundred and eighty-five pounds of solid muscle and topped off with a good looking face, one comes to understand that fifteen years of constant tramping opposite many of the greatest actresses of the stage, has left him with very little reason to be impressed, even by the most powerful star in the Hollywood sun. That he is confident was very obvious from the manner in which he talked, in the nonchalant way he had of exuding poise, without *pose*! Your original conjecture upon seeing him is that he would fit quite smartly into a dinner jacket, that he would ride an excellent polo pony, that he would make a charming extra man at a crowning event—in short, that he would fit into the category of: Handsome-Bachelor-About-Town-On-An-Errand-Of-Mercy.

Quite the opposite!

He has never given or attended a Hollywood party, nor does he care if he ever has that doubtful privilege. He almost never dons a dinner jacket, because the high collars get him down. He has never been on a polo pony in his life, as a matter of fact, he was as sore as the devil the day I saw him, all because he had been forced to ride a horse during the greater portion of the previous day! And he will never act the role of the "charming extra man," or "bachelor about town" because (you unfortunate people) he is happily married and has a perfect knockout of a two-year-old baby whom he idolizes!

Nor would he ever be much of a howling success at most of the Hollywood parties. He's much too frank and honest for the average run-of-the-

Hollywood-mill to understand or appreciate.

I SHALL never forget the evening, not long ago, when our friend Jory invited a few members of the press to his little home in Pasadena for a friendly get-together. Just a bunch of the boys, understand, nary a sob-sister in the lot. After the boys had had a drink, most of us took time out to browse about among the thousands of books that line the walls of the Jory estate. Seven thousand in all! All of which makes it quite plain why there is no wall paper on the downstairs walls.

Victor is what looks to be a book lover. But listen to this: one of the men present picked up a book he had just read and asked Jory if he had enjoyed it. The host peered cautiously at the volume and, for the first time in Hollywood history, admitted to the gathering that he had never seen the book before. Later he explained that it was probably one of his wife's treasures, since it was written in French, a language about which Mr. Jory admitted he knew not one whit. This same writer wandered further along the shelves and finally chose another book, and again Jory admitted he hadn't read the volume! This happened eight times during the evening. All of which caused him to lead the laughs on himself. Really, he is quite an amusing stranger in our midst—no pretense—no grand manner. Very unique in these hills of Hollywood, to put it mildly.

And later on the same evening, after much coaxing, he recounted some of his adventures for us. A full and interesting life to date, believe me.

BORN in Dawson City, Alaska, during the big gold rush . . . then the jump to California—grade school full of pranks and punishment—Junior College at Fullerton, California, where he met his best pal, a chap named Fletcher, who is still traveling with him wherever he goes (right now Fletcher is playing small parts in all the Jory pictures), thence, to the University of California where he and Fletcher lasted but nine months, when they were ousted, and as a result of the disaster decided to run away. This almost led them back to Jory's birthplace in Alaska. Luckily, however, he got side-tracked in Vancouver and took up boxing, won the light-heavyweight championship of British Columbia; fought nine fights in the professional ring, won them all, and quit without a cauliflower ear to prove it. Then came the yen for the stage!

He'll never forget the first job; it was in stock in the Empress Theatre in Vancouver. Got by entirely on his nerve by saying that he was an actor—lasted ten weeks and only spoke four lines in all that time! Then a jump to

Salt Lake City, and another stock job. Only this one lasted three years. Fletcher, still trailing with his pal, got a job in the same theater. After acquiring quite some polish in the profession and a bit of a name, he received the offer to become the stock leading man at the Denham Theatre in Denver, where he became the highest-paid stock lead in the country, then the *big* hop!

New York—where he made Broadway sit up and take notice of a young actor who could play "Blessed Event" one night and "Berkeley Square" the next and leave the audience limp in both cases.

It was while on his latest jaunt home to California—to visit his mother and to play John the Baptist in "The Pilgrimage Play"—that he received an offer from Fox. He signed a contract nine months ago and today rates as a coming box office bet if there ever was one. He had but small roles in two unimportant pictures to start with: "Handle With Care" and "Infernal Machine," but his work brought favorable notice to such an extent that he has been given the two most coveted parts on the lot.

Warning: You'll probably never find him mixed up in a Hollywood scandal—you will never read his love life—you will never see an informal picture of him at the Coconut Grove or at the polo matches. But if you're looking for a swell actor—and a regular guy—take a good look at him now. Remember him! 'Cause it's my personal hunch that you'll be hearing a lot from our friend, the versatile Mr. Victor Jory.

Lil Tashman—Housewife

(Continued from page 67)

entertained hordes of visitors, chose handkerchiefs for her husband, and planned his evening. I thought the place a veritable bedlam, but Lilyan remained calm and unruffled. She did everything in post haste and yet with expert thoroughness. She has a faculty for doing five things at one time and doing them well.

"Of course I'm a housewife," Lilyan said. "I inherited a love of beautiful things and orderliness from my parents who were of German extraction. I love beautiful things and I know that you can't have them unless you're an orderly person."

"I admit that I've a cook, a waitress, a personal maid, a chauffeur and a gardener. But they must be superintended. When I engage servants I explain their duties very fully and they can say right away whether the work will be too much. It isn't, or they wouldn't stay with me, and they do it well, because they see that I know what it's all about. To keep house properly, you have to know as much about it with the best servants as you do without any."

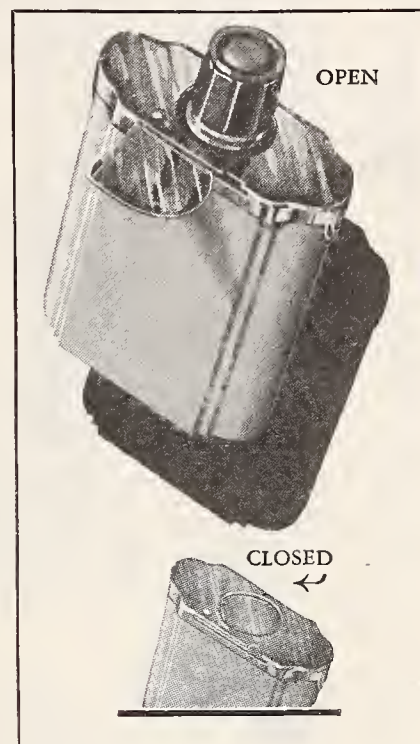
HERE is the way Lilyan works: When she is appearing in a picture, she rises at seven and the first

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thing she does after she is dressed is to write out a menu for that evening's dinner. She writes down how many guests there are to be and what china and linen are to be used. Then she makes a list of the things she must order herself.

During her lunch hours Lilyan's personal maid phones home to inquire whether any important calls have come. These Lilyan phones back while she is eating and so a large part of her private and social business is disposed of between the hours of twelve and one.

After the studio day is ended, Lilyan goes home and she always tries to be there between the hours of five-thirty and seven-thirty—the time when many of her cronies are having cocktail parties. Lilyan has found that she can do a tremendous lot of things during this time.

"For instance, I may have ripped a lining in a coat that I haven't worn for three months and my maid naturally wouldn't know about that unless I gave it to her. There is also time to look over the table, to put the finishing touches to it and to arrange the flowers before dressing."

Lilyan likes small dinner parties of ten or twelve rather than the large ones of twenty or thirty prevalent in some Hollywood households.

When I asked Edmund Lowe what his first big break was, he answered, "I guess marrying Lil. She thinks of so many grand things. For instance, when we don't have guests we have 'surprise nights,' usually twice a week. Lil will say to me in the morning, 'Tonight will be surprise night.' That means I'll have any one of my favorite dishes—lamb currie, roast beef, a Spanish dish, or corned beef and cabbage."

I had seen how efficient Lil was about managing her husband's wardrobe. In the midst of the interviewing the clipping, the sketching and the entertaining that day at the Paramount, Eddie dropped in to tell Lil he needed some new handkerchiefs. "What do

you think of these, darling?" he asked.

"How much?" Lil had demanded.

"Two-fifty each," said Eddie.

"With or without monograms?"

"Without. Three dollars with monograms."

Lilyan felt of the handkerchief and handed it back. "That's too much for this grade of linen," she had replied. "You shouldn't pay more than two-fifty with the monograms. Where have you been looking?"

Manlike, Eddie named a lot of smart shops but omitted the best linen house in New York.

"Forget about it," said Lil. "I'll manage to go down after the show."

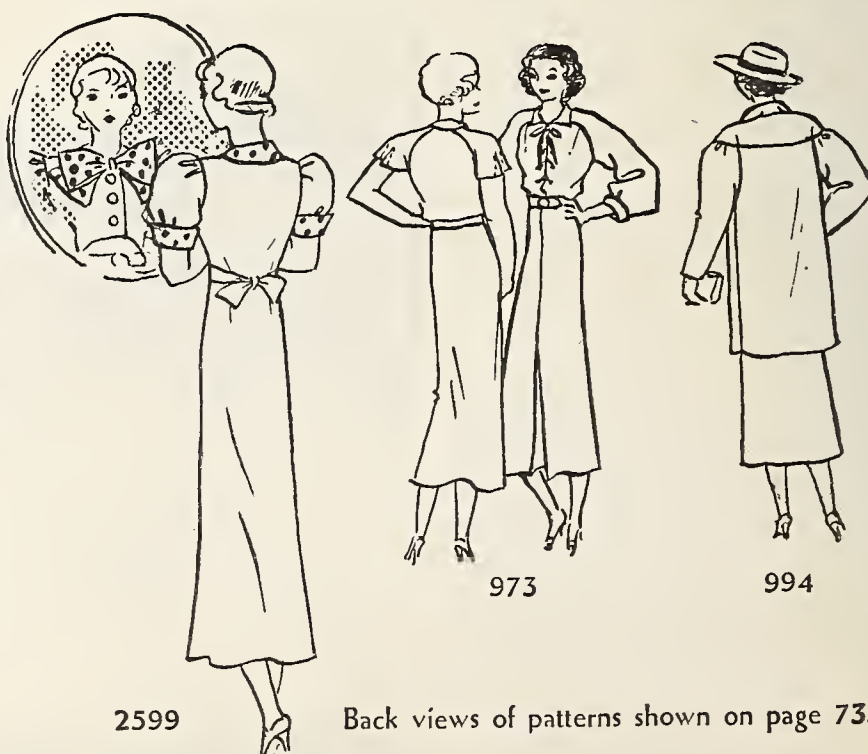
Eddie had left sighing with relief.

AND Lil herself—!

"As long as I've known her," one of Lil's friends told me, "I've never seen her look anything but picturesque. Once after the two of us had been at the beach all day, I was bemoaning the fact that I had to get into an evening dress and go out to dine. I thought it would be great fun for us to run in on Lil again before dinner. Well, as soon as we were announced Lilyan came down looking fresh as a daisy. She hadn't had time to change and I guess I expected her to be in an old nightgown. What do you think she was resting in—yellow linen lounging pajamas, a red satin kerchief around her head and large wooden beads and earrings!"

So there's a tip for you. Be a housewife, but never look it.

Besides being an expert housewife and hostess, to say nothing of handling a first-class movie career, Lilyan finds time to travel every year, to attend art exhibits and to keep "collecting things." And hubby Edmund Lowe is willing to wager that his house will continue to run like clockwork and that his wife will still find time to buy his ties and see that his collar buttons are in his shirts, because fundamentally, Lilyan Tashman, actress and sophisticate, could give Mrs. Smith a run for her money!



Back views of patterns shown on page 73.

The Dietrich Myth

(Continued from page 17)

Kultur regime in Germany. Several of her male relatives were officers in the German army. Frau Losch, Marlene's mother, with whom the musician still corresponds, was a gentlewoman of culture and intelligence.

"When I first went to live with Frau Losch," Mr. A. told me one day, "my knowledge of Marlene was pure hearsay. There was frequent mention of a very good-looking daughter who was studying to become a professional violinist at the Leipzig Conservatory. But since the *other* daughter living at home was not good-looking, according to my standards, and since I was always having ambitious mamas tell me about their talented daughters, who later turned out to play the violin like fish wives, I didn't lose much sleep over the prospect of meeting a musical prodigy and a beauty.

"At last the much-discussed daughter returned home for the Christmas holidays. It was true—she was luscious and lovely. But hers was the good, wholesome German 'hausfrau' kind of beauty—nothing mysterious or exotic about it. But soon I discovered something else about her. She had an amazing attraction for men. They were continually falling in love with her. Yes, it was Marlene.

"I don't know what it was about Marlene, for she never consciously invited these infatuations. And although she was charming to look at then, she was not striking. Neither was she unusually brilliant. Yet she had an eagerness for life and knowledge that set her apart from most of the nice stodgy girls one met socially in Berlin. And, looking back on it all now, I realize that she had another rare quality that invariably draws men. Quite unconsciously she made them talk about themselves, about their work.

THAT winter," continued Mr. A., "Marlene decided to stay in Berlin and study violin with me. She was eager to learn and worked like a beaver. She was good but she didn't quite have the stuff that makes a concert artist. I considered hers merely a mediocre musical talent—and told her so.

"She accepted my verdict gently and reasonably. She wasn't angry with me. Even on that shameful occasion when, in a fit of impatience, I snatched her violin from her hands and practically broke it over her head. I was terribly sorry a moment after and naturally expected Marlene to strike back, or at least weep. She did neither.

"I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness. For, besides being already on the verge of falling in love with her, I recognized in her a great generosity of spirit and a great understanding.

"Soon after we had that serious talk about her musical career, she decided

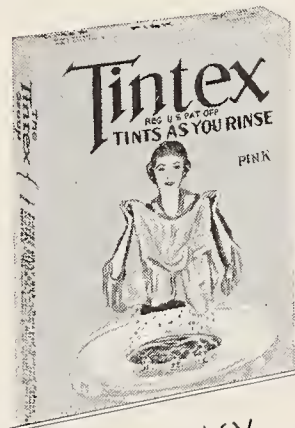
RESTORE GAY COLOR TO FADED SUMMER WARDROBES



Sun-harmed Fabrics Become New Again with Easy Tintex

There are still many days of summer to come. But there is no need to buy new summer clothes to replace the faded ones. Instead—just spend a few pennies for Tintex!

These famous Tints and Dyes instantly restore gay, original color to all sun-robbed fabrics—or give them gloriously different colors, if you wish.



"TINTEX IS EASY..
JUST TINT AS
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You will marvel at the magic of Tintex! So easy — so quick — so perfect in results. And you will be surprised at the *dollars* it saves you. *This very day*—rejuvenate your entire summer wardrobe with the brilliant, long-lasting Tintex colors. There are 35 from which to choose!

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TINTS and DYES



"I should think she'd notice it herself!"

A MAN has a perfect right to feel resentful when he meets a pretty girl, only to discover that she is lacking in a certain personal nicety.

"How can she help noticing it herself?" Underarm perspiration odor is so apparent to others, we wonder how the victim can be unconscious of it.

It's all the harder to excuse when you think how easy it is to avoid.

Just a little half minute applying Mum to the underarms when you dress—that's all you need for *sure all-day* protection.

Use Mum any time. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration—just prevents ugly odor. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS USE, TOO. As a deodorant for sanitary napkins, Mum gives an assurance that women appreciate.

to try her luck in the theatre. Probably through the suggestion of some young playwright or actor. First she played small parts with Max Reinhardt's company; then she received a bit here and there in musical shows or films. But her success was negligible really until she came over here to America.

My musician friend paused, lost in recollection. "You know," he said, "that current story about Von Sternberg discovering Marlene is all wrong. It wasn't Von Sternberg, it was his wife who first saw Marlene, was struck with her personality and her resemblance to Phyllis Haver, whom Sternberg had originally desired for the lead in the 'Blue Angel.' She persuaded her husband to consider this girl.

SO she came to America, and I lost track of her for several years except for occasional reports from her mother. When I read of her success, I took it for granted that, as those things go, our friendship was at an end.

"Then, one morning here in New York about two years ago, she burst into my life again like an avalanche. I was rehearsing a Beethoven quartet in my studio, and we men were sitting around in our shirt sleeves. Suddenly the door flew open and, before I could rise or put down my violin, a vision of feminine glory had swooped down upon me, pummeling me like an affectionate cinnamon bear. When I came to again, Marlene was saying in a surprised voice, 'You are not even glad to see me? Why should you be so astonished? Isn't it natural that I should want to come to see you?'"

"It struck me then that nothing—not fame, not money, not adulation—could ever change the essential Marlene. At heart she was still just a simple, sentimental German girl, impulsive and good-natured, who liked nothing better than to drop in on her old acquaintances and talk over old times. It was only accident that had made her a world-famed celebrity instead of a bourgeois housewife and mother."

I repeated that incident to Mr. B.

"That sounds exactly like Marlene," he said. "She's terribly sentimental about old friendships."

"When she sailed this last time for Europe, my wife and I took her down to the boat. Naturally we expected the passageway to her cabin to be heaped with going-away gifts. We even suggested that we take charge of the hundreds of farewell telegrams and cables she would receive. 'That's foolish!' Marlene told us. 'You will see that there will be no gifts or messages. Perhaps two telegrams.'"

"There happened to be three! And Marlene, the most seductive woman on the screen today, was as radiantly happy and excited over these three messages as a little country bumpkin over her first letter from a city beau. 'See,' she said, 'friendship is precious and rare. But these three,' she showed us the telegrams, 'are friends whom I can depend on till Gabriel blows his horn!'"

Mr. B.—apparently reading my thoughts—winked knowingly. "No use," he said, "I couldn't tell you who they are, that would be betraying a confidence. But you can rest assured that they weren't romances. At least not the kind some people would like to pretend exist between celebrities."

"Perhaps you are right in wanting to tear away the veil of legend that obscures the real Marlene. Well, if you are, here's another false idea you can blast."

"The true Marlene Dietrich is as little like the drowsy magnolia screen personality of 'Morocco' or 'Shanghai Express' as I'm like Gary Cooper. Why, she's got more energy than a batch of month-old puppies. She never wants to go to bed. She thrives on an average of four or five hours sleep a night and, during her brief vacations, she thinks nothing of staying up three nights in succession. After one of her visits to New York, my wife and I are ready for a sanatorium."

"Her idea of a fairly active evening is to take in two or three movie shows, a night club, and end up at Harlem. The next morning she'll be down at my office before nine—just about the time I'm feebly pulling myself out of a feverish sleep."

"And here's another point, if you're looking for facts to contradict some of those elaborate Dietrich fictions." Mr. B. was obviously launched on his favorite topic. "Marlene isn't the moody, melancholy creature she's so often painted—bewildered at America, unable to understand American ways."

"The only strain that has in any way saddened her since coming to the United States is those continual kidnapping threats. She's mad about little Maria, and I don't blame her. A more charming, talented child I've never met."

AS for this business about Marlene being a dreamy, impractical creature who cares nothing about money, who's willing to give it all up—the power, the wealth, the fame—in order to return to Germany and 'be free again' . . . The sob sisters have written dozens of stories to illustrate this phase of her character. Bunk! Hooley!"

Mr. B. excused himself to answer the 'phone, leaving me to meditate on the problem of celebrities as they seem and celebrities as they really are. I must have looked very doleful when he returned.

"Have I disappointed you?" he asked. "Was I too brutal? Have I mangled the glamorous mystery of Marlene?"

"Truly though, I think the genuine Marlene—the vivacious, kindly, sentimental, but very practical titan of energy—this sturdy German wife, with a deep affection for her husband and an overwhelming devotion to her child, is much more vital and human than the fictitious smouldering passion-flower whose haunting eyes have seen too much. Don't you?"

And I was inclined to agree.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 83)

ELLIS, PATRICIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 20. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "King's Vacation," "Picture Snatcher," "Narrow Corner."

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "International House," "Paramount," "Hold Your Man," "Stranger's Return," "M-G-M Working in 'What a Lie,' M-G-M."

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight," "Made On Broadway," "M-G-M," "The Mayor of Hell," Warners. Next is "March of Time."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: Divorced from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Starred in "Narrow Corner," "Captured," Warners; "Morning Glory," RKO. Next is "Mark of Zorro," U. A.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: Married to Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe." Next is "Mark of Zorro."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Vallie. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Starred in "Tess of the Storm Country."

FARRELL, GLENDA: Married. Born in Enid, Okla.. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warners; "Today Is a Day," Columbia; "Gambling Ship," Paramount.

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "He Lived to Kill," Columbia; "Goodbye Again," Warners. Working in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount.

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Elmer the Great," Warners; "City Hall," Working in "The Man Who Dared," Fox, and "Rafter Romance," RKO.

FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth MacKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Keyhole," "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warners; "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M. Next is "Red Meat," Warners.

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "White Sister," "Hold Your Man," "Night Flight," Working in "Dancing Lady." Next is "Two Thieves."

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me," Working in "Queen Christina." Next is "The Painted Veil."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. RKO player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake," Paramount; "Emergency Call," RKO; "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Headline Shooters," RKO.

GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair," "Adorable." Working in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

GIBSON, HOOT: Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Tacoma, Neb., August 6. Write him at Hoot Gibson Pictures Corp. Starred in "Cowboy Counsellor," "Dude Bandit."

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Emergency Call," RKO; "Her Bodyguard," Paramount.

GLEASON, JAMES: Married to Lucille Webster. Born in New York City, May 23. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Clear All Wires," M-G-M.

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, England, January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Gambling Ship." Next is "I'm No Angel."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Terror Abroad," Paramount; "Silk Express," Warners. Working in "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO star. Starred in "The Animal Kingdom," "When Ladies Meet," "Double Harness." Next is "Beautiful."

HARDY, OLIVER: Divorced. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Towed in a Hole," "Twice Two," "Fra Diavolo." Working in "Tickets for Two."

HARLOW, JEAN: Widow of Paul Bern. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Dust," "Dinner at Eight," "Hold Your Man."

HARVEY, LILIAN: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 19. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray." Next is "My Weakness."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "White Sister," "Night Flight." Working in "Another Language." Next is "The Old Maid."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn., November 8. RKO player. Featured in "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory." Next is "Little Women."

(Continued on page 93)

WHO'D BELIEVE THEY CALLED ME SKINNY 4 MONTHS AGO!



Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast,

watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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C HARM is within most women's grasp... Enhance yours. Film favorites and society beauties know "Your Hair is Your Opportunity". They will tell you that HOLD-BOBS are the perfect aid for beautiful coiffures.

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SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS



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Get Well Soon, Clark Gable!

(Continued from page 12)

that they lay down to take a little nap—without changing their damp clothing. They slept for hours. Night came on. When the men awoke it had already turned cold. They "came to" with a sharp feeling of cold and dampness. But after the fashion of men, away from the influence of the Little Women, they paid scant attention to a slight cough, a cough that got deeper and deeper, obviously foretelling a cold in the lungs. "What was a cold?" they asked each other. But when another day dawned, and they were in no condition to resume their hunting, they decided to return to Hollywood—recover quickly—and come back for another tussle with the mountain lions.

BY the time Clark reached home, he was suffering from severe pains in the back. He went to bed. The pains struck lower and lower. By the next day his legs were in such bad condition that it was almost impossible for him to move them.

It was perhaps the worst thing he could have done—but the director called him for retakes on "Hold Your Man"... and Gable went to the studio. He limped onto the set and, by the greatest will power, forced himself to go through some added scenes with Jean Harlow. The strain of such excruciating pain (you may be able to pick out those scenes when you see the picture) gave him a great battle as he tried valiantly to appear to walk naturally while the camera was grinding. After the final scene had been made, he collapsed and had to be rushed to his home in an ambulance.

Specialists were summoned. X-rays were made.

It was discovered that, besides his

recently contracted illness, Gable was suffering from an inflamed appendix. It was decided that his physical condition made the necessary operation impossible. He might not be able to stand the shock.

"Don't let my legs stop you, Doc," smiled Clark. "Let's have that operation now."

"Your condition," replied the doctor, "will have to be improved almost one hundred per cent. before you can stand that operation. You don't seem to realize how serious your case is."

Clark didn't smile any more. These were words not to be laughed away. The studio was notified that their greatest male box-office attraction must take a prolonged lay-off. At the end of a few months he would return to Hollywood, have another physical examination, and then, if his health would permit, the operation would be performed.

And so Clark, with Mrs. Gable and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sherman, have just left for Lake Louise. It is hoped that Gable will find such relaxation and freedom from studio worries there that he will be able to return to Hollywood a number of weeks hence in a condition that will permit an operation, an operation that should have been performed before you read this.

The whole film colony was shocked to learn of his illness, and a great proportion of them are sending out a prayer for his speedy recovery. We, too, wish him every bit of luck he deserves... and hope that he will return to Hollywood soon in the best of health and spirits.

Fight back, Clark, we know you'll beat the game as you always do!

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 8)

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount)

You'll like it. Never has Marlene Dietrich looked so beautiful, nor has she expressed so much animation and sincerity in her acting as she does in this age-old story, "Song of Songs!" No doubt the separation of La Dietrich from her director-boss, Von Sternberg, was a good move. Her new leading man, Brian Aherne, does not fare so well. As the sculptor who refuses Lily's love because it will cramp his style (a difficult role, yes) he is positively nil. Lionel Atwill, as the Baron who marries Lily and makes a lady of her, runs a close second to Dietrich. Alison Skipworth earns a flower or two in a mean role.

The scene in Aherne's studio where Marlene poses à la nude for a statue

is... ah, rather disconcerting, but beautiful. You'll probably want to see it because of Dietrich.

HOLD YOUR MAN (M-G-M)

Good. A swell entertainer with that hotcha pair, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, teamed again. Perhaps not as good as "Red Dust," but a pretty good dish at that. There's plenty of S. A., tears, laughs and drama. Harlow and Gable are swell. We meet them first doing a lot of love-making. Then Jean is sent to a reform school... for just that thing... and Clark is sent up for something he didn't mean to do. They reform, get married and it's a straight and narrow ending. You'll enjoy it. Dialogue is smart and breezy
(Continued on page 94)

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 91)

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Son of the Eagle," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Looking Forward," "Dinner at Eight," "Strange Rhapsody."

HOLT, JACK: Divorced from Margaret Wood. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Tampico," "The Wrecker."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake." Working in "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Next is "Chrysalis" and "Design for Living."

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. RKO star. Featured in "Secrets," U. A.; "Captured," Warners; "Berkeley Square," Fox. Next is "The Lady is Willing," Columbia.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "She Done Him Wrong," Paramount. Working in "Wild Boys of the Road," Warners.

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Strange Rhapsody." Next is "Ann Vickers," RKO.

HYAMS, LEILA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL: Married to Ruby Keeler. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," U. A. Next is "Wonder Bar," Warners.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Universal star. Starred in "Unknown Valley," "The Open Road." Working in "Gordon of Ghost City."

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. RKO player. Featured in "Strictly Personal," Paramount; "Bondage," Fox. Working in "The Doctor," RKO. Next is "Hide in the Dark."

JOYCE, PEGGY HOPKINS: Divorced. Born in Norfolk, Va., May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "International House."

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. RKO player. Featured in "Sweepings," "Flying Devils."

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, England, November 23. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Starred in "The Mummy," Universal; "The Ghoul," Gaumont.

KEELER, RUBY: Married to Al Jolson. Born in New York City. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933." Next is "Footlight Parade."

KEENE, TOM: Married to Grace Stafford. Born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "Scarlet River," "Son of the Border," RKO; "Sunset Pass," Paramount.

KENYON, DORIS: Married to Arthur Hopkins. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Voltaire," Warners; "No Marriage Ties," RKO.

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Silk Express," "Gold Diggers of 1933." Warners; "Lady for a Day," Columbia. Working in "Footlight Parade," Warners.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: Unmarried. Born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Call Her Savage," "Bondage."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Starred in "The Warrior's Husband," "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox. Working in "I Am a Widow."

LARUE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 4. Paramount player. Featured in "Farewell to Arms," "Woman Accused," "The Story of Temple Drake."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross," Paramount. Next is "White Woman."

LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, England, June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Towed in a Hole," "Twice Two," "Fra Diavolo." Working in "Tickets for Two."

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. RKO player. Featured in "Sweepings," "The Silver Cord," "The Flying Devils." Working in "The Glory Commands."

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: Married to William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Supernatural," "The Eagle and the Hawk," Paramount; "Brief Moment," Columbia. Working in "She Made Her Bed."

LOUISE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, January 9. RKO player. Featured in "Our Betters."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "I Love That Man," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M; "Her Bodyguard," Paramount.

(Continued on page 114)

BILLY SAVES THE FAMILY REPUTATION

MY SON, BOBBY, AND LITTLE BILLY ARE GREAT CHUMS. AND I'D LOVE TO BE MORE FRIENDLY WITH BILLY'S MOTHER, ONLY.....



ONLY SHE'S NOT AS CAREFUL AS SHE SHOULD BE, SOMETIMES. POOR THING, THAT ONE FAULT KEEPS PEOPLE FROM —

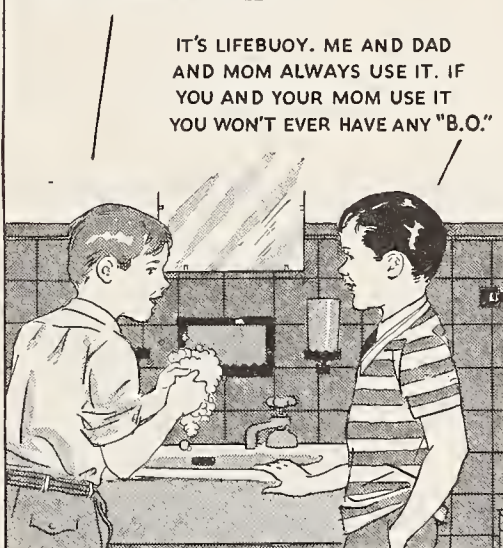
LATER —

THERE'S A PIECE OF CAKE IN THE PANTRY FOR EACH OF YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST WASH THOSE DIRTY HANDS

MOM, CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?



GEE, BOBBY, THIS IS SWELL SOAP. JUST LOOK AT ALL THE LATHER AND IT SMELLS SO CLEAN



IT'S LIFEBOUY. ME AND DAD AND MOM ALWAYS USE IT. IF YOU AND YOUR MOM USE IT YOU WON'T EVER HAVE ANY "B.O."

MUMMY—BOBBY SAYS IF WE USE LIFEBOUY SOAP WE WON'T HAVE ANY "B.O." CAN'T YOU GET SOME? IT MAKES SWELL LATHER

I'LL GET SOME TODAY! YOU AND I DON'T WANT TO HAVE "B.O." DO WE?



"B.O." GONE — everybody friends!

BILLY JUST ABOUT LIVES HERE, HE COMES OVER SO OFTEN. AND I'M AFRAID I DO, TOO



YOU CAN'T RUN IN TOO OFTEN TO SUIT ME. AND WHAT GOOD TIMES WE HAVE GOING PLACES TOGETHER!

.... AND MY COMPLEXION THRIVES ON LIFEBOUY

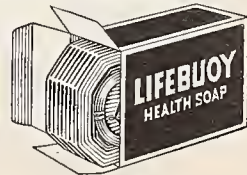


MADAM, the millions of Lifebuoy users know that it agrees with the skin. Lifebuoy lather is creamy, gentle — yet it penetrates pores. It washes out every speck of dirt — leaves your skin fresh, clear, glowing with health.

What its scent tells you

Lifebuoy's pure, hygienic scent, which vanishes, as you rinse, tells you that Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps. Its abundant lather purifies and deodorizes the pores — stops "B.O." (body odor).

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



"I Love the ENCHANTMENT

of
RADIO GIRL
Perfume and
Face Powder"



Who can resist the spell of RADIO GIRL's alluring fragrance? It creates invisible glamour about your personality. Learn its charm and you will want it always.

RADIO GIRL Perfume is made from genuine imported French essential oils, compounded in this country. A truly modern, French *odeur* at the price of a domestic perfume.

RADIO GIRL Face Powder is flattering to every skin. An exclusive new shade—Dermatone—blends with all types—blond to brunette. (Made also in Flesh and Brunette.)

Ask for RADIO GIRL at the store where you purchased this magazine. RADIO GIRL Perfume and RADIO GIRL Face Powder are obtainable wherever toilet goods are sold.



Free Sample Offer

If you cannot conveniently obtain RADIO GIRL Perfume and RADIO GIRL Face Powder, send the coupon to THE BELCO CO., St. Paul, Minn., and you will receive samples FREE.

Use this COUPON for
FREE SAMPLES

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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 92)

and the supporting cast, including Dorothy Burgess, Guy Kibbee and Stu Erwin is perfect.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox)

Great sophistication. Elissa Landi dances her way from Paris to South America and back to Paris. In Paris she has an affair with sleek-haired Victor Jory, who doesn't let a wife (Miriam Jordan) interfere with his pleasures. In South America, Elissa meets Warner Baxter and it's love.

There are some extremely amusing scenes when the foursome meet in a speakeasy. The dialogue during these sequences is witty and brittle and veddy smart. Landi displays some real acting talent, although in the first half of the picture her leaping and bouncing about is a trifle ridiculous. The others, not to forget Laura Hope Crews, are grand. Really good entertainment.

CAPTURED (Warners)

Little epic. A gripping war story with most of the action taking place in a German prison camp. Hundreds of prisoners thrown together in a dungeon. Among them we meet Lieutenant Allison (Leslie Howard) whose thoughts and dreams are of the girl back in London (Margaret Lindsay) whom he met and married in six days. Comes his pal, Digby (Doug Fairbanks, Jr.). When Howard learns it is Fairbanks his wife loves, he makes it possible for the men to escape and for Digby to go back to the girl. This costs him his life.

Doug gives an unusually good performance. Paul Lukas also deserves praise. He enacts his rather small part with charm and sincerity. Howard's performance is a little too restrained.

STORM AT DAYBREAK (M-G-M)

Very good. As indicated by the title, this is a fast-moving, highly exciting and vigorous drama with such capable actors as Walter Huston, Kay Francis and Nils Asther giving strong, convincing performances. The story opens in a Hungarian town at the beginning of the World War. Nils Asther, a Hungarian officer, falls in love with Kay Francis, the wife of the town's mayor (Walter Huston). Comes the war and the Armistice—and the mayor, discovering he has lost his wife to his dearest friend, gives his life to clear their way to happiness.

Perfect performances are given by everyone in the cast. Phillips Holmes enacts a drunken scene that is a knockout. Eugene Pallette and Louise Closer Hale are good. This has action!

THE REBEL (Universal)

Beautiful but dull. This Universal picture that was filmed in Europe is noteworthy for two things... its glorious, breath-takingly beautiful scenery of snow-capped mountains, waterfalls

and woods, and the return of lovely Vilma Banky. The story is not so important. It concerns the Napoleonic invasion of the Tyrol in 1809. Luis Trenker is the Tyrol rebel; Victor Varconi, a French commander. Both are in love with Vilma Banky, a Bavarian girl.

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount)

Good western. A good outdoor melodrama with lots of action, comedy and a cast that includes Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey and Vince Barnett—and a family of mountain lions. A fight over water rights constitutes the main theme of the story. It's a good western. Kids will go for it.

THE BEST OF ENEMIES (Fox)

Hilarious. This is another beer picture... just foaming with fun. Frank Morgan (he's swell) and Joe Cawthorne are the peres of Buddy Rogers and Marian Nixon. The picture opens with the good old beer days of yesterday and ends with the return of them thar days. And all the time Morgan and Cawthorne are carrying on their battling. Buddy and Marian furnish the heart interest, and Greta Nissen does a little vamping.

HER BODYGUARD (Paramount)

Funny. Snappy number about a musical comedy star (Wynne Gibson) who employs a bodyguard (Eddie Lowe) to ward off a couple of other chaps who are on the make for her. Naturally, this is a made-to-order role for Lowe and he makes the most of it. Alan Dinehart and Edward Arnold are the two unpopular sweeties, although their dough comes in handy, and Johnny Hines and Marjorie White furnish some delicious comedy (especially Hines). Besides all this fun, there's music and pretty girls to boot. Plenty of pep and entertainment to suit anybody.

DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal)

Fair. This should have, and could have, been better. The story concerns a young lad (Lew Ayres) who has the horse-racing mania. He promises his gal friend (Ginger Rogers) that he'll reform, but the day of the wedding finds him set for Saratoga as the honeymoon spot. The wedding is off and Lew goes to the races alone. He cleans up, but a blonde cutie almost cleans him with a breach of promise suit. It's just fair.

MARY STEVENS, M. D. (Warners)

Only fair. Too much story, which is pretty weak in spots, drags this one down to an average rating. Kay Francis as the M.D. gives a smooth and convincing performance. She is in love with Lyle Talbot, with whom she has gone through medical school, and also is associated with him in business. Talbot marries Thelma Todd, for political

reasons, and Kay reveals to her nurse (Glenda Farrell) that she is going to have a child. She goes abroad . . . the child dies . . . and Kay is about to commit suicide when duty interferes.

COLLEGE HUMOR (Paramount)

Spotty but good. This flicker skips lightly from melodrama to pure nonsense and sideways to musical fantasy. You'll laugh heartily one minute and yawn from boredom the next. Dick Arlen carries the heavy stuff as the football hero who disgraces himself and is expelled. That gives Jack Oakie, the goat of the campus, a chance to bring in the heroics. Bing Crosby masquerades as a professor, but of course he's just a crooner after all. And he's great. Mary Carlisle furnishes the sex appeal.

DISGRACED (Paramount)

Very bad. There is little to recommend in this age-old story of the pretty-but-poor mannikin who falls for the rich man, believes his tale of marriage and attempts to kill him when he fails to keep his promise. Her father (a cop) finishes the job and the gal tries to take the blame. Helen Twelvetrees is colorless. Bruce Cabot, Adrienne Ames and Ken Murray are okay. William Harrigan gives the best performance.

FLYING DEVILS (RKO)

Fair. A so-so yarn about four daredevil flyers in a carnival air circus. Outside of a few air thrills, the story is rather dull and uninteresting. Arline Judge, the wife of Ralph Bellamy, falls in love with Eric Linden. During a stunt performance, Bellamy tries to kill Linden, but Bruce Cabot intervenes and he and Bellamy crash instead. This sequence provides a little suspense. There are no outstanding performances and the dialogue is very bad.

GAMBLING SHIP (Paramount)

So-so. A mild comedy with a gangster flavor that is harmless enough. Cary Grant is the big shot New York gangster bound for Los Angeles. On the train he meets Benita Hume and Cupid gets to work. Benita also is a racketeer, but both try to conceal their true identities. In Los Angeles, Grant takes a partnership in a gambling ship. Jack LaRue is operating a rival boat and the shooting begins. In the end, LaRue is downed and Grant and Hume ankle to the altar. Glenda Farrell and Roscoe Karns offer a little comedy.

FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY (Fox)

Not so hot. This is the picture Will Rogers turned down, and no wonder. It's pretty old stuff. Joan Bennett, who starts out after a bunch of crooks who have cheated her brother, just doesn't belong in this flicker. Jimmy Dunn, as the head of another band of crooks, also deserves better fare. Herbert Mundin's comedy helps a little, but even he is wasted. Nothing in it for kids.

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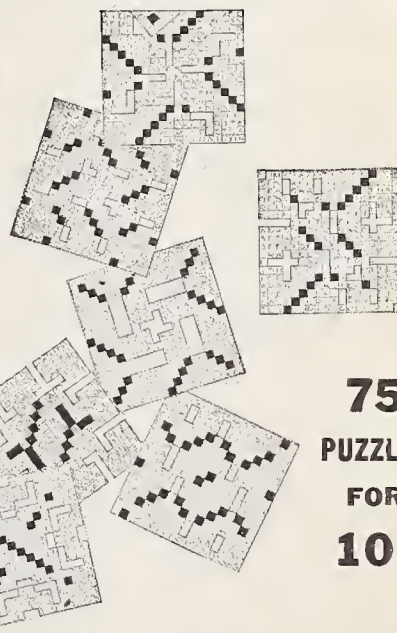
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Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 10)

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cream on your face and throat at night and leave it on overnight. If you are getting on for thirty—or over thirty—you should use a tissue cream, anyway.

Now—I want to bring up a little matter that has been in the back of my mind for a long time. In the back of your minds, too, if I can judge by the letters I receive. I have been asked if "all these beauty preparations you recommend are not often fakes." Or if not fakes, very much over-rated, over-priced concoctions which, when analyzed by the trustworthy chemist, would turn out to be nothing more than plain old-fashioned vaseline, witch hazel, castor oil—or whatnot—plus a little perfume. Well . . . let me tell you exactly how I feel about this.

In the first place, if you buy a well known, well advertised beauty product, you can be sure it isn't a fake. It may not perform all the wonders that the advertising copy-writers say it will. *But it will do good work.* It will keep your skin clean, smooth, soft and white. Or it will help banish dandruff and tone up your scalp—whatever it may be designed to do. It isn't a fake. There are fakes, yes. Cheap fakes—and expensive fakes. Beware of them. Buy reputable products with reputable, well-established names. You won't go wrong.

Now, the other point: namely, when analyzed, won't these much-lauded products turn out to be the same old one-two-three? Are they simply made up of ingredients which cost very little and which you could buy yourselves and put together just as well?

I'LL answer that question, too. Naturally, every cosmetic in the world can be reduced to a few simple chemicals. But—*it's the way they're put together that counts.* You don't pay simply for so much vaseline and perfume, so much witch hazel and rose water—you pay for the skill with which these simple ingredients are blended together to do the work you want them to do. I admit that some expensive beauty products are no better than corresponding inexpensive beauty products. I admit that one often pays part of the asking price for the jar or bottle in which the beauty product is packaged. But, after all, isn't that a matter for our good sense—and pocket-books—to decide for us? If it gives me a psychological benefit—and lovely luxurious kick—to pay five dollars for a box of powder that comes in an exquisite box (and, of course, the powder must be exquisite, too), then that's my business—or yours—isn't it? The five dollar box of powder is more exquisitely perfumed. It comes from a house with an exclusive label. And the container is beautiful. Those three items cost money. Nobody is forcing me to buy—but they're there if I want them. I don't recommend—no beauty ad-

viser worthy of the name—would think of recommending a high priced product that is high-priced simply on account of the three attributes mentioned above. I always try to recommend the best article in the most reasonable price field there is. For certain needs, you must go up a little—and enter the higher priced field. I think it always pays to buy *good* things. Good clothes, good shoes, good cosmetics. I am here to help you learn what the good *reasonable* beauty preparations are—and what the good, but more *expensive* beauty preparations are.

I think it is about time that I returned to the person who started all this discussion, don't you? I mean the girl who seemed to be having hair trouble.

The best I can do for her is ask a few questions. Did she warm the oil before using it? (She should.) Did she really massage it into the scalp and not just pour it on? Massage is imperative. Move the scalp around—not your fingers. Do this while the oil is warm. Also, rub the oil along the length of the hair. Then wrap the head in a hot towel. If you can, leave the oil on all night. Give it half an hour, anyway.

Then, when you shampoo, start by rinsing the oil—as much of it as you can—out of the hair with warm water and a hand spray. Or get under the shower. Then give it three washings. Remember—melt the soap down to a liquid first, or use a liquid shampoo. Then get back under the shower to rinse your hair—or use the hand spray again. And rinse lots and lots—get every bit of soap out. You can tell when it's out by rubbing the palm of your hand hard against the hair. If the hair squeaks, it's free of soap and clean.

Massage your scalp again while the hair is drying. Toss the hair about and give it gentle pulls. That's good for the scalp, too. Dry your hair in the sunshine—it's good for the color.

One thorough treatment and shampoo like that every week should get oily, dandruffy hair back into condition in a month, I should say. If you see dandruff appearing between shampoos, use a tonic.

In addition to the beauty hints given above, Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads, for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know about some delightful new manicure-accessories—including a platinum finish for nail-tips, drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 85)

We must say Alexander Kirkland went back to his home town well armed. Just before leaving, he made a round of all the studios, press agents' offices, fan magazine headquarters, etcetera, and gathered all pictures of himself posed with Hollywood stars (female). He put them all in a large album, and what a gallery! Ann Harding, Joan Crawford and Peggy Hopkins Joyce were some of them. That ought to make the home town folks sit up and take notice of their young protege.

IF there ever was an American story, it is that most famous of all, "Little Women." And still, with her characteristic nonchalance, Hollywood has given the directorial job to George Cukor, an Hungarian, the scenario job to G. B. Stern, an English woman, and the camera work to that ace flicker-shooter, James Wong Howe, the little Chinese genius.

OLIVER HARDY and Stan Laurel, that comedy team of which there is none better, are both free, white and twenty-one (or thereabouts) once again. Laurel's wife just sued him for divorce a couple of months ago, and now Babe Hardy takes his grievances to court. It seems that the Mrs. had a habit of going off on periodical sprees that not only worried him a lot, but cost him a lot of dough.

When told that, "Brian Aherne held out for years against the movies," there are those clever wags who quip, "He should have held out forever!" All this, mind you, after the wags had seen our friend in his first attempt (opposite Dietrich) in "Song of Songs!"

GUESS those kids, Lil Tashman and Eddie Lowe, will never grow up. All summer they've been living at the beach and every Saturday night, without fail, they trot down to the pier and take in almost all the concessions. They howl and shriek till they're hoarse on the roller coaster, eat hot dogs by the score (anyway Eddie does) and come home around midnight toting kewpie dolls, ham shanks and whatnots. Can ya beat it? And them grown up and all!

MOVIE stars are not shaking their shekels around as freely now as in former years. The depression, bank holidays and an earthquake or two has forced even the thoughtless player to put away something for a rainy day. And fame is so fleeting.

Takes the cases of Agnes Ayres and Mary Nolan. A few years ago, these young women received four-figured salaries each Saturday. Today, they are making personal appearances in neighborhood movie houses in and around New York for the tidy little sum of \$75 for two days work.

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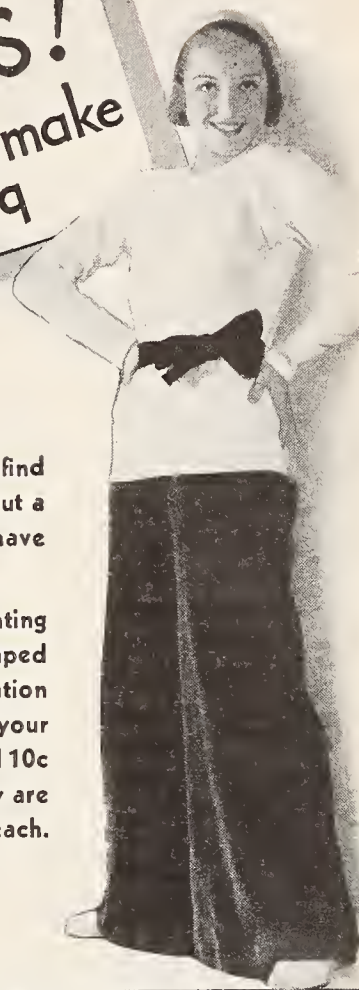
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Why Glenda Is Afraid of Love

(Continued from page 45)

sentimental and generous. She might have gone on making excuses for her husband indefinitely, if something had not happened that was even more threatening to her happiness and peace of mind.

Glenda's husband didn't want children. He didn't love them or understand them and Glenda did. Glenda wanted a child more than anything in the world. For Glenda is a real woman of tremendous emotional depth, and her life would have been incomplete without a child. And so this strangely assorted two had a son, Tommy. Glenda adored that son. But though the boy was flesh of his father's flesh and blood of his blood, he didn't care a tinker's dam about Tommy.

GLENDAL," I asked her once, when she told me that she would never let his own father see Tommy again, "is that fair to him?"

"Yes," she said, and her eyes were bitter, "when you know all the circumstances."

Glenda is not a bitter, vindictive woman. How terribly, wretchedly hurt she must have been to react like this, only someone who has met her can understand.

"It's hard for me to realize," I once confessed, "that anyone could care so little for a child as Tommy's father must have."

"You don't know," she said in her throaty voice. "There are some people who don't understand children and don't care for them at all." And underneath the throb of that voice was a story of such heartache and pain that I wondered how Glenda Farrell could ever again pretend gaiety.

But still I went on arguing with her. "Sometimes people say things in moments of anger which they don't mean—hasty, reckless things that they wish they had never spoken. Perhaps he only pretended that he didn't care for Tommy."

"Yes, people sometimes say things in anger that they don't mean. But when they show that they don't care for children..." Her voice drifted off, as though she could not bear to discuss this thing that has hurt her so much.

If Glenda's husband had struck her physically, I think she might have endured it better than to have him show how little he cared for their son. For when he did that he struck at the very heart and soul of the woman.

Their marriage couldn't endure after that. The man's own father told Glenda to stop enduring this humiliation, and to cry quits to a hopeless marriage. For her father-in-law and mother-in-law adored Glenda, and they could not bear to see how wretched she was. There was a hurt look in her gray eyes as though she had suffered almost beyond human endurance.

There was a divorce, and Glenda was given the custody of Tommy.

I have told you that Glenda will never let Tommy's father see Tommy. When you realize what a grand sport she usually is, you know how terribly, brutally hurt she must have been by the man who had promised to cherish, love and protect her. But though Glenda has her mind made up to this—that his father will never again lay eyes on Tommy—she is also fair. It is characteristic of her that she doesn't tell anyone the name of the man she was married to, because he is trying to make a fresh start, and she wants to do nothing that might hurt him. No one will know from Glenda the name of Tommy's father. She has renamed the boy Tommy Farrell.

THE marriage took from her more than a simple toll of four years, more than the love with which she was so profligate. It took from her the faith she had had in men. She is naturally trusting, and it made her afraid to trust people lest she be betrayed. She saw how love had given the man she loved the power to hurt her and so she became terribly afraid of love. She would never again let herself care so deeply for any man. She would live on the surface of her emotions, presenting a smiling face to the world, but guarding her heart from love.

Deprived of her faith in men, terrified of ever letting herself fall in love again, there were only two channels open to a woman of her energy and emotional nature. One was to throw herself heart and soul into her work. She did, and made a glowing success of it. But in addition, love of some sort is vital to a woman like Glenda. Since she was afraid of man-and-woman love, only one thing remained, to lavish all her love on Tommy, her son. She would be both mother and father to him, both provider and pal. She would work for him, pray for him, slave for him. A man whom you loved might turn around and hurt you. But a child like Tommy would give you back adoration for adoration.

And so Glenda's maternal feeling for Tommy became the all-consuming thing in her life. He is ten years old now. He is the light of her life, the apple of her eye, the key to her heart. She has brought him up tenderly, and with wisdom. She is his pal as well as his mother. Just to show you how she has thrown herself heart and soul into this relationship with Tommy, I want to tell you a little incident that seems very touching to me. When Glenda had to leave Tommy a few months ago to go with the "42nd Street Special" to New York, she asked him what she could bring back for him when she returned. Now Tommy happens to be going

through a "Tarzan" stage. He wants to be like Tarzan in his own way. So he looked at his mother quizzically and said that there was one thing he wanted—a loin cloth of leopard skin. He looked a little skeptical, as though he felt that Glenda wouldn't be equal to getting one for him. But Glenda was equal to that. She made it her job to be. When she was in New York she went around asking all her friends where she could get a loin cloth of leopard skin. It was Jack Durant who came to her aid and finally got one for her through a wholesale dealer.

Though it was perfectly natural that for years Glenda should have diverted all her love into this one channel—her love for her son—the love between mother and son is, after all, only one kind of love in a woman's life.

GLENDa, as you have seen, had deliberately steeled her heart against that kind of love. She continued to meet men as pals. But oh, she would never let herself care deeply again.

She was trying, oh so hard, to live on the surface of life.

And here is where Hollywood's jumbled story of Glenda's romances fits in.

Glenda "went places" in Hollywood. Went with several men. Allen Jenkins was one of them. Jack Durant was another. Cary Grant (before he became Virginia Cherrill's own special beau)

was another. Glenda was just having a good time. She liked all of them—in a friendly, unemotional sort of way. Besides—as the studio said—it was good for her, professionally, to be seen in gay places with attractive gentlemen.

But why did she say, a few months ago, "Allen Jenkins is the head man in my life now"? And why did she say later, "Jack Durant is head man"? Was she playing the studio game?

I'll admit that I am sorely puzzled. But this I do know: her friendship with Jack Durant has been a wonderful friendship. They have spent many gay, informal hours together at the beach and at the various night places. When she wants a friend and a pal she can trust, Glenda turns to Jack Durant. It may be Jack who will win her disillusioned heart. . . .

Personally, I think that she will marry again, maybe Jack Durant, maybe someone else. And I also believe this: As Glenda Farrell's love was lost by one man through his treatment of Tommy, so will the man who wins Glenda win her finally through Tommy. He will have to be someone who loves Tommy and by inference, other children, almost as much as she does. But in the meanwhile the bitter conflict in Glenda's heart must go on. She must continue to be a woman at war with herself, because she is a woman who was made for love and who is afraid of it.

Don't Let Them Fool You

(Continued from page 30)

Sometimes, of course, romances actually occur on the set. Ramon Novarro usually falls in love with his co-stars. You remember how crazy he was about Garbo? Recently, during the filming of "The Barbarian," Ramon seemed to fall *really* in love with Myrna Loy. Now Myrna and Bill Gargan are carrying on for the camera in "Night Flight." The question is, does Myrna love Ramon? Does he love her—or was it just a crush for the duration of the picture? Or is Myrna still devoted to the man whose name can never be told—her first love? Quite an interesting situation there!

It's fascinating to watch Clark Gable at the arduous task of screen love-making. Clark is one of those amazing lads anyhow—all things to all men—and women. For the girls who like it, he flashes the old sex-appeal grin, and they think he's all romance. But Wally Beery knows him as a big, two-fisted guy who likes to hunt and fish and ride horseback. He's a man's man out of doors, and a ladies' man in the drawing room. But let me describe a scene between him and Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man."

The lights are rolled in place while Clark's stand-in boy and Jean's stand-in girl remain there chatting about how hot it is, and when do you think Sam

Wood will consider calling lunch.

While this is going on Clark is talking to an electrician about a new gun he has just bought, discussing its merits with quite as much ardor as any love scene has ever inspired. Jean is powdering her nose and brushing back her hair. At last the lights, the camera and the microphone are ready, and a call goes out from the assistant director for "Miss Harlow, Mr. Gable."

THE two lovers stroll on the set and as the final adjustment is given to all the mechanical paraphernalia of picture-making, Gable says:

"We had dinner with Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur last night. Swell people."

"Yes," says Jean, "grand!"

"Hope we finish early tonight," says Gable.

"So do I," says Jean. "Mother is giving a little party and I want to look half way decent and not keep dinner waiting an hour."

There is a pause.

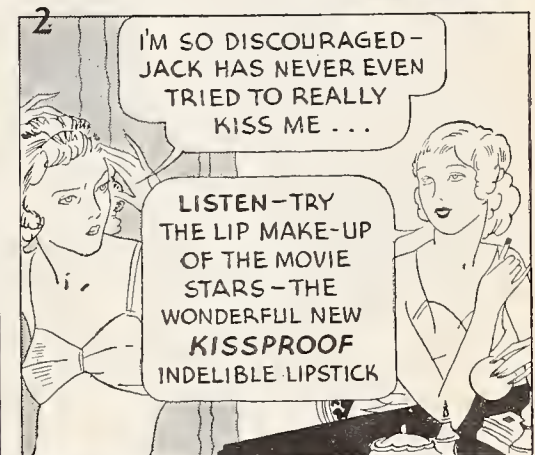
"Hot, isn't it?" asks Jean.

"Very," answers Gable.

And now the director calls "O. K. Ready!" And the big love scene begins. They've already rehearsed, so they just run through it once for camera angles. Gable leans over to kiss Jean.

"Is that O. K. for you?" the direc-

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tor turns to ask the cameraman. "Mr. Gable is casting a shadow on Miss Harlow's face," the cameraman says. "Can he stand back about six inches?"

Clark stands back. "O. K.?" he asks. "O. K." says the cameraman. "Lock 'em up," says the director. "This is the take."

"Quiet!" shouts the assistant director. "Quiet!" shouts the prop boy. "Quiet!" shouts the grip. "They're turning," says the sound man. "Up to speed," says the cameraman.

The assistant cameraman steps in front of the ardent lovers, holds up a blackboard with the scene and "take" number on it, and snaps two sticks together. And then Clark Gable leans over Jean Harlow and, murmuring softly, "I love you," the passionate lovers embrace.

Would you really like that?

AND have you ever—of course you have—been hideously fascinated during those scenes when the wicked villain pursues the heroine with his unwelcome attentions? Seduction scenes are always terrifically exciting.

I shall never forget seeing the seduction scene in "The Story of Temple Drake" made. Now you'd think that a seduction scene would be as easy as falling off a log, wouldn't you? Just let the seducer rush in, let the seducee utter a few mild screams, and fade-out. But wait a minute. It's really not that easy.

In "The Story of Temple Drake," Jack LaRue was supposed to walk through a rustic door into the corncrib where Miriam Hopkins was, take three measured steps toward her as she edged away, and then fade-out. Well, I give you my word, it took them exactly six and one-half hours to film that scene. In the first place, a very high class artist (you knew he was high class because he was high paid) had drawn dozens of sketches of Jack and Miriam from every angle. This

was, I believe, to put the director in the mood. But on that hot, uncomfortable set with lots of farmyard mud and squawking chickens picking their way about, I can't imagine anybody being in the mood for seduction.

Eight times, as Jack stepped before the camera, he was told to move a couple of inches to the right, or a couple of inches to the left. "You're hiding Miss Hopkins," the director would tell him. And not even in a moment like that must the feminine star's face be hidden.

Of course, many times, co-stars do fall in love with each other while they are working on a picture. And there is the very tragic story of the star (it wouldn't be fair to tell her name) who was madly in love with her leading man, did love scenes with him all day long while knowing all the time that he was in love with another woman. You can imagine what heartbreak that was. For, synthetic as those love scenes were and many as were the bored professional eyes that watched them, he was touching her, taking her into his arms, kissing her. How she bore it I'll never know.

Certainly at the time Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor were at the height of their success (before their respective marriages to others) they were in love.

Jack Gilbert adored Garbo during the filming of "Flesh and the Devil." And during that time it was only before the camera that the aloof lady showed him any warmth.

But did you ever notice that very, very seldom (I can't think of a single example right now)—do screen lovers who have played together many, many times marry. I can understand that, can't you? The studied, carefully-planned-out, part-of-the-day's-work romance takes the glamor away.

So be satisfied with the boy friend as he is. He may not be any too suave, but at least you know that his gestures are spontaneous and no director is telling him how he should kiss you.

Hollywood Charm Gossip

(Continued from page 74)

curls that escape over her ears and down the back of her neck. And her new evening dresses have the off-the-shoulder neckline which is always intriguing.

● Another note on headdress: In spite of the craze for shorter hair, Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins have let theirs grow long. Sylvia has her hair waved loosely and knotted in back. Miriam twists hers in a soft loop.

● Irene Dunne stepped off the train from New York recently in the trickiest little beret that she had actually crocheted herself out of pearl gray crêpe paper. (That's a new kind of yarn that has just made its appearance. It's very inexpensive). For less than a dol-

lar Irene made the beret plus a snappy-looking bag and a cunning little boutonniere—all in gray. So arm yourself with a few cents worth of this new yarn and a crochet needle, and you're set for your fall accessories!

● Boutonnieres will have a place in the lapel of your tailored suit this fall. Instead of the customary gardenia or camellia, the wild out-of-doors field flower, such as the buttercup or daisy, will be more popular. They make a colorful spray that lends pep to the average severe fall suit.

● It's always good taste to have your shoes and hat match. Frances Dee looked particularly chic the other day while shopping on the Boulevard in a tailored checked sport costume with

black kid pumps and a novelty kid turban of the same color.

● Cheers—at last we can pull out those old doilies with the wide crocheted borders that grandmother made for us, and that have been tucked away in our chests all these years. All the old-fashioned things are coming back—isn't it true? Even the elaborately embroidered doilies are okay. Joan Bennett entertained at a luncheon recently that was the very essence of old-fashionedness. Her individual doilies for the table were white with oodles of crocheting—and the table was laid with black milk glassware. Quaint and very attractive.

● Hollywood hostesses are going in more and more for "theme" luncheons. One must have a *scheme* these days around which everything is planned. For instance—Irene Dunne gave one of the smartest luncheons of the season when she returned from New York a short while ago and her "motif" was early harvest. Luscious fruit poured out of a golden cornucopia in the center of the table. An Italian cut-work luncheon cloth was underlaid by a purple cloth and the glassware was rich purple etched with gold. Her menu followed the general purple and gold combination. The first course consisted of halves of beautiful brandied peaches floating on tiny islands of grape gelatine. Then came stuffed egg-plant and green peas and crisp pattie shells filled with creamed sweet breads. To top it off Irene served a delicious peach mousse.

● Here's an idea to keep your hands from getting numb while holding a glass of cold beverage. At a recent beer party, Alice Brady handed out mittens to her guests. They went over big.

Another idea is to have raffia cups just large enough for the glass to slip into. They extend about half way up the glass and keep your hands from freezing, as well as the beverage from dripping on your clothes. These cups are very attractive in bright colors.

● Gary Cooper has a huge beer tray that he has placed among his rare collections. On this tray are the inscriptions of all his friends during the "beer hysteria"—and some are rather *glowing*! Some kind of a trick writing fluid was used that worked beautifully.

● Your "charm" sleuth happened to ring up Joan Crawford around six the other evening and what was Miss Crawford doing? Why Miss Crawford was in the kitchen making blueberry muffins! It was cook's night out and Joan reigned supreme over the pots and pans. So she indulged in her favorite recipe:

2 cups of flour
4 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup berries.

Sift the dry ingredients together thoroughly and add the blueberries. In

another bowl mix the egg, milk and melted shortening, then pour them into the dry ingredients. Mix well. Fill greased muffin tins ¾ full and bake in a hot oven about twenty minutes. They're grand.

● Madge Evans had a joke neatly turned on her when the "Louisiana Lou" company came back from location in the south. For six weeks they had been "shooting" shrimps, shrimps, SHRIMPS. So Madge gave them a shrimp supper! She had them in the cocktail, creamed and in the salad—but the funny part was that the company hadn't been able to eat any sea food all the time they were in the bayou country because it was too hot. And photographing shrimps had not spoiled their appetite for them!

Incidentally, Madge's hostess gown on that occasion was extremely cute. It was blue and white polka dot satin with windmill pleated sleeves that were lined in red. A sash of red crepe looped in front and tied in the back. Madge's sandals were also red.

● Have you heard of the modern three-way davenport? Carole Lombard has one in her modernistic room that is designed in such a way that it can serve as three separate chairs or, by placing two-thirds of the combination together, it acts as a very comfy chaise-longue—and when the three unite it looks for all the world like a most sumptuous davenport.

● Ash trays are always interesting. Miriam Hopkins has some porcelain ones shaped like seashore shells. They are very unique and attractive. She also has a larger shell, with a base, that serves as a fruit bowl or, filled with gay flowers, makes a very dainty centerpiece on a luncheon table.

● When Sally Eilers came home from Europe and stepped into her bedroom for the first time, you could hear her delighted "oooooh!" all over the house. Reason: Mamma Eilers had redecorated her room in Sally's absence. Done most of it herself, too! The white hook rugs on the deep green carpet were her doing. And in front of the perfume table—a charming thing all crystal, and green and white organdie—was a smaller oval-shaped rug, white with a green lamb embroidered in the center!

● Mrs. Edward G. Robinson has hit upon a scheme to make any husband *want* to stay home. She has furnished a room for Eddie G. that is completely and entirely his. Indian rugs, plenty of shelves for papers and pipes, a comfortable old-fashioned Morris chair disguised in plaid cloth, a fascinating collection of mugs. It's a man's paradise. And just to complete the picture there is an enormous cabinet that not only includes a victrola and radio but a projection machine! It seems Eddie showered her with so many presents at the time of "Little Caesar's" birth that she wanted in some way to reciprocate. So she fixed up this room. And gave him a beer party, using those fine old mugs. Edward G. was delighted.

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De Wans Special Facial Hair Remover

Revealing the Life of Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 66)

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

warmth—a very sincere warmth—besides.

Too many times when you really talk to a man he becomes less attractive than he promised to be.

However this was not the case with Francis D. Griffin of the New York Dental Association. After the first dance Irene liked him better than ever.

He asked for her telephone number and she gave it to him.

In the car on the way home Irene's friends teased her.

But Irene smiled and refused to commit herself. Francis Griffin might never call her at all. Indeed he didn't call her for three weeks. Then one morning Rosemary Pfaff, with whom Irene was rooming again, knocked on her door.

"Telephone, Irene. A Doctor Griffin."

He wanted Irene to have dinner with him that night. He suggested he come for her fairly early and they drive up the Hudson. It was March but there was spring in the air.

He drove a low blue car. And he drove it well. You had no fear he was going to bash into the car ahead, that he wasn't going to brake it neatly when he rounded curves.

They arrived in time to watch the sun spill its fire on the swift Hudson before it dropped behind the hills on the Jersey shore. Then they went inside to the table he had reserved.

"Did it matter to you when I didn't call you?" he asked Irene.

"Yes," she answered honestly. "I was surprised you asked for my number if you didn't mean to use it."

"I didn't telephone," he told her then, "because I knew you were the girl for me and I didn't feel I was quite ready . . . So . . . I stayed away. As long as I could."

"I liked him, too," Irene told me. "Ever so much. More than ever after that drive and dinner. Like many New Englanders—he was a neighbor of Calvin Coolidge's in Northampton—he finds life a serious business. But he's never—well—heavy about it."

TOGETHER Irene and Francis Griffin rediscovered New York City. They found the streets from the end of which you could best view the sunset. Late afternoons he was through at his offices and Irene was through rehearsals and study for the day.

Her next engagement would be in St. Louis. With a summer musical repertoire company similar to that in which she had played in Atlanta the summer previous.

The St. Louis engagement would take her away from him. That wouldn't be desirable, goodness knows, except that away from him she might be able to think more clearly. At his side she wanted only what he wanted, even if

she had wanted something diametrically opposed to this a few minutes previously.

"It's better for both of us that I go away for a bit," she told him that night they dined together before he took her to the train. They both had been strangely silent all evening. "It will give us time to think, time to make quite sure."

"I need no more time," he said quietly.

It was very hard to walk through the train gate, to leave him. But if she didn't turn around, if she kept right on, one trimly shod gray foot in front of the other, her eyes on the porter's scarlet cap, she soon would be on the train. And since she had not gone through the gate until the very last minute the train would start almost immediately. Then there would be nothing she could do about it. She would be on her way.

"By July first," laughs Irene, "I was back in New York. Shopping for my trousseau. While my mother planned the details of our wedding at an uptown church and the reception which followed at the Plaza.

"We were married on July sixteenth. Not being superstitious I wore green. Green chiffon. And a large hat with a crushed apple green velvet bow."

Only a few Dunes and Griffins heard Irene make her vows in her steady, soft voice, heard Doctor Griffin make his vows quietly but obviously gladly. It was later at the Plaza reception that all their friends gathered round to whisper they never had seen a lovelier bride, to nibble on little cakes rich with marzipan, and brush away the silly tears people always shed at weddings. One of Irene's school friends caught her orchids, silvery white like an angel's wings.

They sailed, Irene and Doctor Griffin, on the *Berengaria*. While the busy, puffing tugs nosed the great ship out into midstream they stood together on the top deck. They were off. To another world. To another life. And they stood hand in hand.

In Paris they lived near the Bois and one sentimental afternoon they laid roses on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, roses red as the blood he had spilled for his country. For the home they would make together they bought—in a little shop on the old Rue St. Antoine—dessert plates which had belonged to an unhappy queen.

In Switzerland the blue of Lake Lucerne spread below their high dormer windows. Here they bought fine linens and embroideries. For a song.

In England they lived, very grand indeed, at the Carlton. They dined with friends in Mayfair. They rode in Hyde Park. They found old Sheffield candelabra to light their dinner table through the years that were to come.

Then they came home. To adjust to everyday life and find it anything but prosaic, quite as glamorous in its own way as their honeymoon had been. After Doctor Griffin had left for his office Irene would do her ordering, give instructions for the day that her household might run smoothly. Then she would go to her piano. She would continue to study. That had been agreed upon.

Curiously enough, considering how ambitious and busy Irene previously had been she was content. From time to time offers came to her from producers casting new productions. She had no interest in them.

Then one night she, Doctor Griffin and a party of friends went to see the new Ziegfeld production of "Show Boat." Irene sat through it in a trance. The music bewitched her. It was as if all her life she had been waiting, studying, serving an apprenticeship, that one day she might play a role like Magnolia.

A week or two later, unbelievably enough, she was offered the role of Magnolia in the road company of "Show Boat."

"And that offer really frightened me," Irene said. "Because I couldn't bring myself to give it up."

She went to Doctor Griffin that night when he came home.

"I want you to be happy above all things," he said affectionately. "You've turned down everything else that has been offered you, apparently without a qualm. So now, seeing how strongly you feel about this, I wonder if I have the right to influence you, one way or the other."

"Show Boat" opened in Chicago and, for part of the time, Mrs. Frances D. Griffin became Irene Dunne again.

"And now," Irene told me, "my husband is as enthusiastic about the things I do, over any success I have, as I am. More so, sometimes."

"It isn't pleasant being separated as often as we are. Neither of us pretends it is. But we are together as much as possible."

FROM Chicago the "Show Boat" company went to Boston. There they closed for the season. On next to the last night Ziegfeld was in the audience. In the second row on the aisle, he sat. To watch all of them and choose those he wanted for the company when it opened again the following September.

There was tremendous excitement backstage. Some gave better performances than usual that night. Others, too nervous, gave performances below their standard. Irene Dunne never played a more colorful, glamorous, romantic Magnolia in her life.

At the end of the last act, taking her bow, she caught Ziegfeld's eye. He nodded. That was all. But later a note came back, making it final. By all means he wanted her for Magnolia the following autumn.

"And," he added graciously, "I also must thank you for one of the happiest evenings I've ever spent in the theater."

This note, needless to state, is one of Irene's most precious possessions.

After a summer on the golf links and at the shore Irene was more than ready to work again.

"It was," she told me, "while I was playing Magnolia in Baltimore that Hollywood became interested in musical pictures. There were always rumors that scouts from the studios were in the audience. But I never paid much attention to this until the night William LeBaron of RKO came back-stage. He had, it appears, had reports on me and he had come to see me for himself."

A month later Irene was under contract to RKO. Doctor Griffin had said he could manage for a little while.

Adelaide Dunne who had come out west with Irene, posed with her for the Hollywood reporters..

And Irene wished the serious husband she had left behind in New York might be there too. There was nothing that would not be better with him at her side.

It was several days before she was asked to report at the studios. Had she started to work at once she might not have gotten so miserably home-sick.

During the day, before her mother, she fought back her tears. And exerted herself to seem happy and interested. Even enthusiastic. But there was no pride to forbid her crying herself to sleep. Morning after morning she awoke with wet lashes, exhausted.

When Doctor Griffin didn't telephone she was wretched. When he did call, after he had hung up, it was almost worse. Irene wondered whatever had possessed her to leave him, even to consider motion pictures.

But there she was and by this time her first picture, "Leathernecks," a musical version of "Present Arms," in which she played with Benny Rubin, Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Ken Murray, was under way. When it was over she planned to ask for her release and travel east as fast as the first train would carry her.

However as things developed she did nothing of the kind. "Leathernecks" turned out to be a very bad picture. And at the same moment the vogue for musical productions, the market having been flooded with too many bad ones, ended.

"What are we going to do with Dunne?" the RKO officials asked one another. "We brought her out to do musicals and we're not making any more of them. But she's under contract."

Under such circumstances Irene couldn't leave. She might have renounced a successful career to go home to her husband but she couldn't return a failure. She is softly spoken and quiet eyed but she has surprising strength, unlimited courage and undying determination.

Another thing. They were testing girls for the role of Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron." And here was a role Irene wanted to play in the very worst way.

The studio executives were horrified the day she asked for this plum part. She quite upset the conference at which, politely and with considerable beating about the bush, they were trying to decide what was to be done with her.



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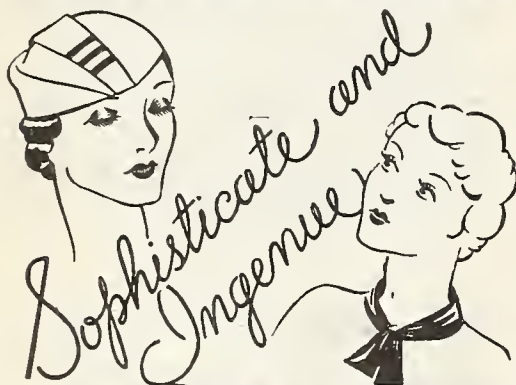
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"You've tested practically everyone else in Hollywood for the part of Sabra," she told them. "You've spent a fortune testing people. Why not, at least, give me the same chance you're giving utter strangers, utter outsiders?"

The test, they informed her gravely, would be a difficult one. She must play the three ages. Sabra as a young girl, as a woman, and as a grandmother. But, magnanimously, since their gravity didn't appear to terrify her in the slightest, they agreed to let her try.

She went home jubilant.

"I'm going to play Sabra," she cried, running to Doctor Griffin who was out for a visit. "I'm going to play Sabra."

Then, little by little, he got the whole, right story from her. That was Saturday. She was to take her test on the following Monday.

HE saw how intensely she felt about this, how desperately she wanted the role. And he wished from the bottom of his devoted heart there was something he could do that would help her towards it.

All day Sunday Irene worked on the dialogue and the business.

"You go play golf," she implored him. "You love it so. After all, my dear, this is your holiday. You must not spend a day indoors, cooped up with a ranting wife."

But Doctor Griffin only smiled and shook his head. There might be something he could do to help and he was determined to stay and do it. They closed themselves into their room. He sat on the bed, her audience, while she tried a line or a bit of business first this way, then that.

"And," laughs Irene affectionately, "for a man who hadn't wanted his wife to go on with her career, he cooperated with more enthusiasm and intensity and sympathy than you might believe possible."

The next morning Irene was at the studios early. The wardrobe mistress brought her the three sets of clothes that had been made for the Sabra Cravat tests and, over the week-end, altered to fit her.

Irene looked the clothes over carefully. Those planned for Sabra grown older didn't please her at all. They weren't the clothes she felt Sabra would wear. The hat especially seemed all wrong.

"Do something for me," she told the wardrobe mistress. "There's a woman who works in the sewing-room upstairs, a woman about sixty, well built. She wears just such a hat as I think Sabra would wear. Ask her if I may borrow it for this morning. Tell her I will be very careful of it."

They brought the hat. The woman had been delighted to lend it.

Irene took it from them with a happy little cry. She was like a little girl receiving the very doll she had admired in a shop window. She knew just how she wanted that hat to sit on top of her head.

A fortnight later Doctor Griffin left for New York with a vicarious sense of accomplishment. Irene was going to play Sabra all right. And he felt that

sitting on the bed that Sunday, serving as her audience, making suggestions, he had helped her get it. Irene herself was certain he had.

They worked on "Cimarron" for sixteen weeks.

"And," says Irene, "through all those weeks Richard Dix showed me an understanding and cooperation for which I always shall be grateful."

In their trans-continental telephone conversations between midnight and dawning when, for the same toll, they could talk twice as long, Irene and Doctor Griffin planned how she would come to New York when the picture was completed, be there for the premiere. He would give a party for her.

But these happy plans never materialized. When "Cimarron" was completed the RKO officials, aware they had a brilliant new star on their roster, knew well enough what to do with Irene Dunne. Things were very different now. They rushed her into other productions, into "Consolation Marriage" and "The Symphony of Six Million."

After the New York opening, excusing himself from his friends, Doctor Griffin went into a room alone and called Irene across three thousand miles. His voice that night was so deep she could scarcely hear him. That was how she knew how proud he was.

Irene also had to fight for a chance to play in "Back Street." The company executives didn't think she was the type to play the leading character in this story. So again she took a screen test and proved to them, conclusively and for all time, that she wasn't a type put an actress.

Then something happened which made her wonder how she ever had concerned herself over any of the comparatively insignificant worries that had beset her during the last several years. She was preparing to go over to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to star for them in "The Secret of Madame Blanche." The next day she was to sit in conference with Adrian about her costumes. She went to bed early. So she would be rested and have a clear mind. Early the following morning her telephone rang.

She wasn't alarmed. She had no idea of the hour. She thought it must be her husband calling. But it wasn't Doctor Griffin on the wire. It was her brother, Charles, who was in New York at this time. Doctor Griffin was in the hospital with a burst appendix. They couldn't say exactly how serious it might be. They were operating.

Up and down, up and down the room Irene walked for what seemed to her an eternity. No member of her household could help her. Her husband was over three thousand miles away, in pain, and in danger.

Several hours later, at eight o'clock, she put through a call to the hospital.

"Is he in great pain?" she asked his nurse.

"Well, of course, Mrs. Griffin, you understand in a case like this . . ." came the noncommittal, evasive answer.

"Tell him I've called," she said. "Tell him I'm coming—right away."

At the airport they reported flying conditions were not good.

That night when "The Chief" pulled out of Los Angeles Irene Dunne sat huddled in a drawing-room facing three frightful days and nights.

At Grand Central, Charles Dunne met her. He took her luggage to her hotel that she might go directly to the hospital. In spite of the early hour they permitted her to go to Doctor Griffin immediately.

No one had told him she was coming. He was surprised. When he saw her standing in the doorway he looked unbelieving for a minute and then his serious face broke into a smile.

"He was glad I'd come," Irene explained, "yet upset because I'd had that frightful trip."

"However it was worth that trip just to be there, to see for myself that he was out of danger. I had been afraid to believe the last few wires, afraid they were sparing me while I was on the train and there was nothing I could do."

SHE waited at the hospital all day. She sat there beside him even while he dozed. Then at nine o'clock, when hospital lights go out, she went to her hotel.

The next morning she ordered the morning papers sent up with her breakfast tray. To her utter amazement her own face looked up at her from the front page of a tabloid. "In Town," the picture's title read. Then, underneath, "It is expected Irene Dunne is here to ask for a divorce."

She jumped from her bed, leaving, her breakfast untouched. She must be the one to take Francis Griffin those pages. She hoped he would not credit one word they said. She believed the understanding, the bond between them was too great for him to give such

malicious rumors any consideration.

When she reached the hospital there were newspaper men in the corridor. A photographer tried to catch her as she went in.

She went straight to her husband's room. She had come to comfort him against the wretched, inexcusable injustice of this laughable attack. But in the end he comforted her. He laughed at the ridiculous story that was in the papers.

"Now I'm sure you're a movie star," he told her, a twinkle in his eyes.

Five days later she had to leave him. "The Secret of Madame Blanche" was about to go into production. Adrian had made all her clothes on a model which he had had built to her exact measure.

Doctor Griffin was well on the mend. She was sure of that. When he was able to be up and around there was his work waiting for him. Together they would climb, he in his chosen field, she in her's. There would be interludes in between when they would manage to be together. There would be holidays when he would come to California and they would sail off to Honolulu or stay at home and golf. There would be little stolen trips to New York between productions.

And so it goes . . . Since "Madame Blanche," Irene has made "The Silver Cord." Her next will be "Lady Sal." And there will probably be many more.

Unless all signs fail they'll live happily forever after. It isn't so much the number of hours married people spend together when all is said and done. It is rather how close they are during their hours together. Besides, away from the studios, away from her work, Irene is first and last Mrs. Francis D. Griffin. And that's the way it must be. That's the way it's been ever since the world began.

And the Dunne girl knows it.

Forecasting Your Favorites

(Continued from page 43)

was to set about inventing his own. Not only that, but he had to manufacture it as well and train men in the new technique. Mr. Cohen's answer to the challenge was:

"The eyes and ears of the world."

Success again! The Paramount News-reel made a great deal of money and Emanuel Cohen was sent to England to start Paramount News of Great Britain. It was while there that he was called back to the United States for conferences on the feature product of the studio. He thought he would merely have to investigate and suggest and then return to England where he had great plans in progress. Paramount heard his suggestions and immediately placed him in charge. That was a year ago. Already, it's "The Best Show in Town." Hollywood is listening to its new genius.

"It seemed to me," he began, with the determined enthusiasm that marks everything he says, "that our first task

was to revive the spirit and confidence of our whole personnel from gateman to star. In a series of conferences, we inaugurated a new idea of team-work, the thought of working for the public rather than for the studio, and a demand that everyone be honest with himself and the company. We demanded no-men to replace the old order of yes-men.

"We made it imperative that every person connected with a future picture at Paramount should want to do his job and do it well. No more rush jobs—using a director not in sympathy with the story and a cast that was dissatisfied with its lot.

"Personally, I am an advocate of the star system. I believe that this business is founded upon personalities and that everything else is secondary. For this reason, I came to the conclusion that each successive picture should build, and logically, towards a certain goal for each player. That is what we



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are attempting to do at the moment. I also believe that the millions of fans love best those stars who are human, who can make them laugh and cry in stories that are not too sophisticated, too smart. I have the feeling that the public still likes the triumph of virtue over evil. Not that the glamor of Miss Dietrich, for instance, isn't interesting and exciting, but I believe her fans would love Marlene even more if her roles were more human.

"When Miss Dietrich returns in the fall, she will make several, but not all of her pictures with Mr. Von Sternberg. Never again will a single director continue with a star in several successive pictures. The point of view is too monotonous. In 'Song of Songs,' Marlene displays a new quality. She will evince it again.

CHEVALIER, on the other hand, instead of assuming a new tempo will return to his first love roles similar to the famous part he had in 'Innocents of Paris.' The public has never forgotten that Maurice of the old happy days. I think they will be happy to have him back again.

"Gary Cooper will also return to his success of the past, the type of role he portrayed in 'The Shopworn Angel.' Why Gary has been shoved from one sophisticated part to another is quite beyond me, when it is all so apparent that his rangey, typically American characterization was so marvelous and popular. We shall set him in a variety of backgrounds, war, underworld and adventure. Won't his good, old American wholesomeness be appealing once again?

"George Raft will never play a gangster again. Here is a shining example of a star who has been too typed. Raft's next picture will be a distinct departure from this. He will do the life of that great dancer, Maurice. Odd, isn't it, that George Raft's dancing ability has never been taken advantage of cinematically before?

"Mae West—will continue to be Mae

West. Miss West writes her own stories, she creates her own character and knows that she can play it to the greatest advantage. Her success was a bit of a surprise. We didn't expect her brand of humorous sex to catch on as it did. At this time, however, there is hardly a star in Hollywood who can boast of such a terrific appeal to the public. We shall see more of Mae West.

"Cary Grant will continue along the lines he has been working on, the romantic fellow with a dramatic touch.

"We think that we have found at last the best type of comedy for Jack Oakie. He will be featured in many biggest pictures."

At this point Mr. Cohen paused to smile. He was quite apparently thinking of those first hectic days of his stay at the Hollywood studios. He said, "I really believe this is the first time in our history that every star on the lot knows what he or she is going to do for at least nine months in advance. I think this will prove to be the principal reason for our success in what we call 'the rebuilding' of our studio. I am not satisfied, not by any means. But we shall continue to strive for greater quality and better entertainment in the future. In a way, I'm glad that I haven't become satisfied. When I do, I have promised myself that I will quit, because I shall know then that I am slipping!"

Mr. Cohen extended his hand in saying good-by, a really sincere gentleman of Hollywood. I presume he has more genius and courage than anyone will ever know, unless they watch Paramount continue to give the world "The Best Show in Town." Emanuel Cohen is one of the few who will never tell you that himself. An honest, unassuming and soft-spoken gentleman if ever there was one.

Good luck, Mr. Cohen, in that great task that you have started so well on the way to success. May you still be at the helm when Paramount returns to its old place in the movie sun, the top.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 76)

Claudia are partial to jellied bouillon and have it frequently. This particular day it was jellied chicken bouillon topped with a tiny spoonful of snowy white, salted, whipped cream and sprinkled with a bit of finely minced parsley. You can make similar bouillon by adding one and a half tablespoons of dissolved gelatine to 4 cups of chicken stock (or canned chicken broth) and flavoring it with about half a teaspoon of celery salt and a quarter teaspoon of table salt. After the soup has set you beat it up with a fork before serving it. Garnish with parsley, as described above.

With the bouillon there were sandwiches—and such sandwiches! Cut neither thick nor thin, the bread was crustless and, we suspect, home-made.

WHY is it," asked Ralph Morgan, reaching for his 'steenth sandwich, "that ninety percent of all the sandwiches in the world seem to be made with ham, chicken or cheese!"

"What do you favor in the way of sandwich fillings?" we asked Claudia.

"Ham, chicken and cheese," she replied in perfect imitation of Ralph. "Only I like to think up different seasonings and combinations. For instance, that sandwich you're eating now is made of *grated* cheese and minced watercress. And those triangular ones are made of cottage cheese, celery and minced ham."

"And I suppose these oblong models," interrupted Mr. Morgan, "are also made of ham, only colored brown."

"No, no daddy," soothed Claudia,

"those really are unusual. They are mushroom sandwiches."

"Well," replied Ralph, helping himself to another sandwich, "I guess I'm like some people are about music—I don't know anything about it, but I know what I like."

"You know lots about salads, though, my dear!" declared Claudia. "You should taste his tuna fish triumph."

"Served with hot rolls or biscuits!" cut in Ralph eagerly. "And sweet butter and cream cheese. My idea of a perfect summer supper is a chicken or fish salad, served with hot, crisp rolls and potato chips and a side dish of some vegetable, preferably corn on the cob."

"There's still another combination he's particularly keen about," vouchsafed Claudia. "That's jellied veal loaf and potato salad. It really is marvelous, either for lunch or supper. The loaf is made in layers—sliced hard-boiled eggs on the bottom, then a layer of chopped pimento with a sprinkling of finely minced parsley, then a layer of meat and next a layer of chopped green pepper. A veal aspic is poured over the whole business and you let it set in the refrigerator. Then it is served in slices, topped with a dab of mayonnaise colored a pale green—just to be swanky!"

"So far you haven't even mentioned desserts," we said. "Don't you ever eat them?"

"Why, of course we do!" replied Claudia. "If that father of mine will ever stop eating sandwiches you'll know."

And we had, for when the sandwiches had been reduced to a negligible number, crystal glasses of delicately pink fluffy clouds, blanketed beneath a golden sauce, were brought out. We thought at first that it was some sort of strawberry concoction, but soon found we were going wrong—it was rhubarb.

"How on earth do you get a rhubarb whip to look like this?" we asked.

"The rhubarb is colored after it is cooked," Claudia informed us. "I suppose it would taste as good if it were left in the natural, rhubarb-green state, but it certainly wouldn't look anywhere near as attractive and I think it's important for desserts to look attractive, don't you?"

INDEED we do, and every one of the foods for which we are giving you recipes this month can claim the dual virtues of being as attractive as they are delicious. Two of the sandwich recipes we are giving you here. The "unusual" Mushroom Sandwich recipe and recipes for Ralph Morgan's special Tuna Fish Salad. The recipes for Jellied Veal Loaf and the Rhubarb Sponge with Golden Sauce have been printed to make up this month's MODERN SCREEN Recipe Folder. You may have these free, by filling in the coupon on page 76 and mailing to us.

TWO MORGAN SANDWICH RECIPES

½ cup grated American cheese
1 finely chopped hard-boiled egg
½ cup minced watercress
¼ cup salt
¼ teaspoon prepared mustard
3 tablespoons mayonnaise

Mix together all the ingredients and spread between slices of buttered white or wheat bread.

1 cup cottage cheese
¼ cup chopped celery
½ cup minced ham
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon minced chives or minced scallion tops
2 tablespoons cream

Rub cheese through a wire sieve. Blend with the remaining ingredients. Spread between slices of buttered white or rye bread.

You Can Get Anything You Want

(Continued from page 57)

Joan was poor. By her own admission she was far from glamorous or beautiful. She grew so fast she was all arms and legs. She had freckles. But there was that dream. In it she was a lovely lady with loads of soft, fine clothes. She lived in a house famous for its beauty. She had many servants. And many dogs. She drove in a fine car. Important people were her friends. And all of these things she had attained through her dancing.

Any number of times Joan might have become discouraged and forsaken her dream. There was Stephens College where she worked for her keep and tuition. She hated it.

Nevertheless, in spite of adverse conditions, she saw herself always as the important person of her dream. And consequently she came to have the man-

ner of an important person.

I don't mean that Joan went around with her head up in the air. Or that she was snobbish in anything she said or did. Nothing as silly as this. These things wouldn't constitute an air of importance in the first place. It was just that Joan had a nice, quiet pride. And it was this pride which, from the beginning, recommended her to the Dean.

The night Joan ran away and someone snatched it was the Dean himself who followed her to the station.

"Why did you run off like this?" he asked, overtaking her just before she boarded the train.

"Because," Joan announced dramatically, "I can wait no longer to be on my way where I'm going."

He understood. He didn't try to keep her at school after that. But he did



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influence her to go back with him temporarily, that he might write her mother she was coming, and that there might be no doubt regarding her departure.

Home again, awaiting the chance to go on the stage which she was sure would come, Joan worked in a department store. Her hours were long. Her wages were small. Most of her money went to her mother. A pair of stockings meant scrimping and saving. But always Joan managed to put a little aside against that day when her opportunity would come and she would need a few extra dollars.

You know, of course, how she had the courage to join the pathetic little road show which finally came along. In it she danced her way to the Winter Garden in New York City. And at the Winter Garden she danced her way into motion pictures.

It was in Hollywood I saw her . . . to mark how in every respect the dream that little, long-legged, freckled-faced Billy Cassin dreamed has come true.

Today Joan is, in truth, "a lovely lady, with loads of soft, fine clothes."

"How in the world," everyone asks, "has Joan Crawford in a few brief and busy years managed to become the gracious lady it is supposed to take generations to produce?"

The answer is simple. *Joan hasn't become the person she is today in a few years. She became this person in her own mind years ago when she was a humble little girl living in the Middle West. When she began to dream. . . .*

IT is inspiring to see how many of the motion picture stars have made their dreams come true.

But, to my mind, the most amazing thing of all is Harold Lloyd believing as he does that it is his dreams that have put him where he is today and made him what he is today.

Harold has proven himself practical, shrewd and wise. Everyone in Hollywood, stars, directors, writers, producers, and financiers, quote him. Harold Lloyd says this. Harold Lloyd thinks that. You hear it everywhere. Less than two decades ago he was a poor little boy in a small Ohio town. Today he is many times a millionaire.

"It's curious you should talk to me along these lines just now," Harold told me. "Very curious . . . I've been considering this very belief in auto-suggestion as a premise upon which to build one of my next pictures."

"Always, you see, I've believed that you can have what you want if you want it enough . . . if you'll see yourself having it . . . if you'll feel yourself having it . . ."

"Always I've seen myself as a man of importance. And always I've seen myself as an actor."

"I don't know how I originally reconciled these two things, I'm sure. For all the actors I knew as a program boy in the local theatre, and all the actors I worked with later on in little stock companies were poor enough."

"Nevertheless, I saw myself as an actor. And I also saw myself as a man of affairs, a financier of a sort. I can't explain it. But that's exactly how

it was, right from the beginning."

When Harold was trying to get started in motion pictures, sharing a small room with his father who had come to California with him, two prominent directors did all they could to discourage him. Not because of any animus. Because they really didn't think he had a chance. They told him bluntly that he was the last person in the world to get anywhere as a comedian.

But Harold was not dissuaded. His dream was strong. He saw himself as an actor. He saw himself as a comedian. When you know a thing is one way you can't be made believe it is another.

In his dream Harold found courage.

After he became a film star it was the same way. Grauman was showing his pictures and giving Lloyd and Hal Roach, with whom he was associated at this time, about eight hundred and fifty dollars for a two weeks' run. Grauman is California's master showman. It lends productions prestige to be shown at his theater. Almost anyone else would have been well pleased with this arrangement. But not Harold. He and Hal Roach leased another theatre, an unimportant little theatre down-town, and put Harold's next picture in it. Everyone held up their hands in horror. Lloyd, they said, must be out of his mind.

The first Harold Lloyd picture shown in that unimportant little down-town theatre brought Harold and Roach not the eight hundred and fifty dollars Grauman would have given them, but fifteen thousand dollars. The second picture they showed there brought them thirty-five thousand dollars. The third picture fifty thousand. Everyone shook his head in amazement. Lloyd, they said, was a financial genius.

Before times became as difficult as they have been lately, Harold's weekly income as star-producer was computed to average somewhere in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars a week.

The amazing dream that poor little kid back in that Ohio town dreamed has come true.

What the movie stars and others all over the world have done and continue to do every day, you too can do. Hans Dreier, the set designer at Paramount, is not a movie star. Yet his dream has come true. And his was a dream seemingly incapable of fulfilment.

But let us begin at the beginning . . .

Hans Dreier's father and his father before him were merchants. His mother's people were shipbuilders and designers.

A small, tow-headed lad in Berlin, Hans spent most of his holidays over a drawing-board, drawing ships.

"Hans," the family used to say, "will not be a merchant like the Dreiers. He takes after his mother's people. He, too, will design ships to sail the seven seas . . ."

It wasn't long, however, before Hans began to disagree with his relatives. Designing ships he discovered to be about ten percent imagination and ninety percent mathematics. And this wasn't at all what he wanted. Hans saw himself as an artist, not a mathematician.

At the University of Munich he studied architecture. He would not build great office buildings and hotels. He would build houses.

Then Hans graduated. Then Hans discovered that prosperous if inartistic clients have a great deal to say about the houses they order built.

Hans Dreier remained true to his dream. And when he overheard one friend whisper to another that he would surely starve unless he changed his tactics, he wasn't afraid.

Then he went to work at the UFA studios. And here his dream came true. Here he designed sets. And the castles and cottages he planned were built without any changes. Even such a detail as the moulding in a drawing-room was as he wished it.

Dreier sets became famous. Paramount sent for him to come to America. That was over ten years ago. He's been with them ever since.

"I dreamed of work that would be ninety percent imagination and ten percent mathematics," he told me. "This work," indicating sketches of sets lying on the desk before him, "is better than that."

"I read a script. Then I design the houses and the rooms that I think the people in that story would live in."

"Take the old castle rooms in 'The Song of Songs,' for instance. They had to be rooms in which it would be utterly impossible for any woman to be happy. Heavy rooms. Luxurious in their way, but not suited to feminine occupancy."

"Without your dream of work more imaginative than any designing you knew," I asked, "do you think you would be sitting here today, do you think you still would have come to the studios?"

He shook his head. "Never," he said, "Never in the world. It was as if I wanted to do this particular, specialized work even when I didn't know any such work existed."

"Besides," he smiled, and his blue eyes deepened, "without my dream I should not have had the courage to turn back on other, sure things . . ."

MARY PICKFORD says: "I can have the kind of a world I want!"

Mary knows . . . When she was thirteen she was unknown, playing in cheap melodramas, sending every penny she could spare home to Canada to her mother and Lottie and Jack. Her father dead, she was the breadwinner.

Mary was only thirteen when she dreamed of herself starring on Broadway and earning five hundred dollars a week by the time she was twenty years old. She was in New York at the time, living with an aunt.

There were managers to whom little Gladys Smith—she wasn't Mary Pickford then—was known and with whom she was fairly sure of an engagement. But after she had her dream it wasn't on these managers that she called. They had no part in the life in which, already, she envisioned herself.

Mary went instead to the offices of the most eminent producers. To the offices of David Belasco.

"I became determined," said Mary,

"to know the right people. Not so that I might use my friends to further my interests. But because I knew even then that you always assume some color from those you are with . . ."

"Above all things I wanted to be associated with David Belasco."

"To this end I even considered writing the five or six actresses who were famous in New York at the time, telling them I wasn't a stage-struck child, that I'd served an apprenticeship of eight years in the theater, and that I wanted nothing from them but a letter that would get me to Mr. Belasco himself."

Then Blanche Bates, one of the half dozen famous stars to whom Mary had considered writing, opened in a Brooklyn theatre and Mary went flying over to Brooklyn hoping to see her.

Hattie, Blanche Bates' maid, knew that Miss Bates never saw anyone after the second act, but Mary's long curls and sweet face so enchanted the kindly colored girl that she went off to see what she could do.

"I can't see her, Hattie," Blanche Bates said. "You should know better than to ask it."

Still Hattie stood in the doorway. "If you saw her curls, Mis' Bates," she said, "you'd let her come in. They're so pretty. And anyways, all she wants is for you to give her a letter to Mister Belasco. It wouldn't take you more'n a minute."

"For goodness sakes," Blanche Bates said, exasperated now, "tell the child to tell Mr. Belasco that I sent her."

"So you want to be an actress," David Belasco said when Mary approached him after the final curtain had rung down on Frances Starr in "Rose of the Rancho."

"Oh no, sir," said Mary. "I am an actress. It's just that I dream of being a good actress, a beautiful actress, like Miss Starr. . . ."

"We'll see what you can do," Belasco told her. He ordered the lights on the undressed stage. And Mary proceeded to do a scene from her last production, "For a Human Life," pleading to a rickety kitchen chair, supposed to be a policeman, to save her from prison.

It was very melodramatic. But Mary, feeling herself a potential Broadway star worth all of five hundred dollars a week, did it well.

"Here," said the great Belasco when she had finished, taking her moist little hand and leading her over to Frances Starr, "is the lady you want to be like."

Frances Starr was very charming. "You can be a much finer actress than I am," she said.

Mary thanked Miss Starr. Then, tears still shining in her dark eyes, she turned to Mr. Belasco to ask for his verdict.

"I want you to come back tomorrow," he told her. "I'll have a contract ready. . . ."

"A contract!" interrupted Mary. "You can't mean it?"

"Cross my heart," David Belasco reassured her, smiling.

LATER, in her little room, Mary wrote to her mother.

On the top of her letter she printed in great big glowing capitals:

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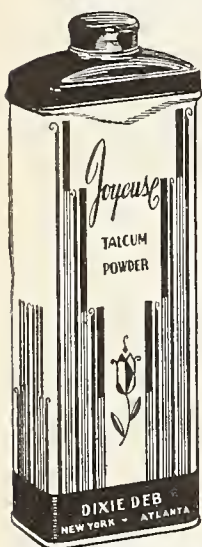
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"GLADYS SMITH, UNDER CONTRACT TO DAVID BELASCO"

It wasn't, however, as Gladys Smith that she played in "The Warrens of Virginia." It was then she became Mary Pickford, Belasco taking her baptismal name of Mary and her mother's family name of Pickford.

Still Mary was far from her dream. She wasn't a star. And her salary was two hundred dollars a week, not five hundred dollars.

When "The Warrens of Virginia" closed and there was no child's part available with Belasco, she went to California and worked in pictures for D. W. Griffith. But she did not abandon her dream for one minute. During a rumpus with Griffith, tempestuous and feverish while it lasted, she told him very frankly that immediately the company returned to New York she was going with David Belasco again.

Griffith laughed at her. "You've been in the movies," he said. "You're disgraced. Tell Belasco that and see whether he'll have anything to do with you."

"I will tell him," Mary answered, her eyes bright, "and he will have something to do with me. You wait and see. . . ."

And Belasco *did* have something to do with her. The very day she returned to New York, his manager called her to ask where she had been. Belasco was preparing to produce "The Good Little Devil." He had her in mind for

the title rôle. For weeks they had been trying to locate her.

"I've been in California, making motion pictures," Mary said. And the next day she was equally honest with Belasco himself. However, he didn't send her from his office. He only laughed and asked if she could tear herself away from the studios long enough to be featured in a play for him.

Half of her dream had come true. In "The Good Little Devil" she was a star on Broadway. She had still, however, to earn five hundred dollars a week.

Then Famous Players filmed "The Good Little Devil" with Mary in it. And the five hundred dollars a week she had dreamed about for so long really belonged to her. There was now no part of her dream which hadn't come true.

"However," Mary said, "that was only my first dream. There have been other dreams since then . . . and they have all come true, too."

And you, who are reading this, you can have anything you want. If you want it enough. . . .

You can marry Prince Charming. You can become mistress of a charming home. You can acquire glamor. You can achieve success. You can have wealth. You can win fame. In short, anything is possible!

Remember: "Every idea tends to undergo transformation into reality. He who imagines, can try it!"

If You Met Lee Tracy

(Continued from page 59)

He is a good business man. He has an excellent knowledge of himself. He has enough energy for six men and he eats up work. He is generous in praise of people who have helped him along the way and of other players. He talked for ten minutes on the kindness and assistance shown to him by John Barrymore during the making of "Dinner at Eight."

He has a slightly ribald and cockeyed sense of humor. He is, I should say, without petty vanity of any sort but he has plenty of self-respect. He wouldn't double-cross anyone, I believe. But I'd hate like thunder to be the person who double-crossed him. He's considerate of other people and he's shrewd. He knows his box office. He knows his audience. He knows good publicity and bad. He plays the game, straight, and for all its worth.

Because, you see, he knows that once on the crest, the wave may break; once at the tip of the ladder it's a long, easy and slippery way down. Once you've made your strike, work it with all that's in you, because it won't last forever. He doesn't kid himself.

I listened while he talked of proper publicity to the publicity department. I watched while he dated some of his childhood pictures which were to be used in a story and while he insisted six times over that they were to be returned to him as his mother wanted

them and had no other copies of several and we wrangled over the age he must have been when he was photographed, a baby with a bang, in the arms of a colored nurse.

The colored nurse has probably long since gone to her reward but I am here to state that in the language of 1933 Lee Tracy is still—a *baby with a bang!*

HE has played reporters so much and so often that he sometimes has a notion he is one. A brother—perhaps two brothers, I'm not sure—is in the newspaper business. Recently Lee was talking to the motion picture critic of a great metropolitan daily and the critic asked him, "Hey, Tracy, did you get a load of the story on so and so—" and then broke off to comment, "Lord, I always forget you aren't a newspaper man."

Lee Tracy had thought about that profession while he was deciding between medicine, engineering, law and the stage. In college it might then have occurred to him he could have made that grade too.

I saw a photograph of him at twelve in a baseball suit and a wide grin. Looked to me as if a couple of teeth were missing. I'll bet he was a great youngster, full of the devil. A holy terror, but a good sport and a straight shooter every minute of his life.

What his parents had to cope with, curbing and directing all that wild energy, beggars the imagination. But I'm sure he liked Indians and read adventure stories and led a gang and broke a lot of windows. . . .

But curb and direct it they did; as did the discipline of military school and later of his officers training. But it's all still there, at the drop of the hat.

I checked up on his pictures. "Big Time," "Born Reckless," "Liliom," "Night Mayor," "Blessed Event," "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Half Naked Truth," "Private Jones," "Clear All Wires," "The Nuisance," and most recently "Dinner at Eight."

Remember that scene with his mother in "Private Jones" and a shot or two in the "Nuisance" and the other pictures? Pictures in which he's hard boiled, energetic, go-getting, making you like rascals so much that I told him he was positively immoral, that I never wanted him to reform on the screen. I always wanted him to get away with whatever his screen racket might be. But remembering those other shots, I had a glimpse of another Lee Tracy cropping out through the part he played, and at the right moment. A very nice streak . . . entirely lovable.

And he has courage. There was a time playing in repertory when he was operated on for an accident which, occurring during his military training, had left a piece of steel in his anatomy. One night after the show he collapsed and the next morning the operation

took place. He went on playing . . . but he couldn't dress himself and he couldn't sit down. He was a trouper, even then, as early as that.

If Lee Tracy gets hard knocks he'll stand up to 'em, whether he can sit down or not. And he'll grin. It won't be a resigned grin, however, it will be a fighting grin.

He's a grand person. I like him. I told him so without any further preliminary and I'll tell him so again, now, in cold print. You'd like him, too. You couldn't help yourself, and you wouldn't want to help yourself. You can apply the adjective swell to him about everything but his sandy head.

He smokes a lot. Much of that energy of his is nervous. He wears very elegant trousers pleated at the waist. Gray, the day I saw him. And a very blue shirt. We parted on a street corner, Mr. Tracy en route to buy tickets, as he was leaving for the West the next day. His mother was going with him and they were stopping off to have themselves a time at the Chicago World's Fair. I'll bet they're enjoying it this minute.

That's Lee Tracy, a great guy with no illusions about himself or this bubble called popularity. With plenty of ideas of his own and a swell sense of direction. He knows where he is going. He isn't stopping to sit down on a park bench surrounded by his laurels. He's on his way and he has his route all mapped out. He'll get there. More power to him, is what I say.

Burns and Allen—Meet Them Offstage!

(Continued from page 41)

George: What are you doing tonight?

Gracie: Nothing, but I can't see you because I'm expecting to have a headache.

George begged her to put it to the audience test—just try it out, and if it didn't go over, then they'd let it go. But Gracie didn't want to do that.

ONE night George pulled his half of the gag. "What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

Gracie looked him straight in the face and wouldn't answer. For one solid month, every night out on the stage, George said, "What are you doing tonight," and for one solid month Gracie wouldn't answer. But at last he wore her down, so once, when he asked the question she said, very fast, almost under her breath, with her head tucked down, "Nothing,—but-can't-see-you-tonight—specting-to-have-headache." And the audience howled! It was George's victory.

Now when he tells about it Gracie does her little hands that "Oh-George-there-you-go" way and says, "Yeh, but plenty of times when things weren't good and you wanted them in and I didn't—and I was right."

Well, the hardships of those early days are over now and they can take it

easy and sit back and enjoy life.

George writes the stuff while Gracie goes to the movies (if her eyes would let her, she would see five pictures a day) and shops. I say George writes the stuff but Gracie unwittingly supplies him with much of the material. Here's how Gracie explains that:

"You see, I always tell George he's pretty when there's just us two and he gets all slicked up. I say, 'George, you look so pretty.' And George says, 'It's silly, telling a man he's pretty,' and then he says, 'But it's funny and we'll use it tomorrow night.' So that's how 'Isn't George pretty?' started. And once he was telling me a lot of serious stuff and I laughed and said, 'Oh, there you go,' and he said, 'That's funny, we'll use it!' But I never know what's in until a few hours before we go on."

AND she's so earnest about it and her voice has the same quality and timbre that it has over the radio. She just is Gracie Allen. And if you don't believe it, listen to what happened during the California earthquake. They were working on "College Humor" and when the first tremor came, everybody ran off the stage because you can imagine how dangerous a movie set with all those overhanging lights would be.

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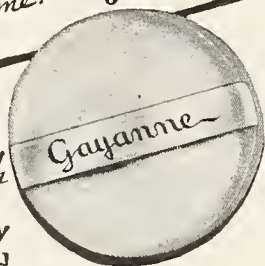


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However, Gracie was calm and collected. She had heard that the safest place to be in an earthquake was a doorway. There wasn't any doorway, but she saw an elevator on the stage—into which she ran. She stood there feeling perfectly safe. When suddenly she looked up to see the enormous lights swaying above her. And she realized that the elevator was not a real one at all but merely a prop—a part of the set—and that she and one electrician, who had not yet had time to scramble down from the parallel, were the only two human beings left on the stage.

She tells that now and laughs and George laughs, too, for he thinks she is about the cutest trick that ever was.

You know the story of their start—how George thought he was the comedian and Gracie was the straight, only to discover that when he read the come-

dy lines, nobody laughed, and when Gracie read the straight lines, they howled.

Honestly, they are just about the nicest little couple you've seen. George looks at the world with such sharp, clear-seeing eyes. Gracie thinks George is clever and brilliant and a marvelous business man and—don't forget—pretty. George is pretty.

Now they are living on the rewards their hard work has brought them. In New York, in their lovely apartment in the Essex House, Gracie and George entertain beautifully. In Hollywood, they have a nice rented house that delights them. But they have to tell each other every night before they go to bed that they'll not wake up in the morning to find themselves in some tank town playing a split week and fibbing gloriously about their next job.

Hollywood's Newest Racket—"Mother's Helper"

(Continued from page 63)

maker of Moscow said—the psychiatrist could scientifically map the child's future—and all for \$50 per masque—the psychiatrist was extra.

Quite a few were made. Unfortunately, no one will ever know how it would have worked out, for two of Mr. Volstead's noney boys got curious about what seemed a plethora of vodka in the masquer's studio. Now it will be six months and \$300 before the process can be resumed.

A flourish of press and radio publicity announced the finding of a baby to play the youthful Maurice Chevalier in a picture. The same announcement said that while Baby Le Roy's infancy had been quite humble, he was now luxuriously established in Altadena, gold-suburb of exclusive Pasadena. A local columnist fixed the salary at \$1000 weekly. This set-up looked too good to be true—a nineteen-year-old, inexperienced mother with a lot of money she was not used to having. And there was a prompt exodus of the sisters in the direction of Altadena.

THE high school-looking mother of Baby Le Roy listened in wide-eyed wonderment when the ladies of the diet and diagnosis pictured a future of certified milk and orange blossom honey for the infant star, providing, of course, that they had the selection of the dairy and nominated the bee queen. But the gathering adjourned when Mama Weinbrenner announced that Paramount was handling the youthful star's cash—paying all bills. And that was that.

The Fredric Marches have two homes, two picture contracts and one adopted baby—a combination not to be sneezed at in these parlous, fifty-percent-off days. For weeks the racketeers chased the Marches from Laguna Beach to Beverly Hills—never to find them home and they finally gave it up. So far as is known, the Marches alone have escaped the baby advisers, but it

took a lot of gasoline to do it.

A side-line of the racketeer is letter writing. No sooner are the expectancies of cinemaland posted—and they are never tardy—than the scribes commence their chorographic approach, enclosing the blue-prints, elevations and specifications of babyland. Through these communications, they seek appointments. Miss Twelvetreasures fixes the number of letters she received before her baby's arrival at over 5,000—and they came from every state in the union and quite a few from Europe.

Lately, there has been a thinning in the ranks of the babyland racketeer. Many have returned to the beaches and boardwalks, where they are once again operating the fortune-telling establishments, whence they came. Because of the general scattering to mountain and seaside homes, during the last summer, the racketeering industry rested up. Many were "reading up"—learning new and impressive medical terms.

Some of the more ambitious were taking English lessons along with a few of their sisters of the screen—trying to get rid of the "I seen" and "he done's," which, when thrown into juxtaposition with "metabolism" and "protoplasmic" in a discussion with youthful mothers, never seemed to be helpful.

But they'll be back! There are the John Gilberts, the Dick Arlens and a lot more to talk to—if the sisters can get past the door-slammer. The baby racketeer figures that as long as the present fashion lasts, there will be more infants, the same big salaries and inexperienced mothers—and, as said once before, "what could be sweeter?"

Incidentally, Hollywood now has a new kind of laundry. The white-clad driver will take the laundry if it's baby garments of the expensive, hand-laundering kind. But under no circumstances will he take any adult's laundry. It's Hollywood's exclusive laundry for the exclusive baby. Wash that off!

What About Lew Ayres Now?

(Continued from page 49)

year—as Ben Lyon and Neil Hamilton have done. Or I might be in two or three downright flops that would finish me off.

"All I can say is, I know I'm at least to have another chance. I've had two or three offers from other studios, and that's what I mean when I say 'I'm not through.'"

Some time ago, it happens that one of the men at the Fox studio told me it wouldn't surprise him if Lew came with them. The team of Ayres and Gaynor in "State Fair" was a mild sensation. And I know that several times after the phenomenally successful "Doorway to Hell," Warner Brothers told him that any time Universal let him go there would be a place for him on their lot.

He has watched the company whose biggest draw he has been let his contract lapse and, in the same year, seen "finis" written to his marriage. It takes a big man to stand up under two catastrophes like those. Disillusioned he is—yes. But bitter? No!

"I'm happier than I've been in three years. That's no reflection on Lola, either. She worked hard to make our marriage a success. But some people are fitted for matrimony and some are not. I guess I'm just one of those who are temperamentally unsuited to it.

"If I'm out riding with a bunch of fellows or playing tennis and feel like having one more set, I don't have to quit now because I know dinner is ready and my wife will be stewing if I don't get home."

Lew is less conscious of his appearance than anyone I know. He had on a pair of old corduroy pants, the pockets bound in leather, an old shirt which had been patched and darned until there was little left of the original. A battered felt hat was pulled down on his head. In one hand he had a bucket of white paint and in the other a brush with which he was dabbing at an arbor.

"If I were married now," he grinned, "my wife would be raising heck because I let even the workmen see me looking like this."

"Speaking of your new-found freedom," I remarked, "how is it that when you were married you'd never go out anywhere at night—no parties, no dinners, never to the Grove or anywhere like that—and since you're divorced I can't pick up a paper without reading that you were here or there?"

"In the first place," he retorted, "those reports of my social activities are exaggerated. I've read several times that I've been at the Grove when I haven't been near the place on the particular occasion specified. I have been to two or three of the night spots, but I think when you're single you *have* to do more of that sort of thing than when you're married. You can't sit home alone night after night or you find yourself becoming stagnant. You must go out once in a while."

HIS companion on these nocturnal excursions is usually Ginger Rogers, and the sharpshooters are hinting . . .

"Are you in love with Ginger?" I blurted, gulping with embarrassment. "Are you two going to marry when your divorce is final?"

"No," he answered positively. "I like Ginger more than any girl in Hollywood, but she doesn't want to marry and neither do I. You know I've always gone with only one girl at a time. And it's nice to know someone well enough to be able to call up in the afternoon and say 'What are you doing tonight?' And it's even nicer to have her know you well enough to say 'Nothing' if she doesn't happen to be busy, rather than have her try to make you think she's the most popular girl in town and insist upon your making dates a week in advance."

He laid down the paintbrush and we went inside to inspect the playroom which was being built. The woodwork is a dark, stippled brown and the walls a rough finish in a lighter brown. Off to one side is a long, narrow bar with racks built behind it for glasses and beer mugs. What he wants with the bar, I don't know. He rarely takes a drink.

"I've saved my money, thank God," he said irrelevantly. "I want to work, of course, but if I don't find the right parts right away I don't have to worry."

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. One of the officials at Universal wanted to tell him they are working on a new deal for him.

Lew's ability to look at facts squarely and in their true perspective is evidenced by his comment when he returned to the living room. "I know they're not going to give me my raise—or even keep me on at the same salary. They've had every chance in the world to do something for me out there—and they haven't done it. If I've got to take a cut, I think I'd be better off at some other studio. I'll be new there and they'll take more interest in me."

He had started his last picture for Universal—"Don't Bet on Love," in which Ginger Rogers played opposite him. Before it was released, there came the offer from Fox. I was anxious to see what Lew would do. Well, he signed with Fox. His first picture with his new studio will be one with Lilian Harvey—tentatively titled "My Weakness." And I'm still anxious to see what Lew will do. I hope he'll find the "smash hit that will put him back right on top." But if he doesn't, I know he's sincere when he says that he'd be content to do good, honest leading man roles for a number of years. And—he *has* saved his money. And he has a much saner, wiser outlook on life—although a somewhat disillusioned one—than the young man who was a box-office sensation two years ago.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 93)

- LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Barbarian," "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight." Next is "The Worst Woman in Paris." Fox.
- LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Captured," Warners. Working in "Secret of the Blue Room," Universal. Next is "Little Women," RKO.
- LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warners; "I Cover the Waterfront," U. A. Working in "I Spy," British International.
- MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight." Next is "Prisoner of Zenda."
- MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Heroes for Sale."
- MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Warrior's Husband," Fox; "The Girl in 419," Paramount.
- MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Tonight Is Ours," "The Eagle and the Hawk." Next is "Chrysalis" and "Design for Living."
- MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "A Lady's Profession," "International House."
- MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "High Gear," Goldsmith. Working in "Three Corners Moon," Paramount; "The Man Who Dared" and "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.
- MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, England, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise," "Evenings for Sale." Next is "White Woman."
- MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "King of the Arena," Working in "Fiddlin' Buckaroo," Universal.
- MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Separated from Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount; "Morning Glory," RKO. Next is "The Worst Woman in Paris," Fox and "Convention City," Warners.
- MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Clear All Wires," "Reunion in Vienna," "Midnight Mary."
- MILJAN, JOHN: Married. Born in Leeds, So. Dak., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Made on Broadway," "Never Give a Sucker a Break." Next is "Fog Bound," RKO.
- MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Starred in "Made on Broadway," "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight." Working in "Another Language." Next is "Two Thieves."
- MOORE, COLLEEN: Married to Albert Scott. Born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. M-G-M player. Featured in "Power and the Glory," Fox. Next is "Turn Back the Clock," M-G-M.
- MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Oliver Twist," Monogram; "Gabriel Over the White House," M-G-M.
- MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Reunion in Vienna," "Never Give a Sucker a Break." Working in "Dancing Lady." Next is "March of Time."
- MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Road to Heaven," "Humanity," "Power and the Glory." Next is "Mad Game."
- MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Gabriel Over the White House," "Dinner at Eight."
- MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie Johnson," Warners; "The Infernal Machine," Fox; "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO.
- MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," First National. Next is "America Kneels," First National.
- MCCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. RKO star. Co-starred in "Rockabye," "The Silver Cord," "Bed of Roses." Working in "The Doctor."
- MCLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, England, December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Rackety Rax," "Hot Pepper," Fox.
- NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life," M-G-M; "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.
- NISSEN, GRETA: Married to Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Melody Cruise," RKO; "Life in the Raw," Fox. Working in "From Arizona to Broadway," Fox.
- NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "5 cents a Glass." Working in "Life Worth Living," Fox.
- NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son-Daughter," "The Barbarian." Next is "Laughing Boy."
- OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "College Humor." Next is "Too Much Harmony."
- OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO player. Featured in "The Great Jasper," RKO; "It's Great to be Alive," Fox. Working in "Only Yesterday," Universal.
- OSBORNE, VIVIANNE: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Sailor Be Good," RKO; "Supernatural," Paramount; "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO.
- O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Canyon Walls," "Life in the Raw," "The Last Trail."
- O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Destination Unknown," Universal. Working in "Flaming Gold," Radio. Next is "The Bureau of Missing Persons," Warners.
- O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," Universal; "Tugboat Annie," M-G-M.
- PAGE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Cage," Universal; "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.
- PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Hell Below," "Made on Broadway," "Strange Rhapsody," M-G-M.
- PICKFORD, MARY: Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Can., April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."
- PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Universal player. Featured in "Out All Night," "Scrappily Married," Universal; "Professional Sweetheart," RKO. Working in "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," Universal.
- POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mt. View, Ark. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933." Working in "Footlight Parade."
- POWELL, WILLIAM: Married to Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Lawyer Man," "Private Detective," Working in "Double Harness," RKO. Next is "The Kennel Murder Case," Warners.
- RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Undercover Man," "Pick Up," Working in "Midnight Club." Next is "Chrysalis."
- RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Zoo in Budapest," Warners; "Rules for Wives," "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia. Working in "Brief Moment."
- ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Little Giant," "Big Shot." Next is "Red Meat."
- ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Featured in "5 Cents a Glass."
- ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Broadway Bad," "Gold Diggers of 1933," Warners; "Professional Sweetheart," RKO. Working in "Rafter Romance," RKO.
- ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Too Busy to Work," "State Fair." Working in "Life Worth Living."
- RUB, CHRISTIAN: Married. Born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Silver Dollar," Warners; "The Road to Heaven," Fox.
- RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Terror Abroad," "Melody Cruise," RKO. Working in "She Made Her Bed" and "Mama Loves Papa," Paramount.
- SALE, CHIC: Married. Born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Lucky Dog," Universal. Working in "Full Speed Ahead," Columbia.
- SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Va., January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Sunset Pass," "Stairs of Sand," "Man of the Forest." Next is "To the Last Man."
- SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."
- SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount star. Featured in "Madame Butterfly," "Pick Up." Starred in "Jennie Gerhardt." Next is "The Way to Love."
- SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "A Lady's Profession," "Song of Songs." Working in "Midnight Club." Next is "Torch Singer" and "Tillie and Gus."
- STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Ladies They Talk About," "Baby Face."
- STARRETT, CHARLES: Married. Born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "Our Betters," RKO.
- STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Born to Kill," "White Sister," "Looking Forward."
- STUART, GLORIA: Married. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "The Girl in 419," Paramount; "It's Great to be Alive," Fox. Working in "Secret of the Blue Room," Universal.
- SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Out All Night," "Scrappily Married." Working in "Love, Honor and Oh Baby."
- SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."
- TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lilly Turner," "Mary Stevens, M.D.," "She Had to Say Yes."
- TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Style," Reliance. Working in "Mama Loves Papa," Paramount.
- TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "The Infernal Machine," Fox; "Goodbye Again," Warners; "The Wrecker," Columbia. Next is "Red Meat," Warners.
- TODD, THELMA: Separated from Pasquale de Cicco. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Fra Diavolo," Roach; "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warners.
- TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Flight," "Stranger's Return." Working in "The Dancing Lady."
- TOOMEY, REGIS: Married to J. Kathryn Scott. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia; "She Had to Say Yes," Warners.
- TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Clear All Wires," "Never Give a Sucker a Break," "Dinner at Eight." Next is "Turn Back the Clock."
- TRACY, SPENCER: Married to Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Face in the Sky," "Power and the Glory." Working in "Shanghai Madness."
- TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "A Bedtime Story," "Disgraced." Working in "Big Executive."
- VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom Fame," RKO; "Hot Pepper," Fox. Next is "Joe Palooka," U. A.; "Malibu," M-G-M.
- WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night," "She Done Him Wrong." Next is "I'm No Angel."
- WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Next is "Tarzan and His Mate."
- WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "So This is Africa," "Diplomaniacs."
- WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Picture Snatcher," M-G-M.
- WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Mind Reader," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Goodbye Again." Working in "Lady for a Day," Columbia.
- WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. RKO player. Featured in "Scarlet River," Professional Sweetheart. Working in "The Death Watch." Next is "Speed King."
- WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "So This is Africa," "Diplomaniacs."
- WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Columbia player. Featured in "Tampico," "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia. Working in "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount.
- WYNARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Born to Kill" and "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Next is "The Fountain."
- YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Zoo in Budapest," Fox; "Heroes for Sale," Warners; "Midnight Mary," M-G-M. Working in "The Devils in Love," Fox. Next is "A Man's Castle," Columbia.
- YOUNG, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Henderson. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live," "Hell Below," "Tugboat Annie."
- YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, England, November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "A Lady's Profession," Paramount; "Pleasure Cruise," Fox. Working in "Fog Bound," RKO and "She Made Her Bed," Paramount.

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"No," Joan said, and told herself stoutly that was true.

"Is he in love with you?" Valerie persisted.

"No." That, certainly, was true!

"Well — what's it all about, then?" her sister probed.

"I think I shall marry him," Joan said very casually, as one might say: "I think I'll take that hat."

"Marry!" exclaimed Valerie, "Why, my poor deluded sister! You'll discover that John Fletcher has something quite definite in mind — but it isn't marriage."

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