

LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

January 35

10
cents



*Anna
Sten*

Beginning in This Issue

THE TRUE LOVE STORIES OF FOUR FAMOUS STARS

Snap out of it...!



WHAT you need is a glass of Ballantine's Ale. It will make you feel like a new person as it takes away that squeamish feeling you've had ever since breakfast. Did you know that ale is good for the digestive system? Well, it is. Ale contains natural carbonic gas. Carbonic gas—in natural form—is an aid to digestion and this is why a glass of Ballantine's Ale will help put you right back in the running when you've had too much of the wrong food or drink the night before. The next time you thirst for a really great drink—order Ballantine's Ale.



Snap out of it with this finest of American ales. Have a case sent home today from your grocers, delicatessen or dealer.

"America's Finest Ale" since 1840

BALLANTINE'S ALE

TRADE MARK

P. BALLANTINE & SONS, NEWARK, N. J.

Why is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private **BEAUTY CONTEST**



BOTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin*.

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a

dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

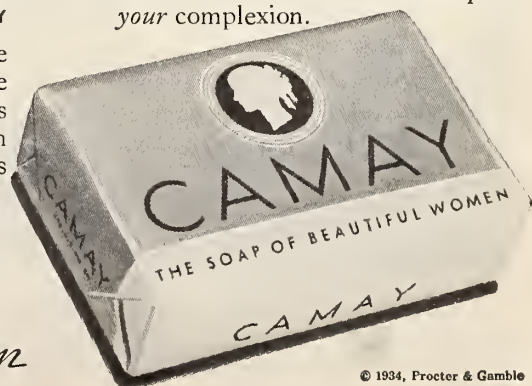
Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is

wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Modern Screen

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 ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

DAVID COPPERFIELD



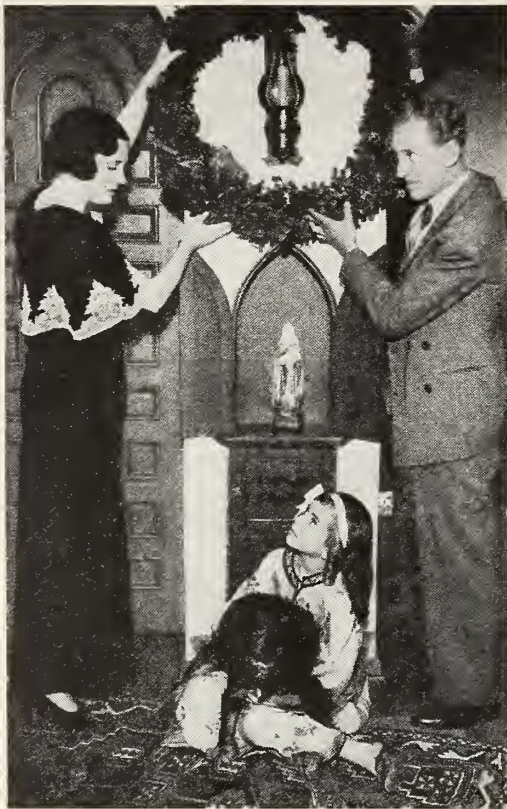
ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO • Goldwyn • MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK



When people drop in during the Christmas holidays, give them a real treat and serve your own delicious cookies and cakes

By Marjorie Deen

(Left) The Krugers—Otto, Sue and little Otilie—plan for the Christmas holidays. And Mrs. Kruger knows just what pleases little kiddies' tummies and grown-ups' as well. (Right) First of all, there is her Applesauce Cake, which is deevine when served à la mode. (Below) Fruit Cakes made of Mince Meat are everyone's delight.



Courtesy Borden's None Such Mince Meat

The Modern Hostess

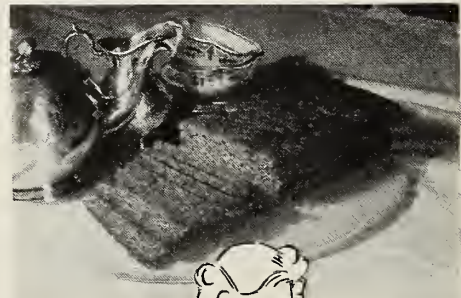
DO you remember the tragic day when you were told that Santa Claus was a myth? I can assure you that the knowledge that Santa did not exist came to me as life's first major disillusionment. Why, I remember crying bitterly and thinking that Christmas would never, never be the same again. And for that matter, it never was.

I was reminded of it the other day while I listened to Otto Kruger discussing little Otilie's Christmas list with his attractive wife, Sue. Otilie, their only child, is a charming, well mannered youngster of eight. And you can just imagine the kind of things she had written down for Santa Claus to bring.

"Does she still believe in Santa Claus?" I asked in some surprise.

"Ssh!" said Sue. "She might hear you. Of course, she believes in Santa Claus!"

"Ssh!" interrupted Otto, mockingly, "Of course she doesn't. It's this way," Otto went on, "I claim that we still don't know who's fooling who. Sue thinks we're fooling Otilie. But I'm con- (Continued on page 85)



Courtesy Kaffe Hag



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That's Papa in the rumble-seat...but where's his shot-gun?



We'd like to take up the merrie olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—but toosweet not to mention.

Ever whistle "Why Was I Born?", "Here Am I", and "Don't Ever Leave Me"? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you'll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before—all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame to Hollywood.



And while the orchids last, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Louis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn Le Roy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!



For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.' Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

IRENE DUNNE in "SWEET ADELINE"

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63—on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashinglly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY



Beauty Advice

By Mary Biddle



This year, make your gifts useful ones. And what will give your friends more pleasure than a tastefully selected perfume, a new lipstick or an attractive compact?

LIVE way beyond your means . . . in spirit! That is the code of the woman whose hours are filled to the brim with happiness, friendships, and love. It is your code for the New Year if you want to develop your personality, and radiate charm and magnetism.

A famous woman of many years ago once said, "Only a great beauty can afford to look unhappy." Perhaps you are looking unhappy and worried right now about your Christmas-giving problems. Maybe you're trying to eke out gifts for a difficult Christmas list on an aggravatingly limited budget, and you're finding it hard to be very joyous-spirited about it. Well, so are we all! I have some gift suggestions, however, that I know will prove both budget and worry savers to you . . . so do write me. I don't know of any better way to achieve a lot by giving a little than to give a beauty aid and to put as much wealth of thought and originality into it as you can. There is no greater aid to a woman's inward spirit, to send it soaring upward in joyous confidence, than the knowledge that she is looking her loveliest. It is one of the greatest blessings of modern times that manufacturers of beauty products have given us products that the nickels and dimes and quarters are equal to purchasing. And it should prove an especial blessing around Christmas time, too.

Already I can hear you protesting that you don't know the shade of powder or rouge or lipstick that Virginia or Jane or Gertrude should use. Maybe they don't either. That's where the fun and the skill of choosing your gifts comes in.

Let's take a few examples of people I know, and perhaps you'll find duplicates of their types among your friends. There's colorless, mousey little Jane, who comes first to my mind when I think of people my fingers simply itch to get at with a satisfying shade of rouge and lipstick. She really needs some sort of a stimulating gift to inspire her to "get out of herself." She needs a bright

coral shade of rouge and lipstick instead of the medium-dark shade she wears (her skin is very nice, so she can afford to call attention to its fine texture with vivid make-up); and a luscious peach-blossom shade of powder; and I think I'll venture several shades of eyeshadow, too, probably in green and violet, as her eyes are a gray-green. Maybe she'll blossom out like a new person.

Then there's Virginia, who has had such heartbreakingly tough sledding this past year, and hasn't been able to keep up on the beauty end of things at all. Think what a complete beauty kit would mean to her, with creams to smooth away her worry wrinkles, and skin tonic to tone up her pores; powder the right shade for her freshened skin, and rouge to put the proper bloom in her cheeks. We know of several kits most attractively made up and priced for the Christmas season. You can, of course, assemble your own complete kit, if you prefer, from among the excellent products available in economical sizes, and pack it in a gay Christmas box with a cheery sprig of holly. Whether you've a "Virginia" on your list or not, this makes an acceptable gift to any or all of the feminine contingent you are remembering this year.

Incidentally, I'm going to tuck in Virginia's gift kit a small bottle of exciting perfume (maybe a couple of bottles. . . . I've found such alluring perfumes at such really alluring prices). It is a recognized fact that perfume has tremendous power over the mind and emotions. Even a case of the doldrums may be cured by it. What better little "uplift" gift for the spirits than that?

Let's see, now, Margie is on my list, too. She works such terribly long hours, and has an apartment to keep spic and span besides. As she aptly describes it, she is "dead on her feet" by the end of the day. I can't think of anything that she would love more than all the accessories for a luxurious, relaxing, soul-revivifying bath; fragrant water softener, lavish (Continued on page 81)

Change your beauty code for a Merrier Christmas

RKO - Radio's Christmas Gift to the World



Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the

Katharine
HEPBURN
in **"THE LITTLE MINISTER"**

by SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

With JOHN BEALE and ALAN HALE

An RKO-Radio Picture

Directed by Richard Wallace • A Pandro S. Berman Production

fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness... all its pain... blended in love's old sweet song!



"WHY JEAN! How did you ever get so slim?"

... and then she revealed her secret!



"I Purchased a Perfolastic Girdle... wore it for 10 days on trial, and in a very short time I reduced my hips 9 inches, and my weight 20 Pounds!"

Reduce...
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... or it will cost you nothing!

"REDUCED from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...says Miss Brian... "Messages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... says Mrs. McSorley.

■ Such enthusiastic comments as these from so many Perfolastic wearers assure us that YOU, too, would be delighted with the wonderful results obtained with a Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere. Therefore, we want you to try them for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny...try them for 10 days...at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 531 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

between you and me

Friendly Advice

Will someone please tell me what is happening to Ruby Keeler's eyebrows? They look like a couple of misplaced moustaches. There is such a thing as being too natural, you know. Won't someone tip her off?—A Kind Friend, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Wassa matter with Ruby Keeler's eyebrows?

If...

Things I'd do if I were the "it" man of Hollywood:

Take that painful expression off Anna Sten's face.

Give Bing Crosby a good leading lady.

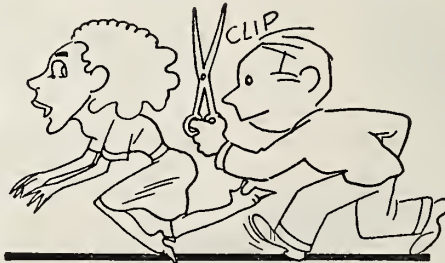
Show Katharine Hepburn how to comb her hair.

Let Garbo go home.

Make a habit of co-starring Crawford and Gable. They give us thrills we can't forget and thrills are what we want. They've got what it takes to make our emotions bubble. And nuts to you censors who tried to wreck "Chained" for us but couldn't.—Movie Fan, Iowa.

Outspoken

If you ask me, the censors are nothing but an ignorant bunch of dried-up crab apples. Just look at what they've done to "The Green Hat" (now called "Outcast Lady"). At one time it was a wonderful story but now it's just another rotten pic-



Hepburn's coiffure doesn't suit him.

A Bit of Praise

I can't contain myself any longer—I simply must tell you how enthusiastic I am about your magazine.

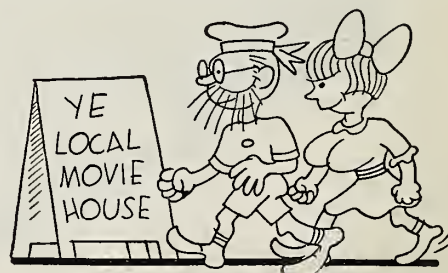
Especially big, fat compliments are in order on your fashion department which is different from any other and much more interesting. I particularly enjoyed Maureen O'Sullivan in the November issue, possibly because I'm about the same type. We've been rather slighted lately in favor of the glamor girls. Tough when you're less than 5 feet tall and look about as exotic as a ham sandwich.

Would it be possible to have Dareos do a little "future-squinting" for David Manners? He must have a future of some sort, but most of the seers seem to overlook it. Won't you have an interview with Manners soon?—Frances Shelton, Oakland, Calif.

(Thank you, thank you. A Manners story? Why not. We'll try to do that little thing for you right soon.)

Impressed

After all the heavy, sexy pictures of recent years, it is indeed a rare pleasure to



Are the movies exclusively for kiddies?

see one like "One Night of Love." Its wholesome, clean romance, its humor and wonderful music, and the marvelous voice of Grace Moore make us forget the dreary lives many of us lead. Truthfully, I was never so impressed nor have I ever experienced such a feeling of ecstatic joy as I did when I heard the divine voice of Miss Moore.—Mrs. V. Orloff, Stratford, Conn.

Neither Angel Nor Hoyden—Ginger Rogers

I'm for Ginger Rogers because I think she is primarily an actress. What I mean is that she is never the same in any two pictures. When one has seen some of these much extolled ladies of the screen in one picture, one has seen them as they will be in all pictures—they are types. One goes to see, say, Miss G. and one knows that one will see "sweetness, nobility, girlish candour et al, personified, no matter what the theme of the picture. Or we go to see Miss H., and here again one can be certain

Your chance to tell US a thing or two

that archness, devil-may-care and general nuttiness will run rampant throughout the whole film. But to my mind, one never knows beforehand what Ginger will do because she acts her part and doesn't live up to any prescribed formula. We should certainly see her at the top before long.

Well, here's to Ginger, a relief from all the sweet darlings and blood-and-thunder females. She seems to strike a sane, happy medium that is refreshing and wholesome.—Ina Vernon, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

(And thank goodness the public is beginning to recognize her marvelous talent, for she is fast coming into her own on the screen.)

What About Lew Ayres?

I want to take up the case of Lew Ayres. Remember how excellent he was in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Common Clay"? Lately he has been in such mediocre vehicles as "Cross Country Cruise" and "Let's Be Ritzy." In the past two years the only really good role he had was in "State Fair." And now I have just witnessed him as a Janet Gaynor hero in "Servants' Entrance." To my notion, a hero of a Janet Gaynor picture is about

as useful as a hero in a Mae West film, which is nil.

Lew Ayres deserves better breaks than that. I thought when Fox took him over, it would mean something worth while; but I can well imagine what the forthcoming "Lottery Lover" will be like, as the very cutey-cute "Pat" Paterson is in it. It seems horrible to think that a personality can be killed like that, but three or four such pictures will definitely end Lew Ayres' career.—J. David Brandt, Wellington, Kansas.

(There's lotsa truth in what you say.)

In Praise of Ann Harding

I sincerely feel that Ann Harding is the greatest actress on the screen today. "Vergie Winters" has been called indecent by the clean-up societies, which to me, is absurd. There could be no more beautiful love than that of Vergie and John Shadwell. The critics should learn to tell the difference between real indecencies and the art which prompts an actress to portray life as it really is.

Miss Harding is never cheap or tawdry in her portrayals. Her emotional scenes are always fine and sincere. I predict a lifelong career on the screen for Ann, for she

is truly a "Gallant Lady."—Mrs. G. Kemp, Erie, Pa.

What About LaRue?

Every department in MODERN SCREEN is interesting. Every story is expertly written with a deep understanding of human emotions. Every portrait is a thing of rare beauty. It surpasses costlier movie magazines from every point of view.

But . . .

If MODERN SCREEN knew that every time yours truly buys a copy of the magazine, she turns its pages and actually prays and hopes that the next page brings a portrait or a story, or even some news of her favorite, Jack La Rue, it would make sure that its fan would get her wish.

For Jack La Rue, the actor whose brutality made us shiver in "Temple Drake," who was so sweet and kind and gentle in "A Farewell to Arms" and so dashing and romantic in "Terror Aboard" has a million dollars worth of talent.—Rose Liggio, Bronx, New York.

(We've been deluged with letters from a great many of Jack's faithful friends and admirers who want stories and pictures on him. We'll try awfully hard to do something about it.)

(Continued on page 95)

TWO BRILLIANT STARS IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" charmed you! "LADY FOR A DAY" won your acclaim! "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" gave you happiness! The same producers now give you the charm and joyousness of all in this grand and glorious romantic comedy!



WARNER
BAXTER

MYRNA
LOY

IN
"Broadway Bill"

A FRANK CAPRA Production

By ROBERT RISKIN Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER
with WALTER CONNOLLY—HELEN VINSON

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

They Visit New York

By Regina Cannon

THIS department went, clankety-clank in New York's oldest taxi, to the opening of "The Merry Widow." Truthfully speaking, we went as close as said oldest taxi could get to the Astor Theatre, in whose plush-and-gilt interior the opening took place. And then we pushed our way into the lobby, and used a shoehorn at that. For Broadway was packed tight with "dreat bid" limousines bearing celebrities, officials from two broadcasting chains, Mr. and Mrs. John Public, hanger-onners and starer-atters. From which hectic paragraph you probably gather that the opening of "The Merry Widow" was the biggest event

of the month. And the swankiest.

You gathers right, Amos. It was not only big, it was beautiful. The star herself was there in person—Miss Jeanette MacDonald—looking almost as if she had stepped out of one of the scenes in the picture. Her ensemble for the evening is best described by the word quaint, which style the now-very-slender MacDonald carried off effectively enough. Helen Hayes was there with her very brilliant and slightly mad husband, Charlie MacArthur. Ernst Lubitsch (with ceegar) was there. Major Edward Bowes of the famous Capitol Family. Colleen Moore. Your

old friend, Mae Murray. All these celebs were, each in his turn, hidden under swarms of autograph hounds and more whom we didn't see at the time because we neglected to bring our stilts.

The picture? Oh yes, we finally saw the picture. And we must say that Herr Lubitsch hasn't lost his touch. We also must say that, as a star, Chevalier is a swell leading man. It's Miss MacDonald's show, everybody, in spite of satisfactory work by Monsieur Chevalier and excellent bits by Una Merkel, Edward Everett Horton, Sterling Holloway and Minna (Continued on page 96)



(Left) Major Edward Bowes, Jeanette MacDonald and Colleen Moore attend "The Merry Widow" premiere in New York. (Right) Kay Francis arrives from a European vacation, looking particularly gay and charming.



Their Studio Addresses

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
 Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, Calif.
 Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Sonto Monico Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
 Monogram Studios, 1040 N. Los Polmos Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 Poromount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 RKO-Rodio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Twentieth Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formoso Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
 Warner Bros.—First Notional Studios, Burbank, Calif.

AIERNE, BRIAN: RKO-Radio.
 ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
 ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
 ALEXANDER, TAD: M-G-M.
 ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
 ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
 ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
 ALLWYN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
 AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
 AMES, ROSEMARY: Fox.
 ANGEL, HEATHER: Universal.
 ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 ARLISS, GEORGE: 20th Century.
 ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
 ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Monogram.
 ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
 ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
 ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
 ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
 ATEs, ROSCOE: Free lance. Write him at Warners.
 ATWILL, LIONEL: Monogram.
 AYRES, LEW: Fox.
 BAER, MAX: Paramount.
 BANCROFT, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
 BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
 BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
 BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
 BARRIE, MONA: Fox.
 BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
 BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
 BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
 BAXTER, JANE: United Artists.
 BAXTER, WARNER: Fox.
 BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
 BEECHER, JANET: 20th Century.
 BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
 BELLAMY, MADGE: Fox.
 BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
 BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century.
 BENNETT, JOAN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
 BERGNER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
 BEST, EDNA: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
 BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 BIRELL, TALA: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
 BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
 BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
 BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
 BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
 BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
 BOLES, JOHN: Fox.
 BOURNE, WHITNEY: Paramount.
 BOW, CLARA: Fox.
 BOYER, CHARLES: Fox.

(Continued on page 84)

Very Important IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN



It must be Gentle!

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women...they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause

pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

good news . . . ?

Could He Manage Her?

THE reported romance between Margaret Sullivan and John McCormick is intriguing Hollywood for a couple of reasons.

First because the tie-up is bringing Margaret out into the open. 'Tis even rumored that she is willing to give interviews to the panting press. Just as important is the fact that it was John McCormick's marvelous business ability that sky-rocketed Colleen Moore to dizzy heights when Colleen and John were married. If he should take over the management of Miss Sullivan, there is no telling *what* might happen to the gal.



Because an actor lighted his beard in place of his cigarette (almost ruining said beard, to say nothing of said actor) the Hollywood prop boys are trying to discover a way to make asbestos beards that will *look* hot but not *get* hot. Some fun.



All the little youngsters who fought for the chance to work in the final Technicolor ice cream sequence of Eddie Cantor's newest, "Kid Millions," are now confirmed cynics. When it came time to eat the ice cream, the kids found that the delectable looking dish set before them contained colored mashed potatoes, instead of ice cream. It wasn't that Eddie or Sam Goldwyn pictures begrudged the cost of the ice cream. But you can imagine what the studio lights would do to a frozen dessert.

However, the noisy protests that ensued, following the discovery, almost stopped production on the lot. The sound stages are built sound

proof, but nothing could withstand such a racket. The kids finally won and real frozen dessert was passed.

OF course you're read about the break-up between Gary Grant and Virginia Cherrill—but we have a hunch you don't know the reason. Most of the Hollywood columnists have been sending out flashes with the real "lowdown," but so far, none has given out with the right dope.

The actual cause for the split was the fact that the couple couldn't come to any decision as to just how they would fix the budget—how much Gary was to give Virginia for "pin money" and a few more such bits of trivia. Sound like home?

Ending the Depression

C. Aubrey Smith showed Hollywood the way last week. It seems that C. Aubrey has had his chauffeur since the first day of his arrival and the other evening he heard that the driver was about to lose his home for failure to pay a \$3,000 mortgage. The actor dug deep and paid off the pesky bill so that his cap-and-goggles would have a spot to rest in after the long day.

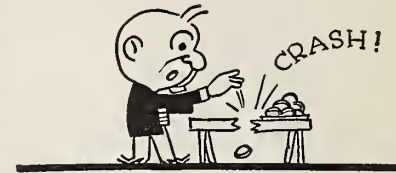


When Carole Lombard moved over to M-G-M studios for "Repeal" she expected, of course, to have some marvelous clothes designed by Adrian. Imagine her surprise to receive a note the first day telling her that Adrian would be unable to design Miss Lombard's clothes on account of so many productions in work.

Many and varied are the reasons rumored: (1) that he is *actually* too busy. (2) That some of the regular stars on the lot went to the designer and begged him not to work for Lombard.

Whatever the reason, Adrian hasn't put foot on the Lombard set and she has another designer working

on her clothes. Wouldn't it be funny if she should gain the reputation of starting a flock of new styles as a result?



Joe Morrison, who introduced "The Last Round-up" and hit the movies as a result, pulled the prize dodge of the week. After a bridge game at the home of a friend, the host rushed to the stove and threw together a batch of biscuits which proceeded to "fall" with a thud. Joe, upon seeing the result, decided he hadn't had any dinner and must not eat any of the biscuits else his meal would be spoiled. As he left he smiled, "I hate to eat and run. So I won't have any, thanks."

THE gent who designed the swell looking dressing rooms over at Paramount must have got an earful when they found this out: the new quarters were built, primarily, because of the need for more room. When the building was almost ready for the stars, someone discovered that the designer had completely forgotten to build in closets. They had to be added after completion and now the big rooms are just as small as the old ones were.



Francis Lederer is worried. Some gal in Turkey, whose family for centuries have sold their women into harems, wrote him to offer to become his "slave" for one hundred pieces of silver!

"I will be a perfect slave for you," wrote the lady. "I have been trained in all the graces and virtues . . . I will be faithful and obedient . . . I can

Nice hot news! Come and get it! Come and get it!

good news . . . !

dance like the flames and I will bathe your feet in perfume water. 100 pieces of silver is my purchase price." Mr. Lederer is scared. He says, "If she will come for that price—maybe she'll just come anyway!"

MRS COLUMBO is still too ill to be told of the tragic death of her son, Russ. Every day she receives a beautiful box of flowers with a card: "From Carole and Russ with love."

Carole Lombard was much in love with Russ Columbo and she is doing everything possible to help the family in preventing his mother from hearing of his death while there is yet danger such a shock would be fatal.



The most conspicuous thing about George Raft's dressing room at the studio is a huge picture of Virginia Pine. We looked real close and found the following writing at the bottom: "To George Darling, with all my love, always." The face in the photograph is beautiful, but Virginia has her finger in her mouth and Georgie says it reminds him of Baby LeRoy.

The dressing room is brand new and George has been wondering how such a swell room was passed up by the rest of the gang so long. The secret is out. Every time Raft pulls a door knob or a dresser drawer, the knob comes off in his hand. We're guessing the gang put Georgie on the spot. That's why the dressing room was still vacant when he got around to make his choice.



Rumor has it that Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur are expecting. There is much clapping of hands.

'Tis said that Helen will refuse any further picture assignments until the little one arrives. If the studio remembers their first (Act-of-God) baby, we have a strong hunch they will allow her the vacation without a quibble.



Cora Sue Collins reads all the newspapers and, what's more, remembers what she reads. The other dinner hour, she pulled the following to prove it:

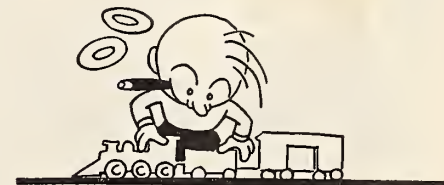
"Mama, I'm getting worried about Greta Garbo."

"And why is this?" smiled mama. "Well," sighed little Cora Sue, "I see in the papers where she is having her twenty-eighth birthday today and she isn't married yet. You know, I think maybe Greta Garbo will be an old maid!"



Bing Crosby wishes, now, that he hadn't had the twin's nursery built right next to his and Dixie's room. They take turns at yelling . . . Terrible news for Harlow: a European camera artist arrives to say that the new color-pictures will do away with platinum blondes, because they look too artificial . . . Dietrich's daughter, Maria, has learned the tricks. When the news cameramen try to snap them, now, Maria covers her face, too . . . Leo Carrillo caught a 300-pound fish and sent it to a food station for the unemployed . . . Fred Perry, tennis champ, made some cracks (aside) to the audience during the tennis match that didn't help his local standing any . . . 'Tis said that Kay Francis' new heart is an Italian count, which should count out

Chevalier. Sorry! . . . The dog house being built for Dick Powell's new home will be an exact replica of the main house . . . Helen Mack, Maureen O'Sullivan and Mary Doran all at the hospital for tonsils . . . Director Mervyn LeRoy is getting a nursery ready for next spring . . . Hal Rosson, ex of Jean Harlow, is seeing the sights of London with the Countess Gargen . . . Hollywood is watching with interest the fact that Gilbert Roland has been palling around with Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall. It should have *some* result.



Jack Oakie was sore. Here he was, one of the most invited guys in Hollywood and he had yet to see the inside of the gorgeous \$250,000 Lubitsch mansion. He asked the director why he never invited any of the "younger set." Lubitsch replied: "I should be delighted to have you come over and bring some of your young friends." He then promptly forgot all about it.

Jack didn't. A few nights later he rounded up Mary Brian and Helen Mack, got them all togged out in kids clothes, bought a flock of toys and descended upon Herr Lubitsch for the evening. "We kept him up almost all night, too," smiled Oakie. "We had him trying to learn how to run a toy train."



Wonder what Connie Bennett thought when the judge in that famous scandal case in New York made the remark: "Who is the Constance Bennett who has been mentioned? I never heard of her."

Our ear-to-the-ground department has been mighty busy

And Contents Noted

Remember a grand story called "William, Bill and Willie" which ran in MODERN SCREEN a few issues back? It was about William Powell and it was written by Walter Ramsey. Well, when Bill saw the story, here's what he did:

At 12:38 p. m. on a certain day, he sent Walter Ramsey a wire:

SANS REPROCHE

William

At 12:41 p. m. on the same day, he sent another wire:

SPLENDID

Bill

And at 2:38 p. m., also on the same day, he sent still another wire:

SWELL

Willie.

Arlen Plays Cop

Dick Arlen, the "mayor" of Toluca Lake, is going to draw up

some new rules to handle the traffic. I mean, since the public heard the rumor that Garbo was playing tennis and swimming out at George Brent's place, the whole district has been over-run with autograph hounds.

'Tis said that Mr. Brent is up in arms at the "silly rumors" to the effect that he and Greta are like this . . . but we-uns is takin' all that with a bit of a pinch of salt.

Venable Still Fancy Free

Evelyn Venable's papa won't have to worry about his little darter getting married for a spell yet. Ever since Evelyn came to Hollywood, Papa has been fretting about her stepping off the deep end before he has a chance to make a great Shakespearean actress out of her.

Her romance with Cameraman Hal Mohr has been going hot and heavy for weeks (with Papa on edge) but

Evelyn has broken it off for good now and has wired home to say that "all's well." Ho hum.

Good Trouper

The "Evelyn Prentice" company had been rehearsing one particular scene for hours. Just as they started with the camera grinding, however, Isabel Jewell brushed a lighted cigarette against the wall and the lighted end flicked off on her shoulder.

The scene was a long one but Isabel didn't say a word to spoil it until the director called "Cut." It was found, then, that she had suffered a terrific burn and blisters had already developed! That's the kind of courage that prompted the phrase: "The show must go on."

Sweet Alice

When Rudy Vallee first came to Hollywood he wanted most to meet

good news

Alice White, his favorite on the screen. Alice would not hear of it at that time for she was much in love with her present husband, Cy Bartlett. Now Alice is going to appear in Vallee's new flicker, "Sweet Music," and they have forgotten all about those early days. Besides, Rudy is probably thinking of Alice Faye now.

Reunion for Bruce-Gilbert?

John Gilbert is still hoping, according to the very latest reports, that he and his fourth wife, Virginia Bruce, will get together before divorce separates them for good and all. They had three "secret meetings" last week to talk the thing over and reporters finally got a statement out of Virginia, the estranged wife: "Yes, we did get together . . . sort of . . . but don't ask me any more questions. I met him at his request and we talked a while. As for the future, you never know."

Hollywood is hoping they do reconsider and try again. If Gilbert would be a real good boy, the general opinion is that they should live



Hollywood always seems to be giving a party for Emanuel Cohen of Paramount. Here he is again, celebrating with Mae West (wotta celebration!) and Gary Cooper, who apparently is looking for wife Sandra Shaw among the guests. (Below) Rudy Vallee, who is busy on one Warner lot making "Sweet Music," visits another Warner set where Gloria Stuart is at work on "Golddiggers of 1935."



happily ever after. Personally, we'd cheer for it.

"Annerring"

"The President Vanishes," which promises to be a very swell mood picture, is going to cost a flock of dollars more than the studio planned. This is how: when the script was okayed some weeks ago, everything was fine, but since the picture was finished, the happenings in Europe have actually paralleled some of the fiction and all those scenes have to be re-shot! The author must have played a hunch.

Around Hollywood

The same day that Nat Pendleton fired his bodyguard, Jack Oakie hired one . . . One of the sensational dresses Carole Lombard will wear for "Repeal" is made of cellophane and it's driving her crazy. Did I say driving her crazy? . . . Bette Davis and her

husband are driving east for a rest . . . Ann Harding has the whitest skin of any star in Hollywood . . . Mary Pickford gave a party to welcome Harriet Hctor, the dancer.

Brave Man

Believe it or not, an assistant director was the one who finally tamed La Hepburn. The other day, while on location, our little "Spitfire" was holding up production by dallying with her lunch. Everyone stood around waiting . . . no one able to muster the courage to step up and tell Hepburn off.

At last the assistant took his life in his hands and, oddly enough, Katie took it with a grin and went right to work.

Beware Sinclair

Bill Powell, who is spending a fortune on his new house, refers to it

consistently as "Upton Sinclair's Summer Home" . . . and Hollywood seems to think he's kidding. But it's not so funny! More like "half kidding, whole earnest."

Bye, Bye Party

Loretta Young gave a swell bon voyage party for Fred Perry, the tennis champ, before he boarded the boat for Australia. Loretta used her whole family to help make the party a success and see that her reported "heart" got a grand send-off. Both Polly Ann and Sally were there and the Clover Club rang to the rafters with the laughter and fun they all had.

The very next night, Loretta made her first appearance over the radio. And was she scared! She and Ronnie Colman did a scene from their "Clive Of India" and it went over great. Not (Continued on page 59)



Ronald Colman and Loretta Young, stars-to-be of "Clive of India," take part in a "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast. (Below) Still going together—and going strong. Bill Powell and Jean Harlow at Wrigley Field wrestling matches.



Little David Jack Holt, staying up late for the Emanuel Cohen party, asks Mary Boland to help him read the menu. (Below) The gossips haven't caught up with this romance yet—Helen Mack and Charles Irwin, at a preview.



Look who's back in Hollywood! None other than Pola Negri, looking grand. She's with Henry Wilcoxon, at a Cocoanut Grove party. (Below) Our own associate editor, Regina Cannon, leaves on the Century for Hollywood.



Modern Screen Dramatic School

Katherine Albert tells how to overcome self-consciousness

HOW can I overcome self-consciousness?

What can I do when stage-fright possesses me, my hands get hot and my mouth goes dry?

These are the questions that all of you with theatrical ambitions want answered. Even if you are minus those ambitions you probably will be interested. Honestly, I've lain awake nights wondering what I could tell you that would satisfactorily answer those questions. For I, like you, perhaps, have read those very profound books on the subject and found them, for the most part, sheer, unadulterated bunk!

Then I began talking to stars, directors and casting directors about you self-conscious ones, and I think that I have some specific, workable advice to give. It was a famous executive who put me on the right track. "How can I teach my MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School pupils to get rid of embarrassment," I asked. "How can they rid themselves of stage-fright, self-consciousness—call it what you will? Surely, they can't succeed unless they're free from these bugaboos."

"Why not?" he answered. "Do you call Joan Crawford a success? Norma Shearer? Garbo?"

And then a great light dawned upon me. By golly, Joan Crawford is one of the most self-conscious girls I know. She suffers agonies every time she meets a stranger. In reality she is much more frightened of adoring little fans who beg for her autograph than they are of the Joan Crawford they worship. And Norma Shearer! Such stage-fright as the poised, self-assured, apparently dignified Shearer suffers. Every time she starts a new picture she is tortured by doubts and fears. She won't do it well,

she argues with herself. The part doesn't suit her. Another actress would have been much better. Thus go her thoughts until, before she knows it, she is in the executive's office weeping hysterically and begging him to call off the film. She does this about every new picture. Now the M-G-M execs are superstitious about it and feel if Norma doesn't go through a certain amount of terrific stage-fright, the film won't be any good at all.

I could go on and on telling you how nervous the stars are when they are working before the camera or meeting new people. I'll bet that you won't find ten men and women in Hollywood who are completely free from self-consciousness.

"But how," you ask me, "will all this help me? Misery loves company. Very well, but can that help me overcome my self-consciousness?"

No, it cannot, but it will teach you a great truth. Most of the stars are terribly self-conscious and they have succeeded. So, first of all, don't consider self-consciousness such a formidable foe. It isn't nearly so bad as you think it is. Unless someone told you, could you possibly imagine that Joan is self-conscious? Shearer? Garbo? Gloria Swanson? Clark Gable? Carole Lombard? Gary Cooper? Ricardo Cortez? Una Merkel?

Isn't it true that these people have fooled you for years? That they all seem to be the essence of poise and assurance? Very well, then, if they can fool you, you can fool other people. If they can hide their self-consciousness so can you, once you get it into your head that you do not appear to be as self-conscious as you actually are! Try, too, to realize that when
(Continued on page 88)

I should like to organize a dramatic society in my home town. Please tell me how to go about it.

Name

Address..... City.....

State

(Please print name and address and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply)

Famous actresses and prima donnas are subject to stage-fright, too. Remember how nervous and frightened Grace Moore was in "One Night of Love" when she made her operatic debut? Tullio Carminati and Jesse Ralph had all they could do to calm her.





Ever-Glamorous

Will Garbo the Great, who reached new histrionic heights in "The Painted Veil," sign a new contract with M-G-M? Hollywood is debating the question and the affirmatives seem to be winning. It is said that the mysterious star greatly enjoyed making her latest picture due to working with George Brent, her leading man, whom she found so attractive. If La Garbo signs a new contract her next will be a talking version of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina." She and John Gilbert appeared in the silent interpretation of the Russian tragedy when it was called "Love." We could stand seeing a new version, what?



Thoroughbred

The lovely Ann is now doing "Enchanted April," an ambitious piece for which she is singularly suited. Along with her other high aims she has a yen for writing, is no slouch of a linguist and is a thoroughly accomplished pianist. She knows no fear and consequently will drive anything with a motor attached. Her complete devotion to her home is due, no doubt, to the fact that her childhood was lived in various army posts. You know, of course, that her father was General George Grant Gatley. Fort Sam Houston, Texas, is her birthplace.



Charming

A quiet life and hard work is what Gene craves at the moment. He's had a hectic summer and possibly that explains his yearning for solitude. So with a book in hand and a lot more on his shelves, he's settling down to enjoy a period of seclusion. His friends have dubbed him "The Hermit," but that matters not to Gene. He has finished "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," and is now doing "Behold My Wife," with Sylvia Sidney. A busy man, indeed. What, no romance? Guess not. His career seems to be the thing these days.



Blonde Menace

Did you know that independently wealthy Claire Dodd had no intention of pursuing a film career? The truth is she took a screen test for fun while visiting a friend in Hollywood. Result: a contract. So alluring does she find filmdom that she's been in pictures ever since. She preserves her gorgeousness by sleeping twelve hours a day and living quietly. She never uses make-up off the screen, never diets and is a fresh air fiend. Happily married to a successful realtor, she finds life good. You saw her last in "I Sell Anything."



Imp

He portrays mean kids but is really a very sweet youngster. He's unspoiled, too, thanks to his mother, who says thumbs down on anything that might swell his head, such as reading his own fan mail and going to a swanky private school. No, indeed, Jackie goes to public school and is a regular fellow. He's captain of his class baseball team, and vows he will be a star pitcher on a professional team when he grows up. His latest picture is "Peck's Bad Boy," in which he scored a tremendous hit, notwithstanding the good work of Jackie Cooper.



Britisher

It must have been a trick of fate that brought to the American screen this young Britisher, for it was by sheer accident that De Mille discovered him. The director's chance glimpse through a peephole in the room where Wilcoxon's test was being made decided his choice of an Antony for "Cleopatra." His next picture is "The Crusades." A recent exhibition of his paintings in London attests to the fact that he is an artist of no little ability.

A touch of HANDS — A change of HEART!



1 *Frigid*



2 *Temperate*

IF you were a man, could you get a thrill out of touching a dry, chapped hand? You know you couldn't—it's the dear-little-smooth-little hand that gives *him* a romantic feeling. . . .

This winter, keep your hands thrillingly smooth! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will help you. Hinds *soaks* the skin with rich soothing oils—quickly relieves chapping and gives velvety texture! This is because Hinds is much more than a "jelly." It is the *penetrating* liquid cream—it lubricates deeply with quick-working balms.

Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream after you've "washed things out," also at bedtime! See how *quickly* Hinds gives you silken-smooth hands!

As fragrant . . . rich . . . as the liquid creams costing \$2 at expensive beauty salons. But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream costs only 25¢ and 50¢ at your druggist, or 10¢ at the dime store.



3 *Melting*



4 *Hot!*



Hinds
Honey and
Almond Cream

By Adele Whitely Fletcher



Men...!

(Below) Ann Sothern, Sylvia Sidney, Myrna Loy and Miriam Hopkins are the four girls who confess to you certain secret love episodes in their lives. Myrna, Miriam, Sylvia and Ann. One is the Girl with Flyaway Hair. Another is the Girl with Lovely Eyes. The third is the Girl with the Strange Beauty. And the fourth is the Girl of the Orchids. But which is which—you'll have to discover.

What do women talk about when they get together? Men! Men who have loved them. Men whom they have loved. Men who have made unpleasant advances toward them. In two revealing articles, four beautiful stars confess—without disclosing names, of course, for the sake of good taste—certain episodes with certain men.



THAT new man. . . .

For weeks Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood had been in a dither. The feminine part of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood, anyway. The new man in town, come to play in pictures, of course, was *something!* Everything in fact! He laughed with his eyes. And, as if that wasn't enough, his personal history proved him gallant and brave. Interesting looking, rather than out-and-out handsome. Darn well-made. With an easy manner of wearing expensively casual clothes.

The men of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood were stymied. They couldn't laugh this newcomer off as they would have liked to do. He was no sleek, hand-kissing gigolo. He had their instinctive approval. At the club. Over backgammon and bridge tables. On the tennis courts. At dinner parties.

A new man in any suburb causes excitement, affords a social impetus, inspires loads of parties, and sets fathers—and husbands—to wrinkling their foreheads over bills for new dinner dresses.

In Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood life follows the suburban pattern. To a T. Except that here the advent of a new man is likely to cause even more commotion than it does anywhere else. The girls in the movie suburbs largely outnumber the eligible men.

When the Girl With Flyaway Hair returned to the film colony after a holiday she found the chase well on.

"My dear," fairly screamed a friend who spied her coming into the hairdresser's, "wait until you see him! You won't be any calmer than the rest of us!"

That evening in the Beverly-Wilshire dressing-room, between dances, the girl met another of the new man's admirers. A somewhat older woman. On the screen she played society matrons and smart divorcées. A quick, frank, discerning woman.

"Well," she sighed, dropping into a chair, "you did pick an unfortunate time to be away, I must say. You've never known such dinner parties as we've been having, angel! For the new man, of course. I don't mind telling you, I'm exhausted. If he wasn't starting work on his picture and hadn't announced he wouldn't go out again until it was finished, I'd leave for Arrowhead or La Quinta. In self-defense. Because I'd never in this world have the will power to stay home from a party if he was

to be there. And an old girl like me has to think about rings under her eyes.

"Come to think of it, maybe it's just as well you aren't likely to meet him until things have calmed down somewhat. He'd fall for you. Men always do. You look so . . . oh, so innocent and wicked all at once. As if you didn't know it, angel! And I do believe, without a doubt, the other girls would start a pogrom against you!"

The Girl with Flyaway Hair was pleased. Her little hands went fluttering among the curls at the back of her head.

"We'll see. I have an engagement with this marvellous creature. Tomorrow morning. At nine o'clock."

The older woman pursed her lips. "Angel!" she exclaimed, but with an incredulous note. She knew, you see, that he had been out on the desert ever since the girl returned and that the following morning he started work on his new picture.

"You don't believe me?" the girl taxed her.

"Why, Angel. . . ."

The girl laughed. "We're to be in the same picture," she explained. "That's why I came back."

The attractive matron snuffed out her cigarette. "Of all the lucky girls! Of *all* the lucky girls!" She sighed. For her lately departed youth. And others things, too, no doubt. "Imagine Angel, you'll have him *making love* to you!"

Angel shook her head. "You sound like a visitor from Dubuque. You know perfectly well love scenes aren't any more exciting or romantic than any other scenes. Part of the day's work. Nothing more."

"Not always. . . ." A little excitement beat in the matron's voice. Some memory lit tiny flames in her wide gray eyes. "Not always, angel. . . ."

THE opening sequence of that picture—a very gay, sophisticated and successful picture which appeared on neighborhood screens about a year ago—was laid in a smart and ultra-modern drawing-room. One entire side of that room, overlooking a flagged terrace, was windows. White predominated. There were sofas and deep low chairs complemented by glass smoking tables. And all about there were great crystal bowls of lovely garden flowers.

It was a beautiful background (Continued on page 90)



What will happen

By
Harry
Lang



MAE WEST



CLARK GABLE

Dareos, famous Hollywood seer, tells

What Dareos Prophesied

Two famous stars, blonde and brunette, will divorce, despite vigorous denials.
Unprecedented number of divorces, among them three famous female stars and two male stars.

Babies (be even specified twins) will be born to many stars.

Scandal looms hugely.

Death will come to three of the screen's best-loved players.
Serious injury to Gary Cooper, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe in a plane crash.

The return of prosperity to the movies. New companies and new stars.

SUMMARY: In Dareos' predictions for 1934, there were 61 items. Of these, 47 came true. 2 were incorrect. And 12 are inconclusive as this is written. Dareos' score: 77% correct; 3% wrong; 20% inconclusive.

What Happened

True in every detail. Harlow and Kay Francis. Correct. Landi, Hepburn, Chatterton and Colman and Gilbert. Others include Laura LaPlante, Sue Carol, Adolphe Menjou, Gloria Stuart and countless others.

Right again. Twins in the Crosby family and babies to Sally Eilers, Frances Dee, Dorothy Jordan, Jack Dempsey, Joan Bennett, Robert Young, Joan Blondell and Clara Bow "expecting" as this is written.

One might say that the entire motion picture industry was scandalized in the vigorous censorship campaign which blazed headlines throughout the entire world. Organization heads were severely criticized. Pictures were banned in wholesale numbers, many stories lost all entertainment value in an effort to purify the movies, some of our best loved stars were practically ostracized because of past pictures and severely warned about future films, and many writers who had offended the powers that be were denied all studio cooperation.

Very, very true. Marie Dressler, Lilyan Tashman and Lew Cody.

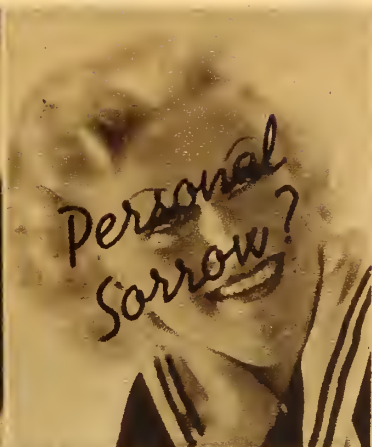
Death for Lilyan Tashman. The rest untrue, as this is written.

Correct. Box-office receipts prove the truth of this statement. The old Biograph Studios in New York have started life anew. Hecht-MacArthur and Walter Wanger have begun new producing units. While Grace (Continued on page 83)

to them in 1935 . . . ?



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



JEAN HARLOW



HERBERT MARSHALL



BING CROSBY

you what "the stars hold in store for the stars"

ONCE again, Dareos, Hollywood's fortune-teller-to-the-stars, makes his annual predictions for MODERN SCREEN.

Readers who have followed his forecasts for the past four years have learned the amazing accuracy of his prophecies. He has predicted marriages, births, deaths, and divorces. He has foretold, with uncanny accuracy, the fortunes of the screen's great and near-great, with respect to their professional as well as to their private lives.

For many years, he has been a confidante of some of the screen's most glamorous figures. There are certain producers in Hollywood who will not make a major business move without first consulting him. There are stars—both men and women—who go to him regularly, and in whose homes he is treated as "one of the family."

AS a result, he knows the real truth about these people—their hopes, their plans, their dreams, and their secrets. On this knowledge, as well as on what the stars and his crystal tell him, he has based these annual forecasts for MODERN SCREEN. You have only to read the box on the opposite page to realize how remarkably successful his last year's predictions proved to be.

And so this year, he delves once again into his bag of secrets and tells us these things:

That 1935 will bring movie fans the triple tragedy of the deaths of three more of their most beloved players.

That both England and television will give Hollywood great competition. That television will make amazing strides and inroads into the motion picture industry, and that England, as a movie-producing country, will go skyrocketing to such an extent as to give Hollywood many a headache. Furthermore, many American stars will go there to make pictures.

That Myrna Loy will be 1935's outstanding screen sensation. That Joan

Crawford will marry; also Janet Gaynor, Bill Powell and Carole Lombard. That Garbo will be called to Sweden by the illness of her mother, which will end in death. That Clark Gable will be the target for an over-ambitious mother's love-plot. Here's a list of the screen's most outstanding people and some of the things Dareos says will happen to them during 1935—or within the first few months of 1936:

Garbo will leave M-G-M to make independent productions. She will be called home to Sweden by the fatal illness of her mother. Her own health will suffer. There is no great picture for her and her career will show definite signs of decline. There is no love affair and no marriage.

FOR John and Dolores Barrymore, the year is beset by accident and robbery. The stars indicate a serious accident to John, either aboard his yacht or at the wheel of an automobile. John will make one big English production. There is continued serenity and happiness in their domestic life.

Lionel Barrymore's wife faces the most serious illness of her life in 1935. Lionel himself is threatened with physical collapse.

Either in the early spring or late fall, Claudette Colbert will be the victim of some occurrence of personal violence—either accidental or a deliberate attempt to harm her. Threat of scandal overhangs her. Profession- (Continued on page 82)

He was a Problem

By Harry Brundidge

**Fredric March says,
"I might have been a
gangster!" He stole.
He was a hellion.
Mothers who weep
and pray over bad
children—read this**

March as the noble-looking Browning of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."



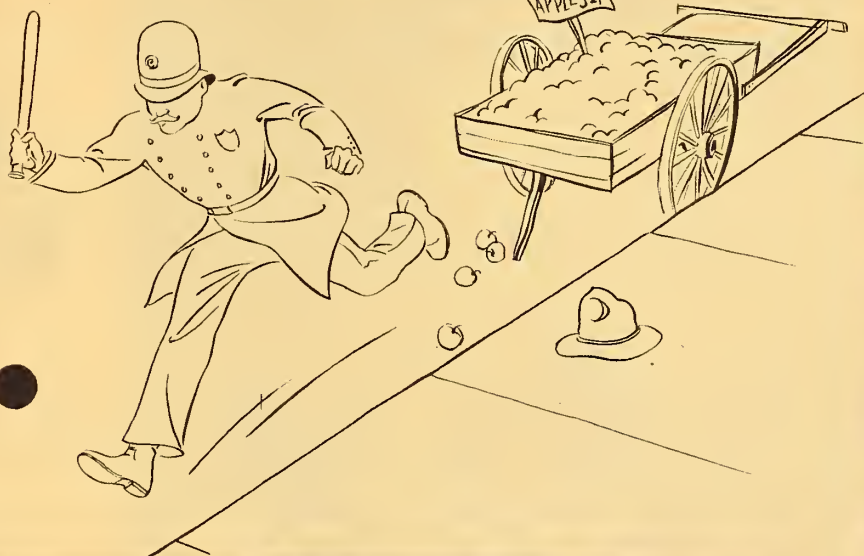
FREDRIC MARCH was what we call, nowadays, a problem child. He was considerably worse than mischievous. The neighbors weren't fooling when they opined that he'd never escape hanging. Nowadays, if parents have a problem child and enough money, they call in a psychiatrist and have the child's mental innards overhauled. But if they haven't enough money or cannot get hold of one of these mind-doctors, the father usually administers lickings and the mother sheds bitter tears and prays pathetic prayers and wonders whatever will become of her boy. Or, perhaps, if they are really sensible about it, they summon their faith in the good Lord and the potent influence of a good home to set the young devil on the right path. Look back upon your own youth. Perhaps you did some pretty terrible things. So do most young people—especially boys. Listen to Fred's story, as he told it to me.



Fredric March 'crumpled the motion picture' section of a newspaper, crushed it into a ball with strong, bronzed hands, and pitched it into a convenient waste basket. Freddie's face was flushed, his eyes were flashing fire. He reached for and obtained a drink.

"Hell's bells!" he ejaculated. "I'm damn well sick of these sissy stories about little Freddie March."

Child



Fred—about eleven—with his father, an understanding and kind gentleman.



In the earlier sequences of "We Live Again" with the beautiful Anna Sten.

"That paper had another one. It related how I used to speak pieces and make weekly trips to the bank 'to deposit twenty-five or fifty cents, or whatever he managed to save from his small allowance.' Allowance, my eye! What dough I got my hands on in my boyhood I obtained from picking rags, bottles, iron and paper out of ash pits, alleys, and back yards and hauling the plunder in a home-made wagon to the junk dealer, where I sold it.

"I was a tough kid, back in Racine, Wis.


"I stole chickens, vegetables and canned goods. From the age of seven I did *all* of the things for which boys are now dragged into the juvenile courts. One day I stole a complete stove from a junk dealer, for installation in a club house. our gang had constructed from stolen lumber. I recall that I congratulated myself on having graduated from petit to grand larceny.

"Had it not been for circumstances, and the environment of a good home, I, too, might have been a gangster—and a good one!

"I say 'I too' because some of my boyhood pals turned out to be thugs and yeggmen.

"Stories of my life have always pictured me as a sort of gutless wonder," he continued. "In every instance, the rough spots have been glossed over. The old theory that truth is stranger than fiction, and a darned sight more interesting, seems to have been forgotten. The truth is that I've lived an interesting life. I've tasted the bitter and the sweet. I've starved. I've walked the soles off my shoes looking for work. I'm going to tell you the truth—all of it—and I hope you get it published. I'm sick and tired of the nonsensical stuff that's been printed."

(Continued on page 100)



In the garden of Blunderstone Rookery, David and Dora speak of love.

David

Cast

David (as a boy). FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
David.....FRANK LAWTON
Mrs. Copperfield.....ELIZABETH ALLAN
Mr. Murdstone.....BASIL RATHBONE
Barkis.....HERBERT MUNDIN
Mrs. Gummidge.....UNA O'CONNOR
Micawber.....W. C. FIELDS
Uriah Heep.....ROLAND YOUNG
Agnes.....MADGE EVANS
Dora.....MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
Aunt Betsy.....EDNA MAY OLIVER
Mr. Wickfield.....LEWIS STONE
Nurse Peggotty.....JESSIE RALPH
Dan Peggotty.....LIONEL BARRYMORE
Steerforth.....HUGH WILLIAMS

From the M-G-M picture. DIRECTOR GEORGE CUKOR and PRODUCER DAVID D. SELZNICK. From the novel by CHARLES DICKENS. Screen play by HOWARD ESTABROOK and adaptation by HUGH WALPOLE. Fictionized by KATHERINE ALBERT.

"Mr. Murdstone, sir, don't," David cried piteously.
"Pray don't beat me. I've tried to learn, sir."



Copperfield

Wherein the shattered fragments of a tortured childhood are slowly healed by the mending threads of true love

DAVID COPPERFIELD saw Mr. Murdstone for the first time in church. Later it occurred to him how ironic was this righteous background. It was a lazy summer Sunday. He and his beloved widowed mother and the good Peggotty, their one servant, were happy together in the little English church. David felt quite pleased with life until he saw Mr. Murdstone looking at his mother and, small boy though he was, he recognized a repellent quality about the man. He shuddered and drew close to his mother's fluffy skirts.

"That man," he whispered, "he's like the black panther in my animal book, Mummy."

"Hush!" she whispered, "that's a friend of Mama's."

Forever afterwards, every time he looked at Mr. Murdstone he saw only the sneaking, slinking black panther whose likeness on the picture-book page terrified him. But he soon realized that he did not know what real fear was until Mr. Murdstone came to live at his and

his dear Mama's home. The man terrified him.

It was all very confusing and he did not know at the time why he was being hustled off in a cart, driven by a certain very willing Mr. Barkis, to visit Peggotty's relatives in Yarmouth. David couldn't see why his mother stayed behind but Peggotty told him that she was going to visit friends of hers. David accepted this explanation and made the most of his trip, without knowing that it was to be his last real happiness for years and years.

But he was happy with Peggotty, Ham (Peggotty's nephew, a redoubtable fisherman), Mrs. Gummidge (always complaining), Dan Peggotty (Peggotty's brother), and, best of all, Little Emily, the sweet small girl who showed David the wonders of the beach and, more wonderful still, the house in which they lived. Only it wasn't a house at all. It was an old barge, high and dry on the beach, turned bottom side up with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney (*Continued on page 61*)

It was all very confusing to David. Why was he being hustled off to Yarmouth? Why must he leave his mother?

"That man! He's like the black panther in my animal book, Mummy." "Hush, David, that's a friend of Mama's."



ZaSu Pitts' "hidden" personality may surprise you



(Left) W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts, a pair of picture-stealers at their trade, on the set of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



Sad, Shy and Meek

(OH YEAH?)

By Carter Bruce

YOU know ZaSu Pitts' personality on the screen—shy and school-marmish, highly moral, completely bewildered by life, so much so that the least upset throws her out of stride and leaves her feebly wringing her hands and whimpering, "Oh, dear, oh, dear."

Perhaps you've heard, too, how different she is off the screen—a highly attractive woman, dignified and well-dressed, much in love with her new tennis-champion husband, Thomas Woody, and simply mad about her home and friends.

I've often wondered why nobody has written about another side of ZaSu Pitts that I know. The only reason

why it remains such a deep, dark secret, it seems to me, is her dread of publicity. Even if she only meets a newspaper or magazine writer on the street, she lies awake nights for a week wondering what he is going to print about her. It's a mania with her. She is actually terrified of print.

THAT'S the only explanation, so far as I can see, for her never having been painted for you in her true colors. As for me, I think she's the worst hell-raiser in Hollywood. How they ever finish a picture at all, when she's working in it, is a mystery (*Continued on page 80*)

What's Wrong with the Man?

Has love put Franchot on the spot—personally and professionally?

By Martha Kerr

UNTIL yesterday, I had never met Franchot Tone. But I had a couple of very definite impressions of him: the first, gleaned from his appearances on the screen, was that he was the most consistently inconsistent actor in the movies, with a tendency to alternate four-star performances with very mediocre ones. My second impression came from his publicity which, intentionally or unintentionally, presented him as probably the dullest young man in Hollywood.

It is one of my duties to keep abreast of the prominent players. Yet I have never been able to get past the first few paragraphs of a Tone interview, whether it concerned his life or his personality.

When he first came to Hollywood, the best the writers seemed to be able to "angle" out of him was a play on his name. I remember one or two of the stories were titled: "Now We Have the Right Tone in Pictures" or "Tone-ing In on a New Screen Lover!"

Immediately following the title, the reader was quickly assured that nothing sensational or dramatic would be forthcoming on the subject of Mr. Tone. He was a gentleman and, as such, did not discuss his intimate affairs. So, in place of the popular, human-interest slant, those curious about Franchot were treated to a set of facts about his birthplace (Niagara Falls), his excellent family tree, his Cornell University education and a list of several Broadway hits in which he had appeared in pre-Hollywood days.

The second Tone publicity cycle began and has, apparently, ended with Joan Crawford.

NO sooner had it become apparent, following her divorce from Doug, Jr., that Joan was interested in Franchot, that his name was coupled constantly with hers: Ham 'n' eggs, Amos 'n' Andy, Mike and Ike, Joan and Tone were all in the same category of related thought, absolutely inseparable. (Continued on page 76)



(Above) Portrait of a young man whose name has become inseparable from the name of a glamorous person named Joan Crawford. (Below) Gary Cooper and Dick Cromwell with Franchot Tone in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



IS such a thing possible? Can a star have a favorite fan? People all over the world are constantly writing letters to their screen favorites. How about the other side of the picture? Out of this host of more or less regular correspondents does a star ever have an outstanding favorite? Someone whose letters set him apart from the crowd. Letters which command attention. Which win, for him or for her, first place in the star's affection and esteem.

In general the stars will tell you that there is no fan in whom they are particularly interested. But Claudette Colbert is an exception. She really has a favorite.

As we talked about it her manner was puzzling. At one moment she was eager to tell me all about it. At the next she shook her head. She couldn't!

Then Claudette did a startling thing. She threw back her head and laughed. When she caught her breath she apologized.

"Excuse me," she said. "But I can never think of how it started without laughing. It wasn't funny at the time, I assure you. I was furious."

"What is his name?"

CLAUDETTE glanced at me sharply. Her face clouded. Then mischief began to dance in her eyes. She jumped up and hurried from the room. In a few minutes she returned with a packet of letters. She winked at me slyly as she untied the blue ribbon.

"I know the other person so well," she said, "that I'm sure it will be all right. He won't mind my showing them to you."

I read the first one:

Watonga, Okla.,
Sept. 9, 1933.

MY DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Enclosed is a story which will suit you perfectly. I, of course, am the author. I am also one of your fans. Quite accomplished, what?

Well, anyway, I never miss any of your pictures. But I'm weakening. The record is about to topple. If you appear in any more stories like the last two, it shall definitely topple. Would you like that? No, my dear lady, neither should I.

And this is not all. Your acting is slowly becoming affected with the mediocrity of your yarns.

It misses. Would you mind, for instance, stopping that annoying little habit of wiggling your little finger every now and then, please?

Poor, indeed, is the man who can only criticize. I come to the rescue. The enclosed manuscript is your salvation. If you fail to read it what will I think? I'll think that you think it is impossible for a man of letters to be also one of your fans. Your pride quivers at the thought.

Therefore, I remain.

Devotedly yours,

DANIEL KECK.



Claudette's Favorite Fan

How one fan won a spot in

Claudette Colbert's heart

By T. B. Fithian

not going to read the gibberish of that smart-aleck." I had the article in my hand. After glancing at the title I turned to the last page. After the final paragraph the author had written, 'I wonder if Miss Colbert will read this? Who knows?'

"Such a cheap trick. Authors are constantly using such devices, sticking pages (Continued on page 71)

Claudette was scrutinizing my face when I looked up after reading it.

"Of course," she smiled grimly, "it was impossible to read that manuscript. I have an ironclad rule never to read stories sent to me by strangers. If I didn't I'd be simply swamped. My secretary has her instructions. Return all manuscripts with the suggestion that they be sent directly to the studio. Also a word of thanks. But this time she broke the rule.

"I had just crawled home from the studio. When I say crawled, I mean crawled. I was nervous, irritable, exhausted. All afternoon we had to do a heavy emotional scene over and over again. I came in, kicked off my shoes, and sank on the divan. My secretary showed me that letter from dear Mr. Keck. I glanced at it. You can guess my reaction. It wasn't designed especially to soothe one's jagged nerves. I forget exactly what I said but my secretary turned pale. She replied, of course, that she'd answer the letter in the same tone in which it was written, but she didn't budge. She stood there. Timidly, she held out her other hand. It was the manuscript. 'It's good,' she offered lamely. 'Really, Miss Colbert, it's awfully good. You should read it.'

"I flew into a tantrum. 'For Heaven's sake,' I raged, 'leave me alone. I'm

Rough, Ready and Regular

**Unactor-like Vic McLaglen
—his life reads like fiction**

By Cyril Vandour

ONE of eight brothers known as the "Fighting Macs," Victor McLaglen has worked and scrapped his way around the world.

Born in London, this burly son of the late Right Reverend Dr. Andrew McLaglen, an English bishop, was the toughest kid in school and the despair of his gentle parents. Not being what teachers call a bright boy, he ran away from home and school at the age of fourteen to join the Life Guards, passing for nineteen.

The herculean mould of his physique determined his long career as a bruiser. His son Andrew, aged thirteen, is a chip off the old block, and already towers six feet one, within two inches of Vic's own height. Vic's brothers are all hefty fellows, each one well over six feet. The old bishop who sired this restless brood of giants was six feet four.

Life with Vic began at fourteen. While his schoolmates were still cramming for their exams in Latin and trigonometry, he was a swaggering man of the world, knocking around with troopers who had seen active service, smoking strong tobacco, and at nights, after the day's back-breaking drill, bawling lusty regimental songs over tall mugs when, as he says, "beer was beer." In a company noted for its scrappers, he won a reputation as a two-fisted guy of slam-bang action, one whom it was dangerous to provoke. And somehow, contradiction though it seems, retained a certain boyishness which he has to this day.

His boyishness struck me as the most attractive of his traits during the time I spent with him on the set of his recent starring vehicle, "The Captain Hates the Sea," at his manorial estate in Flintridge, and on the drill ground of his colorful Light Horse, in trying to pick up the material for this yarn.

(Continued on page 68)



WANTED: A



By Katharine Hartley

for Kay

● To Europe sailed Kay seeking a panacea for heart-break and loneliness

Her remedy: Will it be leisure?

IT was while Kay Francis was married to Kenneth MacKenna that I asked her what was her most sincere ambition. And it wasn't one of those thought-out, "well-let-me-see" answers that she gave me. Her eyes lighted up, and the answer sprang from her heart.

"I want to be a good wife. That's all. That's the thing that's important. What do personal ambitions, material successes mean compared to the happiness of loving and being loved? Nothing. At least they mean nothing to my kind of woman."

And then, in less than a month, Kay was divorcing Kenneth MacKenna. It was the most surprising divorce of 1934, just as it had been the most surprising marriage, when, three years ago, Mr. MacKenna abducted Kay from her hospital bed. Everyone had agreed that it was a marvelous marriage. How sensible and sane those two were about it. Hollywood just didn't touch them. Kay had been married twice before, but the third one worked like a charm, and was charming. And

then it had ended quickly and quietly and without much fuss in a divorce court!

Kay refused to talk about it. No writer ever really got the true story. There weren't very many lines printed about it because there was nothing to print. The world shrugged its shoulders and said, "Oh, just another one of those Hollywood divorces. It doesn't mean anything. That was her third, wasn't it? Kay Francis will be married again before the year is over."

And, indeed, it looked as though she would be. Kay was going places with Maurice Chevalier. And she was smiling and acting as gay as usual. A few of us who didn't look very closely thought that she looked even happier than ever! Then Chevalier went to Europe, and a few weeks later Kay sailed for the same destination. The marriage will be any day now, the gossipers said. What an attractive couple! What a thrill for the American press! Kay denied it all, but she laughed and looked happy even when she said, "That's (Continued on page 77)"

Remedy for Heartbreak

By Juliette Laine

for Virginia

● To work
rushes Vir-
ginia crushing
memories of
an ill-starred
marriage



Her cure: Will it be a new career?

"I'M working because I want to. Work is the only cure for heartache, the only intelligent, civilized thing to do. Life nowadays is too big, too wonderful, for any normal woman to collapse in the midst of the debris and confusion of a shattered romance or a broken marriage. In our grandmother's day a woman dramatized her broken heart. In fact, it was expected of her. She either pined away and died, or else she lived on and became a nuisance to everyone around her. It wasn't lady-like to do anything else!"

Virginia Bruce looked like a little girl as she sat there on the chaise longue in her dressing-room, confiding in me. The deep garnet tone of her swank Charvet lounging pyjamas accentuated the camellia-like whiteness of her skin and the soft, deep blue of her eyes. Her hair, long and uncurled, hung down her back in quaint Alice-in-Wonderland fashion.

As I sat there, silently admiring her, I remembered a conversation I had had with John Gilbert, just before

their marriage. How thoroughly happy he was then.

"She is marvelous!" he had said again and again. "There's no one like Virginia in all the world! Her temperament, her strength of character, are magnificent! Above all, Virginia personifies peace and tranquillity; a contentment of heart and soul that is a wholly new experience for me. I have been through all the turmoil, all the fire and fury of love and marriage, but never until I met Virginia did I know the happiness of peace! I feel like a shipwrecked man who has been clinging to a spar, and then suddenly finds himself washed ashore in a beautiful, sheltered haven. Virginia's sweetness, her sympathy and understanding, are beyond belief!"

AS I looked across the room at this girl who had meant so much to the Great Lover of the screen, yet whom he had lost after so brief a while of happiness, my heart ached for him. What, after all, was it that had come into the midst of their (Continued on page 86)

Three famous stars and an equally famous director worked together in "Forsaking All Others!" How did they get along, or did they?

Read what happened

By Walter Ramsey

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH

**Joan, Clark
and Bob**

WHEN Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery were announced as the stars of "Forsaking All Others," under the ace direction of "Woody" Van Dyke, the local gossip columnists assumed their favorite cat-that-ate-the-canary expression, and sat back and waited for the worst to happen.

Everybody was going around asking everybody else if he'd heard what Van Dyke (of "Thin Man" direction fame) had said about Joan Crawford's penchant for playing Bing Crosby's records on the set? Of course, everybody had. Mr. Van Dyke, who fears neither man, beast nor glamorous movie star, had said he'd be a blank-blank if any star of his was going to play that so-and-so gramophone on the set while he was trying to concentrate. And it was also whispered that Mr. Van Dyke had intimated to close friends that he would go through life just as happily if he never directed a Joan Crawford picture.

The Crawford camp wasn't taking all this lying down

either. Someone who had a friend who knew Joan quite well reported that Joan had said Mr. Van Dyke was probably a very nice man, who had never slapped his grandmother or stepped on a flower in his life, but he wasn't the only director in Hollywood, even if "Thin Man" had broken all box-office records for a program picture.

AND then, of course, there was that fascinating angle of Mr. Clark (star) Gable and Mr. Robert (equally-starry) Montgomery doing their stuff in the same picture. For some time now, the Hollywood commentators have been debating the pros and cons as to whether Clark upset Bob's apple cart when he came along on the M-G-M lot, or whether Bob had taken the edge off Clark's popularity.

And who was to get the girl? The most important male in the picture always gets the girl and, obviously (see Hays' morality rulings), Clark and Bob both





All Hollywood hummed with excitement the day artists Crawford, Gable and Montgomery started work in "Forsaking All Others." Would Director Van Dyke approve of Joan's ceaseless gramophone-playing? And what about the old billing problem? You'll be surprised. (Extreme left) Crawford and Gable do a love scene. (Above, right) Bob Montgomery arrives on the scene. (Below) Clark, Joan, Charlie Butterworth and Billie Burke.

couldn't have Joan. That just wouldn't do.

And what about the billing? It is stipulated in Joan Crawford's contract that her name shall always precede the title of any picture in which she appears. And Bob and Clark both have star billing clauses, too. Of course, Bob and Clark had always appeared to be very good friends, but then they'd never been together in the same picture with a woman star before. Some of the best friendships in Hollywood have been broken up over less strained conditions than this.

Yes, take it any way you want to, it looked like a gossip's Roman Holiday on the "Forsaking All Others" set, when and if the exciting experiment ever got under way. Believe it or not, but the scent of excitement was so keen that three local newspapers and plenty of magazine writers put in requests to be present on the initial day of shooting—or the shooting of anything else that happened to come up, like Miss Crawford picking up her gramophone and throwing it at Mr. Van Dyke's head,

or Bob and Clark amusing themselves by slinging Joan's Bing Crosby records at each other.

The first shock was the arrival of Mr. Van Dyke himself at the studio gate. Now "Woody" usually shows up in an old sweat-shirt with nothing more formal than a cap atop his artistic head. But this day he was all dressed up in a brand new gray sports suit, a jaunty fedora and a handkerchief protruding fashionably from his pocket. It was the handkerchief that got them. Someone observed: "Maybe 'Woody' thinks it would make a better press note to say: 'The corpse was nattily attired when the body was discovered!'"

THE second shock came when the gateman reported that Joan Crawford in her brand new white Ford, Clark Gable in his roadster and Robert Montgomery in his sports model phaeton, had arrived on the lot almost simultaneously—all a good half hour before they were expected. Oh, well, the cynics (*Continued on page 74*)

THE AUTHOR TALKS ABOUT HERSELF

I am small, brunette, and do not look like an author. I wanted more than anything else of life to be an author. This, I had heard, required a variety of experiences. So I up and joined a carnival show and wrote *Ballyhoo*, joined a burlesque troupe and wrote *Applause*, went to New Orleans and wrote *For Men Only*, went abroad and wrote *Wedding Ring*, went to Hollywood and wrote for the movies, and hoboed across the continent, with only a dog for a companion, to write *Lady Hobo*.

I love my work. I love red hats, seamy faces, ten-cent stores, smart clothes, watermelon, swimming, my red-haired mother, Broadway, fine etchings, midnight movies, polo, and corn on the cob.

By Beth
Brown



When Guy Kibbee was forty, he was making only \$37.50 per week, playing character roles in a Lincoln, Nebraska, stock company. Today, at fifty, he has the starring role in Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt," with Aline MacMahon as his co-star — a fine team.



Is it too late to attempt a career

(Above, left) It was long after she had passed the fifty-year mark that May Robson was a success—in "Lady for a Day." Her latest film with Carole Lombard is "Lady By Choice." (Directly above) W. C. Fields suffered terrific financial losses at fifty and turned to the movies in despair. He made good. His latest film is "It's A Gift," with Baby Leroy. (Above, right) At fifty-five, Alison Skipworth doesn't have any desire to retire. She loves her work and wants to keep right on with it. She's in "Here Is My Heart." (Extreme right) Sir Guy Standing, another exponent of the work-as-long-as-you-can theory, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Life Begins At

4 YOU read about the copper king who shot himself. You read about the big fight promoter who couldn't take it. You read about the rich realtor who walked out on his secretary—straight through a window forty stories above the street.

But you didn't read about the actor going dramatic.

The Depression had brought business to its knees—and show business was included. But you didn't hear a murmur from the show folk themselves.

As you walked down Broadway past the Palace Theatre, you couldn't fail to notice the empty curb, where, for years, vaudeville artists had congregated in excited clusters. As you wandered up Theatre Row, you couldn't fail to notice how many of the legitimate theatres were dark.

You weren't so concerned about the younger players. They could become dress models and soda jerkers. But what about the veterans? How were they breasting the storm? Well, maybe they had money in the bank or a snug annuity for life or a house out in the country.

Sometimes, Nature, in order to make a human being stop spinning, provides an illness as a brake. The dark page of the past is turned forever. The patient emerges to the bright page of the future. So it was with Fields. Paramount was waiting with a contract. His brand of humor caught the public fancy.

Now he tells the world that "any idea I may have had of retiring at fifty must have been a mistake. The bank closed to punish me for wanting to be idle. And when I wept over that misfortune, Fate broke my neck. I want Fate to know that I don't regret the bank failure or the broken neck and that no further accidents will be necessary."

MAY ROBSON accepts the challenge from glamorous and alluring competitors to take from her the popularity which has only come to her in her later years.

"I'm packing," she said hurriedly, "so I really haven't very much time to talk on the subject. I came East to attend the christening of my great-grandchild and I've



at 50? Of course not. These troupers prove it isn't

THEN, all at once, you heard the inside story of W. C. Fields.

W. C. Fields had just reached the half century mark. He could retire. He would retire. He had \$250,000 cold cash in the Harriman Bank. You read what happened to the Harriman Bank. There was nothing else for Fields to do but start all over again.

He made three motion picture attempts. None of the producers called out the fire engines. He tried his hand at a series of comedies for Mack Sennett. Just as the dark horizon was brightening, Fields met with an accident on the set. They rushed him to the hospital. It was serious. He had broken his neck.

At the hospital, they placed his head in a brace. They placed his neck in a cast. They took the calendar down from the wall.

For months, he lay in bed. But he almost never slept.

got to get back to the Coast. Tired? Not a bit. I'm going back to make another picture. Retire? Are you in earnest? I hope not, really. Why, I'm only getting my second wind now. That's what my dear Marie Dressler would have said. It was her wish to die in harness and she did. No one knew how much she suffered, but she never quit. That's my spirit, too. I'm glad I have it. I'm kept pretty busy out Hollywood way jumping from one picture to the other. There's a demand for old ladies now, and being an old lady, I happen to be in luck.

"I've had fifty years of trouping, you know. So it's quite up my alley to go back and forth across the continent. I feel as young and as strong as I did fifty years ago in London. And certainly I take life less seriously than I did at that time. Maturity teaches patience and develops a sense of humor. One's nerves are never wracked at my age.

(Continued on page 66)

The Most Romantic

You'll find many interesting and startling facts in this colorful biography of the movies

IN the December issue of MODERN SCREEN I told you that the reason I was writing this story was because I thought you should know the background of the industry whose destinies you, the public, have guided and will always guide. The movies belong to you. Your will has always been law. I was amazed during the recent censorship crisis that you did not stop the voice of the small minority, who have been trying to choke unreasonable censorship down your throats. However, a knowledge of the history of motion pictures reveals that it takes you a little time to speak your piece, but once you get the ear of the producer he gives you what you want.

There was a day when the word "star" referred only to a heavenly body. The little business men who invested their money in nickelodeons saw no relationship between the cheap "jitney circus" and the well-established, dignified art of the theatre. The stage had its "stars." People dressed themselves in opera capes and top hats and paid fancy prices to watch Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske and Edward H. Sothorn. That these same people might be lured into the dingy places where moving pictures were shown did not occur to the men who presented the novelty. It was enough, they felt, that pictures moved, that people walked, and that trains whizzed past the startled on-looker.

THE people who did the "moving" in these early pictures were secondary in importance when compared with the sheer mechanics of the nickelodeon. So the producers—a very dignified term for the poor little men who made movies—picked whoever was at hand and shoved them before the wondrous camera, never dreaming that these boys and girls were to become more important than the machine.

Because a woman named Charlotte Smith was left a penniless widow in Toronto, Canada, she and her three children, Gladys, Jack and Lottie, tried to earn a living in cheap stage shows. And because that living

was meagre, Gladys, who had taken the stage name of Mary Pickford, applied for work at the Biograph Studio in New York, hoping that she might pick up a few extra dollars.

Because she needed money badly, Norma Talmadge posed for illustrated song slides and later worked at the little Vitagraph Studio. Alice Joyce was a stock clerk in a shoe store. She earned something like four dollars a week. Hers was a pitiful existence, so she sought work in the old Kalem Company and got it.

Stage stars were hard to get in the early days. The mighty ones of the theatre looked down upon the cheap "canned" drama. It was considered a disgrace to work in the motion picture studios, and only if he needed money very badly, did any real actor consent to do so. Even then he kept it quiet and lived in dread lest his fellow actors learn of his despised employment. One of these



Story Ever Told

[PART 2]

By Katherine Albert

troupers who did picture work during a dull stage season was Edward M. Kimball. Clara Kimball Young was his daughter.

BUT in those early days, as I have said, actors were less important than the costumes they wore. It was not until you discovered them that they were given credit. So, in reality, you fans are actually responsible for the Garbos, Crawfords, Hepburns and Mae Wests. You paved the way for them. And this is how you did it.

After the novelty of films wore off, you soon became tired of movement simply for movement's sake and looked for something else to hold your interest. What you discovered were not camera angles or mechanical devices, but the people who moved—the personalities of the films. At that time you did not even know their names and when you asked for "the girl with the long curls" (Mary Pickford) week after week, the producers at last realized that there was but one way to hold you and that was to give you personalities. And that is how the indispensable "star system" began.

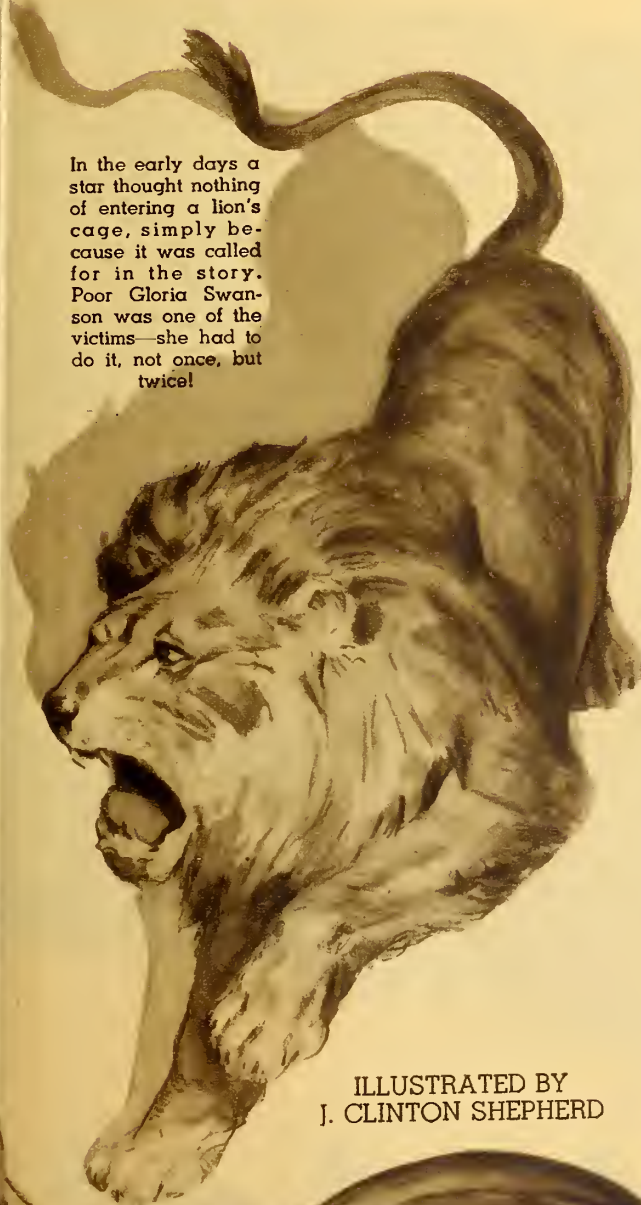
Throughout the years many executives have tried to do away with it. They have maintained that the director was the thing and tried to publicize him. The director is, in a large measure, responsible for making good pictures, but when you shop for a picture to see you choose your favorite star without much thought of the director. Once they tried featuring the story; the best books and plays were bought and the greatest authors were hired. If the picture turned out well it was worth the expense, but always and inevitably the personality of the players dominated the story.

Having at last realized what you really wanted, the companies told you the names of the actors who moved before you and presently Florence Turner, Maurice Costello, John Bunny, Tom Mix, Broncho Billy Anderson and others elicited your interest and you became their "fans."

By 1910 the star system flourished. But it was a long time before the great stage stars would deign to ally themselves with what they con- (Continued on page 64)

In the early days a star thought nothing of entering a lion's cage, simply because it was called for in the story. Poor Gloria Swanson was one of the victims—she had to do it, not once, but twice!

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



Sorrow brought priceless gifts to six Hollywood women—

*By Elizabeth
Mac Donald*

Her own name is Elizabeth Petersen. She was born in Norway. She is married to a Scotsman, an artist. Her stories in the better fiction magazines have made her well known. She's about five foot nothing, very pink-and-white-and-blond, has a huge tiger cat named Malarkey, and doesn't look a bit like a writer. We are introducing her to you for the first time in this magazine—and we know you'll like her as much as we do.

NIGHT comes quickly in Hollywood. There is no long twilight hour to temper the bright sunlight of a California day before darkness closes over it. And sometimes sorrow comes that way, too, swiftly and without warning.

It has come like that to so many beautiful women in that town.

Carole Lombard. . .

Life began for her again when she and Russ Columbo first became aware of each other. Life that had lost a little of its sparkle, a little of its meaning, a little of its security when she and Bill Powell came to the parting of their ways. Then spring and all lost, lovely things came rushing back into her emptied heart again. Stars no longer mocked her loneliness.

Everyone who saw them together in that brief time that was given them felt their happiness. When they quarreled—when did lovers fail to quarrel?—and met to

Sorrow brought Frances Marion, Hollywood's best known and best loved writer, freedom. To Joan Crawford, to whom fleeting thrills once meant everything, it brought poignancy.



Out of their

gifts which money nor fame nor love could bring to them

forgive each other after the shortest absence, Carole's heart went rushing to meet his. It was always like that with them, always as if they were meeting for the first time again and realizing in that moment how much they loved each other.

Even parting brought no fugitive sadness to their hearts. It was always for such a little time and they felt so secure in that deep happiness of theirs. So that last time, Carole laughed when she kissed him goodbye . . . he loved that deep-throated chuckle of hers . . . and her hand flipped upwards in a gay little gesture of farewell.

Only a day between that day and the next. But death came on that day between, striking so swiftly, so tragically at the boy who had sung of love to her.

Again Carole faces desolation . . . a sorrow so sudden, so tragic that sometimes it must seem impossible to face the waiting years. The years that will hold no sight of

him, the sound of his voice or the touch of his hand on hers again.

What will they do to Carole Lombard, those years . . . will they touch her with bitterness, threaten that bright youth of hers with their tragedy? Or will they give her the things sorrow has given to so many of her friends in Hollywood, the things that have helped them carry on . . . the things that have made them great?

SORROW brought maturity to Mary Astor.

Yes, for all her loveliness, her perfection of face, her glory of hair, there was something lacking in her. It was as if one saw the soul of a child imprisoned in the voluptuous body of a woman. She had not done the things the studios had expected of her. Something was lacking . . . a woman's feeling and understanding and warmth. And her public felt (*Continued on page 97*)

Sorrow brought a new career to Mary Pickford. Her writing, her radio work, have in some way compensated for the loss of her loved ones. To Mary Astor, sorrow brought maturity.



Sorrow . . .



Can a Nice Girl be a Big Success?

To take the world by storm WE
must storm! Make ourselves heard!

By Kay Hartley

Four of filmdom's beauties who display varying degrees of temperament or temper, as you choose. At the top is Joan Bennett, who possesses a temper, but unlike Connie, conceals it. Next, Katharine Hepburn, the spitfire of the screen. Below her is Constance Bennett, the aloof and proud Marquise, and at the bottom is Heather Angel, just a nice girl.

BEFORE I go a single line further, I suppose I must stop and explain and qualify my use of the word "nice." It has nothing to do with anyone's morals, I assure you. I use it strictly in the same sense of so-and-so's being nice to someone, and what's-her-name's not being nice to anyone!

For months I've been sitting around this town, listening—a writer learns to listen and not to talk—and I have been astounded to discover who is talked about and who isn't. At a party, recently, a small group in the corner began on Constance Bennett. Each person, in turn, told his or her experiences with the Marquise—and I might as well 'fess up that most of the experiences left these people pretty well gripped on the subject of Connie. But their Connie-gripes were so much more vital and interesting than were any of their views on her more amiable younger sister, Joan, who, everyone agreed, when pressed on the subject, was "all right—at least she has been very nice to me." I say, "pressed on the subject," because Joan, as a topic of conversation, just never would come up of its own accord. Nobody ever thinks of Connie and Joan in the same breath despite the fact that they are sisters.

"Oh, well," said one actor who has played with Constance in a number of her pictures, "all I can say is that her disagreeable manners have certainly done her no harm. In fact, I think that she has even prospered because of them. Have we ever known a big

star to be meek and docile as a lamb? Lambs just don't excite the public's imagination. Lions are the thing that make good copy. Let a lion roar, and though you shudder, you must admit that you do sit up and take notice!"

I'M afraid I must agree with him. The other day I was sitting in an office at RKO when, just outside the window, I heard a familiar high-pitched, squeaky voice squawking.

"You pig!" the lady shouted. "You are a pig! Yes, you heard me . . . p-i-g—pig! Don't you ever come near me again! I don't like you . . . you Pig!"

And even long after the Pig—I have no idea who he was—had retreated out of earshot, Miss Katharine Hepburn went on shouting!

I was there to do a story on Ginger Rogers, but somehow or other I couldn't get interested in Ginger after that, and I soon packed up my pad and pencil and went home to write a story on Katharine Hepburn. Miss Hepburn had probably made an enemy for life out of the Pig. She had been nasty and had shouted her scorn from the house-tops. But suppose she had been nice to him . . . I would have had no inspiration for a story! I, for one, would rather endure Hepburn's ire than be soothed by a more pleasant star's smile.

What is it? Why is it? Is it possible that we like our idols to lord it over us, to browbeat us, to show off their greatness a bit? There is an old idea which has been done to death in novels, stories and on the screen. A man is wooing (*Continued on page 72*)

Modern Screen Previews

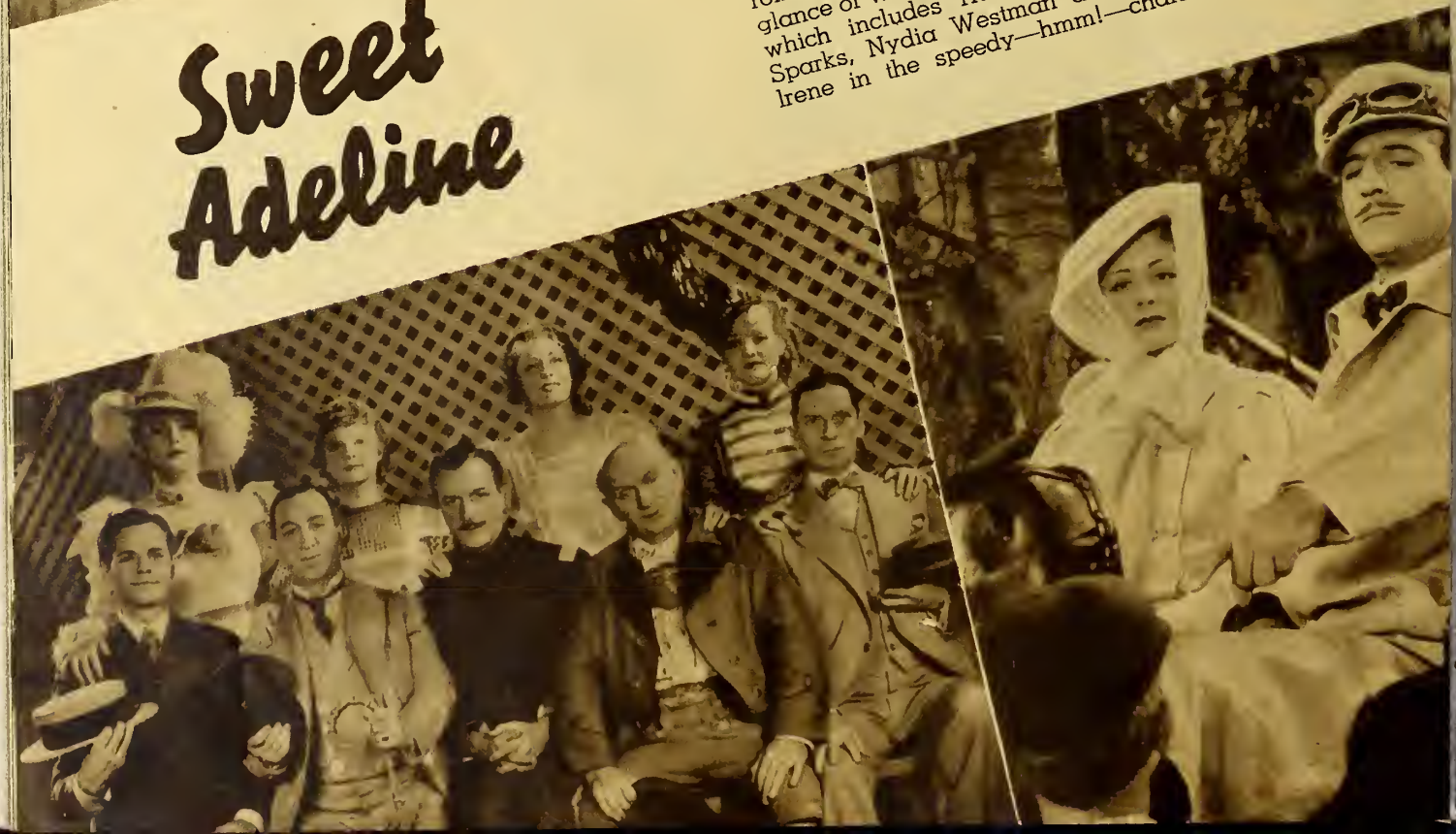


*Here is my
Heart*

A Bing Crosby picture! 'Nuff said? (Left) Lovely Kitty Carlisle is a very grand Russian princess and Bing is a mere waiter. However, Bing's plate-juggling is all an act, for he's actually a famous radio star who takes this lowly job to be near the one he loves. (Above, right) Fortunately for Bing, Roland Young, the Princess' brother, is in on his scheme.

Sweet Adeline

Warner's new musical, with Irene Dunne, borrowed from RKO, to sing and act in the title role. She is seen (above, left) in the arms of Donald Woods and (above, right) the romantic Woods is momentarily intrigued by the dark glance of Wini Shaw. (Below, left) you see the whole cast, which includes Hugh Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, Ned Sparks, Nydia Westman and Dorothy Dare and (right) Irene in the speedy—hmm!—chariot of Louis Calhern.





Is Columbia going to give us another story as swell as "It Happened One Night?" They have such hopes of "Broadway Bill." Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, shown (above, left) in what seems to be a distressing situation with Helen Vinson. (Right) Baxter stakes everything on a fondly cherished horse and Myrna sticks by him, going so far as to dine with the help. (Below, left) Lovers. (Right) Myrna in a sadder mood.

Broadway Bill



You'll all admit without a moment's hesitation that RKO-Radio's treatment of "Little Women" was superb. And that Hepburn, in particular, was "very" superb. Now they've gone and done another story that we all love, Sir James Barrie's "The Little Minister." And Hepburn here, too, has the sort of role she does so well—that of the impish little gypsy gal, Babbie, who is continually stirring up trouble. (Center) Poor little Micah (Billy Watson) pleads with Babbie to intercede for his father and have him released from prison. (Bottom) John Beal, the Little Minister himself, who is bewitched by the mysterious but desirable Babbie.

The Little Minister



The Good Fairy



It's a good fairy, indeed, who brings to the screen for our delectation Ferenc Molnar's delightful whimsy, "The Good Fairy." None other than Margaret Sullavan will play the role of the little orphan who wanted feverishly to wave a wand and bring happiness to the world. Here you see her indulging in a chocolate ice cream pop during a lull in the filming of the picture. And below, you see the Orphanage on good behavior while Alan Hale, a kindly gentleman, inquires about the inmates and the institution. At the bottom, our Good Fairy holds the interest of the little group of orphans, possibly with a tale of her trips into Fairyland, while Beulah Bondi, the orphanage matron, looks on aghast. Herbert Marshall will play the leading male role. It's a Universal picture.



Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

Take it from us, this month's
movie calendar is brim full
of simply swell pictures

(For short reviews see page 93)

By Walter Ramsey

A: THE GAY DIVORCÉE (RKO-Radio)

Musical entertainment de luxe. If you liked "Flying Down to Rio," you'll certainly go for this one because it's that much better. Not only does it excel in story—which concerns itself with the conspiracy of Edward Everett Hartan and Alice Brady to secure a divorce for Ginger Rogers through the use of a professional co-respondent—but brings to the fore Fred Astaire, whose acting, singing and dancing are superb. How that boy can haaf! Ginger Rogers, as the divorcée, makes a lovely heroine and dancing partner for Astaire. And those two comics, Hartan and Brady, as the befuddled lawyer and busy-body aunt respectively, account for much of the fun. Taa, there's Erik Rhades, the professional co-respondent and Eric Blare, the waiter, who brings down the house whenever he makes an appearance. All in all, it's a swell picture with plenty of good laughs, glorious music (the "Continental" is bound to be a hit) and Fred Astaire. Ga, by all means!

A: KID MILLIONS (Sam Goldwyn)

Extra lavish entertainment. Eddie Cantor, a great many beautiful gals, spectacular settings, hat musical numbers and funny gags, make



(Above) May Robson, star of "Lady for a Day," gives us another outstanding characterization in "Lady by Choice." Carole Lombard is the publicity-seeking fan dancer and Walter Connolly, the judge. (Below) Helen Hayes and Brian Aherne in "What Every Woman Knows."



this another sure-fire musical hit. Eddie becomes heir to 77 millions and goes to Egypt where he gets involved with the Sheik's nitwit daughter, Eve Sully. The finale in technicolor is a thing of beauty and cleverness. Besides its inimitable star, several members of the supporting cast came in for a baw, including Ethel Merman, who poses as Eddie's Ma, Black and Sully, Warren Hymer and Ann Sathern, whose voice is quite pleasing. The dance ensembles are particularly gorgeous and there are several songs in it that are sure to be popular. It's another Cantor picture, folks, more spectacular and funnier than ever, so don't miss it.

A: GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal)

A beautiful production. Universal has done an almost flawless job in bringing Charles Dickens' immortal story to the screen. In its adaptation, the original flavor has been retained and therein lies most of the credit. Naturally, without the almost perfect performances of the actors, this success could not have been achieved. To Henry Hull and Florence Reed go most of the honors. Hull acts with a force and sincerity that is not easily forgotten and Florence Reed brings depth and conviction to her role of the loveless woman.



(Above) Trouble is Cagney's middle name in "The St. Louis Kid." And Allen Jenkins (left) and Patricia Ellis share it with him. (Below) "The Gay Divorcee," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, stars of "Flying Down to Rio," will delight you with its lovely music, dancing and acting.



(Above) "Kid Millions," an Eddie Cantor special, featuring Ann Sothorn, George Murphy, Ethel Merman and a galaxy of beautiful gals. (Below) "365 Nights in Hollywood," is a delightful little opus, concerning the acting-school racket, with Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye.



Phillips Holmes, as the apprentice, and Jane Wyatt, as the heroine, are both grand. George Breakstone and Ann Howard in the early sequences are splendid, too. The picture's mystery, drama, romance and comedy, plus dexterous direction and marvelous acting should result in an evening of sheer enjoyment for you.

A: LADY BY CHOICE (Columbia)

Another "Lady for a Day"—almost. With that grand actress, May Robson, giving another sterling performance, plus the presence of the gorgeous and capable Corole Lombard, this picture comes very close to hitting the same stride as the aforementioned hit. The only thing it falls short in, undoubtedly, is the story, which lacks the excitement, thrills and suspense that made the other tops. In this instance, May is a drunken old woman who reforms when Carole, a fon dancer, adopts her as her mother merely for a publicity stunt. A romantic touch is furnished by the presence of Roger Pryor. Although May reigns as queen of the ball, Carole is by no means to be overlooked. She is mighty convincing and sooooo beautiful. Walter Connolly makes his role of Judge shine plenty, but this man Pryor just doesn't click with me. Of course, you'll want to see this

and when you do, be sure to take the whole family with you.

B: READY FOR LOVE (Paramount)

Neat little comedy. The locale for this pleasant, though unpretentious, movie is a small town into which comes Ido Lupino, the daughter of a New York octress. She is mistaken to be the former sweetheart of the town's most disreputable but wealthy citizen, recently deceased. A series of mishaps follow, including a "ducking" by the females of the town, which brings Ida into the headlines as well as into the arms of Dick Arlen, the good-looking newspaper editor. Ido and Dick turn in good performances, with Ida given most of the footage and close-ups. Morjorie Rambeau does her usual stuff and Trent Durkin is simply priceless as the lovesick youth with poetical inclinations. Not the world's best, but pretty good at that.

B: THE FIREBIRD (Warners)

High-class entertainment. Although this picture includes a murder and is therefore typed as a "murder" (Continued on page 101)



Why Gloria
always looks
so Smart

(Left) Luscious fur cloth, otherwise known as clipped chiffon, is the slick material used to fashion this regal-looking formal gown and wrap. The color is a soft mauve. A trimming of fox dyed the same shade accents the wrap. (Center) Another evening ensemble designed to give height and dash to the wearer. It's a striking concoction of flame and silver, jewel-clipped and taffeta-lined. (Right) For jaunty moods this "Overseas" hat will serve the purpose. Gloria wears it in "Music in the Air," a Fox Film production.

By Virginia
T. Lane

WOULDN'T you love to know how Gloria Swanson does it? How she wears those clothes, I mean, and simply glows with that fascinating thing called "glamour?"

For years I've been one of the women who wailed, "Oh, Heaven, please let me in on that Swanson lady's style secrets!" But it's only now that my plea has been answered, and I'm rushing the good news on to you. It's news to warm the cockles of your heart and start you

right out with a wholly fresh lease of fashion life.

Now, don't think Gloria had everything to start with. She didn't. Most of us would have considered it a pretty mean trick of Fate to be given a tip-tilted nose like hers and green eyes that slanted and a mouth which certainly conformed to no set rule of beauty. She made them assets; the kind that fairly rocked the world and put a queen or two out of business.

But she was thoroughly mad about being so short.

Adjust your height by garbing yourself right. Glamorous



Scarf sleeves and long sash provide the interest in this unusual afternoon get-up. The kimono style, lipstick-red jacket half covers the long black frock. The material used is shirred georgette. Pert hat and tiny veil correctly complement the costume. If you would be individual wear something like this. And if you're short, it's especially good. Gloria is a little bit of a thing, but you'd never suspect it.



If you would be smart, be simple. Only a single jewelled clip adorns this ultra-chic afternoon gown. On line and good material depends its distinction. Interesting features are its tunic and pinch back, cowl-scarf neckline. This powder blue suede crepe frock is one of Miss Swanson's favorites.

She still is. Imagine being barely over five feet tall. No one can really carry clothes at that height. You can be cute, of course. But fashionable? Never! So Gloria went straight out under the very noses of the style authorities and became the best dressed woman on the screen.

That has always intrigued me—how she managed to look so tall and regal. "Hmp," she hmped, "I do everything but stand on stilts. I wear my evening clothes

almost floor length and I usually manage to lift them in front a trifle so the line falls to the back. That adds valuable inches. I wear my daytime clothes as long as I dare and I never wear oxfords with them. The break there at the ankles is shortening, whereas if you have low-cut pumps you increase your apparent height by a full two inches.

"Furthermore, I cannot wear bulky materials such as tweeds, which I adore. They're for you taller people.

Gloria tells you many of her style secrets in this article



(Above, left) Metal velvet, a new fabric, went into the making of this good-looking evening gown of Empire influence. A tunic, longer in back than in front, tops a very long fitted skirt with half-length train. (Center) One can almost hear bugles blaring and guns roaring when Gloria wears this sports costume. Notice the clever use of cartridge pleating. (Right) For a busy day in shops and such this slate blue shadow striped woolen street or sports ensemble can be worn. The dress buttons down the back with large blue buttons. The neckline is high and is ornamented by a pair of clips of fire-engine red. And, of course, the rakish Tyrolean hat with red quill adds the last word in chic to the completed costume. (Right, below) From far-away Cambodia was borrowed the motif for this interesting hat. It is made of rich black velvet and is ornamented by a rhinestone clip.

And I can't 'divide' a dress by color; that is, have the waist of one shade and the skirt of another. With a suit, that's different. I seldom take off the coat anyway."

We were sitting there in her sunlit patio, under gaily striped umbrellas. Humming birds hovered over the

roses near us. And Gloria looked exactly like a co-ed in her sorority house. She had on blue silk Chanel pajamas with floppy trousers, little tennis shoes (she takes size 2½), and her hair was brushed back in a long bob.

Yes, and she had bangs. (Continued on page 75)

Good News

(Continued from page 17)

a quiver in a carload. Loretta never sounded better.

Take a Bow, Jean Muir

Last week, the famous critic, George Jean Nathan, came out with: "... you can have your Garbo and your Dietrich. Give me Jean Muir! Her work in 'Desirable' is perfect."

We suppose there will be some yowls from the fans on George Jean's crack, but the fact remains that he made it and he's the sort of a chap that hands out fifty scallions to one orchid. So he really means what he says about Jean.

Dilemmah

The mid-night elopement of actor Onslow Stevens and Phyllis Cooper, Los Angeles socialite, lasted such a short time (two weeks) that the bride is undecided whether she should sue for divorce or an annulment!

Scandal!

Mae West sure starts 'em trying to come up and see her at an early age. Baby LeRoy took his first step in Mae's dressing-room yesterday. P. S. He was trying to reach her powder puff.

Things That Don't Worry Us Any More

Whether Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow are ever going to get married and (2) the same wondering about Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell. Both of them have taken so long to make up their minds that we're just about lost interest in the whole deal at this point.

Hollywood in Shorts

"Sweet Music," the new Rudy Vallee flicker, will have one sequence in which twelve ex-football players (all over 200 pounds) will disguise themselves as fan dancers... Jimmy Cagney did so much tap dancing over one week-end that he strained himself right into bed, and the picture is waiting... Clark Gable leaves for another hunting trip immediately after "Forsaking All Others"... Pola Negri seen again at the late spots and she's still gudjus... Almost no doubt, now, that Garbo will sign a new contract because M-G-M is planning a talkie version of her silent picture, "Anna Karenina"—cheers... Heard this? "Many a gal in Hollywood was promised a mansion to live in, only to find it was a stall"... Howard Hughes, millionaire play-boy

(Continued on page 104)

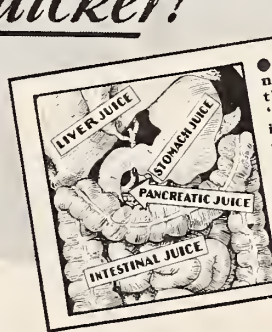
"— amazingly rich in
Hormone-like* substances"



explains
DR. R. E. LEE

Dr. R. E. Lee, Director of Fleischmann Health Research, explains: "Discovered by a noted scientist, it's a new yeast 'strain'!"

"... that's why this new
yeast acts quicker!"



• Doctors tested this new "XR" Yeast thoroughly—report: "Twice as quick-acting." "Constipation—indigestion—skin troubles—run-down condition—corrected astonishingly." Hormone-like* substances rich in "XR" Yeast explain why it speeds digestive juices, action... acts faster.

Constipation, Indigestion and related Skin Troubles corrected much sooner. (New Vitamin A checks colds!)

THINK OF IT!... a new yeast so much quicker acting it astounds doctors. If you have any questions, read these answers by Dr. Lee:—

Why does "XR" Yeast act quicker?

Because it's a stronger "strain" of fresh yeast, much more vigorous, and so... faster! It's rich in hormone-like* substances.

*What are Hormone-like Substances?

They are "activators" (like natural body stimulants) which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive muscles from the stomach right on down.

Will it correct Constipation and Indigestion very much faster?

Positively! By making juices flow fast and muscles work harder inside you, "XR" Yeast makes your foods softer—better "churned," digested. Indigestion, constipation should soon stop. "XR" Yeast really "normalizes" you.



• "XR" Yeast is much faster," writes Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, Stapleton, N. Y. "My whole system was sluggish... I had headaches, no appetite. I started eating the new 'XR' Yeast and in just a few days felt grand."

(As good as ever for baking!)

Do Skin troubles stop much Sooner?

The most common skin blemishes come from self-poisoning caused by your digestive system not working properly. "XR" Yeast corrects this condition. Pimples, boils, etc., disappear sooner!

What new Vitamin does it contain?

Vitamin A, newly added, to help combat colds. "XR" Yeast also builds resistance to colds by cleansing your body. With Vitamins B, D and G, Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast now contains 4 vitamins.

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day—plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. Keep on after you've got quick results. Get a supply today!



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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Modern Screen Patterns



942



946

942—Peggy Conklin, Paramount player, wears this skirt of brown and beige plaid with cardigan jacket of brown velveteen. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40. 946—(Center) Helen Mack's black crepe dress is very swanky and chic. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.



954

954—(Above) Anita Louise's Russian tunic is youthful and gay. Its full blouse, dropped shoulder and unusual sleeve are particularly enhancing. Anita wears it in marine blue, with tabs of gray yarn decorating the Peter Pan collar and belt. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38, 40.

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
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Name

Street Address

City and State

(Please write in pencil)

David Copperfield

(Continued from page 33)

and with a beautiful little door and windows cut in the side. How exciting, David thought, to live in a boat on land.

Although Peggotty told him that he must not ask questions he discovered that wind-swept, burly, kindly Dan was a bachelor who had adopted Ham, his brother's son, Emily, his sister's daughter and Mrs. Gummidge, the wife of his partner, whose respective fathers and husband had been drowned in the insistent and greedy ocean that rolled and crashed against the shore.

But these old disasters did not dampen the spirits of David and Emily as they romped across the sand and Emily told David of her wonderful dream of becoming a lady and buying Dan Peggotty a blue coat with diamond buttons.

But at last the visit was over and he and Peggotty must return to his mother. Eagerly he jumped out of the cart and rushed into the house to greet his mother but at the threshold of the room he stopped short. His mother was there, seated in her usual corner by the fireplace but at the other corner sat the black panther, the man he had seen at church, Mr. Murdstone.

Questioningly, David looked at Peggotty. She whispered, "That's your new Pa."

DAVID wanted to run away, back to Dan and Ham and Emily, or anywhere out of the house that had once been so jolly and so full of love, for, young as he was, he sensed the curiously changed atmosphere. His mother, once so loving, so tender, so gay, instead of gathering David in her arms, looked timidly at Mr. Murdstone.

"Now, Clara my dear," he said, "recollect! Control yourself. Davy, boy, how do you do?"

Nor was the situation relieved when another stranger entered the room, a gloomy-looking woman dressed in black. Her heavy black eyebrows met across her nose. David's mother told the boys that this was Miss Murdstone, his new aunt. The stranger gave David a hard, appraising glance.

"Generally speaking, I don't like boys," she said. "How-de-do, boy?"

He answered her curtly, for youthful anger welled in his breast. Miss Murdstone tossed him aside with a word, "Wants manners!" and turned to Mrs. Copperfield.

"Now, Clara, you're much too pretty and thoughtless to manage a house properly. If you'll be so good as to give me the keys."

David could stand no more. His mother, his sweet, gentle mother, to see her with these people—like this. The house was different. Laughter was in it no longer.

He was soon to discover that everything was changed. He could not sleep in his mother's room any longer. He could be with her very little during the day and he must recite his lessons not to her alone, but before Mr. and Miss Murdstone as well. And he couldn't, with those cold eyes upon him, he simply couldn't remember the lessons, so they always ended in tears with his mother pleading hysterically that Mr. Murdstone spare the boy anguish.

But he did not spare him. Instead he took him into his room and beat him with a cane as if he had been a disobedient dog.

"Mr. Murdstone, sir, don't!" David cried piteously. "Pray don't beat me. I've tried to learn, sir. I think I could do it with my mother alone, but I can't with you and Miss Murdstone staring at me. I can't indeed."

OVENSERVE dishes



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OVENSERVE dishes are the gay, attractive TABLE dishes you can also use for oven baking! You can buy them by the piece, or in complete table services.

There are meat platters, for instance, on which you bake meat loaf or fish and pop right from oven to table. The shirred egg dishes are another suggestion. Look at the cute one-handled French casseroles, too, or the round baking dishes, bean pots and all the other pieces. Every single Ovenserve dish stands full oven heat, even to the cups, saucers and platters.

Nice for the refrigerator, also. For they don't mind cold any more than they do heat.

Cost a lot? No indeed! They're economical gifts, the kind a woman

can use every day of the year. And every time she does she'll call down blessings on your devoted head for giving her something that's so useful and so attractive.

MEAT LOAF BAKED ON SERVING PLATTER

- 1 pound round steak ground
- 2 tbsps. melted butter
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 tbsps. onion chopped
- 1/4 tsp. pepper . . . 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup bread crumbs moistened with water
- 2 slices bacon . . . water

Combine all ingredients except bacon and water. Shape into loaf. Lay slices of bacon across the top. Place on Ovenserve Meat Platter. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 1 1/4 hours. Add a little water at a time and baste occasionally. Serve with well-seasoned hot tomato sauce. (A can of tomato soup, seasoned and heated, makes a fine sauce.) Makes six servings.

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"Can't you, David?" said Mr. Murdstone brandishing the cane. "We'll see about that." But suddenly the pain and the indignity were more than David could bear. His little heart flamed with rage. He whirled upon Mr. Murdstone and dug his teeth into his tormentor's hand, while outside the locked door he heard the sound of his mother's voice imploring leniency for him.

David was locked in his room and allowed to see no one. He could hear curious, muffled noises in the house and it was Peggotty who at last crept to the door and whispered that he was to have a little brother or sister soon. He beat on the door. He begged to be released. But no one paid him the slightest attention now. And then, at last, the door was opened. He crept miserably downstairs to a quiet, hushed, ominous room.

IT was Peggotty who told him, when he found her at last, "Your mamma, the precious, the darling—she's—"

"She's dead," David said quietly.

"And your little brother, the innocent, he's dead, too."

David's heart was broken so it did not matter much what became of him. His heart and his brain were numb and he answered only in monosyllables when Mr. Murdstone told him that he was to be sent away to London to work at the firm of Murdstone and Grindby, wine merchants, where he would earn his food and pocket money and his lodging would be provided.

Over enormous tubs he bent his small back, washing bottles all day long while a crowd of uncouth, older boys who resented his gentlemanly ways, jeered at him.

There was only one faint flicker of pleasure for him in all of London and that was his friendship with the Micawber family with whom he lodged. He bore a real affection for Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and their four squalling, screaming, fighting children and their one inefficient servant, Clickett, the "orfing" from St. Luke's Orphanage.

David had never before seen anything like the Micawber household. Nor had he ever known any creature like Mr. Micawber, whose long legs he saw first. Micawber was letting himself in by the sky-light to avoid a horde of creditors who were swarming outside the house threatening, unpleasantly, to take him off to the debtor's prison. Yet he greeted David in the best of spirits, extending to him a stubby fat hand and beaming as he turned to his wife and told her that he had just "terminated his connections" with the haberdashery firm for which he had been trying, unsuccessfully, to get commissions.

"But my dear Wilkins," Mrs. Micawber almost sobbed. "What of the future? Am I wrong in saying that we must live?"

"The silver lining, my love," said Mr. Micawber. "I have cast my eye over the entire world of business and I have selected the brewing business. In brief, I have dispatched lengthy epistles to several of the more important brewers describing my qualifications and offering my services. The details are not as yet precisely settled, but, nevertheless, I am confidently waiting for something to turn up."

OUTSIDE, the creditors howled for money and Micawber's blood. Inside the children screamed and fought and Clickett tried to feed them from an empty larder. Yet always and forever, Micawber, the perpetual optimist, beamed expansively upon his family and his friend and lodger, David Cooperfield, and waited for something to turn up.

David was happy with the Micawbers for many months. They brightened in their peculiarly zestful way, his drab exist-

ence, for he hated his work. But then, at last, even the Micawbers were taken from him. Clickett brought him the sad tidings one noon. And that evening David found them all in the debtor's prison.

But if he expected tears and anguish he was wrong. He found Mr. and Mrs. Micawber celebrating with a bowl of punch. Celebrating? Indeed! For not long after their incarceration, Mrs. Micawber's family had come valiantly to the rescue, paid off their debts and promised to find work for Mr. Micawber in the Custom House at Plymouth, where he was breezily confident that something of a very sensational nature would turn up.

Happy it made Mr. Micawber, but the move robbed David of his only friends in London and as he waved the family "good-bye" his heart was filled with sadness and he realized that he was alone, completely, utterly alone.

As his tears dried he began to formulate a plan for escape.

David remembered that his mother and Peggotty had told him of his strange old Aunt, Betsy Trotwood, who had visited his mother during the stormy night of his birth. She lived in Dover and was, he had heard, a cross, gruff old thing, but after all she was his blood kin and she could not possibly be worse to him than others had been.

And so a young boy traveled alone to Dover, but the adventures of that trip he could never forget. He was robbed and beaten. He had no bed in which to sleep and no food to eat, and when, after days of misery, he arrived in Dover, he staggered, weak from exhaustion and hunger, upon the green by Aunt Betsy's house. Into her startled ears he poured the story of his short but unhappy life. She listened, amazed but sympathetic, as she and Mr. Dick, the eccentric distant relative who lived with her, tried to form some plan for David's future.

And now, for a brief spell at least, David was happy. Aunt Betsy's heart was softer than her manner. She terrified not only the boys who drove their donkeys across her green, but likewise she terrified Mr. and Miss Murdstone, David's ancient enemies, who came to her and tried to get David away from her. David was free of his stepfather at last. Free now to go, through Aunt Betsy's arrangements, to live with Mr. Wickfield, her friend and lawyer, in Canterbury.

At the Wickfield home David discovered not only a quiet, charming, pleasant house, but a little girl about his own age with whom he could play. She was Mr. Wickfield's child. Her mother had died. Agnes was lonely and she welcomed David as a companion.

The only unpleasant character in the Wickfield establishment was Uriah Heep. David did not know what a sinister rôle he was to play in all their lives. He was too young to see that Mr. Wickfield was a weak character and, since his wife's death, too fond of port wine, and that Uriah, who tried to hide his villainy behind a mask of studied humility, was slowly wresting Wickfield's business away from him. Supposedly, Uriah was reading law under the guidance of Wickfield. But this was not all he was doing.

Innocent of these Machiavellian plans, David knew instantly that he hated Uriah. The man's hand was soft and clammy. His manner was much too oily. His face tortured his dreams. His soft, wet hand seemed always to be upon his shoulder.

BUT the years passed. David was sent to school. He became a gracious, charming young man with a great ambition to write. The only thing he lacked, perhaps, was perception for he could not

see that Agnes was in love with him. Had he known it then, he might have spared her a great deal of suffering. He was a man now and the world stretched before him. It was to London that his eyes turned and he missed seeing the happiness he might have found at home.

He was busy packing to take his holiday one morning when a letter was handed to him by the ever obsequious Uriah Heep, whom the years had not changed. Opening the letter, David discovered that it came from his old friend, Mr. Micawber, who, with his wife and family, as well as the inevitable Clickett, was at an Inn in Canterbury. They owed the landlord. They were being threatened with debtor's prison again, yet they were as gay and jolly as ever and it was through David that something actually did turn up for Mr. Micawber.

Uriah Heep gave him employment, for now he had charge of a great deal of Wickfield's business, in a confidential capacity.

David had helped an old friend so now he set forth to London to meet his new friend, Steerforth, whom he had hero-worshipped at school.

NEVER was a place so gay as London. Never was any performance so thrilling as the ballet to which Steerforth took David. Never were any two young men so fine as David and Steerforth in their evening suits, opera hats and capes. David had been eagerly anticipating the ballet spectacle but just as they were shown into their box his eye wandered to the box next to theirs and he saw the most beautiful girl in the world. She was a bewitching girl, all smiles and curls and daintiness, but chaperoned by two, as Steerforth put it, "old dragons." Ah, if David could but speak to her. The stage was forgotten. She filled his eyes completely.

Steerforth, with a greater knowledge of the world and women than David, subtly attracted their attention by offering them opera glasses and, eventually, better places in his and David's box. The conquest seemed complete and before the evening was over the two old dragons—aunts, in disguise—had invited the young men to call and David was head over heels in love with Dora Spenlow.

And she, the most adorable and shy of all creatures, seemed to look upon him with favor. As the weeks advanced his love grew. Could anything be more wonderful than Dora twittering to her little canary birds? Dora shy. Dora saucy. Dora pleasantly scolding her little dog, Jip. Dora a bundle of frills and loveliness and soft baby talk.

She called him "Doady" and his heart melted. She kissed him tenderly, sweetly and he was her slave. And it broke his heart that this romantic idyll had to be interrupted because he had promised Steerforth to spend the summer with him at Yarmouth and, of course, to visit his old friends, the Peggottys.

The boat was there just as he had left it. His friends were the same. They were older, that was all, but all living together in peace and harmony—his own dear Peggotty, Dan, Ham, Mrs. Gummidge and Little Emily.

Steerforth and David arrived during an auspicious occasion. Sounds of merriment fairly rocked the tip-tilted boat and all of them talked at once announcing the news that this was the celebration of the betrothal of Ham and Little Emily. They welcomed David, their old friend, and Steerforth, the stranger, with equal heartiness.

And so the balmy summer lazed along. It should have been a happy summer for

David, in spite of his being away from Dora, had he not noticed, during his talks with Steerforth, that there was a side of his nature he had not known before, a cynical, rather patronizing side. And, although David tried to tell himself that he was imagining a situation that did not exist, he could not help but see that when Emily looked at Steerforth, as she so often did, there was a strange light in her eyes. No such light was there when she looked at Ham, the man she had promised to marry.

So it was as if David already knew what was going to happen when Ham brought the bitter tidings. He handed the letter to David and asked him to read it to them all. The young man's voice faltered. He could not even glance at Dan and Ham and Mrs. Gummidge and Peggotty as he spoke the written words:

"When you, who love me so much better than I ever have deserved, see this I shall be far away, never to come back unless he brings me back a lady. You that I have wronged, love someone else that will be true to you and worthy of you. Try to think as if I'd died when I was little and was buried somewhere. Tell uncle that I never loved him half so dear as now."

The note fluttered from David's hands. Ham started to speak and then the gaze of all of them was pulled to Dan Peggotty who looked so wild and terrifying that they stood before him in awe.

"Who's the man? I want to know his name. Who's the man?" he repeated over and over in a low, inexorable voice.

David remembered his talks with his one-time friend and breathed the name. "Steerforth."

Dan turned and started for the door. "I'm a-going to seek my Emily," he said. "Through the world. I'm a-going to find her. No one can stop me."

And none could stop him. Dan Peggotty had begun the search which lasted for years.

There was nothing for David to do but to leave that once happy little home.

As the months passed he did not forget the sorrow of his friends but his life was filled with importance. His ambition to write was realized when there appeared a story from his pen in the *Monthly Magazine*. But even this triumph was overshadowed when Dora told him that she would marry him.

He hurried to Canterbury to tell Aunt Betsy and Mr. Wickfield and Agnes of his happiness and he was so absorbed in his own joys that he did not see the disappointment in Agnes' eyes.

Ah, poor Agnes. She had not been happy since David had left. Her father had taken Uriah Heep into partnership and the man seemed to have him completely under his thumb. Uriah slept in David's old room and although Wickfield assured them that it was his wish to have Uriah as his partner they knew that this was not so. But not even Micawber would tell David what sinister power Uriah had over Wickfield, a power which made him so drunk that he asked for Agnes' hand in marriage. For the first time in years Wickfield, enraged that Heep should think himself good enough for her, asserted himself and Uriah, the 'umble, realized that he had gone too far.

BUT even the Wickfields and their problems were forgotten when David married his beloved Dora.

Dora, the child wife, who could not keep her account books straight, who could neither learn to cook nor to manage her servant, who cluttered David's study with her guitar and her paintings and Jip's elaborate pagoda-like dog-house—ah, Dora.

Yet he loved her most fondly, tenderly.

However, time and a most disastrous dinner party for Aunt Betsy and Mr. Dick with the cook drunk, the oysters unopened, the oyster knife lost, the leg of mutton under-done on one side and raw on the other, showed David that he had made a mistake. He brought the faithful Peggotty to take care of her and manage the house. But Dora was never, never in any sense of the word, a helpmate. The only task she could perform successfully was to dip his pens in ink and hand them to him as he wrote.

But he must love her. And he continued to love her as if she had been some dear child. And the passing years did not lessen his tenderness.

Dora was ill the night that Dan Peggotty came to tell David that Emily had been found. With the hope of vengeance in his heart, yet thanking God that she was returned, Dan told of Steerforth's leaving her in Naples and telling his servant that the servant was to marry her.

Devastated by having become something cast off for a servant's use, Emily tried to commit suicide. She was locked in by the servant. But at last she escaped. Dan found her and she threw herself at his feet, humbly begging for mercy. Dan's love was great and he took her to his heart and wept over the little orphaned girl she had been.

But now Dan had another worry. He had heard that Ham, not caring what became of his life since Emily left, was invariably the first to volunteer for the most dangerous rescue work at sea. So Dan begged David to go to Yarmouth quickly to tell Ham that Emily had been found and save him from the madness that prompted him to take such risks with his life.

When David arrived at Yarmouth he



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discovered a group of men talking excitedly upon the beach. Out from the shore a ship had been wrecked and a man was struggling for his life. David saw Ham shake off those who tried to stop him and he heard him shout:

"Whoever it is out there sinking—I'll try to save."

And before David could reach the group Ham had plunged into the churning water and was swimming with long, powerful strokes.

Closer he came to the struggling man. The waves beat him back. David called to him but he could not hear. He triumphed over one wave, then another and at last the face of the man for whose life he was risking his own became visible to him. He saw him now. It was Steerforth.

Ham shouted in horror. He raised his hand as if to strike him. But just at that moment the pounding wreck broke with a grinding roar and sank beneath the waves carrying both Ham and Steerforth into the boiling sea.

AT last the dead bodies were dragged onto the shore. David wept—tears of love and bitterness both upon his cheeks—that these two men should have gone down together.

When David returned to his home he found Aunt Betsy, Agnes and Peggotty attending Dora who lay pale and wan in her bed. When David came into the room Dora motioned the others to leave the room.

"Doady, dear," she said, after they had gone, "I'm afraid I was too young. I don't mean in years only but in experience and thoughts and everything. I was such a silly little creature. I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved as a boy and girl and forgotten. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

"We've been very happy, my sweet Dora," he said, looking into her little white face.

"I was very happy, very. But because I am such a little goose and because you are so clever, as the years went on you would have wanted a real companion which I am not. It is better as it is."

She asked to speak to Agnes alone. David told Agnes to go to Dora and he waited downstairs amongst all of Dora's

belongings. Idly his hand fell upon her account book—the figures obliterated by little drawings of flowers and birds that she had made. His eyes filled with tears and then there was Agnes standing by him, telling him with her eyes that Dora, the child-wife, was dead.

David must needs forget. A year of travel might give him the opiate of forgetfulness he needed, but eventually he returned to Canterbury to find the situation created by Uriah Heep grown worse and, in some curious way, Micawber mixed up in it. The once jovial Micawber was, according to his wife, on the verge of insanity. All his good temper was gone. He could think of nothing, talk of nothing but Heep. And at last David and Aunt Betsy persuaded him to tell the things he knew, no matter how involved he himself was, so that Uriah could be banished from their lives.

They confronted him one day—all of them, with a carefully prepared document which began:

"In denouncing the most consummate villain that has ever existed I ask no consideration for myself. Ignominy, want, despair, have ever been the attendants of my painful career. Even though prison should follow I declare that Heep and only Heep is the forger and the cheat."

The paper further pointed out that Uriah had tricked Wickfield into signing important papers which the poor old gentleman thought unimportant so that Uriah might draw out trust monies for himself, that he had forged Wickfield's name to other documents and that he had made false entries into the books with the intention of plundering and subjugating both Wickfield and Agnes.

CONFRONTED with these facts Uriah was at first wildly furious and then insolent when David demanded the partnership papers so that they might be destroyed. He insisted that Uriah return the bonds and monies he had appropriated. But when David threatened to call in officers who would have no hesitancy in taking him off to jail he became 'umble in earnest, did what was wanted of him and 'umbly begged to wish everyone a good morning.

And David, Agnes and Aunt Betsy kept this knowledge to themselves so that

Micawber, without whose help Uriah would never have been denounced, was spared humiliation. And it was David, Aunt Betsy and Peggotty who appeared at the boat to bid them all adieu as they sailed for Australia.

Micawber was in the gayest of spirits. He strode about the dock with a bold, buccaneering air, clad completely in oilskins and carrying a mariner's telescope under his arm. Mrs. Micawber and the children were likewise garbed in outfits suitable for pioneering.

"The luxuries of the old country we abandon," shouted Micawber. "As pioneers in a new land—Australia!—denizens of the field and forest we are prepared."

"Kind friend and patron," he said turning to David, "thank you for your generous pecuniary assistance in enabling us to launch our frail canoe upon the ocean of enterprise."

And as they embarked he shouted back over his shoulder:

"I go to conquer a new country. In short, I am profoundly confident that in the not far distant future, something splendid will turn up."

The ship set sail bearing not only the gay and confident Micawbers but Dan Peggotty, Mrs. Gummidge and Emily as well, not so happy, perhaps, as the others but together at least.

"Good-bye. Good-bye, dear friends."

A few days later David and Agnes were walking on the cliffs on their way to visit Aunt Betsy and Mr. Dick. Suddenly David turned to her.

"Now in this silence, of this beautiful evening I must speak plainly, Agnes. I must tell you—I went away loving you, I stayed away loving you, I returned home loving you."

"David," said Agnes, her voice low, "that night Dora died—I was alone with her, you remember. The last thing that she asked me was that I should take her place in your heart. I've loved you all my life."

And thus they stood, just the two of them. For the moment all else was forgotten—all the figures who had so curiously colored David's life, all the misery and pain, all the loved ones who were gone. There were only himself and Agnes and the Dover cliffs and the sea pounding against them.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(Continued from page 45)

sidered a cheap offshoot of their own indomitable art.

I will not trace each step of the tremendous rise of the motion picture industry, nor can I possibly include here mention of all the great and near-great stars. But in order to know the background of your industry you must know something of that tremendously exciting period between 1912 and 1918, and so let me tell you just a few stories of the stars of that day, before I show you how Hollywood was discovered and how the companies moved from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Los Angeles to Hollywood.

IN telling you the stories of the early stars I want to show you how different was the attitude of the public towards them from what it is now.

When Francis X. Bushman was a star, it was considered a bad policy to admit that any popular male player was married. Bushman was married. What's more, he

had five children, but it was actually written into his contract that he must never divulge this fact. His family lived in his Maryland home, Bushmanor, and once when he brought them to Chicago where he was making pictures for the old Essanay Corporation, the studio heads scolded him roundly and instructed him to pack them all back home at once lest somehow this domesticity leak out.

This state of affairs led to disagreements between Bushman and his wife. But, as always with any movie star, his career was paramount. Besides he had fallen in love with his co-star, Beverly Bayne. A divorce was imminent. Both Francis and his studio knew that the story would break and they decided to let his worshipping feminine public have the two stories at once—the announcement of the divorce and his approaching marriage to Beverly Bayne.

Literally, the day after the newspapers appeared with these stories, Francis X.

Bushman stopped being a star. Because he was unromantic enough to have had a wife and five children, the public did not want him.

Overnight, his popularity was gone. In desperation the studio sent a scout all over the United States to make an investigation. When he returned he walked into Bushman's dressing-room and put his head in his hands.

"Is it as bad as that?" Bushman asked. "It's worse," the scout answered. "Bush, you're through."

Much later another great romantic star, John Gilbert, was to fail almost overnight, but for an entirely different reason. Only the essence of Hollywood history repeats itself. Details differ, for now it would be impossible for any star to keep anything secret, particularly a marriage and children, for longer than a few weeks. And now, of course, with the public educated to the acceptance of its screen idols as they are and not as their press agents paint them,

homes, husbands, wives and families are permissible.

BUSHMAN made one come-back years later in "Ben Hur," but too much had been lost. His chance had come too late and he could not open the door to the second knock of opportunity.

You need but glance through the pages of old fan magazines to discover how little the public knew about the stars for whose existence they were responsible. At that time all players were endowed with all the well-known virtues. All came from wealthy families. And all loved Shakespeare.

This period was so gummed up with press-agent hokum that it was years before the truth finally leaked out. For instance, that Theda Bara was really named Theodosia Goodman and that she was not born on the banks of the Nile. And, as always, the real stories were so much more colorful, vivid and vital than the imaginings of the publicity men. There were deeds of great courage enacted by the stars that were told only very, very much later. Alice Joyce, the stock clerk and artist's model, had some fantastic yarn invented about her entrance into pictures. Really she got her chance by deciding that she could ride a horse like a Kentucky jockey. She had never been on a horse's back in her life, but she was so eager to lift herself out of her poverty and earn a few dollars that she invented the lie. So they put her on a horse and set it running down a railroad track as fast as it would go. Why she wasn't killed no one will ever know.

Gloria Swanson was another who risked her life for the movies. In an early De Mille film there was a tableau from that famous old painting, "The Lion's Bride," and, although it would be only a flash in the picture, Gloria must go into the cage with the lion, lie down upon the floor and allow the beast not only to lie down beside her but to rest his paw upon her shoulder.

Precautions against danger were taken, of course. Men stood by with guns, but Gloria knew if the lion attacked her and the men fired, the bullets might miss their mark and hit her.

SHE got all her courage together. She was excited by praise and drunk with the knowledge that she was being a brave girl. On the tide of this hysteria, she was swept into the scene and, from a pictorial standpoint, all went well, but something went wrong with the camera and, when she came out of the cage, she was told she must do it all over again.

That was the hardest thing she ever had to do. The first excitement, which carried her through once, was gone. She could not key herself to such a high pitch again. She knew, now, what the danger was and this time cold terror walked into the lion's cage with her. As it happened all went well but Gloria left the stage to collapse in her dressing-room. On her shoulder where the lion's paw had rested the beads of her gown were crushed.

Such a thing could not happen in the movies today, of course. A double would have been used. But then they didn't know any better than to risk their lives if it were necessary for a certain shot. Kathleen Williams took chances with her life continually in the wild animal pictures she made. Because the industry was so young, it was bolder than it is now. It had, I believe, more courage.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I must go back a bit. In the February issue, I will tell you of the coming of the little motion picture industry to Hollywood and of what raw materials that incredible city was fashioned.

But—maybe she isn't "Crying over nothing"



WHEN a mild reproof brings a flood of tears... or a plucky child cries for a trifling hurt... take heed! Often such outbursts are little flags of warning!

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Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

Life Begins at 50

(Continued from page 43)

"I've seen many changes in my time. The stage has always mirrored the world, and the world has evolved. I consider myself very fortunate to have been given the privilege to have lived to see it. Many more changes are coming and I want to see them, too. One never steps out of an arena while a fight is going on unless one is a quitter. I'm not going to be a quitter until Gabriel blows his horn."

Fifty years ago, an eighteen-year-old girl by the name of Mary Robison made her debut as Little Tillie in a play called "Hoop of Gold." The printer made two mistakes on the programme. He left out the letter "r" in Mary and the letter "i" in Robison. That left it "May Robson" and as "May Robson" she has lived.

Her beloved Marie Dressler sold May Robson to Hollywood, and a grateful Hollywood it must be since this veteran actress has given new life to the box office. Her picture "Lady For A Day" established her as an actress equal in popularity to her friend Marie. "Lady By Choice" should make audiences feel that here is a woman who can make up for them the loss of Marie Dressler.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN—the grand old lady in "Menace"—told me her story without any bitterness as we sat in the gathering dusk of her beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

Miss Crosman went on the stage in 1883. She played one night stands in all sorts of weather, falling into bed at two in the morning, falling out at five to make the next jump. Some of the time, there were no Pullmans. She married a Major Campbell. Her baby came. She kept right on working. Sarah, the nurse, in lieu of a screen, would hold aloft a steamer rug in the chilly publicity of a day coach so that the mother could take care of the baby.

The climb up the unstable ladder of success was slow. But finally, she stood at the top. Her glorious titian hair had turned gray. But she had made New York audiences rise and call her name. She was famous. She was rich. She had fifty years of stage life behind her when she took her last curtain call.

She bought a beautiful home in Pelham Manor. And she retired from public life.

The stock market crashed. It swept the solid earth from under her feet. It swept the fifty years away.

She sat down and said: "What shall I do?"

People answered: "Why don't you teach?"

She retorted: "I can't."

So she and her husband went on living in that big house in Pelham Manor—without anything to live on.

The house sat in a huge garden. Within this garden, was a little garden of her own, fenced all about with a tall wall. Here she would come—to be with God.

One day—and it was very black in spite of the sun that was shining and the birds that were singing and the flowers that were fragrant—she went to her garden. She was in the depths of despair. In her anguish, she called aloud to God. He answered.

Major Campbell called to her. He was shouting something or other from the doorway. It sounded like: "Would you go to Hollywood to make a picture? Fox is on the telephone."

And so for Henrietta Crosman life began again, fifteen years past fifty.

IT took misfortune in still another guise to give Guy Kibbee his lucky break.

At forty, he was earning \$37.50 a week, playing character roles with a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska, and convinced that he had reached the zenith of his theatrical career.

He lived comfortably enough in a rambling family hotel. Then, as now, he was rotund of figure and bald of pate. And he wasn't consumed with any driving ambition.

He married. The lady suggested Hollywood. He wasn't particularly interested. The lady repeated Hollywood. You know how those things end—it was Hollywood—or Hollywood.

But once he arrived, he could not get a job. The experience of years did not count. The family fortune dwindled.

One night, over an epochal dinner, a friend advised that the Kibbees go to New York in their search for laurels. They examined their car. They had christened it "Rabbit" not because it was fast but because its natural gait was a hop. With many false starts, they finally drove out of Hollywood.

The ups and downs of that transcontinental journey were not only of the landscape. The Kibbees subsisted on crusts and slept under the stars. They had thermoid trouble and three flats. But finally they reached New York on a rainy September morning and moved in on a chap who had a tiny apartment in Greenwich Village. They were dead broke.

The very next day, over the luncheon table at the Lambs' Club, a man rushed up to Kibbee. He was so excited that what he said made very little sense. It was something about a character part that had walked out of a sketch that was scheduled on the radio that night and would Kibbee do him a favor and play the radio that walked out for forty-five dollars and there wasn't much time so could Kibbee come right over.

One excited man led to one exciting night. The accidental assignment led to a part in "The Torch Song" and "The Torch Song" led back to Hollywood. And Hollywood, that would not send around the corner, sent all the way to New York for Kibbee.

FOR more than a quarter of a century, Alison Skipworth was a name to conjure with on Broadway. Daniel Frohman had seen her in London, heard her fine contralto voice, and signed her as a prima donna. She had many successes in those twenty-five years. But mostly she talks—and laughs—about the time she appeared in twenty successive failures.

She made a silent picture. The picture made little or no impression. Too bad that fine contralto voice of hers was silent. Much, much too bad, for at the moment, the Depression was closing down the legitimate theatre.

Skipworth decided to retire to her Long Island estate. She knew she would be unhappy out of the profession but what else was there to do?

Then, like an unexpected life preserver tossed out to the drowning, the talkies came into being. Paramount heard that fine contralto voice and placed it under contract.

"I'm fifty-five years old," says she, pointing toward leeward which in this case happens to mean her still far from white hair. (She wears a white wig, you know, in "Here Is My Heart.") "I'm proud to

admit it. People ask me why I don't retire now that I've made enough money to live on comfortably, but as the stocking said to the needle that threatened to go through it, 'I'll be darned.' What would there be left for me to do? Who wants to sit back and think about being an old woman? You know, so many women I know have become old before their time by growing morbid about age. They sit in a rocker all day long and think and think and think. One woman I knew had a penchant for protesting that she'd never live long enough to see anything materialize. 'They are building subways?' she asked me twenty years ago. 'I'll never live to see them finished.' She's still going strong, by the way. Now if that woman had had some useful and creative occupation to keep her busy, she'd have stopped thinking about not living to see grand projects completed, but would have gone out and helped make them.

"I love work. Work keeps one's body young and one's mind active. Age isn't a matter of time, it's a matter of thought. Some people are young at sixty and others are old at twenty. I feel sorry for these people who have nothing to do all day long but think about themselves. Between you and me, we all have an ache once in awhile and I'm no different from the rest, but with my work and my bridge games and so many things to see and do, I refuse to give in to them. I'm not the sort, you see, that likes to waste time reminiscing about the past. I'm too busy thinking about the future. No, I'll stay around until no one wants me anymore."

AT whom would the audience laugh if we older people retired from active service?" asks Mrs. Captain Patrick Campbell, the grand and mighty queen of the theatre who for almost fifty years held first place in the hearts of young blades who saw her in the gay nineties. "Who would take the part of the old maiden aunt? Do you realize we furnish most of the comedy? Audiences like to laugh at old folks—they make them seem so superior and modern and sophisticated, but we don't mind. One of the grand recompenses that we have is the luxury of lost vanity. We don't have to worry about hiding our age and losing our sex appeal. We don't have to hide our age—people usually can guess it. You know, there usually is some octogenarian in the family who has a diabolical memory and takes sadistic delight in saying, 'Is that Mrs. Pat Campbell still alive?' I saw her when I was just a little tike." We older actors and actresses feel that when we are chosen for a part it's because the director knows that we'll be good in it. In that sense we are better off than is the younger player. Then why should we retire? If one has health, then one can go on working. As long as I feel that people want to see me on the screen, I shall never stop working. I suppose my friend, George Bernard Shaw, would say that I, who have hearkened to so many cues, should know the time to quit. Well, at the moment I don't feel that time has come."

I don't think it will ever come for Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her sailing through the years has been a pretty easy one and she has held on to her trophies of popularity and affection by outdistancing any younger and faster clippers that have appeared on the horizon. Of all the famous stars of yesterday, I think it is her name which

(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 66)

means the most to veteran audiences. She was a noted beauty and wit, the toast of her generation and the most famous interpreter of Shakespearean roles. Her fame spread over the world. She was the friend and confidante of royalty. In 1888, she made her stage debut and has appeared in such favorite plays as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Masquerader," and "Electra."

"You know," she confessed, "at one time I actually did retire for several years. I felt my day was done. But I was restless and unhappy. I tried to fill my days with other pursuits but I kept thinking of my salad days constantly and wishing that I could live them all over again. Then a call came from Irving Thalberg who was in England at the time with his wife, Norma Shearer. He told me that his wife would start a picture upon their return to Hollywood to be called 'Riptide,' and asked me if I would care to play one of the leads. Would I? You could bet I would. I forgot all about my vow to retire, forgot about my salad days. I was still wanted, I could still play a featured role. Out of my retirement I came, and out of it I remained, for 'One More River.' I hope I shall continue to remain out of it. I'm happier now than I've been in years."

COMMANDER Helen Westley's philosophy is probably derived from the nautical signal, "Green to green, red to red, all is well, *go ahead*." Steadfastly, surely, she has gone ahead until today she is one of the powers to be reckoned with in theatrical circles. Like the good commander she is, she has charted the course of the New York Theatre Guild and has brought it safely to port through choppy and uncertain seas. If you saw her performance in "The House of Rothschild," you will have recognized in her an actress of finish and style.

"For forty years I have been identified with the theatre," says Commander Helen, "and I hope to continue being identified with it for forty years more."

"To me age is the most beautiful time in life. We are *free*, free to be alone, free to think, free to rest. We are not cluttered by the emotions of early youth, we have grown more retrospective, we see with clearer eyes. Of course there are some silly women who remain emotionally young until the end, but I feel that these are in the minority, that most of us who have reached the age of fifty have grown mature in our emotions."

"I believe that the age of mankind is divided into three parts; the age of learning when we begin to read and write and understand the strangeness of the world, the emotional age which is purely tied up with sex, and lastly, the cosmic age when we can think of the world without our ideas being cluttered up by the demands of sex. Then a woman is free to know herself, to analyze herself and the people about her."

In 1919, the Theatre Guild was formed. Helen Westley was one of its founders and is today one of its six directors. She has appeared in some of its greatest successes including "Strange Interlude." The Guild to her is like a child and she nurtures it with hard work. What could it do without its Commander Helen? Despite her screen contract, she returns to it every few months to see how it is coming along.

LIVE your life to the fullest, doing as little harm to others as possible, but *live your life*. That's what it's for."

And the man who spoke those words spoke from the richness of experience. At sixty, Commander Sir Guy Standing, C.B.E., K. B. E., R.N.V.R., is still living his life to the fullest after having crammed enough successful adventure and romance into his three score years to exhaust half a dozen lesser men.

"Yes, I've been lucky," he said, never a sick day in my life. That makes a big difference. The other day I realized that I never got weary. It started me thinking. Maybe there was something wrong with me—glands or something."

Sir Guy's life really began when he was nine. To his home in Brighton, Sussex, came an uncle. The importance of this uncle was that he brought with him a sovereign. He gave the coin to Guy and a strange metamorphosis took place. The boy became a seafarer. He bought a boat for that sovereign and still feels that he was cheated. He and two other ambitious Britons of the same age turned to and in three weeks had remade the craft. Now all they needed was a sail. Young Standing was a stout fellow, not one to stop at trifles. There was a large family table cloth. . . . "Of course," says Sir Guy, "when it was reported among the missing, it caused a deal of comment. I maintained a diplomatic silence."

When he was fifteen his actor-father, Herbert Standing, called him into conference. Guy was given his choice of two things, working his way through the University or turning to and starting his

career, whatever it was to be. He painted a little, played a little and acted a little—"and did all three badly." So he decided to act anyway.

In little or no time he strode into his father's study, the proud possessor of a contract to play juvenile leads with a stock company up among the coals of Newcastle. His father promptly snorted. At any rate he tried to discourage the venture, saying that Guy would probably not be paid off by such a cheap and inferior company and would have to wire home.

"But, hang it all! Sir, it's a fine company. They're going to pay me three pounds a week to play juveniles!"

"Yes, quite so! . . . That proves the company is no good!"

Sir Guy's only comment today is that his father was right—quite right. But the young actor didn't do as his father had predicted he would. He didn't telegraph home for money. Instead he got a job on a collier—a coal boat.

He acted whenever he could and sailed whenever he couldn't. He went to Australia and tried his hand at gold mining and sheep raising. But he could not forget the stage.

He came over to America. Between calls on agents and managers, he went from house to house selling water colors that he painted at odd moments. He had to eat. Finally, Frohman gave him a part. He skyrocketed to success. Paramount signed him.

Then came the war.

Graciously enough, Paramount released him with the understanding that when the war ended in a few months, the actor would return to pictures.

The war lasted five years. He was knighted. He came back to America with a munificent capital of \$40. It meant beginning his career all over again. He played with Jane Cowl. The company went to Hollywood.

Sir Guy did not go on at fifty—as the others had—because of a bank failure, a stock crash, or a death. He actually began his career at fifty.

Now at sixty, his advice is: "Do a kind thing now and then. Have a hobby or two. Ride them hard. Keep busy. And, when you shave in the morning, look yourself squarely in the eye and say: 'This is going to be a great day. Thank God for it. And thank God I'm here to enjoy it. And life at fifty—or sixty—or seventy—or any old age—will give you usefulness and happiness.'"

Rough, Ready and Regular

(Continued from page 37)

His he-mannish stuff on the screen, which has proved to be so enormously profitable to him, is no studied art. There is nothing affected or synthetic about his acting. He is simply himself before the camera, and lives over in his films, experiences from his own past life.

VIC has roamed over the face of the globe and fought nearly a thousand fights on the mat and in the ring. He has toured the rough towns of Canada, where he went to seek his fortune at nineteen, as a wrestler taking on all comers in one-night stands. He has withstood the terrific battering of Jack Johnson in a "no decision" match held at Vancouver shortly after that huge Negro won the world's heavyweight title. He has toiled on a farm and prospected for gold in the Canadian wilds. Has been a vaudeville actor

in Australia. Has gone hunting lions in Africa. Fished pearls in the South Seas, surviving a typhoon. Taught calisthenics and boxing to a maharaja in India. Fought the Turks in the torrid wastes of Mesopotamia as a captain in the crack Cheshires. And finally, before returning to London in 1920, ruled in Bagdad as Assistant Provost Marshal, when the victorious Union Jack replaced the Ottoman crescent and star over the sacred domes of that legendary city.

"The last thing I ever expected was to be a movie star," he told me with that toothy grin of his.

"I had returned from the army in Mesopotamia and had easily won my championship fight in the Aldershot trials, a boxing tournament conducted between the various theatres of the war. But an injury to my leg sealed my career as a boxer. I went

through the two defeats in succession. My brothers realized as well as I did that the family's chances of winning the heavyweight title had gone forever. I was already thirty-three, and hadn't done any serious boxing for five years.

"It was on the night of my second inglorious fight that I. B. Davidson, a leading figure in the British film industry and a ringside fan, came into my dressing-room at the National Sporting Club in London and said to me:

"Victor, you have tried everything once. How would you like to be a film actor?"

"He might as well have suggested, 'How would you like to take the next rocket to the moon?'"

"Don't be silly, man," I replied. "I don't know the first thing about acting, and I haven't got the looks."

"But Davidson insisted that I was the fellow he wanted. Not a 'pretty boy,' but a rough and ready sort of chap to play the lead in 'The Call of the Road' which he was about to film.

"I jolly well knew that I was finished with boxing. I was out of a job, and appeared like a square peg in the round hole of London life. Here was a chance for me to make some easy money, so I submitted to a test, and was given the part.

"I worked six weeks in that picture at a salary of thirty pounds a week. It was big money for film actors in London.

THE film crowd I now associated with struck me as a perfectly crazy lot. I had been used to an atmosphere in which you showed your friendship for your pal by cursing him like a trooper. In this new world of cocktails, over-polite conversation, superlatives of praise, and disconcerting familiarity, every man was 'old boy' and every woman 'darling' or 'sweet-heart.' Like Hollywood, it was a world apart, where the values of life as I knew them did not exist, and I had to adjust myself to an entirely new perspective. But once I got used to the change, I found the film crowd consisting in the main of very decent people, good pals, and square rivals.

"I worked in about twenty British films before I got an offer from Hollywood.

"America had knocked the bottom out of the British film industry and things were in a bad way for us actors over there. I eagerly wired my acceptance. The part offered me was the lead in Vitagraph's 'Beloved Brute.'

"After I gave up boxing and became a film actor, I married Edna Lamont. I had to leave her in London and make the journey to America alone, for I didn't know how things would turn out for me in that fantastic place called Hollywood. Even though its streets seemed to be paved in gold bricks, hundreds had failed there for every one who had succeeded.

"I arrived in Hollywood with only twenty dollars in my pocket, and wandered down the Boulevard with a jaunty feeling, not knowing exactly what to do or where to go.

"The first person to speak to me was an ex-pug. He readily recognized me as an Englishman just come over from the other side. Being very anxious to make a good impression on my new employers, I was dressed in the latest sartorial elegance of London, with kid gloves, spats, and walking cane. People stopped and looked at me as if I were a freak show.

"This ex-comrade of the ring touched me for a loan. I gave him one of the two ten-dollar bills I had with me. I asked him the way to the Vitagraph Studio, and he told me it was 'just along the road.'

"Well, I had to walk five miles along that accursed road to reach the studio. The weather was as hot as Bagdad in summertime. My old shirt was gummed to my back, my hands were clammy.

"The first person to meet me at Vitagraph was an Irish publicity man who hated all Englishmen at sight.

"Very few of you fellows make good over here," he told me. Not exactly the kind of greeting to soothe my perspiring brow. He made it quite plain that any race as stupid, dishonest, and utterly lacking in initiative and decency as the English, would stand very little chance of getting on in God's Own Country.

"I liked him. I owe him a great deal. I will never forget the whirlwind publicity campaign he conducted to put me over when things looked pretty black to me.

"It was at his suggestion that I put aside my English reticence and reserve—three years of Shaftesbury Avenue had

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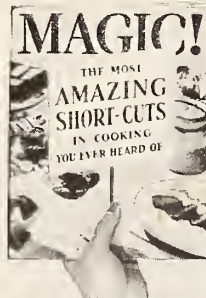
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Anita Louise and Tom Brown, Hollywood's best loved juvenile players, are seldom seen without each other. In other words, they're going "steady."

worked wonders in me—and I did my darnedest to be a 'regular guy.' I slapped everybody on the back and laughed at jokes that were old before I had left London. Within a day or two they were all calling me Victor, then Vic, and accepted me as one of their own kind.

"To my great dismay I learned that my film was to be postponed for a month. That meant no pay checks for a month. I was at a loss and didn't know what to do. I didn't dare tell studio executives I had only ten dollars with me, that I had to have some money quickly to send to my wife in London.

"An assistant director came to my rescue. He found me an attic to live in. It was close by the studio and overlooked a sewage farm. Rats ran all over the place, and the loathsome smell was intolerable.

"Every morning I laid in a fresh supply of fruit, buying it from a Japanese peddler. Fruit was the cheapest food I could eat. For a quarter he gave me enough apples and oranges to open a grocery store of my own."

IT was from that smelly attic that Victor McLaglen, Esq., lately of Shaftesbury Avenue, London, launched forth to lick Hollywood.

The story of that licking would fill several pages. Suffice to say that his role as Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory?" established him as a new luminary in the unstable firmament of the screen.

"And here I am, still plugging away at the old game which I thought was to be merely a brief interlude in my life, just another episode," he said, as Director Lewis Milestone called him for another shot.

He said these last words as if he were ashamed of being an actor.

He does not like to talk about his pictures. "Wait until the preview," he said, when I asked him what he thought of "The Captain Hates the Sea," in which he plays the part of the detective, Schulte, aboard the romantic *San Capador*—a smart sleuth who is plenty tough, but is vulnerable to feminine charms. It's a role right in line with his experiences as a chief of railway police in a Canadian town, where he rounded up a most elusive gang of fur

thieves, and as Assistant Provost Marshal of Bagdad, where he had to check the enemy espionage system behind the British lines.

Victor invited me to visit him at his home in Flintridge, half an hour's spin from Hollywood, to continue the interview and swap some reminiscences of war days.

He met me in his boxing trunks—a tower of beef with a battered nose.

"If I had my life to live over, it would be the canvas every time," he said. "The only thing that ever really thrilled me was boxing."

There is something pathetic about this man who was cut for the ring, yet couldn't reach the top in fistic honors, all because of a leg injury.

The two great sorrows of his life are his failure to win the British heavyweight title, and the death of his mother before American movies made it possible for her to loll in clover. With a pang deep down in his heart, he thinks how she would revel in his beautiful home—Fairhaven—and all the luxuries which he could shower upon her now.

There's a view of mountains and orange groves. Flower-banked paths that lead to unexpected and charming nooks. Clumps of magnolia, lemon, olive trees. Poplars clapping their hands in the breeze in ceaseless rapture. An outdoor swimming pool built of lovely Spanish tile and looking like a sheet of blue flame in the blazing sun. A "garden of memory" where friends, including many motion picture satellites, have planted valuable flowers and shrubs. Tennis court. Gymnasium. Riding track. Thoroughbreds in the stable. More than a hundred pheasants. Rows of dog houses. Deer and wild goats. Hundreds of singing birds in full-throated glee in their large cage-house.

There is even a butcher shop with modern refrigerator. Vic's parties are grand affairs, reminiscent of scenes from the novels of Sir Walter Scott. He likes to have a whole steer barbecued in honor of his guests.

HIS house is built in Tudor style, furnished in antiques. The stuffed heads of three deer look down over the dining-room. Mrs. McLaglen and her two children, Andrew and Sheila, were on a vaca-

tion. "Everything is upside down," he apologized. This former champion slugger of the British army in Iraq now takes things easy and reads Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*. An admirable father, he never figures in the gossip columns. Sheila, twelve, is an accomplished pianist. Andrew is the champion all-around athlete in his school and a good scholar to boot.

"I am proud of this kid of mine," he said, as we reached Andrew's bedroom. He fumbled in a drawer for a box, and spread out on the table eleven medals for me to behold, tokens of his son's physical prowess and scholarship.

"He is not a bit spoiled, and is as modest as can be. If I had asked him to show you his medals, he wouldn't have done it. Now and then he comes home with another medal, puts it in this drawer, and never tells me anything about it."

Two of Victor's younger brothers, Arthur and Cyril, now live with him. Arthur, dark and handsome with a sensitive face, is a sculptor versed also in landscape architecture. He is responsible for the present fair aspect of Vic's home. Cyril is an English screen actor, besides being a gay war dog.

Both brothers are of giant stature like Victor and have the bearing of officers and gentlemen. Cyril is a dashing lieutenant in the McLaglen Light Horse, which is branching out all over the country.

Two years ago Victor swore allegiance to the American flag. The stars and stripes always fly over Fairhaven. His famous Light Horse is organized primarily for the promotion of American ideals and standards.

On the grounds of the Breakfast Club on Riverside Drive—an institution of local big-wigs dedicated to the democracy of ham and eggs and the riotous feting of visiting celebrities—the McLaglen Light Horse drills on Monday and Thursday nights and on Sunday afternoons in lance and cavalry formations, equestrian sports and thunderous charges.

Your correspondent attended one of these drills as the Colonel's guest, and I can assure you it was an awe-inspiring spectacle.

On the drill ground even his brothers refer to him as "The Colonel." It's not a place to get familiar. Regular army discipline is in force.

Composed of over two hundred men, this colorful regiment of veteran troopers has been engaged by Paramount to appear in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

They wear nifty blue uniforms with gold stripes, and carry on their lances guidons of blue and gold. Their shoulder straps are of silver thread. The majority of them have seen service in the farflung corners of the British Empire, but there are also many Yankee doughboys, and all are 100 per cent American citizens. One trooper, Corp. D. G. Homsy, is an Arab gentleman from Jerusalem, a graduate of the Sorbonne in Paris, who put your correspondent's halting French to a severe test.

A Girl's Troop is attached to the regiment as its ambulance and first-aid corps. It is composed of about sixty girls. Pretty Florine Bale, titian-haired film chorine, is the captain. Most of the girls are dancers and motion picture actresses, and all are skilled riders. There is also a girls' polo team and a rooting section for Victor's latest acquisition, a soccer team.

"Thank God I am not like those film stars," said Vic, "who think acting is the most important thing in the world and can't be interested in anything else. I get a great kick palling around with these buddies of mine. I like to share their joys and sorrows. They keep me close to earth. I can't go stale as an actor when I associate with men of this kind."



Elissa Landi, Lanny Ross and Sharon Lynne at Emanuel Cohen's testimonial dinner. Note the Landi's new hair-do. Tricky, what?

Claudette's Favorite Fan

(Continued from page 36)

together, etcetera, to see if their stories are read. This was too much. I pushed myself off the divan and rushed to my desk."

CLAUDETTE handed me some of her creamy white stationery. Her own letters had been returned and were kept in the same packet. I opened it to read:

Beverly Hills, Cal.,
Sept. 13, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,
Who knows?
Truthfully yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

"That," continued Claudette, "finished the matter as far as I was concerned. I forgot all about it. Ten days later this came:

Watonga, Okla.,
Sept. 18, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,
God knows.
Less devoutly yours,
DANIEL KECK

"Well, I said to myself, at least this fellow has a bump of humor. And he's brief. That intrigued me. I decided to answer it." She handed me her next letter. And at this point, not having the slightest idea just what to expect, I opened it.

Beverly Hills, Cal.,
Sept. 24, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,
If there is a God.
Still truthfully yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette picked out the next letter and handed it over to me. "Look," she said. I looked.

Watonga, Okla.,
Oct. 1, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,
Skeptic
Not even cordially yours,
DANIEL KECK

"It was getting to be a game," laughed Claudette. "He was getting under my skin. I couldn't let him have the last word. But it seemed hopeless. You remember what Madame de Sévigné said, 'I'd write you a shorter letter if I had more time.' Well, I thought and thought. It spoiled my dinner party that night. While looking at his last letter again, I noticed something and wrote:

Beverly Hills, Cal.,
Oct. 7, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,
You a literary man? Shame! You forgot the period after "skeptic."
Punctiliously yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

We had to search for the next letter. It had fallen on the floor. I confess I was a bit bewildered. "What," I asked myself, "would come next?"

Watonga, Okla.,
Oct. 12, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,
Your welcome,
DANIEL KECK

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AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

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"Can you beat that?" gasped Claudette. "Well, here was my answer to that epistle:

Malibu Beach, Cal.,
Oct. 20, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,

Penuriously,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

P.S. You seem to be so brilliant.
Fill this in yourself!

Claudette picked out a letter which was a wee bit fatter than the others. "One week later I received this note with my letter enclosed.

Watonga, Okla.,
Oct. 24, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Herewith your missive as per instructions. Do you dare?

Dutifully,

DANIEL

"The nerve of him!" laughed Claudette. "Look how he changed my letter.

Malibu Beach, Cal.,
Oct. 20, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,

You, I feel sure, could be no more tedious than your letters. Won't you come to Los Angeles? We could have a date. If our correspondence is any criterion, we should become deaf with constant chatter. I await, with pounding heart, your arrival.

Penuriously and also affectionately,

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

P.S. You seem to be so brilliant. Fill this in yourself!

THAT stopped me! What to do? If I mailed it there was no reason why he shouldn't take me at my word. If I didn't I'd be a rather poor sport. Well, I carried that letter around in my bag for a week trying to decide. Then one day I said, 'Claudette, you're a fool,' and dropped it in the mail box. But I added another postscript. I wrote: 'I'll dare, but don't you dare!'

"Three weeks later the studio messenger boy brought me this note, while I was having lunch in my dressing-room.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Sorry to miss you for lunch. Hoped to surprise you. The officials seemed to frown on my credentials: Mr. Daniel Keck of Watonga, Okla. Ignoramuses! Would'st dine with me at the Ambassador tonight?

Daringly,

DANIEL

"I was petrified! It suddenly dawned on me that he might be black, white, old or young. This was really pretty terrible. I asked the messenger boy if he had seen him. He shook his head. I sent for a friend and explained my predicament. He went to the hotel to investigate. He returned, smiling. Mr. Keck, he assured me, was unquestionably a gentleman. Over six feet tall, dark, about thirty years old, he was one of the handsomest men he had ever seen. Relieved? I wanted to rush right down and kiss him. Instead, I sent him a note. After excusing myself, I invited him to my home to dinner the following Friday.

"Well, Friday came. And seven-thirty. And with it Mr. Daniel Keck. I was having my hair dressed when he arrived.

The butler knocked on my door and announced: 'Mr. Keck, M'dam.'

"Tell him I'll be right down," I sang back. The butler seemed bewildered. He stood there. 'Mr. Keck,' he explained solemnly, 'is a lady.'

"I got downstairs in a perfect turmoil. There in the drawing-room . . ."

At that moment we were interrupted. Claudette was called to the phone. It was the studio. She came back to grumble that her call next morning was for seven instead of eight.

"There in the drawing-room was a darling old lady. She held out her hand as I advanced. Her hair was snow white. Except for tiny wrinkles about the eyes her face was like a girl's. It was her eyes that held me. They were the most mischievous I'd ever seen."

"I am sorry," she said, 'that my son couldn't meet you. He's on his way to China. I came out to the Coast with him. Yesterday he had to leave to join his wife in San Francisco. But you see, he didn't know about our little game until just the other day. I, you see, am your correspondent. It started off, really, as a dare. Permit me to introduce myself. Mrs. Lucy Pembroke. Daniel Keck is the name I use on some of my writings. It's better to have the pen name of a man, you know.'

"Well, I had the most enjoyable dinner I ever had in my life. She was charming. Bubbling over with fun."

Claudette dashed up to her bedroom and brought back a photograph of her friend in a large silver frame.

"Look at that face," she enthused. "Whenever I want to get into trouble I call her up. She's forgotten more innocent pranks than I'll ever know."

Can a Nice Girl Be a Big Success?

(Continued from page 48)

a girl. She is angry with him. She turns on him. She stamps her foot. She calls him names. She shakes her fists at him, she pounds on his chest. And he says:

"You are lovely when you're angry. Hit me again, you pretty little spitfire!"

Are we like that hero? Do we enjoy seeing our heroines rant and rave at us. Do they seem more beautiful with an angry flush on their faces? It certainly looks that way!

Let's view a few examples:

Now, for a nice girl. No one ever has anything but favorable things to say about Heather Angel. She's pretty, she's sweet, she's intelligent, she's shy, she's modest, she's sincere. So go the criticisms. To interviewers she's delightful. When signing autographs she's a model of patience. In a word, she's everything that a nice girl should be. But who in this town knows or cares (to be brutal), very much about her? Who talks of her? Who writes about her? She has only a few personal friends. She is never seen or heard about. Writers come away from interviews with their finger nails all but chewed off. In spite of all her bright, responsive ideas, her quaint charm, her desire to be helpful. Heather Angel is, as they say out here, "bad copy"—bad newspaper and magazine material.

A direct opposite to Heather is a little demon whose wild screechings are heard around the world. She not only throws valuable vases at anybody who happens to annoy her, but most especially at her husband. Her pretty little feet stamp

in time with a refrain of:

"You old—blankety-blank! You nasty so-and-so . . . I will keel you!"

Need, I tell you that it's Lupe? Need I remind you that the whole world is Velez-conscious? That's what I mean when I say, I wonder if it pays to be nice in Hollywood. Lupe insults and endangers. She curses and yells. She stamps on our insteps with her high-spiked heels. And we love it. "Do it some more, Lupe!" we implore.

I SPOKE a few minutes ago of Connie and Joan Bennett. Joan, too, has quite a temper, but it's Connie who gets the credit for being the tyrant in that family. And when I say "gets the credit" I mean "gets the credit" for many people believe that Connie has profited tremendously by her tantrums. I'm sure they have helped her drive good bargains with her producers. A woman's wrath such as hers knoweth no "no's." And then, too, Connie is always good "copy." And the very fact that Connie is difficult to get to, makes a word with her, even a cross one, seem more desirable!

But Joan, as I started to say, also has a temper and a temperament, though she manages somehow to conceal them behind that pretty little face of hers, the side that she has chosen to show the world. Connie, on the other hand, has her sweet side, too. Her intimate friends tell us there is no one any "swell-er" than Connie. She's honest, frank and true-blue. She's intelligent, witty and really an extraordinary

woman. But ever since she was a young girl, Connie has lifted her arrogant eyebrows to the outer world, and looked at us through her platinum-rimmed lorgnettes . . . patronizingly! She has always been superior, even during her prom-trotting days, when she led the social whirl of the younger Eastern debutantes.

There is a story I heard long ago from a Princeton boy about Connie. The incident occurred during a Princeton house-party at the end-of-the-season football prom. Wherever you saw a group of young men gathered about an object of interest, you could be sure that that object of interest was Constance Bennett, second daughter of Richard Bennett, and the loveliest of the clan. She was vivacious, ravishing, witty and provocative. The center of attention everywhere.

While she was dancing, a young man, football hero of the day, cut in on her. Connie was not having young men she didn't know cut in. She was most exacting in her social ideas. So she gave him an icy stare. Then admiring his dare-devil charm, she changed her stare to a smile, and, looking at him bewitchingly, she said:

"Do you know whom you're dancing with?"

The football hero tossed his head and replied:

"No, does it matter?"

Still bewitching, still smiling, the elegant Miss Bennett said, "You're dancing with Connie Bennett, lucky boy!"

They danced on a few steps. The foot-

ball hero smiled ingratiatingly.

"Do you know whom *you're* dancing with?"

"No," answered Miss Bennett in a care-free tone.

The young man paused a moment. Looking defiantly into those intriguing Bennett eyes, he answered:

"You're dancing with Connie Bennett, lucky girl!"

And he left her, right in the middle of the floor!

Connie still has that manner. When you're with her, her eyes seem to be saying, "Do you know whom you're talking to?" The only difference is that now we don't leave Constance Bennett dancing with herself in the middle of the floor. We take it and like it! We rush by the millions to see her every picture. We try to modulate our voices to be more like hers. We kill ourselves with dieting so that we may have a figure like hers. We get our dressmakers to turn out something like that little gold lamé number that Connie wore in her last picture. In fact, we take it and like it so much that we support her to the tune of \$30,000 per picture.

In Hollywood, as in no other place in the world, fame and success may be closely measured by the amount of money a person makes. Few actresses ever rise above the \$3,000-a-week class. But Connie's fame has transcended the fame of the other members of her famous family. She has definitely lifted herself to the top of the Hollywood heap with a salary that's reported to be \$30,000 for only a few weeks' work! And all that without giving a damn about anybody!

OVER at Warner Brothers I met one of the sweetest, nicest, and most delightful girls that I've met in a long time! She's only been in Hollywood about a year, and she's made great strides, but they've been measured, steady ones. Everyone speaks well of her and her work. She is friendly to talk to. She gives of herself, her experiences, her thoughts, while she talks to you. She goes into anything and everything thoroughly. She has talent and ambition. She is discreet. She has excellent taste. She loves music and art and good literature. You like her immensely, but you feel that there is something lacking. You go home and say in a calm voice, "I met Jean Muir today. She was awfully nice; she invited me to lunch." Your voice, however, carries no real enthusiasm.

But a friend came bursting into my house the other day and in a loud excited voice shouted, "Guess who I saw. Guess! And she was shooting crap with the bootblack over at RKO, yelling and laughing at the top of her lungs!"

I didn't have to guess. It was Katharine Hepburn, of course. And from then on I couldn't stop the barrage of questions which my friend fired at me.

"Does she really bully her maid so that she has her in tears half the time?" she asked. "Does she really fight with her director, her hairdresser, her stand-in, her script girl? Is she really as stubborn as they say? I hear she swears like a trooper." And so on and on. Well, since no nice girl swears, or shoots crap with colored boys, Miss Hepburn may not be a nice girl. But boy! is she successful! Do the magazines and newspapers tell you about the many nice things that Hepburn does? No. It's the hoydenish, harum-scarum Katie Hepburn that you love to read about! Hepburn took the town and the world by *storming*!

Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton are another couple that invite comparison. Both of them do similar parts on the screen—and both of them are fine actresses. But Helen Hayes, with all her sweetness and charm, has never quite snatched for her own the title that Ruth Chatterton once wore:—"First Lady of the Screen."

Helen Hayes is loved by most everyone. Chatterton is feared by most. Her tantrums, her sullenness, and her wrath have made history in this town. Chatterton, like the temperamental artist that she is, had to rule the roost, and she did: lock, stock and barrel, even husband. Helen Hayes has always been nice to everyone. With the result that Helen Hayes is still just plain Helen Hayes, while we still speak of Ruth as "La Chatterton." And in that little "La" is a world of difference.

Sometimes it's just as successfully intriguing for a star to turn her back on Hollywood, as it is to fight it face to face. Another favorite who hasn't bothered to be particularly nice to anyone, and who has gotten away with it beautifully, is Margaret Sullavan. Hollywood likes Maggie in spite of the fact (or is it because of the fact?) that Maggie doesn't like Hollywood. I know you have read that she is Hollywood's Sore Spot, Hollywood's Pet Peeve, but you have to really like a girl to have her get under your skin like Maggie does. She doesn't scoff at Hollywood, or defy it, or even shout at it, like Hepburn does. She just ignores it!

She arrived here only a short time before she started working on her first picture, and she left immediately after the picture was finished. She did the same thing again on the occasion of her second picture. She shows no interest in meeting anyone, and she shows an equally nil interest when someone wants to meet her. No disdain, just indifference.

But Hollywood and the world isn't indifferent about her. Theatre managers claim she's the best "draw" of the day. Writers clamor for interviews. Fans want to know when she'll be making another picture, and hostesses ask their guests, "Do you know Margaret Sullavan?" I wonder if all this would have happened if Maggie had started out being nice to everyone.

ELISSA LANDI is charming. She is invited to more parties than she cares to attend. But, to be nice, she manages to spread her time around. She stops in for a chat here and there, and she bestows smiles and delightful friendliness everywhere. But even at the very parties that she attends, do you think *she* is the topic of conversation? Oh, no. More likely, Marlene Dietrich.

Marlene treats Hollywood badly in still a different manner than do the rest: Bennett, Hepburn, Chatterton, Sullavan and Velez. She turns a deaf ear to its every criticism of her.

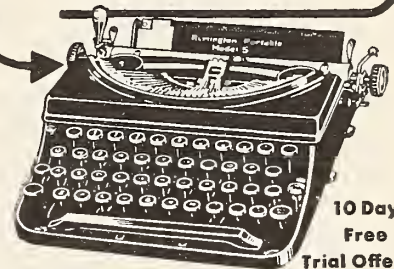
Hollywood gasps because she is often escorted by a man who is not her husband, while her husband escorts another woman. Marlene continues to go her own way, and no divorce rumors accompany her. A code that's good enough for Europe is good enough for her!

When seen at a preview, Marlene, whether she is or not, looks like the most bored person there! Neither indifferent, nor amused, nor insulting, nor brazen, Marlene is just bored. And that's really being nasty to Hollywood!

Connie, Katharine, Margaret, Lupe and Marlene are talked about, wondered about and their stars are still plenty high in the heavens. And their more amiable girl friends seem fated to shine as lesser lights.

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Behind the Scenes with Joan, Clark and Bob

(Continued from page 41)

sighed, that didn't mean anything. You know, you can always tell the star of any picture by his apologetic but always slightly tardy arrival after everyone else has checked in. So that took care of *that*.

At exactly five minutes to nine Joan Crawford emerged from her brand new dressing-room and ran into her old pal and co-star, Clark Gable, who was just emerging from his new dressing-room. "Hi," called Joan. "Going to walk or ride over to the set?" "Let's walk," he said, taking Joan's arm.

They hadn't gone ten steps when a very hurried and slightly breathless young man overtook them. "What's the idea of trying to make me late?" demanded Mr. Robert Montgomery, who had never before in the memory of the oldest M-G-M native been observed to hurry.

Thus "Mary Clay," "Jeff Williams," and "Dill Todd," the chief romantic ingredients of "Forsaking All Others," arrived on the set arm in arm long before Billie Burke, Charlie Butterworth or Frances Drake, their supporting players, showed any signs of appearing.

BEFORE we go any further it might be well to explain something about "Mary" and "Jeff" and "Dill" in a little more detail. "Mary" is Joan Crawford who is loved by both "Jeff" (Clark) and "Dill" (Bob). She is giving a large party to celebrate her engagement to "Dill" when "Jeff" appears unexpectedly on the scene.

"Jeff" has just returned from a long sojourn in Spain to ask "Mary" to marry him and he is broken-hearted when he learns she is going to marry "Dill." The story opens with the engagement party in full blast.

But the wedding never comes off, for who should appear at "Dill's" apartment the night of his stag dinner but an old sweetheart, "Connie" (Frances Drake). And "Dill" falls in love with "Connie" all over again.

But let's go back to our off-stage story of Joan, Clark and Bob—and that first day on the set. Before luncheon was announced, seven scenes had been shot and not a single Bing Crosby record had been played. You could have knocked over the collective press correspondents with a very small feather.

However, press spirits were miraculously revived when immediately after lunch a young man from the music department, who admitted that he had been personally recruited by Joan Crawford, presented himself on the "Forsaking All Others" set with a gramophone in his arms. Ah, the plot was really beginning to thicken. Joan had accepted Van Dyke's dare. Her machine and records had arrived.

For a minute you could have heard a pin drop. Van Dyke observed the arrival of the gramophone (out of the corner of his eye). So did Joan. Hurriedly, she went over to the young man and held a whispered conversation with

him. "Take it over to a corner of the stage where it won't bother anyone," she said, "and put on a soft needle."

The moment had arrived. What was going to happen?

Mr. Van Dyke arose. He walked over to the little group of two, and every eye on that set was on him. "What records have you there?" he interestedly inquired.

"Oh, just some that I like," laughed Joan. "Some opera selections, and some popular ones—and some of Bing Crosby's and some of my own."

"Your own?" echoed the director in surprise. "I didn't know you sang for records."

I DON'T," replied Joan, "but I have some records of my voice from various pictures I've made. I play the old ones and compare them with the new ones and check to see if there is any improvement. It's a big help."

"Say," said the tall Mr. Van Dyke enthusiastically, "that's a swell idea. Let's listen to some of them."

And so Joan, Van Dyke, Gable and Montgomery gathered around the gramophone and listened to records for the rest of the luncheon hour. And what's more, they actually played some of Bing Crosby's, too! That's the way two of Hollywood's best scouts and most regular fellows settled that particular feud, with everybody happy except, perhaps, the press.

Before the picture was in production two



Have a seat, Mr. Montgomery. You're on the "Forsaking All Others" set, which boasts such illustrious names as Gable, Crawford, Montgomery and is directed by Van Dyke of "Thin Man" fame. The seat on the extreme right is yours.

weeks, the news was out that there were no stars in the picture and there was no stellar temperament. Three of M-G-M's biggest stars had put themselves completely in the hands of the director they so greatly admired. They believed in him implicitly and what he said was law. So far as we know, only one concession was made to artistic prerogatives and that was in the matter of lighting for the camera. As a rule, the star of a picture receives all and sundry benefits in the lighting, with the others coming in as best they can. But in this case three separate lighting experts were put to work on the three individual stars and not a single scene was shot until these experts had checked in an okay for his particular charge.

Bob Montgomery was favored at one point, however. A great deal of expense and time was given to installing a shower with hot and cold water for Bob's bath scene. "Know why?" grinned Bob the day I drifted on the set. "They were scared I'd catch cold and they're running through this picture so fast they haven't time to take care of me if I get the sniffles."

Things were going at such a fast pace that Clark Gable didn't have time to memorize his lines. Joan and Clark were at work on a very difficult scene before the camera when Joan realizes it is "Jeff" she loves and not "Dill" and she is trying to let him know. They kept shooting and re-shooting it because Clark just couldn't get his lines down pat. Seven times they started the cameras grinding and seven times Clark "blew up." Finally they started the eighth try. Everything was going well. Clark was over his worst hurdle. It was Joan's turn to speak. She went up to him, gazed deeply into his eyes in that Crawford-Gable way that is known only too well to the fans. Her line went something like this: "And now I know that it is someone else . . . not 'Dill' . . . I love." Instead, she went up to him, gazed deeply, as advertised, and calmly remarked: "And now I've forgotten the darn lines."

Everybody yelled with laughter. "Okay, folks," laughed Van Dyke, "let's take off a little time and learn these lines."

SO far, Saturday afternoons are the only vacations Joan, Clark and Bob can actually count on. The reason is Mr. Van Dyke's hectic enthusiasm for the game of football. Nothing except football as played by the University of Southern California could lure Woody away from his director's chair for a precious half day. But he makes up the time by working his cast late on Friday nights. Stars as high up in the

ladder of fame as Joan and Clark and Bob might kick at the idea of working until midnight every Friday night, if they were working for some other director. But Woody has won them completely. They burn the midnight oil without a single overtime complaint. In fact his enthusiasm is so contagious that they join him in his Saturday afternoon games. The day University of Southern California met University of Pittsburgh, the "Forsaking All Others" company had a special radio attachment on the set and turned it on at the completion of each scene. Montgomery and Van Dyke indulged in a little betting. It cost Bob \$100 and Woody \$250. When the score came in, Clark Gable remarked: "It's too bad we haven't some morgue scenes. Everybody's in a perfect mood."

It might have turned out to be the "low-est" day of the picture if Bob Montgomery had not at that very moment received an important wire. His secretary explained the wire had been sent to his home and Mrs. Montgomery had forwarded it. Bob read it and a very peculiar expression came over his face. Joan inquired solicitously: "What's the matter, bad news?"

Bob almost choked. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, only a funny coincidence. It's a wire from . . . from . . ."

"Yes?" encouraged Joan.

IT'S from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., laughed Bob, "and he's inviting Betty and me to be his guests in London as soon as I complete this picture with you."

"From Douglas!" gasped Joan. "How swell!" She immediately wanted to know if Bob was going to accept the invitation and when he assured her he was, Joan launched a long list of "Be sure to tell Doug. . . ."

"If you two will forget about Douglas for a moment," broke in Clark Gable, "we can get along with our little opera here and I can get off on my own vacation four or five days ahead of time. I'm beginning to be discouraged. I understand we're only four days ahead of schedule anyway. At the rate we're going there's no reason why we shouldn't make it a solid week and set an all-Hollywood record."

"Okay," called Woody Van Dyke, the man who makes 'em fast and makes 'em love it. "Lights."

"And music," called Joan.

The famous gramophone played softly and seductively, "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder," and Joan and Clark stepped before the camera for their close-up.

"Which is what I call darned appropriate music," grinned Clark Gable.

Why Gloria Always Looks So Smart

(Continued from page 58)

Gloria with bangs. The wide sort I was so proud of at ten.

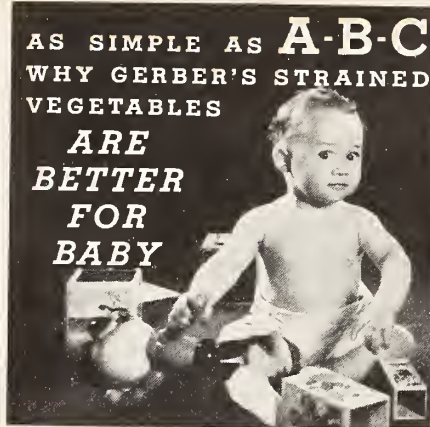
"The idea is," she was saying, "to make the eye follow a long unbroken line in your costume if you want to appear taller. Remember that slate blue wool dress of mine that has the buttons running all the way down the back from neck to hem?"

Did I know it! How could I have forgotten it. The wool is that very fine kind, as soft as silk, with shadow stripes which do a lot in the way of increasing Gloria's height. The coat is a swanky swagger affair, deeply cuffed, and lined with dark blue taffeta. And there's a vest. The most exciting red vest in captivity, imported from Switzerland and embroidered with bright woolen threads. It's only

buttoned to the coat, so you can discard it any time you wish. The whole costume has a Tyrolean touch, emphasized by a hat of the same blue wool with a cocky red quill.

In fact, if you want to be strikingly smart this season your wardrobe will take on a sort of international flavor.

Consider that Russian ensemble of Gloria's. It's the answer to "How to be glamorous in broad daylight." Take the "bullet" dress alone, of gold, light-weight wool and trimmed with cartridge pleating edged in red. The blouse is typically Russian even to its stand-up collar, only Gloria has opened it because she doesn't care for high collars. Her neck, she says, is too short to wear them well. The composition buttons are also red and the



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belt is dark brown leather—the same shade of brown as the fitted woolen coat. Just to make it more closely united, the coat lining is of the dress material, and that dashing Cossack hat combines the two and has a bit of the leopard trimming for good measure.

Gloria may be tiny but she's not the soft-bows-and-dimities type by any means. Take that Cambodian cocktail suit, for instance. Who but Gloria would have thought of incorporating the feeling of French Indo-China in a cocktail suit? And with such devastatingly lovely results? Black velvet creates the hat with its solitary rhinestone clip on top and the form fitting skirt. The blouse of black taffeta is threaded with white and gold stripes. And, my dears, there is a muff to match—with a zipper arrangement which opens to reveal a purse and vanity!

Exotic? Of course it is. But so is Gloria—as exotic as the moon. That's what makes her so bewitching.

"Probably it's a sign of a distorted ego," she mused, "but even as a child I never wanted to copy anything someone else had on. I always wanted to be original. I remember a little friend of mine wearing a pink silk dress to a party. I could have jumped for joy because my mother had dressed me in simple white linen with a touch of real Irish lace. Even to this day my pet hate is to see a child all dressed up in silks and taffetas. They're out of place on children.

"I've always had a peculiar feeling about clothes—as if once having worn them, they take on a part of me. Why, in the days with DeMille when I saw an extra wearing something I had used in a previous picture, I could hardly refrain from snatching it off her!"

A true individualist, this fascinating Swanson. And if you've been thinking yourself a step-child of Fortune because you belong to no set type, perish the thought. Take a cue from her. That smart distinction of hers is due to no sleight-of-hand performance you may be sure. It's a matter of simple mathematics—addition and subtraction. You add up your good points and dress 'em up. And you do your best to subtract your bad points and dress 'em down.

For instance, Gloria says frankly that her legs are too thin, her neck too short, and the bane of her life is having exceptionally wide shoulders for her height! But she dresses so cleverly that you and I and the rest of the world would never suspect it. That, my dears, is art in dressing.

And here are Gloria's guiding rules: 1. Beautiful material, in her opinion, is most important. Material that has a unique, luscious look. Do you know what one of her newest evening gowns is made of? A soft taupe fur cloth. It's really clipped chiffon that looks very fur-ish. And the magic of it is, it's as soft as a triple sheer. The square neck is in keeping

with the straight lines of the dress. And it has a wide satin belt of chartreuse. The cape that goes with it is lined in the chartreuse and is trimmed with blue fox that can be worn two ways—up as a collar or down as a scrumptious new cape- edging.

Then she has a dinner gown of lace which is very flattering. It's a "spongy" black lace that molds itself to the figure beautifully. The scarf and sash that complete it are as multi-colored as a rainbow.

There's a lamb of a suit, too. And that expression is not merely one of appreciation. The suit really is made entirely of baby lamb—galyak. The period jacket has dolman sleeves and the skirt, if you please, is slashed in four places at the hem. The little trick of a hat is made of gray felt to match the suit, with a band of galyak, and the stiff veiling may be worn up as a halo or down over the face. So, if you would dress with distinction in the Swanson style, first select the loveliest, most-out-of-the-ordinary material you can find.

2. Know your lines. And there's more to this than knowing how to wear long narrow lines to make you look slim and tall; breaking your lines and rounding them to make you look short. The worst offense is exaggeration. The overtight skirt that says, "Look, what big hips." And there's the matter of sleeves. Don't miss that big clothes chance! They can strike the whole note of a costume. Notice what those wide, draped sleeves do for Gloria's formal dress of silver tissue and flame chenille! The gown itself is molded, backless and has a full-length train. The silver tissue is allowed to "star" by itself without being handicapped by a single ornament. And the coat, it's one of those fitted masterpieces with a heavenly collar and super-grand sleeves of the flame chenille striped with silver. A heavy flame taffeta lining is particularly interesting. The result is the most dazzling silhouette imaginable.

3. Remember the importance of the correct color. It's color's job to make your eyes look bright, your hair shinier and your skin clearer. "For example," Gloria points out, "I love green. I'm mad about it—on other people. But somehow it does nothing at all for me so I never wear it. I think the easiest way to make a costume feel and look fresher is to wear a new hat, bag and gloves with it. Or to change them about. But one thing I object to strenuously is an 'off-color.' Like a reddish-brown hat with a gray-brown suit.

4. Do not wear cheap furs. That is, the dyed-cat variety. A few good skins cost little and do much.

Gloria goes on about jewelry. "It's odd, maybe it has something to do with my features being the definite kind, but I cannot wear 'dainty' jewelry. It's absolutely lost on me. I have to have something

that's self-assertive, a striking pattern. In Paris I found a little shop where they had the most distinctive designs in the world. That's where I got my crystal bracelets . . ." Works of art, those bracelets. They combine diamonds with the crystals and they hint of a Slavic pattern. She uses them with her tunic evening dress of tigreera velvet in a glorious honey shade brushed with gold. It introduces an Empire waistline with a molded skirt and a half-length train. There's a diamond and emerald clip on the low-cut bodice and the halter neck leaves the back divinely free.

Gloria also wears those bracelets with a very formal gown of silver cloth. The front is looped very much like the back and inserted pieces flare out to form the train.

Only one "period" gown has Gloria indulged in, but it's the kind to make gentlemen fight duels over a girl. It's quite the loveliest thing these eyes have seen in a decade. Very fitted black velvet that starts flaring at the knees, with a three-quarter-length train and a dropped-shoulder neck that holds up due to ingeniously placed stays. A trimming of tea rose satin finishes the neck and flowers of the same material are tucked in the front. The bottom of the skirt which is split in four places, is lined with tiny box pleating of the satin picoté in silver.

The scintillating Swanson has chosen black velvet also for her cocktail suit. Again the skirt is molded. Again it's slashed to just above the ankle and this time there is merely a suggestion of a train. But the thrill is, it's lined with silver lamé right up to the knees. The jacket is pinched-back and double-breasted. And it has the swankiest ball buttons of rhinestone this side of Paris, as well as revers, a rolled-up collar and a muff of ermine. The hat? A black velvet modification of the beret generously dripping aigrettes in Merry-Widow fashion.

Gloria dotes on hats. You recall the old saying, a woman is just as smart as her hat? The Swanson headgear is the last word, and invariably her hat sets the keynote to her costume.

"I expect women will wear hats with long formal frocks more than they ever have. There's something about them that finishes a costume so beautifully," she explains. "To try them on you should always stand up. A hat may be overpowering or not well balanced with your dress but you won't be able to tell that sitting down.

"Curves? Why, natural curves have been 'in' since Eve but we'll never go back to the extravagant kind that grandmother knew. I like the waistline just where it is. I swear I'm going to murder the first designer who tries to lower it. There was never, never any grace to a hip-length waist and a knee-length skirt. And a graceful line is the answer to a successful frock!

What's Wrong with the Man?

(Continued from page 35)

If he appeared in a role with Constance Bennett or Jean Harlow, the press was in an uproar wondering how Jean would take his love scenes. Those favoring a more thoughtful angle took up the problem: has love hindered Franchot's career? The Winchell-columnists wanted to know if Joan and Tone would be married. Whether it was his fault or theirs, the press has definitely refused Franchot Tone a personality of his own.

Now that twenty-four hours have elapsed

since our meeting I suppose it would be more colorful to say that Franchot has been libeled by the press: that he is a definite and individual person and that you are reading the truth about him here for the first time on record. As much as I came to like him before our three-hour session was over; as much interest as I felt when I perceived his "curious case," it must be stated that Tone has not the average actor's quickly ingratiating manner. In fact, Franchot's initial impres-

sion is one that is more familiar on the college campus than a movie lot. He is distinctly "upper classman."

The Tone charm is as obvious to the eye as it is to the camera. Though he is not at all like those superior young plutocrats with their penthouse swimming pools whom he consistently portrays in Crawford and Harlow movies, he is very much like those young men would be if they were real and not the phoney thing. He is taller than you might suspect and wears his

excellently tailored clothes with a flare. His shoes are slightly pointed. His nails are conservatively manicured. In a town of over-dramatized Hollywood and Broadway personalities, Franchot is decidedly Bond Street.

I think he is as amazed as anyone to find that love has put him on a spot . . . professionally and personally. It is my opinion that Franchot is a young man in a dilemma. A young man with a very common problem: "What to do?" Before Hollywood and Joan hit him, Franchot was probably a very self-confident chap. His biography reveals that the world had treated him well. His success in University plays had led easily to Broadway, perhaps too easily. Because his family was well-to-do, he has never known what it means to be pinched financially. It is obvious that women would like him. Until two or three years ago, his world must have been an oyster cocktail.

Once during our talk over an M-G-M luncheon table, he said:

"I think it would be best for me right now, at this snaggy stage of my career, to go back to Broadway for a couple of shows. I've made too many pictures, too rapidly. I'm mentally tired, and that's not the right frame of mind for a fellow who has a long way to go in pictures . . . But I don't know . . . I probably won't go."

The reason is obvious. She's lovely, she's glamorous and there's no doubt but that Joan Crawford means more to Franchot Tone at this stage of his life than two movie careers.

BUT Franchot is no fool and I very much doubt the impression that he is putty in Joan's hands. He has definitely influenced her life, quite as much as she has influenced his. Her newly acquired interest in the theatre is Tone-inspired. They spend evening after evening reading and studying together. It was Franchot who encouraged Joan to cultivate her singing voice, and at the present moment they are both studying with a famous vocalist in Los Angeles. Joan is quick to admit to old friends that she is happier in Franchot's companionship than she has been in years. That's just the point. Joan is *happily* in love. Franchot isn't.

He is enough of a self-preservationist to realize his career needs a great deal of attention and concentration at this "snaggy" stage. But his emotions are double-crossing him. You can't talk to him an hour without sensing his present inner struggle. No one can foresee the outcome of that

struggle . . . not even Joan or Franchot. But in the meantime there is Hollywood. "You say my performances vary from role to role?" he repeated in his polite, slightly pre-occupied manner, "I hadn't particularly noticed that my good-or-bad averages were any more conspicuous than other players'. Probably it is more noticeable because I do so many pictures. Some of these stories are strong, the directors good and the cast experienced. Others are just the opposite.

"Naturally, in the beginning I was very willing and anxious to learn. But now that I have begun to be a little more sure of my footing I'm all through blindly following the most casual direction. I want to work *with* my directors, but not blindly accept their every dictum. I am not in the professional spot where I can choose the parts I will or will not play before the camera. But I think I shall make an effort in the future to make these gay young millionaires of mine into human beings and not just animated cartoons. With the exception of one or two pictures, I have always portrayed the same character on the screen. Usually the gay devil with dishonest intentions toward the little chorus girl. It's been a tough problem to vary these parts so that little Oscar in the audience won't yell out at mama, 'Oh, there's that same man again!'"

Though Franchot talks easily about his career, questions about his private life and his mode of living in Hollywood leave him cold. He is openly amused at the popular theory that he was a gay young blade in his Broadway days, hitting the high-spots and breaking feminine hearts before he came to Hollywood and settled down to a monastic existence devoted exclusively to Joan Crawford and the movies. "No," he said, without any particular interest in the subject one way or the other, "I'm not a Hollywood-reformed Broadway roué. Too bad, too. That would be a good story. 'Young Rake Comes To Wild Hollywood To Take The Veil!' Has possibilities, hasn't it?"

In spite of his facetiousness, he lives a great deal more quietly in Hollywood than he did in New York. He keeps bachelor quarters in Brentwood in a small home decorated by Joan Crawford and William Haines. Every evening he dines with Joan, or she with him. They read, or go dancing, or study together.

Joan and Tone! Always it is Joan and Tone. Right now there is no Tone without Joan.

Wanted: A Remedy for Heartbreak for Kay

(Continued from page 38)

absurd!" The reporters were even more certain they were on the right track.

I was one of the fortunate few who talked to Kay the day before she left Hollywood for New York and points east. She had been giving interviews most of the day, and I was last on the list. But, during the first five minutes of our chat she gave no indication that she was anything but her normal, vital, energetic self. We were discussing her part in "British Agent," talking about how she had cut her wrist a few weeks before, talking about, oh, incidental things.

And then, in the midst of her apparent gayety, Kay passed her hands over her eyes and said, "Oh, I'm so tired." Recovering herself quickly, she added, "Really, I've been talking about myself all

day—and it's a terrible strain."

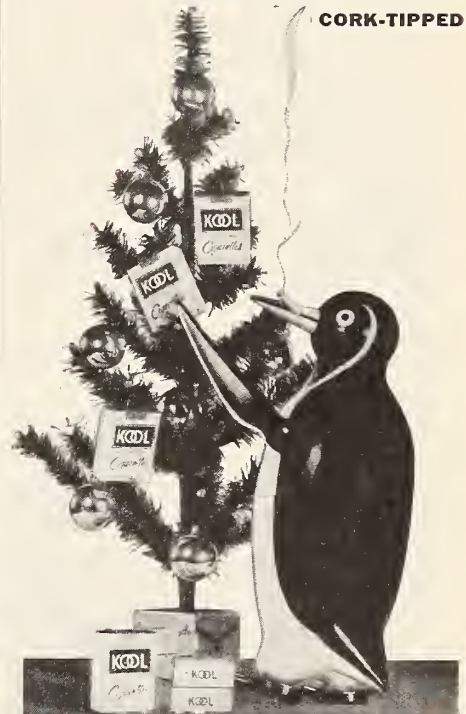
But she was pretending, and I knew it. She was pretending that it was just the pace of that one day that had fatigued her, that it was the talking about herself that had wearied her. In the flash of that second when she ceased to smile and look interested, in that pitiful transparency of her little excuse, I could see that it was far more than that that had made her weary. It wasn't physical weariness that had got her. It wasn't talking about herself that had bored her. It was far more likely that it was *not* talking about herself—her real inner self—that had been the nerve-racking strain.

I hunched the unhappiness in her heart at that moment, and the more I have thought about it since, the more sure I

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have been that just before Kay sailed for Europe, she was nearer to a collapse than she had ever been in her life. Not a physical collapse. Not a moral collapse. Far worse than either of these, it was the staunch walls of her heart that were about to cave in, a heart that has hoped for so much, worked for so much, and which has so little left!

"You must be looking forward to this marvelous trip of yours," I ventured. "Imagine! a vacation of so many months, after so many years of hard work. Aren't you thrilled, just thinking about it?"

"Oh, yes—yes," she said. "Oh, yes, it will be wonderful." In a dull mechanical tone, in words that were like a speech rehearsed, she began to tell me her plans. Her enthusiasm didn't ring true.

I left shortly after that. And I felt sorry for Kay Francis. Why? I kept hearing her happy, ambitious, self-confident words of half a year ago. "I want to be a good wife. It's important to my kind of woman." My kind of woman. Let's take a look at that for a moment, and see what it means.

Kay has always been "different," but not the kind of "different" so many actresses try to make themselves be. Kay never strives for effect in her clothes, in her make-up, in her personal life, or even on the screen. She is a woman first, and an actress second. That sounds trite, because it's been said so often about the wrong people. But it's true of Kay Francis. Kay is one of the few women on the stage and screen who looks like a lady and is one without impressing you with the fact. She doesn't put on airs for the elite, she doesn't come down to the level of others. She is always the same to everybody.

Kay is—above everything else—a feminine person, a man's woman, the romantic Dark Lady of the Sonnets. She has clung to her femininity and her softness while other actresses grow hardened by their careers, while other actresses find ruling the roost much more intriguing than being a woman.

When Kay first married she was content to be a housewife as well as a sweetheart. She and Dwight Francis lived in a small town in the Berkshires, and she was happy with her quiet, small-town life for a while. But possessing a superior intellect she soon outgrew it. Kay went to work, so that she might afford a cook. This does not

mean that she sacrificed any of her femininity. As a matter of fact, her attractiveness increased by the day. She became social secretary, in turn, to Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. Minton Pinchot and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Is it any wonder that her social graces multiplied, that she became more and more sure of herself!

Suppose you had married at seventeen, during the first flush of romance. And then, at nineteen, you realized that it *had* been only the first flush, that your ideas and ideals had changed, that you weren't happy in your marriage of two years before. Kay had the good sense to see that such a marriage needed ending right then and there, before any more harm had been done. So she obtained her first divorce.

Then Kay fell in love again and married again—oh, with such high hopes this time. But this marriage, too, had flaws. It was one of those secret affairs and she was separated a great deal from her husband. What a disappointment to a girl just turned twenty. The companionship that she had dreamed of, the intimacy of ideas and hopes and thoughts that she wanted so much were denied her for months at a time. It was hopeless. Kay took this second beating bravely.

At last, Kay in what she thought was her maturity, found the real love of her life. And she married him. This was no hasty young marriage. This was not puppy love. This was the marriage that really would be happy and lasting. Kay set herself at the task of keeping this marriage perfect. She counted on her past mistakes to help her. "I want to be a good wife," she said. And deep down in her heart she was confident she was.

Then suddenly there was an end. She really didn't know why, herself.

"How was it my fault? Am I incapable of knowing my own heart? Am I fickle? Am I false? Or am I incapable of holding a man's love?" These are the questions Kay must have asked of herself. What is ahead of me?"

A mind goes in circles when it thinks like that. How it can help thinking like that, I don't know. If Kay had a child perhaps her heartbreak would be less. If she had a religion that, too, would be something to console her. Or if her career were her most intense interest, that would help.

But Kay hasn't the mania for money or for the bright lights of success. These things are really of little comfort to her. If only she could be blasé! She could then shrug her shoulders and say, "Well, better luck next time!" But she can't be like that.

Yet she refuses to let anyone in on her sadness. You only catch it, as I caught it, in one of those rare moments when Kay lets her brave barriers down. I have heard her say that the most repulsive person is not a man with a big belly, but a man who bellyaches in a big way. Kay has always had a gallant attitude toward hardships. She's had them, but few people know about them, because she bluffed her way through. I am convinced that she was bluffing to the last and that she just got away in time. A few more weeks of trying to hide her heartbreak in Hollywood and she would have been a nervous wreck. You can't even cry in your own room out here, for there's always a servant who'd be glad to give you away. But on a boat, with the cabin door locked for hours at a time, who's to tell whether she cried or not!

The odd thing is that Kay went to Europe after the break-up of her first marriage. Her travels enriched and rested her that first time. No doubt she is counting on them to give her a new vision and a happier perspective again. What she needs most of all is renewed confidence in herself, in love, in life. I hope she finds it. Maybe she'll marry Mr. Chevalier. Maybe she won't. Maybe she'll never marry again. I, for one, certainly don't pretend to know, or have any way of knowing. I don't believe Kay even knows herself. This much is certain: she won't come back to face Hollywood's firing squad until she's got her heart patched up so the cracks don't show!

Maybe Kay wonders if her birth-date hasn't something to do with all her "unluckiness at love." In Oklahoma City an actress by the name of Katherine Clinton gave birth to her first child. It was raining when Katherine, after the ordeal of the birth, first opened her eyes. She looked out of the window, and then she looked at the calendar. She began crying softly, and, like the rain outside, the tears ran down her cheeks as she clutched her baby to her. "Never mind, little Kay," she said.

The day was Friday, the thirteenth.



The Johnny Mack Browns threw a large welcome-home party for the Charlie Farrells. Charlie, you know, just got back from England where he made "Abdul Hamid." Mary Pickford's here, too, looking more youthful and beautiful than ever.

INFORMATION DESK



DOROTHY DOUGLAS, Montgomery, Ala.; **HELEN ASHE**, Hammond, Ind.; **ANNA OBERITTER**, Chicago, Ill.—All sorts of gold medals and things to you three for your observation, appreciation and good taste. Robert Donat is definitely somebody worth asking about, as all who saw "The Count of Monte Cristo" will agree. Born in Withington, Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905, he gave evidence of his acting ability at an early age. He made his professional debut in 1921, after which he spent several years in stock and repertory theatres and with companies touring the English provinces. "Knave and Queen" was his first London success which was followed by many more. He had just completed a seven-months' engagement in the principal role of the London hit, "The Sleeping Clergyman," when he received a cable from Edward Small, production chief of Reliance Pictures, asking him to take the lead in "Monte Cristo." Small had remembered his excellent performance as Thomas Culpepper in "Henry VIII," and knew he was the ideal actor to play Edmond Dantes. He was right. Donat has brown eyes and auburn hair, stands 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, is modest, soft-spoken and has a grand sense of humor. His favorite foods are English roast beef, American ham and eggs, bean soup and apple pie. He gets a great kick out of the way Americans pronounce his name—Doan-ah is correct. Besides "Henry VIII," he has appeared in three English-made films. He is not under contract to any American company, although "The Count of Monte Cristo" was made in this country, and released through United Artists. He will appear next in a Gaumont-British production, "Thirty-nine Steps."

MRS. ALICE JORGENSEN, Washington, N. J.—Mary Pickford has not taken Doug Fairbanks back into her good graces yet—whether he wants to be taken back is another question. Mary is 41 and Douglas is just 10 years older. Mary may appear in a picture soon and Doug has just finished "The Return of Don Juan," an English-made opus.

A. RAFT FAN, Chicago, Ill.; **ANOTHER RAFT FAN**, Morehead, Ky.; **J. J. P. Gananque**, Ont., Canada; **ANDREW LETO**, Chicago, Ill.; **VICTORIA CHANSA**, Chicago, Ill.—George Raft was born in New York's "Hell's Kitchen," on September 27, of French, German and Italian parentage. When he was 15, George decided to become a boxer. During the next two years he fought as a bantam weight in the leading clubs of New York without much success. In 25 bouts he was knocked out 7 times and after his last beating, quit the game to avoid disfigurement. He next tried baseball as a career, and was signed as an outfielder on the Springfield (Mass.) Eastern League team but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average wasn't so hot. He returned to New York and took up "hoofing" at tea dances, after which he tried playing in stock companies in small towns and then in New York for four years with his dancing partner, Elsie Pilcer, in musical shows. Europe came next. He was the highest paid American dancer who ever appeared before Continental audiences, and became known as one of the world's fastest dancers. The Prince of Wales learned some new steps from him and gave him a cigarette lighter which he treasures highly. On his return to New York, he danced in numerous night clubs and motion picture theatres until he was induced to go to Hollywood to take a part in "Quick Millions." His gangster portrayal in "Scarface" was what brought him recognition and a Paramount contract. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has an olive complexion, black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are baseball, dancing and boxing. He is married, but separated from his wife. He and Virginia Pine are going places together frequently. He has just completed "Lincoln Heights" with Anna May Wong, and is scheduled to appear in "Rhumha" with Carole Lombard sometime soon. You can write him at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

WALTER RICHTER, JR., New York City—Right you are. Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez were in "Laughing Boy."

ROSE CRANETTI, Trenton, N. J.—Robert Armstrong played the part of Phil in "The Hell Cat" opposite Ann Southern, and you can write him at Monogram Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. However, he was not in "Woman Condemned." Perhaps you are thinking of Richard Herringway.

C. M. H., New York City, In the 1930 version of "Tolable David" the following players were in the cast: Richard Cromwell, Noah Beery,

Joan Peers, H. B. Walthall, George Duryea, Edmund Breeze, Barbara Bedford, Helen Ware, Harlan E. Knight, Peter Richmond, James Bradbury, Sr. and Richard Carlyle.

H. M. L., Regina, Sask., Canada; **HELEN SCHROEDER**, Toronto, Canada—Gertrude Michael was born in Talladega, Alabama, on a June 1st about 23 years ago. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was educated at Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., the University of Alabama and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Swimming, tennis and badminton are her favorite sports, and reading and quaint arts are her hobbies. She started a little theater movement in her home town and founded radio station WFDA. She joined the Stuart Walker stock company and then headed for Broadway. Her first movie experience came as a lark at Paramount's Long Island Studio where she played Richard Arlen's fiancée in "Wayward." In December, 1933, she signed a contract with that company. She lives with her mother and brother and her pet Chow. She plays the violin when she's tired and the piano when she's happy. She is particularly fond of Oriental food and her pet aversion is giggling women. Her next picture is "Menace" with John Lodge and Paul Cavanagh, after which she may be in Max Baer's "Kids on the Cuff."

R. W. SWANSON, Racine, Wis.; **HELEN CARPENTER**, Clifton, Tex.—Here goes for that mighty man, Nat Pendleton, which is his real name, by the way. This 200 pound baby was born in Davenport, Iowa, August 9th, 1903, and since then has attained the height of 6 feet. His eyes are dark green and his hair dark brown. He was educated in the public schools of New York City, and at Columbia College where he was captain of the wrestling team and on the public speaking team. He left school to go to Portugal and Spain where he remained for 4 years. In 1921 he returned to America and in 1925 became vice-president of the Bernarr Macfadden Feature Productions. As a wrestler he attained great renown, having won the A. A. U. championship three times, the Metropolitan A. A. title six times and the Olympic championship once. Whataman! He is still very much interested in it, and for exercise he wrestles, tennis and does road work. He is a semi-vegetarian and among his favorite diversions are watching stock market reports, crap shooting, playing chess and driving fast cars. He speaks Spanish, French and English, does not smoke, has a pet raccoon, sings baritone and plays the banjo. His next picture will be "Repeal."

BETTY KREILE, New Haven, Conn.—Yours was an interesting question and I'm glad you asked it. Whether these books are in the public libraries or not, I couldn't say, but they ought to be. The books you mentioned were written by the following authors: "Madame Du Barry" by Edward Chodorov; "Of Human Bondage" by W. Somerset Maugham; "State Fair" by Phil Stong; "British Agent" by R. H. Bruce Lockhart; "The Green Hat" by Michael Arlen; "The Fountain" by Charles Morgan; "One More Spring" by Robert Nathan; "Work of Art" by Sinclair Lewis; "Life Begins at Forty" by Walter Pitkin; "Little Man, What Now?" by Hans Fallada.

BETTY HALL, Newark, N. J.; **EDWARD J. NORRIS**, Bronx, N. Y.—So you want me to talk, eh? And about Henry Wilcoxon? Very well—and I'm glad you asked. To start with, he was born in Dominica in the British West Indies on September 8, and was educated at Harrison College, Bridgetown, Barbados, and at Woolmore College, Kingston, Jamaica. When he was 16 he hid himself to England where he became a clerk in a milling firm, from which post he rose to buyer on the Corn Exchange. Following this he got a job with a tailor, but since he was ambitious to become an actor he made a stab at it with great success. He appeared in numerous stage plays and pictures in England, and was brought to America in January, 1934, by Cecil B. DeMille to take the part of Marc Antony in "Cleopatra." He is an excellent artist, and had an exhibition of his work in London. He is a capable amateur boxer, a fine swimmer and an excellent pilot. He is an avid collector of antiques. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, has blue-green eyes and brown hair. As a child he was nicknamed "Biff" because of his fighting ability. He is about 29. His next role will be as Richard the Lion Hearted in DeMille's "The Crusades."

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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BLACK,
BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK
AND BROWN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY,
VIOLET AND GREEN

Sad, Shy and Meek. (Oh, Yeah?)

(Continued from page 34)

to me.

In "Their Big Moment," for instance, a trained seal played an important role. ZaSu got together with the other members of the cast and decided to frame Slim Summerville. (Slim is her arch-enemy where practical jokes are concerned—more about that later.) While they were sitting around between scenes, ZaSu, Kay Johnson, Julie Haydon and William Gaxton would drop remarks for Slim to overhear. They would speak of the consummate ferocity of seals, of how they take intense dislikes to certain people, follow them around for days, and then, at the right moment, strike out to kill. They spoke of strong men who were torn to ribbons by their ferocious fangs. After a few days of that sort of conversation, they had the fear of seals thoroughly implanted in Slim's mind.

Then ZaSu slipped up behind Slim when he wasn't looking and dropped a fish into his back pocket.

The seal, sniffing the tantalizing scent of a meal, began to follow Slim around the set, waddling along on its flippers. Slim would look at it and the animal would move towards him. At first he tried to act unconcerned. After a couple of hours, though, he began to get uneasy. If he walked fast, the seal speeded up and came right after him. He began to walk faster and faster. Finally, he started doing a regular marathon around the set, with the seal in hot pursuit. A stepladder offered the only safety in sight, or so he thought, and he dashed up it and perched himself on top. Ah, but it was a trained seal, quite able to climb ladders. It started up after him. In despair, Slim searched his pockets for something to throw at it, and of course found the fish, a little the worse for wear by that time.

Friend ZaSu was nowhere in sight when he came down off the ladder.

Why she goes in so heavily for the denizens of the briny deep, in these merry little pranks of hers, I have no idea. She pulled another fish trick on William Gaxton during the making of the same picture. Not with the same fish, however. This one was a goldfish. I suppose she bought it at a pet shop and carried it out to the

studio on purpose—bowl, water, fish food and all. At any rate, Gaxton was doing a scene as a magician. He has a great trick, in which he places a small cube inside a mysterious box, collapses the box, and shows that the cube has disappeared. He rehearsed it several times for the camera, and finally they were ready for the take. Then, when nobody was looking, ZaSu slipped her pet goldfish into the box in place of the cube. Gaxton did his stunt, and, when the box was supposed to collapse and be empty, out flopped the fish. The expression of fury and bewilderment on the would-be magician's face was so good that they've kept it for the picture, although you'll see it used in another sequence.

The following stunt is an old habit with innocent-looking ZaSu, too. She's been doing it for years and still people go on saying what a quiet little angel she is. I remember a picture, a year or so ago, in which her husband was supposed to kiss her goodbye, pick up his hat from the table, and leave the house. It was a highly dramatic scene which was supposed to make people cry. Everything went beautifully until said husband, after saying his heart-broken, "Goodbye, my darling, my beloved," tried to pick up the hat. Such an expression of consternation spread over his face then, that the director instantly called "Cut!" The hat was nailed down to the table with four-inch spikes. Innocent little ZaSu, again. Innocent like the cat that ate the canary.

For that matter, her little stunt in "Dames" wasn't so innocent, either. If you saw the picture, you remember that Hugh Herbert was a victim, willing or unwilling, of hiccoughs. It troubled him for days at a time. Nothing would cure it but a certain Golden Elixir, ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent pure grain alcohol, guaranteed to lift the head like a balloon and send it bumping around the ceiling. Hugh had to carry a bottle of it with him wherever he went. Well, when they were taking the scenes they used ginger ale for the Elixir. Hugh happens to like ginger ale, so it was fine for him. And for everybody else.

Imagine how dismayed the cast was when, in one of the final scenes, Hugh lifted the bottle to his lips, took a good swallow, screwed up his face, sprayed Golden Elixir all over the place, and began to cough as though he were strangling. The camera stopped and the director ran to him and asked him what was the matter. Hugh seemed to have difficulty answering, but after a prop boy brought him a drink of water he was able to explain. It seems some blankety-blank practical joker had dumped the ginger ale out of the bottle and filled it with vinegar instead.

ZaSu was sitting on a chair offstage, quietly sewing.

It was much the same when Jack Pearl came out to Hollywood to make "Meet the Baron." Little did Jack know what he was stepping into when the studio decreed Miss Pitts as his screen sweetheart. Naturally, he was nervous and excited, since it was his first picture. He memorized his lines assiduously, and, before each scene, studied his cues until he could say them "beckwartz and vorwartz." Then they would both go into the scene and, at the moment she was supposed to give the Baron a cue, ZaSu would do something entirely different—stare innocently off the set, or drop her handkerchief, or sneeze. At first he thought it was his fault and grew terribly worried. Finally, he spoke to her about it.

ZaSu drew herself up to her full height and stared at him freezingly. "Sir," she said icily, "I am a great artist. When I throw myself into my role, it is impossible for me to know what I am doing. I live my part. I do whatever the character must do."

Pearl apologized profusely. Only then did ZaSu break down and admit that she was kidding him. After that Jack was almost as bad as she was. Between the two of them they disrupted the whole crew, by making them laugh so much that they could hardly stand up. The set became so popular with visitors from other sound stages that a policeman had to be stationed at the door so they could get some work done.

You will probably be horrified to hear, that is, if you are one of those who believes ZaSu is as dumb as she looks in her roles, that your shy little violet is also a scandalous card shark. Where she acquired her amazing knowledge, no one knows, but she can beat all comers at everything from casino to pinochle. She's usually to be found at a table, just outside the camera-lines, modestly playing a lonely game of solitaire with downcast eyes. Other actors, working with her for the first time, sooner or later suggest a game, by way of making friends, and the ride is on. Roland Young, for instance, is an ace bridge player. He sat down for a few minutes with ZaSu as an opponent, while making "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," and got up minus exactly fifty dollars. ZaSu pleaded with him the entire time they were working in the picture, but she couldn't trap him into another game. She returned his fifty, the day the picture finished, as a good-bye gift.

The lengths to which she and Slim Summerville go to make each other miserable must curdle the blood of the supervisor, who has to sign the cost sheets for the amount of film they waste spoiling each other's takes. When Slim is ready for a close-up, ZaSu lurks out of camera range making faces at him, sticking out her tongue and looking cross-eyed and wig-



Sidney Blackmer took Suzanne Kaaren to the Sunday night vaudeville show at the Wilshire Ebell Club Theatre, where many of the old headliners are doing their stuff.

gling her ears, to try to make him laugh. I remember once when Slim decided to get even with her. In a scene where he was supposed to shake hands with her, he shook hands with his fist full of jello. But ZaSu merely waited until the next take, when his face was turned away from the camera. Then, while he had to stand still and make love to her, under pretense of stroking his face with tender affection she smeared him from chin to eyes with whipped cream

borrowed from the studio commissary. As the farmer said when the tornado swept his house into the next county, "I may be wrong, but I seen it with my own eyes." I'm sorry if I have to disillusion all the folks who think ZaSu is a timid soul, too shy to go out in company, but when you've seen her pull the tricks I've seen her pull you kinda doubt it. To me, sad to state, shy little Miss Pitts is a combination of Jackie Cooper, the Marx Brothers, and Hell on wheels.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 8)

bars of soap, talcum powder (one that smells like an old-fashioned bouquet), and an especially generous jar of cleansing cream which she can simply slather on her face for the nightly make-up removing process, and let soak into the pores while she is lolling in the tub. That reminds us to remind you—and you—and you—that the way you remove your make-up every night is of as much importance as the way you put it on every morning. Use cleansing cream and soap, both, and tissues to remove the cream, and a nice rough washcloth for exercising your face when applying the soap.

Probably all of us have a "Carole" among our friends, who just seems to "have everything," and we can't think of a thing to get for her. She can't fail to go for the de luxe manicuring set we discovered the other day, or the trick miniature size that can be tucked in the purse.

Speaking of manicuring, let's talk about giving Santa a hand where you yourself are concerned, for a change. I do think liquid nail polish in all its gay and even gaudy shades is almost an invention of the Gods for enlivening the spirit of woman-kind. There's a shade for every mood and every costume. (And painting your toenails the same shade does make you feel deliciously wicked.) Rosy fingertips will contribute to your rosy outlook on life as they make themselves charmingly conspicuous over the Christmas dinner table, or over your partner's shoulder as you dance the Old Year away. We believe in treating yourself to a whole array of shades, what with miniature bottles available at such miniature prices. Women ought to have more color and variety at their fingertips between the monotony of doing up the dishes three times a day—or taking three hours of dictation from the boss. Of course, you should harmonize your nail polish to your natural coloring and to your costume, as a general rule, but we don't care if you break the rule once in a rare while if it amuses you.

Don't, please don't, be guilty of chipped and cracked nail polish! It takes a chip right out of your spirit of well-groomedness if you are.

Do you find yourself clutching things with necessary vigor these days . . . your purse while you're Christmas shopping, or even your morning cup of coffee . . . your fingers all scrootched up as though daring you to pry them away? Then get yourself in hand and relax for a moment. Let your hands swing lazily from your wrists, as though you hadn't another bit of work to do in a fortnight. In fact, relaxing completely every once in a while is one of the best tonics to the spirit we know. Imagine

you are playing in some scene where the heroine does nothing, and does it beautifully.

You're going to be greeting a lot of old friends and meeting new acquaintances, this holiday season. And shaking hands is an art, you know, that deserves more cultivation, especially on the part of the hostess. When you shake hands, the arm should be held slightly higher than the hand, the wrist bent just a little bit. Hold the fingers close together. A warm, firm handclasp is to be desired; a limp handshake is as bad as a dish-rag brought into the living room, and a highly arched wrist belongs back in the mauve decade.

Be extravagant with your hand lotion application this winter. Rough, scratchy hands are repulsive to look at and to feel. If once every few nights you will dig into the cold cream jar and massage your hands with the cream, then pop them into cotton gloves and hop into bed, you'll have your hands looking as though they received a hundred dollars a week for just doing nothing . . . a grand aid to your spirit.

In the matter of greetings, if your lips are inclined to leave marks on Cousin Lou's cheeks, do write us for the name of an indelible lipstick that will cling with the faithfulness of a Clark Gable admirer.

Don't let yourself get frowsy, either in person or spirit, during these busy holiday weeks. The business of being well groomed is like the business of preparing for Christmas, something of a bother but worth all the trouble. Be extravagant in the time you allot to your grooming and dressing. That extra five minutes in bed in the morning won't do your soul nearly as much good as if you had spent it in good grooming.

Color has a delightful effect on our personalities. You'll want to give your lingerie frequent color baths. Touch up those collars and cuffs, too. If you're tired of white, try peach or aquamarine blue; if you're tired of pink, try wood-rose or one of those heavenly new rust shades. A nice little array of dipping dyes is fun to have around. If you have a limited clothes budget, a dark dress with collar and cuff changes is your very best bet.

When you are perfectly groomed, your skin smooth and clear, your make-up carefully applied, your hair neatly and becomingly arranged, your hands as beautifully cared for as Carole Lombard's, your collars and cuffs fresh and bright, and the seams in your stockings entirely straight, then you can forget all about yourself.

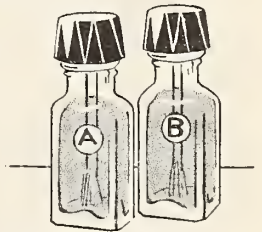
Write Mory Biddle for her list of gift suggestions, and enclose stamped, addressed envelope. She will be glad to help you with only and all of your beauty problems, too.

162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

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AT THE 10c STORES

Watch for MODERN SCREEN'S big contest announcement in the next issue.

What Will Happen to Them in 1935?

(Continued from page 29)

ally, she will make at least two major changes during the year. Toward the end of the year, she will surprise Hollywood by doing a "Garbo"—retiring into herself.

If Neil Hamilton is cast in an aviation picture, he will have a serious air accident. In the event that he has a double for all his work, the double will be killed or seriously injured. Because of his gallantry to the opposite sex, there is grave danger of a scandal, which will be unfounded but rather unpleasant just the same.

The year will be one of emotional earthquakes for Kay Francis, culminating in her marriage to an international screen star. The marriage will prove disastrous, for Kay and the man she will marry are not suited to each other as husband and wife. She will go to England to make one picture, but it will not be a success.

Maurice Chevalier will marry a well known brunette screen star, but it will end unhappily. Physically, he is threatened with serious injury, probably to his legs.

Bing Crosby's career on the screen will hit a rapid and almost complete decline in 1935, and he will return entirely to the radio. He will receive and accept an offer to make one picture in England. His personal life will be happy. During mid-year, however, one of his children will have a serious illness, but it will not die. An elderly person in his family will undergo a very serious illness.

FOR Miriam Hopkins, 1935 will be the biggest year of her professional career. Her love-life will continue to be happy. The love that is hers will continue through the next three years, but she will never marry the man.

For Carole Lombard, there will be rumors that she and Bill Powell will be reconciled, but this will not happen. She will, however, marry a man outside of the movie industry and it will be a happy marriage. During the spring months, she will be in a hospital for several weeks.

Following the unfounded rumors of his reconciliation with Carole Lombard, William Powell will marry a woman who is not an actress but in some manner connected with the picture industry. However, the marriage will not be a happy one.

For Jean Harlow, this year will be the happiest year of her life, professionally; the unhappiest, emotionally. She will have an offer of marriage from a prominent producer whose wife will die early in 1935. She will be in love with another man, but in the end will marry still another—a screen star, not with M-G-M. The marriage will not be happy. Jean Harlow will never in her life know the happiness of successful marriage.

As to Herbert Marshall's personal life, the stars are in conflict. There are two women, one is Edna Best, his estranged wife; the other is a screen star. Before the end of the year, he will have done one of two things, married the latter or become reconciled with the former. If he goes back to Edna, happiness will be his. If he continues with the other woman, great emotional grief is in store for him. Professionally, he will have a splendid year.

As for Gloria Swanson, under the guidance of Irving Thalberg she will do work on the screen that will be marvelous, and will far transcend anything she has ever done before. Emotionally, she faces a year of great stress, during which marriage

is indicated, but not certain.

Adolphe Menjou's health is seriously threatened during late summer or early fall. Illness also menaces an older person in the family, but whether it is a relative of Menjou or his wife, Verree Teasdale, cannot be said definitely at this writing. He and Verree will continue happily married, and the stars indicate the likelihood of a child.

George Raft has passed the peak of his screen career and 1935 will see a definite decline in his box-office value. He will not be divorced because his wife will oppose any effort along that line.

FOR Sylvia Sidney, Dareos predicts marriage. However, she is a careerist, and marriage will be secondary in her scheme of life, with her screen work taking precedence at all times. Her marriage will be neither outstandingly successful nor downright unhappy, for it will not play a large enough part in her life to assume such magnitude. During the latter part of the year, she is threatened with a nervous breakdown.

Mac West's career as a screen star is at an end, but an even greater career as writer and producer of movies and stage plays lies before her. There will be no marriage for her in 1935. An attempt will be made to kidnap her or harm her, by the underworld interests she antagonized recently. In 1936 she will have one great stage success.

For Clark Gable, Dareos foretells that in the middle of the year, a designing mother will thrust her daughter into the limelight of a sensational scandal in which Gable will be falsely named. He will be completely vindicated but not until after much sensational publicity. Professionally, it will be a year of great success. Sorrow threatens his home through serious illness of a close member of the family.

For Barbara Stanwyck, there will be a period during the year in which she and Frank Fay will be on the verge of divorce, but there will be a complete reconciliation. She and Frank will adopt a red-headed baby girl. Barbara will make two outstanding pictures in 1935.

Scandal overhangs Dick Powell as the result of a yacht trip he will take. The year is emotionally involved for him, with possibility of marriage, which, however, would prove unhappy. Dick Powell was born to be a lover but not a husband.

For Jimmy Cagney, there is certainty of his attempted kidnapping during the middle or latter part of the year, while taking a trip east.

For Ruby Keeler, Dareos sees grave danger. When in New York, either in the spring or fall, a former friend now turned enemy, will make an effort to harm her, either physically or through reputation. She and Al Jolson will continue happily married. No children in 1935.

The Leslie Howard divorce whispers will not come true. Scandal looms, involving a blonde girl. Will make a picture in London; he will also do a play there.

EDMUND LOWE will marry in 1935. He will first have a flaming romance with a blonde screen actress who has recently divorced a famous screen star, but will later marry a woman not connected with the screen world. She will be socially prominent and wealthy, and the marriage will be a happy one.

For Loretta Young, the month of May

will begin the three most successful and happy years of her life. Until then, 1935 is fraught with professional and emotional complexities for her. Marriage is indicated for her either in 1935 or 1936, but she should wait until 1936, for marriage before that time would be disastrous. She is faced with a nervous breakdown early in the year.

Janet Gaynor will marry, probably early in the year. The marriage will be happy, but at the same time, it will mark the beginning of the end of her career. By the end of the year her career will be definitely on the wane.

John Gilbert is finished as a screen star. There will be talk of his reconciliation with Virginia Bruce, but the stars say nothing will come of it. The year will be very unhappy for him, both professionally and personally.

Shirley Temple's amazing screen career will continue to skyrocket. There will be an attempt to kidnap her.

Unlike Shirley Temple, Jackie Cooper's screen career is, if not completely ended, at least at a temporary stop.

For Joan Crawford, 1935 will be romantically spectacular. She will not marry Franchot Tone, but a black-haired foreign star. She will strive for stage success, and will go abroad for training in this field, for which she will eventually desert the screen. In fact, 1935 will see no particularly notable screen work on her part. She will remain on friendly terms with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but there will never be any love reconciliation between them.

Pola Negri will be one of the 1935's screen sensations. Not until April will she be heard of professionally, but then her career will suddenly take strides that will amaze the screen world. Three amazing years will follow. Early in 1936, she will marry.

Myrna Loy will be Hollywood's most sensational screen star in 1935. She will receive but refuse a marriage proposal from a foreign nobleman.

For Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the road is rocky and the path is steep. They'll never be entirely reconciled, although they will remain friends. Mary will never make another movie, but will be a success in writing and directing. During the year, she will find emotional unhappiness through her association with a man born in August. Douglas' screen career is at a standstill.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., will remain in England, where he will marry an actress, but the marriage will not turn out happily. He will make several excellent but not sensational pictures.

For Ronald Colman, 1935 will be his best professional year in some time. There will be marriage rumors, but he will not marry until late in 1936, at the earliest. His wife will not be in pictures.

The Gary Coopers will have a baby. Gary's professional life will be one of pronounced ups and downs during 1935.

Constance Bennett faces emotional upheavals in 1935. During the year, a new marriage is possible, to a man born in December. It will be her happiest marriage if she weds him. The year will see the definite beginning of her screen career's decline.

Here is what the famous Dareos predicts for a score of other screen idols:

MODERN SCREEN

Charlie Farrell is definitely through as a screen bet and will become a director in 1935. Ann Harding will make one of the greatest pictures of the year. Harry Bannister faces the likelihood of a serious air accident. Norma Shearer will have a year of professional success, but personal unhappiness. Fredric March faces unpleasant gossip in late spring and a return to the stage in 1936. Jeanette MacDonald will marry and will suffer a jewel robbery. Charlie Chaplin will complete a picture and the fact of his marriage to Paulette Goddard will be definitely es-

tablished. Lupe Velez' career will be threatened by a period of sensational publicity that will do her no good. Dolores Del Rio will go to South America and co-direct and star in a picture there. Katharine Hepburn's stars indicate marriage for her but if she does marry she will not be happy. Marion Davies will be one of the year's sensations with an amazingly outstanding picture. Jean Parker will have a great romance which will end in a sudden crash instead of matrimony. In 1936 she will marry. Her career will be successful throughout 1935.

(Continued from page 28)

What Dareos Prophesied

Joan Crawford: 1934 the peak of her career. May turn to stage in 1935. Rather unsettled love-life. No marriage.

Franchot Tone: No marriage for him and Joan.

Mae West: To remain single. Career to continue brilliantly. Underworld plot to put her on spot. Possible auto accident.

Greta Garbo: No future greatness for her. Will retire in 1934 or 1935.

Carole Lombard: A year of romance. Marriage to someone outside the industry.

William Powell: Marriage to non-professional.

Clara Bow: To have a baby.

Jean Harlow: May lose something she now holds dear.

Constance Bennett: Possibility of divorce in 1934.

Charlie Chaplin: Is already married to Paulette Goddard. Will make a picture.

Adolphe Menjou: To marry.

Ann Harding: To announce her engagement.

Jimmy Cagney: To end his career in 1934 or 1935 by his own choice. Marriage to continue happily.

Adrienne Ames: Her happiness won't last.

Lilian Harvey: To return to Europe.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.: To face heavy reverses and failing health.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.: To return to America. To have a romance.

Mary Pickford: There will be sorrow and tragedy. Will turn to writing. Picture in 1934.

Janet Gaynor: Marriage or engagement in 1934.

Katharine Hepburn: A great personal sorrow for her. Will be teamed with Bill Powell. Throat trouble.

Stu Erwin and June Collyer: To have twins.

Ruth Chatterton: To divorce.

Charlie Farrell: Renewed success on the screen. Marital happiness.

Marie Dressler: Her health will be in great danger.

Gary Cooper: Will remain a bachelor.

Clark Gable: His marriage will last.

Spencer Tracy: Professionally, things are bright, but romantically, there are clouds.

What Happened

Moore and Shirley Temple were perhaps the only sensational, "overnight" stars, there are many others who were outstanding: Francis Lederer, Jean Muir, Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Parker, Binnie Barnes, John Beal, Fred Astaire, Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson, Robert Donat.

100 per cent correct. She is way up there on the cinematic ladder, and the theatre which she has built for herself proves a yen for the stage. There have been rumors of a break-up with Tone from time to time. Correct on marriage, too.

Right again, Dareos. Joan's been denying that she'll marry him. Soooooo.

True, with exception of accident at this writing.

Interest in La Garbo seems to have waned; "Queen Christina" didn't do so well at the box office either. 1935 will tell whether the last statement is correct.

Correct so far. There was Russ Columbo, and her "ex," Bill Powell is still attentive. Marriage prediction untrue as this is written.

Incorrect as this is written.

Correct.

Correct. Her marriage was wrecked by divorce.

There have been divorce rumors at various times during the year.

It is said that they are married. Is making a picture.

Correct.

Incorrect as this is written.

We'll have to wait till 1935 for the answer to the first prediction. Second okay.

There have been break-up rumors.

Her Fox contract has lapsed and she may return to Europe.

The linking of his name with scandal and the constant uncertainty of his marriage to Mary Pickford were rather unpleasant for him.

He did come over here for a while and the Gertrude Lawrence rumors still persist.

Undoubtedly her marital uncertainty has caused her much sorrow. She has done quite a lot of writing and has plans for another picture.

Incorrect as this is written.

Her divorce. No sign of her being teamed with Powell and we haven't heard about a throat affliction.

Incorrect.

Righto, Dareos.

There was a separation rumor but the difficulty apparently blew over. The pace of his screen career doesn't seem to have quickened.

Dareos told Mr. Lang that Miss Dressler would die, but in respect to her he asked us not to publish it.

Very wrong.

Correct.

His career is definitely on the up-grade but his love-life has not been happy.

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MEN . . . !

In the February issue of MODERN SCREEN this fascinating story which reveals certain stars' experiences with various men will be concluded. Read what The Girl With The Strange Beauty and The Girl Of The Orchids have to say

Their Studio Addresses

(Continued from page 13)

- BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
 BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 BREAKSTONE, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 BRENDLE, EL: Warner Bros.
 BRENT, EVELYN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
 BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
 BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
 BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
 BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
 BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
 BROOK, CLIVE: RKO-Radio.
 BROWN, JOE E.: Warner Bros.
 BROWN, JOHN MACK: Columbia.
 BROWN, TOM: RKO-Radio.
 BRUCE, NIGEL: Fox.
 BRUCE, VIRGINIA: RKO-Radio.
 BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 BURKE, BILLIE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
 BUSHMAN, RALPH: M-G-M.
 BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
 BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
 CABOT, BRUCE: RKO-Radio.
 CAGNEY, BILL: Monogram.
 CAGNEY, JAMES: Warner Bros.
 CAMPBELL, MRS. PAT: M-G-M.
 CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
 CARLISLE, KITTY: Paramount.
 CARLISLE, MARY: M-G-M.
 CARMINATI, TULLIO: 20th Century.
 CARRILLO, LEO: M-G-M.
 CARROLL, MADELEINE: Fox.
 CARROLL, NANCY: Columbia.
 CARUSO, ENRICO JR.: Warner Bros.
 CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 CHANDLER, CHICK: RKO-Radio.
 CHANDLER, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at United Artists.
 CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
 CHATTERTON, RUTH: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
 CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
 CHRISTIANS, MADY: M-G-M.
 CLARKE, MAE: M-G-M.
 CLIVE, COLIN: Warner Bros.
 COGHLAN, JUNIOR: Fox.
 COHAN, GEORGE M.: Fox.
 COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
 COLLINS, CORA SUE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
 COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century.
 CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
 COOK, DONALD: Columbia.
 COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
 COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
 CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
 COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
 CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
 CRAVEN, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
 CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
 CROMWELL, RICHARD: Columbia.
 CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
 CROSMAN, HENRIETTA: Fox.
 CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century.
 DANIELS, BEBE: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
 DARE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
 DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
 DAVIES, MARION: M-G-M.
 DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
 DEE, FRANCES: RKO-Radio.
 DEL RIO, DOLORES: Warner Bros.
 DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
 DEVINE, ANDY: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
 DIX, RICHARD: RKO-Radio.
 DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
 DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
 DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
 DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
 DRAGONETTE, JESSICA: Paramount.
 DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
 DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
 DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
 DUNN, JAMES: Fox.
 DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
 DURANT, JACK: Fox.
 DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
 DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
 EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
 EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
 ELDERIDGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
 ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
 ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
 ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
 EVANS, MADGE: Paramount.
 EVANS, MURIEL: M-G-M.
 FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS JR.: United Artists.
 FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS SR.: United Artists.
 FARRELL, CHARLES: Fox.
 FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
 FAZENDA, LOUISE: M-G-M.
 FAVERSHAM, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
 FAYE, ALICE: Fox.
 FEARS, PEGGY: Fox.
 FETCHIT, STEPIN: Fox.
 FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
 FONDA, HENRY: Paramount.
 FORAN, NICK: Fox.
 FORBES, HAZEL: RKO-Radio.
 FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Monogram.
 FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
 FOSTER, NORMAN: Fox.
 FOSTER, PRESTON: M-G-M.
 FOX, SIDNEY: RKO-Radio.
 FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
 FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
 FRITCHIE, BARBARA: Paramount.
 FROOS, SYLVIA: Fox.
 FULLER, FRANCES: Paramount.
 FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
 GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
 GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
 GALLIAN, KETTI: Fox.
 GARAT, HENRI: Fox.
 GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
 GARGAN, WILLIAM: Warner Bros.
 GAYNOR, JANET: Fox.
 GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
 GILBERT, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
 GILL, GWENLLIAN: Paramount.
 GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
 GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
 GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
 GREEN, HARRY: Fox.
 HADEN, JULIE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 HADEN, SARAH: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 HAINES, WILLIAM: Mascot.
 HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
 HALEY, JACK: Paramount.
 HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
 HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
 HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
 HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
 HARVEY, LILIAN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
 HARVEY, FORRESTER: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
 HARVEY, LILIAN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
 HATTON, RAYMOND: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
 HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
 HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Paramount.
 HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
 HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
 HOBSON, VALERIE: Universal.
 HOLLOWAY, STERLING: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
 HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
 HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
 HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
 HOPKINS, MIRIAM: RKO-Radio.
 HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
 HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
 HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Fox.
 HULL, HENRY: Universal.
 HUNTLEY, C. P. JR.: Universal.
 HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
 HYAMS, LEILA: Universal.
 JARRETT, ARTHUR: RKO-Radio.
 JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
 JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
 JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
 JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
 JONES, BUCK: Universal.
 JORDON, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
 JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
 JUDGE, ARLINE: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
 KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
 KARNs, ROSCOE: Paramount.
 KEATON, BUSTER: Fox.
 KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
 KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
 KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
 KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
 KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century.
 KELTON, PERT: RKO-Radio.
 KENYON, DORIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
 KNAPP, EVALYN: Universal.
 KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
 KRUGER, OTTO: M-G-M.
 LALLY, HOWARD: Fox.
 LANDI, ELISSA: Columbia.
 LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
 LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
 LANG, JUNE: Fox.
 LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
 LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
 LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
 LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
 LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
 LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
 LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
 LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
 LEYTON, DRUE: Fox.
 LIGHTNER, WINNIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
 LINDEN, ERIC: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
 LLOYD, HAROLD: Write him at Fox.
 LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
 LORD, PAULINE: Paramount.
 LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
 LOVE, MONTAGU: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 LOWE, EDMUND: Columbia.
 LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
 LUCOSI, BELA: Universal.
 LUKAS, PAUL: Universal.
 LUND, LUCILLE: Mascot.
 LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
 LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
 MACK, HELEN: Paramount.
 MacMAHON, ALINE: Warner Bros.
 MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
 MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
 MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century.
 MARGO: Paramount.
 MARITZA, SARI: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
 MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
 MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
 MARSHALL, HERBERT: M-G-M.
 MAYNARD, KEN: Mascot.
 McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
 McCREA, JOEL: RKO-Radio.
 McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
 McKINNEY, FLORINE: M-G-M.
 McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
 MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
 MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warner Bros.
 MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
 MERMAN, ETHEL: Paramount.
 MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
 MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Monogram.
 MITCHELL, FRANK: Fox.
 MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
 MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: Fox.
 MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
 MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
 MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
 MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 MOORE, ERIN O'BRIEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
 MOORE, VICTOR: Universal.
 MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
 MORGAN, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
 MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
 MORGAN, HELEN: Warners.
 MORLEY, KAREN: M-G-M.
 MORRIS, CHESTER: Universal.
 MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
 MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.

MUIR, JEAN: Warners.
 MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
 MUNDIN, HERBERT: Fox.
 MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
 MURPHY, GEORGE: Columbia.
 NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 NEAGLE, ANNA: United Artists.
 NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
 OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
 O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Fox.
 O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
 OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Universal.
 O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
 OVERMAN, LYNN: Paramount.
 OWEN, REGINALD: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
 PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
 PARRISH, GIGI: Monogram.
 PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
 PATTERSON, PAT: Fox.
 PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
 PENNER, JOE: Paramount.
 PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
 PINE, VIRGINIA: Columbia.
 PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
 POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
 POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
 PRINGLE, AILEEN: Free lance. Write her at Monogram.
 PRYOR, ROGER: Universal.
 QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
 QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
 RAINS, CLAUDE: Universal.
 RALSTON, ESTHER: M-G-M.
 RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
 RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
 RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 RAYMOND, GENE: Columbia.
 REED, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
 REGAN, PHIL: Warner Bros.
 RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
 ROBBINS, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
 ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
 ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
 ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
 ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
 ROGERS, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 ROGERS, WILL: Fox.
 ROLAND, GILBERT: Fox.
 ROSS, LANNY: Paramount.
 ROULIEN, RAUL: Fox.
 RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
 SABIN, CHARLES: Columbia.
 SAVO, JIMMY: Paramount.
 SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
 SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
 SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
 SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
 SHEA, GLORIA: Monogram.
 SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
 SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
 SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Paramount.
 SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
 SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.

SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
 SMITH, QUEENIE: Paramount.
 SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
 STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
 STANWYCK, BARBARA: Warner Bros.
 STARRETT, CHARLES: Warner Bros.
 STEN, ANNA: Samuel Goldwyn.
 STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
 STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
 STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
 SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
 SULLIVAN, FRANCIS L.: Universal.
 SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
 SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
 TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
 TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
 TEASDALE, VERREE: Warner Bros.
 TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: Fox.
 THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
 THOMAS, JAMESON: Monogram.
 TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
 TODD, THELMA, RKO-Radio.
 TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
 TORRENCE, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
 TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
 TRACY, SPENCER: Fox.
 TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
 TREVOR, CLAIRE: Fox.
 TURPIN, BEN: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
 TWELVETREES, HELEN: Fox.
 VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
 VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
 VENABLE, EVELYN: Paramount.
 VINSON, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
 WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
 WALTHALL, H. B.: Monogram.
 WALTERS, POLLY: Universal.
 WARE, IRENE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 WAYNE, JOHN: Monogram.
 WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
 WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Monogram.
 WEST, MAE: Paramount.
 WESTCOTT, GORDON: Warner Bros.
 WESTLEY, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
 WHITE, ALICE: Universal.
 WIECK, DOROTHEA: Paramount.
 WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
 WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
 WILLIAMS, HUGH: Fox.
 WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
 WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 WING, PAT: Warner Bros.
 WING, TOBY: Paramount.
 WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.
 WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
 WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
 WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
 WYATT, JANE: Universal.
 WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
 YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
 YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
 YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
 YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
 YOUNG, ROLAND: Paramount.
 YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.

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The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 6)

vinced we're not. I'm sure that Otilie is wise to the deception but has tolerantly decided that she will play our game of 'let's pretend' as long as we want her to play it. I can't believe that her playmates haven't told Otilie that 'Santa is just make believe.' I only hope that they will have left her with the realization that merry old Saint Nick stands as a symbol of the beautiful spirit of giving. I hope Otilie will never lose that feeling. I know Sue and I will do everything in our power to help her keep it."

TRUE, Santa Claus cannot live on as an individual," he continued, "but when he has ceased to exist for Otilie we intend to make up for his absence. Not by a greater number of gifts or more elaborate

ones, for we don't believe in spoiling Otilie. But we will continue to make the holiday season a joyous one in other ways. And one way will be to entertain Otilie's friends as well as our own. By opening up our home and our hearts to those of her own age, Sue and I feel we will not only give Otilie pleasure but will also teach her that the greatest joy is to be found in dispensing hospitality to others."

How many of us, I wonder, have realized that this is a splendid way to make up to our children for the loss of Santa Claus? How many of us make the Yuletide season one of the happiest periods of the year for the grown-ups as well, by inviting our friends to join in our Christmas festivities, however simple.

Sue Kruger, for instance, recommends serving to folks who drop in during the holidays, various cakes and cookies—the kind that appeal to grown-ups and children alike. She has her cook frost some of these with a snowy icing, topped with a sliver of green citron and tiny bits of red maraschino cherries. Others have colored icings and decorations in keeping with the season. At first I was a bit dubious about recommending these to others because they sounded so very professional, but after seeing Mrs. Kruger's recipes and trying them out I changed my mind. Why they are a cinch to make—all of them. I'm sure you'll want to try them, too, for they are ideal to serve to your friends and your friends' children—not to mention your own family and your own children if you have any. Several of these Kruger cake, cookie and frosting recipes are now printed on cards which you may have for the asking. But first let me tell you about them.

Let's start with Otilie's favorite. After all, this is the time of the year when kids' preferences get first consideration. Otilie's pet is "Applesauce Cake." It will be your pet, too, when you've tasted it. Imagine a cake that has in it the combined flavors of spices and applesauce. No wonder little Miss Kruger favors it.

OTTTO is partial to their cook's Christmas Fruit Cookies. These are really for the grown-up members of the party for they are very rich, being made of Mince Meat (the kind you buy in packages). Another type of cookie the Krugers always have for Christmas parties is Petit Fours. That's a French name which practically means "little baked ones" but no name in any language could do them justice. And are they easy to make? They are! Can you imagine something that tastes like a rich cookie but is cooked in one layer like a cake? This layer is cut into fancy shapes after baking which means no rolling, or fussing with sticky dough. After they are baked and cut, they are frosted, with many varieties of colored frostings, each more attractive than the other but every one of them easy to concoct. I have also included recipes for several of these

festive frostings in the fall leaflet. I know you'll enjoy using these frostings and I'm convinced you'll like Sue Kruger's cake and cookie suggestions, too.

Take the following little cakes, for instance. They are mixed in a moment, baked in the easiest manner in the world—in little paper cups—and they emerge from the oven in practically no time at all as some of the grandest little morsels you've ever eaten. Frost them if you choose, but I really don't think they require it.

KRUGER CHOCOLATE CUPS

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 square cooking chocolate
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk

Sift flour, measure. Mix flour, baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and beat until very light. Melt chocolate over hot water. Beat egg until very light, combine with vanilla and milk. Add flour to butter mixture alternately with the milk. Beat until thoroughly blended. Bake in the small sized paper baking cups in hot oven (400°) for 12 minutes or until a cake tester inserted in cakes comes out clean. Frost cakes when cool if desired. They may be served right in the little cups.

Of course, the time-honored cake accompaniment is ice cream and to kids the combination of ice cream and cake makes any occasion a party. If you don't believe me, just try it out and see. This year I suggest that instead of the usual dishes of ice cream you serve home-made Frosted Milk Shakes. These should be chocolate flavored for the very small children but for grown-ups and children in their teens you will find coffee flavor more popular. Perhaps you are hesitant about following this suggestion but you need not be if you use a brand of coffee from which the caffeine has been removed. Just try this recipe and see how enthusiastic everyone will be.

FROSTED COFFEE MALT

6 tablespoons malted milk
2 cups strong caffeine-free coffee
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
ice cream

Add hot coffee gradually to malted milk. Beat until free from lumps. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add milk and cream. Chill thoroughly. (Place pitcher containing Milk Shake in a bowl of cracked ice, if possible.) When time to serve, place a small portion of vanilla ice cream in bottom of tall glasses. Add chilled coffee mixture. Top with a spoonful of whipped cream and serve at once. This recipe serves six.

Just visualize this grand drink in a lovely glass on an attractive plate, with a slice of Applesauce Cake on the side—or flaked with tiny Petits Fours with different colored icings. And imagine the look of delight and surprise on the face of your favorite male when he picks up a simple looking cookie and finds it's really a rich, spicy mince meat treat. To achieve all these marvelous results all you have to do is mail in this month's coupon, pronto. Then we'll rush the Kruger Christmas Folder to you with its recipes for Applesauce Cake, Petits Fours, Christmas Fruit Cookies and Festivity Frostings.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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MODERN SCREEN Magazine

149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

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Wanted: A Remedy for Heartbreak—for Virginia

(Continued from page 39)

happiness and destroyed it so terribly soon? Never have I known of a marriage more ardently hoped for, more anxiously desired by their friends and their millions of fans, than that of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce. Then why couldn't it be?

"I know what you're thinking," she said quietly. "You're wondering what happened. Well, I'll tell you, and I want you to believe me. There've been so many rumors, most of them unpleasant and none of them true! I'll tell you the truth. After all, why make a secret of it, since neither Jack nor I have anything to hide?"

"I suppose it's impossible to believe that two people who adore each other as much as Jack and I did, and still do, could nevertheless not live together happily. Yet that's the bare fact of the matter. Love and marriage are not one and the same thing. Marriage requires an especial talent, an infinite capacity for adjustment, and most of us simply do not have that talent and that infinite capacity. We think we have, and we want to have, and yet, we just don't have the necessary ability.

"All my life I've prided myself on looking at things honestly, on finding the truth, even if it proved a boomcrang and hurt

me. For that reason I now know that the break-up of our marriage was far more my fault than it was Jack's. You see, by my own words, my own actions, I had unintentionally, yet none the less surely, given Jack an utterly erroneous impression of my attitude on certain matters. This was just as unfair and as unkind as if I had intentionally deceived him. I realize that now, but I didn't at the time.

"You know, Jack's life has not been a very happy one. He's a fiery, tempestuous soul, and things have not come easily to him. He's had to fight for every atom of success he's had. He's been hindered and hurt by the very people who should have helped him. Oh, not just once but again and again! They've been damnable to him! Even those who love and admire him most don't fully understand him. Jack is proud and sensitive. He doesn't go about telling his troubles to anyone that'll listen to him. For that reason everyone thinks he's hard and callous and doesn't care. They don't know!"

"But you knew," I prompted. "He has so often declared that your perfect understanding, your warm sympathy, made up for all the rest. All the cruel misunder-

standing, all the intolerant. . . ."

"Yes, I know," Virginia interrupted. "That is just what hurts so terribly, now. I did understand, I did sympathize, and because I loved him so desperately, I thought I would feel and think like that always. But I didn't. I changed. I didn't live up to my own specifications!"

"Before I married Jack I had been doing very well for myself in pictures. I was playing leads and had a fine contract with M-G-M. It meant a great deal to work myself up to that point, and then, just when I was doing worst while things, to throw it all aside without a pang. But I did it. And gladly. I knew that our marriage was doomed at the outset unless I gave up my own career and concentrated all my heart and soul on just being Mrs. John Gilbert. This wasn't Jack's idea. It was my own.

"At first we were blissfully happy. Our honeymoon in Europe was like a dream. We thought we were the two happiest people in the world. I suppose all lovers think that, but we two were sure of it.

"And then we came back to Hollywood and settled down like two staid, middle-

aged, old-fashioned people."

"At first I didn't mind. Then, little by little, I began to wonder if we weren't just a trifle too staid, too old-fashioned, too middle-aged. The dullness, the monotony were getting on my nerves. I wanted to dance and go places. Jack didn't. He hated being dragged around. He'd done all the partying he'd wanted to, years ago, and it no longer held any thrill for him. He worked hard at the studio all day and, at night, when he came home he wanted to read and be comfortable. On those few occasions that we did go anywhere, oh, very infrequently, he was so bored and miserable that I'd be sorry and determine not to make him do it again.

"With it all I was determined not to scold or nag. I detest a nagging woman! So, feeling like a prisoner in solitary confinement, I went on, month after month, trying to make the best of it. Jack had loved me for my patience and understanding, I told myself, and I mustn't let him down. But in my heart I knew it couldn't last. I just couldn't go on like that for the rest of my days!

"You see, I was very young. I was only twenty-one, and I hadn't had very much fun as yet. Jack was thirty-five. He had done all these things years before, and now he was tired and disillusioned. I realized this and made allowances.

"Moreover, I find one can't destroy ambition. I had loved acting and I wanted more than anything to go back to it.

And the rest you know. My courage finally snapped.

"And so we separated. Not because we no longer loved each other, not because we had hurt each other, not for any of the millions of reasons that outsiders will tell you, simply because I wasn't big enough to play the part I had assumed. I had accepted the role of Mrs. John Gilbert, yet at heart I wanted to be Virginia Bruce, too, and this wasn't possible."

"And are you happier now?" I asked.

She paused and then replied:

"No, I'm not. I suppose I shouldn't say that, for I've really been very fortunate. M-G-M has loaned me to Twentieth Century and I'm playing Jenny Lind with Beery in 'The Mighty Barnum.' I love the part and the costumes are adorable. I have a chance to sing in it, too. I suppose I really ought to be awfully happy about it. Moreover, I've been going out and having fun, as I wanted to, now. In fact, between you and me, I've been going out so much that I'm beginning to see what Jack meant when he used to say, 'You'll get tired of it. Wait until you've had as much of it as I've had. You'll see!' And he was right. I do see! Yes, Jack was almost always right.

"What I'm sorriest about is that I married Jack just when I did. The success of anything, from baking a cake, launching a new fashion, or marrying the person you love, depends so much on accurate timing. A thing that might easily be suc-



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Two great directors and two great stars—Rouben Mamoulian (left) and Josef Von Sternberg (right), Jean Harlow and Marlene Dietrich—at the swanky Coconut Grove party which Louella Parsons tendered the visiting British admiralty.

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cessful can just as easily become a failure if it happens at the wrong time. That was how it was with us. If I hadn't met Jack until five years from now I'm sure everything would have been different and we'd have 'lived happily ever after.'

"My greatest fear is that our marriage and divorce may have hurt him with the public. You don't know how anxious I am that nothing shall hurt him! He has been so perfectly splendid through it all that I am more anxious for his success and happiness than for anything else on earth. He's so clever, so talented, so . . . so. . ."

She paused and smiled wistfully.

"I suppose all this sounds odd, from a divorced wife, but I'm trying to look at it all fairly and impartially. Besides, I'm not embittered. My mistakes were all of my own making. Jack never deceived me or betrayed my faith or confidence. Besides, we did not actually 'lose' each other. We merely left each other. Do you know what I mean? There's such a difference between leaving and losing! I don't feel that I've lost Jack in that awful, final sense that I would if there had been another woman in the case. Do you see?"

"Yes, I do. And now just one question more, please. Do you think you will

ever marry again?"

"No. At least not for a very long time. I want to continue my career. It was partly the price for which I sacrificed my marriage, so I mean to collect it. Besides, I have my baby, Susan Ann, to care for. And, after all, there's only one man in the world that could ever tempt me to marry again?"

"And that man is—?"

"Jack Gilbert!"

"Good gracious! That is a bombshell!"

"Well, I promised to tell you the whole story, from start to finish, didn't I? So now you have it, up to, and including, the sequel."

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(Continued from page 18)

you are scared and embarrassed in someone's presence that person is, possibly, as frightened as you are. Put this all in your mind. Don't forget it. And now let's go on to the next step in the lesson.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not," said our old dramatic friend, Bill Shakespeare, who was actor as well as playwright. Well, poise and assurance are virtues. Don't worry about what's happening to you on the inside. Don't be bothered if you're trembling all over with embarrassment. Don't despair if your head is hot and your hands are cold. Pretend that you are calm, poised, assured. Imitate, if you want to, the ways and manners of the most poised person you know. Because that, boys and girls, is just what the stars do. That's how they cover up their embarrassment. That's how they fool you. Now you, in

turn, fool your friends.

Little Janet Gaynor told me once that she had to make a speech before a group of people. She was scared pink. She felt just as you probably do, when you step on the stage to speak a piece, or sing a song, or play your role in an amateur production. Quickly, Janet glanced about the room. Her eye fell on a shrinking, dull-looking woman who could not possibly be formidable or critical. And Janet addressed her speech to that woman. Naturally, her eyes moved from that face and included the rest of the audience, but she imagined that she was there to impress that woman who, obviously, could so easily be impressed. And that, you dramatic aspirers, is a wonderful thing to do when you feel yourself possessed of stage fright.

When I was talking to actors and act-

resses about this subject, everyone of them told me that on the opening night of a new play they were always petrified with fright. Some folks think that unless they are, it is an evil omen.

Now, here's something else. While you are assuming the virtue of poise and self-confidence you will be getting into a habit which will eventually rob you of self-consciousness, a theft you won't mind, I'm sure. But while you're playing the part of being calm and assured don't, for heaven's sake, apologize too much for whatever you may do. That's the surest way of tipping people off that you're self-conscious. Lawrence Tibbett once told me about the time when he first began rehearsing with the Metropolitan Opera Company. He was awkward and embarrassed. He felt that everyone in the company was much



Roger Pryor, Nancy Carroll, Ann Sothern and W. R. Van Smith at the Beverly Wilshire. Yes, those Pryor-Sothern romance rumors seem to be pretty authentic. And just as soon as Roger's marital difficulties are straightened out, it may mean wedding bells for this pair.

MODERN SCREEN

better than he. When he made mistakes, and it was inevitable that such a rank newcomer should, he went around saying how terribly, terribly sorry he was. And, for his humbleness, he got only disgruntled monosyllables. At last he woke up and looked about him. Others were making mistakes, too, even the old timers. And what did they do? They tossed them off and nobody paid any attention to them. From this, Tibbett learned a great truth which I shall pass on to you. Memorize the following paragraph and heed the excellent advice, which you can learn from it.

If you admit your weaknesses, if you continually apologize, people instinctively scold you, whether it is at a Metropolitan rehearsal or at a contract bridge table. But if you never confess your sense of inferiority, if you airily wave aside your errors as if they amounted to nothing, people sneer at you not at all. Please, please never forget that self-confidence is very important.

Gary Cooper told me of an excellent way to fight the demon, Shyness. Always during the first week of a new picture, especially if there are new people in the cast, Gary suffers acutely. "I say to myself," he explained, "This really isn't so important." Nothing helps me so much as minimizing the importance of the occasion."

It helps not at all to know what self-consciousness is. Psychologists tell you that it's ego, that it's feeling so important that makes you imagine all eyes are turned upon you. Well, when you are upon a stage all eyes are turned upon you. You can rationalize the thing all you want and it doesn't help. My research into this matter this month has convinced me that

the only way to overcome or, rather, to cope with self-consciousness is to remember that you're not the only self-conscious person in the world, that others are suffering just as much as you, and that it is your job to appear to be poised no matter how uncomfortable you are feeling inside.

I do hope I've helped you. I'd be very happy, indeed if I have. If you have any more questions to ask about this subject or if you wish to consult me on any matter which pertains to the study of dramatic art be sure to write me care of MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Otherwise I cannot give you a personal reply. This department is your department. Its purpose is to teach you everything you should know about the art of the theatre, to help you with amateur theatricals and make those long winter evenings lots and lots of fun. You and your friends can have one grand time.

Many of my readers have organized dramatic societies and clubs in their towns and are using MODERN SCREEN as their guide. They write me that they have swell times and learn a great deal besides. Why don't you do this? If you write me I'll tell you how to go about it. And I also want to know what you want me to include in this department. Tell me what you think will help you most and I'll give you my best advice. Who knows but what this may lead to the discovery of a real genius? And don't forget that I stand ready to answer your personal problems concerning dramatics. But don't forget that envelope—addressed and stamped—when you write me.

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Scott Photo

While Rudy Vallee was on the Coast recently, making "Sweet Music" for Warners, he asked Mary Pickford to be his guest star for his initial broadcast. And Mary, who is very air-minded these days what with her own program, "The Lux Radio Theatre," graciously complied.

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Men . . . !

(Continued from page 27)

for a flirtation or a love affair. Especially when the brilliant lights went out and the set, free of glare, stood cool and aloof in the studio's semi-darkness.

In a row with the director's camp-chair painted with his famous name, stood three other chairs. One for The Girl With Flyaway Hair. One for the man. And one for the third star of this production, a tall girl with a dark beauty.

The girls knew each other. The other girl and the man had met. At one of the innumerable parties. Our heroine and the new man over whom Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood thrilled and sighed were introduced to each other by the director.

The girl stood there managing, amazingly enough, to look quite as feminine in her trim tailored suit and crisp blouse and casual pull down felt hat as she had looked the night before in her blush pink evening gown.

The man towered above her. Smiling a nice, quiet smile. Charming. Attentive. Actually every definite thing that had been said about him. But he gave the girl no thrill. Not even a little thrill. Not at this first sight, anyway.

She gave him her small, gloved hand.

"How do you do," she said with that rush of words which characterizes her off the screen as well as on. "And how do you like California? That's the proper question, I believe."

"I like it tremendously." He had, she noticed, a really grand speaking voice. "Everyone has been so hospitable, so friendly."

"Everyone isn't. Always!" she told him. "But I do understand we've rather taken you to . . . our hearts!"

He didn't pretend either to understand or not to understand. She liked him for that.

"He's extremely civilized and personable," she decided. But ever so calmly.

She could feel the director's eyes upon her. He was waiting, she felt sure, for her to laugh on a higher key or do some trifling thing extravagantly enough to indicate that she was being reduced to the prevalent state of romantic jitters. He was an astute little man, the director, and often she had seen him observe people as if they were so many laboratory specimens.

A week passed. Two weeks . . . the picture progressed in the regular way. Most scenes worked out nicely. It was a simple sequence with which no one had anticipated the slightest difficulty that held them up for an entire day.

"You're very popular," the man said to The Girl With Flyaway Hair one afternoon. "There always seems to be some friend visiting you on the set."

"Some girl friend," the girl supplemented, her cornflower blue eyes sparkling with amusement. "Well, probably you won't believe it, but many of my visitors have been only the most casual acquaintances. I've found their sudden affection for me quite . . . quite touching."

The director, sitting close by, slapped his thigh and roared with laughter.

"What's so funny?" asked the man, puzzled.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." The girl spoke softly. Then she touched her finger to her forehead, shook her head, indicated that the director, poor darling, was quite mad.

She might not be experiencing the thrills everyone had predicted but she most cer-

tainly was having a very amusing time.

SHE really liked this new actor. She reasoned again and often that he was extremely civilized and most personable. But he did not cause her the slightest flurry. No. In fact, she was impatient for the picture to be finished. So she could turn her attention to the decorating and furnishing of the new house she had taken. She hoped her scenes would be completed in time for her to have a week or two to concentrate upon her house before she had to begin another picture.

Her last scene was a love scene. In which she and the man were supposed to be riding in a taxi-cab.

"We'll be through shooting by noon," the director told her. "Then you're finished. Then you can go off and buy what-nots to your heart's content."

The interior of the taxi was built in the studios. Built upon a movable platform so the action might be simulated. There was, of course, no front to the cab. Simply the three sides of the interior itself with the back seat, back window, little side windows, and side straps.

This, curiously enough, was the only love scene the girl and the man had in the whole picture. And it wasn't at all a pulsating scene or long drawn out. It was short and quick, with a gay spirit about it.

They rehearsed first. The girl had to sit close, a love light in her eyes. He had to give the impression he was practically perishing to put his arms around her. Then she had to hand him a small package. Whereupon he was supposed to recognize the light her eyes held for him and put his arms around her . . . and kiss her and kiss her and kiss her.

"We'll try it once more before the take," called the director. Unless he was very much mistaken the light in the eyes of that heretofore cool and collected young woman exceeded any acting. Unless he was a romantic old fool, he had every chance of getting a love scene here that would make audiences sit up and take notice.

They rehearsed it again. Now there was no mistaking the look in the girl's eyes. And it was significant—the director was convinced of it, anyhow—that when the rehearsal was over both the man and the girl avoided looking at each other.

The little director sat hunched in his chair. To have seen him you'd have thought the only thing in the world that interested him was the tips of his stout boots. That is how deceiving appearances can be. He didn't want to look up, give either of his players any opportunity of speaking to him. He was frightened to death that something might shatter that thing he could sense swinging between them.

"Lights," he called, his eyes still upon his boots. "Ready. This is the take!"

Outside of the doors leading to that stage red lights flashed on. "Silence!" For a second the stage throbbed with quiet. Then the taxi seat creaked. She was moving closer. And he was moving closer. She handed him the package.

"Here they are," she said. Or something to that effect. Her voice came warm and live and quick.

He looked down into her eyes. His arms went about her. With a tender strength. Afterwards, she said she knew that was what had "got her." That tender, gentle strength of his. Her arms flew up

around his neck. He had a nice neck. It flowed with smooth clean lines into his shoulders.

Just for a flash his eyes hung over her eyes. Her heart fluttered. Really fluttered. She gave a little rushing sigh.

"Ohh-h-h-hh!" Like that.

The director hunched farther forward than ever. And prayed the microphone had caught that sigh.*

Their lips met, clung . . . met, clung . . . "Great!" shouted the director. "That's great stuff!" The cameraman stopped turning. The lights went on. The man in the control room nodded approvingly.

Now the girl was through, free to leave the studio, think of nothing in the world but white paint and chintzes and Hepplewhite chairs.

But that afternoon the director found her sitting in her chair on the side lines, watching the man play a scene with a tall girl of dark beauty.

"Hello," he said. "Thought you were so anxious to get away."

"I was," she said softly. "But . . . oh, isn't he marvellous!"

* It did.

AND here is the tale told me by The Girl With Lovely Eyes, two stories really. About two men who had made terrific impressions. In quite different ways.

One was amusing. With a hero extremely charming and terribly sleepy. The other was unpleasant. With an actor less gallant than the character he was playing, low enough to take advantage of the love scenes to indulge in indelicate advances.

She's young, The Girl With Lovely Eyes. She has a low pitched speaking voice. And her figure is roundly turned. She came to Hollywood from the Broadway stage.

The extremely charming but sleepy hero was the star of the first motion picture she made after signing a flattering contract. Because she was an actress she was awed at the idea of working with him. Excited, too. Because she was a girl.

"Above everything else," she says "I had made up my mind to make good. The only other picture in which I had appeared had turned out disastrously. You know . . . the sort of thing your friends don't mention in front of you!"

For the picture with the charming hero the love scenes were filmed first. Which complicated matters. Impersonal as love scenes can be, every actor and actress I know prefers to play such scenes after they've become acquainted, after there is a camaraderie between them.

The morning these scenes were to be shot the company reported for a particularly early call. They were exterior scenes. And the location, where great black rocks crouched at the edge of the Pacific like sleek seals basking in the sun, was at least an hour's drive from the studios.

It was with the young lovers seated on these rocks that the picture opened. She was supposedly a member of an underworld gang intent upon convincing her sweet-heart that cops were their natural enemies.

The Girl With Lovely Eyes was on her toes that first morning. She was impatient with the preliminaries which go on before any scenes can be shot.

The crew went to work setting up the camera, adjusting the microphones, measuring distances and arranging reflectors.

The director and his assistant went

into a long, serious huddle over some changes which had been made in the script.

She had the camp-chair with her name, which had been brought along in the big truck, placed off to one side. She wanted an opportunity to think about the girl she was to portray. She wanted to drench herself in the feeling of the character.

This proved impossible.

The arc of beach where the company had camped became Bedlam. Instructions were shouted back and forth. Impish faced assistants beat tattoos on iron upright and the wooden reflector frames. Several booming basses among the crew went about their work singing lusty chanteys.

"Is it always like this?" the girl asked the assistant cameraman. "As noisy as this, I mean?"

He grinned. "With this star it is lately," he told her. "You see we always think maybe we can keep him awake. But we hardly ever do. He's all in, poor guy!"

IN the center of that din and commotion sat the star. He slept like a baby. They might as well have kept quiet.

Poor thing, he was having a hectic romance. And, for once, the lovers' quarrels and reconciliations were as frequent and pyrotechnical as the newspapers reported them to be.

Long before they needed him they began calling.

He opened one eye, stretched his legs, yawned, muttered, "I'm all set," and went sound asleep again.

The director came to the girl and led her over smaller rocks to the big rock where she was to sit. It was slippery going. At their feet the ocean broke in bursts and jets of spray.

The assistant director and two property men went to work on the star. At last

they got him on his feet. Still groggy, he made his way over to the big rock where the girl waited.

"Hello," he said, grinning, stretching. "Sorry not to have been more sociable but I was trying to steal a little snooze."

Between rehearsals and the take no time was wasted. The star might fall asleep again.

"Camera!" shouted the director.

The star tilted the girl's head back slowly. Until her mouth came beneath his. He whispered her character name. The microphone suspended over their heads was lowered so not one soft word would be lost.

She had to rest against him, hardly seem to hear what he said for her delight in tracing the planes of his face with worshipping fingers. For a second she was caught in the spell. She really did lose track of things. Then she came to. With a frightening start. Confused. Puzzled. The lines the star was saying were strange to her, not at all the familiar lines which gave her her cue.

"For God's sake!" The director's call cut through her fears. He waved the script in the air. "You're off on the wrong speech," he told the star. "You're reading the sequence you had with another gal. In the picture we finished last week. Boy! You're asleep on your feet!"

They finished those love scenes but it took all day to do it. The following evening the girl went into the projection room to look at the rushes, hoping for the best but quite prepared for the worst.


She was dumbfounded. Those scenes had great emotion. Proving, of course, both knew their stuff. Besides, the star appeared thrilling and romantic. The drowsy look in his eyes passed, effectively enough, for another look, another look entirely.

Things aren't always what they seem to be.

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I came to pictures," The Girl With Lovely Eyes told me. "While I was playing on Broadway. The men I've worked with in Hollywood have, without exception, been considerate and charming.

"The fact that I had this other experience on the stage made it much worse. For on the stage a love scene isn't something filmed and forgotten. You play it six nights a week and twice on matinee days. You're never done with it."

The star of this stage production, the star who was low enough to take advantage of the scene being played to indulge in indelicate advances, is an actor with a distinguished reputation. Were his name given you'd be inclined to doubt this story. The pity is that it is all too true.

It was the third night of the play's run. Another actress in the cast, the actress who played the star's mistress, came into the girl's dressing-room, indignant and upset.

"The old lecher!" she complained. "In my scene with him in the first act—where he puts his arms around me—well, he puts his arm around me and then some!"

"Tell him," advised the girl, firm and superior in her inexperience and youth, "that if he doesn't stop you'll report him to the manager."

She wasn't a prim young maiden and she had no wish to appear thus. She had, of course, heard about this sort of thing happening sometimes. To think little or nothing about it. This was different. This came close. And she was shocked.

She found the star frightfully repulsive to begin with. Before their love scene together she always had to steel herself. It wasn't simply that his breath was foul from garlic and stale gin. Her dislike of him was beyond explanation, an instinctive, psychic thing.

FOR the last act of that play the stage was dressed as a drawing-room. Towards the end of the act The Girl With Lovely Eyes came on the deserted stage to sit, half-reclining, on a chaise longue. In his role of host, the star followed her, almost immediately, to take his place on the lounge too. There he declared his love.

It was arranged so he walked around to the back of the lounge and sat down, half facing her. As you can see this resulted in her body shielding his hands from the audience the greater part of the time. Unfortunately enough. . . .

To a man with the tendencies of this star, one girl is as good as another. The very same night the other actress reported having called him to task, the girl was startled during their love scene to feel his hand upon her ankle. It was only for a second. It well might have been accidental. She tried to convince herself this was the case.

However, the next evening no doubt regarding his intentions remained. Whereupon she proceeded to do what she had advised that other girl to do. And she was surprised to find how much courage it took.

"Please," she said to the star before the next performance, "please don't be unpleasant when we're on the lounge. You make me nervous."

"Don't be a little fool," he told her. He laughed and rubbed his hands together. The backs of them were covered with a fuzz of yellow hair.

The girl was on the spot. And she knew it.

This star had a reputation in the theatre. His name meant admissions at the box-office. She was a comparative newcomer. For the first time her name was up in lights. The manager would be inclined to side with the star.

And there would be others quick to believe any story he chose to tell and to dismiss her as a cheap little actress looking for publicity. To leave the cast meant giving up a good job as well as risking the chance of a rumor spreading that she really hadn't made good.

She could only hope what she had said would have some effect. It didn't. Things got worse. Much worse. Within a week it wasn't only his hands. His kisses didn't remain stage kisses in which the man places his mouth over the girl's and lets it go at that. And with her audience watching, the girl dared not jeopardize the illusion of their love scene by refusing him his way.

She tried to seat herself on the lounge so she blocked the sight of his hands as little as possible. But their sessions—and sessions is exactly what they were—did not improve in the slightest.

Always now, she was tense, nervous. Always now, she was fortifying herself for that last act, that last scene.

Once during the first act she turned so ill she had to leave the stage for a minute. Her physician told her what she already suspected, that she was suffering from acute nervous indigestion.

EVERY night she had to resist an increasingly strong impulse to push him from her, irrespective of what happened. But time after time she would contain herself until their love scene was over. Then she would slip, slowly and reluctantly, from his arms.

She had worked long and hard to get ahead in the theatre. But not as hard as she must work now to keep her performance up to the mark she had set for it.

At last though, inevitably, she reached the breaking point. She could go on no longer. She had a plan. She would give warning. If he refused to heed it he would suffer the consequences.



Trimly tailored, Ginger Rogers arrived in New York on the Century.

The next night she arrived at the theatre early. She dressed and waited for the star to come in. When she heard him in his room across the hall she went to him.

"You're upsetting me more than you know," she told him. "And you're hurting my performance. If I fall down in this show it will take me a long time to get this far again. . . ."

"Cut out the sob stuff," he told her. "And quit posing as a Snow Maiden. A little loving does no harm. And, with your eyes, you should be able to handle it."

His insistence that she enjoyed his advances or at least might enjoy them, made her feel low and cheap.

She paused at the door. "I'm giving you warning!" she said. "If you aren't different tonight, it is going to be your performance that will suffer, not mine!"

Calmer, less hysterical, perhaps, she never would have planned what she planned. But once achieving the sense of peace and freedom that came with her conviction that not more than once again would she have to suffer his unprofessional advances, there wasn't a chance that she would fail to go through with it.

The curtain went up. On the first act. On the second act. The third act got under way. They came to the love scene. . . .

THE Girl With The Lovely Eyes came on the stage and sat, as usual, half-reclining on the lounge. This time she made no attempt to sit so the star's hands would be in any clearer view.

He came in, sat down beside her. He looked sly.

His hands with their yellow fuzz grew bolder. He took her in his arms and held her close. They came to the kiss. As usual he wasn't satisfied simply to put his mouth over her mouth or to kiss her in a casual way. He had the upper hand in that company and he knew it. He apparently believed she had been bluffing, that she wouldn't take any action at all.

"Now!" she told herself. "Now!"

Her hands upon the back of his neck turned feline. She pinched him and scratched him. Hard. As hard as she could. And her intense feeling gave her a greater strength. Then she withdrew from his arms, slowly and with apparent reluctance, once more careful to preserve the play's illusion.

His last few lines with which he brought down the final curtain were not very intelligible. He was beside himself with rage.

The curtain rose again for them to take their bows. They smiled graciously at each other. There wasn't the slightest indication of what they really felt for each other. Then the curtain fell for the last time. Quietly the girl started to leave the stage.

The star caught her by the arm. "I'll report you to Equity!" he told her.

"Do that," she said quietly, "and I'll tell why I had to do what I did."

Now she had the upper hand.

After that he played the love scene circumspectly. He had had his lesson. Even out of spite he didn't do anything else.

Off-stage they didn't speak at all. And that was fine.

The Girl With The Lovely Eyes no longer was nervous, tense, or apprehensive. She was able to give performances which were a real credit to her, performances which brought her to the attention of the movie czars and to her scene with the charming, sleepy hero about which we have already heard.

In the February issue, you will read what The Girl With The Strange Beauty and The Girl With The Orchids have to say. Their revelations are every bit as exciting and thrilling as the ones you have just read. Don't miss their stories!



THE REPORT CARD

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (RKO).
Anne Shirley scores a triumph in the title role and is ably supported by Tom Brown, O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley.

BABY TAKE A BOW (Fox).
Another Shirley Temple triumph. With Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M).
Charles Laughton, Norma Shearer and Fredric March at their best.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (Paramount).
Mae West as gay and amusing as ever. John Miljan, Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown and Katherine DeMille in supporting roles.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
First-rate mystery. Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Charlie Butterworth.

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA (Columbia).
It all takes place on board ship and it's plenty exciting. The cast boasts such names as Walter Connolly, John Gilbert, Alison Skipworth, Victor McLaglen, Helen Vinson, Fred Keating and Wynne Gibson.

CHAINED (M-G-M).
Thoroughly entertaining. Clark Gable, Otto Kruger and Joan Crawford.

CLEOPATRA (Paramount).
Lavish production. With Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon.

DAMES (Warners).
One of the better musicals. With Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.

THE GAY DIVORCEE (RKO).
Simply swell musical with some real laughs and Fred Astaire's divine dancing. In addition there are Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady and Erik Rhodes and Eric Blore in minor roles.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M).
Jean Harlow is swell as a chorus girl who is ambitious to enter society. With Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Patsy Kelly and Franchot Tone.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal).
Charles Dickens' immortal story superbly enacted by Henry Hull, Florence Reed, Phillips Holmes and Jane Wyatt.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount).
Elissa Landi is exceptionally good. Adolphe Menjou and David Manners here, too.

HANDY ANDY (Fox).
A Will Rogers opus. "Nuff said?"

HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National).
Dick Powell and Josephine Hutchinson, a newcomer, in a nice little story that will amuse and entertain you. "Pop Goes My Heart," as Dick sings it, is swell.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
Don't fail to see this. Arliss, Loretta Young and Robert Young.

THE HUMAN SIDE (Universal).
Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen, Charlotte Henry and Dickie Moore in a nice story that can't offend the censors.

JANE EYRE (Monogram).
Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive in the screen version of the Bronte novel.

JUDGE PRIEST (Fox).
Will Rogers does a grand job and is ably supported by Berton Churchill, Henry B. Walthall, Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise and Tom Brown.

KID MILLIONS (Sam Goldwyn).
Another Eddie Cantor hit. The usual beautiful girls, lovely settings, hot music and swell gags. Ann Sothern, Ethel Merman, Block and Sully and Warren Hymer.

LADY BY CHOICE (Columbia).
About a fan dancer, Carole Lombard, who goes to an old ladies' home to adopt a mother, May Robson. Walter Connolly and Roger Pryor here, too. You'll enjoy it immensely.

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (RKO).
Ann Harding and John Boles.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal).
Margaret Sullivan and Douglass Montgomery in the screen version of the popular novel.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
A beautiful production with Dolores Del Rio in the title role.

THE MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M).
This should be on your "must" list. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier are delightful.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
A musical-murder comedy, with Carl Brisson and Kitty Carlisle.

ONE MORE RIVER (Universal).
Courtroom drama. Excellent performances by Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton and Colin Clive.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia).
Beautiful singing by Grace Moore. Don't miss it.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M).
A spy story with Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.

POWER (British-Gaumont).
Conrad Veidt's portrayal of "Jew Suss" is very worth while.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount).
About the Revolutionary Days and "bundling." With Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN (Universal).
Lighthearted comedy. Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Victor Moore and Esther Ralston.

SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount).
One of the better comedies. With Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle. Bing warbles "Love in Bloom."

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (M-G-M).
Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton.

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
An excellent mystery. Myrna Loy and William Powell make a swell team.

TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M).
Jackie Cooper, Wally Beery, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger and Lionel Barrymore in the Robert Louis Stevenson tale.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
Entertainment plus. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard.

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
Fine characterization by Wally Beery. Stu Erwin and Katherine DeMille in supporting roles.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (M-G-M).
Don't miss Helen Hayes in this. Brian Aherne, Madge Evans and Lucille Watson.

THE WHITE PARADE (Fox).
Loretta Young gives one of her best performances to date in this historical story. John Boles, Dorothy Wilson and Jane Darwell deserve praise, too.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal).
Rather clever mystery. With Paul Lukas, Leila Hyams, Lillian Bond, Onslow Stevens and Dorothy Burgess.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE (RKO).
John Boles and Irene Dunne.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO).
Stu Erwin heads a matrimonial agency. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson are in it.

BEYOND THE LAW (Columbia).
Thrills aplenty in this Tim McCoy opus. Shirley Grey is his leading lady.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT (Warners).
Nice comedy. With Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon and Pat Ellis.

BY YOUR LEAVE (RKO).
It's all Frank Morgan, but no one should mind that. With Genevieve Tobin, Neil Hamilton, Marian Nixon and Gene Lockhart.

CARAVAN (Fox).
Its tuneful gypsy music and make-believe atmosphere will thrill you. Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Jean Parker and Phillips Holmes head a large cast.

THE CAT'S PAW (Fox).
Harold Lloyd's latest offering. With Una Merkel, George Barbier and Nat Pendleton.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox).
Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell.

CHU CHIN CHOW (Gaumont-British).
A musical that's different. With Anna May Wong and Fritz Kortner.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners).
The Joe E. Brown fans will be pleased.

COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO).
Wheeler and Woolsey as funny as ever. Also Thelma Todd, Noah Beery and Dorothy Lee.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (United Artists).
Robert Donat and Elissa Landi in Alexander Dumas' thrilling story. Don't miss it.

DANGEROUS CORNER (RKO).
Unusual mystery. With Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Ian Keith and Erin O'Brien Moore.

DESIRABLE (Warners).
Jean Muir, George Brent and Verree Teasdale turn in exceptionally good performances.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal).
Neat comedy. With Chester Morris and Marian Nixon.

ENTER MADAME (Paramount).
Elissa Landi, as the temperamental prima donna, and Cary Grant, as the husband who rebels against being nothing more than her pet. Peke carrier. Lynne Overman, Sharon Lynne, Frank Albertson and Cecilia Parker, too.

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia).
For the Buck Jones fans.

THE FIREBIRD (Warners).
A murder mystery that is decidedly different. Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez, Anita Louise and Lionel Atwill.

FOG OVER FRISCO (First National).
A mystery. With Bette Davis, Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot and Margaret Lindsay.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN (Warners).
Concerning the fate of four college boys. Franchot Tone, Ross Alexander, Nick Farn and Robert Light. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Dvorak provide the heart interest.

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HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO).

Worth your time—the courtroom scene is especially interesting. Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal and Dorothy Burgess stand out in their roles.

HAVE A HEART (M-G-M).

About a cripple. Jean Parker, Jimmy Dunn, Una Merkel, and Stu Erwin are in it.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount).

Jack Haley and Mary Boland in a hilarious comedy.

HIDE-OUT (M-G-M).

Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan are grand in this charming story.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).

Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis.

KENTUCKY KERNELS (RKO).

A Wheeler and Woolsey laugh-getter. Mary Carlisle, Spanky McFarland and Noah Beery.

KISS AND MAKE-UP (Paramount).

Burlesquing beauty parlors. Cary Grant, Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount).

Cary Grant, Frances Drake, Nydia Westman and Edward Everett Horton in an entertaining comedy. Charles Ray has a minor role.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).

George Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal).

A comedy with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).

Plenty of action and suspense in this Gable-Loy-Powell film.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners).

Good mystery yarn. Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).

Starring those two funsters of the air waves. Gracie Allen and George Burns.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).

Some lovely music and nice singing. Lanny Ross, Mary Boland and Ann Sothern.

MENACE (Paramount).

If you're looking for a murder mystery, see this one. With Paul Cavanagh, Gertrude Michael, Henrietta Crosman and John Lodge.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).

Hospital drama. Excellent performances by Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).

Swell comedy. Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins at their best.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).

Richard Barthelmess in a gangster role. With Ann Dvorak and Helen Chandler.

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM (Universal).

About a fellow who wants to forget his prison days and go straight. Lots of action in this one. Edward Arnold, Phillips Holmes, Mary Carlisle and Andy Devine.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M).

Laughs and thrills. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel are in it.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (RKO).

A murder-mystery comedy. Edna May Oliver and Jimmy Gleason are grand.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG (Paramount).

Paul Cavanagh and Gertrude Michael as a couple of jewel thieves.

NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount).

Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount).

W. C. Fields being very funny.

OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking-United Artists).

About the depression. Karen Morley and Tom Keene do a fine job.

PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox).

You'll enjoy Jackie Cooper and Thomas Meighan in this.

THE PERSONALITY KID (Warners).

Story about a prizefighter. Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).

Mystery with laughs. Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts.

READY FOR LOVE (Paramount).

Richard Arlen and Ida Lupino in a nice little comedy. Marjorie Rambeau and Trent Durkin.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO).

Some very amusing situations develop in this tale about a gal who wants to be sure that the man she marries is really in love with her. Miriam Hopkins is the gal and Joel McCrea, Henry Stephenson, Fay Wray and Reginald Denny are in the supporting cast.

THE ST. LOUIS KID (Warners).

Jimmy Cagney doesn't let his fans down in this one a-tall. You'll like him. Allen Jenkins and Patricia Ellis with him.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox).

Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres in a rather improbable story. The Gaynor fans may like it.

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE (Majestic).

Rather weak story but good work by Regis Toomey, Isabel Jewell, Sally Blane and Larry Crabbe makes it worth seeing.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox).

Alice Faye and Lew Ayres.

SHOOT THE WORKS (Paramount).

Musical, featuring Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).

Interesting performances by Elissa Landi, Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan.

SMARTY (Warners).

Grand comedy. Joan Blondell, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton.

STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M).

"Professor" Butterworth and Jimmy Durante will give you a laugh or two. Newcomer Phil Regan has a nice voice.

STAMBOUL QUEST (M-G-M).

Myrna Loy, George Brent and Lionel Atwill in a spy tale.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).

Rochelle Hudson and Warner Baxter.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn).

Anna Sten and Fredric March in a talkie version of the silent picture, "Resurrection."

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).

Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard and Burns-Allen.

WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO).

Some very funny situations here. Edna May Oliver in a polo outfit is a treat in itself. Billie Burke, Joan Marsh, Marian Nixon, Reginald Denny and Grant Mitchell contribute to the general merriment.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).

Unusual story. With Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).

Jack Holt and Jean Arthur.

WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram).

A better-than-average tale about Hollywood. With Marguerite de la Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox).

Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien head a large cast.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia).

Walter Connolly.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount).

Lee Tracy, Helen Mack and David Holt.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"**ADVENTURE GIRL (Van Beuren-RKO).**

Joan Lowell in the title role.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).

Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams do their best.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal).

Karloff and Lugosi together.

BRITISH AGENT (Warners).

Leslie Howard and Kay Francis in the film version of the popular book.

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON (Fox).

Warner Oland, Drue Leyton and Mona Barrie continue in the latest "Chan" thriller.

CITY PARK (Chesterfield).

With Sally Blane, H. B. Walthall and Hale Hamilton.

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (Paramount).

Claude Rains.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot).

Ben Lyon, Sari Maritza and Eric Von Stroheim in a war picture.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M).

Baseball yarn. With Robert Young, Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy.

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (Warners).

Rather dull. Warren William and Lyle Talbot.

THE DUDE RANGER (Fox).

Average Western. George O'Brien and Irene Hervey.

ELMER AND ELSIE (Paramount).

George Bancroft and Frances Fuller in a rather dreary tale.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO).

Good performances by Ann Harding, Jean Hersholt and Paul Lukas make the film worth while.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warners).

Charlie Ruggles and Eugene Pallette, former classmates, get together and have one jolly time. Ann Dvorak, Berton Churchill and Robert Barrat are in it, too.

GIFT OF GAB (Universal).

Large cast includes, Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, Alice White, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and a great many radio headliners.

GRAND CANARY (Fox).

Warner Baxter and Madge Evans can't overcome a weak story.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).

The comic strip on the screen, featuring Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).

Tim McCoy and Lillian Bond.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warners).

Jimmy Cagney.

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO).

Richard Dix and Dorothy Wilson in a slow-moving tale.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners).

Dull story. With George Brent, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).

Ruth Chatterton's latest.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warners).

Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount).

Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, Minna Gombell and Kitty Kelly.

LOVE TIME (Fox).

About Franz Schubert. Nils Asther and Pat Peterson.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).

Dull comedy. Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods.

A MODERN HERO (Warners).

Concerning life in a circus. Richard Barthelmess and Jean Muir.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox).

Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce in this mystery.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).

Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey.

OUTCAST LADY (M-G-M).

Censorship hampers this one, but a fine cast including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes saves it.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).

Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (First National).

Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor have the leading roles in this mystery drama.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).

Marlene Dietrich's latest.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (Liberty).

Reform school yarn. Sidney Fox, Lucille LaVerne, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly and Toby Wing in the cast.

SHE WAS A LADY (Fox).

Story and direction are poor, but Helen Twelvetrees gives a sincere performance. Ralph Morgan and Doris Lloyd in supporting roles.

6 DAY BIKE RIDER (Warners).

Typical Joe E. Brown hokum. Maxine Doyle, Frank McHugh and Gordon Westcott.

STINGAREE (RKO).

Richard Dix and Irene Dunne together again.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M).

Franchot Tone, Karen Morley and Jack LaRue.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).

Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez.

THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO).

ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are apt to disappoint you this time.

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD (Fox).

Showing up some of Hollywood's phoney schools for acting. With Jimmy Dunn, Alice Faye, Grant Mitchell, and those two comedians, Mitchell and Durant.

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND (Reliance-United Artists).

Musical murder-mystery that doesn't quite hit the mark, in spite of a huge cast: Gene Raymond, Nancy Carroll, Mitzi Green, Jack Benny, Boswell Sisters and many more "names."

WAGON WHEELS (Paramount).

Better-than-average Western, featuring Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick, Raymond Hatton and Monte Blue.

WAKE UP AND DREAM (Universal).

Nice musical. Russ Columbo, June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD (RKO).

Interesting story about divorce. Edward Arnold's performance is outstanding. Frankie Thomas and Karen Morley here, too.

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL (Mascot).

William Haines, Judith Allen, Vince Barnett, John Miljan and the Wampas Stars of 1934.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"**BEGGARS HOLIDAY (Tower).**

Hardie Albright, Sally O'Neill and Barbara Barondess.

BLACK MOON (Columbia).

Weak yarn. Jack Holt and Fay Wray.

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT (RKO).

Sidney Fox, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Sterling Holloway and Ned Sparks in this musical.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST (Monogram).

Marian Marsh, Ralph Morgan, Louise Dresser and H. B. Walthall.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).

Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden fail to make this interesting.

THE LADY IS WILLING (Columbia).

Very disappointing. Leslie Howard, Binnie Barnes and Nigel Bruce are in it.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).

Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Columbia).

Don't waste your time on this one. Jean Arthur, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise and Donald Cook.

NO RANSOM (Liberty).

Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue in an impossible story.

PARIS INTERLUDE (M-G-M).

Madge Evans, Robert Young, Una Merkel and Otto Kruger.

SECRET OF THE CHATEAU (Universal).

Very bad. Claire Dodd, Jack LaRue, Alice White, George E. Stone and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

STOLEN SWEETS (Chesterfield).

Charles Starrett and Sally Blane in a dull yarn.



Mary Brian and Joe Morrison at the Coconut Grove.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 11)

Boosting Bradford

This is just a rave over John Bradford, who took that difficult role of Adrian Almont in "365 Nights in Hollywood" and simply made it sit up and beg! He has everything—looks, personality and a grand speaking and singing voice. He did the villainous side of his role so well that the audience despised him, then found themselves warming to his whimsical, charming personality when he and Alice Faye sang their clever song, and liking the darn guy in spite of themselves! Here's a big bouquet for him, and a fervent hope that we'll see him soon, and often!—Louise Grant, Charleston, W. Va.

A Lew Crusade

I am a crusader for more and better roles for a very miscast star whom we all know as Lew Ayres. Why should his chances for some serious acting be drowned in some silly, if not mediocre, part? After seeing "All Quiet" several years ago and his outstanding performances in "O. K. America" and "State Fair," I think the public expects something better than he has had an opportunity to give. I'm sick of being disappointed in his pictures—I want to see him do something BIG. How's about it?—Virginia Haas.

Personal Nominations

Best male singing voice—Bing Crosby
Best female singing voice—Alice Faye
Best physique—Gilbert Roland
Best figure—Joan Crawford
Most beautiful face—Mary Brian

Most handsome man—Bing Crosby
Prettiest hair—Jean Harlow
Prettiest teeth for women—Mae West
Prettiest teeth for men—Bing Crosby
Best dressed woman—Kay Francis
Best coiffures—Norma Shearer
Best dressed man—William Powell
Best female dancer—Joan Crawford
Best male dancer—Fred Astaire
Best natured fellow—James Dunn
Best natured girl—Joan Blondell
Nicest smile (male)—Bing Crosby
Nicest smile (female)—Frances Dee
Prettiest eyes (male)—Gary Cooper
Prettiest eyes (female)—Claudette Colbert

Prettiest dimples (male)—Clark Gable
Prettiest dimples (female)—June Collyer
Sweetest face (male)—Lew Ayres
Sweetest face (female)—Dixie Lee
Ideal wife—Jobyna Ralston Arlen
Best all 'round fellow—Richard Arlen—
These are Cecilia Joseph's selections. What are yours?

Eyes Have It

I have seen Jack LaRue in "Take the Stand" and he plays the part of the columnist as well as he does everything else. But why, oh why, isn't he given a chance at better roles? He has always been a favorite of mine and I have always considered him a great actor, and I'd like nothing better than to see him in a really worth while role. A lover role mostly. What those eyes of his could do to a female's heart is nobody's business.—Miss Jay Loiacono, Jersey City, N. J. (He's had a new nose made to go with his eyes—maybe the combination will bring him a break.)



Ginger Rogers is too good a sport to care if Lew Ayres stepped out one night with Sally Clark, divorced from director Eddie Buzzell after a two-month marriage.

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Name.....
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They Visit New York

(Continued from page 12)

Gombell.

* * *

Don't send us any arsenic in the mail, girls. And don't drop by the office to pull our hair. But who do you think we had lunch with a few weeks ago? John Boles. Oh—all right—if you must be a stickler for accuracy—Marcellite Boles, Jawn's wife, came along, too. We said "lunch." As a matter of fact, we went for lunch and spent the day, because, between John's and Marcellite's grand sense of humor and that very good iced tea they were serving, there just didn't seem any point in leaving. (At least, they said it was iced tea.)

Here's a story John told. It's quite respectable, so the children can stay in the room. It's the one about the man who had eight sons. And an old friend, who hadn't seen him for a quarter of a century or something, bumped into him one day and asked what the great big family was doing.

"Well," said the father of eight, "the oldest one's a senator, and the second one is a half-wit, too. The third one got the Croix de Guerre, you know, and the fourth one never went to France either. The fifth one is a banker, and the sixth one is in the next cell. The seventh one is an

intellectual and the eighth one is also a sissy."

Marcellite was wearing a gorgeous ring, present from her spouse, and someone made a remark about all Southern girls being born gold-diggers.

"Ye-e-s," drawled Marcellite in her Mason-Dixon accent, "Ah'm a terrible gold-digger. It has taken me fo' years to chisel a trip to New York from Jawn and seventeen years to get this engagement ring."

Which will give you the tip-off that even the fascinatin' J. B. has a few faults just same like other husbands.

* * *

To a certain all-niterie called the Elysée, we went diversion seeking and found there Miss Kay Francis with a very distinguished looking gen'leman who was not Maurice Chevalier. Champagne was being passed and everything was altogether too, too elegant, including Kay's evening wrap. We turned a livid green with envy the minute we saw her. A dyed-in-the-wool movie enthusiast in our party wrote on a menu card, "Dear Miss Francis—I have been a fan of yours for years. Will you please autograph this menu for me?" We grabbed the card before the waiter could take it and added a postscript, lika-dis:

"Personally, Miss Francis, we'd settle for your evening wrap."

And what did Miss Francis do? She caught our eye, grinned and made as though to take off the garment. We exchanged winks, the fan got her autograph, and this department went out into the night liking Kay Francis even better than before, as a person who can take time to take a joke.

* * *

Gaumont-British Pictures put on a great deal of dog at a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was all in honor of a fourteen-year-old English lassie named, believe us or not, Nova Pilbeam. Nova's name may not be one you'll find in every telephone directory, but what, after all, is in a name, as the chap said when he forged the cheque? Nova is cute. Nova is a brilliant little actress. Nova is a person you'll be seein' in pictures made here and in England, or we miss our guess. She looks less than fourteen, so we know she hasn't started to lie about her age yet. The picture shown after the luncheon was "Little Friend," and it's Nova's show from start to finish.

Incidentally, one of the guests at the speaker's table was Walter Huston, who



At the Cohen Banquet. Seated, Henry Wilcoxon, stage-star Queenie Smith, Cohen, Katherine De Mille and Mary Boland. Standing, writer J. P. McEvoy, W. C. Fields and two boys with perfect sets of teeth—Cary Grant and Carl Brisson.

really ought to do something about making another picture pretty soon. Why, we were a little tot in pigtales when he started this business of playing in "Dodsworth" on the New York stage. Or so it seems. Anyway, there was considerable cross-talk at this same luncheon about Mr. Huston doing a picture in England. Personally, we don't care whether he makes a picture in Hollywood, England or Timbuktoo, just so's he makes one.

* * *

Our old friends, Bebe and Ben Lyon, were here on a flying trip. Interpret the word "flying" both ways, for Bebe and Ben came in their own plane and they were forced down outside Pittsburgh in bad

weather and had sort of a heck of a time. Practically all they could talk about was their three-year-old Barbara and their conversation is a series of quotes from her bright sayings. They're to be forgiven, of course, just as all other parents of adorable children have to be forgiven. The only way to get Bebe Daniels off the subject of Barbara is to tell her you've discovered a new Chinese restaurant. At that signal, she screams for her hat and a taxi and wonders all the way to the Oriental eaterie whether she'll have a yak-u-mein and plain chop suey, or fuh-yan-deng with shrimp chow mein. But then, Chinese food is Bebe's only vice, so let's not be disagreeable about it.

Out of Their Sorrows

(Continued from page 47)

that lack in her.

Then came marriage and after that pitifully short period of happiness with Kenneth Hawkes, sorrow struck at her severely. When her husband's plane fell from the skies that day, Mary Astor's happiness crashed with him. That day she stopped being a child.

Out of the broken pieces of her life she built a new life for herself . . . a life that was founded on reality. And she knew that before she had only played at living. The illusion was gone now . . . the sense that the things she had must necessarily be permanent. But other things came to take their place. The philosophy she had worked out for herself, the rich understanding and the ability to feel sorrow.

Something new came into her life.

She was no longer only a lovely shadow to the fans who saw her on the screen, but a woman who could make them laugh or weep with her . . . a woman who was great because she had become a woman.

A new love came to Mary Astor and a new marriage . . . the deep contentment of happy wifehood . . . the joy of being a mother. Maturity had come to her out of her sorrow and it was maturity that gave her the power to drink more deeply of her new happiness.

Sorrow brought poignancy to Joan Crawford.

Happiness had brought her peace. She had been such a restless girl, that little Lucille Le Sueur who first came to Holly-



Wadyuhknow? Lupe and Johnnie, not fighting. This was taken at the Vendome, just prior to leaving for New York and London, where Lupe is doing a picture.

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wood. Her days were so full of excitement and thrills that she never gave a thought to the years rushing by. Her work (she didn't call it her art, then) meant nothing beyond the things it gave her. Money to lavish on friends in that generous way of hers . . . clothes . . . parties . . . the opportunity of meeting people, gay, exciting people . . . a taste of fame that in turn made her exciting to the people she found stimulating.

Her nights were spent in dashing madly from one party to another, always in the fastest cars money could buy. Speed . . . change . . . that was the tempo of her life. Music . . . fast music . . . *faster music* . . . music racing in tune to her own restless pulses . . . Dancing . . . she could never have enough of it . . . and every evening it was a new lad's arms that held her . . . a new lad's eyes that laughed into hers.

She had found a measure of success but critics did not wear out their typewriter ribbons hailing her as a Rachael or a Duse. But Joan Crawford did not care and there is a doubt she would have known then what those names meant.

IT was young Fairbanks who taught her what they meant . . . what other things meant. In all the flurry of amazement that greeted their romance no one could have been more surprised than Joan herself that she had fallen in love with this studious, sensitive boy. And no one was more surprised than she at the contentment that came to her in making his life her own.

Stars . . . she had probably thought the lights that flickered before Grauman's Chinese Theatre much more beautiful before . . . but now stars became tenderness. Books . . . she had never known how fascinating they could be, how they could open a whole world before her eyes. Music . . . how different was this music Douglas loved . . . this music that ached in your heart . . . from the turbulent rhythm she had once danced to. And home became more than a name to her.

All these things worked their change in her and her audiences felt that change. Slowly Joan began to emerge from the

jazzy, carefree roles she had played, into fuller, more interesting ones. But there was still a long way to go before she would come into her greatest glory . . . before she would stand at the very peak of her profession.

Sorrow brought her to that peak. Sorrow moving in its devious way, carrying her first into the valley, that she would the more surely reach the pinnacle.

Something happened to the love that had seemed so unchanging and so sure. And the fact that there is so little known of the thing that came between them, that neither Joan nor Douglas would ever discuss each other except in the friendly, civilized way that brought them the respect of everybody, shows how much that love must once have meant.

Joan's face changed subtly. Her eyes held shadows, her mouth a hint of sadness that blotted out the smile that had always come too easily before. Her heart still held the things young Doug had given her . . . stars and music and gardens, fresh smelling and sweet in a spring rain . . . home and its quiet things, its gentle things. *But Doug was no longer there to share them with her.*

Poignancy came to her then, in her nostalgia for the love that had slipped away from her. And it is that yearning for something lost and unforgotten that has crept into her art. Her art that used to be her work. . . .

Sorrow brought glamor to Garbo.

It's become quite the thing to laugh at those old pictures of the Greta Garbo which Mauritz Stiller brought with him from Sweden. And yet the glamorous Garbo emerged from the drab chrysalis of that gauche, bewildered girl. But that was afterwards, when Stiller lay in his lonely grave and the width of the Atlantic was between him and the girl he had loved so selflessly.

There is no doubt that Garbo loved him, too . . . that he is the only man she ever really loved. Only for a while she lost sight of that love in the tumultuous wooing of John Gilbert . . . in the strangeness of the new life opening before her.

Mauritz Stiller did not live to see the new Garbo. The glamorous Garbo, the

Garbo clothed in mystery, the enigmatic Garbo who has captured the imagination of the world. But even if he had lived he could never have seen her.

For it was his death that brought her solitude. Garbo shut her sorrow in her heart. And one can only guess how much remorse there was mixed in that sorrow. She could no longer endure to be with people . . . people who laughed and talked and were so unconscious of the fact that the world lay in darkness, that the light of the sun and moon and stars had gone out forever more.

In her sorrow she walked alone through soft spring rains and it was as if the heavens were weeping with her. And her eyes looked beyond the poppies in California fields to the delicate pink *linnaea* trailing in her native woods, to the primroses and violets and bluebells they had gathered in their own Swedish meadows as they dreamed of glory in the promised land across the sea.

Heartache . . . loneliness became her life . . . the private life she so jealously reserved for herself. And the gods laughed as they twisted these things into a satirical gift for her. Heartache . . . loneliness . . . they because mystery and glamor to her millions of fans.

SORROW gave a new career to Mary Pickford.

She had worked so hard all her life. As a child trudging from one manager's office to another, as a girl pioneering as gallantly as any frontier woman in the mazes of a new art, as a woman holding the stellar position in the industry she had helped make great.

For years, fate gave with an unstinting hand to her. Fame . . . a fortune financiers have envied . . . love. Most prodigally of all, it gave love to her. Her mother's love that was so wholly complete it left her independent of friendship, her brother Jack's love, gay and irresponsible, brightening her days with laughter. Then the dearest love of all, the love that flamed so quickly between her and Douglas Fairbanks, the love that endured for so many years.

She grew from that shadow child who had won America's heart to the woman the years had made too mature for the roles her audiences demanded of her. She tried other roles but the public would have none of them. She knew that her work was finished. But it did not seem so hard then to retire. She could give all her time to the ones she loved. After all, love was the most important thing in the world.

In a little more than a year all that love was swept away from her. Her mother died first. She had expected that, of course, in the months when Charlotte Pickford lay helpless in her last illness, but it was no less cruel for all that. And then Jack . . . her little brother . . . Jack who had loved gayety so, and charming, stimulating people . . . Jack dying alone in a hospital in Paris. Then Douglas . . . that different loss must have been hardest of all . . . for it was to life she lost him.

Mary looked into her sorrowing heart and found the things that had seemed unimportant before. She found friends again, the old ones she had not needed before, the new ones that opened unexpected vistas for her. She found the knowledge of life that had come to her in all those years of climbing and working.

And out of them came her writing and the joy in it that has given her a new kind of happiness . . . a lasting happiness. For she has discovered that writing is the one thing fate cannot take away from her. Let sorrow come again . . . her stories will be the richer for it. Let age come . . . those stories will only be the more under-



Howard Hughes' charming companion is Warner Bros.' youthful and promising player, Patricia Ellis. Scotty snapped them at the Trocadero.



Elizabeth Allan and Frank Lawton of "David Copperfield" cast, at the Trocadero. Frank Lawton is a little tired of being thought Charles Laughton's son, and having his name spelled with an "ugh."

standing. It is good to have a thing like that in your grasp, a thing that will never become familiar and stale . . . a thing that will remain forever new, exciting and unfinished. More recently, Mary has found radio opening its arms to her. New work to do. A new zest added to life.

Sorrow brought freedom to Frances Marion.

When George Hill's tragic death shocked Hollywood, its heart flowed out in sympathy for Frances Marion who had been his wife and was still his friend. Sorrow had struck at her so repeatedly. She had seen so many friends go. Jessie, the secretary, whom she loved as a sister. Lorna Moon, the writer whose brilliant career was stopped by her early death. Marie Dressler, the most loved friend of all.

George Hill's will spoke of Frances Marion as his beloved divorced wife . . . a tribute that drew editorials from hard-boiled newspaper men all over the country. More than anything else that tribute reveals Frances Marion as the most truly loved woman in Hollywood.

She has always lived close to sorrow. It is because she has lived life so fully, drunk of it so deeply that she has become the great writer she is . . . the one writer for the screen who has remained at the very peak for the twenty years she has been writing for it.

Illness had made her childhood a cloistered one, shut away from other children. A strange child, a lonely child, she grew into a woman whose life became an amazing pattern of adventure and change and tragedy.

It was that lonely little girl, listening to the laughter of other children, who crept into her script of "The Poor Little Rich

Girl" and lived in all those other stories she wrote for Mary Pickford. It is the woman who has travelled all over the world, taking its sorrow with the same unflinching courage with which she takes its joys, who breathes in every story she writes. "The Champ" . . . "Min and Bill" . . . "Emma" . . . the greatest box office attractions the screen has ever known were written from that understanding, tolerant heart of hers.

Her early sorrows brought success to Frances Marion, but the ones that have crowded each other so relentlessly in the last few years have brought freedom to her.

She thought she had lost her world when Fred Thompson died, her husband and the father of her two little boys. But it was because he died that Christmas afternoon that sorrow gave her freedom. Success had chattered her with possessions. The million-dollar home on a Hollywood mountain top, the priceless antiques they had collected together, the library of rare first editions, the house at the beach, the huge cabin in the mountains . . . all of them things chaining her to them . . . driving her to work beyond her strength to make the money for the taxes and the maintenance and the insurance it cost to keep them.

One day she stood looking out at the sunlight that slanted through the trees to the courtyard below her window and she remembered how she had come cantering over that courtyard with Fred Thompson and how they had laughed together as they had dismounted from their horses. Fred Thompson had loved that courtyard, those huge stables filled with blooded horses, that house with its priceless treasures.

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10:30 p.m.—WKY, Oklahoma City; WFAA-WBAP, Dallas-Fort Worth; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; KTBS, Shreveport; KTHS, Hot Springs.

But they were no longer his to enjoy.

Knowing that . . . they seemed no longer hers either.

Surprising, that sense of exultation that came with the knowledge that she was free from *things*. Today Frances Marion can do the things she wants to do. She has time for the music she loves and for her singing, time to write the novels and the

plays she always wanted to write but could not because of the gamble it would mean.

If Frances Marion were writing the story of those tears Carole Lombard may be facing today, she would take some of her own heart-ache in fashioning it and the things that have come out of sorrow. Not only her own, but the sorrows of all those other valiant women of Hollywood

. . . Mary Astor . . . Joan Crawford . . . Garbo . . . Mary Pickford. All these gallant ones.

Freedom . . . glamor . . . poignancy . . . maturity . . . a career . . . she would take them all and fashion them into beauty and courage and power. Shape them from the experience that has come to her into a lasting inspiration.

He Was a Problem Child

(Continued from page 31)

THE many dramas in which March has appeared on stage and screen were spun of no more colorful threads than those woven into his own story—a story which carries a message to every mother's son and every son's mother. The fates must have intended him for the stage and screen, for his early background seemed to have destined him for something else. March says he might have been a gangster. You probably have read that after his youthful life of crime, he landed a job in a teller's cage in a bank. Rather different—yes. Thanks to certain influences, which I'll let him tell you about himself.

He was born in Racine, Wisconsin, on August 31, 1897, and was dunked Frederick McIntyre Bickel. His father was of German lineage; his mother, Cora Marcher (which name inspired him with his stage name), was of English, Scotch and Dutch extraction.

"As I said," March told me, "I was a tough kid. I *did* speak nice pieces at nice local functions when called upon. But at the age of six I was thrashed for doing an imitation of an old man who hobbled by on crutches. Soon thereafter our gang began building little clubhouses along the shores of Lake Michigan. We stole everything needed for construction and maintenance, from lumber to food and fuel. We engaged in gang fights, used bricks for weapons, and running amuck now and then, tipped over all the Chic Sales in Racine. We were headed straight for the penitentiary, according to all the town authorities, and some of the boys actually reached that destination. Had it not been for the environment of a good home and loving, understanding parents, I, too, might have been a jail bird. I might have been the right-hand man of an Al Capone or a 'Legs' Diamond.

"My boyhood nickname was Bottles. My abilities as a junk picker earned that sobriquet for me. I could 'find' more bottles, more scrap iron, more rags, more old washboards, than any boy in our gang. This might have been due to the fact that I was an observing child and knew just what days the good housewives of Racine went to town. However, the excitement of collecting and selling junk was nothing as compared to the thrill of the theatre—the circumstance that doubtless saved me from the eventual clutches of the law. Racine boasted the Jack Besse Stock Company, and, now and then, provided a good company on tour, such as Maude Adams in 'Peter Pan' and Richard Bennett in 'Damaged Goods.' It was after watching Bennett that I made up my mind to be an actor."

FRED finished high school and wanted to go to the University of Wisconsin but the family funds were low, so he went to work in the Manufacturers' National Bank and worked his way up from the Christmas savings cage to a position as assistant teller. He saved his money and in 1916 entered Wisconsin University. With the outbreak of war, he enlisted,

was commissioned a shavetail, and was attending an artillery school when the Armistice was signed. Returning to the university, he won a scholarship for a course in training for foreign service with the National City Bank of New York. All very admirable. But—

"I soon realized it was the thought of foreign travel—not a banking career—that kept me at work," he confesses. "In my heart," he admits, "what I really wanted was to be an actor. I left the bank and went to work as a \$3 a day extra in the Long Island studios. Then I went to work posing for illustrators and photographers, and met Norma Shearer, Neil Hamilton, Eleanor Boardman, and others who were earning their bread and butter, posing.

Then came the turning point in the life of Freddie Bickel.

"I stood, one day, in an automat in

downtown New York, and flipped my last dime into the air. I was cold and hungry. I had not worked for days. The soles were gone from my shoes and I could not return to my rooming house without cash, for I had been locked out. I caught the dime in my palm, and closed my fist, before looking. Heads, and the dime would be inserted into a sandwich slot and I would eat, and abandon dreams of a stage career; tails, and I would use a nickel to telephone an agency for models, and use the other jitney for carfare.

"I opened my fist, looked, got two nickels for the dime from the cashier, went to the phone, talked to a man, grinned, and hurried for the uptown subway, hungry but happy. Leon Gordon, noted artist, needed a male model. For three hours I stood on the pedestal. At the end of that time Gordon yawned, laid aside his brushes, and turned to me. 'Three hours, three dollars,' he said, handing me three \$1 bills. With thoughts of food I hurried for the door.

"'Wait a minute,' called Gordon. 'Would you mind doing an errand for me? Will you run over to the theatre and get me two seats for tonight for 'Lady of the Lamp'?"

"I took another notch in my belt and went to the theatre, bought the tickets, and on the way out, bumped into an agent who told me that two extras were needed at the Belasco theatre for 'Deburau.' He told me I'd better hurry. I ran all the way, and was engaged for a walk-on part. I ran back to Gordon's to deliver the tickets, hurried to the Belasco and was so excited I forgot I was hungry. It was a grand break for me.

"That was the beginning. I became call boy, understudy, stage hand, and bit player, and after twenty-five weeks found myself playing the juvenile lead in 'Deburau.' From then on, it was just plain hard work in stock companies. I wasn't an actor and everyone including myself knew it, and I was advised to get some stock experience.

FIVE years of hardship followed; five years of stock, third-rate companies, cheap boarding houses, thin overcoats, summer clothes for winter, and vice versa; half-soled shoes, second-hand hats, socks with holes in the toes; weary miles of trudging, looking for work, with blistered heels and burning feet. Long days—days during which the activities of gangsters who might even have been his boyhood pals filled the front pages—caused Freddie to wonder if he had chosen the right profession.

Then came Florence Eldridge; they were married in the spring of 1927. She was well known then. She has gradually put aside her career—her husband's was more important to her. She helped him tremendously. She has such a deep understanding for acting and the theatre.

A year later, March was offered the leading role in the Los Angeles production of "The Royal Family." He was



The chap with Mary Carlisle is James Blakely, N. Y. socialite and screen newcomer. At Junior Laemmle's going-away party.

MODERN SCREEN

offered that role because of his striking resemblance to the John Barrymore of a dozen years ago.

I saw the opening of "The Royal Family" in Los Angeles, the guest of Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston.

At the conclusion of the performance Dick turned to me and said, "Ten to one some producer signs him for pictures."

I didn't take the bet. And—well, you sort of know the rest, I think.

March had finished his story. He reached for another drink.

"Do I sound like the sort of coddled egg that writers insist on painting me?"

he demanded.

"It sounds like the confession of an egg that just escaped being a yegg," I admitted.

March grinned.

"I think that prefix of 'Freddie' may have had something to do with it," he laughed. "Say, how would 'Bottles' March look in electric lights?"

I reached for my hat.

Freddie led the way to the door. He paused, for a moment, and then, with a wistful look, said:

"I've a grand blurb for your story. 'I Might Have Been a Gangster.'"

"And I might have, too," he added.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 55)

mystery," it does not follow the pattern of the ordinary picture of this kind. Instead of the murderer being run down by detectives, a system of psychology is followed and for that reason this number may not appeal to you folks who like your murder mysteries treated in the familiar stock manner. Really, though, there are some grand performances, principally by Anita Louise, the daughter, who rises to great heights in her confessional scene, and Verree Teasdale as the mother who tries to take the blame for the killing in order to save her daughter. Lionel Atwill registers effectively as the husband and father. Ricardo Cortez is the only one who fails to measure up brilliantly. His character just does not click. This is a picture for sophisticated audiences. It is beautifully directed and photographed. You should like it.

A: WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (M-G-M)

Really enjoyable. Although this is the well known story of a woman who marries a man many years her junior, builds him into a success, loses him to the other woman, and through patience and loyalty wins him back again, it is told and acted with so much charm and sincerity that it takes a front seat in movie entertainment. Helen Hayes, bearing the brunt of bad photography, comes through with a fine performance as the colorless wife. But it is Brian Aherne who stands as the surprise hit of the picture. He makes the character of the conceited, self-satisfied husband so real and human that you never once lose sympathy with him. The remainder of the cast, including Madge Evans and Lucille Watson, is excellent and does much to add to the film. Don't miss it.

B: KENTUCKY KERNELS (RKO-Radio)

A rollicking Wheeler and Woolsey comedy. This combination has never been quite as good or as funny as it is in this little opus, which reeks with hilarity, funny goings-on and downright belly laughs. This time, Wheeler and Woolsey find themselves with a youngster on their hands, who falls heir to some real Kentucky dough. So the boys start South (with Southern accents and all), run smack into a feud, a little romance, and the fun's on. Mary Carlisle is the heart-throb in this case, Noah Beery is the villain and, in spite of the two W's, "Spanky" MacFarland remains the star of the picture. This little youngster practically steals every scene that he's in (and there are a lot of them). Take the whole family to this show and help yourself to a laugh.



Bob Woolsey, Spanky MacFarland and Bert Wheeler in "Kentucky Kernels."

B: THE ST. LOUIS KID (Warners)

A Cagney special. This one starts with a bang and ends with a bang. Jimmy Cagney and Allen Jenkins are two truck drivers. For one reason or t'other, Cagney spends most of his time behind bars. The real trouble begins when he meets Patricia Ellis, smacks into her car, lands in jail, and is even accused of murder. More fun and more laughs in this one. Cagney is his old self again, Jenkins is dumber and funnier than ever, and Patricia Ellis turns in a strong performance in spite of the meagreness of her role. You'll have a grand time for yourself the night you step out to see this.



Paul Cavanagh, Gertrude Michael and John Lodge in "Menace."

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B: MENACE (Paramount)

Creepy chill provoker. What with a madman on the loose trying to avenge the death of his brother, this murder mystery has plenty of what it takes to make your hair stand on end. Daggers flying, blood curdling yells, slinky shadows—it's got 'em all. The performers, headed by Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh, are all very effective and the dialogue is better than usual. Halliwell Hobbs, as the butler, is excellent. Henrietta Crosman and John Lodge are fine, too. Lots of action here.



Jean Muir, Franchot Tone, Margaret Lindsay, Ross Alexander, Ann Dvorak, Nick Foran in "Gentlemen Are Born."

B: GENTLEMEN ARE BORN (Warners)

A really good picture. Franchot Tone, Ross Alexander, Nick Foran and Robert Light are four college boys who, upon graduation, go out to set the world on fire, each following a different line of pursuit. To watch their individual struggles—one almost finding success, one domestic hardships, one disgrace and the other death—makes for absorbing and intensely interesting movie fare. Franchot Tone has the finest role of his career and does himself proud, thus proving that he can act if given a chance. The remaining three actors, though not so well known on the screen as yet, are such grand troupers that you'll want to see more of them. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Dvorak, as the feminine interests, are all good although their roles are secondary.

C: 365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD (Fox)

Pretty funny fare. Based on the book by Jimmy Starr, Hollywood columnist, this little number has an atmosphere of authenticity that is usually lacking in yarns about Hollywood. The angle here presents one of those phoney schools for acting, presenting its characters as either chisellers or suckers. Jimmy Dunn is the movie director and Alice Faye (from Peoria) is the school's favorite pupil. Through double-crossing means, Dunn turns out a winner with Alice clicking as the star. Alice Faye does right well by herself in this one and shows promise of bigger and better things in the future. Jimmy Dunn turns in a sincere performance and Grant Mitchell, of course, is always reliable. Jack Durant and Frank Mitchell are responsible for most of the howls.



Victor McLaglen, Walter Connolly and John Gilbert in "The Captain Hates the Sea."

A: CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA (Columbia)

A la "Grand Hotel." With all the action taking place on board a ship going from San Pedro to New York, plenty of opportunity is given for the introduction of many and varied characters, all very interestingly drawn. There is the captain, Walter Connolly, who really hates the sea, the perpetually drunk writer, as portrayed by John Gilbert, Alison Skipworth, the well-to-do widow, Helen Vinson and Fred Keating, the two thieves, and Victor McLaglen, as the detective who gets what he's after, plus others too many to mention. Besides the interesting characterizations, Lewis Milestone has directed the picture superbly, wringing the most out of every situation in this intriguing tale. Chalk this up as another Columbia winner that you should see.

C: 6 DAY BIKE RIDER (Warners)

Typical Brown farce. All you Joe E. fans can go to this show knowing that you will get just what you have come to expect from this actor—a funny, if somewhat "hick" comedy. Joe E. plays the usual small town lad who makes good in the end. The bike race sequence is extremely well done and provides a chance for plenty of gags, thrills, as well as an opportunity for Brown to exhibit his talents on a bike. Maxine Doyle is the love-interest in the case and a very nice one she is. Frank McHugh, as Joe's partner, comes in for his share of fun.



Joe E. Brown and Maxine Doyle in "6 Day Bike Rider."

MODERN SCREEN

A: ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (RKO-Radio)

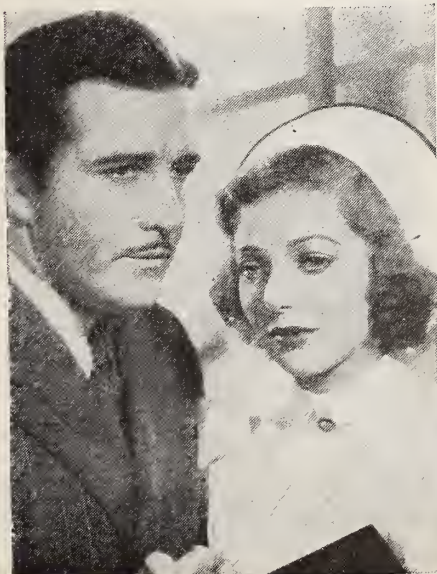
Knockout entertainment. If this picture had the star names of "Little Women," I'd be tempted to say that you would like it just as much. The situations in the story will keep you on the edge of your seat all evening, with plenty of laughs to balance the tears. The real treat, though, is the personal hit scored by Anne Shirley. What a performance! This gal is going places. Helen Westley and O. P. Heggie contribute masterful performances and Tom Brown is fine. It is our sincere hope that you will not be scared away from this picture by the lack of big names. If you are, you'll miss one of the best pictures of the year.



Anne Shirley and Tom Brown in "Anne of Green Gables."

A: THE WHITE PARADE (Fox)

An excellent picture. It isn't often you run across a film that is as good as this one. Not only is the story of high interest—centering around a hospital and nurses' training school and containing moments of tense drama and sparkling comedy—but Loretta Young turns in a performance that places her right in the front ranks as a finished dramatic actress. She is superb. John Boles is unusually convincing and likeable as the wealthy bachelor who comes into Loretta's life. Jane Darwell as the head nurse is grand, and Dorothy Wilson shines in a tragic role. You'll laugh and weep.



John Boles and Loretta Young in "The White Parade."

C: TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND (Reliance)

With a cast loaded with star names and a plot into which everything from a musical to a murder mystery has been crowded, this picture remains just so-so entertainment. All the action takes place on a transatlantic liner which is a good spot for committing a murder and also for bringing in plenty of musical entertainment. Along the latter line, the talents of Jack Benny, the Boswell Sisters, Jimmy Grier's orchestra are presented, plus Mitzi Green doing a George Arliss imitation. Gene Raymond and Nancy Carroll provide the love interest and do it mighty well. But in spite of all that, this picture just doesn't jell.



Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond in "Transatlantic-Merry-Go-Round."

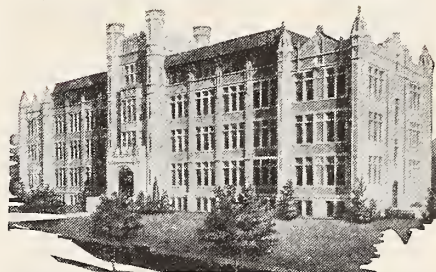
B: BY YOUR LEAVE (RKO-Radio)

Here we have Frank Morgan portraying a middle-aged married man who craves a last fling before settling down to stodgy old age, only to return contentedly to home and wifey. As is to be expected, Morgan gives a grand performance—without him, this picture would have very little to offer. Genevieve Tobin, as the wife, is okay but rather uninteresting, as are Neil Hamilton and Marian Nixon. Gene Lockhart, as Morgan's intoxicated buddy, plays effectively and humorously. But the picture still remains Frank Morgan's and little else. Use your own judgment.



Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin in "By Your Leave."

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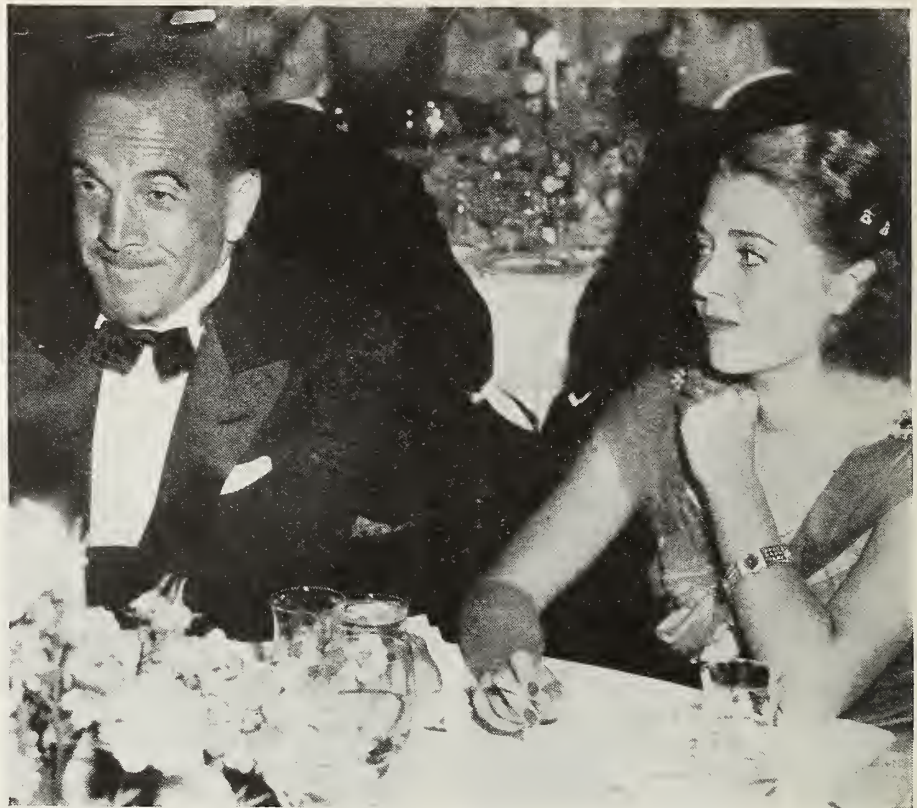
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LESSONS IN GLAMOUR

Yes, we said lessons. In glamour. Also lessons in charm, in the art of talking to people and in the art of being likeable. We are pleased to announce these articles, which will appear in early issues of **MODERN SCREEN**.



Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson at the Coconut Grove. Ruby and Al are co-stars in Warner Bros. "Casino de Paree." Sounds swell, doesn't it?

Good News

(Continued from page 59)

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned to Hollywood yesterday and took Sally Blane to the Grove the first night . . . Paulette Goddard (Charlie Chaplin's heart) took a short trip to New York and captured the heart of a wealthy member of the 400, but we still have our bets on Chaplin . . . Fox must be afraid Shirley Temple is going to grow up overnight, they are putting her in most every picture they make so's to clean up while she's able . . . So many swell pictures this month that we almost ran out of "A's" to rate 'em with . . . Bill Gargan returned from England minus 36 pounds and most of his pals didn't even recognize him . . . The Marquis Hank went to the hospital for an operation immediately after arriving from Paris . . . Sari Maritza and Sam Katz up and got married . . . And Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres announced their engagement . . . The most exciting news is Marion Davies' affiliation with Warners.

For Rainy Evenings

If you get stuck with a crowd and can't find anything else to amuse the gang, try this bunch of questions on them and keep score for the future

answers. Time will give them.

Will Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall ever get married?

What reception will Bing Crosby get in his next picture when he tries to sing opera?

Will Spencer Tracy ever get over Loretta Young and get down to steady picture-making again?

Can you name the two biggest box-office stars of the year?

What star, just twenty-seven years old, is about to become a grandmother—and how come?

What famous actor in Hollywood possesses a British title—and not the inherited kind, either?

No, Indeed

Just because Dolores Del Rio hasn't seen a bull fight in nine years, she and her famous art-director husband, Cedric Gibbons, will fly to Mexico City and come back right after the "entertainment" is over. There are not so many Hollywood couples who have to go all the way to Mexico to see a fight.

Phew!

The recent rain storm in Hollywood did plenty of damage but here's

one thing the water did that we bet you haven't heard about: a leak in the sound-stage roof allowed the water to drip through and right in the middle of a scene for "Caprice Espagnole." Two huge light bulbs exploded as a result. The flying glass came close to Dietrich and Von Sternberg . . . but not too close.

A Break for Her Maid

Even movie stars have a time being original. Have you ever "seen yourself coming down the street?" Remember the first flush of embarrassment you felt when you realized that the person approaching happened to be wearing the same dress you had on at the time?

Well, it happens in Hollywood too, even with all the money in the world with which to be exclusive. The other evening, Sally Blane was seen to arrive at the Grove . . . take a quick look around . . . discover that Sylvia Sidney was already there with an exact duplicate of the dress *she* was wearing . . . and within five minutes, Sally had said her polite "Good-nights" and had left.

Horrors!

The studio is planning to call Joan Crawford's future picture "No More Ladies." What? with all those censors on the job?

Helping Hand

Lanny Ross has deserted Hollywood. Which statement comes under the heading of news, on account of Lanny was supposed to remain in our hamlet for another six weeks for his second picture, "Mississippi"—now being starred in by Bing Crosby.

While Lanny was working here, his new radio program was broadcast from Hollywood and he made thousands of friends with a very swell idea: each program, Lanny would use "an unknown but talented newcomer" and give him his first chance on a national hook-up. *Radio Stars Magazine* liked Lanny's idea so well that they helped him along by discovering the unknowns who were worthy of such a grand break. Did you hear Betty Borden sing? She was the lucky gal who got the first chance with Lanny . . . they tell us she is now headed places in a big way.

That's Settled

We've had a flock of letters telling us that we were a bit wrong in saying that Carl Brisson ever held the welter-weight boxing championship of middle Europe. We asked Carl and he put us right on the thing: it seems that Mr. Brisson fought under the name "Carl Peterson" and that he was also known as the "Fighting Dane."

Don't let an UNSIGHTLY SKIN



rob you of ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

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CHORE GIRL
INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
Half-times kitchen work
~ Patented parallel outer layers provide ~
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes!"

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—Every deaf person knows that—
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These are the people who flew all the way to Mexico City, just to see a bull fight.
Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons.

All Joking Aside .. by Jack Welch



CONRAD NAGEL WAS ONCE KNOCKED COLD BY A DUCK THAT HE HAD JUST SHOT.



GENE RAYMOND IS ANOTHER EX-FOOTBALLER WHO RAN THE WRONG WAY TO A TOUCH-DOWN . . . It happened in prep school and was a 50-yard dash . . . His face is still red.



DICK POWELL NEEDS NO ALARM CLOCK . . . His dog "Ranger" comes in and wakes him at 8 o'clock every morning, howling.



GLORIA STUART ALWAYS SHIPS OFF HER SHOES WHILE BEING INTERVIEWED OVER THE RADIO . . . She says it gives her greater freedom of thought. . .



AS A BOY, PAUL MUNI WORKED IN A CANDY STORE AND RECEIVED, AS PAY, ONE CENT A DAY AND ALL THE CANDY HE COULD EAT.



FEET AT THE ALTAR

THERE were other men in her life and one in particular who would marry her in a minute, yet this beautiful girl clung to her first love even when he deserted her at the altar and married another woman. Not until he was divorced and was again planning to marry her did she find a true love and in this discovery gain a just revenge.

This unusual love story, *Forsaking All Others*, produced by M-G-M, is to be seen on the screen with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery playing the principal parts. Read the story complete in the current issue of *Screen Romances*.

15 COMPLETE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery; BORDERTOWN, Paul Muni, Bette Davis and Margaret Lindsay; NELL GWYN, Anna Neagle and Sir Cecil Hardwicke; REPEAL, Carole Lombard and Chester Morris; ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN, Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers; WICKED WOMAN, Mady Christians, Jean Parker and Charles Bickford; MAYBE IT'S LOVE, Gloria Stuart, Phillip Reed and Ross Alexander; THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, Claude Rains and Joan Bennett; JEALOUSY, Nancy Carroll and Donald Cook; WEST OF THE PECOS, Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper; MURDER IN THE CLOUDS, Lyle Talbot and Ann Dvorak; GIGOLETTE, Adrienne Ames and Ralph Bellamy; BACKFIELD, Preston Foster, Robert Young, Betty Furness; AGAINST THE LAW, John Mack Brown and Sally Blane; CHEATING CHEATERS, Fay Wray and Cesare Romero.

Listen to "Hollywood Highlights" reported by Sam Taylor for *Screen Romances* over WMCA and Associated Stations every Monday and Wednesday Evenings at 6:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

SCREEN ROMANCES



MRS. BOYER'S BERGDORF GOODMAN GOWN IS OF UNCUT VELVET.

*Among the many
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Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

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MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
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Boston
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
New York
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MISS ANNE GOULD, New York
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
New York
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
Chicago
MISS MIMI RICHARDSON, New York
MISS EVELYN WATTS, New York



Another Camel enthusiast is Mrs. Allston Boyer

In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay and almost every-

one is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired, a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

People find that Camel's finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS give them a healthy "lift" when their energy is low. Smoke one yourself and see.

*Camels are Milder!.. made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos
.. Turkish and Domestic.. than any other popular brand*