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PERFUME AND  
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FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK





# "So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry  
Dewed with the Shining Glory  
of a Woman's Tears . . .



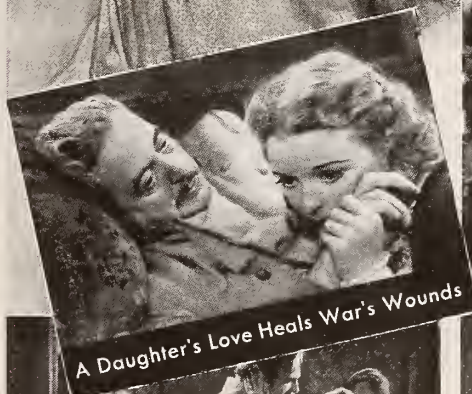
The Girl He Left Behind Him



Slaves in the First Frenzy of Freedom



A Son of the South Goes Forth to War



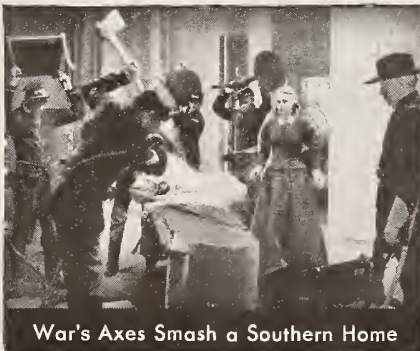
A Daughter's Love Heals War's Wounds



A Last Sad Parting as the Bugles Sound



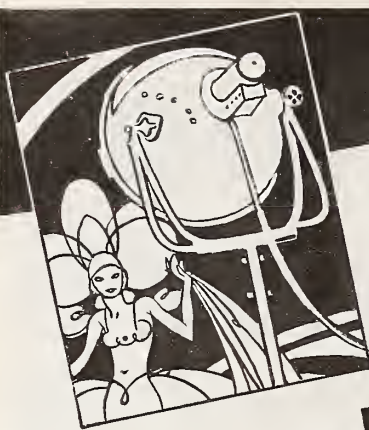
Women Await the Dreaded News



War's Axes Smash a Southern Home

"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.





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REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor

# modern screen

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**YOU HAVE WAITED 7 YEARS FOR THIS!**

M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

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# BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with

**JACK BENNY • ELEANOR POWELL • ROBERT TAYLOR**

UNA MERKEL • FRANCES LANGFORD

SID SILVERS • BUDDY EBSER

JUNE KNIGHT • VILMA EBSER

HARRY STOCKWELL • NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.



# Reviews

## a tour of today's talkies



(Left) Mr. DeMille spared neither time nor money to make "The Crusades" the most lavish of his spectacles. Here are Katherine DeMille, Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young. (Below, left) The dinner party scene from "Alice Adams"—Ann Shoemaker, Fred MacMurray, Hattie McDaniels, Hepburn and Fred Stone. (Below) Rogers and Astaire in "Top Hat."



By Leo Townsend

### ★★★★ The Crusades (Paramount)

The annual DeMille epic is once more with us, and as is usual with the efforts of the great Cecil B., it is loaded with spectacle and grandeur. The sight of what looks like 10,000 Hollywood extras in full armor smacking each other down on the plains of Jerusalem is edifying enough in itself, but Mr. DeM. comes through with several other lavish touches just to remind you that movies can still be made for a million dollars. The story has to do with Richard the Lion-Hearted, who joins the Crusades to escape a marriage to the sister of his cousin Phillip, King of France, and finds himself almost immediately obliged to wed the daughter of the King of Navarre. He's quite pleasantly surprised, however, when she turns out to be Loretta Young. As portrayed by Henry Wilcoxon, Richard is a hole and hearty guy whom you'll like immensely. Loretta Young is as beautiful as ever and the rest of the cast (all 10,000 of 'em) is excellent. If you like your DeMille, here's one of his best.

#### Preview Postscripts

This is tops for all the DeMille spectacular spectacles. Cecil B.

outdid himself on loveliness more from sentiment than extravagance this time. Seems the DeMille ancestors fought the good fight in the Crusades. It's their coat-of-arms used in the picture, too. A dozen authorities did research for over a year before the cameras ground out the first foot of the 300,000 mode. Nope, you won't have to watch that many unreeled, since only 10,000 feet were released. Paramount felt decidedly Middle Ages for about six months, what with every available corner on the lot flouting medieval castles, ramparts, moats, catapults, etc. One set alone took up four acres, and it was a daily occurrence for 1500 people and 800 horses to be working at the same time. Even if you aren't statistico-minded it still took 4800 pounds of nails for "props", 46 tons of lumber and metal for one siege tower, 2500 pounds of crepe hair for mustachios, 18,000 yards of cloth, several thousand wigs, fifty gallons of imitation blood and a few tons of chain mail. Climotically though, the fillum didn't cost a penny, since there's an absolute parallel between the ozone and vegetation in Palestine and California. But it looked for a while like the whole project would flop since not a falcon could be located in this country or England. In desperation, a director turned to the L. A. directory and discovered Orin (Continued on page 8)



A GOLDEN SYMPHONY  
OF THRILLING SONG,  
VIBRANT ROMANCE  
AND SOUL-STIRRING  
EMOTION!



Even the world's applause ringing in her ears  
could not silence her yearning heart-song for one  
glorious moment with the man she loved and one  
enchunting hour with the son she could never claim!

*Harry M. Goetz*

presents an EDWARD SMALL production

# "The Melody Lingers On"

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON  
GEORGE HOUSTON

HELEN WESTLEY • JOHN HALLIDAY • WILLIAM HARRIGAN  
WALTER KINGSFORD • MONA BARRIE • LAURA HOPE CREWS  
DAVID SCOTT • FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

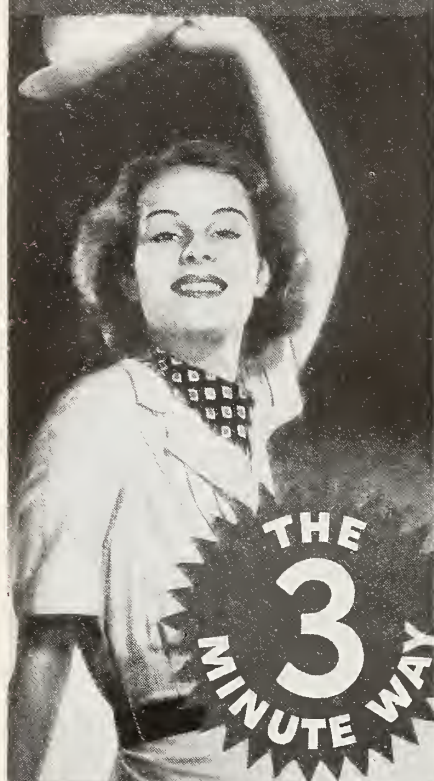
Thrill to the magnificent  
voice of the screen's latest  
find—George Houston, as  
he sings the "Toreador"  
song from "Carmen" and  
"Ritorno di Sorriento",  
famous Italian folk song.

*A Reliance Picture*

Directed by DAVID BURTON  
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



# "My Headache—Tired Feeling—BANISHED!"



## "ISN'T YOUR HEALTH WORTH THREE MINUTES!"

I don't consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes\* you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren't willing to spend three minutes, harsh "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no griping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15c and 25c for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

\* Longer if you care to



better  
because  
you  
chew it

## REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

Zannon, who not only had a falcon but eight of them. . . . Henry Wilcoxon was the true martyr of the "Crusades." He had to live for four months with the birds and his horse. This meant giving up his pet passion, yachting, since the falcons objected to the water and the crew objected to the horse. Mr. Wilcoxon had to give up hair-cuts for almost a year, too. Just here a year from England, he is omozed at the sacrifices American actors have to make for their Art. . . . Katherine DeMille received her role in the picture as a Christmas present from Papa. Determined to make her own way in the movie world, Katherine has turned down good offers for roles because she felt that her father's "drog" was responsible. . . . Loretta Young has been in the flickers for years and years—but she started at fourteen. Considered by many as one of the ten prettiest girls in Hollywood, Loretta is kept busy dashing from one studio to another and trying to keep her weight up. Just made her first trip to Europe. Fred Perry is reported to be one of the reasons. . . . If you keep your eyes open, you can spot many an old-timer in this—William Farnum, Clara Kimball Young, Hobart Bosworth, Lillian Rich and Florence Lawrence. . . . There was no dearth of excitement while shooting this, either, since the scenes were generally thick with flying arrows, fire-balls, falling walls and much smoke and fire. Firemen were on duty during all the mob scenes and it was a regular occurrence for several warriors to plunge into the five feet of water in the moat in order to extinguish their flaming costumes. Director DeMille has a patented "mob system." He uses eleven assistant directors on a scene colling for a thousand extras. Each assistant is in charge of a group of one hundred, and this group in turn is broken up into sections of ten with a competent extra in charge. He's used the same warriors in so many pictures, that they've formed a club known as "Cecil's Warriors."

### ★★★★★ A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)

First of all, there is the outstanding pictorial loveliness of this film. When the first forest scenes came upon the screen, this hard-boiled reviewer felt quite breathless and excited for a moment. The accompaniment of the Mendelssohn music added greatly to the effect. Then, we were delighted to find that all the Warner players took their Shakespeare quite calmly. They read the lines as if they were actually

conversing and didn't once rave and gesture all over the place. This was particularly commendable in the younger players—Dick Powell, Jean Muir, Ross Alexander and Olivia di Havilland, whom we think you will consider a find. Anita Louise is a lovely Queen Titania. Mickey Rooney had a fine time as Puck and, while there was a trifle too much of him, it is an amazing performance for a young lad.

James Cagney, as Bottom, deserves a paragraph all to himself. Mr. Cagney, mark our words, is a real actor. It's quite a jump from tough-guy roles to classic comedy. To make Shakespearian slapstick as funny as a modern wisecrack isn't easy. He does it. Well, we don't suppose the Cagney fans will allow him to desert his customary roles for doublet and hose but we, personally, consider him versatile enough to be cast in a greater variety of parts than he has had thus far.

We have only one criticism—the film is too long. We would hate to be asked what should be cut, because it's all so well done, but cut it should be. However, even if you do get a little hungry during the run of the picture and even if one foot does go to sleep, see it—every bit of it—because it is a great step forward in modern picture making.

### ★★★★★ Top Hat (RKO)

By this time you've probably learned that when a screen musical involves Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers it turns out to be the kind of entertainment you're looking for. Well, here's why you'll like "Top Hat":

First, Fred Astaire does more dancing than he's done in any of his previous pictures. Second, they've done Ginger Rogers up in a new hairdress which makes the gal more attractive than ever. Third, Irving Berlin has decorated the whole business with some swell songs, notably "Isn't It a Lovely Day?" and "The Piccolino."

The story will remind you of "The Gay Divorcée," since it's based on the same theme—the one where the gal thinks the guy is someone else again—but it manages to keep out of the way of the comedy and the dancing. Incidentally, there's a supporting cast including Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes and Helen Broderick, all of whom are top-

(Continued on page 11)

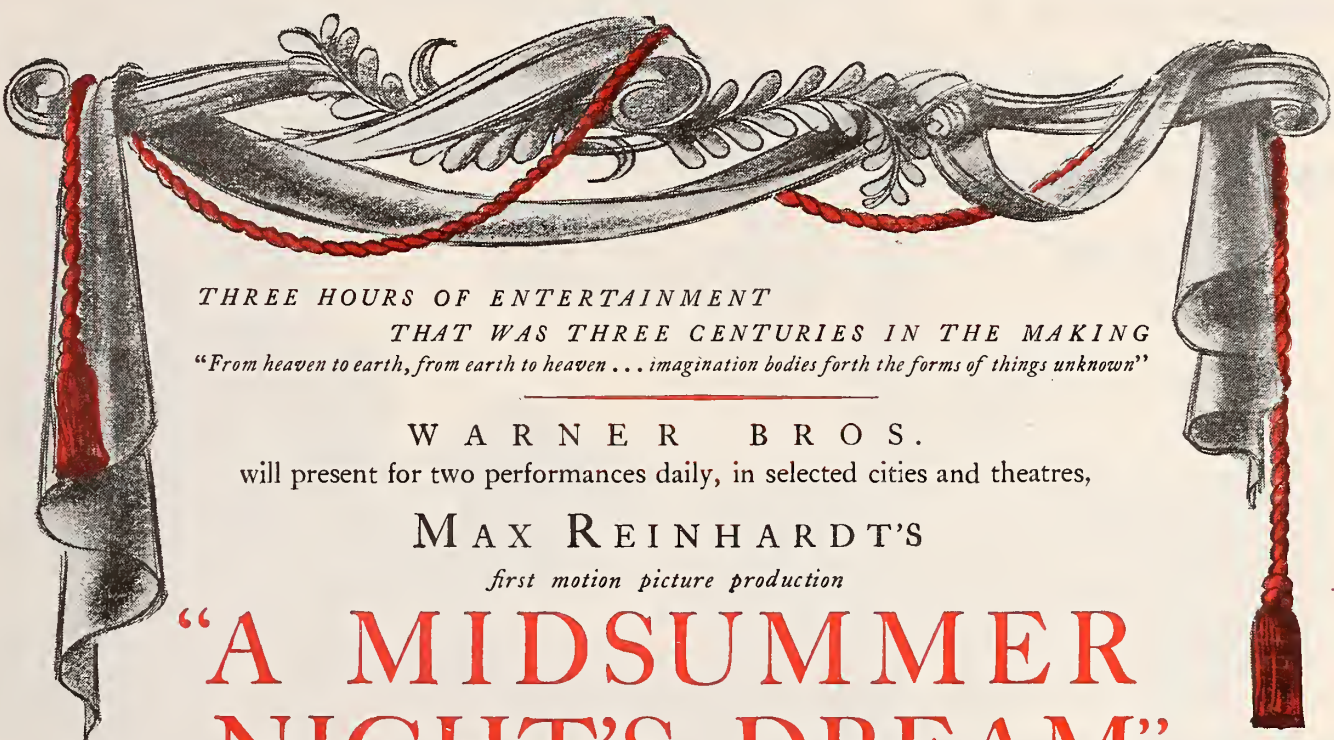


George Barbier, Burns and Allen in "Here Comes Cookie."



Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in "The 39 Steps."





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THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING  
*"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"*

WARNER BROS.  
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S  
*first motion picture production*

# "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
accompanied by the immortal music of  
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

## *The Players*

JAMES CAGNEY	JOE E. BROWN	DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE	OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT	FRANK McHUGH	ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE	IAN HUNTER	VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY	HOBART CAVANAUGH	GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFEGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction.

Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.





# Coffee-making is an art—take a tip from Charlie Ruggles

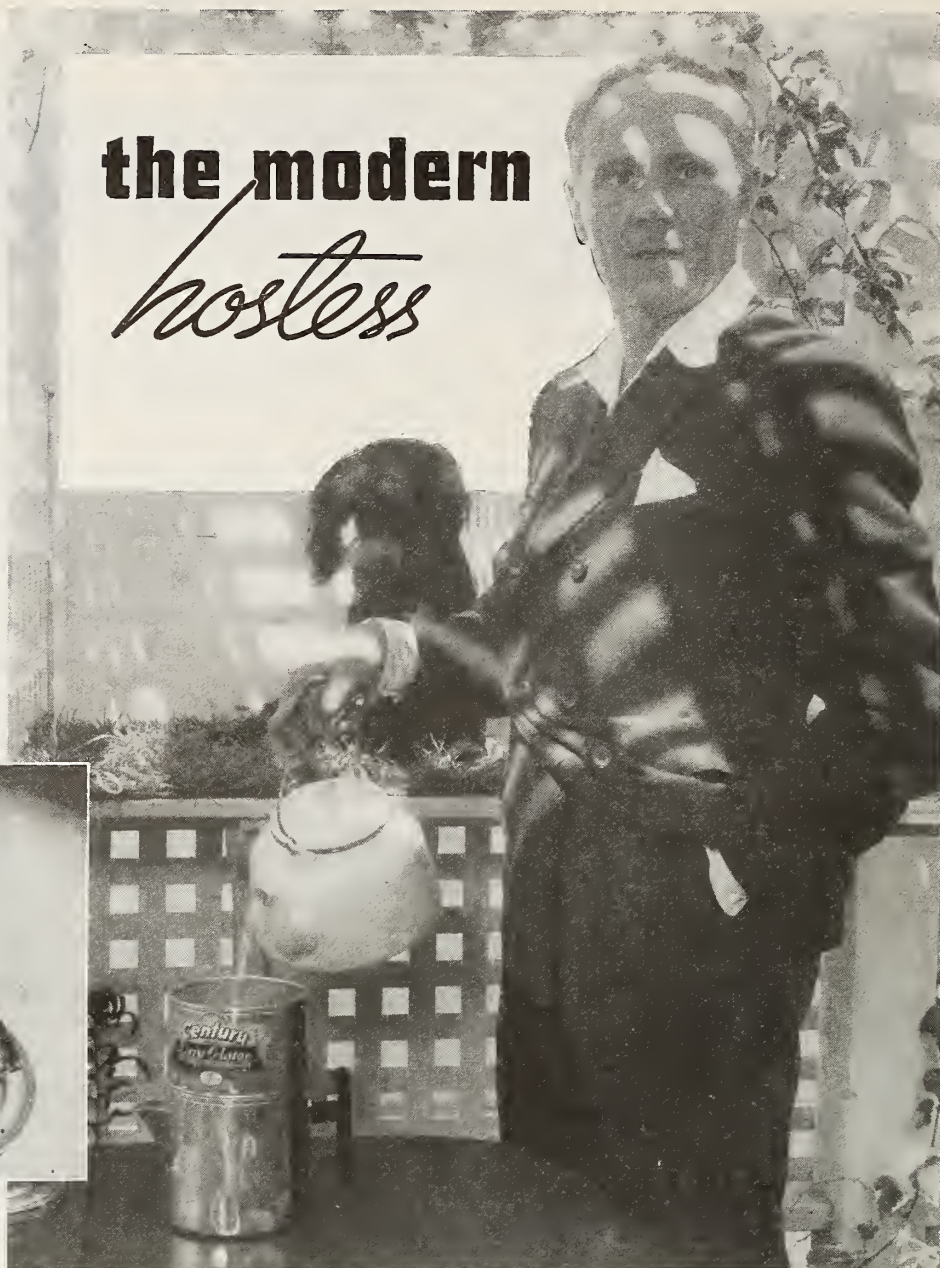
(Right) Mr. Ruggles isn't out to claim any honors in the culinary field, but he does boast making a good cup of coffee via the drip method. (Below) Doesn't the Dutch Apple Cake that Charlie's cook baked look too tempting? The recipe for this and many more delicious coffee companions are free for the asking.

## the modern *hostess*



Courtesy None Such Mince Meat

*By Marjorie Deen*



IF THERE is anything Charlie Ruggles likes it's coffee *and . . .* you know the sort of thing I mean . . . coffee *and* doughnuts, coffee *and* pie, coffee *and* cake and of course, coffee *and* coffee cake.

But of first importance is the coffee itself, which, in Mr. Ruggles' estimation, must be full flavored and crystal clear.

From the early morning "cupacoffee" on through the day with Charlie it's coffee here, coffee there, coffee, coffee everywhere. Coffee for breakfast at his farmhouse in the San Fernando Valley (served in colorful Mexican pottery cups to go with the decorations which are Mexican throughout), coffee at the Brown Derby for lunch, coffee in the studio commissary between scenes, yes, even coffee in the dog shop that is Charlie's pet pastime (no pun intended!).

Charlie raises dogs, you know, in extensive kennels on his farm. The card of the dog store where they are sold reads: "The Terrier Shop. Accessories and Puppies, operated by Charlie Ruggles' See-Are Kennels." And it was in this shop that I finally caught up with the elusive Mr. Ruggles after tracking him for days!

When I arrived I found Charlie brewing for himself, under the interested gaze of a prize cocker spaniel, a generous pot of coffee for mid-afternoon consumption. That's what started the conversation along coffee lines, in the first place, and that's how I discovered that the Ruggles' food favorites are of the type that are at their best as coffee-companions.

WE STARTED OFF by discussing doughnuts as we "dunked" them cheerily and without shame into the delicious coffee Charlie had made. Quite a coffee-maker is Charlie (I understand this is his *only* culinary accomplishment). He insists that the first requirement for a *good* cup of coffee is *good* coffee, ground especially for the type of coffee-making utensil you intend to use. Personally he prefers coffee made by the drip method, with which I am in hearty accord.

For drip coffee as for any other, the coffee must be measured accurately. The amount varies according to personal preferences, of course. Some prefer very strong coffee, others a trifle weaker. But really weak coffee should never be permitted to make an appearance anywhere. After the required amount of (Continued on page 58)



## REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

notch, with particular emphasis on the Broderick gal.

## Preview Postscripts

RKO went Venetian with a bang for this one. Three sets were used to construct a canal that would have put the European ditches to shame. A faithful reproduction of the Lido was constructed on another, even to the same pattern in the grilled iron balconies. A half dozen de luxe gondolas were patterned after an imported original, while the half dozen gondoliers were all imported originals. Mr. Fred Astaire tapped up the ladder of success in a comparatively short time, but even the top rung doesn't satisfy him. He's the World's Worst Worrier. Practice has already made him perfect in the opinion of everyone but Mr. A. He's at it from morn 'til night and often then. Fred originates all his own dances and those of his partners, while the chorus work is the idea of Mr. Hermes Pan, RKO's dance director. . . . Mr. Pan has used the same thirty girls and boys for the choruses of the Carioca, Continental and Piccolino. . . . Ginger Rogers' story is what makes gals forsake home for Hollywood. She was born and raised in a little Arkansas town, but neither Ginger nor her mother, Lela Rogers, intended that she'd stay there long. So dancing, speech and singing lessons shared honors with spinach on Ginger's daily diet. From Broadway Lela brought her daughter to Hollywood and is now the proud mama of a star. In what private life Ginger's allowed, she's Mrs. Lew Ayres. . . . The fact that Helen Broderick's just making her film debut isn't the fault of RKO. They signed the actress two years ago to a contract. She was to make her first picture on completion of the Broadway run of "As Thousands Cheer." It was complete 74 weeks later. Miss Broderick's been married 25 years to Lester Crawford, with whom she appeared in vaudeville. . . . Eric Blore literally shot to cinematic fame after "The Gay Divorcée." Any set on which he's working has to be closed to visitors since re-shooting scenes mounts up in the money. And every Blore comedy scene brought on so many laughs from the spectators that the studio faced bankruptcy. Even now the crew wrecks an occasional scene with badly suppressed giggles.

## ★★★★ Alice Adams (RKO)

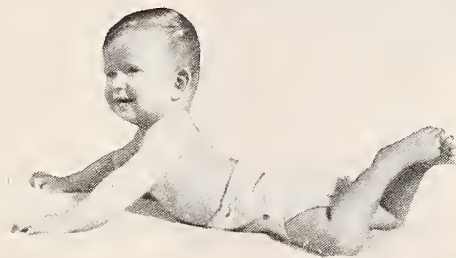
Katharine Hepburn can now go back to her slacks and her hideaway for a spell, for with her swell job in "Alice Adams" (Continued on page 80)



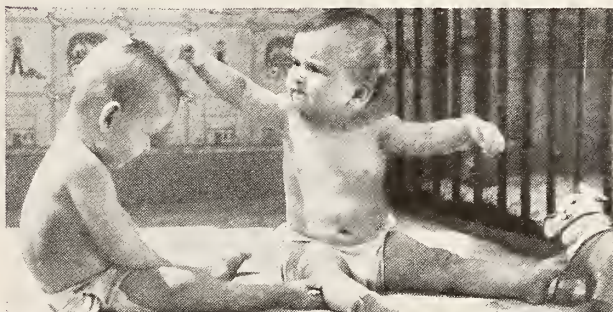
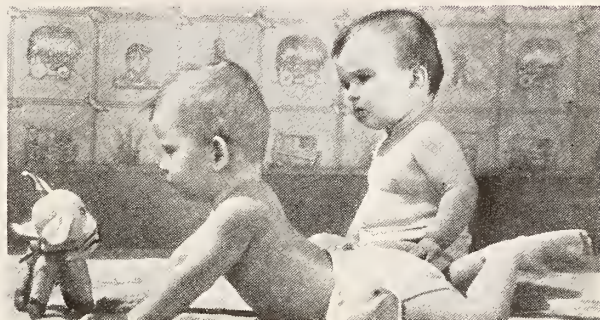
Olivia di Havilland and Dick Powell in "Dream . . ."

# How he became the best-dressed baby in town

(As told by  
Danny's Mother)

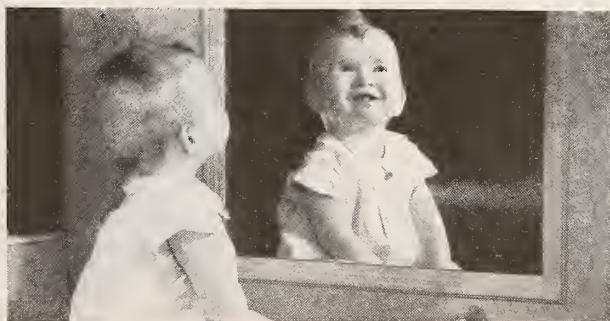


Little Judy was taking a sun bath with my Danny. That's how this thing started. Judy's diaper was so much whiter than Danny's, it made him look like a poor relation. "How come, Hazel?" I asked Judy's mother. "I work harder than you, but your clothes are whiter."



"Danny, you get Judy out of your hair," Hazel grinned back. "And tell your mother that she works hard enough, but her soap is lazy. It just doesn't wash out ALL the dirt. So her clothes are only half-clean—and that's why they have that tattle-tale gray look."

It sounded pretty sensible to me, so I took Hazel's advice and changed to her soap—Fels-Naptha. Glory, what a difference! That marvelous golden soap is so chuckful of naptha that dirt almost flies out. In no time at all, my clothes were a gorgeous white again.



And now look at Danny—he's the best-dressed baby in town. His clothes, and everything else in my wash, look simply grand. What's more, they're safely clean. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my very best silk undies. And it's wonderfully easy on my hands, too!

*Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"*  
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



## Ear to the ground, and foot Hollywood front from romances



You may worship the ground your favorite movie stars walk on, but we know a girl who doesn't even have kind words for the air some of them breathe. She's a stewardess on one of the transcontinental planes, and she has decided opinions in re a few of the lovely ladies who fly through the air with the greatest of ease. Up in the clouds where there are no autograph hunters outside of a stray angel or two—8,000 feet above sea level and the Warner Brothers—a star's real character asserts itself. Among the screen sirens this little lady nominates for oblivion are Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn and Nancy Carroll. On the credit side of her books she lists Jean Harlow and Kay Francis; among the favorite male flying stars are Wally Beery and Dick Barthelmess.

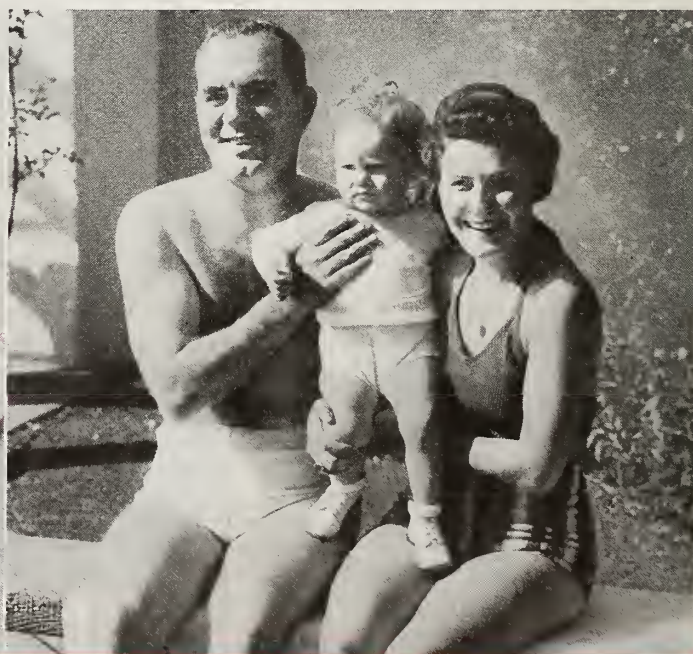
Fame is a fleeting thing, if you can believe Arline Judge. Arline took a peek at the International Exposition at San Diego recently, and while strolling about the grounds, she was approached by a stranger who offered her a job in the nudist show. "It's seventeen bucks a week," the guy told her, "but here's the big inducement. The Hollywood producers are always looking over the show, and a girl as cute as you oughta stand a chance of getting in pictures." "It's a nice offer," replied Arline, "but I'm afraid my husband wouldn't let me. He hates the movies!" And that's the true story of how Arline lost her big chance to become a movie actress.

Mary Brian continues to be the unmarriedest gal in these parts, despite the fact that she's been linked with enough prospective bridegrooms to keep the average girl in husbands the rest of her days. Our spies tell us that Dick Powell, when he first arrived in Hollywood, proposed to Mary several times and got the downward thumb on each occasion. Dick and Mary are still pals, but it seems Dick has given up the home-and-kiddies idea, at least for the present, which means he's not confining his crooning to La Brian.

James Melton, whose radio baritone has won him a lot of fans, recently arrived in Hollywood to star in the musical, "Stars Over Broadway." Harry Warren and Al Dubin, who have turned out more hit songs than you can choke a crooner with, wrote the ballads for the picture, and they came to a slight impasse with Mr. M. regarding one of them. Jimmy liked the music, but he didn't care for the words. He particularly didn't like the words "scrambled eggs," in the song. He didn't mind scrambled eggs in their place, but he refused to sing about them. As we march to press the battle still rages, with Warren and Dubin standing up for the ancient (though sometimes



Three pretties and a gent you may not spot as old smoothie, Clark Gable, Rox Russell, Frances Langford and Jean Harlow; Hollywood Hotel show.



Here's a jolly family scene, the Pat O'Briens with their Irish colleen, Mavourneen. And if she isn't about the cutest, we can't judge 'em.



# weary your reporter covers the to rodeos . . . By Leo Townsend

ungrammatical) art of song writing and Jimmy defending the dignity of the crooning profession.



The title of this little episode is *A Ribber Ribbed* or *A Blonde's Revenge*, and it's the reason why director W. S. Van Dyke is out gunning for a girl named Harlow. Recently Van tossed a formal dinner party for Regina Cannon, and the Harlow name was not on the guest list. Dinner was progressing in a quiet, dignified manner at the Van Dyke menage when a limousine drew up to the front door and in marched Jean and a gal friend, both attired in slacks and blouses and both bearing blankets and a picnic lunch. La Belle Harlow and friend swept into the dining room, eyed the guests, spread their blankets on the rug, opened their lunch boxes and nonchalantly tossed banana peels and egg shells on the floor. From a critical standpoint, it was one of Jean's best performances. Incidentally, it also broke up the dinner party.



Credit Raquel Torres with creating an innovation in Hollywood parties. She and hubby Stephen Ames entertained 200 tourists at their home recently, and while guests cocktailed and roamed about the house and grounds everyone wondered how the hostess would solve the problem of introducing celebrities. The answer came with the arrival of the first star, when a loud-

speaking system boomed out: "Ladies and gentlemen, for your approval—Binnie Barnes." And after each announcement the panic was on, what with most of the guests making a dash for autographs.



While we're mentioning the Raquel Torres-Stephen Ames party, it might be well to add that the real fun began when some of the visitors decided their host was Eddie Cantor. While the rush was on poor Stephen was accidentally shoved into the swimming pool, clothes and all. At this crucial point Vince Barnett heroically tossed off his coat and dived in to the rescue, much to the glee of the guests. So now Stephen is wondering whether the thing really was an accident. Maybe Rubinoff was in the crowd.



It's girls like Wendy Barrie who send travel bureau men off to rest cures. Before the completion of "A Feather In Her Hat" she announced to the waiting world that she would pack herself off to London to be maid of honor at her sister's wedding. By the time the picture was completed she had completely forgotten London and announced her destination as Honolulu. Maybe that explains why two days later she packed her belongings and left for Mexico. Anyway, it's nice that she could get away for awhile, don't you think? (Continued on page 54)



Maybe the George Barnes were talking things over at the Screen Writers' Ball...anyhoo, it didn't help, now George and Joan have phtt!



Will Rogers and his friend, Wiley Post, met their death when Post's plane crashed in a fog near Point Barrow, Alaska, on Thursday night, August 15, 1935. The entire world mourns the death of these famous Americans and the millions who adored Will Rogers' pictures, his radio talks and the wisdom and friendliness of his writings will find his loss irreplaceable.

By Hilary Lynn



## The Last Interview

"You don't think I should say that about your favorite humorist. But you haven't even given me a chance to finish." Then Hal Mohr added, "And he's the most generous, the most sincere, the most lovable man it's been my good fortune to meet up with in my many years as a cameraman in this industry."

Hal Mohr settled comfortably back in his chair. The expression on his face was that of a man who is about to talk upon a favorite subject.

"The night before Will starts working on a new picture," Mohr told me, "he sometimes gets around to taking the script home. Just to get the general gist of the story. Next day he arrives at the studio, smiling that wise-sheepish smile of his—totally and blissfully unprepared on his lines. The old-timers have learned to expect this—but the *newcomers*! Nobody ever tells them that one of the idiosyncracies of America's favorite homespun philosopher is never to learn his lines for a part, as the author intended them to be spoken.

"So imagine the actor who's never played with Will Rogers before! Innocent as a lamb, he arrives on the set, bubbling with gratitude at the opportunity to play in a picture which everyone



knows beforehand will be a knock-out box office success because Will Rogers is in it.

"He waits for a certain cue in a speech. The cue doesn't come. For Will ad libs his lines. Furthermore, he improvises them differently every time he plays the scene. It isn't because he's too lazy to learn them; it's because each time he rehearses a scene he thinks of a better way of delivering a speech. Something spontaneous that fits the situation far better than the lines the author has written. A spicy, humorous touch, like those that give his morning column such punch.

"Valiantly, the script girl—if she's new—corrects him. Then she, too, learns her lesson, accepts these Rogersisms as the rest of us have learned to do, and trusts to Providence. None of which ever feazes Will. He goes right on, improvising better and better lines and wisecracking with the crew who worship him.

"But don't run away with the idea that actors object to working with Will. On the contrary. They love it! Playing with Will Rogers is ready-made Heaven for all aspiring young stars, once they get used to Will's way of doing things.

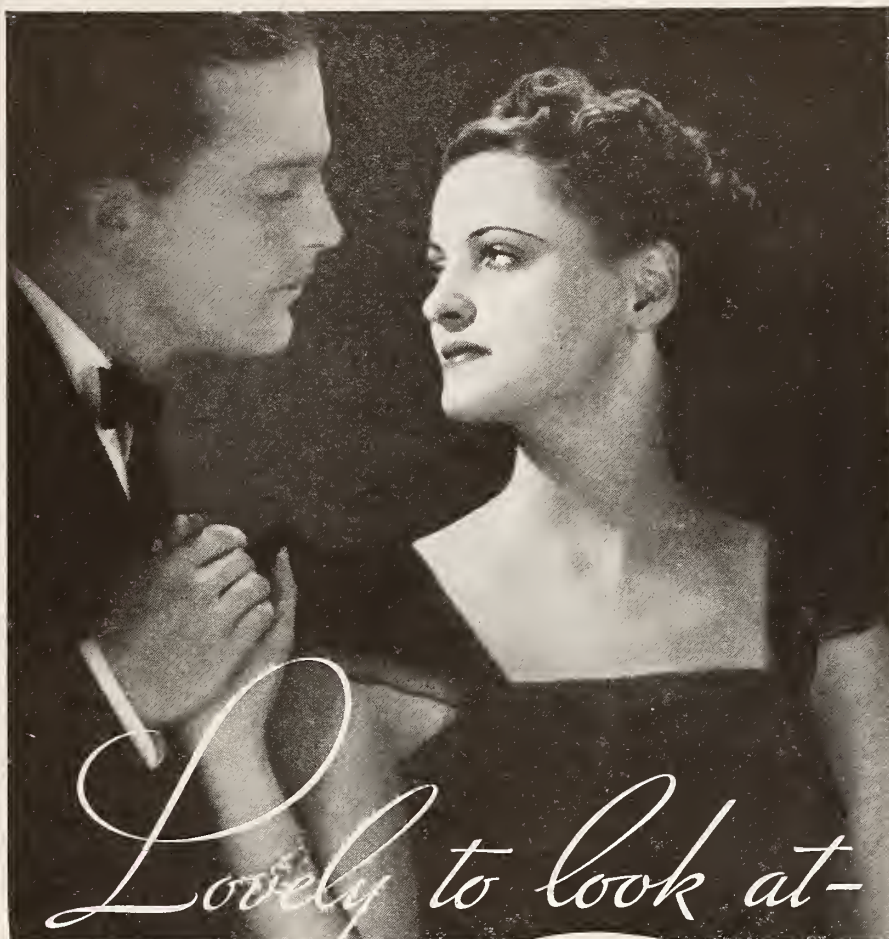
FOR Will Rogers is probably unique in the industry as the one important star who'd rather face an assemblage of cannibal chiefs than face the camera in a close-up. He'll invent all sorts of machinations to avoid having his full face in front of a lens. He'll go out of his way to push the other actors up to face the camera, while he plays with his back to the lens. You can imagine what a break that is for the young up-and-comers, who have come away from making other pictures with other stars firmly convinced that every screen celebrity is necessarily greedy for close-ups.

"When the picture finally reaches the cutting room, it's a foregone conclusion there aren't going to be any full face close-ups of Mr. Rogers. Which may give you some idea of the man's modesty.

"Modesty—and generosity! His two chief characteristics. You will forgive me if I grow eulogistic. After all, I'm speaking of the man who helped me win Evelyn.

"I'll tell you a little story—a Will Rogers story.

"The company for 'The County Chairman' had gone to the Mojave Desert for location shots. Naturally, when Will Rogers arrives anywhere, he's mobbed by the usual welcome committees, the town band, and the autograph books. Diffident as he is, Will has learned to take this kind of thing in his (*Continued on page 95*)



...and mind made up  
to stay that way!

BEHIND many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands... "Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table looks like a queen's... gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box.

Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat one of your worst enemies to loveliness and health... constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain

your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take... it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Get a box today! 10c and 25c boxes... at any drug store.

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**EX-LAX**

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as It Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



# beauty advice



Heads, lovely heads, and all offering new faces for each of you! Reading from the top down the right. Dixie Crosby's young-girl arrangement of soft curls and a ribbon. Binnie Barnes in a severe, classic hairdress and below in two soft, feminine arrangements that are equally becoming. And then three stages of Ginger Rogers' haircombs from the early "Change of Heart" days to the present "Top Hat" sophistication and chic.

## Tired of looking at the same face? Then change your coiffure as Hollywood does!

*By Mary Biddle*

WHEN YOU'VE gone shopping for a new hat, haven't you often wanted to buy a new face to go along with it? Of course you have. So have we all. We have peered hopefully into the mirror, trying on this model and that, hoping to find the hat that would "do something" for us, that would bring a new and interesting stranger to the mirror instead of the same old face. We all get tired of our faces, even the glamorous ladies of Hollywood. There's many a girl who would give most anything she possessed if she could look like Norma Shearer, and yet I know for a fact that Norma gets afflicted with the "I want to be different" spasms, even as you and I. What does she do about it? Well, she generally rushes to Antoine's to have an entirely new hair-do to pep her up.

The hairdressing shop is a better bet than the hat shop for finding a new face, even though the hats this year would certainly tempt us to buy a whole assortment of new faces, if we only could. Hats have "gone Hollywood." They're dramatic. They're playing the grand lady. Don't you love them? But let's don't wear the same old faces under them. The best way to find a new "You" in the mirror, and to find a new "You" to arouse interest in someone else's eyes, is to change your coiffure.

EVERY WOMAN dreams of finding the perfect hairdresser, I suppose, who will do her over in the twinkling of the scissors. But good hairdressers are rare, that is, good to the point of being artists



able to create the particular type of hairdress that flatters you, and satisfies your urge for being made over. Most hairdressers will ask you, "How do you want your hair cut?" So you, in the final analysis, have to be the guiding genius of your own coiffure destinies.

Binnie Barnes was partly my inspiration for writing this article . . . and you were the rest of it. She gave me such a grand story about her own changeable coiffures that I had to give it to you, along with my own amplifications, of course, because your letters indicated that you were fairly shouting for advice on "How shall I do my hair?"

Naturally, it would be impossible for me to prescribe the perfect coiffure for each one of you. But there are certain principles of hair arrangement that Binnie and I can give you, however, that should help you to decide what particular type of coiffure suits you best. First off, remember this very important "Don't." Unless you have the perfectly chiseled features of a Dolores Del Rio, don't go in for extreme hairdresses, or sharply defined outlines of hair. Irregular features, and most of us have them (including the stars), demand a more lenient arrangement of waves and soft outlines.

If your face is long and thin, your hair should be parted on the side, a not-too-high part, and brought down in a swirled wave or soft bang (or bangs) across the forehead. It should have a soft fluffed out effect over the ears in order to give roundness to the outline of the face. Now on the other hand, if your face is round and full, you should have a hairdress with a high side part, an off-the-face effect, and a flat arrangement over the ears.

**L**ARGE loose waves are the vogue nowadays. Small crimp waves are too unnatural looking, and besides that, they add years to the face instead of subtracting years from it. Let's hear what Binnie has to say about her own illustrated coiffures, as applied to hairdresses in general. Take picture number three, the one with the medium length bob, and the large loose wave. Says Binnie, "I admit there is nothing startlingly new in this hairdress, but when in doubt, there is nothing like it. It is becoming to young and old, fat and thin, and to regular and irregular features. If it were not for the fact that we girls forever are looking for variety, this style would be universally adopted, I'm sure."

Because "we forever are looking for variety," I'm going to interpose a suggestion (Continued on page 94)

## Praises for Camay from a Lovely

## Bride of Autumn



*SB Use Camay? I should say I do!  
It's made a real improvement  
in my complexion and I'm only too happy  
to say so!*

*Sincerely,*

*Sara Brooks*

*(Mrs Warren Brooks)*

*Germantown, Pa.  
September 15, 1935*

**H**ERE'S a very pretty person and a lifelong friend of Camay—at least from the age she could tell right from wrong in a beauty soap. Her name was Sara Stratton and she was married just last fall.

Her clear and lovely skin is a real compliment to Camay's gentle character. And another indication that Camay's pure and gentle lather keeps the feminine skin marvelously

soft and beautifully clear. Your very first use of Camay will show you how gentle and mild a fine beauty soap can be—how it can help to bring new softness and clarity to your skin. Camay's low price is another pleasant advantage.

*Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.*



# CAMAY

*The Soap of Beautiful Women*



# FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*



The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen—and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

**NINO MARTINI**, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.



## HERE'S TO ROMANCE

**MARIA GAMBARELLI**, famous ballet dancer and protégé of Pavlova.



**SCHUMANN-HEINK**, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.



Beautiful **GENEVIEVE TOBIN**, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

**NINO MARTINI**

**GENEVIEVE TOBIN**

**ANITA LOUISE**

**MARIA GAMBARELLI**

**MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK**

**REGINALD DENNY**

**VICENTE ESCUDERO**

world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green

A FOX  
PICTURE



Even though Claudette Colbert rushes busily from Paramount to Columbia making pictures, her doting audiences bemoan the necessary lapses between her screen appearances. She's just that popular. Lately Claudette's make-up kit was parked at Columbia where she was filming "She Married Her Boss." And according to enthusiastic reports, you can prepare now to enjoy it as much as you did "It Happened One Night." Melvyn Douglas and that dashing Mike Bartlett are her romantic partners in this gay opus. Out of role, Claudette still keeps the gossips wondering about her romantic interests in life.



*She marries her boss*





And Roger Pryor is the lad around Hollywood who can repeat the title below with fervor! He's been Ann Sothorn's boy friend for sometime despite the various rumors out of Hollywood that would make you think their mutual heart throbs aren't real. Roger and Ann are teamed for "The Girl Friend" on the screen, too. Ann is the charmer who put North Dakota on the Hollywood map and she has done the old state proud. She's got talent galore and beauty plus—but just look at this stunning portrait for full appreciation of the latter.

*What a girl friend!*





Just let Hollywood give Mr. Muni a role he can sink his teeth into and you will be assured grand cinema fare in your home town. Paul is the chap who quietly goes about this business of acting and with deftness puts across one fine performance after another. It's no wonder that the Brothers Warner keep him safely under contract year after year. "Dr. Socrates" is the uninformative title of his next picture in which he has Ann Dvorak as his leading woman. Paul isn't disturbed by the rumor hounds because he remains devoted to Bella Muni.


# *Dr. Socrates*





*The epic girl*





Dickens and Elizabeth Allan seem to strike the fancy of the M-G-M bigwigs as an unbeatable screen team! And certainly, the deceased Mr. Dickens would be the last one to protest such an alliance, for Elizabeth seems to have the happy knack of making his most delightful heroines live again. So great was her acclaim as David Copperfield's mother that Elizabeth is now playing Lucie Manette, the immortal heroine of "A Tale of Two Cities." As for Monsieur Charles Boyer, that gallant Frenchman has become a domestic menace on these shores. There's something about those quiet, suave performances of "Private Worlds" and "Shanghai" that have set the average American wife's heart going pit-a-pat at the mere mention of his name. Right now Charles is making pictures in France and his wife, Pat Paterson, is following suit by appearing as Mme. Boyer in a French picture.

*Husbands hate him*






It's gotten so that the John Monk Saunders are about Hollywood's most active commuters. First John dashes over to England to run up a little story for Gaumont-British and then the little wife, Fay Wray, packs her bag and hikes along after him to do a picture for the same busy British film company. It's almost reached a point where the New York ship reporters never know whether they are having a farewell or welcome home interview with Fay. Incidentally she's home for a spell and you'll be seeing her in "Alias Bulldog Drummond," in which Jack Hulbert rescues our lovely heroine from a gang of jewel thieves.

*Gaumont-British accent*





Michael Bartlett's screen career has been brief to date but more than auspicious in that he has had the luck to play romantic leads with two of Hollywood's biggest box office darlings—Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever" and Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." Michael, believe it or not, escaped a New England textile career by his music-loving mother upsetting his textile-minded father's after-college plans for him. She had watched his success in Princeton Triangle shows and realized that he had a voice and talent. One break followed another with result that the handsome Bartlett profile is star stuff.

*New leading man*



# her mother's failure brought *harlow* fame

By Ruth Biery



THERE ARE really two Jean Harlows—the one you know on the screen and the one you might have known had Fate not intervened. And yet, there is little doubt that this second Jean would not be a star today if the first Jean had not come to Hollywood first.

But to understand about these two women—the mother and the daughter—it is necessary to begin our story back many years, in the heart of the Middle West, Kansas City.

Picture a large and well-furnished suburban home edging a bustling, rapidly growing city. The war was over and Kansas City was settling down to the boom of the mad twenties. An average American family lived in that typical house of the immediate post-war period. Dr. Montclair Carpenter was a dentist with one of the most lucrative practices in the city in that day when people could afford to humor their teeth and pay cash for the humoring. He was one of the backbone-of-the-city type, an elder in the Emmanuel Presbyterian Church, a youthful pillar in business and social circles. His neighbors could not, and cannot, speak too highly of him.

His home differed only in one respect from those of other successful men in the community. His wife was more beautiful, his daughter more adorable than the other wives and daughters. Harlean Carpenter was undoubtedly the most beautiful young matron in Kansas City. And Harlean Carpenter, the second, looked much like her. Although those who knew them well then claim the child did not have the beauty of the mother.

The family seemed happy. The mother each Sunday attended the church where her husband was so prominent. Little Harlean went to Sunday school. There were many merry parties where the wife of the successful young doctor was the envy of the other women. Her beauty was so striking, her naturalness so fascinating.

IT IS NOT fair to guess, ever, at what causes dissension in the "happiest" family. Even though we live next door, we cannot know—really know. Somehow, husbands and wives never tell, even in court, the true aches of heart and of soul.

We can wonder, of course. Part of the fun of living is wondering about our neighbors. We can ask ourselves if the lovely, young Mrs. Carpenter caught that post-war fever of so many women—the desire to *accomplish something*. Did she catch the feminine disease of ambition which was just then beginning? When we are ambitious, really ambitious, there is nothing we can do but give in.

The outlet for true beauty was then in Hollywood, as it is today. So one morning, Mrs. Carpenter burned the bridges of suburban life in Kansas City behind her, tucked little Harlean Carpenter, the second—then about seven—onto a train and headed westward. She divorced her husband.

We probably shall never know exactly what happened to the two Harleans during their first experience in Hollywood. Hollywood is always a trying place for great beauty coupled with great ambition.

This is an old saying, but it's true: You may have talent, ambition and beauty, but you cannot have success without the "lucky break." If Director Von Sternberg had not seen Marlene Dietrich lunching in a restaurant in Germany; if Mauritz Stiller had not refused to step foot on American soil unless a little friend, named Greta Garbo, were not given an acting opportunity!

Somehow, the moment did not come to Mrs. Carpenter. She returned to the home of her father, a town near Kansas City.

Little Harlean was growing up. As she rounded into adolescence, she showed signs of developing the beauty of her mother. The mother began to think more and more of the future of this tiny miniature of herself. What would she be?

How many, many times have we seen this in Hollywood! There is no ambition more subtle and yet all-absorbing than the ambition of a mother transferred, often without the mother's knowledge, from self to child. Ann Dvorak's mother had it. She renounced a brilliant career for marriage. When marriage failed, she became intent upon Ann's career. Ann was to have what her mother had missed! She was to become a great star, she was not to renounce anything for marriage. And it isn't only in Hollywood! How many times have you heard mothers say, "If only I had had a college education! Well, believe me, my daughter is going to have what I missed!"

Mother and daughter drew closer and closer together. They became two lovely, brilliant dashes of femininity traveling life's challenging road as a unit. Hollywood often has wondered about the (Continued on page 64)





**Did you know that  
Jean's mother once  
sought stardom?**



Above, the resemblance of Jean and her mother, Mrs. Bello, is amazing. Long ago in Kansas City friends thought that Jean would never be as lovely as her maw! Here they are in a recent "snap."

Right, Hollywood has wondered about the great bond between Jean and her mother. Jean feels she owes everything to her mother's driving ambition for her. "Riff Raff" is Jean's next picture.







THE CONVERSATION reported below took place the other day between Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper as they sat with me in an office on the M-G-M lot. Unknown to the two boys, everything they said was taken down in shorthand just as they said it. Freddie flipped a coin with great dexterity as he talked. A bag of jelly-beans passed back and forth between them. And as they chewed they talked. They were both very serious, very dignified, very mature. And neither of them were conscious of the way in which they were revealing themselves. In this talk you will be able to perceive the rudiments of their young philosophies, the young buds of their skepticism, the innocent birth of their knowledge that Fame is fleeting and easily forgotten.

A striking study in contrasts, these two lads. Sturdy, American, twelve-year-old Jackie with his bright gold hair, his broad, sun-tanned face, the easy assurance of his "tremendous experience" and the more delicate, poetic, nine-year-old English Freddie, with his brown, Byronic curls and lilting English voice. On the surface, two child stars. Under the skin, two little fellers who forgot, now and then, the rigors and responsibilities of stardom and lapsed into boy talk of motor-bikes and pillow fights and aeroplanes and cabbages and kings.

Here is what they said:

Freddie: How did you get started in picture work, Jackie? I don't know that I ever heard, you know.

Jackie: Oh, I've been in pictures about seven or eight years—well, a long time ago I did extra work with Lloyd Hamilton. I think I was about four or five, but I wasn't noticed on the screen at all. But then later, at Fox, Mother was working in the music department there; they were picking out someone to sing a song in the Fox Movietone Follies and my mother thought she might as well take a chance and bring me along. She didn't say, though, that I was her boy. I sang my song and they thought I would be good for Our Gang Comedies and they told Hal Roach about me and he signed me up. I think that's how it was. My mother knows the story backwards. . . .

Freddie: But what was "Our Gang"? I don't know that I ever saw it at home in England.

Jackie: Oh, just shorts! Well, it was fun, though. A lot of kids. There was a colored boy in 'em and a big fat boy, and we used to get into mischief all of the time. That's about all there was to it. You ever do any work over there in England?

Freddie (modestly): Well, just a little. I began when I was about five, too. I was on the stage a little. Just charity work, you know. They don't allow little boys

on the real stage in England.

Jackie (knowingly): Oh, sure, I know, benefits and things. Well, how did you get over here, then?

Freddie: Well, I came to New York for my vacation. Cis and I, you know. Cis is my Aunt Milicent Bartholomew. And we heard about "David Copperfield." And I asked Cis to write out to California and say that I

wanted to play David. She didn't want to, but I made her write and Mr. Selznick invited us down to his house and I recited Shakespeare and things and I fitted the part and . . .

Jackie (enthusiastically): Swell! I don't think anybody else could have done that part, either. I mean it. You were swell. No other little English boy in the world or any other little boy in the world could have done it. I've read the book and I saw the picture and no one could have done it a-tall. . . .

Freddie (flushing with the pleased embarrassment of one artist receiving rare praise from another): When did you read the book?

Jackie (indifferently): Oh, I dunno. Years and years ago.

Freddie: Did you read "Oliver Twist"?

Jackie: No, I didn't.

Freddie: I'm going to play Oliver in the fall, you know. Well, did you read "Pickwick Papers"?

Jackie: Nope, never have.

Freddie: Oh, you should! It's the funniest book I ever read. I read it when I was six. I used to read parts of it out loud to Cis to make her laugh, too. You should get that book.

Jackie: I very seldom read. I think living's more important than reading. More important for your work, you know. More fun, too. I like Dickens, though. Dickens and Mark Twain. But I very seldom read because I can't sit by myself and keep quiet. Not unless I'm told to.

Freddie (flipping a coin): I like to read. I read almost all of the time. I like aeroplanes, too. I had a lot of aeroplane models given (Continued on page 88)

# old man cooper advises master freddie

*By Faith Service*

**Caught unawares, these  
two kids have a real  
heart-to-heart talk**





Eavesdropping on Jackie Cooper (top, left) and Freddie Bartholomew (center, left) we get a vivid picture of their reactions to autograph hounds . . . other boys . . . books . . . bikes . . . write-ups . . . favorite stars . . . tricks before the camera and fan letters, with Jackie always a little skeptical and willing to warn Freddie of life's pitfalls: (Top, right) Freddie at four, when he appeared at benefits in England and (center) Jackie at two. (Right) Just a couple of hard thinkers. They'd like to do a film together some time.





Because of her grit and determination Ginger Rogers, below, now has success and fame. Right, Mrs. Rogers, Lew Ayres and Ginger.



*By Blanche Sweet*

No longer a movie queen, beautiful Blanche now conducts a radio program.





Ginger and Helen Broderick in "Top Hat."



# a tribute to ginger

**From an old-timer who admires  
the courage of this young 'un**



GINGER ROGERS always reminds me of a swan. Have you ever watched a swan glide across the water? Make its progress, reach its goal with beautiful grace? And apparently without effort? And then have you been surprised to notice how hard and consistently that swan has been working beneath the surface all the time in order to produce that seeming ease, that thrilling motion?

So it is with Ginger. Take her, at twenty-four, one of the very greatest of the stars. Rapidly approaching that million dollars earned through her own efforts which she has set for her mark. Beautiful, goodness knows. Well-groomed always. And the one and only dancer Fred Astaire ever has brought himself to compare with his sister, Adele—now Lady Cavendish—with whom he danced his way to fame.

None of these things were dumped into Ginger's lap. Believe me. She has come a long way and worked hard to find them. And if you've acquired another impression about her from the bare facts you've read in her biography, let's look behind the scenes of a few outstanding incidents.

Fifteen years ago Ginger Rogers was nothing, had nothing. She was a gangling, freckled nine-year-old. Named Virginia McMath. (It was a small cousin, incidentally, unable to pronounce her first name, who called her Ginger. And she came into the Rogers name when her mother married a second time.) However, even back there, when Ginger lived with her grandmother while her mother went out to earn a living for all of them, Ginger was on her way. For she was teaching herself to be a leader, being a stern taskmaster for herself in all she did. Taking

one medal after another at school. In tennis. In swimming. And never for one moment failing to believe in herself or in her future.

EVEN IN those days she showed the discrimination which is so often an anvil on which success may be forged. It was her English teacher, one Ruth Browning, for whom she developed the inevitable school-girl crush. You've heard, perhaps, how, charmed and attracted by this woman's speaking voice and her choice of words, Ginger invited her to come and live with them.

We all have impulses to do things like that occasionally. But we squash them usually. Whereas Ginger always has had enough spirit and courage to put her impulses into action, been eager enough for the experience they would offer not to count the cost too high in the event they didn't always work out right.

"Never," Mrs. Rogers says, "will I forget the day Ginger came home and calmly announced that she had asked Ruth Browning to live with us, to share her room. At first I protested. But then I discovered that Ginger had sold Miss Browning on the idea, too. She never was one to give up easily. And even as a little girl I never knew her to stop at any half-measures when she set out to accomplish a thing."

That relationship with Ruth Browning proved a very happy one. And it wasn't until she married that she left the Rogers home.

"I owe a great deal to my long and close association with Miss Browning," Ginger says. "She taught me many invaluable things. Fairness in dealing with people. To see the other fellow's side as well as my own. And most important of all, probably, to get out and work for the things I wanted. To reach towards them constantly by study and determination. To waste no precious minutes sitting back and dreaming."

"She always pointed out to me that to advance ourselves we must take steps. That not to take steps is to stand still or, worse, to slip backwards."

We were sitting on the set in front of her portable dressing-room. And so often it was the spirit in her voice that made her words seem bright and convincing. Nevertheless, while she talked, young and, for the moment, serious, I couldn't help thinking how useless the same advice and influence would have been if she hadn't been receptive to it, if she had been gaited for indolence and failure.

You've heard, of course, (Continued on page 69)



# cheerio, charlie!

## A hectic two hours with "unapproachable" Laughton



JUST CALL me "Kitty, the girl reporter." Or, if you think that too informal "Scoop" Albert will do.

Toss the false whiskers in the corner. Put the Sherlock Holmes magnifying glass aside. Boys and girls, I got the story. I'm a little weak and shaken. I may never be the same again. But I got the story.

The funny part is that the original assignment seemed so easy and pleasant. "Charles Laughton is arriving in New York Saturday," my boss said. "I'd like you to do an interview with him."

Could anything be more simple? Wait a minute! Wait until I tell you what happened.

Very sweetly I called Mr. L.'s press agent and said I'd like to interview the actor. And from that moment on the calm stream of my life became a rushing torrent.

"Interview Laughton?" the press agent screamed. "My God, Kitty. He arrives in town at nine a. m. on the *Century*. He sails for England on the *Ile de France* at eleven and during those two hours he has to get his passport, his re-entry papers, and heaven knows what. The boat will probably have to be held for him. Interview Laughton? It simply can't be done. In the first place there isn't time—not a minute's time. And in the second place I have a wire from him saying, 'Positively no interviews.' You can't interview Laughton. It isn't possible."

YOU'D BETTER not say "can't" to an Albert. The 'never-give-up Alberts' they call us. "Do or die" is our

motto. Would you like to see the coat of arms?

At nine a. m. that momentous Saturday morning I appeared bright and smiling at Grand Central Station.

The press agent saw me. His looks were so black I thought he was going to a funeral. "You can't stay here," he said to me. "Nobody can interview Laughton. I told you that yesterday. There isn't time. Now be a good girl and go away. Come on, Kitty, Laughton won't have an interview."

"Look," I said, "there comes the *Century*."

The press agent gave me another dirty look and ran toward the train. I thought, for a minute, he was going to throw himself under the wheels. I ran after him. The train stopped and Laughton—all done up in a big-checked coat, grey trousers and a hat that once had a shape but didn't now—got off.

I'd heard he was morose, melancholy, morbid. Instead his face is like a jolly little boy's face. And his smile is something wonderful.

"I feel fine," he said. "I slept eighteen hours a day on the train. I feel fine, but a bit like a ground squirrel. Do you sleep well on a train?" he asked me.

I'd never seen the man before. The press agent, who was trying to pretend he didn't know me, had not introduced us. But Laughton's question forced him to mumble something about my identity. "And now, good-bye," the press agent said. "We're off to the barge office to get Mr. Laughton's passports and things. Good-bye, Kitty."

"Good-bye," I said, and got in the taxi with them. Laughton began to worry on (Continued on page 96)

by Katherine  
"Scoop" Albert

(Left to right) Dewitt Jennings, Dudley Digges, Laughton, Herbert Mundin, Gable and Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

England-bound, Laughton will do "Cyrano."







# Myrna

## knows all the answers

by Elizabeth McDonald



**"I like people who can laugh at themselves," says Myrna Loy**

(Left, above) Her contract with M-G-M finally patched up, Myrna Loy returned to the Coast to resume picture work. (Center) "Escapade's" director, Robert Leonard, and Luise Rainer, the girl who got the role Myrna detested so. (Bottom) Despite people saying that Roz Russell is a second Loy, they're pals. Roz and Clark Gable in "China Seas."



MYRNA LOY wears life like a ribbon in her hair. A gallant perky ribbon, and as brightly colored as the one a little girl in Montana used to wear years ago.

And because you can't take life seriously when you wear it like that, Myrna Loy goes right along laughing at things other people take pretty desperately, little things like disappointments and responsibility and herself. And even studio difficulties.

"I like people who can laugh at themselves," she said, pouring another cup of coffee and at the same time unwittingly proving herself a member of her own fan club. "The people who don't take themselves seriously."

Rosalind Russell is one of her best friends in spite of the fact that she has been hailed as the second Myrna Loy. Great friendships have crashed on less than that.

"It's unjust to Rosalind," Myrna said when I asked her about this. "Being likened to anyone takes some of your personality away. She is so much of an individual, so much herself that it is unfair to compare her to anyone else. Rosalind is a personality in her own right."

There had been talk of rivalry between Myrna and William Powell, rumors that she is reluctant to co-star with him.

"I liked playing with Bill." The warmth in Myrna's voice scattered those rumors to the four corners of the earth. "He's one of the swellest people I know and a grand actor and he's got an absolutely marvelous sense of humor."

Hollywood has a predilection (Continued on page 73)





(Below) A scene from "The Dark Angel," Merle's second American-made film, with Janet Beecher, Herbert Marshall and Fredric March. (Right) Merle admits that she's fond of David Niven. But marriage? She's not afraid to talk about her views on that subject either. (Extreme right) A new portrait of her, minus the exotic make-up.

Merle talks frankly about love and the men who have



# the romances of

by Gladys Hall



"I WAS sixteen," laughed Merle, "when, as the poets say, 'Love first came to me' . . . and it was in India . . . and there may be sweeter things than first romance but never again anything quite the same . . ."

And that started us going. And now you are going to hear about the *real* romances of Merle Oberon. We'd been laughing together, Merle and I, over the sundry rumored romances and rumored engagements which have adorned her name ever since, as Ann Boleyn in "Henry the Eighth," she first made the screen Oberon-conscious. She's been reported, almost daily, engaged to this one, "interested in" that one . . . and the latest rumor dear to Hollywood cocktail hours, is that, almost any day now, Merle and David Niven, my dears . . .

I said, "It might help to allay these fanciful fictions if you would tell some of your real romances . . ."

Merle said, amused, "Of course. They haven't been terrifically exciting or unusual, though. Just the romances every girl has, I suppose. But such as they are, they're mine and not made up for me by gifted imaginations. I had, of course, a romantic background. Several romantic backgrounds and they made of me, quite naturally, a very romantic person."

And then she told me of the Island of Tasmania where

she was born and where her father, an Army officer, died three months before she was born. She told me of India, Bombay and Calcutta and the hill country around Darjeeling where she spent her young girlhood. She attended La Martinière College in Calcutta. Her uncle, also an Army officer, held the strict, Army-officer's point of view as to how a young girl should be raised. The small Merle was kept secluded from the world. She studied Latin and French and Hindustani. She sewed fine seams and learned piano and was drilled in the courtesies of an old civilization.

AND FROM her shadowy distance she looked out on India . . . on child marriages, small, tanned girls bearing babies almost as big as they . . . the gay life of the Army Post . . . beautiful women "out from home" defeating boredom with gay flirtations and romances and dark flowers, carefully suppressed . . . She read Tennyson and the sonnets of Sappho and dreamed as all girls dream. She spent hours alone visualizing herself as the Dark Lady of Somebody's sonnets. She saw herself as a figure of mystery, rather fated, cloistered in a garden where the lotus and the mogra trees exhaled their unearthly fragrance. And she dreamed of a man who would find her there, a man tall and dashing and very handsome, who



ve  
meant a lot to her



Cheron

(Right) Is it any wonder that men the world over—in India, England, America—have fallen in love with this beautiful girl?

would love her in silence and from afar the long years through, scarce daring to breathe her name.

"My dreams," she said, "were very exotic, which is odd because *I* am not."

She is, actually, young and sun-tanned and completely unaffected. Her hazel-green eyes have only a suggestion of slant at the outer corners. Her hair is of a bright brownness. She wore lemon-yellow sport pajamas, no jewels. We sat together in her dressing-room on the Goldwyn lot and sipped iced tea. She loves to wear overalls without benefit of laundry and to go deep-sea fishing. She spends most of her spare time in slacks or a bathing suit, swimming and playing hand-ball on the beach. She never wears orchids. She never wears jewels. She loathes hats and hairdressers and dressing up. New York scared her to death. She is still terrified of Hollywood and of all the beautiful, self-assured women here. If anyone praises her acting she is delighted. If anyone tells her she is beautiful she thinks they're kidding her. She loves children and people who clown. And she is amused at her own exotic roles on the screen. She loved her part in "The Dark Angel" and is relieved that Mr. Goldwyn is going to let her be just an English girl, herself.

And yet, young and natural (Continued on page 98)







Fred, in person. Just one of the reasons why interviewers and audiences swoon. "Follow the Fleet" is his next.



# much ado over astaire



KATHERINE ALBERT and Adele Whitely Fletcher, those two demon Hollywood interviewers, quarreled so over an Astaire interview that we ended the argument and salvaged a life-long friendship by giving the assignment to both of them! The interview, herein related in play form, is what actually took place, scene by scene, and we think you'll enjoy it—we know we did!

## CAST

FRED ASTAIRE.....*Himself*  
MARY BURGUM.....*Editor of Modern Screen*  
ADELIA BIRD.....*Associate Editor of Modern Screen*  
PRESS AGENT.....*An Earnest Young Man*  
KATHERINE ALBERT and  
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER.....*The Interviewers*

*Time: Last Spring.*

*Locale: A tea-room in Rockefeller Center, New York City, filled with the hubbub of the luncheon hour. A good part of said hubbub comes from a round table at which sit Mary Burgum, Adelia Bird, Katherine Albert and Adele Whitely Fletcher. All four have just come from a preview of "Roberta." Judging by the slightly hysterical conversation of K.A. and A.W.F. there was only one person in the production—Fred Astaire.*

Katherine Albert (in the plaintive little voice she uses when she is endeavoring to appear a conscientious contributor and generally helpful): But Mary, I think the readers of MODERN SCREEN would love the life story of Fred Astaire. In six parts, say. I really do! (From Mary Burgum emanates the Great Silence common to editors who aren't rising to bait.)

Adele Whitely Fletcher: Mar-ee, I'll do a Fred Astaire life story in six parts for nothing. *For nothing, Mar-ee! For nothing!*





Fred's admiration for Ginger Rogers is unbounded. He thinks she's a swell partner. Here they are in "Top Hat."



With Joan Crawford in his first screen appearance, "Dancing Lady," which he swears he enjoyed doing.

## A PLAYLET IN THREE ACTS

*by Adele Whitely Fletcher and Katherine Albert*

K. A.: Listen, Mary, I'll pay you, if you'll let me see Fred Astaire!

Mary (helplessly and hopefully): Well, Astaire just happens to be in California. So I don't see how either of you are going to see him. To get a life story or any other story.

Adelia Bird: I've no doubt the dears would hop a plane tonight. Even pay their own passage. I've heard about such women but I never saw two before—thank goodness!

Mary (subtly changing the subject): I thought Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers were awfully good in the picture, didn't you?

K. A. (vaguely): Irene Dunne? Was she in it?

A. W. F. (equally vague): Ginger Rogers? Was she in it?

Mary (bustling like a good mother hen): Come, come girls. Eat your salad. Remember what our Sylvia says about vitamins. After all, Fred Astaire is

three thousand miles away.

K. A. (sighing hopelessly): Three thousand miles...

Mary (continuing as if there had been no interruption): If he were here now I'd let you both see him. Under the circumstances I'm sure it would take both your brains to get one story!

A. W. F. (who, at moments like these, imagines herself a philosopher): Maybe it would be better not to see him, Katie. You know, save your illusions.

K. A.: You save *your* illusions, Pet!

A. W. F. (taking a chance on her illusions): Mary, is that a promise? May we both see him? When he comes to New York, I mean?

Mary (wearily, paying the check. Demanding certain sums from all. K. A. and A. W. F. hand her theirs dreamily. After all, money means so little to them): That's not what I said, Fletcher. But okay.

Adelia (to Mary. She has been trying to pretend that K. A. and A. W. F. (Continued on page 75)





THEY'RE TALKING about Joan Crawford again. And that's one of Hollywood's favorite indoor sports.

What are they saying now?

No, not that she is flitting from man to man, not that she is being wild and gay, not that she is dissipating her talents and energies upon private emotions.

They said all that years ago. They have something new to talk about and find fault with now.

Now they're saying, "Why does Joan shut herself away from the world?"

They're saying, "What's the matter with her—building that big house and furnishing it so beautifully and then never giving any big parties in it?"

They're saying, "Why doesn't she go out more? She must be very unhappy since she stays away from large crowds of people as she does."

Only faint echoes of this gossip come to Joan's ears. But we discussed it one day as we lay sunning ourselves on the edge of her crystal clear swimming pool.

Joan smiled. "Isn't it funny?" she mused. "For so long I worried about what people said. I tried to mould my life as 'they' seemed to want it moulded. And now I've stopped and it's all so simple.

"I live as I want to live. I've not deliberately done anything, not consciously changed my mode of living. I simply discovered the things that gave me the most personal peace and happiness—and then I did these things.

"When I was married to Douglas our house was always filled with people. Douglas liked a lot of people around him. He had many amusing and charming friends. Some of these people who filled my house I liked—others I did not like at all.

"After our divorce I was, I guess, a little neurotic. Or perhaps I was behaving perfectly naturally. At any rate, I wanted to see only my few dearest friends—only those who had remained loyal and steadfast and true throughout all the trying phases of my life. I wanted only those who understood. And in having only them around me I discovered that I had never actually enjoyed the big parties. That is fairly simple, isn't it?

"When I remodeled this house I did it because I loved it, because I wanted a place which reflected my taste and

which was comfortable and efficient in every way.

"You see, I didn't do it for show. I didn't do it so that a lot of people who care nothing for me and about whom I care nothing could come and admire or criticize.

"I think my drawing room is beautiful. It is all white and blue and cool and I admire it as I would admire a beautiful painting that I had selected. There are many others who enjoy it with me—but they are close and dear friends, who understand what it is I really want.

"Parties are like eating too much candy. If you have them all the time they lose their charm and zest. One is soon satiated with them. And that is wrong, especially when an occasional party in honor of some event can be such fun.

"Recently I gave a birthday party for Franchot. It was something to look forward to. Something that was great fun to plan.

And we had a marvelous time. Some people made a big to-do about it and said 'I was coming out of my shell,' that I was 'throwing my house open again.' What nonsense! Heaven knows when I'll give another big party. That one was grand, but if I had had a party every other night that week it would have been no fun at all. It wouldn't have been anything 'special.' And I wanted that to be something 'special.' (Continued on page 65)

# they're still gossiping



Joan's new film is aptly titled "I Live My Life."

*By Caroline Somers Hoyt*

**And Joan still strives to live as she pleases**





A STRANGE man, they call Fredric March, in Hollywood. A man who is different, not of the mould to be expected.

Writers do not like assignments on Freddie. They do not enjoy interviewing him. He is kind, he is courteous, he is even delightfully entertaining but he says nothing exciting, nothing to make a sensational story.

I do not pretend to be wise enough to describe accurately this man whom Hollywood calls strange. I do claim to have collected enough incidents about him and to have seen him frequently enough to form a wholly individual opinion. I am giving you my opinion, with the incidents, and I am wondering whether you will agree.

To me, Freddie would not be "strange" in Racine, Wisconsin, where he was born in '98. He would not be different in Madison, where he went to the University of Wisconsin, nor in Poughkeepsie or Minneapolis. In fact, I believe he is, in Hollywood, exactly what he would have been in Racine, had he remained there. And that is what makes him unusual, almost out of place, at times, in Hollywood. Assuredly, the average Hollywood actor would seem unusual in Racine, as a leading citizen.

Take the first time I met Freddie. He had not entered pictures but was playing John Barrymore in "The Royal Family" on the Los Angeles stage. I was invited by a nonprofessional friend to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March. The name of Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March) meant something to me; the name of her husband meant nothing. I had not seen the play. I only knew he was one more stage actor.

I remember how I stared at him. Accustomed as I was to actors, I simply could not believe this man to be one. He was just a nice man. Good looking, in a friendly way, as the president of a small-town bank might be thought

good looking. He was quiet, reserved, speaking when spoken to rather than engineering the conversation.

I finally asked him a reporter's oldest question. (Incidentally, he did not know I was a reporter.) "And what is your ambition, Mr. March?"

At first, I thought he gave an answer as old as the question. "I'd—I'd like to stay in Hollywood!" But when he gave his reason, I changed my mind. He said, "I want to settle down to living in one place. Have you ever played stock? We were the first to take the Theatre Guild plays on the road. In one of the southern states,

we were to play in a gymnasium. When we arrived, there was a basket ball game in progress. We had to wait until it was over and then set our scenery before our audience. Another time, we played in an auditorium which we later learned was condemned. There was no running water in another theatre and we had to scoot next door to the Chamber of Commerce to wash our faces. *The stage offers glamor but Hollywood offers contentment.*"

I tried not to smile. A man who could see no glamor in Hollywood must be a very bad actor! I decided I didn't even want to see his play.

My next experience with Freddie was after he had signed with Paramount and made several successful pictures — "The Wild Party" with Clara Bow, "Paris Bound" with Ann Harding, "Footlights and Fools," "Jealousy" and "My Sin."

Perhaps you do not remember these early pictures or what was said of him. He was being

called the second John Gilbert or John Barrymore, *not* the first Freddie March. I decided I must have been mistaken about him and went down to have tea with him and Mrs. March. I expected to meet the second John Gilbert or Jack Barrymore, both of whom I knew and privately considered fascinating, "good copy," but "slightly cracked."

Freddie remembered our first (Continued on page 93)

# good citizen



Fred in "Anna Karenina"—his next is "The Dark Angel."

*By Martha Kerr*

**A FREDRIC MARCH EVEN HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T KNOW**



My, my, can this gal tap! She comes by it naturally, too, for she's had only a dozen tap lessons in her life and years has held the tapping title. As a result of her grand work in "Broadway Melody of 1936," Metro has given her a long contract.



# Lancing



"AND BELIEVE it or not," Eleanor Powell rushed on breathlessly, "I play a *part*. I speak lines. In fact, I play *two* parts; you see, it's dual personality business!"

Miss Powell, in case we've jumped you, is featured in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Miss

Powell is the twenty-year-old dancing sensation of New York night clubs and musical comedies. Miss Powell has been adjudged the world's greatest feminine tap dancer by the Dancing Masters of America. And yet, that which principally interests Miss Powell is that she has lines to speak! 'Twas ever thus, we suppose, since the time the clown wanted to play Hamlet and the mil-

lionaire's son had designs on driving a taxi.

ELEANOR POWELL was brought to Hollywood to dance in Metro's newest spectacle. She had no thought of speaking her piece. Tapping her way through a couple of hot sequences was what she was engaged to do. And then came the tryout for the, as she puts it, leadin' lady role. She won—as she's had a way of doing since she was eleven years old.

At that time, the very youthful Eleanor was pushed into a Black Bottom contest. Yes, literally *pushed* into it. The other entrees were professionals, one of whom—the blondest and prettiest, of course—was scheduled to



# Unaffected and unspoiled, you'll like Eleanor Powell

by Regina Cannon



win. It was all sort of, as Bert Lahr would put it, "in da bag." And then this child, who had been discovered turning expert cartwheels on the Atlantic City sands that very morning and engaged by Gus Edwards to fill in a spot on the huge cafe's program, was asked if she'd like to get into the fun. The youngster didn't realize she was expected to decline and she certainly didn't know she was not supposed to win.

AND SO, the prize—two almost priceless tickets for a current prizefight—was hers. Afterwards, a waiter thoughtfully relieved her of them. If Eleanor had brought the bits of pasteboard home, they could have

been disposed of for \$200, which certainly would have helped the Powell exchequer at that point.

After such a sensational and unpremeditated debut at the Ritz Grill, the very young lady decided that hers would be a theatrical career. Why, it was so easy. The music played and somehow you just danced. You simply couldn't help it. All the drudgery of the Russian Ballet, bar work and the floor turns suddenly emerged into a beautiful routine. Eleanor, herself, was surprised at what a cinch it was! Surely, this was *the* thing to do. It was far pleasanter than being a school teacher. Anyone could tell you that!

And so, every summer Eleanor (*Continued on page 66*)



# if you would have

by Madame

**Harlow on the left?**

**lips, this month's lucky**

LOOK OUT, Jean Harlow, here comes Lois Phillips! I'll leave it up to you and you and you. Does this gal look like Harlow or does she look like Harlow? Well, that's what I asked for. I asked the girls throughout the country who bear a resemblance to Jean to send me their photographs. I've also asked for Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett resemblers. (You still have time to get these in.) And now I want pictures of girls who look like Claudette Colbert.

But now let's look at Lois Phillips, a little Oakland, California, girl, who, at a glance, might be Harlow's younger sister. I'm publishing her picture, as I promised I would, and am sending her a long letter containing personal advice—advice which will tell her everything she wants to know about herself.

First of all, I want to give Lois a tip. And it's a tip which every girl in the world can use, including the movie stars.

Lois, don't—just because you look like her—don't imitate Jean Harlow's mannerisms, her walk, her haircomb. Be yourself! You are *basically* the Harlow type, yes—but, that doesn't mean that you should try to make yourself a carbon copy of her. Carbons are never so clear as the original! And I wish the Hollywood stars would put that in their cigarettes and smoke it. They imitate each other until I'll bet their own mothers are confused.

You see, there are just a certain number of basic types in women. In all literature there are just thirty-six basic plots. Yet millions of stories are written. The brilliant author dresses up an old plot, does some fancy writing and adds an O. Henry twist to the ending. So what? So you think you're reading a brand new story.

If you're a clever woman you'll do the same thing. Use your own basic type, as an author uses a basic plot. Dress up the type. And don't forget the O. Henry twist at the end.

How's that for you? That's individuality, girls. That's what yanks you ahead of the crowd and makes you a person and not just an old left-over Garbo, Harlow or Crawford.

I get so sick of women alibi-ing themselves because they look like someone else. You won't believe me, but honestly, I've had women say to me, "I don't have to reduce. You see, I'm the Mac West type and she's fat."

My God! Did you ever hear such a thing! Basically they may be the West type. But those same women could go to town in a big way—they could go North, South, East and West if they

Lois' resemblance to Jean is amazing—read what Sylvia has to say to her, and all the Harlow types.





# a figure like harlow

If you are a movie type  
Sylvia (left) wants your pic-  
ture. This month she tells  
you how to be like Harlow

*Sylvia*

**No, it's Lois Phil-**

**picture contest winner**

would check the excess baggage they carry around.

So, Lois, be glad you're the Harlow type. It's a darn good type. But be individual. Be Lois Phillips, instead of a Jean Harlow imitation.

As a matter of fact, you're in better general proportion than Jean. You need to take off a little weight all over (and I'm explaining just how that is done in my personal advice to you) and it ought to be easy for you to do what I did for Harlow. (Stick around, you other girls. It won't hurt you to listen in on this. You'll find plenty of things you can apply to yourselves.)

Lois, I want you to watch Harlow carefully. See all her pictures—her latest one is "China Seas"—and discover for yourself what's right and what's wrong with Harlow.

You won't want to imitate her walk, certainly, or her voice. She always plays tough roles on the screen and walks and talks in character. So lay off that. It's all right for the dizzy dames Harlow portrays. But, Lois, you look like a nice, sweet girl. You wouldn't want to be tough.

That walk of Harlow's makes her neck appear shorter because it has developed some shoulder muscles. So I'm going to tell you—and all the rest of my girls—how to have a long, graceful neck. There is nothing so attractive as a beautiful neck.

In my work I have actually been able to lengthen necks—in one case I succeeded in adding a little over one inch (there's one for Ripley). And what I can do, you can do. Here's how.

Clasp the hands together at the back of the head toward the top. Relax the head. Let the chin fall on the chest. With your hands pull down hard as if you were trying to put your forehead on your stomach. (Don't worry, baby, you'll never make it, but go as far as you can.) Now this is important: Keep the head relaxed. Don't resist the

(Continued on  
page 67)







"I didn't come here to make love to you," Bradley said.

# Confessions of an extra girl



**AFTER COMING** to Hollywood and being almost attacked by a "quickie" director (for the dignified, big directors who work for reliable companies do not do such things), I at last got work in a studio, through the help of an artist named Bradley. I was asked to do a bit and, because of the meanness of one of the extra girls, I failed. Joan Crawford found me, crying alone on the dressing-room balcony. She said if I would meet her the next day she would help me. Now go on with the story. . .

Joan Crawford met me at the studio gate the next day, although I had thought she might forget her promise by morning. But I was wrong. I did not know Joan.

I appeared at the gate promptly at ten and one minute after ten she drove up in her car. "Hi, there. Am I late? Well, you look better this morning. Come on."

I tried to thank her for all she was doing for me, but she wouldn't let me. She seemed very embarrassed to have anybody thank her. "I don't understand why you're doing this," I said.

She answered at once, "Because I know how it is

**Port 4—a chance  
to repay a debt and  
to get even with an  
obnoxious director**

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

and then she hung her head and blushed, "Gee, I hate to talk about this," she said, "but do you need any money? If you do . . ."

She was so afraid of hurting my feelings, so I stopped her from going on. "Oh, thanks," I said, "but I have enough money. And I hope some day to repay you for what you've done for me this morning."

"You can," Joan answered quickly. "When you're in a position to do so, help another girl."

Before I had time to speak she had jumped into her car and was gone.

That was the beginning of my career as an extra. Calls for work began to come. One (Continued on page 78)

CARL MUELLER



by Bill  
Ulman

# born in a hurricane



The call of the sea! One  
day, Wilcoxon must answer



OLD, WRINKLED, water-marked charts . . . dividers . . . rules . . . logarithmic tables . . . the paraphernalia of the sea. Of such things are dreams made, but to Henry Wilcoxon they are glorious playthings, keys to adventure. When

Richard, the Lion-Hearted, leaves the studio and heads for home, he leaves only a name behind and Henry, the Lion-Hearted, comes into being with his zestful plans for the exploration of those vast wastes of water in the Pacific that have never borne the keel of a white man's boat.

Some twenty years ago a raging hurricane howled savagely down upon a little group of islands huddled fearfully in the Caribbean. In the uncertain protection of a small cove on the Isle of Dominica a faint wail was heard at the height of the storm. Hurricane-born, a baby-boy's cry challenged the winds.

And that innate sense of challenge grew as the boy's body grew—tall, straight and powerful.

But a challenger leads a restless life. After all, one must have something to challenge and with every conquest the available field is narrowed down. And a man gets tired of the fictitious strife found in acting and hankers for something real (Continued on page 63)

(Above) With Loretta Young in "The Crusades." (Left) Richard, the Lion-Hearted, is Henry, the Lion-Hearted, in real life.



# *Hollywood* fads in the making



Left and above, the dramatic black velvet gown of Dolores Del Rio's. The huge train makes the cape, believe it or not!



WELL, THE first fall flurry of clothes buying is about over and I suppose you are all tricked out in either one of those Mussolini-like military toppers or a dashing Renaissance creation. Summer is definitely on the shelf and cool autumn is in the air . . . even out there in Hollywood where fall comes along more reluctantly than it does in more rugged climates.

This is my inventory time . . . oh, I know you shouldn't



# Some behind-the-scenes chotter about fashions you'll be copying

By *Adelia Bird*



A white chignon coat with great flowing skirt is trimmed with elaborate bands of white fox.



This is the dress of Grecian charm which Dolores wears under the smart coat at left.



Above, another lovely white gown and an unusual bridal headdress from "I Live for Love."

be taking stock in the fall but this is a different sort of inventory. This is my own private check-up on what Hollywood has been up to while the rest of us have been up to our ears in fashion ticker tape. And, my pets, much has been happening out there. Not only in the studios but about town where our cinema darlings parade their latest and smartest bibs-and-tuckers.

At the studios the designers are busy with many new pictures which will carry their most inspired new ideas to

you via the screen and the stars who sponsor them. Talking with several of them, I have ferreted out some ideas that will turn into real fads for you, unless I am just an old day dreamer!

OVER AT M-G-M and a chat with Adrian. He is busy with sketches and fabrics for Joan Crawford's new picture "I Live My Life." Joan and Adrian have decided that her costumes for this picture must be basically simple.





Above, since fall brides are as popular as June ones, this beautiful bridal veil and coronet worn by Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life" will prove a grand inspiration. Tiny seed pearls in sea shell scallops form the coronet from which the tulle veil falls. At right, Adrian's newest contribution to youthful fashion fads . . . a polo coat for formal evening wear! He designed this for Joan to wear over a matching dinner gown. Every detail is like the original sport coat.

These two get along beautifully calling one another pet names and much gay teasing during conferences . . . there's none of the clash between designer and star in this set up. Joan says, "Nothing extreme in this picture, darling. I play the well-bred girl and I must look it. What do you think about having my hair cut shorter, too?" Adrian agrees, so you will see Joan with her hair in a shorter and, I think, much more becoming length.

Adrian has just called Joan into his studio for a fitting and to approve some more sketches that he has made. Adrian surrounds himself, as well as his stars, with glamor. His studio is cool, white and many-mirrored. There is a small stage one step up from the studio floor . . . it is curtained off and behind this Joan disappears to try on a costume. This is one which she will wear in a ball sequence. When she is ready she calls out to Adrian, he in turn pushes a series of electric light switches, pulls back the curtains and there stands Joan in a flood of lights which brings out every detail of the gown. Joan grins widely as she turns in the costume but Adrian stands with folded arms, taking in every detail and frowning slightly. Finally, he says, hitting upon what evidently has been bothering him, "The waist is too low." That decided, Joan comes down off the small stage and kneels on the floor to inspect some of Adrian's newest sketches spread out for her inspection.

I have shown two of Joan's (Continued on page 71)





# MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE

**"I'M ALL READY TO GO ON  
AFTER I'VE SMOKED A CAMEL...IT  
ALWAYS SEEMS TO RENEW  
MY ENERGY"**



• The Langhorne estate, "Greenfields," is famous for its hospitality. "I notice that Camels disappear amazingly fast," says Mrs. Langhorne. "Every one likes them—they are mild and you never tire of their flavor." Costlier tobaccos do make a difference!

• "I certainly appreciate the fact that Camels never make me either nervous or edgy," Mrs. Langhorne says. "I can smoke all the Camels I want." It is true that Camels never upset the nerves. The millions more Camels spend are justified. Smoke one and see.

MRS. LANGHORNE grew up in New Orleans. Now she lives in Virginia, where she rides to hounds. "One thing I especially like about Camels," she says, "is the fact that they are not strong and yet, if I am tired, smoking one always picks me up. I feel better and more enthusiastic immediately." Camels release your latent energy—give you a "lift." Millions more are spent every year by Camel for finer, more expensive tobaccos.



## AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*  
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*  
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*  
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*  
MRS. J. CARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*  
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*  
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*  
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*  
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER  
*New York*

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*Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos  
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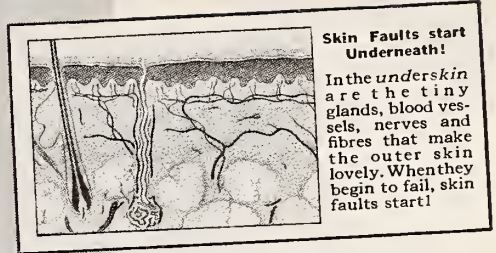
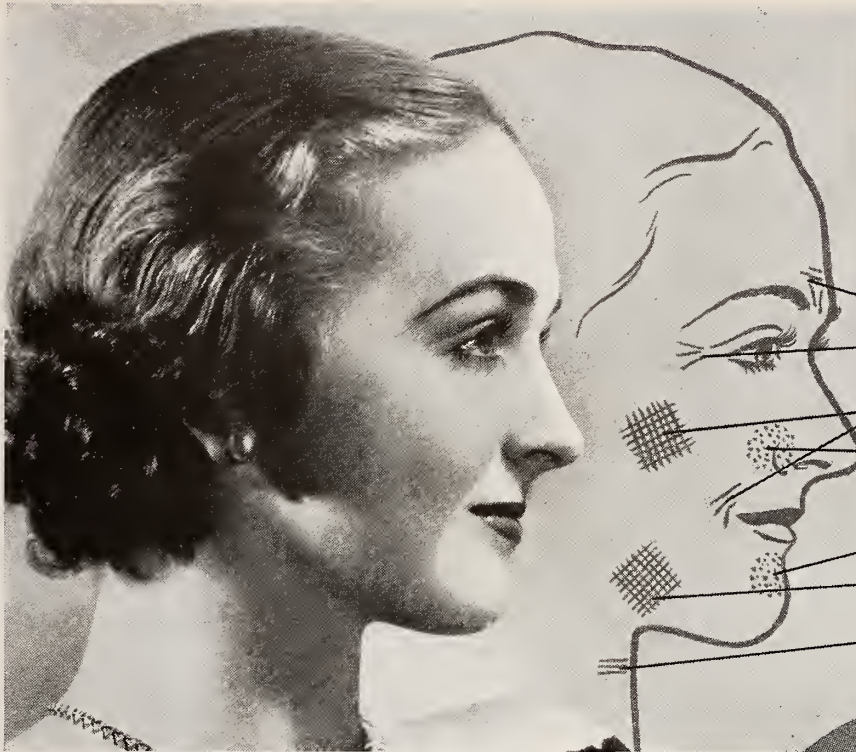




## *Little Sister Forges Ahead*

So sweet and demure is Joan, the youngest of the Bennetts. She has a role well suited to her in "She Couldn't Take It," a Columbia picture, with Georgie Raft as her leading man.





### Which is Yours?

- LINES FADE** when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated and fill out.
- PORES REDUCE** when freed of clogging secretions from within skin.
- BLACKHEADS GO** when clogging secretions are removed, and *under-skin* stimulation prevents clogging.
- BLEMISHES STOP** coming when blackheads are prevented.
- DRY SKIN SOFTENS** when penetrating oils restore suppleness and failing oil glands grow active.
- TISSUES WON'T SAG** when *under-skin* nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.

Miss Maralyn Tankersley — St. Louis: "Pond's Cold Cream stimulates the very life of my skin. It has kept away many a line and blemish."

# Wake up that Sleepy Under Skin with "Deep-Skin" Cream

*See outer skin lose*  
**Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes**



*Mrs. Richard C. du Pont*

Society aviator who holds many awards for her achievements in the air, says: "After using Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks as if it never saw a speck of dirt! I never have a sign of a line or wrinkle."

**T**HE FIRST LINE that shows in your face is a danger signal! A sign that right *under it* skin glands and cells are growing tired—getting sleepy.

Every blackhead you find means that those same little glands are *overworked!* Getting clogged! And that's true of most common skin faults—nearly all start when your underskin slows up.

### *How to stir up underskin*

But you can waken that sleepy underskin! Start the circulation going briskly again. Stimulate those little glands and cells to full activity!

What your underskin needs is the rousing action of Pond's deep-skin Cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is made of specially processed fine oils which go deep into the pores. The first application flushes them clean of every particle of dirt . . .

make-up . . . skin secretions. At once, your skin feels fresher, livelier—*looks* clearer.

Then you pat fresh Pond's Cold Cream right into your newly cleansed skin. Pat it briskly with your finger tips. Feel the blood coursing through! Every little nerve and gland and fibre is awakened by this treatment. Toned up. Invigorated! Your skin feels alive! . . . wide-awake! Do this day after day—*regularly*—night and morning.

The very first treatment makes your skin clearer—feel satiny. Soon little threatening lines begin to fade. Blackheads clear away. Blemishes stop coming. Once again your skin is firm—*young*. Its color blooms again!

*Every night*, give your skin this double-benefit treatment . . . Pat in Pond's Cold Cream to flush out all dirt, make-up, skin impurities. Wipe off. Then—briskly—pat in more Pond's

Cold Cream to invigorate your underskin—wake up tired skin glands, nerves and cells.

*Every morning*, in the daytime before you make up, refresh and reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin will be smooth and satiny, ready for powder.

Try this for just a few days—Send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. You'll always be glad of the day you started to use Pond's! Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

**Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube**  
*Begin to clear YOUR skin faults away*

POND'S, Dept. L50, Clinton, Conn.

Enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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The Jack Dempseys (Hannah Williams) and the Gary Coopers toss greetings at Troc.



Rouben Mamoulian, Dietrich, Ed Robinson, Gert Michael, Aherne and Isabel Jewell.



Between chukkers at the Riviera Polo Club match Henry Fonda chats with Alice Faye.

## Good News

(Continued from page 13)

Here's how it happens in Hollywood. A well-known stage actress, out making her first picture, invited a number of the natives to a cocktail party in honor of Bette Davis, who had once played a bit in one of her Broadway shows. The appointed hour arrives, the photographers arrive, and the guests arrive, all in fancy attire. Finally, comes the guest of honor decked out in slacks. "Look," she asks us in what turns out to be perfect grammar, "for whom is the party being given?" When we replied, "For you," you could have knocked her over with a caviar canape. But the ever-present Davis poise comes to the fore and she joins in the fun while the photographers snap their pictures and a good time is enjoyed, as they say in the papers, by all.

Among those glimpsed at the Davis "surprise" party was Paul Cavanagh, who played tall-dark-and-handsome to Mae West in "Goin' To Town." The blonde one, he says, is one of the most charming women he has ever known. The report of a romance between them is just one of those things, for Paul has other plans and so has Mae.

From now on, Gene Raymond will probably have all his birthday parties out in public, and here's why: Jeanette MacDonald and several other film ladies threw a birthday dinner for Gene at the Beverly-Wilshire, and after the cake-cutting ceremony the gals lined up to kiss the guest of honor. Four young ladies at the next table noticed the proceedings, got into the line-up and received one of the Raymond kisses. Gene was so pleasantly surprised he had a piece of the birthday cake sent to their table. Girls who like cake and kisses are making reservations now for next year's party.

Probably the first person to learn that Winfield Sheehan and Madame Maria Jeritza were to be married was Shirley Temple. Shirley and the former Fox producer are pals, and he wanted her approval before he took such an important step. At a dinner party, with the opera singer seated on one side of him and Shirley on the other, Sheehan advised the young lady of his plans. Although Jeritza won the man of her choice, Shirley says it's still 50-50 between them. "Because," she explains, "during the dinner he held hands with both of us." So if a report of a Sheehan-Jeritza break-up comes around, you'll know the siren who caused it.

When it comes to following in the footsteps of Garbo, the unofficial championship should certainly be handed to Marlene Dietrich. We don't mean that the glamor girl is attempting to imitate the silent one on the screen—we mean that Marlene has been taking up with practically all of Greta's former gentleman friends. First there was Fritz Lang, and then came Rouben Mamoulian and Count Carpegna, all three of whom once rang the Garbo doorbell. Just to complete the picture, Marlene is now seen about the night spots with John Gilbert, who was Garbo's biggest heart throb before she decided she wanted to be alone.

(Continued on page 99)

The Joel McCrea's have fun at the rodeo. Francis is down at the ranch expecting a second McCrea offspring.

Uh-huh, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor are going places together again. Here they are at Tex Austin's Rodeo.

Jack Oakie, looking very washed-behind-the-ears, with Marsha Hunt, new Paramount find, at the Grove.

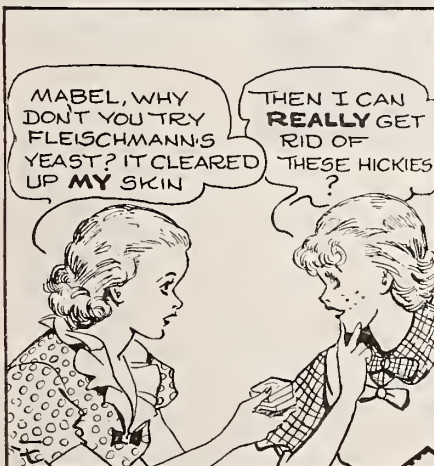
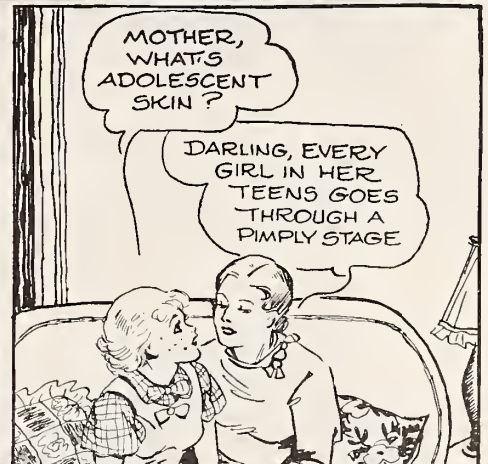
Betty Furness says this hand holding with Cesar Romero is the McCoy. Romancing at the Cocoon Grove.







**Read  
how  
Mabel  
won lots  
of new  
dates**



**Don't let adolescent  
pimples humiliate YOU**

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

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*—clears the skin*  
by clearing skin irritants  
out of the blood



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CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



## COOL UNDER FIRE!

**C**OOLER—they've got a touch of mild menthol to refresh your throat. Tastier—because the fine tobacco flavor is kept at the peak. And you get a fat dividend in the valuable B & W coupon in each pack; save them for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Now that the season of overheated rooms and sniffles is coming, do right by yourself and your throat; get on the trail of KOOLS. And send for illustrated premium booklet.

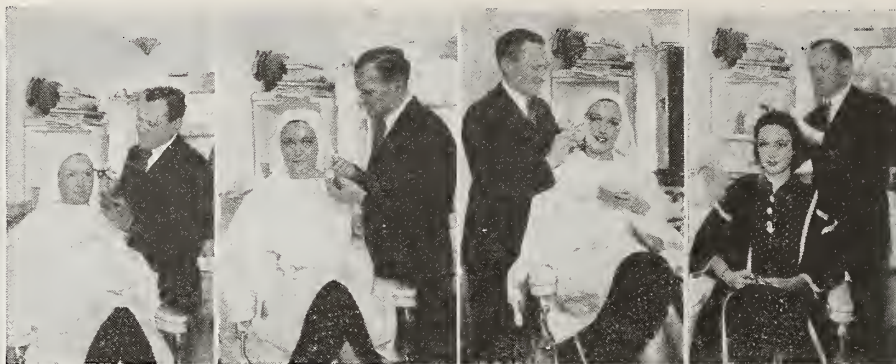
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RALEIGH CIGARETTES ... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES ... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



Make-up artist Jack Dawn prepares Gail Patrick for the cameras.

## Directed by Katherine Albert



**MAKE-UP!** That's the thing all you folks who follow this department so avidly—all you folks who intend to make theatrical work your life's career or who are simply having the very time of your lives with amateur theatricals—want to hear about.

This month I've captured Jack Dawn, the make-up expert at M-G-M. He has grease-painted everyone on that lot from Garbo to the humblest extra girl. And the boy knows his stuff. I'm sure you'll be thrilled by what he says. But before he starts let me remind you that there is still room for dramatic clubs. And if you want to start one, write to me in care of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I'm also eager to answer any personal dramatic problems. But don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

And now Jack Dawn, the make-up lad, gives you some advice:

"In making up a character for the stage or screen it is infinitely better to *underdo* it, and let the acting take care of the rest, than to *overdo* it. Conspicuous make-up detracts from a performance, since the eyes of an audience will focus upon the unusual.

"The keynote of any make-up is

naturalness. That is why I advise anyone who contemplates making-up for a certain character to seek out a similar character in real life and memorize the contour of the face, the highlights and shadows. Make mental notes of the particular facial characteristics you wish to portray, and then go about gaining that effect in a natural manner.

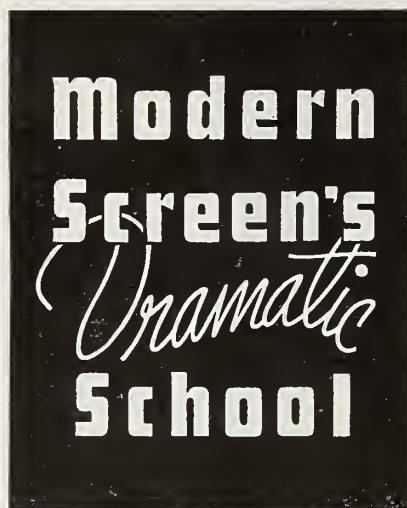
"In my opinion most make-up mistakes are made in the portrayal of old age. But it can be done convincingly if you study the physical changes that occur in a face as it ages.

"First of all, as a person becomes older, the muscles in the face sag, resulting in lines. The eyes sink back in the sockets and the puffiness goes from under the lids, allowing them to droop over the eyes at the outer corners. The lines at the sides of the

mouth become straight. Sagging muscles result in hollows under the cheek-bones. Eyebrows turn down at the corners and appear much thinner. The point of the nose appears to drop lower.

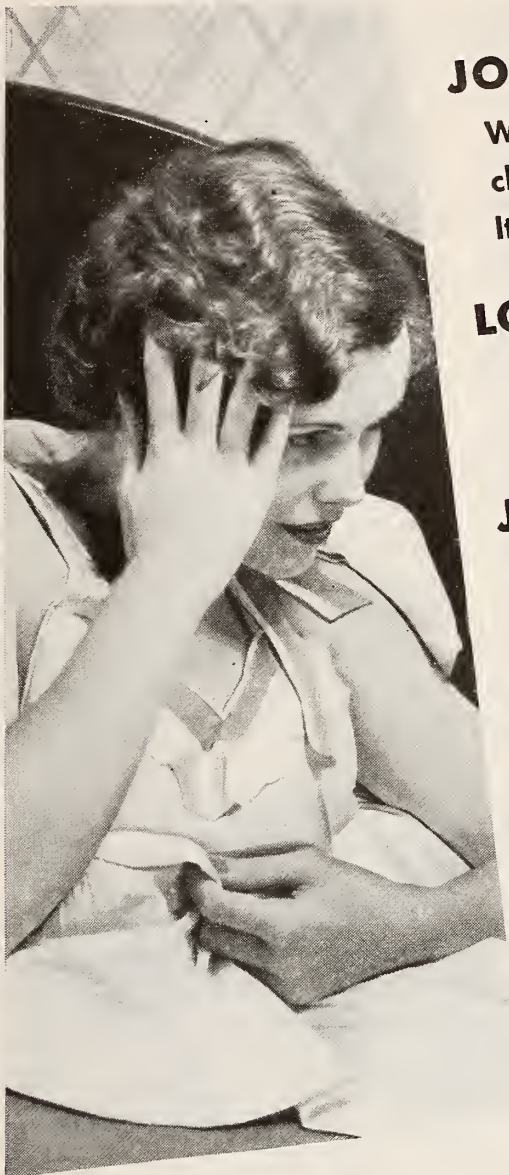
"Now the best advice I can give on age make-up is to tell you to study a member of your family or a friend who appears to be the character you wish to create. Compare their lines to your own, then visualize these lines on your own face.

"A grease-paint foundation is the  
(Continued on page 87)



## How to make up for stage and screen





**JOAN**

Why so fussy about cleaning your face? It's late.

**LOTTY**

I never leave stale make-up on all night.

**JOAN**

What's the harm in that?

**LOTTY**

Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.



**T**HE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, *choked pores* may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it *really works*.

Why not follow their exam-

ple? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!

*Margaret Sullivan*

Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"



USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH! I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**



## THE MODERN HOSTESS

(Continued from page 10)

coffee has been placed in the section of the drip pot intended to hold it, boiling water is poured over the grounds—and I mean boiling. It generally takes five minutes for the water to drip through.

Whether you use the drip or percolator method when making coffee, you should try the new liners and filters that can be used in either type of coffee pot. You place the liners in the part of the pot in which the coffee grounds are to go. The gossamer-thin filter paper is then placed inside the liner and all is ready for the coffee to be added. If you want to make sure that your coffee is clear and without a trace of sediment in the bottom of the cup, these new paper gadgets will do the job for you. They have little cross cuts in the centre to fit over the percolating spout which in no way minimizes their efficiency, if you use a drip pot. They do a neat job of emptying out the used coffee grounds in one operation, too.

And now that we've discussed coffee-making a bit, let's get back to the foods that Charlie Ruggles prefers as accompaniments to the perfect cup of coffee.

The doughnuts of which I was speaking a while back were of the new pop-

ular whole wheat variety. You can kid all you want about "sinkers" but certainly the doughnuts made by Charlie's colored cook were very delicious. There was a large proportion of whole wheat flour used in their making and not one trace of a greasy taste about them. The recipe? Certainly! I'll tell you later on how to get it.

Of course, in every man's estimation pie is the ideal coffee-companion. Charlie is no exception and admits that Lemon Cream Pie is his favorite. It's a first cousin of the Lemon Meringue Pie—only creamier, as its name suggests. So many lemon pies taste like flavored flan that I was overjoyed to get, from Charlie's cook, a new recipe for a lemon pie that has a smooth, mouth-melting filling. This recipe, too, is yours for the asking.

I was also able to get recipes for two more of Charlie's favorite dishes—one a dessert, the other a breakfast hot bread of the simplest sort. This breakfast bread is called Cinnamon Crumb Cake. It's as spicy as its name suggests but far easier to make than you'd ever think it could be. It can be made up in the morning in a very short time, especially if all the dry ingredients are sifted together the pre-

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**COLORS**  
**WITHOUT**  
**BOILING**

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White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.



When Binnie Barnes gives a typical English "Tea" Party for her British compatriots she also caters to the preference of her American friends by having a generous supply of coffee on hand. A tremendous variety of foods accompanies these beverages—strawberries (in season or out of season) with whipped cream and powdered sugar; jams and marmalade; buttered slices of currant bread, crumpets, muffins and scones; Swiss roll, plum cake, homemade chocolate cake, and iced cup cakes. Binnie, dark haired and British, plays the blonde American Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim Brady." Una O'Connor and Herbert Mundin are her guests.



vious evening and left in a covered bowl for early morning use.

The dessert I spoke of is of the Dutch Apple Cake variety. A simple biscuit-like dough is placed in a pan. Into this are pressed thin, wedge-shaped pieces of apple with butter, sugar and spices sprinkled over the top. In the Ruggles version there is still another ingredient—mince meat. Now that there are delicious, inexpensive, ready-prepared mince meats available at your grocers, you'll find this dish easy to make and perfect to eat. It's called New Netherland Cake if you care to know. And you may have the recipe free if you care to have it.

Of course, in speaking of dishes that should accompany coffee we must not entirely overlook coffee used as a flavoring in desserts and sauces. One of the very nicest of the coffee desserts I know of is Coffee Marshmallow Mousse, a very rich tasting, easy-to-make sweet—the kind the luncheon or bridge club will rave about. But save out a generous portion for father's dinner too! He won't turn up his nose at this one, I'll wager. Here's the recipe:

#### COFFEE MARSHMALLOW MOUSSE

- 18 marshmallows
- ½ cup strong coffee
- ½ pint whipping cream
- ½ teaspoon powdered sugar

Place coffee and marshmallows in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water until marshmallows have melted. Remove from heat, turn into a bowl and cool. Place in refrigerator until mixture has set to the consistency of a thick syrup. Add sugar to cream. Whip cream until stiff. Fold cream into marshmallow mixture. Turn mixture into a mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Return to refrigerator until firm, about 4 hours. Serve plain or with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Cut this recipe out, mount it on a card and save it for future use. But send for the Ruggles recipes too, right away.

Each recipe is printed on an individual card of filing-case size. Filing cases to hold them can be purchased for a few cents in almost any chain store. Though not essential such a case is nice to have if you are starting to make a collection of these Star Recipes. When you realize that there is no cost to you beyond the price of the stamp or postal you use when sending in your coupon, you'll surely want to send for Modern Hostess leaflets regularly. Why not start immediately by sending for the recipe cards which give you directions for making Charlie Ruggles' favorite coffee companions? You'll love the little design on the cover of the leaflet, the name of the star on each card. Not to mention the enthusiasm with which you should greet recipes for Cinnamon Coffee Cake, New Netherland Apple Cake, Whole Wheat Doughnuts and Lemon Cream Pie. Well, here's the coupon, you ambitious cooks! Use it immediately.

#### HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT MODERN SCREEN Magazine 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me Charlie Ruggles recipes for November, 1935, at no cost to me.

Name.....

Address.....  
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JIM LOVED THE SPAGHETTI WE HAD AT YOUR HOUSE. HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT MARVELOUS SAUCE?

MARY, YOU CAN BUY THAT SPAGHETTI RIGHT HERE IN THIS STORE! IT COMES ALL READY-PREPARED

## "Beats my home-cooked spaghetti a mile—quicker, easier—costs less, too!"

"I DON'T wonder Mary was surprised. I certainly was the first time I tasted Franco-American. Up until then I firmly believed no ready-prepared spaghetti could possibly be as good as home-cooked. But Franco-American is actually *better*—ever so much better! I use it all the time now and I've told a number of my friends how delicious it is.

"We all agree it has the best sauce we ever tasted. In fact, we never knew how good spaghetti *could* be till we tried Franco-American!"

#### Good? No wonder!

Franco-American chefs use *eleven* different ingredients when they prepare their delectable sauce. Tomato puree, lusciously smooth and rich. Golden Cheddar

cheese of just the right sharpness. Selected spices and seasonings, each one adding its tiny bit more of zesty flavor and delicate piquancy.

"Why *should* I bother with home-cooked spaghetti now?" women are saying. "I never could make as good a sauce as this. And I'm not even going to try." Franco-American is so much easier, too. No cooking or fussing—simply heat and serve.

And here's a pleasant surprise. You pay *less* for it than if you bought all the different sauce ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And isn't the *time* you save worth something, too? Ask your grocer for Franco-American today. A can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents.







## Any Woman can be Up to Date (in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and *bring herself up to date.*

With *Zonite* available in every drug store, it is old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of *Zonite*.

*Zonite* is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But *Zonite* is *not* caustic, *not* poisonous. This marvelous *Zonite* is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. *Zonite* never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by *Zonite*, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in *Zonite*. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

### Also *Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid)*

*Zonite* comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles. The semi-solid *Suppository* form sells at \$1.00 a dozen, each pure white *Suppository* sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both *Zonite Suppositories* and *Liquid Zonite* by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

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( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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## INFORMATION DESK



## Ask us to answer your movie questions

RUTH HANSON, LEONARD GERSHOWITZ, New York City; KATEY SCHMULAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.; JOSEPH KNAPP, Jersey City, N. J.; BETTY CLEMENTS, Kansas City, Kans.; STEFANE SZEMPLASHA, Hamtramck, Mich.; BEACH WM. PRUETT, Carson City, Nev.; PHYLLIS McCASSELL, Sask., Canada; GLADYS CHRISTIANSEN, Fort Lee, N. J.; PATRICIA DUFFY, San Francisco, Cal.; ANNE PHILLIPS, Quincy, Mass.; TOMMY HAMILTON, Los Angeles, Cal.; ELSIE LAMB, Chicago, Ill.; MELVA RASCH, Baltimore, Md.; BOB SIVERING, Walla Walla, Wash.; ESTHER, Boston, Mass.; MARJORIE VIEBIG, Shreveport, La.—Claudette Colbert—Colbert of the movies—was born in Paris, France, on September 13, 1905. She has one brother, Charles. Subjected to a rigorous French upbringing, she was a very quiet, well-behaved youngster. The Colbert family came to New York when Claudette was six, and she attended the Washington Irving High School. As a graduation present she and her mother took a trip to Paris after which Claudette enrolled in the Art Student's League in New York. Came the day when, at a tea, she accepted a bet that she could get a part in a Broadway production. A friend of hers managed to arrange a maid's part in "The Wild Westcotts" and she won her bet. But, to her surprise, Claudette discovered that she really wanted to become an actress. To this end she called upon Brock Pemberton and finally persuaded him to give her the leading role in "The Marionette Man." From then on life was a series of stellar roles until 1929 when she left the stage to concentrate upon being a screen actress. Her first picture was a silent, made during the time of her stage appearances and was entitled "For the Love of Mike." It was so bad that she did not return to the screen again until 1929 when she made "The Lady Lies" in the East. Claudette has brownish hair and large brown eyes. She lives a simple life, is still interested in art, likes to read, play tennis, swim and travel. Her best friend is Daisy Lukas, wife of Paul Lukas. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 107 pounds. She married Norman Foster during her stage days, but their divorce is only a question of time. "She Married Her Boss" is Colbert's most recent picture and her next will probably be "A Bride Comes Home" with Fred MacMurray. She is under long term contract to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

ALICE MASON, Granite City, Ill.—Jack LaRue has been terribly fussy these days—a fact that will greatly tickle his many fans. Having recently completed "The Little Big Shot" and "Special Agent" for Warner Brothers, and "Wild Night" for Universal, he is currently working on "The Spanish Cape Mystery" for Republic. Write him for a photograph at Republic Studios, 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal. William Powell's next onus will be "The Black Chamber" with Rosalind Russell and Binnie Barnes. "The Great Ziegfeld" in which Powell plays the title role, will probably be finished eventually.

T. ADAMS, CATHERINE OPPELS, Chicago, Ill.; H. E. WAGNER, D. W., Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. A. E., Milwaukee, Wis.; BELLA MILKES, Long Beach, Cal.; TREVELYN REESE, Duncan, Okla.; ANN MENHEARDT, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. A. SAMSON, Fall River, Mass.; VIRGEL WOIDE, Shaker Heights, Ohio; JEANNE ROSS, Cameron, W. Va.; ELLEN MACKENZIE, Auburn, Me.; N. KLEIN, Baker, La.; MILDRED SEITZ, Ashland, Ohio; MARJORIE SMITH, Rochester, Ind.; ROSE LAMONT, MARGARET CUSSANS, CARMEN CHRISTIE, Mrs. R. MILLS, Winnipeg, Canada; CLARA CRIBLIER, Waterbury, Conn.—John Boles, born in Greenville, Texas, on October 27, 1900, of an old Southern family, is the son of a banker and cotton broker. And take it, or leave it, Love is John's middle name. Greenville schools and the University of Texas gave him the preparatory courses necessary to enter John Hopkins, where he intended to start his study of medicine. The War interrupted his plans, and he enlisted in the army in the intelligence division. While in France his voice made him a great favorite of the A. E. F. entertainments, during one of which he was heard by a noted British musician

who advised him to train his voice for the stage. When John returned to America he decided to follow this course, first working in a local bank to save money, then going to New York to teach French in a girls' academy and at the same time to take voice lessons. He later went to France to study and returned to New York in two years, determined to get a leading role or nothing. Nothing it was, for a long time, but finally "Little Jesse James" was the answer to his prayer. He was an instant success and after this appeared in several Broadway productions until Gloria Swanson offered him the leading role in her picture, "The Loves of Sonya." He accepted and appeared in several other silents until he made his first big hit in the sound picture, "The Desert Song." From then on you know the story. John is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 185 pounds, has dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes. He seldom smokes, nursing his voice, and spends much time out of doors, exercising to keep his weight down. He likes all outdoor sports, especially hiking and tennis. Mrs. Boles is the former Marcellite Dobbs and they have two daughters. After "Redheads On Parade" you will see him in a very special picture, "Rose of the Rancho" with Gladys Swarthout. Write him at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHARLOTTE PATIKY, Huntington, N. Y.—You guessed right. Robert Light is the young man you thought he was. He did appear in "Reckless," "Gentlemen Are Born," "Murder in the Clouds" and "Mary Jane's Pa." He is 24 and still single. His next picture will be "Shipmates Forever" and you may reach him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

MARGARET SMITH, Marna, Neb.; BRUCE ALLEN, Newark, N. J.; ELAINE HILL, Placentia, Cal.; RUTH MACKENZIE, Medford, Mass.; JEAN McLAUGHLAN, Harvey, Ill.; EDITH ADAMS, MARY CLARKTON, Montreal, Canada; M. BROWN, Winnetka, Ill.; E. D. WILLIAMS, McAllen, Mass.; LESTER GOOL, Altoona, Pa.; EMMA HILBORN, Pottsville, Pa.—The one and only Norma Shearer was born in Westmount, suburb of Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. Her sister, Athole, married Howard Hawks, film director, and her brother, Douglas Shearer, is Chief Recording Engineer for M-G-M. Educated in Montreal public schools, and Westmount High School, Norma started playing in school plays at 14. In 1920 she and her mother and sister came to New York to try to break into the movies. After nearly starving for six months without getting a contract, Norma landed a three-day job in a college picture. Then came a lead in a western which was good for one week. After another semistarvation period, little Norma began to get feminine leads in such pictures as "The Stealers" and "Channing of the Northwest." These brought a contract from Louis B. Mayer and the chance to head for Hollywood. There she met Irving Thalberg on the M-G-M lot and shortly after she had become a star, married him on September 29, 1927. Their first son, Irving Jr., was born before Norma made "Strangers May Kiss," and now, before she started "Romeo and Juliet," she became the mother of a little girl, Katherine. Norma's first talking picture was "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Besides being an excellent actress, Miss Shearer is a brilliant conversationalist, one of the best hostesses in Hollywood and has long been considered one of the best-dressed women of the screen. In the realm of sports, Norma enjoys horseback riding, swimming and tennis. She plays the piano and is an omnivorous reader. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 115 pounds, has wavy brown hair, semi-bobbed, and blue eyes. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

JEANNETTE SIKES, Dublin, Ga.—Rumor has it that Clara Bow is grooming herself (reducing) for a screen comeback. So maybe you'll be seeing her again soon. Clark Gable's and Franchot Tone's next pictures are one and the same. "Mutiny on the Bounty" with Charles Laugh-ton.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 61. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

JOAN DAVIS, Bronxville, N. Y.; FAY LOVEWELL, San Francisco, Cal.; B. HAYES, Phila., Pa.; LORAIN GELHAN, Milwaukee, Wis.; MARIAN MILLER, Britt, Ia.; K. M. THOMPSON, Harrisburg, Pa.; JANE KELLY, Baltimore,



Md.; BLANCHE McCLINTOCK, Lynn, Mass.; BETTE PENNINGTON, Renton, Wash.; ELFRIDE TONNE, Islip, N. Y.—Imagine earning \$200 per week at the age of eight! Well, that's just what Fred Astaire and his sister, Adele, were netting at that tender age. Born in Omaha, Neb., on November 26, 1900, he and Adele (their name was Austerlitz then) wasted little time before they took to the stage. Their fame as dancers grew rapidly and they were Broadway stars while still very young. Three of their musical productions took the Astaires to London where they became the rage both in the theatre and in society. In 1931 Adele retired from the stage to marry Lord Cavendish of London. Fred, forced to continue alone, made a tremendous success in "The Gay Divorcee" on the New York and London Stage. It was at this time that Phyllis Livingstone Potter, society girl, became his wife. Our dancing hero made his screen debut in "Flying Down to Rio" in a minute part. Next came Crawford's "Dancing Lady"—also a small part. Then RKO signed Fred for "The Gay Divorcee," and as a result of this, to a seven year contract. Off the screen Fred has dark brown eyes and fair, likes tennis, golf and prize fights. He dotes on corned beef and cabbage, likes to read anything written in English. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and is very slender. His next picture after "Top Hat" will probably be "Follow the Fleet" again with that high steppin' gal, Ginger Rogers. Write Fred at the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

MARY POWERS—In case you haven't heard, Franchot Tone is Joan Crawford's man. Maybe they'll be married by the time you read this, or maybe they are already. Joe Morrison, born on November 19, 1908, will be 27 his next birthday. He has dark brown hair and twinkling blue eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He's not married.

JEAN SCHLENNING, Lincoln, Neb.; MARGUERITE FRYE, Northampton, Pa.; JOHN SMITH, Lancaster, Pa.; ELEANOR EVANS, Pueblo, Colo.; BETTY STECKLEY, Auburn, Ind.; GERALDINE WEIL, Hackensack, N. J.; JANE DRACH, SHIRLEY ANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.; GLADYS UNDERWOOD, Snomog, Okla.—To look at her, you'd never dream that pert little Arline Judge was an "old married woman" with a strapping young son. Of course, she really isn't old—she was only 23 her last birthday, February 21st. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1912 Arline was educated at St. Agnes' Seminary, Brooklyn, Urceline Academy, New York City and New Rochelle College, New Rochelle, N. Y. Her nimble feet led her to the dancing school run by the late Jack Denahue, who gave her her first job—entertaining with a chair-dance tap routine at a shoe and leather fair in Boston. Returning to New York, Miss Judge went into a ten weeks vaudeville engagement, followed by parts in stock and Ruth Selwyn's "9:15 Revue." In the second "Little Show" she sang the song bit, "Sing Something Simple," and while appearing in George White's "Scandals," was tested for the screen. She went to Hollywood and sat around for three months, then was suddenly chosen for the lead in "Are These Our Children?" directed by Wesley Ruggles. Three years ago she married the man, and their young son is named Charles Wesley Ruggles. Arline is 5 feet 1/4 inch tall, weighs 99 pounds, has chestnut hair and tanned skin. She likes many sports, particularly tennis, and horseback riding as well as swimming. After "Welcome Home" she started work in "Fly By Night" in which she appears with Robert Young. Her address is 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif., where you can write her for a photograph if you send 25c.

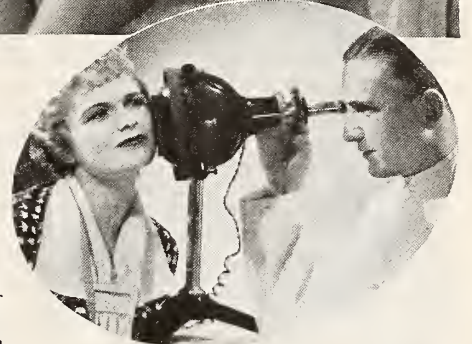
D. BLACK, E. CAROL, New York City; M. CHAISSON, Montreal, Canada; MONICA BRADY, ZITA NEZGODA, Bayonne, N. J.; DOROTHY KOSCH, ROBERTA SCHANNACH, St. Paul, Minn.; SELMA METTING, Goliad, Tex.; MADELINE HAMILTON, Garden City, N. Y.; R. H. White Plains, N. Y.; D. RICHARDS, Oronota, N. Y.; REGINA LAYDEN, Roslindale, Mass.; MYRON HAYTRO, Pulaski, Va.; MARIA MARTINI, Hartford, Conn.; M. A. C., Lincoln, Neb.; JOHN MACK, Phila., Pa.; HELEN HALL, Auburn, R. I.; PHILLIP, Iowa City, Ia.; MARY HONDA, Los Angeles, Cal.; ADELLA MARKIN, CAMDEN, N. J.; A GIRL FROM OLD VA.—Robert George Young (that's his honest-to-goodness name) was joyfully received into this world in Chicago on February 22, 1907, by his fond parents, Thomas E. and Margaret C. Young. Educated at Marengo Heights School, Seattle, Wash., and Lincoln High School, Los Angeles, Bob always wanted to act and gave vent to his urge by going in for amateur dramatics at high school. On graduation, he became interested in the Pasadena Community Play House and did forty productions for that group. Furthermore, he took a dig at the following businesses: drug clerk, reporter, building and loan association salesman, bank clerk, etc. Besides that, friend Robert toured the coast with the Moroni Olsen Players. (By the way, this same Moroni Olsen is playing the part of Porthos in "The Three Musketeers.") And having been seen by a scout in one of these productions, he was invited to have a test made. It was a success and M-G-M signed him to a contract, but loaned him to Fox for his first picture, "The Black Camel." Then came "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and Bob had made his name. This lad is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. His favorite sport is golf, he reads biographies and is simply nuts about his wife, Betty Henderson—she was his sweetheart in high school and he married her about four years ago—and his two-year-old daughter, Carol Ann. Bob's next picture is "Red Salute" in which he plays opposite Barbara Stanwyck. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

# They swapped powders!



☆ The Blonde's skin brightened—

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BLONDE: "Look! Your Brunette powder makes my skin glorious!"

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The two girls had happened on something that many a woman can benefit by.

Creamy-skinned, Miss Hope Gatins (left) had deadened her skin with *too light* a powder. Miss Marjorie Striker, dark-haired, had dimmed her fair skin with *too dark* a powder!

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beautiful. In blondes, a suggestion of bright blue intensifies that delicate transparency. In brunettes, a hint of brilliant green brings sparkling clarity!

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# between you and me

If you would like to have your letter published in these columns, you must write us something interesting about a movie personality or a phase of motion pictures that will interest everyone. Address: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Modison Ave., New York, N. Y.

## First Fan Letter



I have always been a movie fan but for the first time in my life I feel moved to write a fan letter. After seeing the artistic perfection of Nelson Eddy's performance in "Naughty Marietta," I knew that my reactions would have to find expression. He embodies the most unusual combination of charming personality, fine acting ability and superb voice it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. To see the audience in a large city theatre listen with breathless attention to Mr. Eddy's glorious voice and to hear that crowd break into thunderous applause to an empty stage and to see the people leave the theatre with dreams in their eyes, was to me a unique experience. Mr. Eddy is no doubt accustomed to ovations but I'm sure he has never had one more sincere.

I love good music and consequently have avoided musical pictures because I did not care to have my ideals shattered. I attended the showing of "Naughty Marietta" against my better judgment but found myself enthralled after the first few minutes. Thank you, Mr. Eddy, for your excellent rendition of the numbers and please be good enough to let a disillusioned public soon again have a glimpse of that rare thing—a man who has music in his soul. —Marilyn Parkes, Llanerch, Pa.

## Loyal to Buddy



All the world admires a person who refuses to give up and hasn't Buddy Rogers proved that "you can't keep a good guy down"?

We loyal fans who have backed Buddy Rogers right from the very beginning of his career ask that he be given another chance. Buddy proved in his early pictures that he could act and when he was refused the good stories he wanted, he didn't leave Hollywood to forget, as so many other stars have done. He started out to show the big shots of the film capital what he really could do.

He was a Broadway hit in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha" and later had his orchestra featured on two large radio networks. Recently he proved himself a success on the London screen with his portrayal of a real youth full of the joy of living in "Dance Band." Besides, in the last three years that he has traveled with his orchestra he has packed the theatres and night clubs wherever he has appeared.

Doesn't all this prove that he hasn't been licked? And he's even returned to Hollywood, where he has been working in "Old Man Rhythm," to show them he isn't afraid of what its kleig lights and glamor do to a career. —Marilyn Bonnell, M.I.-waukee, Wis.

## New Talent



Hurrah for "Escapade"—bound to make you forget the humidity in the air. Bill Powell proves to be a star with a heart in affording lovely Luise Rainer (pictured) to give full scope to her varied assortment of excellent talent. In short, he just fades into the background as the feminine contingencies in this picture disport themselves in the front line. What a grand bunch of femininity it is, too—Mady Christians and Virginia Bruce with Laura Hope Crews thrown in for good measure. I just ate it up and found it one of the best features of the summer output.—J. Edward Mulcahy, Waterbury, Conn.

## Hisses and Applause



About this wonderful star of "One Night of Love" and "Love Me Forever"—I wish to say I'm sick and tired of her posing and high-hat airs. Who? Grace Moore, of course. She's the most unnatural thing that there is in Hollywood. Did you ever notice any picture of her? She's sure to have everything "perfect" about her. No one ever seems to catch her unaware, or without that sugary smile on her face. That's what makes her so unnatural.

We fans get sick and tired of all that posing. I, for one, like Elisabeth Bergner (pictured). You certainly wouldn't call her beautiful, not even pretty—still she attracts attention by her very naturalness. Give us more of her!—M. G., Geneva, Ohio.

## Beautiful Horror



After I read your reviewer's opinion of "The Bride of Frankenstein," I just had to speak up in defense of what was to me a beautiful and infinitely touching picture. I have never seen a finer or more moving performance than that of Mr. Karloff as that pitiful, grotesque monster, reaching out in vain, for human companionship.

I realize that there are some people who do not like horror pictures, but I do not see how even these could fail to appreciate Mr. Karloff's magnificent work, to say nothing of the beauty of the entire production. I intend to see this picture again at the earliest opportunity and the fact that it drew capacity crowds during its showing here proves that the majority of fans do appreciate this type of entertainment.

Maybe you had better keep the Movie Scoreboard it seems a bit more accurate (Continued on page 85)



## BORN IN A HURRICANE

(Continued from page 47)

and vital—something with "guts."

Not long ago, in the devious manner in which such things happen, a man came to Wilcoxon with a strange tale. Somewhere between 120 and 150 degrees west of Greenwich and within thirty degrees north latitude lay five lost islands. Beautiful things they are, too, according to the fragmentary reports and seamen's tales that have sifted down through the century—lush and green, abounding in game and fresh water, surrounded by sea and sky, bathed in sun and the soft trade winds. Inhabited? No one knows. Treasure? Rich in natural wealth—or just an island strangely immune from the foot of man? Again, no one knows.

I GAVE up all ideas of following the sea for adventure," Henry told me, "long ago. It seemed there was no real romance left—nothing to do, no honestly hard jobs to go out and lick. When speed swept wood and sail from the trade lanes, speed and hurry swept the battle of a man and his ingenuity against the elements from the sea. Steam? Bah! It's as safe as a baby's crib! Gyroscopic compasses, radio, gadgets galore, tremendous hulks of steel driven at set speeds through any seas! They sail themselves. Thrilling situations at sea nowadays occur either through carelessness, bad seamanship or are one of those thousand-to-one shots that always happen to the other fellow—like winning the Irish Sweepstakes.

"And then this came along. I hardly believed it at first. New land, unexplored and, in reality, hardly discovered. In 1840 a sailing vessel making its way back to the States passed them miles off. The Captain made an entry in his log and paid no real attention to it. He wasn't interested. Maps, especially of Oceania, were rather vague and incomplete. True, they didn't show on his chart, but that didn't mean the islands hadn't been discovered and claimed years before.

"That was our first clue. We had his port of clearance and his destination. We had his number of days out of port and a fair guess at his approximate speed, but, as any sailor can tell you, that is far from sufficient knowledge to go cruising along thousands of square miles of sea with any hope of success. Next we heard of an old chart, rough and inaccurate, made by a venerable Captain of the old school who sailed quite close to the islands in 1860, twenty years later. By crossing their courses and, even allowing for glaring mistakes in their rule of thumb figures, working out their speed and dates, we've been able to narrow down the search considerably.

"Where are they, or, where do we think they are? Don't be silly! I'll tell you all that when I'm safely at sea and beyond all chance of being beaten to the Lost Islands. For years I've dreamt of this sort of adventure—just the three of us in a forty-foot schooner headed for parts unknown, to discover and explore. That's life!"

No one could call Henry Wilcoxon a frustrated man, despite the fact that he minimizes all the things that have happened to him in search of action. He has had plenty and he admits there is really no very good reason why he is alive today—except that the roaring inferno in which he was born seems to have implanted in him a strange, almost mystical, quality of



*Tom's Mother*  
*said she was careless..*  
**AND SHE WAS!**



BETTY: What's the matter?

BABS: (in tears) Tom's mother told him I was careless! And I did so want to make a good impression.



BETTY: I don't like to say it but I'm afraid I agree with her.

BABS: Just because I had that little bit of a stain under my arm?



BETTY: Yes! Your dress will never be really fresh and new-looking again.

BABS: But everybody has trouble sometimes with perspiration.



BETTY: Of course! That's just why you shouldn't risk a dress even once without Kleinert's Dress Shields.

BABS: I'll sew some in this very day! Then my dresses will last longer, too!



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Who trudges and shops;

And scrapes and peels  
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And broils herself  
In the kitchen steam,

And pushes a sieve  
Till she wants to scream.



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And she's asking, "Why?"

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scenting danger when logical thought gives not the slightest intimation of anything being amiss. A primitive strain in this barrel-chested man warns him of trouble—the back of his neck and spine tingle like an electric shock. It's just an intuitive warning, stronger in some than in others.

"Time and again that signal has saved my life," he says. "I can remember the first time it happened as vividly as if it were yesterday. I was scared stiff, if you want to know the truth. Just about as much scared by the funny feeling as by what happened. It was down in the Barbados; a bunch of us were playing cow-boy and Indians; I was the Indian and running like the devil to save my precious neck; we were galloping along over the top of a ruined Spanish fortress wall; just ahead was a stone arch, part of the wall, over which we'd run hundreds of times. But this time I stopped dead. No reason. I grabbed the others though they were yelling and fighting to get away. And just then that arch that had stood for centuries over a hundred-foot gully crashed with a roar that shook the island.

"It happened again when my brother and I were flying over the Alps. We were supposed to come down for the night on a small mountain lake. We got there just at dusk. Everything was serene, the sun painting the peaks in every color of the spectrum, and just below us the great, flat white expanse of the frozen lake. We started to circle down to an easy landing when that awful prickling started on my spine again. And again, for no apparent reason. I pulled up and gave her the gun. I know my brother thought

I'd suddenly lost my reason, but I headed for the shore, steep and drifted with snow—not a dangerous landing place, but certainly less inviting than the lake.

"I put her down with some difficulty and clambered out trying to explain why I'd done it—when I really didn't know! We made our way into the nearby village for the night—and then we found out. For months the villagers had been pumping water out of the lake from beneath the ice for their own use. Between the bottom of the ice and the surface of the water beneath was several feet of nothing. If we'd landed on the lake there is no question but that the strain would have been too great on the ice and we'd have gone through."

And yet this same man will sit down and tell you quite seriously that he considers acting to be the most romantic and adventurous calling today. In fact, he's "terribly keen" about it. The very uncertainty of an acting career appeals to him, the ups and downs that tag one from this picture to that all have an element of gambling in them that lifts them from the mundane. So, to Henry Wilcoxon, the land-lubber, it has the same powerful appeal that going down to the sea in sails has for Henry, the Lion-Hearted.

"Been awfully nice to see you," he cut my reverie off, "but I must be getting along. Stopping by the harbor to look over the new Marconi sail and make arrangements for auxiliary water tanks. We're really making quite a thing of this trip, you know. May be frightfully important if we do raise some new land, but, in any event—it's action!"

## HER MOTHER'S FAILURE BROUGHT HARLOW FAME

(Continued from page 27)

intimacy of this mother and daughter. Only this untold story of the first "Jean Harlow," who did not become a star, and of the second, who did, can explain it.

I DOUBT if this mother has had any of the fears, common to many mothers, of any man supplanting, completely, the depth of the bond between her and her daughter. Jean's early runaway marriage may have been a shock, but the mother, undoubtedly, understood that very young girls in fashionable boarding schools are apt to find romantic outlets when life becomes a routine of guarded classrooms. And that such attachments are not deep and seldom permanent.

Today, the mother must be grateful, for it was this marriage of Jean's which Fate used to give her life a twist it had not handed to her mother when she sought screen fame. The wealthy young husband took his adolescent bride to Hollywood for a honeymoon and this was her first lucky break!

Jean Harlow today credits her entrance into pictures to a bet. It is true, she took her first job to win a wager from one of her young social acquaintances. She was a young girl, living in Beverly Hills, and dashing hither and thither with young socialites, who thought she had no ambition to go into pictures. But we are not always aware of our true ambitions! Jean had not forgotten her girlhood thrill of watching Pola Negri enter a motion picture theatre. "I just wanted to touch her, then," she has told me. And that early impression must have left its haunting spell upon her.

Jean won the bet and entered pictures.

She signed with Hal Roach.

Many have wondered why Jean's grandfather imperiously ordered his only granddaughter back to Kansas City the moment she had won screen recognition, this first time. Perhaps we can understand now. His beautiful daughter had felt the lure of Hollywood, only to return to Kansas City. And now his granddaughter was feeling it. He would not have her disappointed. His word to "come home" was not a request, but a command. He commanded she break her contract with Hal Roach. So Jean Harlow, like her mother, returned from Hollywood to Kansas City.

But now there was the ambition of two women. The younger had won her opportunity. It should not be taken from her. I presume the combined arguments of these two beautiful women were too much for the determination of one man. Anyway, Jean Harlow divorced her young husband and the two "Jean Harlows" returned to Hollywood together.

You remember Jean began the second time in Al Christie comedies. And again, the elusive lucky break came to her at just the right moment. She was acting in a Christie short when Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall "just happened" to drop onto the set. They saw her and cried, "There's our leading lady for 'Hell's Angels,'" and took her immediately to Howard Hughes for a test. Jean says, "Howard Hughes was completely exhausted when he saw my test. He had looked at 700 girls when I flashed before him on the screen and he said, almost without thinking, 'I'll take that one.'" Another lucky break for the second Harlow or Jean as she became in



Hollywood. She replaced Greta Nissen.

It is weird—the way the lucky moments that had passed the “first Jean Harlow” dropped so neatly into the lap of the second! It is touching the way the one Jean Harlow was to fulfill the ambition of two women.

AND perhaps the luckiest break of all for Jean was the fact that she had, at her constant command, the experience and wisdom of two women. She was not one alone, battling Hollywood, she was two.

What might have happened if Jean Harlow had been forced to pass through *her* Hollywood experiences alone, as Barbara La Marr did! Her fame was so instantaneous and nothing can be as deadly a menace as quick fame. Then marriage, suicide, quick marriage and quick divorce. Ah, here were experiences which might have wrecked one Jean Harlow, standing alone. But with two of them, holding hands, combining experience and knowledge!

I talked with Jean Harlow not so long ago about her philosophy of living. She told me she and her mother had worked it out together. She said: “I am very lucky. The majority of girls my age do not have an understanding about life. They are mostly seeking not to be bored. They are hunting for a reason for living. While I have learned that life is a very glorious adventure. I am grateful—at twenty-two. I know how wonderful it is to be *alive*. There is neither a past nor a future. I have learned that. Do not misunderstand me. I am not a drifter, I am a fighter. But I have learned about the ‘plans of mice and men.’ I fight only for today. Once, I thought I knew what life would turn out to be. So did my mother. Now, I know there is no use in planning for something which may never come to pass. Why should one take away from the joy of living each day for something which may never happen, for something which *has* happened but over which you have no control. My mother has not had an easy life. Neither have I. We have worked out this idea of living, together.”

One Jean Harlow, alone? A girl who is still so young? Could she have worked this out alone? Could she have bounded to success, alone? Could she have faced what she has faced and won singlehandedly? I doubt it.

Each time I see the Jean, *our Jean*, on the screen, in performances which are assuredly growing better and better, I think of this hitherto untold story. I remember I am not seeing just one Jean Harlow—but two.

## THEY'RE STILL GOSSIPING

(Continued from page 40)

But it certainly was not significant of some tremendous change in my mode of living.

“Why must one be poured into a mould, anyhow? Why can't one be spontaneous and simple and do what one wants to do?”

“I've heard that one of the reasons people say I'm ‘ingrown’ is because I choose to see movies here at my house rather than go to the theatres. And that seems to me so simple.

“When I remodeled this place I added a fine play-room, a sort of little theatre that I knew would bring pleasure to my friends and to me, including a projection room.

“I adore movies, partly for themselves and partly because they are in my work

“Say, Joe...I've got one of our worries licked!”



THIS little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked. He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!



“It's swell, Joe!”

Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. A youngster takes it willingly... and it's *important* that he should. For the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a laxative he hates upsets his nerves and digestion.

And—Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for a child's *needs*—no harsh, purging drugs in Fletcher's Castoria such as some “grown-up” laxatives contain.



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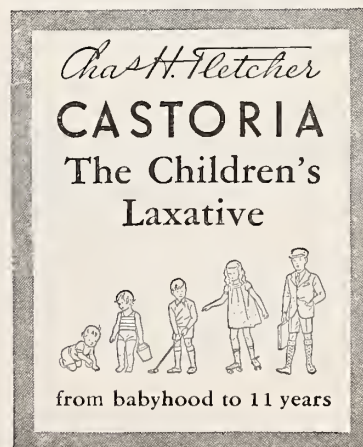
It will never cause griping pain. It

does not form a habit. It is gentle, safe and thorough.



“Tell your mom to get some!”

Adopt Fletcher's Castoria as your child's laxative—until he is 11 years old. Get a bottle today—the carton bears the signature Chas. H. Fletcher. Buy the Family-Size bottle—it's more economical.





## CHARLES FARRELL *chooses girl with* **NATURAL LIPS**



HERE'S WHAT CHARLES FARRELL SAW



### Film star picks Tangee Lips in inter- esting test

● When Charles Farrell says he prefers natural lips, doesn't that make you want to have soft, rosy, kissable lips?

Millions of other men dislike bright red lips too... that's why more and more women are changing to Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint!* Instead, Tangee, as if by magic, accentuates the *natural* color of your lips. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy, ask for Tangee and be sure you see the name Tangee on the package. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there's only one Tangee.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

# TANGEE

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New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



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and, therefore, a vital part of my life. And isn't it much nicer to have films sent over from the studios and see them comfortably in one's own home than to go out to a stuffy theatre? I think I'm terribly lucky to have the opportunity and I can see nothing odd about it.

"But certainly when I can't have entertainment brought to me I go to it. Concerts, stage plays, opera—I wouldn't miss them. I always go.

I BELIEVE that perhaps the answer is that I am one of the few people who actually love my home. It represents something to me—the beauty and security that was lacking in my early life. It also seems the reward for the hard work I've done. There is not a vase or a piece of linen in the place that I've not selected lovingly. It took months to complete. And what, then, would be the good of it if I were not to be in it?

"I won't follow the accepted pattern unless I like the pattern.

"On 'cook's night out' everyone in Hollywood dines out. But I have lots more fun. I cook the dinner myself.

"No, I'm not going to tell you that I'd adore cooking three meals a day, every day. I wouldn't. That would be dull and monotonous and I hate monotony. But I do like to cook. I think it's a real artistic adventure. And I'm a good cook, too.

"I manage my own house, partly because I like it and partly because I can save money doing it. Once I had a secretary who took care of things and then I decided that it would be better if I kept the accounts. I was amazed at how much I was able to save on both small and large ordering.

"Actually, I'm a frugal person. I learned that when I was on—well, you couldn't even call it a budget. You've got to have some money to budget and I didn't have any. But you'd be amazed at how little it takes to run this house, if you're careful about details. And I am.

"But I like to live nicely. I dress for dinner every evening (and I've heard that

criticized) and it isn't to put on swank. If it were, I'd certainly say so, because if I felt like putting on swank I would. I dress for dinner simply because it makes me feel good. After working all day under those glaring hot lights, with make-up on, it is the most marvelous sensation in the world to take off that make-up and put on a pretty dinner dress—a simple, cool dinner dress—and have a nice, quiet meal. Anyhow, I love pretty clothes. I wouldn't be a woman if I didn't. I really look forward to the dress I'm going to wear on the evening after a hard day's work.

YES, I *live* in my home, live in it in every sense of the word. Now wouldn't I be a fool to trot off to a beach when I have this pool here and this marvelous and private place for sun bathing?

"I can't see that I'm so odd or strange, can you? My life seems very sane and logical to me. But if it weren't, I wouldn't care. I've stopped that. I have never hurt anyone knowingly or willfully, in my life, but I live as I want to live. I do, insofar as I can, as I please. And I'm happy. I am as happy, I imagine, as any woman in the world!"

The sun bath was finished. She stretched her beautiful, long, lean legs. "And now I have to go to the studio for a wardrobe fitting," she said.

Suddenly I saw the maddening bustle of the studio, heard the incessant din of the lots. Even the thought jarred upon the peace of Joan's garden.

She must have read my thoughts. "Knowing how hard we picture people work, do you wonder that I love this peace?" she asked. "Realizing how much we play act, should anyone be surprised that I like to stop play acting when I come home?"

No, I don't. And one shouldn't. Joan is but reaping the reward of success—success that came from work, work, work. Certainly, she should be at liberty to take that reward as she likes.

Well—she is!

## DANCING LADY

(Continued from page 43)

and her mother returned to Atlantic City, where there was always a good job waiting for a good dancer, which meant that Eleanor had a good job. In the winter she returned to her native Springfield, Mass., where she helped teach dancing school and attended high school. Then came the summer when Eleanor was sixteen and at this eventful date, it was decided that she try her luck in New York. Now, you know, no one has much luck in New York at first, and neither did this better-than-promising ballerina. The town is full of postponements and promises and people's relatives who have an "in," and managers who want tap dancers when you can only do ballet!

"It seemed," said Eleanor, "that the only way out of a ballet bad situation was to learn tap dancing. And so, I took ten lessons from Jack Donahue—and that was all the tap training I've ever had."

Imagine! And this gal is the title-holder for taps. She's won the very stiff contest for five years in succession, a contest in which the judges sit under the stage and where perfect taps, shading and rhythm count. The contestants are never seen while in action, so beauty, personality and smart clothes are of no avail. You've gotta tap, sister, or you don't win. Hard lines for relatives! (Incidentally, Bill Robinson has held the men's tap dancing award

for years.)

"And so," continued Miss Powell, "with a few soft shoe routines to the good, I landed in 'Follow Thru,' a show that ran two years and gave me a chance to save up. Then came some other hits, and now the movies! I can't believe it. Wait 'til my grandmother sees the picture. She's just living for it!"

ELEANOR POWELL must be one of the minor mysteries to Hollywood. She is simple and unaffected and unspoiled. Nothing is too much trouble in order to perfect her work. Endless rehearsals, striving for new effects, bouncing out of bed at 2 a. m. to try a new step that has suddenly, out of nowhere, occurred to her.

"I'm always afraid I'll forget *how*," she confesses frightenedly. Suppose sometime, I just can't get going. I'm like someone who plays the piano by ear. He's always afraid that the last thing he's played is going to be—the last thing he's played. Oh, gosh, don't even let us talk about it!"

Eleanor talks as fast and as entertainingly as one does who loves to recount experiences. If she makes a misstatement, her mother corrects her. She said she danced twenty weeks at the Casino de Paree on Broadway. Her mother reminded her it was seventeen. "Oh, yes," she answered hurriedly, "you're right, it



was seventeen." She never attempts to take credit for what she hasn't accomplished. She'd rather be well liked than rich or famous. She did several years of vaudeville. Most troupers refer to it as "did"—like "doing" time, or something just as tedious. Eleanor made friends of everyone on the bill. Every stage doorman is remembered by her. She produced a little book which says: John Elmore, st. doorman Seattle—swell. Bill Everett, st. doorman Dubuque—swell. Jim Jason, Columbus, a little grouchy first half of week, but swell by Friday!

Yes, when people see Miss Powell, so tall and so expert in her profession, they forget she's only a kid. Then they meet her. After that, you somehow feel like getting out the roller skates and going after hot dogs. Not silly; just young.

It isn't easy to write the success story of a twenty-year-old who's been one—a success, of course—for so long.

AND when I started, all I wanted was a job," she'll tell you. "My mother had done so much for me. She was a widow when I was only two and ever since then her ambition was to try to give me the things my father could have, had he lived. Well, I've always wanted to do my bit and, just lately, I think I have."

Reports at Metro on Eleanor's performance in "Broadway Melody of 1936," are extravagant. Her dancing, of course, is the last word. Her acting, too, is said to be sincere and convincing. It would have to be that. Anything the Powell attempted would have to be that. She is under a long-term contract to the studio and will return to Hollywood after she appears in a Shubert musical show on Broadway.

"I like Hollywood," reiterates Eleanor. "Of course, I'd like to meet people who weren't so wealthy, too. You know, middle class, like I am. You know, without swimming pools. I get mixed up when I tell it, but—you know!"

And as she told all about it, Miss Powell packed to go to New York. Forty pairs of shoes—ballet and tap—all well worn, had to be crammed into a special trunk. Trick soles to make the taps come out clearer, and the pair that Jack Donahue fixed before he passed away several years ago—great-hearted Jack who helped the kids who wanted to dance and forgot to watch the clock to see when the lesson was up, Jack who starred in musical comedy, but never failed to notice the merit of someone in the chorus line. The pair that Mr. Donahue fixed for Eleanor has never been worn since he left the stage forever. To him, Eleanor gives credit for much of her success.

## IF YOU WOULD HAVE A FIGURE LIKE HARLOW

(Continued from page 45)

pull, but make your hands do the pulling until you feel the stretch down your neck and way down your back. Oh boy, that will stretch muscles that have been contracted for years. This is also wonderful for nervousness.

Now place your right hand on the left side of your head just behind the left ear, with the finger tips pointing downwards. Turn your head to the right. Relax. Put your chin just a little in front of your shoulder. Pull hard enough with your hand to feel a good stiff stretch down your left shoulder and into your back. Repeat on the other side. This is a sure way to

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Amazing Results with Yeast Foam Tablets—a  
Dry Yeast—the Kind Science finds so Abundant  
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IF YOU suffer from any of the common troubles listed above, let Yeast Foam Tablets help you correct the condition now. These pleasant, pasteurized yeast tablets have done wonders for thousands of men and women.

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Start now to eat Yeast Foam Tablets regularly. See how fast this dry yeast helps you to look better and feel better. Within a short time your whole digestive system should return to healthy function. You should no longer need to take harsh cathartics. You should have more strength and energy. Ugly pimples and other skin blemishes caused by a sluggish system should disappear.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Refuse all substitutes.

**FREE!** This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.



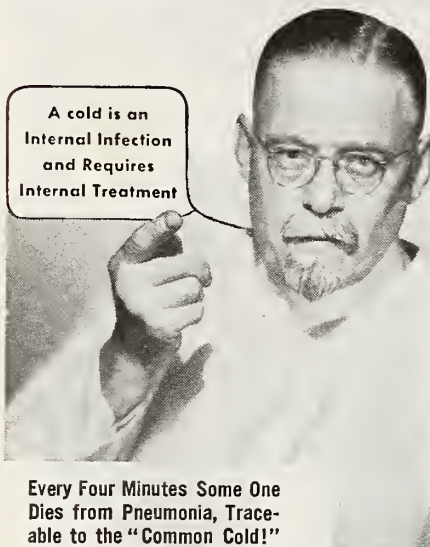
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# Don't Fool Around with a COLD!



Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

**DON'T** "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

## Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

## Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—35c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

# GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

have a lovely, long, graceful neck.

(Aside to Mabel Slater, Newark, N. J. Your picture was swell, too. You're a close runner-up for the Harlow resemblance. You must watch your little tummy and hip line, but you certainly have a million dollar smile. Use a little salt to season, when people tell you that you're perfect as you are. You can be *gorgeous* if you'll get just a little thinner.)

**AND** now back to Lois. Since you're living in Oakland, California, where it is cold and foggy a great deal of the time, you need plenty of heat producing foods. And this goes for everyone living in a chilly climate.

Starches are heat producing but since you need to lose weight take your starches occasionally in the form of a baked potato. Be sure to eat skin and all since next to the skin are minerals that the body needs. Eat rye wafers or whole wheat bread. Never eat bread unless it is two or three days old, or toasted.

Meat is another heat producer. Have meat at least once a day, but only broiled or roasted. And when you require sweets take only natural honey and fruit sugars, especially good are the sugars found in a very ripe banana.

(Aside to Beryl Lands, New Orleans, La. From the ankle to the knee you have a perfect Harlow leg. Looking at your picture, I can understand why they call you the Jean Harlow of New Orleans. But if you'd take off just a little weight from the knee to the hip you'd have a good chance of being Miss New Orleans or, maybe, Miss America. I was in New Orleans last year and I'll never forget the grits and gravy and all the rest of the swell southern cooking. It's wonderful, but, oh baby is it fattening! So be careful. You have a great deal of personal charm and a lovely looking face but listen, honey, don't slump. Stand straight and walk straight and dance for fifteen minutes a day with your shoulders thrown well back.)

So many of the girls who sent me their pictures this month are too fat in the hips. Well, that was Jean Harlow's trouble when she first breezed into my studio in Hollywood. Her body was beautiful but the hips needed shaving down. And Sylvia is the gal who did it. Here's the hip exercise I gave Jean. You girls need your mother or a girl friend to help you out.

Lie on a bed with your arms above your head and relax. Then have your helper

put one hand under your right arm and one hand on your right thigh and stretch the trunk as much as possible without moving the position of the hands. In other words, tell your friend to imagine she is trying to pull you in two. Do the same thing on the other side of the body. Darling, that breaks down the fatty tissue and keeps it that way!

And now, Lois, here's the last word. You're blonde, but I can't tell by your picture just how platinum your hair is. But here's a tip for you. Platinum is one of the most expensive things in the world—and that goes for the hair, too, especially when you lose it. Platinum hair becomes brittle and breaks so easily. So be careful. A woman's hair is her crowning glory—but a bald head isn't a pretty crown. And a wig slips sometimes. So keep your scalp loose with massage and always use plenty of oil on your hair before you shampoo it. And there you are—all the rest will be in my personal letter to you.

**O**H yes, speaking of letters I want to say this. I *personally* read and answer every letter I receive. Write me care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. I have so many people to help. I do not neglect anyone but I can answer you much more quickly if you will ask me just one question at the time. The other day I had a sixteen-page letter, with a question in every line. Now use your common sense a moment and you'll realize that that letter has to be put aside until I can take care of the more considerate girls who just ask one question.

And now, Lois, I hope you've had a thrill out of seeing your picture in this magazine. I'm sure it will help you. Let me know if you're being a good girl and doing the things I've told you to do. More power to you darling. Sylvia's for you every day in the week including Sunday and believe me I'm for all my other babies too, but I must demand that you make yourselves as attractive as possible.

And now, come on, you Crawford and Constance Bennett doubles. And you girls who look like Claudette Colbert. I want to help you, too. Remember you don't need to look exactly like the movie stars. In fact, you shouldn't. The basic type is what counts.

I want to see more of you! But when I get through with you there will be less of you to see!



Family reunion over, Jimmy Cagney threw a farewell party for the whole clan. They are l. to r., Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor (cousins), Jimmy's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cagney, Jim and sister Jeanne. Mrs. C. is seated.



## A TRIBUTE TO GINGER

(Continued from page 33)

how during the Charleston craze Ginger won a state championship, whereupon she was booked in vaudeville for four weeks at one hundred dollars a week. Virtually launched upon her theatrical career, in other words. And perhaps hearing this you've thought how lucky she has been.

ON the set that day Ginger told me more about that contest. Her mother objected to her entering it. Perhaps she felt Ginger had no chance. For she never had had a lesson in her life and skilled dancers were among the entrants.

"But," Ginger told me, "I didn't give up. I argued and pleaded. I made mother's life miserable, I'm afraid. Then finally, the night before the contest, I wore her down. And she went out and bought white Romaine crepe and brilliant trimming. And we worked all night. And in the morning the dress for me to dance in was finished."

For years I've watched the Hollywood girls, at close range, thanks to my work in the studios and the film colony friendships I hold so dear. And as I so often point out in my radio talks I find it exciting and inspiring to watch them build beauty and charm and fame for themselves. As deliberately and practically as you would build a house with either bricks or timbers.

In fact I'm pretty well convinced that the only difference between those who arrive and those who don't—in Hollywood or anywhere else—is that the first put their shoulders and their brains behind their ambitious dreams. And the others, except for an occasional spurt of effort, just sit and dream.

Ginger and Lela Rogers' troubles weren't over when that Charleston contest precipitated Ginger into the theatrical world, let me tell you. Quite the contrary.

"The worst time mother and I ever had," Ginger told me, "came soon after that. I had a vaudeville act I called 'Ginger Rogers and Her Redheads'. Another act came along and offered my redheads more money. They left me flat. Mother and I didn't have enough to pay our hotel bill, much less return home to Fort Worth."

It was in Chicago that this happened. So Ginger and Lela went to live in a theatrical boarding-house, in one of those rooms which people of the theatre who have been down on their luck never forget. A room with a torn and gritty carpet, half burned-out electric light bulbs, dirty lace curtains. A room which they loathed even while they wondered how they were to pay for the sordid, shabby shelter it offered.

So what happened? Did Ginger quit? Wire some old friend or a relative to send her money? She did not! She'd gotten into this jam and she'd get out of it. What if it did mean taking a job in a cheap cabaret. Dancing and singing torch songs. It meant enough money to pay their room rent and get them to Fort Worth via tourist tickets, even if it didn't leave very much for food.

And when Ginger reached home again was she discouraged by that experience? She was not! While her mother earned enough to keep them working on a local paper Ginger whipped another act into shape. A single. Something she could carry herself without any help from any other redheads.

# SEARCH YOUR SKIN



## FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your fingertips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you *do* feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

### A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there. It will probably shock you

to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

### The Proof Is Free!

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubricating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (18)

**FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

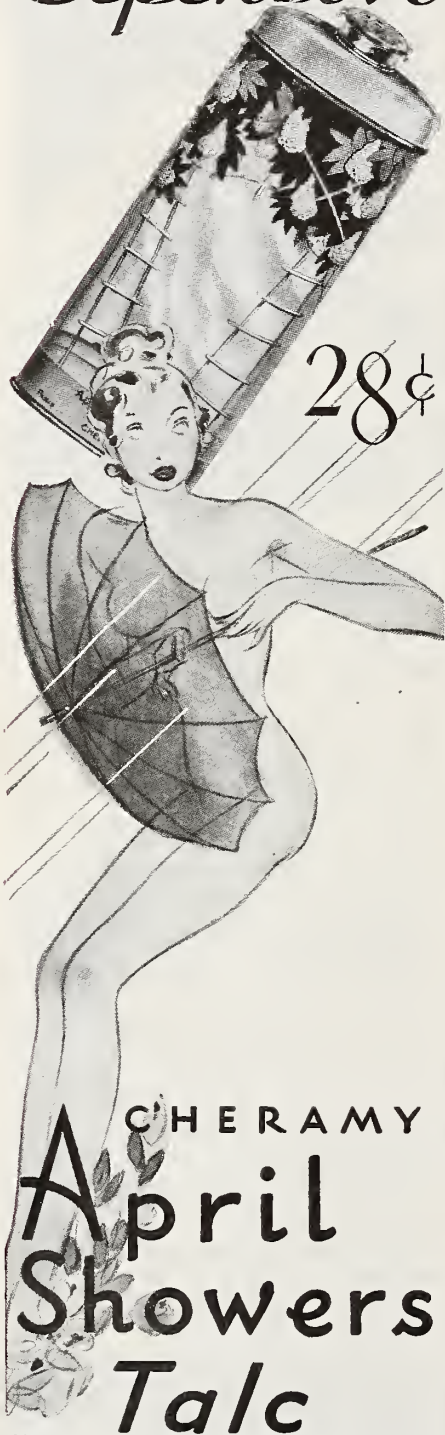
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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



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but not  
Expensive



IT'S thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"... And it's satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!



Whenever one of these kids signs up for a picture, a party is in order. So when Toby Wing departed to make a film in Canada, she gave the gals a spaghetti treat. Semi-circling the spaghetti pot are Grace Durkin, Marsha Hunt, Paula Stone, Toby and Pat Wing, Barbara Fritchie, Anne Shirley and Sue Carol.

Her first engagement was in Memphis, Tennessee. There's no need to go into the pinch-penny methods the Rogers had to use to get there.

"Memphis, Tennessee!" said Ginger. "Will I ever forget it? Or the practically empty theatre to which I played my first show. I was so nervous I had all I could do to get my feet off the floor and my songs out of my throat. The manager wasn't exactly impressed. In fact while I was doing my number he ordered his assistant to 'can' me. To get another act. And Mother heard him."

SHE laughed. But you knew darn well it hadn't been a laughing matter when it happened. For they'd spent their last cent to get to Memphis and they were strangers there.

"Immediately Mother told me what she'd heard," Ginger went on, "I grabbed her by the arm and we rushed out of that theatre to walk through the Memphis streets until it was time for me to go on again. Playing two shows, you see, I was entitled to my pay."

So Ginger played her second show. The theatre at the second show was crowded. That helped somehow. Ginger took it as a challenge and stepping out on the stage prepared to show them. When she danced, something hopeful and exciting and young stirred in the hearts of those who watched out there in the dark. And when she sang they dreamed and believed again.

"How easily she dances!" they whispered to one another. And "How naturally the warm, full notes flow from her throat!"

Not once did they suspect how desperately hard she was trying to please them—how consistently, step after step, note after note, she was giving all she had. For if they had suspected any of this she wouldn't have been such a hit.

Then there was the unhappy marriage Ginger had to overcome not long after this. Youthful marriages which crash usually aren't any great help to progress. But it was inevitable, I think, knowing Ginger and her impetuosity, that she must come to just such a marriage as she did when she was seventeen and she and Jack Culpepper, a good-looking vaudevillian, played the same circuit. Before their marriage which took place on the stage one night after the final curtain—in quite the romantic manner you'd expect of Ginger—Lela Rogers had plenty to say about this union. All of it unfavorable. But immediately that marriage ceremony was performed she stopped talking and began to hope for the best. However, a year later when Jack and Ginger were separated because their bookings now took them on different circuits, they wrote to each other admitting it all had been quite a mistake.

Whereupon Ginger didn't, as Eighteen so easily might have, sit down and dwell upon her disillusionment. Instead she worked harder than ever to shape a new, full life for herself. To continue with her self-improvement and become interested in so many things that the loss of no one thing ever could leave her bankrupt. To analyze exactly what had happened to her marriage so honestly and with such frankness that she grew neither cynical nor bitter. And so she came along through the years to her recent marriage with Lew Ayres with all the hope and belief of one who never has failed in this respect.

AND what of Ginger right now? Well, in the studios they'll tell you no one works harder than she does. It isn't, you see, simply her inborn sense of rhythm that sends her skimming over the dance floor in intricate, beautiful motion, that brings her such high praise from Fred Astaire. It's the weeks she puts in working on her routines before a picture goes into production. And Ginger is also mindful of personal progress. In the Rogers-Ayres house you find dictionaries everywhere. Since Ginger is ambitious to increase her vocabulary and become an easy, fluent talker she will admit no new word into her speech until she has become thoroughly familiar with it, with both its pronunciation and its meaning.

For little things like this I give Ginger as great credit as I give her for coming the long, hard way she has travelled to find her present success. It's so easy for us to develop blind spots about ourselves, never to see ourselves with a perspective.

And so I say Ginger reminds me of a swan. Because when she swims across the dance floor with beautiful grace it's due to the weeks and weeks during which she rehearses her routines. And because, if her biography indicates that she's come to her beauty, her fame, her wealth, and her stardom by a straight, easy road this is because she has let nothing down her. Because, like a swan, she's working hard and consistently always. Even if it isn't evident on the surface of things.



## HOLLYWOOD FADS IN THE MAKING

(Continued from page 50)

costumes from this picture. It was too early to get a complete layout of fashions for you but it does show you what Adrian is aiming at. And too, here are some of the things he thinks about these designs.

The most amazing and probably the one costume that will have the most fashion significance is the polo coat used for formal evening wear. This is exactly like your good old camel's hair model but is fashioned of a rich metal cloth and is worn over an evening gown of matching fabric. The lapels are exaggerated but the raglan sleeves, the stitched seaming and the sash belt of the original sports coat have been faithfully copied by Adrian in this luxurious fabric. Adrian feels this will appeal especially to young people who like comfort as well as novelty in their evening wraps. It is modern and gay, quite in tune with youthful spirits.

The formal gown which Joan was trying on this particular day has been dubbed "The Bounty" by Adrian. The name is particularly inspired because Adrian thinks that "it looks like a gallant ship in full sail." Much like those ships used in "Mutiny on the Bounty" which was being filmed at the same time. The shoulders of this gown are wide and very square. Looping up over the shoulders, like wide suspenders, the white metallic cloth forms a square neckline in both front and back. The belt is wide and the gown is floor length with a slight train. Joan wears no jewelry with this except a single wide jeweled bracelet.

The wedding headdress you can see on

page 50 is made of seed pearls in a scalloped coronet effect. Very charming for fall and winter bridals.

Of new fashion trends, Adrian says, "Generally speaking, women's clothes will be more elaborate than in some years. There will be an abundance of furs and embroideries. Tweeds will be more popular than ever, too."

Off-screen and about town, Joan has found a new spot in which to place her beloved fresh gardenias. She pins a small bunch of them to the brim of her new fall sailor of black satin. Of course, being fresh, they have to be changed every time Joan steps out but it's a swell idea, if rather impractical for the likes of us!

Incidentally, while on the subject of fresh flowers, I have to tell you that Marlene Dietrich wears real rosebuds for earrings. Try to trump that as an idea!

A trot over to Warners yields the stunning pictures of Dolores Del Rio which can be glimpsed on pages 48 and 49. This is the wardrobe that she wears in "I Live For Love." All the producers seem to have their stars living for something this month, what with Joan living her life and Dolores existing for love.

Orry-Kelly has done himself proud on this group of costumes. They are beautifully designed and are full of sparkling fashion details. As you can see, Orry-Kelly is much influenced by the Grecian trend of formal fashions. His evening gowns all have the drapery and the flowing lines that are characteristic of this fashion phase. You may be slightly con-

fused over so many different influences being apparent in fashions this season but that is what makes buying new clothes such an exciting pastime. To jump from military daytime clothes to Grecian robes by night and then off on another tangent into the period of the Italian Renaissance allows no chance for monotony in your dressing.

THERE is more than a bit of Renaissance in the dramatic black velvet gown and cape. The wide, starched white lace collar used so ingeniously for the entire decorative motif of the costume is typically Renaissance in character. The most amusing thing about the cape is the fact that it looks like a separate wrap but actually it is merely the great train of the dress brought up and thrown casually about the shoulders to form the cape.

Orry-Kelly says of Dolores, "White is Dolores Del Rio's best color. At least ninety percent of her wardrobe is in white and instead of making her look larger, as white is prone to do upon the screen, it makes her look slimmer and smaller. Next to white I like black for her, black velvet especially is becoming either with or without the relief of white. She looks well in the rich, deep shades of the Renaissance, too . . . the warm, glowing reds and wines, the regal purples, the golden yellows and antique greens."

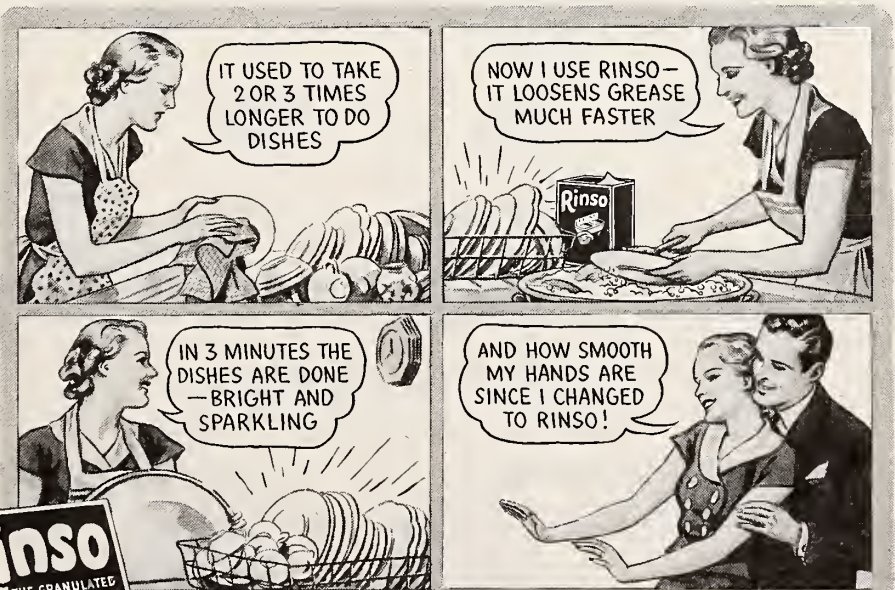
Pointing to the lovely white chiffon gown of Grecian inspiration, he says, "The Grecian mode is especially grand for Dolores, giving her an old-world grace combined

# NOBODY CAN CALL HER A "SLOW POKE" NOW!

*She can do a big pan of dishes in 3 minutes—let her tell you how*



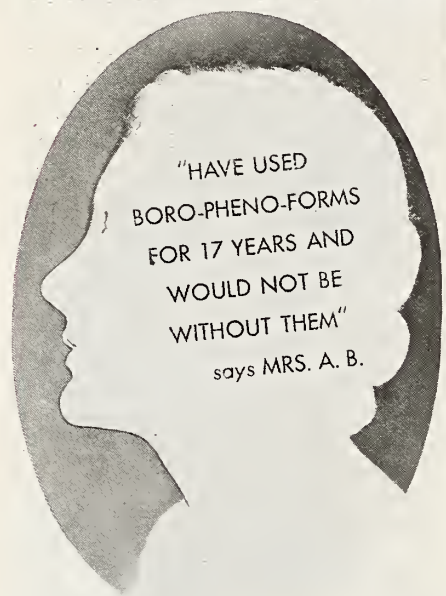
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with ultra-modern smartness. She looks best in these gowns that have soft fullness and drapery above the waist and long sweeping or draped lines beneath.

And showing me the white fox trimmed wrap that tops this charming Grecian dress, he said, "Dolores is one of the few women who can wear white fox without looking cheap in it." That is why he used it so lavishly for the top of this coat . . . double bands of the fur from the sleeves and the collar.

Although she rarely ever wears any hair ornamentation, with this costume, Dolores used gardenias at the sides of her dark hair. Again Orry-Kelly made a comment, "Though she usually wears her hair parted in the middle and swept back from her brow, she is successful when she varies it by parting it to one side."

Another white gown has less drapery but still follows the Grecian silhouette. It is soft dull velvet with the draped and bloused bodice cut to form a halter at the neckline which is ornamented by two clips. The skirt is folded across the front in a soft, straight drapery.

I simply couldn't resist showing you the bridal veil arrangement which Dolores wears with a regal satin wedding gown in a scene from her picture. A crushed fold of tulle is drawn nun-like under the chin and meets the veil just above and behind the ears where it is held by two miniature magnolias. The top of the head is left bare as the main part of the veil flares out from the back. A single large white magnolia is held in the hands. A perfectly charming idea and one which you fall and winter brides should copy.

Everywhere about Hollywood you notice that the stars are wearing flowers and more flowers, artificial or real. Besides Joan's gardenias and Marlene's rosebuds, there's Claudette Colbert's new black crepe afternoon dress topped by a waistlength cape of white velvet violets. Imagine such swank! And besides the cape, Claudette also has a tiny turban of the violets and a gauntlet edging of them on her black gloves.

Kitty Carlisle likes pansies and since the season is over for fresh ones, she wears a clump of velvet ones on her new purple-blue felt hat and a small bunch to match tucked into her belt. What's more Kitty can switch these pretties to other costumes when the spirit moves. These are all fads, my pets, and good ones to adapt to your own uses.

ANN SOTHERN is sporting a purple evening wrap to premieres that offers a startling yet right practical idea. The sleeves and gloves are all one . . . a cozy idea for chill winter nights, what?

You can have your heels or leave them off according to Hollywood. Many of the smartest gals adore the heelless evening sandals. Dolores Del Rio and Joan Bennett being two of these. Joan bought a dozen or more pairs recently and Dolores wears Grecian heelless ones for evening. Low heels are generally favored by a majority of the stars.

And how would you like to be all done up in suede? Dolores has an entire suit of chamois colored suede. Sally Eilers has an amusing peasant dress in Venetian blue suede with its short full skirt finished off with strips of blue, green, red and yellow leather. And just the other night, Frances Dee caused a small riot locally by appearing in a white suede evening gown, cut very severely, its only trimming a bunch of scarlet suede poppies. You can't say the cinema-ites are afraid to wear something new and daring.

The peasant type dress, by the way, is a great pet about town at the moment. Its tightly fitted basque bodice and short

full skirt have a youthful zest that appeals to these youth-loving stars. Marion Davies was showing me one of her favorite variations of the style. Hers is a navy blue skirt, very full, worn over a bright red taffeta petticoat and topped by a basque blouse in boldly printed taffeta. Huge sleeves are shirred into the armholes and caught into tight narrow cuffs at the wrists.

Over at RKO Bernard Newman is up to his ears in sketches and costumes for two new pictures . . . one is a group of costumes to be worn by Ginger Rogers in "In Person" and the other is the exciting job of doing costumes for Lily Pons debut in "Love Song." Since Mr. Newman had not yet completed all these costumes, I was unable to get pictures of them until later but a brief description of one or two will give you an idea of how fascinating they will be.

For Ginger there's a street costume in lightweight gray wool with short flared skirt and blue taffeta trimming at the neckline. Over this goes a two-thirds length coat printed in large dots of the blue. All her accessories are of the blue taffeta.

Then there's a perky, young looking cock-tail suit in which light blue and navy are combined. A peplum jacket is of the light blue and has sleeves and collar in quilted effect. The skirt is navy with fullness centered at the front below the knees. This, too, is taffeta.

One of the most dramatic of the Lily Pons' costumes is one ensemble in a metalized satin. The dress is softly draped in both skirt and bodice although the general detailing is one of great simplicity. Over this she wears a knee-length cape, fastened at the side with the openings bordered deeply in silver fox, a single jeweled ornament holding the cape together at the neck and shoulder.

I could go on and on, telling you about the new and interesting clothes you will see soon on the screen but this gives you some small idea of what a lavish hand is going into the designing of the stars' picture clothes this season. And too, what original twists the stars themselves give to their off-screen costumes.

I have prepared a new leaflet called "Star Tips to Smartness" which you may have by merely sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

### Dress Contest Winners!

Miss Elizabeth Lukens,  
9601 Genoa Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Miss Ruth Geyer,  
27 Alexis Street,  
Rochester, New York

Miss Phyllis Stevens,  
262 Jarvis Street,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Mrs. W. R. Geidt,  
Vermillion, South Dakota



## MYRNA KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS

(Continued from page 35)

for stamping the seal "team" on any two stars who have made a decided success together in one picture. It isn't a good thing for any man and woman to be co-starred so often that the fans look upon them as a team. Too many things can happen. A new contract for either—and the fans are bound to resent the career-divorce of two stars they have come to look upon as partners. Other screen partnerships have shown how disastrous a split can be for one or the other of a so-called team. Do you remember Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell? What I mean is, you *still* remember Janet Gaynor, don't you?

Because a "Thin Man" happens to come along, just as "Seventh Heaven" did years ago, and the man's and woman's parts complement each other so beautifully, there really isn't any reason to condemn two stars to a life of Hollywood service together, is there?

Of course you all know how Myrna started out being the weird exotic that Natacha Rambova saw in her and how her eyes (laughing American eyes they are with incredible lashes and a fascinating quirk at the corners) were elongated into mysterious Oriental ones. And after a few successful roles, a nice kid from Montana was amazed to find herself the Yellow Peril of all good American homes.

In the beginning Myrna took those parts seriously. She was only a kid. She laughed at them. And then suddenly she was determined to get away from them.

It isn't easy getting away from being a type. Myrna Loy discovered that. It was difficult to convince the studios she could play the heroines of "Penthouse" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady." But she did play them and so beautifully that out of them came a new type for Myrna . . . the gallant lady . . . the good sport . . . the ideal wife to lighten a man's dreams.

They've been saying things about Myrna in Hollywood since she took a plane for New York and the boat to and from Europe. That's she's temperamental. That she sulks.

"If it's temperament to stand up for your personal rights, to refuse to see a career you've sunk an awful lot of hard work into, threatened by an utterly unsuitable part, then I'm temperamental," she announced calmly. "But I don't sulk."

You can tell that by looking at her



## HE LOOKS FOR A "Yes" IN YOUR EYES

*How to give them tantalizing allure  
by framing them with long, seductive lashes*

**EYES** say more than lips ever can . . . so make-up must begin with the lashes . . . in 40 seconds Winx Mascara gives new beauty to skimpy lashes, lifeless eyes.

For only 10¢ you can improve your appearance greatly—you'll never know how beautiful your eyes can be until you try Winx Mascara—so buy it today.

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms—Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx per-

fectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

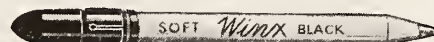
Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer *today*. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note Winx superiority—refuse any substitute. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

*Louise Ross*

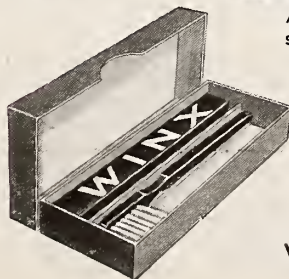
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La Dietrich and Gilbert seem  
verra interested these days.  
Mary Astor's with them at the  
Trocadero.



B R I G H T

## EYE IDEAS



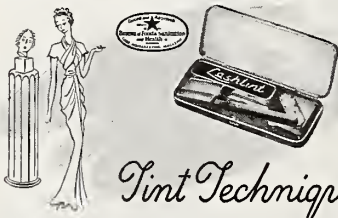
## THE NAKED EYE!

To YOUR naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into KURLASH. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! \$1, at stores near you.



Sweet Subtlety

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little SHADETTE—\$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!



Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashtint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! \$1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G-11. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

mouth. It's generous, that mouth, and when her face is in repose it quirks up a little bit at the corners, the way her eyes do. No doubt about it, it's a mouth that wouldn't mince words when it had to, a mouth that could be angry. But it wouldn't sulk. You know that.

"I've worked hard all my life. You see, I've always had responsibilities," she went on frankly. "And it's been good for me. It's made me more ambitious than I probably would have been without that pressure. 'People are saying I walked off the set of 'Escapade.' I didn't. I've never taken a run-out powder in my life. But the part made me unhappy from the first."

"My heart sank when I was made up for it. The girl staring back at me from my mirror wasn't the girl in 'Escapade' at all."

"She was an artless girl, an unsophisticated girl with charm enough to win the hero, a jaded artist and man about town. Luise Rainer became that girl when she subsequently played the part."

You knew instinctively what Myrna Loy meant. Regularly chiseled features can be toned down. But Myrna's face is provocative. Her tilted eyes and piquant nose could never suggest the quiet or demure. She has made herself look grotesque at times, she could undoubtedly achieve downright ugliness with tricks of make-up. But it is easy to see how impossible it would be for her ever to look plain or nondescript.

"Miss Rainer made such a grand thing of the part that I felt more than vindicated when I saw her," Myrna said simply. "You see, it was just one of those unpleasant things that so often have a way of turning out for the best for everyone concerned."

"Being unhappy about the way I looked in the picture was the least of it. There was a German version of 'Escapade' and Paula Weselli played the role I was doing. She was grand in it, so absolutely perfect that the studio wanted me to be as much like her as possible."

"For days I went on, so nervous and wrought up by the whole unhappy equation that I couldn't sleep nights. I knew I was being a phoney. Acting coy and demure isn't in my line at all, but if I could have done them as myself I wouldn't have minded so horribly. They might have been poor things, but my own."

"But I couldn't even be myself. I was to imitate another actress. My work is too important to me to endanger it without doing an awful lot of thinking about it. It got to a place where I couldn't stand it any longer and I went to the Powers. That Be and thrashed out the whole unhappy situation. No other picture was scheduled for me at the time, so after some discussion I was given a leave of absence. But the studio knew where they could reach me every moment I was away."

"I went home that morning and got my dog and his dog house and moved them over to a friend. I had to get away. Ever since I started in pictures I've never had a real vacation. I was going to have one now. Get away from Hollywood and get a perspective on myself. Be able to laugh at myself again. You see I was beginning to feel sorry for myself and I couldn't stand that."

"'Move over you!' I said to my dog as he sat dolefully in the door of his house looking up at me. He always senses when things are happening. 'I'm in the dog house too.'"

"But I didn't crawl into the dog house with him. I went to Europe instead and did all the things I've wanted to do ever since I was a kid and geography was the only subject in school that really interested me."

You can't ride over the Continent in a

plane as Myrna did and look down on farms and cities and see them dwindle to pin points on a green terrain without feeling that the things that are happening to you are really unimportant after all.

You can't walk up the Champs Elysées in Paris and see the naked flame, flaring over the heart of France's unknown soldier and read the simple inscription on that stone slab, without knowing that you have to live your own life as you want to live it. For all these things show how the years go on and how some things live and other things die and a lifetime is only what you make of it yourself.

"Life is leisurely in Europe," Myrna said. "I have friends there and when I saw how they lived it opened my eyes to the way things are done in Hollywood. We rush around and burn ourselves out. Early studio calls in the morning and then, after a gruelling day, we dash about just as madly in search of relaxation. They were so grand those calm, unending days in England and France... late breakfasts and after that tennis or golf... teas in country gardens and dinners with no one trying to outdo everyone else or racking their brains for smart or witty things to say..."

"But it was in Paris I saw something that struck me most forcibly of all. It was just before dawn and the farmers' carts were beginning to come in from the country on their way to Les Halles, the market place."

"An old farmer was dozing as his horse shambled slowly down the Champs Elysées, the reins held loosely in his hand and sometimes the horse would stumble and the old fellow would come awake with a jerk and sit very straight for a moment and cluck elaborately at his horse to show he was still master of the situation. Then his head would nod again and the reins slack in his hand and of course that cart got to Les Halles just as surely as though he were cracking a whip over the animal's neck all the way."

"It really was an object lesson. And I determined that from then on I was going to take a page from that old Frenchman's book of life, that I was going to take life and work easier than I ever had before."

"I'm not going to wait until I get in the dog house again before I take a vacation." She smiled ruefully. "I'm going places. Don't think I just want to play. I don't. I couldn't stand being the sort of person whose sole interest in life is to play bridge. Work is too important to me but it isn't the most important thing. Being a human being is. I'm going to take time out to travel and see something of the people and the world as it is lived outside of Hollywood. From now on I'm always going to have a perspective on myself."

There's no doubt about it that time has done things for Myrna Loy, has made her more vital, more knowing, has given her answers she did not know before.

Myrna threatened to desert Hollywood. For when she and M-G-M came to the parting of the ways, those smart producers, Hecht and MacArthur, signed up Myrna for a role in one of their Astoria-made productions. Myrna liked being in New York. She enjoyed the shops, the shows, the flavor of the place and all the other things that the Big City had to offer. But—think of it—a "Thin Man" without Myrna! Without her laugh, and her gallant acceptance of things as they come, without the little moué she made at her screen husband and at herself and at life. Impossible.

As we go to press, the M-G-M-ers and the Loy have patched up their differences and Myrna is in Hollywood waiting to start work in a picture.



## MUCH ADO OVER ASTAIRE

(Continued from page 39)

aren't there): If it's true that good writers must have emotions, these two should make Shakespeare look like a Sunday supplement scribbler.

(Fade Out on Scene 1)

### SCENE II

Time: Four months later.

Locale: An executive office in the RKO building.

(A press agent shows K.A. and A.W.F. in. His manner combines that odd mixture of deference and patience which press agents keep on tap solely for interviewers.)

P. A.: Mr. Astaire will be here any minute now and I'll bring him in. He's a swell guy. You'll be crazy about him.

K.A.: Will be? (she tilts the little brown sailor number she is wearing at what she trusts is a more beguiling angle. She chooses a deep leather chair in which she scores the advantage of the soft, dark lighting which filters in through the Venetian blinds. And, having made this flattering choice, she smiles sweetly at A. W. F.)

A. W. F. (as the press agent exits she reluctantly takes the executive chair behind a big flat top desk. She applies just a little more lipstick, carefully. She has no intention of looking too executive): You know, they say Fred Astaire won't talk about his personal life. His marriage or anything like that. Perhaps we'd better not ask such questions. I wouldn't like to offend him.

K.A. (every inch the thoroughbred): Why, my dear! I had no idea of asking him anything personal! A gentleman like Fred Astaire! Really! By the way, Pet, isn't that a new dress? A new hat? A new bag?

A. W. F. (more self-conscious than she'd like to think): Yes—er—you know I always buy summer things late in the season. They mark them down so!

K. A. (sweetly): Of course, I didn't dream that you'd bought all those new things for this occasion. I knew you must have some good practical reason, De-ah.

(A commotion is heard off-stage as the press agent with Fred Astaire comes along the hall from the elevator. Doors open so stenographers may peer out. Office boys shuffle along at a respectful distance unmindful of the "rush, special!" interoffice communications in their hands.)

P. A. (entering with Fred Astaire): Miss Albert, Miss Fletcher . . . Mr. Astaire.

(Ad lib greetings as both girls rummage frantically in their bags and at one and the same moment bring forth little blue cards which proclaim their membership in good standing in the Fred Astaire Fan Club.)

K. A. and A. W. F. (in triumphant union): We belong to your club!

Fred: Swell! (He turns to the P. A. in relief.) Am I delighted! I thought this was going to be an interview.

P. A. and K. A. and A. W. F. But it is an interview.

(Fred Astaire lets out a little groan and, like a man led to the electric chair, prepares himself for the worst. However, he smiles. His hazel eyes are bright, the whites very white. He is nicely tanned. And with all due respect to his tailor, the gray suit he wears is benefited by the fact that he wears it, by the lean, active lines his body lends it. He pulls a huge blue handkerchief from his pocket and mops his face. He looks expectant. As expectant as you look in a dentist's chair. Obvi-

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ously his reputed dislike of interviews is no pose. You can see he is making a valiant effort to hide his discomfort and appear gracious.)

K. A.: (softly, oh so feminine): You did your first picture with Joan, didn't you? Joan Crawford?

Fred (looking puzzled, not believing that such an innocuous speech could come from the mouth of a dreaded interviewer. He doesn't know *these* gals): Yes. Say, she's swell. Helped me learn the ropes. That's on the level, in spite of that cute little Hollywood rumor that I was displeased because my role in "Dancing Lady" wasn't big enough. I didn't want it to be any bigger. All I wanted to do was to learn a little bit what Hollywood was all about. You see, some people had sort of liked me on the stage and I figured that if I flopped it would be just too bad for me. (He grins. K. A. and A. W. F.—well, flutter, shall we say?)

Fred (continuing): My arrival in Hollywood is something I shan't forget. Boy, was I in a dither. You see, I'd just been married two days when the bride and I flew out. It was my first flight and I still had the shakes from that. And the studios were so huge, so impregnable with their iron gates. But once I was inside it was different.

A. W. F.: Of course, the thing I've never been able to understand is why the movie producers didn't give you a contract long ago.

Fred (he's interested now and much less nervous): Funny thing about that. Adele (referring to his sister, Lady Cavendish, with whom he danced to fame) and I made a screen test years ago when we were playing in "Funny Face." But they caught us just when the first popularity of musicals was on the wane and nothing came of it.

A. W. F.: What about the rumor that you didn't like "Flying Down to Rio"? We heard you tried to buy up the negative so it would never be released.

Fred (he grins, that grand smile of his): I heard that, too, and boy, was I ever flattered. I went around saying, "Astaire, they must think you're pretty good." First I was pleased that anybody would think I had enough money to buy a film—that would be about a million dollars, wouldn't it? And second that I'd be such a great artist that I'd try to stop something that didn't suit me artistically. As a matter of fact I liked "Flying Down to Rio."

(K. A. just smiles sweetly and snuggles deeper into her leather chair. As she looks at Fred Astaire you expect to hear her purr. But actually there is no sound.)

A. W. F. (carrying on for the two of them. Annoyed that she should thus be forced to seem the aggressive type, she gives K. A. a dirty look, which K. A. ignores): Were there dancers in your family? There must be something to account for you and your sister?

Fred (he doesn't mind talking now): Not a one. My mother is grand looking. Young and slender. But she won't even dance a step with me. There was never anybody about whom I know associated with the theatre. Adele was sent to dancing school when she was six—like most kids in the neighborhood. We lived in Omaha, then. Later, when we moved to New York I was sent to dancing school. I remember just one thing about that first teacher. He used to put his foot on a chair like this (his movements off screen are as graceful as his on-screen dances. There is a flow of motion which seems to have no beginning and no end) and, with a stick, he'd beat time on the slats. But I learned what showmanship I know from a man we met in vaudeville.

K. A. (being helpful about the interview

for the first time): You went into vaudeville as kids?

Fred (he smiles, remembering): We needed the dough. My folks had some tough breaks. In spite of this my mother fought against the stage. But my father, feeling we kids had some talent, was all for us. And we were crazy about the theatre. I don't even remember how we got the job. I think my father knew a man who knew a man or something. At any rate, there we were trouping all over the country and learning about routines and arrangements as we went, sopping up theatrical tricks like a couple of small sponges. It was swell.

A. W. F. (taking the interviewing reins into her own hands again as K. A. lapses into the demure little southern belle with soft, big brown eyes): How do you plan your dances?

Fred (both girls realize that he loves to talk about this. And they figure that, if the fans are half as interested in how this master dancer achieves his effects as they are, they'll let him go on. He is now earnest and eager): Want me to start from the beginning? (as K. A. and A. W. F. nod he proceeds): I'm given the music by the composer. Irving Berlin's doing the stuff for "Follow the Fleet." I go to the studio every day and work on routines from ten until six. My assistant and I have an empty stage where they put a piano and full-length mirrors. It's real work. By the time the picture has started I've lost several pounds. I mop those pounds off with my handkerchief.

This assistant of mine is grand. As I'm dancing he sits there and says, "Not so good, Fred," or, "I'd cut that a little, make it quicker."

Then I'll have a tough day. What I want to do then is go home. I want to quit for good. But he won't let me. "Stick around," he'll say, "until you've done your one good deed for the day." That doesn't mean helping an old lady across the street or giving a blind man a nickel. He means for me to get one good step, one good idea.

And it's funny but when one comes another follows. It starts going great and I feel good again. And before we know it we have a routine.

A. W. F.: And how does Ginger Rogers' part work in?

Fred (his admiration for Ginger is unbounded): After the basis for the dance is doped out we work together, plan double tricks. I'd feel like a fool working out a girl's steps. But Ginger's quick. She's swell.

K. A. (snugly): I never see Ginger Rogers. (Fred looks very puzzled. His eyes voice his question. And K. A. positively preens, as she says) I only see you.

Fred (he is really worried now. The blue handkerchief appears and he mops his brow): Gee! Really? Do you mean I do too much, try to steal the spot? Because if that's so I've got to change. Really she's good. And it's the girl your eye should follow. What can I do?

K. A. (not at all embarrassed): It's nothing you can help.

Fred: But, I . . .

A. W. F. (hurrying in with conversational first aid): Katherine means, Mr. Astaire, that if Pavlova and Nijinsky and Bill Robinson himself were on the floor with you, she'd only see you. And (trying to be shy in a very blonde way) that goes for me, too.

Fred (quickly changing the subject): You mentioned Bill Robinson. Now there's a dancer. He can dance any time, anywhere. It's like breathing to him. He'd walk in this room and if you said, "Rip off a couple of steps, Bill," he'd dance. Just for the joy of it. I can't do that. I've got to have the routine set and the



music right. At parties when I'm asked to dance I couldn't get my feet high enough to step over a thread.

A. W. F.: Do you enjoy ballroom dancing?

Fred: No, I don't. I seldom dance at a night club. You see, dancing is work to me. But it's work I love.

A. W. F.: How about the stage? Are you going to do a show this fall?

Fred: I couldn't, you see. I've got to make money. And if I went into a show and it was a success it would run about six months and where would the picture career be by that time? Can't take a chance. Can't go on dancing forever. Gee, audiences are going to get tired of me.

K. A. and A. W. F. (to each other in the well-known unison): Tired of watching him? Tired of watching *him* did the man say? (They shake their addled heads in confusion): Quite mad!

P. A.: (returning, looking at his watch significantly. K. A. and A. W. F. know the inexorability of this subtle signal. They gather up their belongings as if they were in a daze. Fred starts to go, too, relieved that the interview is over but is stopped by the following speech): Wait a minute, Fred, sixteen more interviewers want to see you. I thought we could clean up about five today.

Fred (he looks like a man in a ship fire, hunting for life boats): Oh, no, say listen, I have to go. I mean, don't let me in for anything like that. Why, I can't think of a thing to say. I'll just be a dud. And honest, they won't like me.

P. A.: And there are some cameramen downstairs waiting to grab some pictures of you. It'll only take a minute.

Fred (mopping his face with the big blue handkerchief): I... well, that's swell and awfully nice of them... but, you see...

(K. A. and A. W. F. tip-toe quietly off stage, leaving Fred and the press agent alone as...

(Fade Out on Scene II)

SCENE III

Time: Ten minutes later.

Locale: Same tea-room in Rockefeller Center, New York City. Again the same hubbub as in Scene I. K. A. and A. W. F. enter. If they were not so starry-eyed they'd be thankful that Mary Burgum and Adelia Bird are not alone. The head-waiter slides a discreet glance at them—seemingly attributes the far away look in their eyes to the heat and leads them to a nearby table. They can be led. He flips menus before them. Cocktail menus, luncheon menus. They see neither. They sit down and stare into space. The waiter retreats, defeated, without an order.

A. W. F. (at last): Well, my pet, I must say that you weren't your usual aggressive self this morning. What is it that your husband says about you? "Give her a horse and a sword and she'd be a general." I didn't notice any wonderful generalship during *that* interview. All you were doing was being the demure little southern girl all over the place.

K. A.: Why, I don't know what you mean.

A. W. F.: I mean that you didn't exactly pin Fred Astaire down with questions! Only with glances!

K. A.: But, Angel, you were having such a wonderful time showing how clever you were. The quick-thinking, trigger-minded modern woman. He must have been so impressed with your savoir faire. I'm sure you wouldn't have wanted me to spoil such an—er—illusion, now would you?

A. W. F.: When you turn Girl Scout, kneel deep in good deeds...

K. A. (going vague again): Good deeds. Cute, wasn't it, the way he called a dance trick a good deed?



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A. W. F.: He didn't call it that. His assistant did. Were you at this interview?

K. A. (belligerent): Well, he said it. A. W. F. (having impressed Fred Astaire with her shrewd interviewing tactics, she now lets down and goes vague): I like his voice. And the way he mops his face when he's embarrassed.

K. A. (more kindly, at once): And he has nice eyes . . . keen, level, you know.

A. W. F.: Yes, I know. I noticed! His

grin is nice, too. That's a fine tan he has, isn't it?

Waiter (interrupting and a little frightened): Will mesdames order luncheon now?

K. A. and A. W. F. (as if they have just returned from some far-off place): Luncheon? Luncheon? Oh, yes, to be sure, luncheon.

"Fade Out—none too soon—on Scene III—and two interviewers who aren't what they used to be.)

# CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL

(Continued from page 46)

job led to another. And so, after all my amazing first experiences in Hollywood, after what, in my small way, I called success and failure I was now one of the thousands of girls whom you see dancing in the background on a ballroom set, diving into swimming pools on supposedly wonderful Long Island homes, applauding someone on a stage in a theatre shot.

I WAS determined now that I was an extra I was not going to be an "average" one. I was ambitious. I had said that if I did not become a leading woman in a year I was going back home. So when some of the others who were just in the game to make an easy living would lag at the back of a dancing set so they would not have to work so hard, I'd volunteer to be close to the star. And when the others would ask me to gay parties I would say I was tired and had to go home. I felt this would get me somewhere. It was years ago that I made these resolutions. And I'm still an extra. Sometimes I wonder what's the use. Yet this is the only work I know. It brings me a living on which I can get by and I have the hope that some day, some time I will be "discovered"—that some director will pick me out of the crowd and give me a chance.

And now I must tell you about my life as an extra. I must tell you how we extra girls know the stars. I can't write this in chronological order. I'm just going to jump around and tell you how I see your favorites, because I've been on the set of almost every big star in Hollywood.

Norma Shearer is exceedingly nice on the set. She speaks and bows to everyone when she enters. And will chat with the extra people when they're near her.

You know that laugh of hers on the screen? She has the same laugh in real life. Her manner is easy and nice. But when her husband—and also her producer—Irving Thalberg comes on the set to untangle some difficult scene, she is as nervous and jumpy as a bit player.

They call each other "Miss Shearer" and "Mr. Thalberg" and you'd never dream that they were married. They are star and boss when I see them together.

Norma is very careful about her work and will go to any amount of pains to have everything just right. Some people feel that underneath she is cold and hard, but I have never noticed it.

Marlene Dietrich is the most amazing star I've ever seen. I've tried and tried to make her out but I can't. When you catch her face off guard it is the saddest face in the world and when she is on the set she seems to have eyes for no one but Von Sternberg. I wonder how she is going to behave with other directors now that Von is no longer with her.

He is the boss of the set. He storms and raves and is so sarcastic that everyone trembles. Once I heard him bawl out an old extra woman so mercilessly that

she cried. The electricians were planning to beat him up. Really I thought for a minute they were going to kill him, but the old woman begged them not to do anything to get themselves in trouble.

And through all this Marlene sits by and watches as if she did not see. It is as if her mind and heart were thousands of miles away. I watched her for an hour, once, without seeing her expression change.

The only time she is bright and gay and lively is when she is with her little daughter. Apparently that child is the only thing in the world that means a darn to her. And yet she seems to hide her emotion even for her child—hide it by treating her almost as a father treats a son, rather than as a mother treats a daughter. She slaps her on the back and tosses her around and laughs and jokes with her. And when the child is gone, Marlene's face settles down into that world-weary, pitiful masque.

Of course, Carole Lombard is a nut. You can hear her coming five minutes before she arrives. (We extras are always on the set before the principals.) She is usually surrounded by about ten men and they're all laughing and talking—Carole doing most of the talking.

The minute she comes on the set things begin to happen. She always has a million ideas for different scenes. Once she told me she wanted to be a director but I don't know whether she was kidding or not.

Now most stars, when they've finished a scene, go into their portable dressing-rooms and stay there. Not Lombard. She's having too much fun. She clowns around with everybody and they've got to tell her to "shush" a dozen times. I've never seen such energy and vitality. She's a nut—but I like her.

CLARK GABLE is my favorite male actor. And I'm not crazy about him from a romantic standpoint, either, as some of the girls are. I like him because he is a swell, regular guy, a man who does his job without any huff and puff.

He is "all things to all men." With sentimental women stars who like to talk about their "great art" he is sentimental and will talk about art. With he-men he talks of nothing but hunting and fishing and the great outdoors. And, as a result, everybody likes him.

A lot of the stars seem to feel that we extras have no ears and I was once nearby when a couple—both of whom were married, but not to each other—made a date for a meeting at a beach house in Malibu to be quite alone. I've never told anybody about hearing that. But it does hand me a laugh to see the woman photographed with her husband and the man with his wife, going to all the smart places. And it's one movie scandal that has never even been whispered about.

Jean Harlow sews on the set all day long. She is very friendly but it seems to



me that she is always trying hard not to appear to be the sort of girl she plays in pictures. I realize that it is a handicap for a star to be habitually cast in tough, hardboiled roles. She must feel it necessary to make an attempt to dispel the illusion that she is tough and hardboiled off screen. But sometimes I think she tries too hard.

I was on the set the day that Harlow came back to work after the suicide of her husband, Paul Bern. I must say she was very brave. We were instructed beforehand that none of us were to extend sympathy or to mention the tragedy at all, for fear it would break her up too much and she would be unable to go on. Although everyone felt terribly, we tried to be as gay and as casual as possible. And, except for the fact that Jean only laughed when she had to do so in a scene, you would never know anything had happened.

I feel very sorry for Mrs. Temple, Shirley's mother. That woman is trying very hard to keep little Shirley from being spoiled. But it's a difficult job. As yet, Shirley is still the same, level-headed kid she's always been, but sometimes it is sickening to see how the actors gush over her.

The men actors are always saying, "Will you marry me, Shirley, when you grow up?" The women are always admiring her curls and her clothes. If Shirley is ever spoiled, her fans won't be to blame. It will be the actors on the set with her who are at fault.

I COULD go on like this for pages, telling you about my impressions of the screen stars but since this is my story as well as a story of Hollywood I want to tell you what personal adventures I had.

You remember the artist, Bradley, who got me on the Garbo set? Well, he was being more than kind to me. And although he argued with me all the time, begging me to give up the idea of being an actress, telling me that I didn't have a chance in a million, I knew he was fond of me.

One night I came home to my little apartment dead tired (I was on a ballroom set and they're the most wearing of all) and found Bradley waiting in the lobby for me.

When we were in my apartment he took me in his arms and said, "You know, darling, I love you."

I laughed. "Well, I don't know." He was almost gruff about it. "I do," he said.

And I told him he wasn't acting at all like a movie lover.

"It isn't my intention to do so," he said. "I don't like movie lovers and I didn't come here to make love to you. I came to ask you to help a girl out of trouble. I just wanted to tell you I loved you first so you will believe me when I say this girl is merely a friend of mine—nothing more."

"You remember the 'quikkie' director you told me about, the one who was rotten to you when you first came to Hollywood?"

I remembered all too well. Bradley continued, "He's pulled the same stunt on another girl. The only difference is that she reported it and now that rotten little director says she is trying to frame him and he never saw her before. If you'll be brave enough to testify that he had also been fresh with you it will help her out tremendously."

I hesitated a moment. This might, I felt, hurt my poor little career. And then I remembered how Joan Crawford had said I could repay her for her kindness by helping another girl who needed help.

"I'll do it," I said.

But I didn't know what I was letting myself in for.

(To be continued)



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## REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

**Amazing New 2-Minute  
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BLACKHEADS, OILY SKIN  
COARSE PORES!**

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she has given the rest of Hollywood's young ladies something to shoot at. As the heroine of this romance of a small town girl she has captured all the charm and sympathy that Booth Tarkington originally wrote into the character, and when La Hepburn captures things they're really captured. Her pappy, Fred Stone, has been a clerk all his life, which means that Katie isn't often invited to the parties of the wealthier belles about town. She makes one of them, though, and that's enough for her to meet Fred MacMurray. Her attempts to keep him from knowing her family's financial status furnish a good deal of the picture's entertainment, the highlight being a dinner party serviced by a none-too-graceful daughter of Ethiopia hired for the evening. Hepburn, beautifully photographed, has a swell supporting cast in Fred Stone, Frank Albertson, Charley Grapewin and the aforementioned Mr. MacMurray.

**Preview Postscripts**

Miss K. Hepburn rivals Miss G. Garbo in managing to get publicity by ostensibly avoiding it. She ducks into corners, hides under benches and climbs trees when a photo-sleuth appears, yet reads all her fan mail sitting on the curb at the studio gate. There's no hokum, though, about keeping her private life really that way. She's famous for securing the quietest divorce ever heard of in Hollywood from her stock-broker husband. And the quietest wedding bells were the ones for her and her manager, Leland Hayward. Booth Tarkington's famous story has long been a rôle that she's tried to convince the studio heads to give her a try at. "Little Women" was another. . . . This marks the début of the head of the house of "Stepping Stones" in films. Fred Stone has long been in demand by the studios, but he was too fond of the footlights to pay much attention. But there was a long time when Mr. Stone wasn't in demand as an actor. Following an airplane smash-up he was told that he would never again walk, let alone dance. But the doctors didn't reckon with their patient. . . . True, he had to walk on crutches for a good many months—but he learned to dance on them, too. . . . Evelyn Venable is married to Hal Mohr, a cameraman, and living high up in the Hollywood hills in a modest house. They put all their money into the view. . . . Hedda Hopper's one of Hollywood's most sought-after ladies. She's a former De Wolfe Hopper wife, but famous in her own right, too.

**★★ Dante's Inferno (Fox)**

If Signor Dante should happen to drop into a movie theatre one of these days he'd discover that the boys at Fox have taken considerable liberties with his poem. He'd find his Inferno a carnival concession run by Spencer Tracy, who puts Hades over with a bang and builds himself a gigantic amusement park and a colossal gambling ship. We hate to say it, but Spencer uses somewhat shady methods to acquire his holdings, much to the chagrin of his wife (Claire Trevor) and her father (honest Henry B. Walthall). Don't get the idea that these goings-on are a kick in the pants for clean living. On the other hand, Spencer pays and pays. In his amusement park Hell breaks loose and falls on a number of his customers, and on its maiden trip his gambling ship goes up in flames. In between all this you are given a peek at the real Hades and its clients, and it

may or may not amuse you to note that there are no blondes down there. At any rate, you'll find Spencer Tracy a lot better than the picture and Claire Trevor neither Garbo nor hard to look at.

**★★★ Curly Top (Fox)**

The obvious thing to say about a Shirley Temple picture these days is that the burden of keeping things moving rests entirely on the frail shoulders of little Miss T. Nevertheless, it is quite apparent in "Curly Top," as it has been in this young lady's recent releases, that without her presence her vehicles would fall apart before our very eyes. It must be admitted, then, that Shirley's presence is something indeed, for in this case she turns an otherwise dull and dreary picture into an engaging and often sprightly screen play. As sisters in an orphan asylum, Shirley and Rochelle Hudson are adopted by John Boles, a wealthy patron of the place. You can practically guess what happens from there on, which is why we're not going to tell you. At any rate, Shirley sings and dances with her customary charm, John Boles lends his baritone to a couple of pleasant ballads, and Rochelle Hudson is lovely to look at. If you are an admirer of La Belle Temple (and who isn't?), we'd advise you to see it by all means.

**Preview Postscripts**

Miss Shirley Temple holds the title of Hollywood's most fickle femme. Her current leading man is always this blonde's Big Moment. Among those to succumb to her charms have been Jimmy Dunn, the late Will Rogers, Joel McCrea and Gary Cooper. And now it's John Boles. Though one of the happiest married men in town, rumor has it that many a night he phoned home saying business detained him at the studio while, in reality, he was reading funny-papers to Shirley. She's just returned from a three-weeks' trip to the Hawaiian Islands with her parents. . . . John Boles has two daughters of his own, aged seven and fourteen. Mr. Boles didn't do any leaping into the limelight. He worked for more years than he cares to remember before attaining anything even remotely resembling success. What's more, he claims that whatever credit there is for his fame goes to his wife, Marcellite. . . . Nothing seems to tickle the American fancy quite so much as an absurdly English Englishman. So Arthur Treacher zoomed to fame in this country. Though his family thought he looked serious enough to train for the bar, Arthur thought he looked funny enough to go on the stage. Which he did, but was never appreciated 'til the Shuberts brought him to America. He had the Winter Garden audiences spellbound in no time, and soon had Ethel Barrymore, Mary Ellis and such clamoring for his talents in their plays. . . . Rochelle Hudson is an old-timer in town, having crashed the fillums at the tender age of eleven. She's been working off and on ever since, but finds time to swim, play tennis like an expert and ride a bicycle twenty miles a day. . . . Producer Winfield Sheehan was recently married to Maria Jeritza at the Santa Barbara Mission. Never been married and never been in love 'til he met Jeritza a few weeks before. Mr. Sheehan's life story puts Alger's to shame. Born to poverty-stricken parents, he sold papers, wrote for them, and for many years now has been one of the outstanding leaders of the motion picture industry.



### ★★★★ The Thirty-nine Steps (Gaumont-British)

Here, movie-goers, is the answer to the question you've been asking—"When will we see Robert Donat again?" After "The Count of Monte Cristo," as you probably know, Donat returned to England where he did a play—and this picture. It's a grand film and he is grand in it. A fast-moving mystery and plenty of good fun are mixed with the chills. Donat and Madeleine Carroll, who plays opposite him, have many chances to show their skill at the light comedy touch. The plot moves along like greased lightning—and while, like most mystery plots, it isn't noted for strict adherence to realism, it's believable enough. Has to do with a traitorous organization called "The 39 Steps" which is endeavoring to sneak some valuable state secrets out of England. All this leads to much dirty work on the Scottish moors and considerable glib talking and fast action on the part of Donat. The settings and scenery are interesting. There are some excellent bits of acting by lesser characters. The direction is smooth. And Donat—we repeat—is grand. We wish he'd make more pictures.

### ★★★ Every Night at Eight (Paramount)

An unpretentious little musical number is this one and we chalk it up on the scoreboard as pleasant and mildly diverting entertainment. Obviously fashioned to catch the fancy of the amateur hour devotees, it has Frances Langford, Alice Faye and Patsy Kelly as three working gals who have a yen to sing. In fact, they have a talent for it, and after an appearance on one of them that amateur programs they join up with George Raft, who has organized a band and wants to go places. It won't surprise you to learn that success comes along eventually, and with it romance, although everyone in the audience knows that Frances Langford is in love with George Raft about three reels before the news gets home to our hero. Patsy Kelly helps things considerably with her rowdy comedy, and the Langford gal, when she's photographed better, will turn into a good screen bet, for her voice registers well. George Raft is George Raft, and that can mean whatever you want it to mean.

#### Preview Postscripts

Getting the drop on television, Mr. Wolter Wonger gives us a look at Miss Frances Langford worbling into the microphone. Miss



Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody."

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Longford was waffled to fame on the air waves, after a season or two in the musical comedy racket. On completing this picture she tucked away a nice plump movie contract with her Columbia Broadcast one. Weighs 96 pounds but can beat a half dozen husky gals when it comes to hard work. She's dippy about Dobermann Pincers and chocolate eclairs and is seldom seen without a few of each. . . . Alice Faye, like Miss Longford, is a protégée of Rudy Vallee—and more than that according to the rocking chair brigade. She sported a mammoth star sapphire while at work on this film, but shyly refused to divulge the donor's name. With wealth from the movie coffers, Alice built a palatial Beverly Hills home and recently invited a crowd to help initiate the pool. The fact that at the last minute a pipe broke and there was no water in the pool didn't stop the initiation. The hostess provided roller skates. . . . George Raft is the young man who caused all that fanfare and fan mail as Rudolph Valentino's successor. But in spite of the sweat of his brow and the brilliontine on his pompadour, Mr. Raft hasn't filled the Great Lover's shoes. It wasn't his idea, anyway, as he prefers tougher rôles. George never uses a honky, just collects them. He has several hundred to date.

## ★★★ The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)

There's deception in the title, but the picture really is gay. It's all light-hearted and nonsensical with a plot that's conspicuous by its absence. Francis Lederer is irresistible as the happy-go-lucky young prince who decides to do some bell-hopping in New York's most ultra hotel. Either the director forcibly restrained Mr. Lederer from discoursing on his favorite topic, World Peace, or quietly cut any such glum remarks, for the handsome hero seems to have nothing on his mind but Frances Dee. And no wonder—for Miss Dee turns on the charm full force and gives a grand performance of the rich little poor girl splurging on sweepstake returns. Besides which she's prettier than ever. The rest of the cast doesn't let you down, either. Alan Mowbray portrays another super-sophisticate Lord Somebody or Other, while Benita Hume is the girl who shows up the lower nature of society debs. Lionel Stander and Akim Tamiroff raise the artistic standards for gangsters and Luis Alberni and Ferdinand Gottschalk outdo themselves in a couple of comedy scenes. The story is pretty badly tangled up in spots, come to think of it. But you'll enjoy yourself so you won't be thinking anyway.

### Preview Postscripts

There should be a law against Mr. Francis Lederer. In spite of the fact that he's the most ardent exponent of the World Peace Movement, Mr. Lederer has caused more discord in happy homes than any other actor. He started by raising the pulses of Czechoslovakian ladies in his native country at the age of eighteen. Since that time he's been the matinee idol at London, Paris, New York and points west. Production on this picture had to be held up so that he could address the National Association of University Women who were holding their annual convention in Los Angeles. He was the first actor so honored by the association. Miss Mary Anita Loos, it is rumored, may take him out of circulation one of these days. . . . Frances Dee is one of those young ladies who announced that she would never marry an actor, then turned around and became Mrs. Joel McCrea. However, she's the only one to become Mrs. J. McC. They're strong advocates of the simple life and savings banks. Most of their money is put into the

soil—some several thousand acres of it in the San Fernando Valley. They're raising thoroughbred horses, prize livestock and a healthy baby. . . . Here's another to add to your collection of "this could only happen in Hollywood." Five years ago Miss Dee appeared as a lowly "extra" in her first picture, with Jack Mulhall the star. In this flicker maybe you saw Jack, but more likely you didn't. He was the teller in the bank for about two minutes. . . . Alon Mowbray and Benita Hume were as chummy off-screen as on. They were great friends back in Merrie Olde England, from where Miss Hume just came for the first time in two years. . . . Mr. Mowbray wouldn't stay away that long, though, having too soft a spot in his heart for this country. He's written several stage hits besides being in plenty of them. Lorraine Carpenter, his wife, has also been with him in many plays. . . . William Wyler, director, is married to Margaret Sullivan. What's more, he intends to stay that way. Those divorce rumors were squelched once and for all when Mr. Wyler had a birthday a few days after starting on this picture. His wife sent her gift over to the set for him. It was a deluxe sport model motorcycle, all done up in pink and blue ribbon. Mr. Wyler promptly put his car in the garage and rides nothing but his bike—even to parties. It was not only a convenient gift, but a sentimental one, for while Mr. W. was courting Mrs. W. over on the Universal lot, the two would steal away at every opportunity and go riding on the cop's motorcycle.

## ★★★ Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)

You can bring your paper hat and your confetti to this little opera, for it's the goofiest conglomeration of comedy and celluloid you'll see all season. It's Burns and Allen, and it's their best picture to date. The story has George Barbier as a spluttering old millionaire who wants to prevent one of his daughters (Betty Furness) from marrying a money-seeking foreigner. In order to pretend he's poor he deeds all his money to his other daughter, who happens to be Gracie Allen. Gracie thinks the old gent really wants to get rid of his money, so she opens a spending campaign by filling the house with down-and-out vaudeville acts. There's a seal in every bathtub, an acrobat on every chandelier, and the old family mansion looks like a poor week on the Gus Sun circuit. What goes on from there you can find out for yourself. In a song and dance number called "The Vamp of the Pampus" Gracie proves herself one of the ablest comediennes in the business, and the rest of the cast does excellent stooging for her.

### Preview Postscripts

Gracie Allen and George Burns have been in the moon pitchers only about three years, but they've long been popular on the stage and radio. All those laughs are the result of the Burns Bros. brain-waves, for George and his brother, Bill, think them all up. But without Gracie there'd be none, for she's their inspiration and official tryer-outer. The Burns have just completed something that resembles a mansion and a half out Santo Monica way, and call it "The House That Jack Built." But they don't intend to stay there long, having the travel bug and right now planning a jaunt to China with their two children. They've just adopted a little boy now, besides their little daughter, adopted eight months ago. . . . Betty Furness was used to having her picture taken before coming to Hollywood since she was a professional model for a couple years in New York. She's never seen on the set or off without a voluminous knitting bog and has outfitted herself, all her friends, and most of their





Melvyn Douglas, Claudette Colbert and Edith Fellows in "She Married Her Boss."

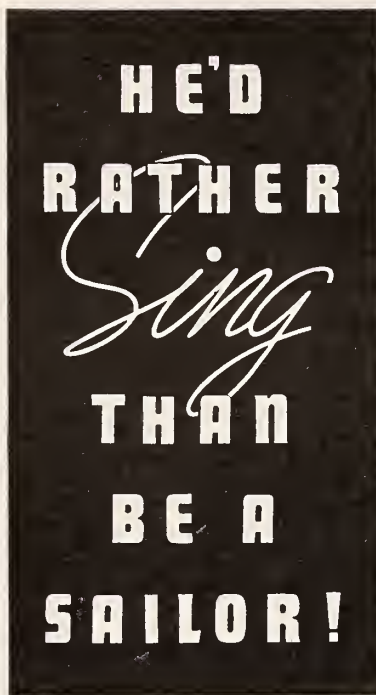
friends in natty knits. She's cuh-razy about smart but inexpensive clothes, and to show that the combination was possible, she opened up her own shop in Westwood Village, the University shopping section, and is showing the tricks to the college girls.

### ★★★ The Irish in Us (First National)

With such fine Celtic names as O'Brien, Cagney and McHugh attached to a picture bearing this title it will come as no surprise to learn that things concern themselves mainly with the doings of an Irish family—the O'Haras, in fact. Brothers Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh turn an honest dollar or so with the police and fire departments, but brother Jimmy Cagney's talents run toward managing prize fighters. He finally lands one named Carbar Hamerschlag (Allen Jenkins), and his activities with this punch-drunk warrior keep the plot rolling. The producers might well be accused of having kissed the blarney stone once or twice too often in the making of this one, but the overdose of sentiment is more than balanced by some good lines and several rip-roaring comedy sequences. Jimmy and Pat are excellent, and Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh, you may notice, have made definite improvement in their brand of comedy. (A little restraint goes a long way, eh, boys?) Olivia di Havilland playing the love interest, will bear watching.

#### Preview Postscripts

Pat O'Brien and James Cagney are good friends since Broadway hoofing days, when they lined up in the same act on the five-a-day. At that time they weren't just positive where their next meal was coming from, but it didn't matter so much either. Now they've got large and imposing houses atop Hollywood hills, swimming pools and a Public. And none of this matters so much, either. Pat is married to a girl who's never been on the stage, and they've just adopted a small daughter, Mayvourneen, for whom they practically built their whole home, what with nurseries, salariums, gymnasiums, etc. Jimmy's married to a former actress. . . . Olivia di Havilland first came to attention out here in Hollywood when Max Reinhardt took such an interest in her while casting for his great spectacle, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which was put on in the Bowl. He decided Miss di Havilland had something, and she's now proving it as far as the movies are concerned, too. . . . Mr. Reinhardt also mentioned James Cagney as one of the ten finest actors in Hollywood. . . . Frank McHugh is one of



It was strange that the son of an Admiral and the descendant of generations of Navy men should care nothing about the Navy. But Dick Melville thought he would rather sing than do anything, and he only joined the Service to prove to his father that he could succeed. When it came time for him to leave, however, he found that his heart was bound up with loyalty and love for the Navy and for the girl who showed him the right path to follow.

You'll enjoy reading "SHIPMATES FOREVER," a grand story of life in the Navy, where the highest ideals of loyalty and devotion prevail. The complete story of Warner Brothers' picture, starring Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, appears in the November issue.

Other stories and features in this issue include "Barbary Coast" starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea . . . Margaret Sullivan in "So Red the Rose" . . . Ginger Rogers and George Brent in "In Person" . . . Dolores Del Rio and Everett Marshall in "I Live for Love" . . . Paul Muni in "Doctor Socrates" . . . Pauline Lord and Basil Rathbone in "A Feather in Her Hat" . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster in "The Bishop Misbehaves" . . . "Broadway Melody of 1936" with an all-star cast . . . Tom Brown in "Freckles" . . . Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll in "Thirty-Nine Steps" . . . Nancy Carroll and Loyd Nolan in "Atlantic Adventure" . . . "Way Down East" with Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson . . . "Hangover Murders" with Constance Cummings, Robert Young and Edward Arnold. . . .

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the members of the Warner Bros. stock company who really wears well. Says he learned that laugh by giggling at a phonograph record and then listening to it for hours until he got it as silly as it is now. That's really working for something worth while. He's just become the proud father of a son and says he's going to teach him to laugh like his Dad before he lets him even talk. This will save him years of practice acquiring the art.

### ★★ Special Agent (Warner Brothers)

Someone dug rather deeply into that attic trunk for the script of "Special Agent" and emerged with a gangster tale which registers as a minor item in the month's list of entertainment. The picture starts out to be a second "G-Men," exploiting the accomplishments of Uncle Sam's agents, but after the first reel it reverts to the gangland type of picture prevalent in these parts several seasons ago. The story has George Brent as a special agent posing as a newspaper man in order to get evidence on Ricardo Cortez, the current Public Enemy No. 1. The fact that Cortez permits Brent openly to court Bette Davis, who keeps the gang chief's books, gives the tale a touch of fantasy. In spite of the time-worn plot most of the acting is excellent, particularly that of Ricardo Cortez and Bette Davis, who deserve more important surroundings than these.

### ★★ Alias Bulldog Drummond (Gaumont-British)

Do not let the title lead you to think that this British import is in any way like the gay and adventurous Drummond pictures which Ronald Colman has done. Because it isn't. We scrutinized the screen in great puzzlement throughout the preview and finally came to the conclusion that it's all supposed to be a burlesque. We imagine it's supposed to be funny. But English comedy is rarely funny to us, unless Beatrice Lillie is somewhere in the vicinity. Jack Hulbert works himself into a lather, trying to make a go of things. Fay Wray looks lovely, but has little to do. We were sorry to see this actress, who has advanced so noticeably of late, wasted in a mediocre part.

### ★★ The Girl Friend (Columbia)

We hesitate about speaking our mind on this, since libel suits are such a nuisance. Miss Ann Sothern waves her eyelashes about and Mr. Roger Pryor sports a brave new mustache. The plot is exciting, too, having to do with Mr. Pryor and two starving pals, who pose as a few people they aren't and take advantage of a dear old lady in the country who serves fried chicken three times a day. The D. O. L. has a granddaughter, too—who turns out to be Ann Sothern of all things. Romance bursts into bloom and Ann gets grammar to slap another mortgage on the homestead so that Roger can turn the barn into a Little Theatre. Roger shouldn't be blamed for that idea, though. It's just Columbia's excuse to put on a musical comedy review for several reels. We'll have to admit, though, that they did a good job on the barn, and installed a lighting system that would have done credit to the Met.

#### Preview Postscripts

Miss Ann Sothern was that attractive brunette in the third row center of Ziegfeld's chorus a few years back, and prior to that a school-girl (still brunette) in Central High,

Minneapolis. Then she came to Hollywood, where the California sun bleached her bob and filled her with vim, vigor and voluptuousness enough to become a star. In reel life she's giddy and gaddy, but really Ann's a quiet, serious-minded gal, intensely interested in her career and family—her mother and two almost-as-pretty sisters. . . . In spite of being the son of famous band-master Pryor, Roger Pryor's never so much as tooted a saxophone. His one ambition has been to act. . . . Jack Haley's more familiar with footlights than flickers, having been a musical comedy star for Schwab and Mandel the past few years. He's moved bag, baggage and family to California now and shows all the earmarks of becoming a native. The climate already seems unusual to him. . . . Director Eddie Buzzell is a fiend for work and feels that everyone else should share his enthusiasm. Hence the cast finally had to resort to bribery in order to snatch an occasional sandwich. The only member of the cast who really had Eddie worried, though, was Jack Haley. He appeared every day on the set with a large bottle of bicarbonate of soda, and at frequent intervals all day would take large doses. The terrific overwork, Jack claimed, was lowering his resistance. Everyone but slave-driver Buzzell knew that the bottle contained a mixture of powdered sugar and water.

### ★★★★★ Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)

Full of the kind of glitter and sparkle that marks a top-notch New York revue, "Broadway Melody" is far and away the finest screen musical of the year. Its comedy is spontaneous and funny (what with Jack Benny and Sid Silvers at the controls), its sets are gorgeous without going gaudy, its songs and dancing are tops, and—it has Eleanor Powell. For several years the best female tap dancer on Broadway, the lovely Powell gets her first big chance on the screen and runs away with the picture. Not only has she the fanciest dance steps you'll see on any screen, but the gal sings and she can act—she even does a Hepburn impersonation that's a honey. Also in the singing and dancing department you'll find Buddy and Vilma Ebsen, Nick Long, Jr., June Knight and Frances Langford. Robert Taylor has the romantic lead, and there's a swell comedy romance between Sid Silvers and Una Merkel.

### ★★★★ She Married Her Boss (Columbia)

It is our suspicion that director Gregory La Cava deserves a major portion of the credit for making a bright and intelligent comedy out of what might have been quite an ordinary bit of domestic trivia. The "La Cava touches," like the "Capra touches," are evident throughout the proceedings and they go a long way toward making "She Married Her Boss" the excellent entertainment that it is. Of course, the fact that Claudette Colbert is around adds greatly to the picture's enjoyment, and you'll find the little lady giving her best performance since "It Happened One Night." To top things off, a new star arrives on the screen in the person of little Edith Fellows, who is probably the meanest, nastiest brat who's ever made faces at a camera. After sitting through reels and reels of sweet little girls it's a relief to encounter one who calls her old man a dumbbell and goes about frightening the family dog. So when Claudette marries her boss (Melvyn Douglas) she meets up with Edith, his daughter by a former marriage, and the fun begins. And we mean fun.



## BETWEEN YOU AND ME

(Continued from page 62)

than the opinion of just one reviewer.—  
Ruth Marie Bailey, San Jose, Calif.

### A Fan-Tasy

Tarzan gazed interestedly at the Twelve-trees. He approached the Short one, but he couldn't Bennett, Lloyd how he tried! Finally, Maureen O'Sullivan sauntered by, and Tarzan Astor.

"Do you know how Hardy this tree is? I can't Keeler. It's supposed to be a Laurel, but I think it's an Oakie. It's the biggest one in the Woods, too."

"Pitts-l," said Maureen, "get your Hat-ton we'll take a Cantor around the Vallee, the scene is Devine."

"Nixon that," replied Tarzan, "you Kent Crabbe my act, Anna Sten! No, not for all the Muni in the Temple Wood I March away and Lee-ve this Oakie! Carrillo! O'Sullivan, you're a heel!"

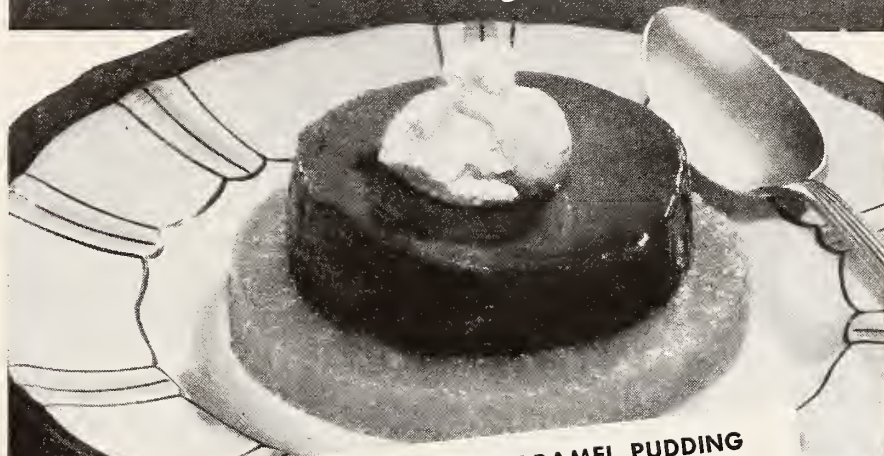
"My Loy!" exclaimed Maureen, "Ayres never a dull moment. I bet the county Marshall couldn't budge you. Well, I'm going to cross the Brook on my Pine Raft which is floating in the Jordan. Might e'en ride as far as the Hudson! Boyd! you'd Love it. But Faye all I know, you'll be Standing here until you're Blue in the face. In a few minutes it'll be Knight and there won't be a Wray of sunshine left. You're not as Young and Hale as you used to be Heather, Angel."

"I'll Grant that," Tarzan replied. But to himself he mumbled, "Hayes! I couldn't Cooper up if I had the Best Manners in the West!" Then aloud he remarked, "Why Dunn you Steel a peep and Fine



Phillips Holmes took sister Madeline to see Evelyn Venable in "Romeo and Juliet."

*Sounds crazy,* BUT IT WORKS!



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JANE HAMILTON  
RKO player



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out if the Cook has the Garbo ready? I'll wager Four Mills we'll Dinehart-ily.”

“Great Scott, Tarzan,” Maureen declared, “you speak too Lowe; speak a Tone higher. And Holt on, you Carlisle indian, you're neither Gaynor Hume-rous. If I Wing you with this Stone, you'll see Sparks, and I'm not Lyon. Judge for yourself. I Swanson, you act like you're my Foster father.”

“Menjou now,” retorted Tarzan, “don't get Fox-y with me, or you'll Rue it. Go Crosby the Fields, I'll have this bent before the Sothern Summerville be Dunne. Or why don't you get your Pallette and paint a Page or Moore? You might Mack a picture of the Hillie. You have enough colors—you have White, Green, Blue Brown and Grey. Dodd darn if you haven't got enough to paint the city of Huston, and all you ever painted was a Dove.”

Beery well then. But Hohl on, Big Boy, don't think you're so smart just because your name is Weissmuller.”

“Dee whiz,” expostulated Tarzan. “I can't Baer it, go jump in the Lake.”—Walter Le Bon, New Orleans, La.

**Constructive Criticism**

I felt I had to protest against some of the letters published in your grand magazine. (This is not a criticism of your book; by the way, it's tops.) For instance, that letter in a recent issue concerning “nice girls” smoking. After all, isn't that a personal opinion and not interesting or constructive to others? I like best the letter congratulating the deserving players, and the intelligent criticism about them.

Personally, I admire *all* the actors and actresses—for they are all doing their very best to amuse and entertain us. Who could do more? Naturally I admire some stars more than others, but a really good performance, to me, is more important than an outstanding personality.

One other thing I dislike in some letters is that so many writers discuss the stars' private lives. I'll bet the most malicious writer has the shadiest past.

A good rule is not to let the gossip about the stars bias one's opinion. They give us so much, surely we can concede them a little privacy. My hope is that more fans will praise instead of condemn our hardworking friends of the silver screen.—Audray Sanderson, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

**Paging Nils Asther**

Two years ago Nils Asther made “The Bitter Tea of General Yen.” It was a grand part for him and he revealed talents nobody had suspected. This success he followed up with a magnificent portrayal in “Storm at Daybreak.” His comeback had caused a sensation and he was again acclaimed one of the finest of Hollywood players. But suddenly there was a relapse and he was cast only in lesser productions unworthy of his ability. Yet, even when handicapped by these trivial roles, he upheld his consistently fine standards with beautiful characterizations that invariably saved the picture every time.

And now even that has ended and we don't hear of him at all. We are unwilling to accept that time-worn explanation—“He has died out.” For it is impossible that the public can have tired of that different appeal, that romance and princeliness while it continues to put up with these stereotyped sissies who only too often cannot manage the roles that are handed out to them.

Nils Asther has proven himself capable of higher things. What more can the producers want?—Jeannette Lazaroff, New York, N. Y.

**Hollywood Tale**

“After Office Hours,” “Evelyn Prentice” and “Anne of Green Gables” go to a “Carnival” in “Bordertown” where “The Mighty Barnum” considered “A Notorious Gentleman” dances the “Rhumba” “While the Whole Town's Talking.” Some say he's “Reckless” but “Father Brown, Detective,” thinks he's just “The People's Enemy” and ought to be put on “The Nut Farm” “West of the Pecos” with “Les Miserables” and “Naughty Marietta.”—Fannie Fan.

**Oriental Preferred**



I have seen all of Myrna Loy's pictures during 1934 and 1935 in which she plays the part of a “white woman.” These roles are not in the least becoming to her. She goes to extremes in

practically everything she does, and is too masculine for the sophisticated characters she plays. In other words, she hasn't got “It.”

She is much better in her disguise, playing those exotic roles. They were the ones that won her a name, and the ones that she should stick to. Let's have more Oriental pictures for Myrna!—Helen George, Newark, N. J.

**Forgotten Man**



Have you ever realized that among your crowd of he-men you have one man a good actor, never sloppy, nice voice, brains and quite easy on the eyes, not a star, but one that stood up to Garbo

in her finest picture, suffered under Shirley Temple and survived a De Mille epic? Who has very rarely turned in a bad picture and must have quite a few fans around. Yes, I know he keeps a lingerie shop, but at least he doesn't wear one of those six-aside mustaches, which incidentally cured this female of Gableitis for keeps.

Do you think that sometime, not now, but some time, perhaps when the Lannys cease from Rossing and the Crosbys cease to Bing, you might loosen up and run a photo and maybe a nice remark or two about Hollywood's forgotten man, Charles Bickford? One gets so sick of Powell and ice cream, let's have Irish stew just for a change?—M. S., Bristol, England.

**Taking Mrs. Temple To Task**



If ever a role was played with perfection it was the part played by Jane Withers in “Bright Eyes.” In spite of the fact that she was on the offensive side, with all the odds against her, she

most certainly carried off all the honors. After reading the attitude Mrs. Temple has taken in objecting to Shirley appearing in the same picture with Jane, I for one never expect to see a picture in which Shirley Temple takes a part. There are in our schools thousands of curly-headed, lovely children, brilliant, too, who with the same advantages, push and publicity would do as well as Shirley does. It seems incredible to think that any mother could take such a shallow outlook, considering how fortunate her own daughter has been. Perhaps for the sake of Mrs. Temple's inward feelings it would be well to stop the wheels of progress in the movie industry with Shirley the one and only child star.—Helen Lawrence, Denver.



## MODERN SCREEN'S DRAMATIC SCHOOL

(Continued from page 56)

safest way for an amateur to begin. Choose a sallow color, being sure it doesn't give a white and chalky effect. A shadow with plenty of yellow is the best. Cover the face thoroughly, being sure that it is applied evenly and smoothly.

In choosing a lining color try as much as possible to get the color most nearly matching the shadow colors in the subject's face. Then start applying the shadows exactly as seen on the face that you're copying. Start by moulding in the shadows and contours of an aged face.

"But, by all means, do not start by trying to put in wrinkles! Wrinkles do not age a face. They simply make the character conspicuous.

"Blend these shadows carefully until they become what the name implies, simply a shadow and not a daub of different colored grease paint. For this purpose I recommend brushes and a technique similar to that of an artist painting on canvas.

"After the foundation and the shadows have been carefully applied the face should be highlighted. For this purpose use a grease paint two shades lighter than that of the foundation. This should be placed on parts which should stand out in relief, such as cheek-bones or sagging muscles.

"Make-up of the eyes in a character of this type presents an interesting, if a difficult problem. The small wrinkles about the eyes largely denote the disposition of an elderly character—whether during his life he has been happy and easy-going or grouchy and self-centered.

"In age the eyelid tends to droop over the eye, especially at the outer corners. Since age also weakens the eyes there is a definite tendency to squint, causing lines to form next to the nose and between the eyes on the forehead.

"When a person is habitually mean, this squint becomes a frown causing these small lines to curve downward. In the happy, elderly type these same lines adopt a definite, upward tilt. In drawing in these lines and the lines of the forehead, it is best to have the subject squint his eyes and wrinkle his forehead—and then copy these natural furrows.

"Applying the eye-shadow is not difficult. It should be rather heavy in order to give the sunken appearance, stress being placed on the portion next to the nose. Be sure, however, to blend it carefully with the foundation, so that there is no definite demarcation.

"The age wrinkles should be applied last of all, and should not consist of just a pencil mark. In a natural face a wrinkle consists of a highlight and a shadow. Every wrinkle should be topped with a highlight, the highlight being more important than the shadow. The dark line as well as the light one should be blended with a brush into the foundation color.

"In drawing these lines extreme care should be taken to make them so thin that they might have been drawn with a pin.

"I chose to describe the process of making up an elderly character because so many of the points brought to light in this problem apply to other phases of character make-up."

Thanks, Jack Dawn, that's a swell lesson. If you want to know the colors to use for character make-up, their names and number, write to this department, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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## ONE WOMAN'S *Sacrifice*



Kola was the sensation of the season at Monte Carlo, with her dancing partner, Toni, whom she loved so much that she was marrying another man to save him!

One evening Toni came into Kola's dressing room after their dance. He was pale and worried, and told her he needed fifty thousand francs to pay a gambling debt. Taking Kola roughly by the shoulders he demanded that she borrow the money from Garet, the rich American who was in love with her, telling her it was the only way to save them from disgrace. Kola was in despair . . . if she could only think of some other way out. . . . She sank down for a moment, holding her pounding head in her hands . . . "I will not ask Garet for money. I cannot," she whispered over and over again. What tragedy threatened these two?

What strange destiny awaited this young American girl, caught in a web of intrigue and desperate love?

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Vina Lawrence

## SWEETHEART STORIES

November issue now on sale—10c

## OLD MAN COOPER ADVISES MASTER FREDDIE

(Continued from page 31)

me for Christmas, but I never did anything with them. How do you think I'm getting along out here, though, Jackie? What do you think I ought to do?

Jackie (chewing a jelly-bean with a considering, sagacious air): I'm not very far along myself. I don't know so terribly much. But if you keep going as you're going now it can't hurt you.

Freddie (as one artist to another): How do you make yourself cry in pictures, Jackie?

Jackie (laughing): I learned how in school! I don't think you have to ask that, though. I saw you in "Copperfield," like I said, and I thought you would kill yourself crying.

Freddie (his gentle courtesy covering a quiet insistence): Oh, thank you so much. But how do you cry?

Jackie: Well, it's this way—y'see, my feelings are very easily hurt. If anyone scolds me I always cry. Can't help it. And the director knows this and he bawls me out whenever he wants me to do a crying scene. 'Course I know that he doesn't really mean it, that he's just doing it on purpose to make me cry. But it hurts my feelings just to hear the old angry words and I just cry, that's all.

Freddie (impressed and respectful): Does music ever help you?

Jackie: Sometimes, if it's saddish. How do you do it?

Freddie: Well, I just—well, Cis helps me a lot. We talk about sad things, all sorts of sad things like pets dying and how far away home is and about ships that go down at sea and things like that . . .

Jackie (generously): Yeah, that's a good way, too. You ought to watch Wally Beery though. He can just come into a scene where I am crying and you can see the tears just come into his eyes. They come out of his heart. He doesn't need any tricks. And then we both get crying good and hard. We help each

other. And then sometimes I read the script—like in "Skippy"—and I just feel it and start to cry. Ever try that way?

Freddie: I did that way in "David Copperfield." Of course, you have to read very slowly, don't you think so? If you skip, it doesn't make sense or bring any tears. You're apt to think of other things, too, jolly sort of things. Say, do you think being in pictures makes boys conceited, Jackie? Someone asked me that the other day. I thought it very silly.

Jackie (authoritatively): It's up to the boy, I think. If a boy in pictures wants to think he's much bigger than anyone else—well, it might make some boys conceited—but I don't know, I've always gone around with other boys. Wherever we move there's an understanding that all of us kids just play around together. Some boys are jealous. I'm down at the beach, say, and some of the kids start razzing and you ask them if they want to make anything of it and that's all right. They just want to see if you're all right, what kind of a kid you are. Well, we get in fights—we're all the same. I don't know, I just work here at the studio and then I go home and leave the studio right here where it is.

Freddie (laughing): I feel that way, too. Of course, I haven't met many boys over here as yet. Do you get tired of people asking for your autograph?

Jackie: Oh, no. Sometimes, like at football games, it's a nuisance. There'll be a play I want to see and just then some piece of paper will pop up and I'll have to write my autograph and miss part of the game. But you should try to be nice about it at all times, I think.

Freddie (with a little sigh): I know. I went out to luncheon yesterday and I had to wear the same smile—like this—for about two hours until my jaw was stiff. But I think we've got the advan-



Louella Parsons' Hollywood Hotel programs are gala occasions. Roz Russell, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow do a scene from "China Seas," while Frances Langford (extreme left) and Dick Powell (extreme right) add their bit in song.



tage over other boys at that. Don't you? I mean, other boys might think we don't have any fun because we can't go far away from home alone and things. But I like it. It's good fun . . . excitement . . . previews! Free tickets!

**JACKIE:** Sure. It's okay. And here's something else—you ought to see all of the pictures you can see. I enjoy pictures anyway. I've always liked Joan Crawford and always shall. Joan and Wally and Richard Dix are my favorites.

**Freddie (thoughtfully):** I have no real favorites as yet. Perhaps I like Charles Laughton especially well. His work, you know.

**Jackie:** Sure, he's good, too. You know, it's a funny thing but when I see a picture I forget process shots and the mechanics of things. When I saw "Treasure Island" on the screen those pirates shivered my timbers! I forgot how I'd played checkers with 'em and everything. I think you should be this way, though—if you get to thinking too much about the way pictures are made you are apt to get mechanical yourself.

**Freddie (nodding in agreement):** So do I get scared. I even got scared when I watched Mr. Rathbone beating me in "David." I forgot it was me. I kept thinking, "Oh, that poor little boy—that poor little boy!"

**Jackie:** I know, sure. I never go to see myself more than just twice. It's bad to get yourself too much on your own mind. I go to the preview and then I go to see the picture once in a theatre just to get the audience reaction.

**Freddie (out of his long, two-picture experience):** That's how I do, too. You can tell the signs. Say, Jackie, do you read your fan mail? Do you think I should? And do you have girls proposing to you? Girls who write and say, "I'm ten years old. I've black hair. Will you marry me when you grow up?"

**Jackie (laughing rather scornfully):** Sure. I answer most of 'em or I send my autographed picture.

**Freddie (with dawning skepticism):** I often wonder whether those nice letters are just made up so you'll send 'em a picture or whether they are sincere?

**Jackie:** Oh, the ones from the children are apt to be sincere. Children are real people, you know, that is, as a rule. And you should always answer them, Freddie, no matter how hard it seems.

**Freddie:** Several blind people have secretaries or friends write me and I always answer those. But it is very hard, sometimes.

**Jackie (with a world-weary sigh):** I know! I get tired, too. When I was a kid I wanted to be a street-car conductor. Street-car conductors don't have to be polite at all if they don't feel like it.

**Freddie:** That's funny. I always wanted to be a constable when I was a little boy at home in England. If you're ever in London, Jackie, don't ever call a bobby a bobby—not to his face, you know. They like to be called constables.

**Jackie:** I know. Same as over here. They don't like you to call 'em cops—they like you to say "officer!"

**Freddie:** I also wanted to be a guard when I was small. I went to Whitehall one day and saw the guards with their red coats and their white horses and I thought I'd like to be a guard and to marry the Princess Elizabeth when I should be a man. Who do you want to marry?

**Jackie (with a wink as of an older man humoring a romantic boy):** Oh, the President's mother!

**Freddie (gravely):** She is very charming. I met her in New York and she was so sweet. She said to me, "You must meet my young son. He's only

fifty-two, but I'm sure you'd like him."

**Jackie (with a tolerant smile):** Yes, you meet all kinds of people. And you should keep on being different people yourself, too, Freddie. That's my advice. I believe in changing my character from time to time. All types of people are popular. If you are bad in one picture, you have to figure out why and sort of change yourself for the next one. I believe in studying music and French and stuff like that.

**Freddie (sadly):** I studied French last year and I don't know a thing.

**Jackie:** I've taken French since I was eight and I still don't know a thing. Well, that's that. What star would you like to be like when you grow up?

**Freddie (with his little note of firmness under his gently courteous manner):** I want to be like myself, always.

**Jackie:** Sure. That's good, too. That's swell. But sometimes it's good to have a target to aim at even if, you know, even if you never mean to hit it.

**Freddie:** Well, Fredric March, I think. I do admire him enormously.

**JACKIE:** Sure. He's good. But if I stay on the screen until I am as old as Wally and if I can be as good as he is I'll be satisfied. You know, you ought to know all about everything in the studio, too, not just the acting part. I'm keen about the sound department. And the way effects are done. Remember in "West Point of the Air"—that crash? Well, that was miniature and it looked very good. It's more wonderful the way they do it, I think.

**Freddie:** Yes, and in "Copperfield" there was a shot when Mr. Fields is outside and he nearly drops his cane—well, that was miniature. I saw it done.

**Jackie (chewing thoughtfully):** The most interesting thing is the sound department. It's nice to know a few things, like about not making too much noise under the microphone and what not to touch and all.

**Freddie:** Speaking of sound, I have a new siren on my bike.

**Jackie:** Swell! I have a Birmingham Rover, made in England. It's a very fast bike. I'm going to get a speedometer. . .

**Freddie:** I know. They're very keen, the Birminghamers. When it seems you're going sixty you're really not going more than twenty.

**Jackie:** I'm awfully glad you're on this lot. Nice to have a boy to talk to. D'you know, I'd like to do a picture with you some time.

**Freddie:** So would I.

**Jackie:** Here's how I learn my script if you want to know. I always read my lines just before I go to bed at night. And then I look at it again in the morning. It's my advice not to study it too hard, because if you learn your lines too well you find yourself sort of reciting them, stiff like.

**Freddie:** That's what I think, too. I just look over my lines at night and then in the morning when my mind is fresh, at about 6.30, right after my shower, I look at them again and I know them. Of course, you've always got rehearsals if you don't know them. . .

**Jackie (with an air of seasoned experience):** It's always best to know them, though. It's part of being what we call a good trouper.

**Freddie:** Yes, that's what Miss Edna May Oliver told me when she was playing my Aunt Betsy in "Copperfield."

**Jackie:** 'Course I like the work, but the sooner I get done on the set the happier I am. All morning I'm waiting for lunch and all afternoon I'm waiting for 6 p.m.

**Freddie (laughing):** I know. I like

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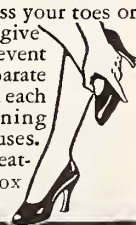


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to work because once I get started I know I'm on the way to getting through. But the only part I really mind is the waiting around . . .

Jackie: Yeah, when they get tied up. I never know what to do with myself when I'm waiting around and then, just as they get ready to shoot, I find something I want to do. Say, I saw a write-up about you in a magazine last night. Do you read all your write-ups and things the critics say about you? I do.

Freddie (indifferently flipping a coin): I don't.

Jackie: I like to see what the critics say. 'Course I get sore now and then. I try to be as good as possible, but one time they wrote that I sassed reporters and I never sassed anybody that didn't sass me first, but they put that in and from that time I was sorta sore.

**FREDDIE** (still indifferently): I don't see the sense of them. They're written and forgotten. I make the picture and I do my best and that's all I can do about it no matter what people say. And when you're grown up and are maybe a

tramp or maybe a king, what good does it do you then?

Jackie: Well, you could look back and remember what you were doing when you were a kid. If you didn't have the notices to remind you, you might forget! Say, by the way, I don't like motorcycles, do you? They're too big. I like motor-bikes.

Freddie: How fast do you go?

Jackie: About forty—fellow I know has a motor-bike and he rides around Beverly at about fifty miles an hour. He's going to be killed some day.

Freddie (philosophically): It'll be his own fault.

Jackie: Sure. What swimming pool were you at yesterday?

Freddie: At the Garden of Allah. I swam twenty-three lengths of the pool and then we had a water pillow fight and then . . .

. . . And then the two boys shed the bright sheath of their young stardom and were "just boys"—advice and their public and their future forgotten in the immediacy of a present made fascinating by motor-bikes and pillow fights and pools.

## THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF NELSON EDDY

(Continued from page 29)

him and might open new and lucrative fields to him. It was the new and lucrative fields that prevailed upon Nelson, not the lure of the lights nor the fandango of applause.

They were not destined to be of a very long duration, those first lessons. For scarcely had they got well under way when Mr. Bispham died. And then Nelson tried one teacher and another, learned the operatic roles of "Aida" and "Pagliacci," sang with the Philadelphia Operatic Company, with the Savoy Company, an organization devoted to giving the works of Gilbert & Sullivan. He joined the Plays & Players, a Little Theatre Group, and appeared in two of their plays, singing and dancing. The Plays & Players, by the way, only engaged Nelson after thumbing the pages of the Social Register and finding the Eddy name safely listed among the socially desirable.

**HE** played in "The Marriage Tax," Mrs. George Dallas Dixon's society musical which was elaborately produced at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. He said, "I played the part of the King of Greece—and imagine my chagrin when I glanced at the program on opening night to find that I was billed merely as the King of Greece! The next morning my feelings were considerably assuaged when I opened the morning papers to find my first press notice. My anonymity had served me well for it was all very flattering. There was a demand for the real name of the King of Greece."

Nelson's life in those days and in the days to come would sound like a copy and a very detailed one of the Musical Directory if everything he did, every role he sang were to be listed in proper sequence. The sequence is relatively unimportant, perhaps. What is very important is the methodical, block-by-block way in which this young man went about building his career.

It was when he joined the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company under the tutelage, conductorship and boss-almightyness of Alexander Smallens that he made his next great forward stride. "It was," Nelson told me, "the work of Alexander Smallens that moulded me into an opera singer."

In that company Nelson sang twenty-eight roles. And in that company also, was one Edward Lippe, himself a singer of note, later to become a teacher of singing and one of Nelson Eddy's closest and dearest friends. And Edward Lippe listened to the young man with the silver-gold hair and the steady eyes and the quiet smile and knew, as David Bispham had known, that here was a voice in the grand manner. He knew, too, that young Eddy's voice would suffer irreparable damage if he did not learn to conserve it and to conserve himself, did not cease from working in an office, taking correspondence courses, burning the bright candle of his youth at both ends. And both ends work, not play. He knew that he must be made to stop singing in churches, in four-a-day movie houses, wherever and whenever he could command a job.

"You have a very fine voice," he told him. "You won't have it long. You are singing too much. You are wearing it out."

And by that admonitory talk averted a tragedy. For one whole summer Nelson studied with Edward Lippe and then was turned over to William Vilonat who had been Lippe's teacher too.

There had come into Nelson's life, by this time, another influence. . . .

Nelson said to me, "So many people have wondered, have thought it strange that I have never been engaged, nor even rumored to be; have thought it odd that a young man, especially a young man in professional life, has not been seen, here, there, everywhere, with this charming girl or that. Am I a recluse, people have asked? Does my music so enthrall me that the ordinary humanities are unnecessary to me? Am I a woman-hater? What?

**THE** answer to these queries, curiosities and wonderings is a simple NO. I shall tell you . . . a little. . . .

"About the time I first began to study voice I was still attending Sunday School. My teacher there was a charming woman and when I was confirmed she was my godmother. She was very musical, very interested in all things and in all people musical. Her mother and my mother, she and I soon formed a congenial quartette





That pretty blonde on Lew Ayres' left is his sister, Charlotte Gilmour. Lew and Ginger are showing her Hollywood town.

and before very long we shared a home together. All three of these dear women were deeply interested in my career. They listened to me practice for long hours. They helped me with my scores and roles. They followed every part I sang with the flattering interest only loving and affectionate women can give. Then my godmother's mother died. Which left the three of us.

"In the meantime a friendship deep enough, strong enough to be called love had developed between my godmother and me. She gave me so great a devotion, so overwhelming an affection that I felt the need of no other. I can and I do pay her now the affectionate tribute of saying that for anything I am today or may be tomorrow she is in no small way responsible.

"Everything that a woman could do for a man she did for me. She was patient, self-sacrificing, tender. She made, for many years, all other women seem but pale reflections of herself.

"And this is why, this is the *real* reason why I did not go junketing about with girls of my own age. This is the explanation of why I did not become involved in the customary romances.

"I have left much unsaid. To speak of this at all is like touching something both painful and beautiful on the quick. I can only repeat that this very strange interlude is why I have never gone about as other young men, have never become engaged, have never married."

When William Vilonat spread before Nelson Eddy the map of his life and said to him, "You must do this—go here—go there," a less resourceful young man might have been confounded. New York—Dresden—Paris—how, on his mother's small salary and with no savings garnered from the years of barely making ends meet—how *could* he?

But Nelson invariably accepts a challenge with his head flung high. He answers the questions of life in the affirmative. He never says "Can't." Besides, now he had faith in his own ability. The faith given him, first by David Bispham, then by Alexander Smallens, Edward Lippe and Vilonat.

Once that faith was established he went to a wealthy Philadelphia banker who had known his family for many years. With the simplicity and directness which characterizes everything he does, he laid his problem and his plan on the banker's table. He explained that there was gold in his throat but that he needed gold in order to mine it. And he came away from that interview

with several thousand dollars in his wallet. Nelson and Vilonat sailed for Europe, for Dresden. But Nelson felt none of the thrill of adventuring abroad.

HE said, "I thought only of the terrific amount of work ahead of me. I felt no more emotion in going to Europe than when I was transferred from one newspaper office to another. I never really 'saw' Europe. Not, certainly, the café and boulevard life of the Europe of pleasure. We lived with a German family in Dresden. Very simply. I studied and practiced for hours every day. I attended opera every night. I learned the great opera roles in four languages. I did exercises and scales and slept, ate, thought and talked work—work—work. I worked all of the time. I subjected my mind and body and the instrument in my throat to the gruelling, unremitting process which is operatic training. I never met a girl. I never had a rendezvous with anyone except," Nelson laughed, "Vilonat."

Which probably accounts in great part for that young and shining quality of untouched youth which is Nelson Eddy's today. He has tapped so few of life's pleasures and pastimes. Young love—gay romancing—casual adventures—the crazy, happy-go-lucky, catch-as-catch-can kaleidoscope of youth are all ahead of him. For he has never known youth.

"And then," Nelson took up the thread, "after I got back, Arthur Judson, one of the biggest concert masters in the world, took me under his management and put me in the 'big time,' touring the country with various orchestras. I began to be an entity in the concert and in the singing world. I had the same sense of achievement and satisfaction that I had had in the Mott Iron Works when I got to know the product I was handling."

Life began to read more than ever like a musical directory decorated with laurel wreaths. One becomes helplessly amazed in the imposing list of orchestras he has sung with—the Philadelphia Orchestra, Detroit Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony, Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony in Oratorio . . . The conductors he has sung under awe the most ambitious . . . Wassali Leps, Alexander Smallens, Fritz Reiner, Alberto Bimboni, Sylvan Levin, Albert Coates, Pietro Cimini, Sir Hamilton Harty, Alfred Hertz . . . the radio hours he has filled with song include the Hoffman Hour, Newton Hour, Atwater Kent Hour, Maxwell House Show Boat, Ford Motor Program, Columbia Concert Broad-

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casts, Hollywood On The Air, Philharmonic Orchestra Broadcasts, New York Stadium Oratorio Broadcasts and the Firestone Garden Concerts . . . They stand as the tangible insignia of the work, the indefatigable work which has been the dominant factor in his life.

At about this time, too, William Vilonat passed away and Nelson resumed his studies with Edward Lippe who had definitely abandoned singing for the teaching of singing. Nelson said, "I've been with Lippe ever since, or he's been with me. He's even come to Hollywood, lives here now, and is doing extremely well. He's not only my teacher but one of my closest and dearest friends. That's his picture over there, on my desk. Almost every other night he's apt to drop in on us, stay for dinner, spend the evening messing about with my records and recordings. We have no set schedule for lessons now but whenever I strike a snag I run yowling to him for help. If I have trouble reaching or holding a certain note he helps me.

**I**T was while I was on tour, while singing at the Los Angeles Philharmonic that the movies came, as it were, into my life. There were, it developed, movie scouts in the Philharmonic audience. I'd never heard of movie scouts! They came to me after one of the performances and asked me to make a screen test. They might as well have asked me to do a little act on the Midway at Venice Pier so foreign was the idea of working in pictures to me. I'd never thought of such a thing. And it came to me as a shock. But there it was—another job! I thought it over, with prayer and fasting. The much-publicized glamor of Hollywood played no part in my decision because, to tell the truth, I don't think I'd ever heard about it. It was a new medium. With one song I could reach most of the world from where I stood rather than having to carry my voice with me from city to city. Then, too, I could have a home. We could have a home at last, my mother and I. As though it were something I had been missing all of my life, a sharp nostalgia for a home woke in me immediately I realized I could have one. I thought of all those migrations of my childhood, from one town to another. I thought of all the touring I had done. Yes, it would be pretty sweet to have our own place, our own things, a garden and flowers and books and dogs . . . to take some sort of root . . .

"And speaking of my childhood reminds me that I've not mentioned my father since we talked of boyhood days. He's remarried. He lives in Jamestown, Rhode Island. I always go to see them when I am anywhere in the vicinity. We are very good friends, my father and I. I have a small eight-year-old half sister, too, Martha Virginia. And Martha Virginia is very musical. She plays and sings with more than average ability. Whenever I am in New England my father brings her to my concerts and we have great times together. Their interest in me is one of the pleasantest things in my life.

"But to go back—it was the thought of a new job to be done, the thought of having a home that finally clinched my decision to try the movies. I rented this house here in Beverly Hills. Mother came out. We engaged servants, bought cars, began to live as we have never been able to live before.

"I've gone at this film work in what might be called the true-to-type way, I suppose. I mean, I've started from the ground floor up. I've tried to learn everything there is to learn about the making of pictures. I started by studying recording and photography. I wanted to know how to photograph properly. I wanted to under-

stand the processes of recording. The words you sing on a concert platform come out very differently on the sound track. I had to make sure what those differences might be. I learned the vagaries of panchromatic make-up. I did a couple of singing 'hits' in pictures. Time dragged. I didn't seem to be getting anywhere. For the first time in my life I knew the flat taste of discouragement. I had concert and radio work, too, of course but I had never tackled anything I hadn't been able to beat—and I certainly didn't want the movies to count me out. Then came 'Naughty Marietta'!"

And by the light in his blue eyes, the smile framing his mouth, I knew the satisfaction he must be feeling . . . the fan mail coming in by the tons, literally. Fan mail he reads himself, every letter of it. His mother culls them over first, separates them into piles giving the most urgent precedence—and then Nelson reads and answers them when answers are especially requested. Satisfaction over a job well done—none of the egotistic inflation which sometimes fevers fame.

**P**ART of Nelson's apparatus for experiments adorns the sumptuous living room of his Beverly Hills home. His mother casts an indulgent but deprecatory eye in the corner where stand the phonograph, the wirings and records and waxes and other paraphernalia of her son's scientific abracadabra. For the outfit resembles a sound laboratory. And with this apparatus Nelson spends the time other stars spend at night clubs, dancing, polo playing or golfing. He can make records in which he sings different choral parts. He then puts them all together and plays off a one-man chorus. He can do all kinds of stunts.

He said, "I read the scenes of my scripts into this phonograph, you see. Then I play back the record and 'act' with the scenes, thus learning my lines in half the time it would take me otherwise. In this way I have a chance to act as my own critic, to correct my mistakes. I must look very funny standing in the room all by myself arguing, making love, singing, fighting or pleading—but it's a perfect way to study dialogue and I'm thinking of working out a portable outfit that any actor can use.

"And so, Hollywood has meant to me much the same as any other job. Hard work. Study. Slow advancement. Tardy recognition. Gorgeous and spontaneous recognition, when it came.

"I go out very little. One week I may go out with a different girl—usually non-professionals—every night in that week. And then, for two and three weeks at a time I go nowhere. I have a few friends of whom I am very fond—W. S. Van Dyke who directed us in 'Naughty Marietta,' Edward Lippe, Jeanette MacDonald, Bob Ritchie, Elsa Lanchester, Frank Morgan, Gene Raymond . . . I'm going to Arrowhead this week-end with Gene. I like him. He's read books. He can talk about a few things other than personalities and local gossip. I read a lot. I'll always read. I'll always go on studying. I play some tennis. I spend a lot of time with my recordings. I practice an hour or so almost every day. Not always. I always run the scales or roll off a bit of a song while I am shaving. I've never done much practicing before a concert or any performance. I believe in saving my vitality and my voice for the performance itself.

"I'm just a hard-working fellow, I guess. I would like to be known as a singer who voices America to the world. That's about the 'Why' of me. 'It's a magnificent world and I'm one of the happiest men in it.'"

THE END



## GOOD CITIZEN

(Continued from page 41)

meeting. He did not remember what he had said—or maybe he did! Anyway, I was scarcely seated before he announced, "What I really want from life is to stay in Hollywood. You don't think New York producers would hold my desire against me if they read that, do you?" He looked anxious. He was not secure enough then in Hollywood to know when he might have to look to Broadway for a living.

"But I believe in being honest. I don't want to have to return to New York. Eating at automats when money is low, splurging at the Ritz when it is good. Living in a hall-bedroom in Brooklyn. Getting home from the show about midnight and leaving at eight in the morning to pose for commercial photographers to make a few extra dollars. Uncertainty. Broadway offers glamor, Hollywood offers contentment. A home, a family with you, an average, everyday healthful existence."

I wrote no story from this interview. Could I say that the man who had played opposite Clara Bow, who was being hailed as the second Jack Gilbert or Barrymore, saw Hollywood as an opportunity for a healthful existence!

TIME went on. I saw him on the set. I saw him here and there, as you do in Hollywood. In fact, I made a study of him. I learned he had a delightful sense of humor—the normal, everyday kind, yours and mine! He became more popular on the screen. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" brought other roles of true depth and unusual interest. He was elected President of The Mayfair, the first actor to be so honored. Other presidents had been producers. He took this social club, which was rocking unsteadily, and made it enormously successful. He, personally, urged his fellow actors to engage tables. He let word reach one famous social clique that another would attend the monthly Mayfair party. He became interested in an organization of actors, cooperating to protect actors' salaries. He made public speeches before professional and non-professional societies. He was becoming a real power in the business. It was then that I requested another interview.

This time, I was determined to get a story which could be written. I was stubborn in my persistence to make him like other Hollywood actors. I had dug up a story about an early romance he had had in New York City. A fascinating yarn. I told him I knew the story; I persuaded him that he needed romantic publicity. He hesitated, then said casually, "I'd better call my wife." He telephoned Florence, then put me on the phone. Florence explained that the girl was still living and perhaps she had truly loved Freddie so I wouldn't want to write a story that might hurt an innocent woman who was not even connected with the acting profession.

The story has never been written. We searched for another angle. And this is a summary of what he said, "Any actor who is honest and forgets his natural conceit must admit that a very large percentage of his fame and income is due to luck. No matter what our abilities, luck gives us our opportunities to prove them. I am just one example. Mrs. March and I came to Hollywood because of her. She was much more famous than I. Paramount happened to need men. They offered me five hundred dollars a week. We were making one thousand between us on the stage; I asked one thousand and they gave it to me.

"Actors in Hollywood have never had to think. Perhaps we have not wanted to tempt our good luck by too much thinking! No one can blame us. We are the modern Cinderellas and don't wish to wake up and find ourselves drab little boys and girls again. But now, with the threatened salary cut, we are faced with using our brains. Our salaries are the impetus stirring us to serious thinking. Are we worth the so-called fabulous sums we receive?"

"I want to say right now, I believe I am. Luck may have started me but I have been paid since then because my pictures have made a profit. What man doesn't think he is worth his income? I believe when anybody says he is not, he is lying. The innate conceit of man forces him to feel, I am worth all I can get!"

"Over a period of five years in Hollywood, I received \$434,500. Out of that, I saved half. The banker's training, you see.

"Therefore, it will take ten years to save a capital of \$500,000, from which, at four per cent, I will derive \$20,000 a year on which to live. The capital will pass on, of course, to my adopted children.

"I know how many people will feel when I admit I spent \$267,250 in five years, but remember I have paid an agent ten per cent or \$43,450. I believe every motion picture person supports dependents. I know Mrs. March and I support seven families besides our own. Our income tax is more than \$20,000. We pay one half of one per cent of each check to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. We give \$1,000 yearly to the Community Chest. If you will deduct all of these set expenses before we begin to live, you will find the reason we live so simply in comparison to many, many Hollywood families with even a lesser income."

AND when I sent this interview to my editor, he did not print it. He said the story sounded as though I had been talking to a banker.

But you see, what the editor missed, was: "I had been talking to a banker! I was talking to a man, grown from the boy who had left Racine, Wisconsin, to become a banker. A boy who became president of his senior class at the University, football manager and Iron Cross man. A boy who was known for his ability to make the most of responsibility and yet maintain a wit and charm, as we all try to maintain it. A boy who won through a scholarship, a bank job in New York City, who saw the long, steep hill to a safe income of \$20,000 a year in the banking business and changed his vocation.

I have talked to many in New York who knew Freddie when he was living in that little Brooklyn boarding house, attending classes in acting, fencing, dancing and reading plays just as he read text books in college. Freddie March accepted acting as a career, exactly as he had accepted banking. He studied both as a business. If one could learn to be a banker, one could learn to be an actor.

He didn't like Broadway or stock companies. He wanted Hollywood so he could settle down and become a citizen in a community. If he had remained in Racine he would undoubtedly have become president of the Rotary Club, head of the Chamber of Commerce. He was a power in college. He would have become a power—a youthful, handsome, backbone-of-the-city power—in any community. He would have made speeches. He would have been admired,

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loved, respected. He would have taken weak social organizations and made them successful! He would have telephoned his wife for advice.

During a recent visit to New York, I kept on digging for information about Freddie. Two little stories:

He was living in his dingy little apartment with Don Cameron, stage actor, now playing with Eva Le Gallienne. Freddie started for rehearsals one evening when he was doing one of his earliest plays. A young girl was crying in front of his apartment house. The cause was four tiny kittens, abandoned in a gutter. Freddie suggested, "You take two home and I'll take two. We'll raise them!"

When Mr. Cameron arrived home, late that night, there sat Freddie, a baby's milk bottle in one hand, a towel in the other. He was softly massaging the kittens with the towel. Someone had told him a mother cat licks her babies, not only from affection but because there is no cat-castor oil on the market.

The next story has just happened. A boy, whom Freddie knew when he was learning to become an actor, was riding his bicycle when a car ran over him. The boy was just one more actor out of

work, his friends were in similar conditions. One of the old gang remembered Freddie, out in California. Their call for help reached him on the morning Florence Eldridge recently went to the hospital. But the check was sent that day and it was large enough to see the boy through the hospital and back on his professional feet. Freddie's note said, "Thank you for letting me know about this!"

A man who felt responsibility for kittens stranded in his community; for humans who had once been of his community. I wonder if I'm wrong when I say that Freddie March, the young actor, did only what Freddie March, the young banker, would have done for those kittens—that Freddie March, the great actor did for the boy exactly what Freddie March, the great banker, would have done?

If Rudolph Valentino had become Mayor of Milwaukee, no one would have understood him. Freddie March will always seem equally strange to Hollywood.

It's a nice strangeness. A comfortable one. Something for all of us, in Hollywood, to depend upon when we're in trouble. Something to remind us that our conceit in "glamor" may not be the most important thing in the world.

## BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 17)

here about the medium-length bob. It is really the most adaptable haircut you can choose, because it can be worn in so many different ways. You can have the hair brought back on the right side, swirled neatly across the back, and built up high on the left side. Then you can achieve different effects by wearing the left side curls in loose ringlets one day, and in soft puffs the next. This arrangement adapts itself beautifully to the present popular draped-over-the-right-eye beret that leaves the entire left side of the hair uncovered.

The medium-length bob can also be adopted to the time when, as Binnie phrases it, "we wish for long hair and the dignity that goes with it." The addition of a braid can give the illusion of long hair, and the resulting coronet arrangement is especially harmonious with evening gowns. Binnie likes a few soft curls around the face with this type of coiffure and she finds hair ornaments effective, too. For long hair, the classic figure eight coil at the nape of the neck, with the hair drawn softly back from the face, gives a statuesque dignity.

Softness, that is Binnie's preachment! The only times she sponsors a shoulder-length bob is when the hair is drawn severely back behind the ears, but with a few ringlets upward just above the forehead to break the hard line, and with curls clustering at the nape of the neck to insure a softening influence. Pretty ears are essential to this type of hairdress.

THE lovely, soft things that Binnie does with bangs are a lesson to all of you. Remember Binnie as the beautiful Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim Brady"? With her fluffy bangs and her fluffy parasol? She believes that there is nothing which softens the features of a youthful face more than soft ringlets buoyantly curling upward on the forehead. But she also believes that nothing so succeeds in calling attention to lines and age. She doesn't advise bangs for

the person with a plump or square face, or a low forehead, but she does believe that we should all experiment with bangs in one form or another. They can often do so much towards giving us new faces.

After all, there are bangs and bangs, the curly, wispy ones of Jean Parker, the smooth blonde ones of Joan Blondell, the softly curling Colbert bangs, and the half-bangs on the side of the face that can be made to give the illusion of a wave when you're tired of them as bangs. Personally, I think the side bang can be ever so fetching, especially when it swirls down onto the forehead and just brushes the eyebrows.

Of course a permanent, a good permanent, I mean, is the advantageous basis for any type of curled or waved coiffure. But I've often wondered why more girls don't discover how chic and youthful un-waved and well brushed hair can appear. Carole Lombard is one of Hollywood's foremost exponents of the hairbrush, and a type of sleek hairdress that she has worn to the smartest advantage is one in which the hair is worn perfectly straight, but with the ends curled up to detract from the severity of the line, and with a deep fringe of bangs softly curled over the forehead. This is the perfect answer to the girl whose permanent wave has pretty well grown out, and who has been asking, "What CAN I do with my hair?" She can have just the ends permanented again, or she can dampen the ends with a good waving fluid and do them up on curlers.

FOR the young girl with the too high forehead, the hairdress just described is excellent. Do you know how to decide whether you have a high forehead, a normal or a low one? Well, the space from the browline to the hairline should be the width of your first three fingers if your brow is normal. If your hairline is above the first finger, your brow is high and your hair should have bangs or a downward wave to conceal part of the forehead.



If you have an unusually nice natural hairline at the face, do capitalize on it! The most generally becoming coiffure for you is one where the hair is combed smoothly backward with an upward off-the-face trend, with large natural waves ending in loose ringlets, and allowing the tips of the ears to show . . . the "Ginger Rogers" type.

Let's follow the metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers from back when she played in "Change of Heart" with Charlie Farrell to her "tops" roles today as partner of Fred Astaire. You see her first with a semi-long bob with bangs from temple to temple. Then she has a change of heart and chooses a coiffure which shows, rather than conceals, her lovely hairline. In her third hairdress she goes still more glamorous, and wears her hair in an off-the-face arrangement with the curls piled high . . . our idea of the metamorphosis of the college girl into the sophisticate.

You'll find that comparatively few of the stars go in for center-part coiffures. For those who have the oval face of a Julie Haydon or the regular features of a Binnie Barnes, the center part can achieve a sweet and saintly look that is enviable, but for most of us I'm afraid that it achieves only a frank unbecomingness.

If you want to look what I call "S. S. & G." (Sweet, Simple, and Girlish), Dixie Lee Crosby's coiffure is the one to copy, with maybe a ribbon and a bow. Now if Dixie wanted to look older, perish the thought, she would choose a higher coiffure, one that gets up and away from the neckline. That's one of Hollywood's tricks. When a role calls for youth to gracefully assume middle age, up goes the coiffure. Remember Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude"? When she was a young girl her coiffure was "sweet and low" when she portrayed middle age, up went the hairline and the whole contour of the coiffure.

Now here's our scoop of the year . . . a booklet of coiffures of the stars! Six of your favorite stars illustrate six different

hairdress styles created especially for them by Perc Westmore, famous director of Hollywood hair styles. Back, front, and side views are shown! These complete instruction photos will enable any skilled permanent waving artist to reproduce exact copies. You can take the booklet right along with you to the hairdresser's, and have a coiffure styled for you exactly like one of the stars. How is that for the final word in helping you to style coiffures?

Seeing stars . . . that's all I've been doing since writing this coiffure "preview" for you, so I was sort of four-star minded when I went shopping for ideas in the stores and beauty shops. You may want the names of these four-star items that I put down on my shopping list: A permanent waving method that is a favorite with the stars, and that is a safeguard for your own personal hair hygiene; a rinse that is just a tiny tint of colorful highlight; a brush that has its bristles so cleverly arranged that it actually encourages a wave (and encourages more highlights, too); and a shampoo especially designed to encourage waviness. Remember, the quality of your hair plays a very important part in the styling of your coiffure!

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## THE LAST INTERVIEW

(Continued from page 15)

stride.

"As he stepped off the train on this particular day, he noticed the regulation group of welcomers, all ready to go into their routine but also, standing a little to one side and looking as if they felt out of place, a rare assortment of tattered demagogues. The Order of California Hobos had learned that Will Rogers was coming to town!

"There they stood, shifting from one foot to the other, at least one hundred disreputable tramps waiting to say hello to the idol whose words of wisdom they managed to read in papers salvaged, along with cigarette stubs and cigar butts, from wayside ashcans.

"Will took one look, and then, with just a hurried 'Howdy do' to the mayor and members of the Rotary Club, he sauntered over to that group of forgotten men. When we finally tore him away half an hour later, he had disposed of all the cash in his pocket—some \$300! He had to borrow pocket money from the supervisor to see him through the trip.

"Again during location work in Sonora, the usual pleas began to pour in for Will to speak before the usual groups of ladies' literary clubs, men's breakfast clubs, and the Junior Sewing Circle. He's the sort of man who accepts four lecture en-

agements a week, gratis—and pays his own travelling expenses besides. He simply can't say no.

"But this time he compromised. Calling a meeting of the representatives of the various organizations, he told them that, since he couldn't speak to each society separately, he'd put on a show for all of them.

"The get-together was called for eight o'clock at the Town Hall. For three solid hours from that time on, we sat in the wings of that meeting house and watched our star go through a magnificent routine of cowboy stunts (rope tricks that would have set your hair on end), comments on current affairs, wisecracking in the inimitable Rogers manner. And all for nothing—this entertainment which was worth ten dollars to anyone in that audience. It was one of the greatest shows I've ever seen and I'm an old, blasé hand at the game.

"Would any other star have considered wasting his time to entertain a group of small-towners? No. But the biggest box office draw in pictures today actually acted as if it were an honor to give the ladies of the Sonora Sewing Bee a grand time. Why? The answer is: 'Because he's Will Rogers . . . and there aren't any more like him.'"



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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

## CHEERIO, CHARLIE

(Continued from page 34)

the way to the Battery. "Good Lord," he said, "we'll never get through in time. This dreadful red tape will take hours. I'll never make the boat. I'm sure I won't make the boat. It's dreadful, isn't it? And I must make the boat. You see, I'm meeting my wife in England. I can't stand not making the boat. French boat, too. Good Lord! And I'm worn out." He turned to me. "You'd be worn out, too, if you'd just finished 'Mutiny On The Bounty.'"

I said I felt sort of worn out already.

WHAT a picture," Laughton said. "Such work. The location was at Catalina. We climbed up the rigging and sat on guns, and bits of mast kept falling on us. Do you think we'll make the boat?" Just at that moment I thought we'd never make anything again. There was a sickening crash. Our taxi spun into the middle of the street. I found myself in the middle of Charles Laughton's stomach. The press agent groaned, "See what you've done," he yelled at me. "You bring me bad luck."

We had, it seems, been hit by another taxi. Our cab was damaged. We got out and took another one.

"Well," Laughton said, "that was close." He slumped down in a corner of the cab, rolling those wonderful and expressive eyes heavenwards, as you've seen him do on the screen so many times. "Do you know what I thought? I thought I should never be able to finish the Ring Lardner stories I'm reading. Do you know Lardner's works? I'm reading him for the first time. How wonderful he is. Really a great writer. So much better than O. Henry. Don't you think so?"

I wasn't thinking. I was wishing I hadn't tried to get a "scoop."

Now we were at the barge office. Laughton hustled. The press agent hustled. I tagged along.

And then a grand thing happened. Instead of the elaborate red tape everyone had expected, Laughton was asked only to sign his name twice and was given the passport and the re-entry papers.

When he heard this he let out one of those wonderful whoops. You know, the kind of whoop he gave in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

"Marvelous, marvelous," he shouted, dancing a little jig. "Now we'll make the boat. Oh, wonderful."

The press agent shouted, "Come on."

I said maliciously, "You see, there was time for an interview after all."

And just then the press agent shoved Laughton in a taxi and started out without me. He thought he had ditched me.

But you can't ditch Kitty, the girl reporter. Just like a gangster in a movie I followed them in another cab. And when the press agent and Laughton came puffing into Laughton's state room, I was sitting there.

The press agent gave up. Laughton began to laugh. And from then on we all had the time of our lives.

Laughton snatched the wires and cablegrams from his table and ran through them. "Nothing from my wife," he said, unhappily. "I'm afraid she doesn't know I'm sailing." He turned quickly and espied an enormous box of flowers.

"Looks like a coffin," I said.

"Aren't you a cheery little soul?" Laughton mused. "And right over your head is the life belt." He opened the box and found a card. Relief flooded his face. "Ah," he murmured, "from Elsa."

The ship reporters began to arrive. They surrounded Laughton and fired questions at him. I've never seen a man look so bored. One of the reporters asked him if he had seen a certain famous singer on the coast. "Good Lord, no. Oh heaven's no," said Laughton, "a movie actor mustn't speak to an opera star."

That ended that interview.

Then autograph seekers began pouring in—dozens of boys and girls with books and pictures. Someone asked him to write, "To Mush from Charles Laughton."

NOW I can't do that," he complained. "Really can I write 'To Mush'?—oh, heavens."

Another one asked him to write, "To Sol."

"How very Biblical," Laughton said, and wrote to "Saul." The lad will undoubtedly change his name.

More ship reporters came. Laughton ordered champagne cocktails. The reporters wouldn't have them so Laughton and the press agent and I drank them all.

I heard the reporters asking questions but they didn't seem to make sense. Ships always excite me, I suppose.

They asked him his favorite role.

He said it was "Ruggles."

They asked him about his playing "Cy-rano" in England. He said he hadn't decided what sort of a nose to wear, most actors who played it, he said, were very lean, handsome men who stuck on a false nose that looked like an iceberg. He said he didn't want to do that.

As I think back it all makes sense. Funny it didn't make sense then. The reporters all seemed so earnest, too.

When they left Laughton turned to me, "Aren't you an interviewer?" he said. I nodded. "Then why don't you ask questions?"

I said I didn't feel like it.

"That's good," said Laughton. "I hate answering questions. Let me tell you why I don't like it. Once Roland Young and I were having terrible difficulty with a scene. It was very late and we had worked very hard that day. We couldn't remember our lines, nor get them straight. Finally we got the hang of it and were just going into a scene when a newspaper man stepped up to me and said, 'Mr. Laughton, which do you like best—English or American films?' And now I can't for the life of me remember whether I killed him or not."

"Let's go up on deck," he went on, "and wave good-bye. Did you ever hear the story of the man who was always seeing his friends off on boats and then one happy day he was actually going somewhere himself? Imagine his amazement when he discovered himself out on the dock waving goodbye to himself."

Well, even now, that doesn't make any sense. So we went on deck.

The news cameramen espied Laughton. They swooped down on him with their little black boxes. "Stand there," they said. "Take off your hat," they said. "Look this way," they shouted.

Laughton was calm. Very quietly he said, "Now really, can't you say 'Please?'"

Then we walked around the deck with peopled named Mush and Sol or Saul following us asking for autographs. But Laughton was having fun.

If that man is morbid, melancholy and morose then the Four Marx Brothers are tragedians.

Suddenly a bell began to ring. The



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Bill Powell dates his best girl, Jean Harlow. They look romantic, don't they?

visitors were getting off the boat. "The bell's ringing," the press agent said. "The bell's ringing," Laughton said. "The bell's ringing," I said.

AND we walked around the deck some more. It was very nice because there were so few people on it. And that's how it happened that the press agent and I walked down the gangplank—or rather, were pushed down the gang plank by the *Ile de France* attendants—just as they were lifting the darn thing up. One more second and we would have sailed to quarantine and come back with the pilot. Or maybe we would have been stowaways and gone to England with Laughton. I would have liked the latter best.

As we were being shoved off the *Ile de France* Laughton shouted, "Wave to me." So he stood on deck and we stood on the dock and waved. He shouted, "Give my love to Grandmaw," in a very American accent.

Some people on the dock, waving to friends on the boat, looked bewildered. So a woman on the boat satisfied their curiosity by taking her nice white bag and writing on it with a lipstick, "Charles Laughton." She held this up above Laughton's head. Everyone shouted. Laughton waved some more and just as the boat took off or heaved aho or pulled anchor or whatever boats do, he clapped his hands above his head in the position of a diver and for one breathless moment everyone thought he was going to jump overboard.

I was quite weak and had to sit down. And so I got my story. And so I was the one and only magazine writer in New York to see and interview Charles Laughton.

Now that I come to think of it, maybe I didn't interview him after all.

My life is calm once more. But Laughton has spoiled me for other stars. He's swell. He's a scream. Please don't shoot—but honestly it isn't so much what he says as the way he says it. That clipped British voice. Those sly looks. You have the feeling that—no matter what he says—he is kidding everybody and everything.

Great and versatile actor that he is I now think it might have been a good idea if I had asked him to tell me his theories about acting.

Well, maybe when he comes back from England I can get an interview with Laughton—all I did this time was to be darn near killed, to drink champagne cocktails and to have more laughs than I've had in a year of polite interviewing conversation.

And this—gentle readers—is one girl's two-hour adventure with the greatest actor the screen has ever known.



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**THE ROMANCES OF OBERON**

(Continued from page 37)

and unself-conscious as she is, there is about her an aura of strange fascination.

"My first romance," she said, "was, of course, absolutely different from my dreams. I was at a dinner dance given by some friends in Calcutta. It was almost my first public appearance. During the course of the evening, as I was dancing, I happened to look up just in time to catch a fleeting glance of a tall, fair chap in polo clothes, rather dishevelled. He stood there, glared about him for an instant and disappeared. It never occurred to me that he'd been glaring at me. Why should it? I'd never laid eyes on him before. I forgot all about the incident until, half an hour later, I found myself being introduced to him.

"We went into the garden. An Indian moon was low in the sky. There *was* that. But certainly," Merle laughed, "there was none of the silent, suffering reticence I've dreamed about. For he said to me instantly, 'I am in love with you. I have been for months. I'm returning to England in a few days. Will you marry me?'"

"I thought at first that he was mad. Then I thought that he was fooling me. I looked at his eyes and knew that he was not. He was quite sane. And completely in earnest. I told him that I didn't understand—how could he be in love with me when we'd met less than five minutes ago?"

It appeared that he'd seen me around, here and there. He said that it had been love at first sight. That flattered me! He said he'd been trying everywhere to get an introduction to me. He'd made a practise of doing just what he had done that night—he'd barge in on places, look them over to see if I were there and then vanish. This time he had dashed in, had seen me, had gone home to dress and there he was!

Merle said, remembering, "I didn't fall in love with him at first sight. It would be more romantic to say that I did but these are my real romances, no fiction allowed! I was startled. I was impressed. But my dreams had not prepared me for anything so masterful, so matter-of-fact. Such, I thought, was not the way of the poets. And then he left for England, all nice and broken-hearted, and then I knew. Immediately he sailed I knew that I was in love with him. In love for the first time. And I had a beautiful time, writing very bad poetry, languishing, suffering exquisitely. And when, a few weeks later, my uncle's leave fell due I begged him to take me home to England with him.

On the trip home, Merle confessed, her dreams of Nicky were slightly involved with her secret ambition to go on the stage. She rather fancied herself as an actress. "On that journey," said Merle, "I spent my time visualizing myself as a sort of composite Shearer and Garbo one moment and as the wife of Nicky, in an English garden, the next.

And then there he was, meeting me. We were both very young and very much in love. I was sixteen. He was twenty-one. And not a shilling between us. Both of our families were very violent, indeed, on the subject of early marriage. It was all very young, and, we thought, so very tragic. There were dozens of desperate farewells—forever and more rushing together again and crying, 'We can't stand this!' Then I began to meet people who said, 'You really should be on the stage, my dear.' And I thought so myself. And so,

gradually, painfully, Nicky and I drifted apart."

MERLE remained in London. Her uncle left her there, reluctantly, with a little money and a great deal of independence. She heard that the H. M. V. Film Company of London was holding an audition at the Café de Paris and attended the audition with the hope of being "discovered." She was not discovered. But she did land a job at the Café as one of the hostesses. And there...

"Second romance came to me there," said Merle, "he was an older man, a foreigner, of Austrian birth. He was charming, sophisticated, clever, mysterious. He made me feel as I had dreamt I would feel when love should come to me. Sort of sacred and set apart. I knew that I was in love again because I was tragically unhappy when I was not with him and curiously unhappy when I was. With Nicky it had all been clear and plain and evident. I'd known what he was all about. With this man there was something I didn't understand. There were things he didn't say.

Months went by. Merle had begun to work in the studios. One day a friend of hers said to her, casually, "Since when have you taken to going out with married men?"

Merle told me, "I can remember now how my heart stopped beating. I thought, 'He is going to pronounce a sentence of death on love.' I didn't dare ask him whom he meant. I knew. And I didn't want to know.

"And that," said Merle, "was my first contact with disillusionment. It's very hard to bear at seventeen."

"I suppose," said Merle, laughing a little, "fiction writers would call my first romance 'Young Romance' and my second, 'Married-Man Romance.' And now comes one which would be titled, I'm sure, 'The Romantic Friendship.'"

BECAUSE," said Merle, "if you have read the daily papers, Miss Hall, you know all about the rumors of an engagement between me and David Niven; I've never made any statement about this. No one has asked me to. But I make one now: There is no engagement. There is no romance in the literal sense of the word. It has been hinted that we are in love, that we may be married any day now and so on. Here is the real truth: I was awfully lonely and homesick when I first came to Hollywood. It was a dream come true, just to be here, but even a dream come true can be a chilly thing when there is no "home" person to share it with you. David is a home person. I'd met him a few times at home in England. Then he came to Hollywood. He's gay and amusing and clever. We speak the same language.

"We are friends, David and I. We are not about to announce our engagement. We've never even discussed the state of marriage.

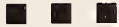
"I'm not being 'clever' about this. I'm not being cagey and secretive. When, if ever, I fall madly and really in love I shall be the first to announce it to the world. Frankly. Proudly. And I'll give up gladly my work, my career, my entire scheme of living for love and home and marriage. But that day has not yet come. Nor that man. And we have completely jolly and satisfying times together, David and I. But the name we give it is friendship—not love."



## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 54)

If Hepburn and Leland Hayward are married, how come Leland arrived at Katie's "Alice Adams" preview with Margaret Sullavan in tow? And why did he try to duck when the demon Scotty snapped their picture? And after the preview, why did Katie sneak out the side door? It's questions like these that make this goofy town so interesting. Or, if you prefer, they help make this interesting burg so goofy.



Everybody's yelling about a new "discovery" in these parts, so we may as well add our voice to the clamor. She's Edith Fellows, she's nine years old and she practically steals Claudette Colbert's new picture, "She Married Her Boss." Here's how Edith was "discovered": When director Gregory La Cava sent out a call for a youngster, doting mothers appeared at his office with their offsprings, and all of the little darlings were equipped with starched dresses and a prepared speech. Edith appeared sans mother and in everyday clothes, marched into the La Cava presence and said: "I understand you wanted to see me." P. S. She got the job.



Luise Rainer, who scored such a hit with Bill Powell in "Escapade," is hardly what you could call the cameraman's friend. She's always hard to get, but recently at the Café Lamaze with Max Reinhardt, Jr., and two other male friends, the camera boys cornered her. As a gag, the gentlemen refused to pose with her. When they finally consented, La Rainer, continuing the jolly fun, upped and left the table. A few minutes later she returned, making a grand entrance which was marred only by the fact that she slipped and fell flat on the Rainer features—and right in the middle of the dance floor.



Art for art's sake is Hollywood's motto, even though some of the stars will support Art till it kills them, provided it's accompanied by a loud obligato of publicity. Last summer, however, there was evidence of a considerable amount of sincere interest in the Hollywood Bowl concerts. The Bowl, in case you don't know, is a natural amphitheatre in the Hollywood hills, and features during the summer an excellent series of symphonies and light operas. A number of stars purchase boxes for the season, for it's considered quite tony to be listed among the patrons and patronesses of the Bowl. Looking over the list we were pleasantly surprised to find the name of that avid music lover and follower of the arts, Mr. Stepin Fetchit.



Seems like you've got to have a college education to become a western star these days. Paramount started the vogue when they took Randolph Scott out of the University of Alabama and put him on a horse, and now several studios have hard riders with diplomas. John Wayne is a University of Southern California boy who made good on the celluloid plains, and Charles Starrett, who went afoot to Dartmouth, now finds himself in the saddle upholding the honor of the west.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.





Cary Grant makes faces at Betty Furness and Randolph Scott.

The Nino Martini success story is one of those things you read about. (All right then, come on and read about it.) Back in 1929 Mrs. Jesse Lasky heard Nino singing in a Paris cafe. The Laskys brought him to this country and starred him in a musical short. Those were the days when sound pictures were just beginning to sit up and make noises, and Nino's voice didn't register well so his contract was cancelled. For several years it was tough going for Nino, until suddenly he burst into prominence on the air. Next came a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company, and now success in his first feature picture, "Here's to Romance," which was produced by Mr. Lasky. A friend of Nino's told us that his income for 1936 will approximate \$250,000, which is very nice indeed when you figure that lots of guys who were failures in 1929 aren't doing so well these days, either.

If you're ever looking for some easy money in a hurry, it might be well to follow Peter Lorre's example. Peter, you may remember, wore a shaved pate in "Mad Love." A few weeks later he started work on "Crime and Punishment," and everyone on the set had an uncontrollable desire to rub his stubble of growing hair. So Mr. L. put the thing on a paying basis by charging a nickel a rub. In two days he amassed \$2.45, and set up a Lorre lunch fund for studio office boys. Try it some time.

That the wedding bells are imminent for Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford seems to be a foregone conclusion along the Boulevard, but here's a question some of the natives are asking themselves. Who is the handsome young man who has been piloting a motorcycle to Santa Barbara these last few Sundays with dignified little Mary perched on the seat behind him? The young man is Craig Reynolds, who was Hugh Enfield when he played opposite Mary in her recent stage appearance in "Coquette," and who is now under contract to Warner Brothers. Rumor has it that they are merely friends, but if you've ever ridden on the back seat of a motorcycle—well, it must be love!

Buddy and his band have been playing an engagement at Mr. Wrigley's Catalina Island these past few weeks, and friends insist that when America's Boy Friend returns to the mainland the little lady waiting at the dock will be America's Sweetheart.

And they further insist that she won't be coming down to the sea on a motorcycle.

Shirley Temple is thinking of hiring the Stanford football squad to accompany her on her evenings out. Shirley isn't looking for gigolos—what she needs is a set of bodyguards to protect her from admiring fans who make a mass attack every time their idol appears in public. Shortly after their return from Honolulu, Shirley and her mama visited Grauman's Chinese to get their first look at "Curly Top." No sooner were they seated than recognized, however, when practically the entire audience from the other side of the house moved over to get a first-hand peek at the picture's title role. No bones were broken in the stampede, and everyone got a look at Shirley, with the possible exception of the little lady herself, who found her immediate vicinity so crowded she couldn't see a thing.

You may have seen Lew Ayres on the screen for the last time. No, we don't mean he has decided to stay home and keep house for Ginger; on the other hand, he has just signed a contract to direct. It seems Lew has always harbored a yen for a megaphone. A few months ago he made a home movie, with the cast made up of his movie colony friends. Lew wrote the scenario, built the sets, handled the camera and directed the picture. A few nights ago he showed the results at the Rogers-Ayres abode. Nat Levine of Mascot Pictures, who happened to be present, was so impressed with Lew's work that he immediately signed him to a director's contract.

And how about a few better roles for Bette Davis? The little Davis lass, whose Mildred in "Of Human Bondage" was one of the outstanding screen portrayals of last season, actually hasn't had a part worthy of her talents since. In her newest picture, "Special Agent," she has so little to do she could almost as well have stayed home. Aside to the Warner Brothers; how about giving this little girl a great big hand?

Either there's been a decided improvement in the quality of the farewell parties out here, or people actually hate to leave Hollywood. Of late there have been numerous "farewells" for visiting celebrities and locals alike, and as a rule the honor guest likes the party so well he decides to stay around another week or so, perhaps in the hope that a few more kind friends will say it with parties. The latest guest of honor who just couldn't bear to leave was Merle Oberon. After the completion of "Dark Angel," when Merle announced she was about to entrain for England, the Samuel Goldwyns honored her with a very elegant going-away party. Everything was so lovely that the almond-eyed Tasmanian, as her press-agents are wont to describe her, decided to stay. It's getting so "goodbye" doesn't mean a thing around here.

Now that Will Rogers is gone, many wonder what sort of reaction the two pictures unreleased at the time of his death will receive. One of them, "Steamboat 'Round The Bend," opened in Hollywood two days after the funeral. We stood in line half an hour to buy a ticket. Inside, Will's first appearance on the screen



Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro at his special show.

was greeted with applause, and throughout the picture there was genuine laughter from people who loved Will so much in life they can still laugh with him on the screen. It was a splendid tribute to a man who is really an American institution. It was conclusive proof that he will never die.

Eddie Robinson doesn't like to complain, but he's willing to bet he receives goofier presents from fans than any other star in the business. While most movie personalities are getting useful things, the Robinson menage is cluttered with Chinese earthenware, strange Aztec objects, totems and several dozen items the identity of which even careful research fails to disclose. A few weeks ago a package arrived containing a strange object about the size of a golf ball. Eddie, who thought it might be something explosive, took it to a policeman, who didn't know what to think. The gift was carted to a chemist, who found it to be a low grade of ambergris, the stuff of which perfumes are made. "It's nice," says Eddie, "but I'll gladly trade it for a pair of socks." Size eleven, in case you're interested.

Hollywood heat wave (as we go to press): The big romance of the month continues to be Cary Grant and Betty Furness. They've been doing the night spots together quite consistently, although we must admit to having seen the young lady on more than one occasion with Cesar Romero . . . Estelle Taylor, who gave Lee Tracy most of her time last month, has swung over to Van Smith, who was reported about to marry Nancy Carroll . . . Nancy's ex, Jack Kirkland, having been recently divorced by Jayne Shaddock, has been giving all of his attention to June Travis, whose pappy owns the Chicago White Sox . . . Irene Hervey continues to decorate the arm of Bob Taylor, and it looks like romance . . . The report that a certain well-known star was seen out dancing with his wife has been vigorously denied by both parties.

It may not make any difference to you that Lillian Bond is married to Sydney Smith, but it meant a lot to a gal in New Zealand. Lil is showing her pals a letter from the young lady which says, "All happiness—for three years I'd been wishing you'd get married. The man I love got a crush on you the first time he saw you on the screen. When he found out you were married, he proposed, and our wedding bells will ring early next year. Thank you very much." And Lil has the letter and Sydney to prove it.





... a freshly different, more alluring color that brings to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night

When shapely lips are given this new, sense-stirring jungle red, tempests rage about them . . . and other hearts throb with impatience. "Jungle" is the most vivid shade ever put into lipstick, and the most exotic. It is divinely daring . . . mercilessly teasing . . . dangerously tempting . . . a truly adventurous hue, artfully created to bring rapt attention to the luscious, moist softness this lipstick also gives to lips. And is "Jungle" indelible? So much so, that its intense color becomes an actual part of *you* . . . clinging to your lips, and **YOUR** lips alone . . . all day . . . or, all night . . . *savagely!* See "Jungle" . . . use it, if you are going out to conquer!



There are four other SAVAGE shades too: TANGERINE (Orangish) . . . FLAME (Fiery) . . . NATURAL (Blood Color) . . . BLUSH (Changeable)

20c AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

SAVAGE



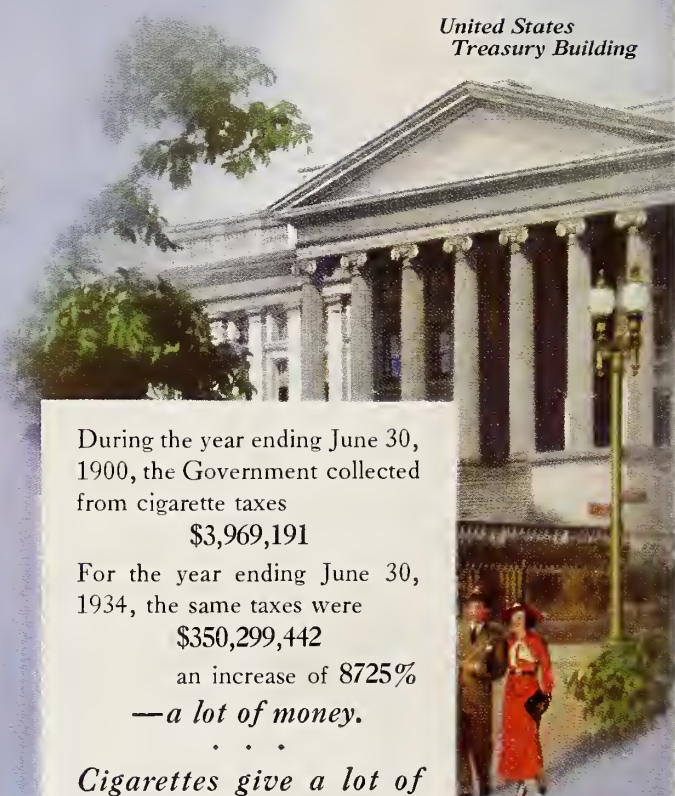


From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to  
326,093,357 lbs.;  
an increase of 2392%

*There is no substitute  
for mild, ripe tobacco.*

United States  
Treasury Building



During the year ending June 30,  
1900, the Government collected  
from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30,  
1934, the same taxes were

\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

*—a lot of money.*

*Cigarettes give a lot of  
pleasure to a lot of people.*



**M**ore cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

*Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.  
Everything that science knows about is used in  
making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.*

We believe you will enjoy them.