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Modern Screen

FEBRUARY

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ENTS



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SOCIAL LEADER

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DENTIST CLASH OVER A
STALK OF CELERY**

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SAYS
DENTIST



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"Pink tooth brush" is a definite warning that your gums are in an unhealthy condition. And ignored, "pink tooth brush"

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RONALD COLMAN A TALE OF TWO CITIES



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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway

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DULL, HEAVY, LIFELESS
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**better
because
you
chew it**

It's Thrifty To Knit Your Clothes



Above (5) Genevieve Tobin wears a three-piece suit which she knitted from a green tweed yarn. You can make the suit or just the sweater.



Above (6), Patricia Ellis shows you what can be done with a bit of perseverance and a crochet hook. It's really much simpler than it looks.

MORE SMART FASHIONS FOR YOU CROCHETERS AND KNITTERS

IN this third series of knit and crochet patterns, your acquired skill is really tested. We give you two stunning costumes which every girl would love to own—two which are not hard to knit but take time and perseverance. But, after all, what's the fun of knitting or crocheting unless you can turn off masterpieces like these which two of the best knitters in Hollywood have made?

Pat Ellis says that, although her crocheted lace evening dress looks difficult, it really is not hard to make. You make the small pieces first and then crochet them together, following the pattern of a simple evening

gown. Her instructions are very easy to follow.

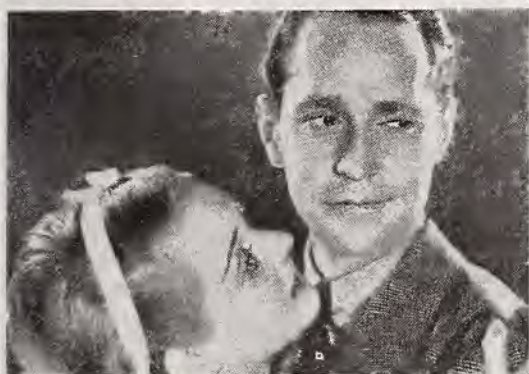
Genevieve Tobin's suit, consisting of a skirt and jacket in tweed yarn and a plain slip-on, can be made as a three-piece unit or can just be made in separate pieces. If you need a good sweater pattern, the slip-on alone is perfect.

In order to get these instructions just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. There is no charge, just indicate by number your preference—or you may have both, just for the asking.

No Wonder Franchot Tone calls BETTE DAVIS

"DANGEROUS"

**LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS,
IN HER LATEST PICTURE,
ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!**



"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"



"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."



"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free... If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

In their first film together!



THE PICTURE

OF THE MONTH

YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together! If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "Dangerous".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll *certainly* agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you *must* see "Dangerous". Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!

EMPHASIS ON

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THE LOWDOWN ON FAVORITES

NOTE: As was the case last month, there have been so many requests for brief life stories of the following players that it will be impossible to print the names and addresses of readers. Please consider yourself included.

CHARLES BOYER: He's back again from his European jaunt, and all ready to start work in "Invitation to Happiness" opposite Marlene Dietrich. This should give him ample opportunity to resume his conquest of American movie-goers. Long before he became the theatrical idol of France, he was born in Figeac, in that country, on August 28 and graduated from the Sorbonne where he earned a degree in Philosophy. His family wanted him to take up an honorable trade, but young Charles had different ideas and enrolled at the Conservatoire de Drama on the day of his graduation. There he studied for two years, gaining an education in the theatrical classics. He was then engaged by the Theatre Antoine, and his success was instantaneous. Paris, London and Berlin were eventually at his feet—and now America. His first American picture was "Caravan," followed by "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts." "Shanghai" was his last film before sailing to his Fatherland with his wife, Pat Paterson. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and an olive complexion. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

MARGE CREEDON, Phila., Pa.—Douglas Walton was the young man who gave the dramatic outburst at the hospital in "Dark Angel." He was also in "Captain Hurricane." As the result of the former bit part, he has been signed to a contract by Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CAROLE LOMBARD: Christened Jane Alice Peters, Carole was born in Fort Wayne, Ind., on October 6, 1909, of Scotch and English descent. Her parents, Elizabeth Knight and Frederick C. Peters, were fairly well-to-do and she had two brothers, both older than she. When Carole was seven her mother took her to California for a visit, and liking the climate so well, they sent for the rest of the family. So Carole was raised in Los Angeles, where she attended public schools and the Los Angeles High School, finishing with a year or two at the exclusive Marlborough School for Girls. In 1924, when she was 15, Carole joined a little theatre group where she appeared in a number of plays. She had received her dramatic training at the Miriam Nelke school of dramatic art, and had come to the conclusion that the best way to learn to act was to get experience. Her first move was to meet as many people in the movie business as possible. One of these acquaintanceships resulted in a test, which in turn brought her a leading role opposite Edmund Lowe in "Marriage in Transit" in 1925, when Carole was not quite 16. And believe it or not, she was Buck Jones' and Tom Mix's leading lady on two occasions, in a series of Mack Sennett comedies and finally made her sound picture debut in "Show Folks." It was then that she changed her name to Carol (no "e") Lombard. After a few minor pictures she was signed by Paramount to play opposite Buddy Rogers in "Safety in Numbers," which turned out to be the making of her, for she was signed to a long term contract, which in its renewed form, is still in existence. On June 16, 1931, Carole married William Powell and this Hollywood marriage was no exception. It was all over in 2 years. She measures 5 feet 4 inches in height, weighs 110 pounds, has blue eyes, blonde hair and fair skin. Her favorite sports are swimming, tennis, horse-back riding, skiing and pingpong. White is her favorite color and she has two dogs, likes to cook and collects books. "Spinster Dinner" with Melvyn Douglas will probably be Carole's next picture, and you may reach her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

PHYLLIS ANN FAUSSELLT, Anderson, Ind.—Ross Alexander played the role of Sparks in "Shipmates Forever." He is 28 years old.

CLARK GABLE: Of course you've heard the rumor—about our hero and his wife separating—but that's putting the end of the story first, so back to the beginning. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, on February 1, 1901, he was christened William Clark Gable. His mother having died in his infancy, Clark was raised by his step-mother and grandparents. Educated in the Hopedale, Ohio, high school, he went to Akron, where he became a timekeeper in a rubber factory, until he caught the "theatre bug" and began playing extra parts on the stage. He then alternated between the theatre and odd jobs. In Portland, Ore., he met Josephine Dillon, diction and elocution instructor, and

married her in 1924. In 1927 he made his stage debut on Broadway and followed it up with a series of other plays. It was in 1929 that Clark married again, this time it was Rhea Langham, New York society woman. She is the present Mrs. Gable who is planning to divorce her actor-husband. In 1931 Clark made his picture debut in "The Painted Desert," and this was only the beginning. Clark is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair and is known as a regular fellow. He likes to watch polo games and football, and his athletic diversions are golf, hunting, swimming and tennis. He collects firearms, and travelling is his favorite pastime. He did a marvelous bit of acting in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and will appear next in "Wife Versus Secretary" with Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy. Write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MARION LEWIS, Springfield, Ill.—Sid Silvers played the part of Snoop in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell have started work on "Colleen" which also features Joan Blondell. George Raft's last picture was "She Couldn't Take It" and he will be seen next, most probably, in "Concertina" with Carole Lombard.

FRANCES LANGFORD: From Main Street of Lakeland, Fla., comes this young contralto who made herself known to American audiences first over the air, then in movie shorts, musical comedy, vaudeville and finally invaded Hollywood. Miss Langford's mother, Annie Newbern, was a concert pianist and although Frances was not so gifted she did have a voice that was a "natural." As a young girl she gained local popularity by singing at school and church entertainments. She later attended Southern College where she sang soprano in the glee club. Then she had her tonsils removed, emerging from the hospital a contralto. Between classes at college Frances motored to Tampa where she was heard on a commercial radio program, and it was here that Rudy Vallee, who happened to be visiting the resort, heard her during one of her programs. He was very enthusiastic about this young songstress and arranged for her to appear as guest star on his next program. In June, 1931, she came to New York where she sang on commercial programs and took a whirl at the stage in "There Goes the Bride," which failed. Next she made a stab at vaudeville and was a great success. This resulted in her being signed for a really good radio contract, which she supplemented by work in New York vaudeville and cabarets. Then came her Hollywood contract with Paramount. Her next picture will be "Collegiate." She stands 5 feet 3 1/2 inches and weighs only 100 pounds. She is an exotic type, with a rather dark complexion and raven hair. Her favorite foods are fried chicken and Mexican chili and beans. She likes horseback riding and golf and loves sad music. Miss Langford is not married.

INEZ KEENEY, Clinton, Tenn.—Yes, it's true that Jean Harlow changed the color of her hair from platinum to what she calls "brownette." It is this color in "Riffraff." Her next picture will be "Wife Versus Secretary" with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy.

JAMES CAGNEY: This likeable toughie first saw the light of day in New York City on July 17, 1904, in an apartment over his father's saloon. One of five children (Bill Cagney, also of the movies, is his brother), James attended public school and entered Stuyvesant High School. At this time he was supporting himself by being first office boy, then bundle wrapper and finally bell hop during his spare hours. He then entered Columbia University and decided to become a caricaturist, but his family needed more money than this work produced so he gave it up. He started on a stage career first as a chorus boy, then in vaudeville, stock and finally made Broadway in legitimate plays. Appearing with Joan Blondell in "Maggie the Magnificent," they were both seen by a Warner Brothers scout and signed to contracts for the film version of that play, "Simmer Holiday." Since then he has remained in the films, and has done a big bit of all right by himself. Mr. Cagney likes to swim, play tennis and dance, to say nothing of taking daily gym workouts to keep himself fit. He is happily married to Billie Vernon, who was his partner in vaudeville days. James is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes—plus freckles.

You can write him at the Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal., where he recently completely "Frisco Kid" and "Ceiling Zero." Chances are that you may see him in the role of Robin Hood in the near future.

FRANCES BARBARA, New York City—Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey had the leading roles in "Bitter Sweet."

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 91. 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 of a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

(Continued on page 91)

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture — just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed . . . For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity — for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!



IRENE DUNNE • ROBERT TAYLOR IN MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

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Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden

From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

Reviews

... A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES BY LEO TOWNSEND

GOING TO THE MOVIES?
READ THESE REVIEWS FIRST

★★★★ The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)

Shirley Temple is Hollywood's one and only star who can get away with inferior story material. She not only gets away with this but brings it up to top-notch entertainment. The audience is reduced to pulp in the hands of Miss Temple when she squeezes out a tear or flashes those dazzling smiles. If anyone can be said to share honors on the picture, it is Bill Robinson. His characterization of "Uncle Billy," the faithful slave of a Southern family through the turmoil of the Civil War, is excellent. All the Temple emotions are brought into play when her mother dies because she is unable to bear the hardships of war, and father John Boles goes off to battle. Mr. Boles' role is well played, though he accommodately stays in the background. Karen Morley as the mother was not such a happy choice. Slithery silver sheaths seem more the Morley forte than crinolines. Jock Holt is commendable as the enemy officer who offers his uniform and his life to save the heroine. Willie Best and Guinn Williams are well cost in smaller roles. It is all designed, of course, as a fail for Shirley's charms, and it's the best picture to date for that purpose.

Preview Postscripts

Six-year-old Shirley Temple now earns a little over five thousand dollars a week. \$3,500 is her regular salary from the studio whether she is working or not, and the rest of the sum comes in from royalties on the Shirley Temple books, dolls and dresses. Mrs. George Temple, La Temple's mother, gets one hundred a week for bringing her daughter to and from work. Shirley still thinks it's all great fun to be allowed to play with all the nice people in pictures who are such prominent stars. And not one of them even touch her in salary. A gala celebration was held on the set one day during the production of this picture. The party was in honor of Jack Holt's twenty-fourth year in the profession and Shirley's second. Mr. Holt received a huge be-frosted cake with the appropriate number of candles and Shirley had a cup-cake given to her with two pink candles blazing on it. John Boles' daughter, Janet, who is just Shirley's age, was at the party, too. She was a frequent visitor on the set while the picture was being filmed, admiring her favorite actress, Miss Temple, and her favorite actor, Mr. Boles. . . . Bill Robinson is tops in taps, and was a favorite on the old Orpheum circuit for years and years. He first came to Hollywood to appear in "Curly Top," was an immediate success and is in such constant demand now that he may never get back to the stage again.

"The Littlest Rebel," with Karen Morley and Shirley.



★★★ Dangerous (Warner Brothers)

"Dangerous" may sound to you, as it did to us, like the title of one of those super-quickies—the kind they make over the week-end—but don't let it fool you. If you look under the nameplate you'll find one of the most satisfying screen dramas of the past months, and one that is bound to win new admirers for Bette Davis and Franchot Tane. Bette Davis, playing what might be termed the title role, does her best work since "Of Human Bondage," which proves that whenever a good role comes her way the Davis lass has no trouble demonstrating the fact that she is one of the screen's major assets. This time she's an actress whose fatal fascination has ruined two or three men and jinxed her plays so that she has dropped from theatrical heights to oblivion. Franchot Tane is a young architect about to marry into society (Margaret Lindsay) when he spies Bette. Their relations and what happens to their lives makes highly interesting and intelligent screen-fare. Along with the excellent performances of Davis and Tane, there is excellent support from Miss Lindsay and Alison Skipworth.

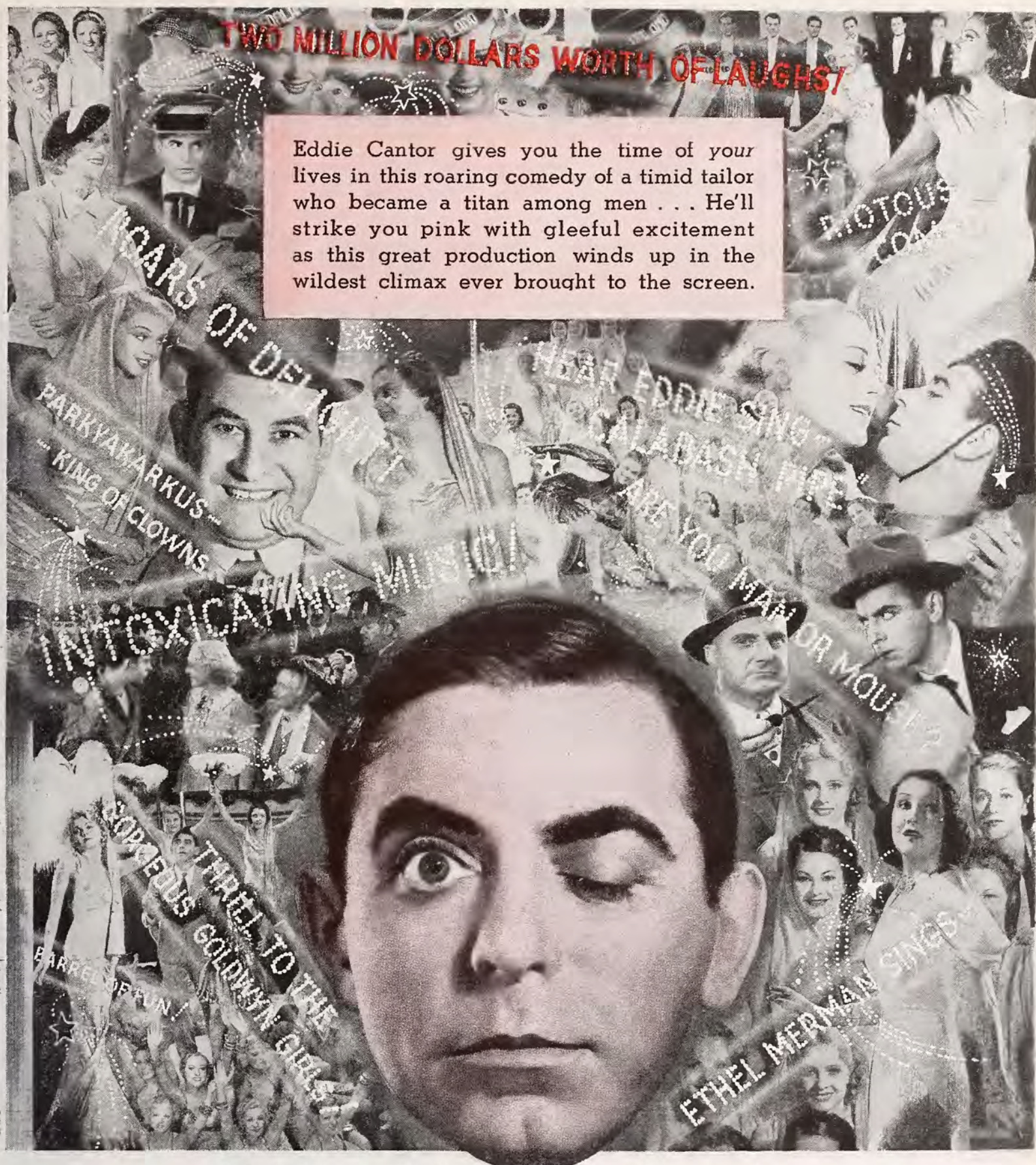
Bette Davis and Tane in "Dangerous."

Preview Postscripts

Director Al Green handled the megaphone from his own front porch for some of these scenes. His ranch of 1700 acres in Puente is such a beauty spot that the studio often makes use of it for pictures. Director Green is in earnest about his farming, too, having every crop that can (Continued on page 96)

Ginger Rogers and George Brent in "In Person."





SAMUEL GOLDWYN *Presents*
EDDIE CANTOR
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Strike Me Pink

with **ETHEL MERMAN · PARKYAKARKUS · SALLY EILERS**
 and the **GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS** Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown... Dance
 Ensembles by Robert Alton... Directed by Norman Taurog
 ... Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland"... Released thru United Artists



GOOD

WHAT GOES ON IN HOLLYWOOD? OUR NEWS SNOOP'S

BY LEO TOWNSEND

PHOTOS BY J. B. SCOTT



Those spoofers, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, still giving an imitation of romance.

Let's start this month off with the Bright-Sayings-of-Kiddies Department. It happened out on the 20th Century-Fox lot, after the luncheon and dedication of the new Will Rogers memorial stage. Shirley Temple, a young actress of some renown, was being photographed drawing back the curtains to reveal a bronze plaque of Will. After several shots had been taken, photographers requested Shirley to repeat the process for "just one more." "Nix on that one more stuff," announced Shirley. "I've got to get back to work." An especially bright saying, when you consider that bosses Darryl Zanuck and Joe Schenck were standing at the young lady's elbow.

Following the preview of "Mutiny on the Bounty" an enthusiastic crowd of well-wishers, and perhaps a yes-man or two, were busy congratulating Irving Thalberg, who produced it. "A great picture, Irving," enthused one of them. "Looks like a million

dollars!" "It ought to," said Thalberg. "It cost two!"

Katharine Hepburn lost that bet we told you about last month. Just before a plane trip east she bet a local photographer \$1,000 that no one would snap the Hepburn likeness before she arrived in New York. All went well as far as Pittsburgh, where someone caught a somewhat brief but authentic posterior view of the eccentric Miss H. The picture was published in papers all over the country, but the trusting photographer is still waiting for his thousand bucks.

The surprise of the month is Connie Bennett. Everyone knows Connie's reputation: haughty, hard to see, and colder than a Byrd Expedition to the press. There are people around Hollywood who can prove all three accusations, and they were probably more amazed than anyone when Connie emerged a month or so ago full of smiles for everyone, being just a regular gal all over the place. In fact, she's even nice to photographers now. All of this couldn't be because M-G-M failed to pick up your option, could it, Miss B.? If so, three cheers. And maybe now you'll be more human in the future, huh?



Pat Paterson and husband, Charles Boyer, pose amicably at the party Norma Shearer gave.

NEWS



BUSY TELLING YOU ALL, FROM SOCIETY TO SPORTS

Gary Cooper has a favorite new role, and it has nothing to do with pictures. It seems Gary now answers to the title of Gentleman Farmer, for he has just filled three acres of his Brentwood estate with—of all things—avocados. They're Gary's favorite fruit, and he's making daily personal appearances in his garden supervising their growth. The Cooper products won't be on the market, though. They're for his own table and for the Cooper dinner guests, so it looks like Gary is all set for a season of very high-class bragging.



Charlie Farrell should have been celebrating his new Universal



Maybe David Niven wishes it was a real bride's bouquet for lovely Merle Oberon.



Brownie, the dachshund, is no fool — is a swell lift, from Carole Lombard

Now that Jean Parker is back from England, here's the latest word on her romance. Jean recently announced from London that her true love was Francis Lucas, her childhood sweetheart. Young Mr. Lucas then gallantly announced that *his* true love was someone else again, and that he was a struggling young bank clerk who couldn't support a movie star on \$65 a month. Miss P., according to reports, took issue with Mr. L's statement, saying that he was actually a member of a wealthy family and worked at the bank only as a hobby, or mayhap, a lark. The truth is that Francis is not wealthy, and part of that \$65 goes to help support his family. And just to complicate matters, Jean spent one of her first evenings in Hollywood showing his mother the night life. Looks like a fellow's mother is a girl's best friend.



Love in Bloom Department: Jack Oakie continues to shower his attentions and his personality on Venita Vardon, who at present is adding to the beauty of the chorus in "The Great Ziegfeld" . . . at press time Addison Randall was all set to ask Glenda Farrell that certain question, provided his option was taken up by RKO, which means there is a strong possibility that Miss F will be Mrs. R. when you read this . . . although Dick Powell devotes most of his free evenings to Joan Blondell, he told a friend at Palm Springs, a few week-ends ago, that he hadn't proposed and isn't discussing orange blossoms with anyone.

contract, but he had other things to think about. While he was home nursing a knee injury, a forest fire blazed its way down from the mountains and completely destroyed his Malibu Beach home, which had been plentifully stocked with high-priced antiques. Before the embers died down on the beach place, another fire destroyed more of Charlie's property in Altadena. Less than a week later, thieves entered his home and walked off with a few of his wife's furs. And, just as Charlie was recovering from all that, someone smacked into his new car and gave it that accordion look. It never rains, as the saying goes, especially during forest fires. Charlie, incidentally, is doing right well with his Racquet Club down in Palm Springs.



John Boles serenades Gladys Swarthout, his "Rose of the Rancho" co-star, at La Golondrina Cafe.



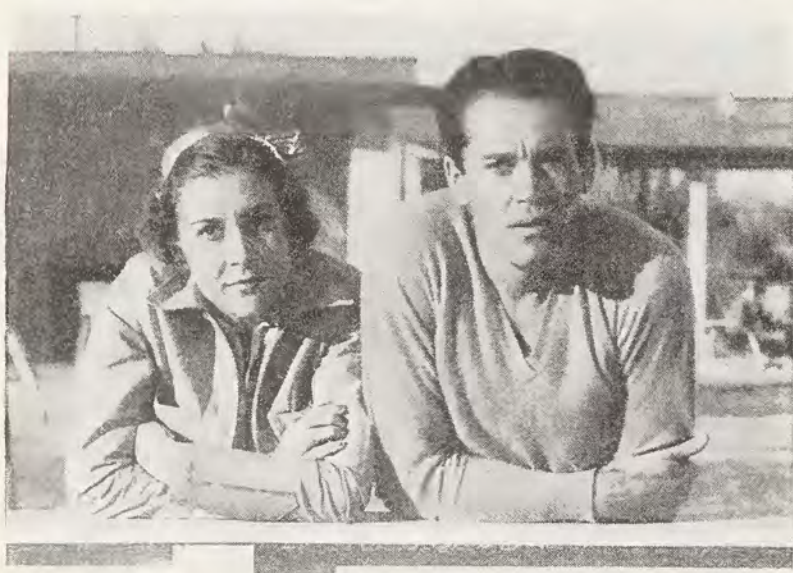
Molly Lamont, Phil Reed, Anne Shirley and John Arledge, gayly costumed for Jackie Coogan party.



Romantic pairs at Palm Springs—Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor. Below, Shirley Ross and Henry Fonda.



Billie Burke and Will Rogers, Jr., at Rogers memorial dinner. Below, Madge Evans and Una Merkel.



Farewell-To-Elegance item: George Raft announces, possibly with a nostalgic tear in his eye, that he has given up the high-waisted trousers which have so long been identified with the Raft wardrobe. "Natty," which used to be a one-word description of all the Raft finery, has been deleted from George's dictionary and his tailors have been instructed to mold his future garments along more conservative lines. We, who always wondered how George got his

hands in his pockets without breaking an arm, congratulate him on his momentous decision. Goodbye, fond memories of former splendor; so long, classy cuts and dreams of checkered magnificence; and a polite hello to a brave new—and awfully Bond Street—world!



Unfortunate indeed is the comeback at-

tempt of Charlie Ray, America's Bashful Boy Friend of the silent—or good old—days. Time was when a Charlie Ray picture filled all the small-town opera houses of the land, and he was the ideal of every awkward youth in the country until he produced his ill-fated "Courtship of Miles Standish." His comeback picture, made by an independent company for very little money, is called, ironically enough, "Just My Luck." For Charlie's



Glenda Farrell at Palm Springs.



Shearer goes to a preview.



Janet Gaynor and Freddie Bartholomew at Rogers memorial.

sake, we hope they change it.



Here's something brand new in Hollywood: Universal introduced Marta Eggerth, its continental singing star, at a dignified and highly enjoyable Sunday afternoon reception. Quietest party we've ever attended in Hollywood, due possibly to a set of Saturday night (Continued on page 103)

Be sure
the laxative **YOU** take
is *mild* enough
for even a little child



HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yourself. Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and

25c boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled E-X-L-A-X.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON	FREE!
EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170 Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. MM26	
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.	
Name.....	
Address.....	
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)	

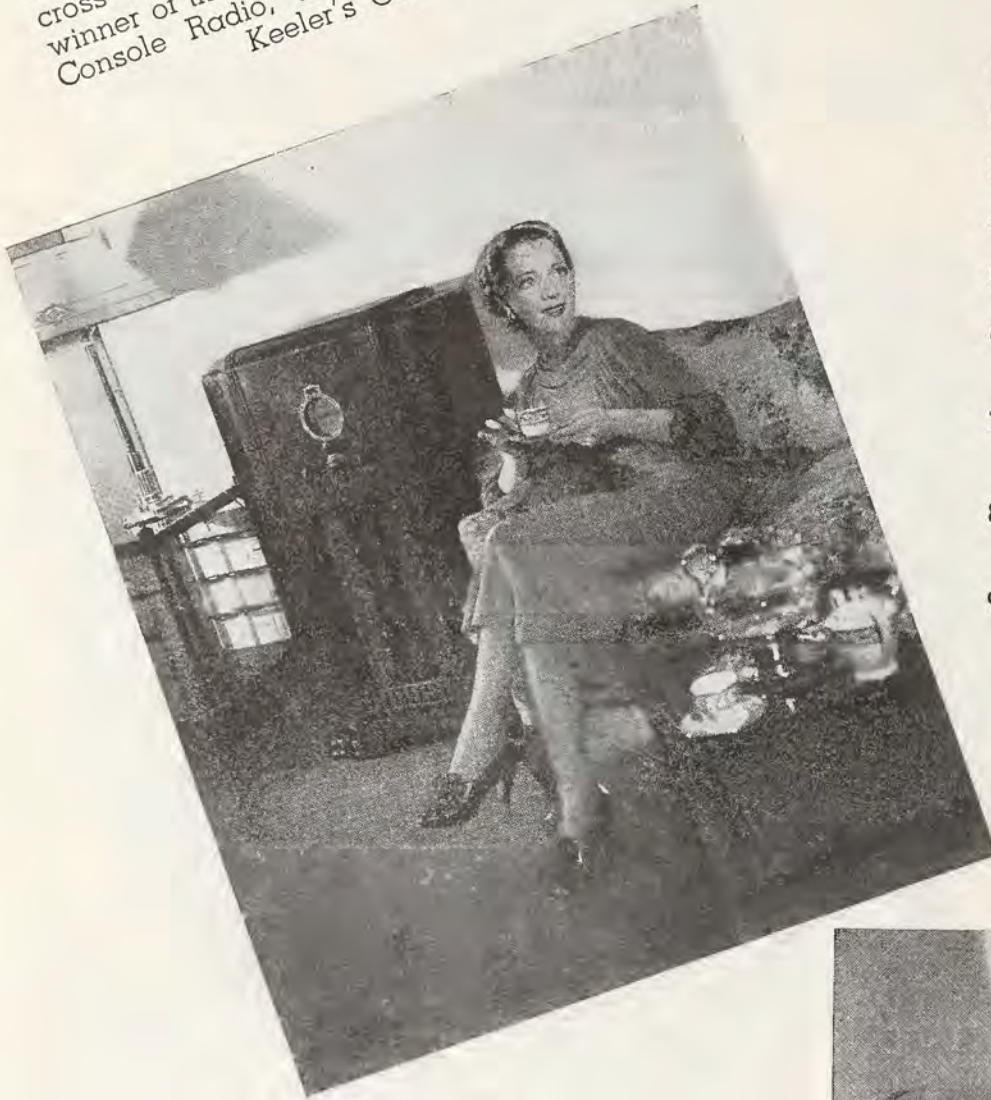
When Nature forgets —
remember

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.

Enter Ruby Keeler's

Modern Screen's fascinating new prize contest is more fun and less work than a cross-word puzzle. You may be the lucky winner of this new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio, the sixth prize in Ruby Keeler's Contest.



WIN A BIG PRIZE! IT'S

Prizes

- 1st—\$400.00 in cash
- 2nd—\$250.00 in cash
- 3rd—\$200.00 in cash
- 4th—\$150.00 in cash
- 5th—Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator
- 6th—The new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio
- 7th—Five prizes of 64-piece H & W China Dinner Sets
- 8th—Fifteen prizes of General Electric Hotpoint Portable Mixers
- 9th—Ten prizes of Buffeteer Toaster Service Sets

And who wouldn't want this up-to-the-minute Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, which Ruby is busy filling with tasty food? This is the fifth prize in the contest.



IF you were going to have Ruby Keeler as your guest for dinner, what would you serve? Get out your pencils, you Modern Hostesses—and win a prize by answering this simple question in the spaces on the PRIZE MENU CARD.

There is just one rule you must observe. Every dish of your prize menu must begin with the initial given at the beginning of the line. We're giving you a filled-in menu card on page 18 to show you just what we mean.

You'll notice that the dishes appear according to the initial rather than in the order in which they would be served. You will also notice that one line has no initial, so that you can put in any dish you desire in that space. That will give you a chance to fill in your menu card so that you will have a complete and balanced meal—the sort of dinner you really would want to serve if you were entertaining such a charming guest.

When you have filled in your menu card with ten dishes (each beginning with the right initial, remember) write clearly at the bottom of (Continued on page 19)



Contest NOW . . .

EASY! PLAY HOSTESS TO THIS LOVELY STAR!

Contest Rules

1. On the next page you will find the Ruby Keeler prize menu. Fill in each of the blank spaces (those that are preceded by asterisks) with the name of some food or special dish beginning with the letter on that line. Your complete menu should provide a balanced and appetizing meal. Then, in the space at the bottom of the menu, give your reason in ten words or less for wishing to see Ruby Keeler in "Colleen."

2. The prizes will be awarded to the persons who submit the best menus, typewritten or printed in pencil, with all the correct spaces filled in, with each dish on the menu beginning with the specified letter, and who, in the opinion of the judges give the best reasons (in ten words or less) for wishing to see Ruby Keeler in "Colleen." Neatness will count.

3. The first prize is \$400.00 in cash; the second prize \$250.00; the third prize \$200.00 and the fourth prize \$150.00. The fifth prize is a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator; the sixth prize the new Crosley All Metal Tube Console Radio. There are five 64-piece H & W China

Dinner Sets as seventh prizes. There are fifteen General Electric Hot-point Portable Mixers as eighth prizes. There are ten Buffeteer Toaster Service Sets as ninth prizes.

4. The contestants may submit as many entries as they choose, each entry to be accompanied by the menu card coupon on the following page. No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN Magazine.

5. The decision of the judges shall be final, and in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

7. Send all entries to RUBY KEELER CONTEST, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be mailed before midnight of April 15, 1936.

Another useful prize in this easy contest is the General Electric Hot Point Portable Mixer, fifteen of which will be distributed as eighth prizes. Get busy, folks!

This Buffeteer Toaster Service Set which Ruby Keeler is demonstrating is simply grand. Ten of these will be distributed to winners of the ninth prize in this contest.



Anyone would be delighted to own one of these sixty-four piece H & W China Dinner Sets. Enter the contest now—you may be the winner of one of the five China Sets which are being given away in Ruby Keeler's contest.



FILL IN THIS COUPON (PLEASE TYPEWRITE OR PRINT IN PENCIL) AND MAIL IT TO:

Editor, RUBY KEELER CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

*R _____
U _____
*B _____
Y _____
* _____
K _____
*E _____
E _____
*L _____
E _____
*R _____
*C _____
O _____
*L _____
L _____
*E _____
E _____
*N _____

WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING RUBY KEELER IN "COLLEEN"

.....
.....
Name
Street
City State

THIS IS A SAMPLE COUPON. YOURS SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS WHEN YOU SEND IT TO:

Editor, RUBY KEELER CONTEST,
MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

*R ROLLS
U _____
*B BOUILLON
Y _____
* GREEN PEAS (ANY INITIAL)
K _____
*E EGG AND SARDINE CANAPE
E _____
*L LEG OF LAMB, MINT SAUCE
E _____
*R RASPBERRY ICE
*C (CANNED) CORN PUDDING
O _____
*L LYONNAISE POTATOES
L _____
*E ENDIVE SALAD, ROQUEFORT DRESSING
E _____
*N NUTS AND RAISINS

WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING RUBY KEELER IN "COLLEEN"

BECAUSE SHE IS MY FAVORITE
TAP DANCER, AND SO PRETTY.
Name JANE SMITH
Street 99-22 BEVERLY AVE.
City BYKNETTE State IOWA

READ "THE MODERN HOSTESS" FOR FURTHER DETAILS

(Continued from page 16)

your menu—in ten words or less—“Why I’m looking forward to seeing Ruby Keeler in ‘Colleen.’” Just state your reason simply (as we have illustrated on the sample menu card).

Of course, there are *lots* of reasons for wanting to see “Colleen.” If you want to know more about them, just read our contest pages next month where you will find a description and pictures of “Colleen” which will be tremendously helpful in suggesting your answers.

Hard? Not a bit of it! Just study the sample menu, then fill out your menu in the same way—incorporating in it your own ideas of what would constitute an ideal meal to serve to Ruby.

Send in your menu suggestion NOW! Think it over and send in a *better* one next month. Write as many as you want, in fact, only be sure that a coupon accompanies each of your entries. And tell your friends about this wonderful contest, won’t you? They’ll enjoy it and they may have you to thank for winning one of the grand prizes.

And they really are *grand*—every one of them. The cash prizes are sure to arrive in time to gratify some cherished wish... a gay spring wardrobe, a nest egg for the summer vacation, a substantial down payment on a new car! The Crosley Refrigerator will thrill some lucky housewife and the Crosley Radio will bring perfect radio reception into your home.

The fortunate women who win the fine sets of china will be delighted with the dainty sprigs of flowers and narrow gold bands that decorate each of the sixty-four pieces.

And think of the time-saving features of owning one of those G. E. Portable Mixers; or visualize yourself presiding over the Buffeteer Toaster Tray—the sort of thing designed to make any meal a party and any party a success!

Those prizes certainly are worth trying for, aren’t they? And here’s a helpful hint for you! You will probably find the two “E”s and the two “L”s the hardest letters to fill in—so we suggest that you do them *first*, then build the rest of your menu around them. With these letters out of your way, you will discover that the rest is easy sailing—much like a cross-word puzzle when you have already filled in some of the words!

You can also get help and inspiration from the index of any good cook book. Here’s the best news of all—at the end of “The Modern Hostess” article (a regular monthly feature of our magazine) you will see a Dictionary of Foods, Menu and Cooking Terms that will provide you with heaps of swell suggestions.

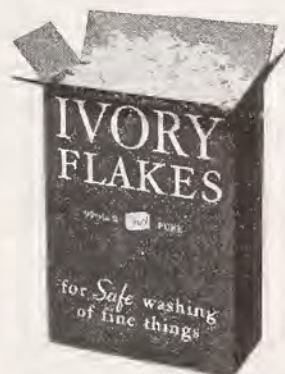
Van Raalte says:
“IVORY FLAKES keeps
fine fabrics looking fine”



A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you’ve been using a too-strong soap! Change to *pure* Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies’ tender skins.

Here’s good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, “We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through *many* washings!”



CHIFFON-THIN FLAKES
OF GENTLE IVORY SOAP
99 44/100% PURE

The Modern Hostess

By Marjorie
Deen



Gene Raymond's enjoying a French Apple Pie with his coffee and, right, a special Lemon Pie.



Photo courtesy Kelloggs

YOU'LL HAVE to see "Seven Keys to Baldpate," Gene Raymond's first starring picture for RKO, to discover (with much laughter and many thrills) the secret of just why there were seven keys to that famous Inn; but meanwhile you can learn here that there are also Seven Keys to Perfect Pastry and Seven Signs of Pie Success! And those are secrets worth knowing, too!

I've often suspected that "the cakes that mother used to make" if judged by present-day standards might not live up to their reputation. But on the other hand I'm practically convinced that "the pies that mother used to bake" would cause today's daughters to turn green with envy! It's a darn shame, too, that's what it is, that we housewives have allowed ourselves to forget—if ever we knew—how to make the rich, flaky crusts and marvelous pie fillings for which preceding generations of cooks were so justly famed.

Come now, confess. Is it the mention of the legendary "pastry hand" that has scared you off? Or worse still, is it the memory of some

dire failure in the past that has convinced you that baker's pie is plenty good enough so far as you're concerned?

Well, I've tasted some pretty good baker's pies in my time, I'll admit, but they certainly never seem to make the hit with the men folks that a home-baked product does. Because of this fact many restaurants try to serve pies which are as much like homemade pies as possible. And when they achieve that much-to-be desired feat you are sure to find men congregating there in large and enthusiastic numbers.

SUCH A restaurant is Hollywood's Brown Derby and there, sure enough, I found Gene Raymond eating pie! Which, as it happens, is my reason for featuring Gene's pie preferences in this article—that and the fact that I am sure there are thousands of women who would enjoy serving what Gene likes to eat at their own festive board.

Not that Gene was one bit enthusiastic over being quoted on the subject of food—by no means! For, you see, someone once said that

HOME MADE PIES MAKE A HIT WITH GENE

Gene was extremely partial to some such innocuous dessert as "Prune Whip." (Prune Whip! Perish the thought—I don't blame Gene for being furious.) Well, after the usually placid Mr. Raymond had recovered from his rage he declared in no uncertain terms that he'd never again allow any mention, however slight, of his food preferences. He couldn't very well deny that he liked pie, however, for on the day when we finally cornered him, Scotty, our demon cameraman, was on hand to take down the evidence on a photographic plate for posterity. Nor did it take much persuasion to get Gene to mention the various pies he likes. These he orders at the Brown Derby at luncheon time (where, as I told you before, the pies are superb) or eats them in his own home in Beverly Hills.

GENE lives in a Monterey Colonial style of house which he recently purchased for his Mother. This delightful lady divides her time between New York and California and great indeed is Gene's joy when she arrives for her Hollywood visits which last several months at a time. Naturally she assumes entire charge of the household while she is with Gene, but during her absences things still run smoothly under the competent management of a couple—a chauffeur-butler and cook-housekeeper. So you see that one of Hollywood's most attractive and confirmed bachelors enjoys a real home atmosphere in spite of his bachelorhood. And you can be sure that the Raymond cook knows how to bake excellent pies. It was to her, naturally, that I had to go to discover how to make the pies that Gene eats at home. And I'm delighted to report that it was the Brown Derby chef, himself, who told me how to make the special pie that Gene always orders at that justly famous spot.

AS IT happens, all these pies are Fruit Pies. But don't fall into the error of thinking that they are not seasonable during the winter months for that reason. Quite the contrary, because they call for such easily procured fruits as lemons, bananas, apples and rich, fruity mince meat. And the pie crusts themselves are as varied as the fillings.

The French Apple Pie is baked with a lattice top; but the individual Mince Meat Pies are *fried* and thereby take on a delicate brown tint and an entirely novel flavor. The Banana Cream Pie calls for a baked pastry shell, while the Lemon Pie, on the other hand, requires a visit to the refrigerator instead of the stove to achieve its (Continued on page 64)



HEY, MOM... D'YUH KNOW
WHAT MRS. PALMER SAID
ABOUT MY SHIRT ?

"G'willikins! My shirt
can't talk, Mom, but
Mrs. Palmer said it
tattles like anythin'."



"The trouble is, she
said—your soap
doesn't really wash
clean. Your clothes
wouldn't have tattle-
tale gray, she said, if
you'd only change to
Fels-Naptha Soap."/

(Few weeks later)

"Whe-e-e, Teddy!
Mom's so tickled she's
takin' me to the movies
'cause I told her how
to get rid of tattle-
tale gray."



"Who wouldn't be tickled!
My clothes used to look as
gray as a rain-cloud and
now they're white as snow! It's won-
derful the way Fels-Naptha's grand

golden soap and lots of naptha get out
every bit of dirt. Fels-Naptha is so
gentle I use it for my finest silk
things, too. And how nice it is to
my hands!"

© 1936, FELS & CO.

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

Reading from top to bottom, Colbert as the siren Cleopatra, who bathed in milk to keep her body beautiful. Madame Du Barry, portrayed by Del Rio, sometimes chose wine for her bath. Karen Morley proves the charm of the old-fashioned girl. Mae West made moderns conscious of the Gay Nineties by means of make-up.

Beauty ADVICE

**CLEOPATRA, DU BARRY
AND MAE WEST APPRE-
CIATE THE VALUE OF LURE**

IT IS true that make-up used to be considered risqué in grandmother's day, but nowadays when I hear mothers reproving their young daughters about lipstick, I wonder what the world is coming to! Of course, too much lipstick is taboo, but if a little is going to make a "teenster" happy, I can't see why the argument that "they didn't do it in mother's day" should still hold. Grandmother wore a "rat" to give her pompadour the proper swoop. If girls did that today, they would be accused of being artificial and unsanitary. Great-grandmother used to wear sawdust stuffed contraptions that were known as "false calves." They tied with tapes around the knees and ankles, and gave "shape" to legs that had no curves of their own. The modern daughter who swims and skates to mold her body would have a spasm over such things as false calves. (P.S. Do you need exercises for developing or reducing the legs? I have them for you.)

Beauty takes a hundred forms, depending on the time and the people, but more and more, science is getting under the skin. When you pat a rich lubricating cream around your eyes, you may be going through exactly the same motions that an ancient queen did when she noticed

her first sign of crows' feet. The remains of past civilizations have provided evidence that the cosmetic art was well developed as long ago as 5000 B.C. But, then, those beauty secrets belonged only to the favored few. If we had lived then, you and I would probably have been left without so much as a perfume. Now all we have to do is to walk around the corner and buy a cream far superior to a costly unguent of the Cleopatra era. Today, beauty is not a luxury, it is a necessity!

*By Mary
Biddle*

AND THE fact that beauty has come to be regarded as such accounts for a great difference in the purity of cosmetics. When our grandmothers decided they knew better than Cleopatra, and that cosmetics were to be looked at askance, they didn't put the cosmetic business in very good repute. Naturally, whatever products were made then were concocted in a haphazard way with little regard for the safety of the users. Since that time cosmetics have come under the regulation of the Food and Drug Act, and any good product carries the guarantee of purity.

"Is it safe to use? Will you give me a formula so that I can make a cream of my own? Is such-and-such a brand good?" Those questions are consistently hurled

at me, though the requests are fewer on the business of making "kitchen creams." It's surprising that anyone would want to fool around with a sticky mess when they have the assurance that modern creams are compounded under much more scientific conditions, more accurate measurements and workmanship, and more sanitary methods than could possibly be achieved in a kitchen by an "amateur."

As to whether a cream is good or safe to use, your brand name is your best guarantee there. A reputable, well advertised brand of cosmetics is a guarantee in itself. The manufacturer knows that his business depends upon the satisfactory results his product achieves, so surely he is going to bend every effort toward making that product meritorious and improving it in every possible way. The day of the dangerous cosmetic is passed, except where quacks are concerned. And there are quack get-rich-quick folks in any line of business. Even Hollywood is wise enough not to attempt making its own cosmetics.

WELL, HERE we are going scientific in this month of parties. In the light of Valentine's Day, remember the old proverb that beauty is a woman's mightiest weapon and her strongest defense.

If you were one of those forlorn little girls who never got many valentines, but whose pretty sister rated many, you'll be glad to know that Claudette Colbert wasn't any Cleopatra at sixteen either. In her recent films, Claudette has been busy proving that you can marry your boss, or any "Mr. Right," if you use the right tactics. She has never had a more alluring role than Cleopatra, when she turned from playing the sweet, young thing to the business of being a siren.

CLEOPATRA was the most famous exponent of the cosmetic art. She used green paint on her eyelids and applied black pigment to her eyelids, lashes and eyebrows and henna coloring to her finger nails and palms. She bathed in milk. (DuBarry sometimes chose wine for her bath.) Modern Cleopatras use green eyeshadow, too, and black mascara, and henna-colored finger-nail polish. But they drink milk instead of bathing in it. Milk diets (see coupon) are a modern means of acquiring slim or rounded silhouettes and clear complexions. Claudette had to drink milk to gain weight for her role in "Cleopatra." And more than one Hollywood star uses milk as a facial.

Of course you remember that Dolores Del (Continued on page 90)

"It's thrilling to see your skin grow



Lovelier and Lovelier"



THIS smiling lady is Ellen Conger Fernandes—slender, graceful and lovely to look at! But above all, she possesses a skin that meets the most trying test of a fine complexion—clear, youthful, enchanting even without a trace of make-up. And for that loveliness, she gives first and major credit to Camay.

You, too, will find—practically as soon as you start with Camay—new youthfulness and loveliness

coming to your skin. You'll gradually become aware of a new smoothness, an exquisite freshness, a finer texture! This very day, convince yourself that Camay is a real and dependable beauty aid. Its price is so low you'll want to order at least a half-dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women



How to combat CONSPICUOUS SHINY NOSE

LARGE PORES, FLOURY BLOTCHES



6,000,000 women find Luxor Face Powder shine-proof!

● Conspicuous nose! Ugly large pores! Un-sightly skin shine! Of course you don't want them. Then use the face powder 6,000,000 women find combats skin-moisture—Luxor, the *moisture-proof* powder.

Every face gives off skin moisture. Most of all, around the nose where glands are highly active and skin-moisture waits in each pore opening to mix with face powder. To cause shine, clogged pores, floury blotches.

So change at once to Luxor. It won't even mix with water in a glass, as you can easily prove for yourself. Therefore, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin, as a trial will quickly demonstrate.

Luxor comes in many smart new shades, blended by scientists in our laboratories to flatter blondes, brunettes and in-betweens with gorgeous, natural effect. It bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping Institute because Luxor does all we claim and is wonderfully pure.

Insist on Luxor by name and get

FREE! 2 drams of \$3 perfume

A sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richesse. Sells regularly at department stores for \$3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor powder alone.



55c
Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!



Luxor Hand Cream Softens Like Magic
A marvelous cream guaranteed non-sticky! Amazing new skin-softener for hands. Keeps them soft, white, smooth. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st Street J-1
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐
Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐
Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐
Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name
Address
City

Between You 'n' Me

\$5 PRIZE LETTER The "Short Subjects" Problem

This is a plea to the studios to please relieve us of what they confidently bill as comedies. It is bad enough to have to sit through the ads, home talent demonstrations, serials and lessons in golf in order to see the feature picture, but when one of the so-called comedies (Our Gang and Thelma Todd-Patsy Kelly excepted) flashes on the screen, and we must go through a series of chasing games, house destruction, pie-throwing, barbaric battles, clothes-tearing and other forms of animal activities, it is almost too much for human endurance.

Perhaps the alleged comedies are thrown in to make the rest of the program seem better, but a really good feature needs no such contrast to display its merits.—E. D. H., Fort Smith, Arkansas.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER Fed Up On Glamor

For some time now I have been very much "fed up" on the high-powered stories and articles depicting the glamorous qualities of such stars as Garbo, Crawford and Dietrich. Glamorous they may be, but to me it seems a sort of artificial, unnatural, even unhealthy glamor.

After seeing, some time ago, a lovely, entertaining picture titled, "Accent on Youth," I hereby nominate my choice for the number one glamor girl of the screen, Sylvia Sidney.

You get a mild idea what this gent thinks of comedy and short subject fillers-in.



Here is true, unadulterated glamor. Here is a lovely, natural, human appeal—she might be one's own sister, or next door neighbor—not a goddess whom we may worship from afar, but not approach. You can feel her appeal in every look, every move she makes, from those dark eyes to that utterly enchanting, breath-takingly sweet smile. Here is lovely womanhood personified.—Gail H. Grenier, Jamestown, N. D.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER One Fan to Another

Having read the letter signed "Just Me," in the December issue, I can't help wondering why anyone should choose to vent their spleen on such an inoffensive person as Herbert Marshall. If "Just Me"



"Just Me," whose letter appeared in December issue, got penned spankings from many.

knew anything about him he could not possibly find it in his heart to be so cruel and tactless as to call poor Bart a "walking flagpole." (The heartbreaking souvenir of his war-time heroism is a wooden leg, you know.) As for "conceited airs," if you, "Just Me," were blessed with one atom of Mr. Marshall's culture, refinement and finer sensibilities, you would know better than to confuse his modest self-assurance and unfailing poise, which is the very essence of good breeding, with conceit.

And now for your amazing objection to Marshall's so-o-o perfect vocabulary. If you mean to imply that his impeccable diction makes you uncomfortably aware

Write a letter and win a cash prize! Motion pictures offer a wide field for discussion. We want your criticisms, pro and con, on films, players, or any phase of movies that interests you. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prizes of \$1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



The female population is accused of aping stars' fashions blindly because of ballyhoo.

of your own lack of conversational grace, then I sympathize with you. However, we who admire Mr. Marshall agree that his exquisite speaking voice is an index to the irresistible appeal of his ideally charming personality. Many of our native American examples of overrated sex appeal and exaggerated histrionic ability would do well to absorb a little of the gentility of this most modest of reel and real heroes.—Gretchen Weiss, Long Island, N. Y.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER Miss Morning Glory

Jean Parker reminds me of a statue that was made to represent life and all that is beautiful. Her face signifies sincerity and sweetness. As a young actress, I believe that she has achieved the secret of expression that only one other actress has lived and she is Garbo. I might say orchids to Jean, but that would not express just what I feel, for to me she is a morning glory, fresh with the morning dew. Superb is her acting, lovely is Jean Parker and I believe that everyone who has seen her will feel as I do about her.—Marcelle, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER Fair Sex Gullible?

A letter in the December issue signed "B. B., Poughkeepsie" said that "thousands of girls are dependent on Joan Crawford's pictures to give them ideas on how to (Continued on page 95)

AFRAID?



"I'm so scared" ... "I don't dare dance!" ... Never again need those fears haunt you. A new kind of sanitary napkin is here. Modess—the one and only napkin that is *certain-safe*! The napkin that *stays soft—stays safe*!

JOIN THE CROWD WITHOUT A FEAR!



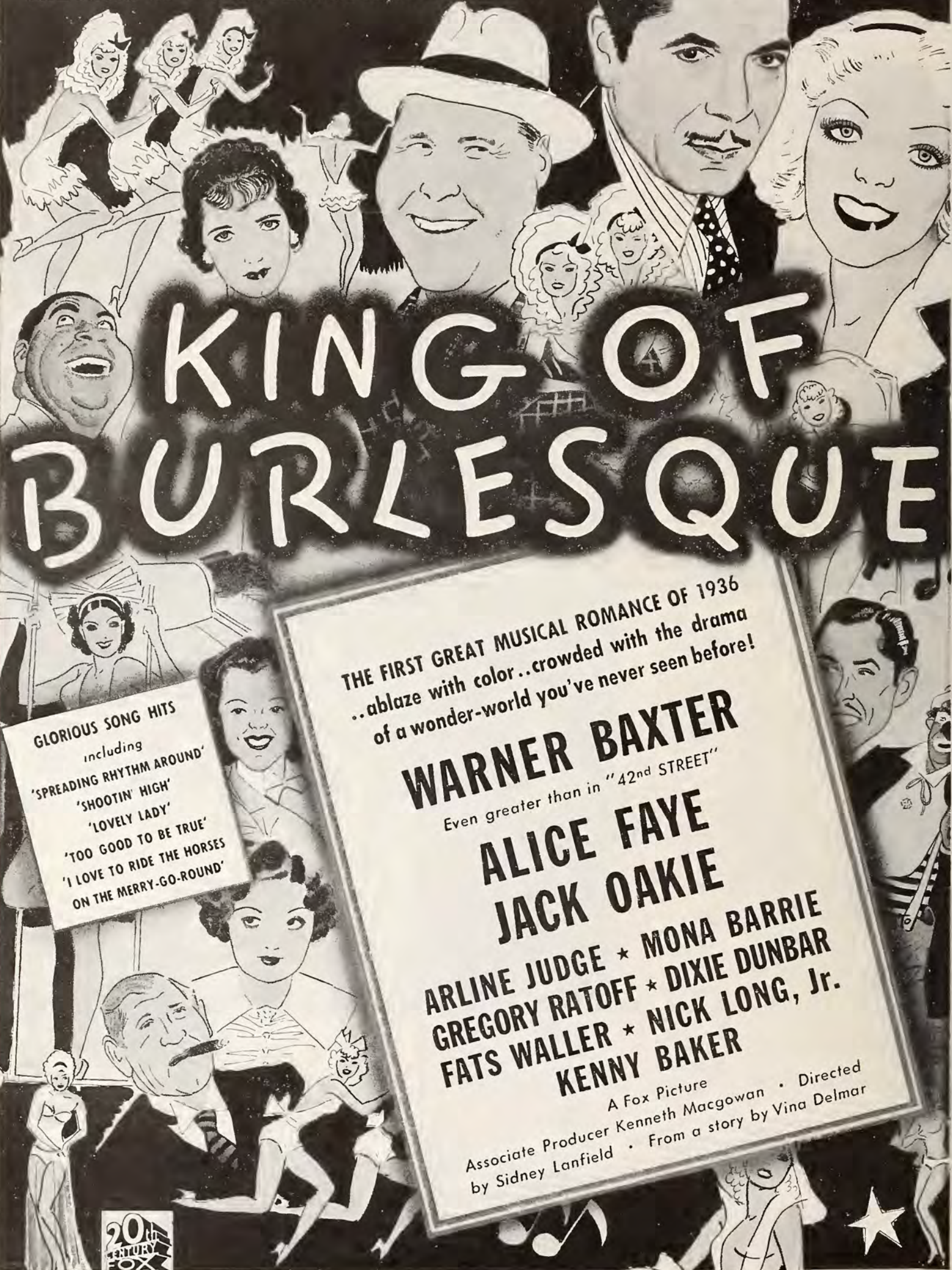
Yes—you're truly safe—with Certain-Safe Modess. *No striking through!*—as with reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body—and complete protection is yours.



End "accident panic"
—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleansing! Deodorizing! (Not a contraceptive.)
(At your druggist or department store)

THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!





Portraits

She's so beautiful that you wouldn't dream that she started her operatic career by singing all the old witch and hag roles available, would you? Gladys Swarthout refutes that old idea that you have to be hefty to be a top-notch operatic star. Svelte and more than lovely to look at, she is the latest recruit from the Metropolitan to take Hollywood in her stride. Already she has "Rose of the Rancho" and "Give Us This Night" to her credit.



Here's a trio that will be charming you in new pictures during the forthcoming month. No need to even say "left to right," for who could confuse Jeanette MacDonald's gay smile with that of anyone else? Jeanette is busy singing the beautiful music of "Rose Marie" with Nelson Eddy. They'll do a duet of "Indian Love Call"! Is that enough to sell you? Then Robert Taylor, the chap who has sprinted through the usual toddling stages of Hollywood success. Bob and Irene Hervey are playing tag with love. At this writing it's on again. He's been cast with Janet Gaynor in "Small Town Girl." As for Marian, the beautiful ski jumper, this oldest Marsh sister had to make a flock of pictures abroad before her home cinema town gave her a tumble. Now she's so popular that a strenuous sport like this is positive repose! Marian's in "No More Yesterdays," Ruth Chatterton's next picture. Incidentally, Eddie Lowe is her most devoted swain and they say it may be love.





Miriam Hopkins is pretty fickle about her off-screen romances but, cinematically speaking, she's constant to just one, Joel McCreal. Paired for "Splendor," they're together again in "These Three." Incidentally, this particular picture catches all the individual sparkle and charm of the gal, don't you think? Paul Kelly has a knack of making his screen thugs such likeable fellows that the audience files out thinking it's too bad that that nice Kelly man couldn't have had a better break! Paul will do "The Song and Dance Man" next and it sounds like a new type of role for him.





**WANT
TO HAVE FUN?
THEN DON'T MISS
THESE TWO SWELL
PICTURES**



Preview Shots

Anything Goes

All other production practically came to a standstill at Paramount while the "Anything Goes" gang were in action. Such crazy goings-on what with Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman singing and trying to out-gag each other and Charlie Ruggles being hunted as "Public Enemy 13" on account of he is a gangster all done up as a bishop. Don't think that this is giving the plot away—there's more, reels more of it. Even though you've hummed and sung Cole Porter's swell tunes, you'll get a new kick out of Bing's and Ethel's duetting of "You're the Tops." And there's "I Get a Kick Out of You," too, which sounds too grand done in the best Crosby croon. Need we say more to convince you that it's the tops, with many new tunes, loads of fun and beauteous gals? You can take it from us, it's grand entertainment.

The Bride Comes Home

He's such a quiet, unassuming chap that you'd never know from him that he's one of the most pursued men about Hollywood. Who? Why Fred MacMurray. And the reason there's such a triumphant glint in Claudette Colbert's eyes these days is because she got him for her sparring partner in "The Bride Comes Home" when several other star gals were shouting for him. Robert Young is the "other" fellow and William Collier, Sr., is the latest of Claudette's screen fathers. Claudette hasn't let winning of last year's Academy award slow up her dramatic pace. If anything, every new picture seems better than the last.

(Adv't)



The true story behind



Loretta Young's illness

by Dorothy Spensley

IN THE huge bed in her boudoir lay Loretta Young. Hands lax on the satin comforter, lips parted, a smile in her eyes, and perhaps a tear, she lay motionless waiting for the words of the simple Catholic marriage ritual to drift up the curving stairway of her white Colonial house.

Before the living-room fireplace, white with carnations, lilies and gardenias, Sally Blane, her sister, was being made the wife of Norman Foster. She was dressed in a sheer, cream-colored velvet dress with square neckline and corded trimming, and a short Juliet veil covered her face. There was the slow, heavy music of the Wedding March, Alan Campbell, the best man, who temporarily lost the ring, Sally's tears falling unashamed, the groom's laugh that broke the tenseness, the handsome priest, Norman's father and mother, the Young girls' mother, Mrs. George Belzer, Sally's sister, Polly Ann, Sally's half-sister, the eleven-year-old Georgiana Belzer, the thirty guests, and the exciting wedding supper . . . all these things were lost to Loretta Young, lying ill in the upper room of the lovely home that her success and money have made possible.

Too ill to join in the festivities, with a nurse at hand

to see that the excitement on the lower floor was not too stimulating for her patient, Loretta Young was fighting one of the biggest battles of her career. It wasn't the battle for film success, which came with comparative ease, but it was a fight with an enemy so relentless that it caused her family and her friends the gravest concern.

WHEN LORETTA finished the co-starring role with Charles Boyer in "Shanghai," she had her trunks ready for a dash across the continent, a national network appearance in New York, and a trip to Europe. Because she was young (she will be twenty-three years old on January sixth), full of life, eager for the excitement of travel, the exhilaration of new contacts, she and her mother set out upon their holiday. She should have stayed at home and used the strength she was giving to entertainment toward the building up of her body. Sensitive, taut-nerved, for years she had made one picture after another, with not more than a few days' rest between finishing one film and beginning the next. Producers were avid for her screen services. Cecil DeMille (*Continued on page 84*)

(Left) Loretta Young is waging the bitterest battle of her career—a fight for her health. (Below) The Youngs, a 1936 Louisa M. Alcott family—Sally Blane Foster, Loretta, their mother and Polly Ann. (Right) The newly married Norman Foster and Sally Blane.

HERE ARE FACTS WHICH CLEAR UP THOSE
RUMORS YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS LOVELY GIRL

Telling Tales on Fred

FRED ASTAIRE has big feet. He used to dress collegiate. His hobby is composing music. When things go wrong, he cries like a baby, and his nickname is "Moaning Minnie!"

That's only the beginning of this Broadway profile, the combined stories of those who have worked close to Astaire.

First, George Gershwin, who knew him over fifteen years ago, when Gershwin was "that hot piano player at Remicks," and Fred Astaire, a hoofer trying to get a break.

"Freddie always had a swanky walk," said Gershwin. "He didn't dress the way he does now. He was collegiate, and wore a funny little round hat.

"He and his sister, Adele, were in the Sunday night vaudeville shows at 'The Winter Garden.' In those days they couldn't open their mouths. They just danced.

"I'll never forget Fred walking up to me and saying, 'Sometime I'd like to be in a regular show and have you write the music.' Later, with 'Lady, Be Good,' and 'Funny Face,' his wish came true.

"Right from the start Freddie knew exactly what he wanted. He had no outside interests. He was intent on becoming just what he became—a top musical comedy star. Take his singing. He wanted to sing, but in the early

days his voice wasn't so good. Since then it has developed tremendously. He has wonderful judgment. His instinct for low-class rhythm songs is unfailing. He can always tell what will be a hit.

"I think his mother is largely responsible for Freddie's charm and culture. The big thing he has done is to bring drawing-room manners to gutsy dancing.

"He was one of the few vaudeville actors taken up by society. He wanted that. Why, with his first money he bought something that only the wealthiest can afford



George Gershwin

Dorothy Stone

Carl Randall

Claire Luce

by Nanette
Kutner

**THE FRIENDS AND CO-
WORKERS OF HIS BROAD-
WAY SHOW DAYS GIVE
SIDELIGHTS ON ASTAIRE**



Fred Astaire is a true artist, unanimously claim those who worked with him.



Ginger Rogers and Fred

—a race horse in England.

"Freddie has a swell sense of humor. He used to do an imitation of John Charles Thomas singing a jazz song called, 'I'd Rather Charleston.' He did this with every inflection of the concert singer, but without the voice.

"HE CALLED his sister 'Funny Face.' They fought just as all performers fight. Adele knew Freddie's dancing ideas were invariably right, but she held out for her point until she made him so sore they would fly at each other.

"Once, while he was staging a dance, I saw him become so exasperated that he burst into tears and cried like a baby! You see," Gershwin quickly added, "he was so anxious to have it right.

"I haven't seen Freddie since he's been in Hollywood, but I've been approached to write one of his next pictures. The deal isn't set yet. All I can say is that I'd like to work with him again." And thus concluded Mr. Gershwin.

I next tackled Claire Luce, that striking looking blonde who played opposite Fred Astaire when "The Gay Divorcee," was a stage production called "The Gay Divorcee."

Miss Luce was sailing for London that night. She was in a hurry. So we talked over the telephone.

"Fred takes his work very seriously. Sometimes a step of mine would be a little off, and he'd notice it. Every evening he came to the theater early and practiced. He'd sprinkle resin all over the stage and used so much of it that the stage looked like a barn, and it became a standing joke that the place was messed up from Fred's private rehearsals.

"When things went wrong, he'd break down completely." Miss Luce paused. "Wait, I have Adele Astaire's former maid, Cynthia, maybe she can give you something."

Said Cynthia. "Mr. Astaire, say, he used to jump right out of bed in the morning and start in dancing!"

Back came Miss Luce. "And he loved to sit down at the piano and try to make up tunes."

I wondered if they were bad tunes.

"Probably," said Miss Luce.

TOM WEATHERLY, who, with Dwight Deere Wiman, produced "The Gay Divorcee," told me Fred Astaire is an excellent business man.

"He handles his own affairs. (Continued on page 60)



WOMEN WITH careers should be shot on sight," said Bette Davis to me. We were lunching at that spot de luxe, the Vendôme. Bette was wearing a brown tailored suit, a white shirt and a bright green hat of the type called "knowing."

Bette said, crisply, "I am about to break down and reveal to you the most carefully concealed secret in my unsecretive young life. For that I have no secrets is the truth. If I committed a murder, I would give a progressive dinner so that I could go about, from course to course, telling about it!

"I take myself to pieces, mentally, once every week. There's a room in my house especially set apart for this vivisectional purpose. It is a bare, little room in the back of nowhere. In it is one chair, stiff

**HOLLYWOOD'S MOST OUT-
SPOKEN STAR TALKS
BACK TO YOU GIRLS WITH
BIG JOB AMBITIONS!**

"WOMEN WITH CAREERS SHOULD BE SHOT!"

Says Bette Davis to Gladys Hall

and uncomfortable—very moral. There are neither pictures on the walls, nor rugs on the floor. There is nothing in this drab self-confessional to take my mind off myself. I call it my 'deflation room.' I puncture my own ego. It takes the place of a good, old fashioned spanking.

"If I have been publicized as being 'so natural' and 'without affectation or conceit,' I have this little room to thank for it—so has the public.

"When I am alone with myself there is nothing left of la actress. I strip off all the powder, paint, and lipstick. I remove all of the publicity bunkum. And when I am done, I stand revealed (rather skinny) as what I was designed to be and what I ought to be—a wife, a woman, a mother.

"What I mean is this," said Bette, in her incisive way, "I have no business to be an actress. By the same token Lady Astor has no business to be a politician, nor Grace Moore to be an opera singer, and so on. We wimmin, in short, should not be anything other than that for which Nature ordained us when she created us female, not male.

WOMEN CAN'T cross the biological line, let them protest and 'prove themselves' to the world as they may. If they do cross that line, they become—monstrosities!

"I am a monstrosity. I know that. I admit it to myself, there in the silence.

"No woman should have a career. Which brings me back to my original statement that all careerist women should be shot. The instant a girl child manifests a talent for anything, other than making fudge or minding the baby, her parents should get down the gat.

"Women with careers harm their men far more cruelly than themselves. The thing they do to men is—murder.

"I'm entirely serious. I've read, we've all read, hundreds of controversial articles in women's magazines about 'Woman Versus a Career,' 'Can Women Have Careers and Motherhood?' etc, etc. They can't—they can—and so it goes.

"Famous women in all the arts and professions have been interviewed on the subject. Some have said one thing, some another. Most of them have begged the question, have compromised.

"Well, Nature doesn't beg the question and neither do I. At the risk of having my sister women stampede me, I declare that women not only cannot have careers and a domestic life at the same time but—they should not be permitted to. I'm tired of reading and hearing a lot of twiddle-twaddle on this subject with no one coming out and telling the truth.

"I feel more strongly on this particular subject than on any other in the world. I've been bursting to speak my mind. I

may be shot for doing it, but it will be worth it.

"You might well say to me, 'Well, if you feel this way about it, why don't you stop? Why don't you cancel your contract, stay at home and keep house for Harmon? No one is compelling you to be an actress, are they?'

"No, no one is compelling me. The compulsion comes from within myself. Once caught up in the toils of a career, you just don't stop, that's all. It's like being a drug addict, striving to eject from your system the deadly virus that has entered it.

UP THERE in my little room I say to myself, 'What are you getting out of it? Are you thrilled and pleased with the work you do? Do you get sound creative satisfaction from the things you do? Do you think to yourself that you're pretty good?'

"And my honest answer to these questions is—NO. I've never yet been satisfied with anything I've done. I've never been able to pat my own shoulder blade and say, 'Well, you did it *this* time, my girl!' No, not even in 'Human Bondage.' I've never had the feeling that I gave all that I could have. And then, there was the fear of being typed, of having to play nasty little hussies for the rest of my life. I think I've escaped from everlasting typing. Warner Brothers have come through for me in that respect. But I also know that cycles come and go and just because I'm not worrying about studio conditions, today, doesn't say that I won't be tomorrow. (Cont'd on page 73)





(Above, left to right) "Lily Pons meet Henry Fonda," introduced their director of "I Dream Too Much." "Now suppose you two hop into bed. . . ." Next, if Alice Brady only had been permitted to fall on her elbow in "Lady Tubbs." But she wasn't! Basil Rathbone was ready to sacrifice a fine role in "David Copperfield" because he was forced to beat Freddie Bartholomew.

They hated to do it!

by Muriel Balcock



DID YOU ever wonder how Jimmy Cagney felt about smacking that grapefruit right in Mae Clarke's shining orbs? Did you ever stop to think how he rated himself as a person when he kicked pretty Margaret Lindsay, wham! as she stood with her back to him?

Did you ever stop to consider how many things stars have to do in the course of earning their daily bread—like you and me—that they positively hate themselves for doing, things that they dislike doing intensely, that do not fit in with their characters, and which sometimes make them not only cringe with embarrassment, but really ill at the tummy?

These things, you say, are all a part of the stiff routine that is Hollywood behind the cameras. They are all a part of the work that must be done if Life (spelled with a capital L), which is often grim, often cruel, often unpleasant, is to be put on the screen in realistic fashion.

YES, I know, but don't fool yourself. The more seasoned the trouper, the more sentimental a softie he is at heart! The worse he feels when he has to

do something mean and horrible, and possibly vulgar, as a part of his screen characterization. He doesn't just toss a dirty deed over his shoulder, and walk away. It hurts him. And it hurts deep.

I've been around Hollywood half a dozen years now and I never saw a sicker man than Basil Rathbone when he had to slap down little Freddie Bartholomew in "David Copperfield." Rathbone was tickled pink at getting such a fine part in such a fine picture. He needed a role like this. But when he read the script and realized what a beating he had to give Freddie, he went to David Selznick, the producer, and tried to beg off his contract. "I can't do a horrible thing like that to a child, even if it is only in acting," Rathbone said. "It will not only, deep down in his subconscious mind, make the boy hate me, but I will hate myself so."

HOWEVER, they argued Rathbone back into the role. But on the night before the scene was to be photographed, he couldn't sleep and on the day of its taking, wisecrackers on the set who had been amused at his tremendous antipathy for the scene, began to feel sorry for him. They watched him



Joan Crawford in her not-so-long-ago lace teddy days. From "Our Blushing Brides."



How do you suppose Jimmy Cagney felt about slapping Mae Clarke in "Public Enemy"? You're perfectly right.

BIG SCENES YOU APPLAUDED WERE NOT SO AMUSING TO THEIR PLAYERS

smoke one cigarette after another, pace up and down, and finally when he did hit Freddie, do it in such a sissy fashion that they had to take the scene all over again. Well, after all, if a man really treated a child with such physical violence in this day and age, people would be so horrified that they'd slap him in jail!

Joan Crawford originally objected to playing "Dancing Lady" because it harked back to the lace teddy era, when she made "Our Blushing Brides" and films of that ilk, and her show-girl days. It is said she didn't want to skid around the screen in satin pants. She didn't think it became her dignity as a woman or her standing as a star. Well, one thing for which all screen stars have to thank Mr. Joseph Breen and the censorship campaign is that they don't have to do those "undress" roles which, once-upon-a-time, all producers simply adored.

Which reminds me of Jean Harlow's indignation and fury at Howard Hughes when she was just getting launched on her screen career. I am told she yanked the telephone out of the wall and threw it at Mr. Hughes, just grazing his ear.

Now, Miss Harlow is not a temperamental individual. She keeps her temper and is known as a regular person. But this was during the days that (Continued on page 74)



Fred and Lilian Lamonte, the other half of a trial engagement. His new picture is "The Bride Comes Home," with Claudette Colbert.

Trial engagement

IT MAKES me kind of mad, mildly remarked the boy from Beaver Dam, clenching his teeth hard against a briar pipe stem, "the way some of the writers keep hinting we're secretly married. When I marry my Lilian, probably next spring, I won't hide it—say, I'll tell everybody that will listen! Trouble is," he groped for expression (words aren't Fred MacMurray's strong point), "Hollywood just can't understand anybody that doesn't do things its way. Back where I come from, people don't think it's so unusual if a fellow goes with the same girl two and a half years. That isn't even a *long engagement* in Beaver Dam."

The perspiration sprang out on his forehead with the agonies of self-revelation. He tugged at his pipe, as if to draw inspiration through the great clouds of smoke. When he emptied it, he immediately jabbed in fresh solace with a nervous thumb. I've talked with the shyest of the movie lads, from Ronald Colman to Maurice Chevalier, who once sat through a whole luncheon without uttering a syllable, but they were all garrulous compared with this tall Scotch boy from Wisconsin whom every woman star in Hollywood is asking for as a screen lover. When he isn't wooing them before the camera—in that off-hand, nonchalant fashion which has caught the public's fancy—he invariably calls them all "Ma'am."

"Glad my acting looks natural and easy the way they

FRED MacMURRAY CAN'T SEE STARS—ONLY HIS BEST GIRL, LILIAN!

by Dorothy Donnell

say," Fred told me, "it's really just my being scared to death. I guess I'm not exactly what you might call sentimental. Lilian always says, when we come out from seeing one of my pictures, 'Why don't you ever say nice things like that to me?' Sometimes," he confessed, "I even forget to bring her a corsage when we're going to a dance. I'm afraid I make a better lover on the screen than off. You see, till I met her, I didn't have much practise taking girls out. All the time I was in college I never had a date."

That last blunt sentence tells more about Fred MacMurray than all the fine writing in the world. A dark youngster, tooting a saxophone in the band—a handsome baritone, crooning with the Glee Club—a husky football player carrying the ball down the field for Dear Ol'

Carroll—and not a date! It tells a good deal, by inference, about his Lilian, too. The romance between them is Hollywood's most unknown love story. And I think it's the sweetest. I am very certain it's the strangest.

In this day of careless courtships, after-a-party elopements to Yuma, after-another-party trips to Reno, an engagement that has lasted two and a half years has a quaintly old-fashioned sound. O. Henry might have written the story of the shy, broad-shouldered boy who came from a small town to the big city to play with a comedy collegiate band, in a Broadway revue. And of the pretty girl from the South who worked (Continued on page 86)

- TODAY



In '21 Doug Fairbanks and Mary MacLaren in "The Three Musketeers."



Fifteen years later, Walter Abel and Margot Grahame revive the roles.



Crawford and House Peters in "Rose Marie" of '28. In '25 Vilma Banky and Colman in "Dark Angel."



Today's "Rose Marie" with Eddy and MacDonald. Below, March and Oberon as the "Angel" lovers.



AND NOW EACH
FINDS VOICE
IN MODERN
VERSIONS

Success — A LA CROSBY

by Helen Louise Walker

**WOULD YOU DARE TO PLAY TAG
WITH YOUR JOB THE WAY BING
DOES? NEITHER WOULD WE!**



MOST SUCCESSFUL actors have had some definite ambition, some goal, some plan of life. Circumstances or their own limitations may have frustrated them, altering their courses sometimes, but they have known, if not where they were going, at least where they *wanted* to go. But Bing Crosby's career seems to have just happened to him, like measles. He has broken every copy book maxim for success and neither his growing maturity nor professional eminence seem to have improved him one bit. He is, if anything, growing worse!

You doubtless know the story of how, at an early age, he set out from Spokane for Los Angeles to try to get a job pounding his beloved drum . . . and how he ran out of money before he arrived and had to sell the drum. So there he was, broke and drum-less. But a job caught up with him anyhow . . . and that's the way things have gone for Bing.

As for his present business and professional methods—well, he recently sold his Toluca Lake place to Al Jolson as a home for Ruby Keeler's mother. He promised to vacate the property by the first of October. But he didn't because, he averred, he couldn't find another house *big* enough to accommodate two careers, three young sons, a brace of nurses and the sizable staff of servants he maintains.

At this writing the Crosby family is, to all intents and purposes, homeless. They are living in Ruby Keeler's mother's house and, I must say, Mrs. Keeler is being pretty nice about it. But what if she should decide to turn them out into the California climate at this point? The evenings have been right chilly. . . . And what does Bing *mean* he can't find a house which is "large enough" when I have heard a dozen film luminaries wailing lately that they couldn't find buyers for their dwellings because





Bing's a happy-go-lucky gent who takes all things in stride including swell parts like, left, the one in "Anything Goes" with Ethel Merman in which they duet that smash hit, "You're the Tops" . . . or a mere matter of twins, another son and attractive Dixie Lee, his wife. Also above, east meets west on a bike pedalling to the set, another Crosby gag.

those dwellings were too spacious? I know where there is a very pretty hotel for sale, too.

One doesn't know whether to cry, "Oh come now, Bing! Be your age!" or to hope that, for his own sake, he will keep on being the irresponsible playboy until he is eighty. Maybe it's partly that quality in him which makes you and you and you . . . and me . . . enjoy him so much on the screen. There is something attractive, to all of us plodding folk, about the fellow who breaks all the sober rules and still comes out on top.

YEARS AGO he obtained a release from his contract with Paul Whiteman because of a sudden whim to remain in Los Angeles when the Whiteman orchestra was going east. He refused several promising radio offers for the same reason. Then suddenly he became panicky, thought he was getting nowhere and couldn't imagine why. In his frantic search for advice, he signed with numbers of shrewd gentlemen, who
(Continued on page 62)

Tom has just signed a new Paramount contract as reward for his swell work in "Annapolis Farewell."

Tom's rules for sidestepping trouble

**THIS BROWN CHAP THINKS IT'S
LUCK, BUT IT'S REALLY WISDOM**

by Franc Dillon

THERE IS an old legend, more popular outside the film colony than in, that Hollywood is a place where a Frankenstein lurks behind every tree, ready to jump out at unsuspecting young girls who have come here from the outside world to make their name and fame in motion pictures.

Columns and columns of newspaper space have been devoted to the dangers, real and imaginary, that confront a young girl in Hollywood.

"But," protests Tom Brown, "no one bothers to warn the screen-struck young men who come to Hollywood in search of work and adventure.

"When the little girl who has such a sweet voice in the village choir decides to try her luck at being a Grace Moore, all the folks warn her against the pitfalls of Hollywood. But when the young chap, who has been cutting such a dash with the community players, decides he will take the next train for Hollywood, his friends all say, 'Good luck! We'll be expecting Gable to resign when he hears you are in town.'

"Perhaps it is because a man is supposed to be able to take care of himself," Tom continued earnestly. "and it might be because not many people realize there is anything to warn a fellow about. The truth of the matter is that there is just as much trouble ahead for a fellow in this town as there is for a girl. The only difference is that most of a fellow's hurdles come after he has made a place for himself in the film business. Then is the time he must watch his step, for the more successful he becomes, the bigger mistakes he can make."

Now, of course you know that Tom Brown is one of the most prominent juveniles and best young actors in (Continued on page 69)





Mary's a popular gal because she listens well and knows how to profit by others' mistakes.

YOU PICK up swell data dating in Hollywood," declares Mary Carlisle, one of the cutest little blondes in the picture colony.

Mary is young and terribly popular. She lives in a fashionable apartment with her mother. The telephone rings often. And although she's rushed from one good role to another, Mary goes places with the most eligible men.

While doing so she's learned a lot. She admits it, and what she has to say is most informative.

"Sooner or later the boy friends begin to talk," she asserts. "I find that a large portion of male thinking concerns women. Of course, men don't exactly rave about other girls when they're out with me. After all, they're too smart to make that mistake! Still, they do talk and I try not to pass up any helpful pointers.

"Right off, I might as well confess that nothing fascinates a man more completely than a woman who'll listen to him with rapture radiating from her eyes. So remember—be eager for his next words, even if it's the supreme effort. Then he'll brand you intriguing!"

Advice from the cuddlesome Carlisle, whose infectious grin seems essential to her sprightly personality, is indeed enlightening.

"If men are too clever to heap praise on another when escorting me, at least they feel safe in telling what's wrong with the absent misses. I've discovered the ideal sweetheart isn't what many so-modern girls have been aiming to be. Men are idealistic, yes, in spite of the realistic manners they occasionally display.

"Actually, they say that we don't stop to study their wants and we generally attempt to please *other women*.

Mary's methods for holding a beau

CARLISLE'S TAKEN CUES FROM BOYS' CRACKS ABOUT OTHER GIRLS

by Caroline Somers Hoyt

Mary gives Jack Benny a whirl in "It's in the Air." She's stepping along as an actress.

They tell me they are looking for a lovely, feminine sort—with intelligence wisely employed. Get this final demand, for I shall later illustrate what they mean.

"No man I know dislikes allure. Sometimes its lack is forgiven on account of characteristics which nearly compensate; still it is important. Men believe that most women are awfully misguided, that too many girls lack subtlety. Men may imagine they are being fooled, but they want to be if we aren't naturally perfect. So what? So we tip our hands!

"The whole purpose of nice clothes, for instance, is to enhance ourselves. Men are impressed by the girl with chic. Instinctively they abhor gaudiness and react to exquisite taste. But here's the hitch. Most girls go around showing off their new clothes, and that is entirely too naïve to be entrancing! Clothes should never distract, and when we chatter about them to men we're admitting we need props to get by.

"Which brings me to an observation I have heard so many Hollywood men make. Most women try to imitate some renowned beauty. This, they tell me, is sheer nonsense. In the first place, you never can be as effective as an original. Secondly, it shows shallowness. You should have enough confidence in yourself to develop what's best for your individuality.

"I must tell what men have said about make-up. Again, they're decidedly aware of our using it. And they don't mind, only they do contend that we'd be far more enchanting if we'd just pretend a little.

"They agree on this and the (Continued on page 68)



Twinkle.

... HOLLYWOOD'S
YOUNGEST CAREER
GALS TAKE TIME
OUT TO TELL ALL

Jane Withers
all set for her
role in "Paddy
O'Day."

by Lois Svensrud



Twinkle, Little Stars

(Left to right) Cora Sue Collins, who has portrayed the stars as little girls, would like to be just half as pretty as all of them when she grows up. At three years, Virginia Weidler refused to play an undressed role. Cute? Sybil Jason, the newest starlet, has come all the way from Africa to screen success in five short years. And finally, Shirley Temple, at the end of whose tiny rainbow lies the biggest pot of gold.

A HALF dozen small stars in Hollywood are threatening the thrones of the Garbos and Hepburns! They don't trade on glamor or sex-appeal either! They don't need it! Not when a single teardrop from the blue eyes of a five-year-old can tug the old heart-strings more than the sobs of a famed emoter, and the grin on a small freckled face is more dazzling than the smile of a high priced beauty.

Perhaps your Annabelle has lopsided dimples like Miss Temple's or bobbing pigtailed a la Weidler. You probably think that, given a chance before the camera, she, too, could warm a million hearts as she does yours.

Do you wonder how these other little girls got that magic "chance?" And do you wonder what fame and fortune has done to them? Personal chats revealed some intimate facts, for *these* movie stars aren't a bit averse to discussing their private lives.

On the screen these small actresses are "naturals," but what would they be like off-screen? We were prepared for a sense of importance in some of them, but were we disillusioned! Not one of these children is impressed with the fact that she's made a mark in the world after being such a short time in it. You think

of the youngsters as having "careers." They think they're having "just lots of fun."

THE MILLION-DOLLAR babies weren't born with silver spoons in their mouths. Every one came from a modest home and hard-working parents. They weren't all endowed with beauty or brains. But each and every one had "what it takes"—a rare charm. Different roads to fame were followed by all six starlets. For some of them, it has been a hard road, for others a short one and merry.

Virginia Weidler was the only child to flatly refuse her first big chance. It was a case of modesty or career—and Virginia chose to sacrifice the latter. She was three years old at the time and had been assigned a role in John Barrymore's picture, "Moby Dick." The script called for the baby to be undressed.

"I won't be in the pitcher without my pants," declared Miss Weidler firmly.

Mrs. Weidler took her home, convinced that her youngest was not for the screen, though the five other little Weidlers were in the movies. It's better than a reel of "Our Gang" to see the brood on their way to the studio. They come (Continued on page 82)



by Ben
Maddox

Is it any wonder that audiences have become so interested in the new Jean Arthur? Below, Herb Marshall, Jean and Leo Carrillo in "If You Could Only Cook."



Her luck began with love

IN A RUT? BLUE? SO WAS JEAN 'TIL CUPID CAME ALONG



ANY GIRL whose life has been transformed by the magical process called falling in love will understand what has happened to Jean Arthur. She will understand all the easier, too, if she was once the same confused combination of terrific shyness and surging inner yearning as Jean was.

A few brief years ago Jean Arthur was judged "through" in Hollywood. Obviously, something important has occurred to cause her current popularity.

She was just one more of those ingenues who please momentarily and then seldom rate a second thought after the picture fades from the screen. Finally, even the studio where she was under contract forgot to consider her. With typical meekness she disappeared from the movie bustle, becoming but a pale memory.

Now everyone is suddenly conscious of her. A changed personality, she is provoking such favorable audience response that she is rising rapidly in Hollywood esteem. Each role essayed is increasing demonstration of her genuine ability.

Her hair, formerly plain brown, is a golden, flattering blonde today. Chubby cheeks have thinned, the nervousness which gave an odd pitch to her voice has vanished. Her blue eyes are gay with the uninhibited wisdom which characterizes a sophisticated young modern. Her mind, manner, and words flash with a new, keen maturity.

That love can work wonders is an old saw. Nevertheless, it is as true now as it always has been. Jean herself says so.

"Before I fell in love," she asserts, "I was bound down by the most painful of inferiority (*Continued on page 78*)

Hughie, the stall guy . . .

by Ruth Rankin



YOU KNOW him. That tunny little guy with a face like a hot-water bottle—Hugh Herbert—the nutsy lawyer in “We’re In the Money,” the popularity contest judge with a bun on, in “Miss Pacific Fleet.”

Hughie is the apostle of the futile ineffectual—the one who usually out-smarts the smart boys in the end. You figure he’s a trifle balmy-on-the-crumpet, he entertains bats in his belfry, he is a male Winnie the Pooh for whimsy—and he hopes you keep right on figuring him like that. He really has good sense when he needs it, but you can just overlook that. Hugh is trying to keep it a secret.

He says no actor is worth his salt who hasn’t worked out his “philosophy of life” and doesn’t give it to you hot off the griddle. Hughie is simple, elemental, highly impractical, and he hopes you won’t pay the slightest attention to it . . .

He believes in doing nothing today that can possibly be put off until tomorrow—says he is a *mañana* man. He would love to be a hypochondriac, it’s such a lovely word to have people calling you behind your back, but the doctors won’t let him. The insurance company dealt him a mortal blow by passing him 100%, and he sulked about it all one morning. When he can’t sleep, he gets up and bakes a batch of bran muffins.

If the party gets too erudite and begins swapping book-titles, Hughie stops everything by remarking in a soft, confidential tone, “To tell you the truth, I can’t read.” (To tell *you* the truth it’s a lot better bet that Hughie has read it than the other people.)

The reason he has managed to keep Rose happily married to him for twenty years is separate bathrooms. When Hughie was a boy, in New York, with four brothers and

Hughie’s a finger twiddler. In moments of greatest stress those fingertips entangle so helplessly, so hilariously.



**“ALWAYS PUT OFF ‘TIL
TOMORROW WHAT
YOU CAN DO TODAY”**
—Hugh Herbert Motto



As the pleasantly “spiffed” judge of “Miss Pacific Fleet,” Hughie is taken over by Misses Farrell and Blondell.

a sister, not to mention his mother and father, they shared one bathroom. So Hughie made up his mind to be a success when he grew up and have two. He is two and a half times the success he intended to be. He has five bathrooms.

HUGHIE IS in dutch with his brother, who lives in Brooklyn, on account of a process-shot. It was a New York street all right, but Hughie wasn’t there. He was right out on the Warner lot all the time. But when the picture was shown, it looked exactly as if he were walking down Fifth Avenue. So finally, when he really *did* go to New York, his brother looked very disgusted and said, “All you hams get big heads, don’t you? Why didn’t you come to see me the *last* time you were here? I saw you in that picture.”

Ensued argument, explanation with Hughie drawing diagrams of a process-shot. Brother openly and obviously skeptical. Finally he polished off the whole subject by remarking to the distraught Hughie:

“Oh, for Pete’s sake, process-shot my eye. You probably were here and didn’t know it!”

Well, with his own family (Continued on page 80)

If you would have a



by Madame Sylvia

Above, you see Claudette as she looked several years ago. Note that she hasn't glamorized herself radically—just a few changes in mouth make-up and hair.



I TAKE off my hat this month to Claudette Colbert, a gal who, though she is one of our finest actresses, has escaped being another stereotyped Hollywood glamor girl.

From just a beauty point of view, Claudette Colbert is not exactly ravishing. There are many far more pulchritudinous in Hollywood than she. She definitely isn't the sexy type that makes men stand up and cheer when she comes on the screen. Yet both men and women like her. She gives herself wholeheartedly to every role, often forgets her looks, even in a close-up. That Frenchy has brains, talent and ability—she'll be a lasting favorite, not just a flash in the sky like so many beautiful but untalented stars.

Claudette has been intelligent, even about glamour. It's true that in the last few years she's done things to change her face, but she hasn't been silly about it. Take her eyebrows, for instance. She raised them somewhat, but she hasn't made them look grotesque, as some stars have.

When I sounded the bugle for Colbert doubles I didn't dream so many of you look like Claudette. But gosh!

There are more Colbert doubles in the United States than there are high hats in Hollywood.

Claudette should be flattered at this month's response. And, believe me, you girls will be flattered right and left when you get a figure like Claudette's. She has true slenderness—and slenderness, I can tell you, is the greatest charm to possess.

Claudette looks so chic in her clothes (and you can imagine without them, too!). She is in proportion, her bone structure is swell. Even when she makes jerky movements she doesn't offend the eye. As a matter of fact, Claudette's walk is a stride. Listen, did you ever see a fat girl stride? Watch one sometime. And because she is so slim, she can get away with the frills and puffed sleeves that other girls have to go easy on.

Over and over again I've told you that ordinary massage will not take off weight properly, in fact, as far as actual reducing goes, it works against itself because it definitely increases the appetite. However, it is swell for nervous, run-down conditions, for increasing circulation, limbering up muscles and giving you that nice cozy relaxed feeling.

CLAUDETTE'S "DOUBLE" IS WARNED AGAINST BAD

figure like Colbert



Joan Koellan is the most striking Colbert likeness, according to Sylvia. She has the same triangular face and vivacious expression. What do you say?

We believe, in addition to the story, direction, photography and the performances of the players, that one of the most vital factors in the success of a motion picture is the physical attractiveness and charm of its stars. We realize that constructive and instructive comment on this subject by a recognized authority will be of interest to our readers as well as to the actors themselves. MODERN SCREEN is, therefore, glad to announce the appointment of Modome Sylvio as Beauty Critic of Motion Pictures for the magazine.—Editor.

Claudette, who can't afford to lose a pound, has frequent massages. She's a hearty eater, too—eats what she likes. She drinks lots of milk and has a holy horror of over-exertion. Oh, sure, she plays a little tennis and swims. But she does not drink any liquor and you seldom catch her at the night spots of Hollywood, where the other belles go to show off their new clothes and their old beaux.

That just shows how smart Claudette is, not only in preserving her strength and her good looks, but in guarding the most precious thing in life—health.

And now to Joan Koellan, (*Continued on page 88*)



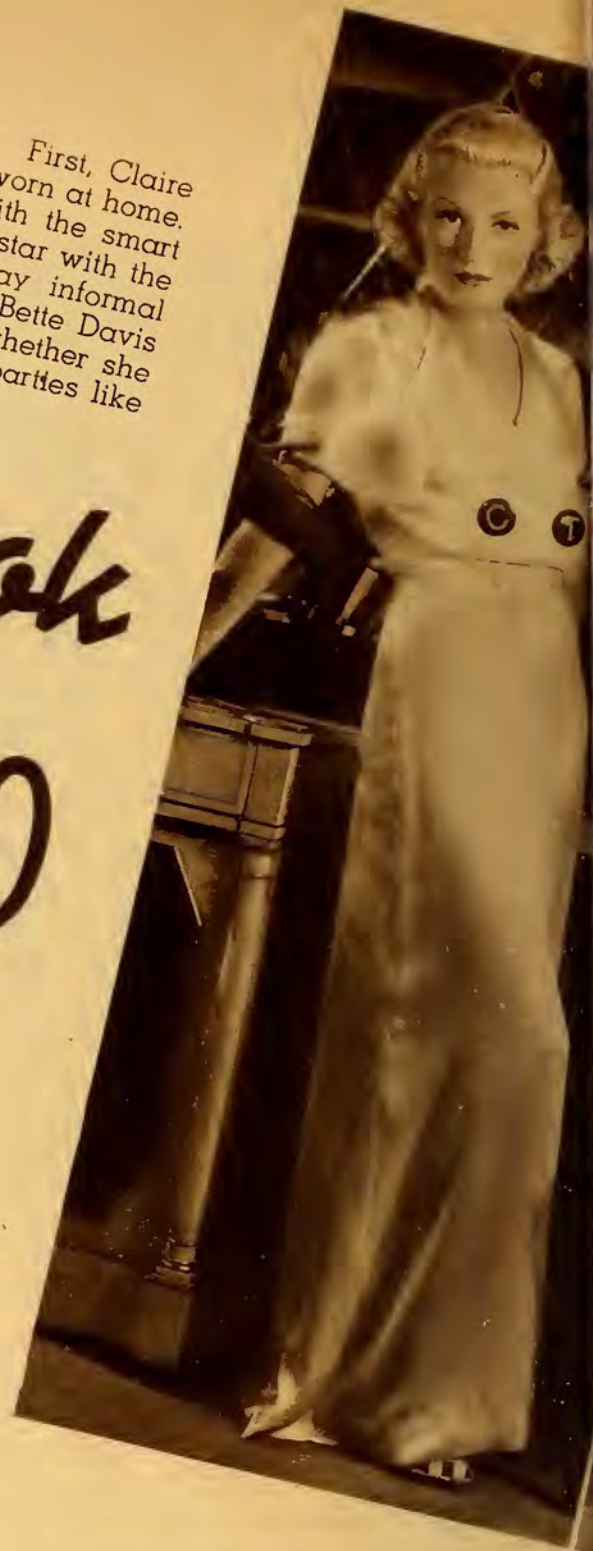
And Claudette today, the sparkling star of "The Bride Comes Home."

POSTURE AND DOUBLE CHIN

right! you see four answers to questions you've asked. First, Claire Trevor's white satin pajamas with rhinestone buttons to be worn at home. Anne Shirley's sweet taffeta frock in a new length and with the smart type of evening shoes. Next Tutta Rolf, a sparkling foreign star with the right idea about a dress for dinner in town, theatre or gay informal dances. It's metal cloth with brown velvet trim. And last, Bette Davis wears the sort of silk afternoon dress that everyone needs whether she has a nine-to-five job or can spend her afternoons at bridge parties like the girl who stays at home.

How can I look SMARTER...?

ANSWERS TO A DOZEN PUZZLING QUESTIONS YOU'VE ASKED



For club meetings—this charming costume of Ann Sothern's at the right. It's trim, two-piece and tailored without being too severe.

For business—at the far right, you see the perfect all year 'round business outfit. Jean Muir's gray tailored suit with black accessories.





by Adelia Bird



DO YOU know how much your letters help me? Now that is reversing the tables on you, isn't it? You would imagine that I think only how much my small bits of wisdom help you. As it happens, I receive a great deal of inspiration and information from the letters you write to me, telling me what your individual fashion problems are. Your letters are the only way that I can get close to you—the best way that I can judge what you want to read in these monthly fashion chats of mine.

This is your department, you know, and it is my greatest pleasure and satisfaction to feel that I can give you

advice which will help you to meet your business, social and romantic engagements of the day with an increased sense of your own good looks and general smartness. A girl can face almost any exigency when she knows the clothes she is wearing are doing half the charm job for her!

From letters which you have written to me in the past six months, I have chosen twelve questions the answers to which I think must be of keen interest to a large number of you. Many of you will recognize your own questions used to help someone else who has a similar problem to yours. I have tried to illustrate as many of them as I



Myma Loy wears just the right costume for the informal hours of late afternoon and early evening. Note her gloves and fob pin.



Ruth Weston picks Hollywood's pet costume, pajamas, for a day-time outfit at home. They're tailored silk ones with gay scarf.



Kay Francis shows the effectiveness of black offset by a white accent. A three-strand pearl choker worn with a high neck is chic.

have space for with pictures of stars who make excellent examples of the points mentioned.

AFTER YOU have read these questions and answers, I hope that you will sit down and write to me, telling me what you most want to see and read in these pages in the forthcoming six months. Tell me what you need to know, what stars influence you most from a fashion standpoint, and what type of costume you would like to see more often illustrated and discussed here.

Now for the questions:

Q. I am going to work in an office—it's my first job and I am anxious to make a good impression. Please tell me what type of clothes to wear?

A. Serviceable, simple and versatile clothes are what you want. I put serviceability first because business clothes get the hardest sort of use. Good fabric is the secret of long wear, so don't be led astray by flashy, cheap materials which will show you their shiny side and their limp, sleazy texture. No matter how you have to economize on other things always make yourself afford to buy good fabric—in the long run you'll save dollars.

Simplicity is next, in fact, many would rate it first as a business fashion requirement. I don't because I think that you achieve simplicity only through the use of the best materials. Fussy clothes are out of the office picture, just as they are out of the sports scene. However, you don't want to look plain in trying to gain simplicity. I have chosen a picture of Jean Muir as a perfect example of what the well-dressed business girl should wear. It's a well tailored gray suit made from the best fabric. It will work efficiently from one season to the next with no demands upon you other than careful sponging and pressing at intervals. Although the suit is cut with an eye to tailored smartness, it has just enough fit to its jacket, peak to its lapels and general dash to lift it far out of the plain class.

WHAT'S MORE, Jean's suit illustrates my point that business clothes should be versatile. With the trim, black felt hat, black suede accessories and black crepe blouse which Jean wears, this suit is tops in daytime efficiency. But by changing to a small hat with a veil, a ruffled silk blouse and a boutonniere pinned to a lapel, the same suit is all dressed up for a dinner and theatre date right after five. Still another time, by wearing a sweater, a bright sports scarf and changing to low, heeled oxfords, your suit goes to the country!

If you don't want to confine yourself to suits, you have a wealth of dresses from which to choose. Woolen or crepe dresses of the shirtwaist type can be changed by a fresh collar, a new scarf or a vestee. And you don't need to stick to traditional office shades of black, blue or brown—wear some of the gayer shades, just so you don't hit upon some hue that will give your boss color-blindness! The jacket dress, the two-piece, semi-sports dress and the three-piece suit are all good workers.

And just a final word, one that you probably have heard dozens of times. Don't wear too much make-up during business hours. And don't teeter about on silly high heels attached to low cut sandals or ornate strap shoes—wear opera pumps, plain straps with moderate heels or oxfords.

Q. Should evening slippers match or contrast with my gown?

A. Either is correct and smart. However, the general trend this year is to wear either silver or gold sandals unless you have a lot of money to spend on evening shoes and can afford to indulge in matching each evening gown.

Anne Shirley wears her formal dresses at a new length which shows most of her evening shoe. Anne's blue taffeta dress on page 57, as you can see, has a full skirt which ends just below her ankles. Her open-toed satin sandals are dyed to match her dress (Continued on page 93)

"YOU CAN'T BE LOVELY WITHOUT A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN"

Merle Oberon

DOES Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up *thoroughly* — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No wise girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't *choke your pores*. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely—the way you want *yours* to be!

Why don't you use it—before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive Cosmetic Skin! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.

*Worried about
Cosmetic Skin?*



*No need to be
if you remove
cosmetics thoroughly*



*Men always fall
for soft, smooth skin*



"I PICKED THE GIRL WITH THE MOST Kissable Lips"



SAID
**TULLIO
CARMINATI**



Read how famous film star picked the loveliest lips in Hollywood test...



● Three girls were with us when we asked Tullio Carminati what kind of lips men prefer. One girl wore no lipstick. The second wore the ordinary lipstick. The third wore Tangee. Instantly he picked the girl wearing Tangee. "Her lips are kissable, because they look natural," he said.

Most men agree with him. They like lips that are soft and natural. And that's the secret of Tangee's growing popularity. You avoid that painted look with Tangee, because *Tangee isn't paint*. It intensifies your own natural color... makes your lips lovely and alluring. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. 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. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there's only one Tangee.



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM26
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Check ☐ Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Telling Tales on Fred

(Continued from page 37)

and he is one of the few actors who, when he was on Broadway, had no agent. I remember him crossing out a couple of clauses in his contract, but he was scrupulously fair and never had a swelled head.

"Fred is not physically strong. He is all skin and bones. That's why he looks so well in his clothes.

"He's the most painstaking performer I've ever met. If he's convinced that part of his work should be done in a certain way, he'll just carry on until people give in to him. He was always in a stew about something, so we called him 'Moaning Minnie.' But I'll say this, I've yet to find him in the wrong. He fights for what he wants because he is conscientious, and his showman's instinct is always right.

"As for being a friend. Now that he's in Hollywood he's never too busy to write a letter. And I don't mean a hasty typewritten line either!

"You know, it was while he appeared in my show that Fred signed for pictures. Nobody thought he'd be a hit. But pictures did a wonderful thing for him. They magnified his charm.

"Before he left for the coast, the girls in the show used to say, 'What can that guy do in Hollywood?' I guess," Weatherly smiled, "they've found out now."

THEN I went to Fred Stone's daughter, Dorothy, who danced with Astaire. When, due to illness, Claire Luce was obliged to leave the show.

"Fred was marvelously patient at rehearsing with me. He'd practice seven hours a day. Such hard work turned him into a bundle of nerves. But he gave me a new slant on dancing. He taught me to make everything look as if it were done on the spur of the moment.

"He is awfully intense about his work. That's why I think pictures are the best medium for him. He was at high tension on the stage—always conscious of the audience. Anything could get his goat. If they didn't respond in the way he wanted, or if someone started talking, he was convinced they didn't like him.

"There was one break in his tap dance that occasionally went wrong. If he made this mistake he would work by himself all evening and keep saying he was no good. If he did it right, he'd be in a glorious

mood throughout the rest of the show.

"He was always considerate to the people in the company. He had three minutes between numbers and should have relaxed in his dressing-room, but the rest of the company used it as a regular green room. They were always there, smoking. He never had a chance for privacy. That's because he was so nice to people, never discourteous or mean.

"He was willing to blame himself for whatever happened. Like the time Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler were out front. We were both kind of nervous. At the end of the 'Night and Day' number, I was supposed to do a sort of back bend, while Freddie put his arm around me and lowered me down on a bench. Well—I missed the bench, and we both fell flat on the floor! Fred turned scarlet. Another performer would have lost his temper. He said nothing. But after the show he sat in his dressing-room, head in his hand, and kept repeating that he was no good. I said it had been my fault, but he insisted upon taking the blame. Then he admitted that it was silly to worry and he sat up, laughing, while the tears were running down his cheeks.

"Everyone in the show adored him. The night of his last performance before leaving for Hollywood, the orchestra played 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the chorus girls rushed out of the wings, tripping him up, football fashion. He just sat there too touched to speak.

"He couldn't believe they really wanted him in pictures. He used to point at himself in the mirror and say, 'What do they want that face in Hollywood for?'"

IT was Carl Randall, leaving for the coast to dance, himself, in Jock Whitney's next technicolor production, who told me about Astaire after he made his first picture.

"Between 'Dancing Lady,' and his second picture, Fred had to go to London for 'The Gay Divorce.' I directed the dances. By this time Fred had lost interest, his heart was in pictures. At the dress rehearsal there was no spark in the 'Night and Day' number, so I went backstage and spoke to him about it. He got so mad that he went on and gave a wonderful performance.

(Continued on page 62)



Fie on you, Gary, falling asleep like that with two such gorgeous gals with you—or is it Scotty's flash bulbs? Anyhoo, Dolores Del Rio and Mrs. Cooper don't seem to care a hang. Dolores and Sandra are related by marriage, you know.

NO, SIS, THUMBS DOWN ON EDNA!



**Edna had
too many
pimples
~
but not
for long**



Don't let Adolescent Pimples make **YOU** feel left out!

BETWEEN the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!



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

Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

Treat a cold for what it is—an *internal infection*! Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.

**"A Cold is
an Internal
Infection
and Requires
Internal
Treatment"**



**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE**

(Continued from page 60)

ance. He could always take constructive criticism.

He'd get sore, but he'd take it. Fred's got big feet, and he used to wear white shoes with a blue serge suit. It looked terrible—all feet. When I told him this, he was furious, but he changed to brown suede. He's as fussy as an old maid about his performance. Every prop must be just so, the table not an inch out of place, the chairs just right. But when you remember that he must jump over those chairs and tables, and that he lives in

constant fear of falling; well, you can't blame him."

So ended Mr. Randall.

And there you have it—a Broadway profile, with everyone agreeing that if Fred Astaire has faults, they are due to one admirable trait, his stern striving for perfection, for he is that rare combination of nerves, talent, feeling, instinct, work, experience, ambition, yes — and the cold nightmarish sweat of self rebuke, of thinking he's not good enough. All of which spells one word—artist!

Success—a la Crosby

(Continued from page 47)

volunteered to manage him for a percentage of his potential salary. When he decided, at last, to accept the radio offer which was to bring him sudden fame and fortune, he found himself thirty-five thousand dollars in debt for advice which he had not taken.

His own account of that episode is characteristic. "My brother, Everett, took charge of me then and the first thing he did was to pay off the thirty-five thousand dollars. With this off my mind, I decided to go fishing. I forgot to tell anybody about that."

One wonders whether Brother Ev was able to dismiss that transaction so lightly from his mind, since it was his thirty-five thousand dollars which had gone to pay for the unused advice. Three days later Bing walked into Brother Ev's office to find that worthy fit to be tied. He had accepted a pretty spectacular offer for Bing from an Eastern broadcasting company . . . and then he hadn't been able to find Bing!

Brother Ev must have his troubles, even today. Bing dislikes to go to the studio unless he is actually working on a picture and one gathers that he goes rather grudgingly even then. One of the executives of his studio wished to see him on important business and Bing, notified of this fact, sent the executive an invitation to play golf. The "conference" resulted in a pleasant golf game but an unsatisfactory (to the busy executive) interview which sent that gentleman back to his office in something of a pet. (An executive in a pet is really something to contemplate. I saw one once and I've been a little jumpy ever since.) But Bing won whatever point he was trying to make, so there you are.

He won his initial success playing traps with an orchestra, his later success singing and his latest, combining singing with acting. Every rising actor I have talked to in the past two years has expounded to me about how one must work hard, study, strive, struggle, learn and grow . . . lots of things like that. It all sounds so grim! But Bing, who is one of the most highly paid singers in the country, never had a voice lesson in his life and can't read a note of music. He scarcely knows the names of the instruments which accompany him.

HAVING proved to his employers' satisfaction and that of the public that he can act passably well, he doesn't mind telling you that he never had an elocution lesson in his life, never read a volume of Shakespeare and has seen very few plays.

He doesn't waste time studying in his spare moments. He plays golf, goes fishing or fusses 'round his racing stables.

Other actors diet, exercise, and equip elaborate gymnasiums to keep their figures fit, their tummies under control. Steam

baths, massage, tossing heavy balls about . . . all an uncomfortable and strenuous part of pursuing their careers.

A year or so ago Bing began to take on weight in a really alarming fashion. His employers were agitated. His brothers were agitated. Critics raised concerted eyebrows and opined that here, unless something pretty drastic was done about it at once, was the beginning of the end of the Crosby career. Whereupon the imperturbable Bing, declining to take any steps at all about this growing front of his, strolled to the studio, excess weight and all, and made his most successful picture to date, "Mississippi."

There is no use in anyone's getting into a lather over a guy like that!

Years ago, doctors told him that he had a growth in his throat which should certainly be removed at once. Bing didn't like the idea of having any snipping done about his tonsils and declined firmly to permit anything of the sort. Now, eminent specialists tell him that it is that very same little growth which has given him his special and individual style of singing. His chief capital!

NO wonder he indulges his whims and behaves like a spoilt child upon occasion. Recently he had Mae West's pet cameraman, Carl Struss, on his picture, "Two for Tonight." The company was a bit behind schedule and had not finished when it came time for Mae to start her new opus, "Klondike Lou." Mae wanted her cameraman. Bing, apparently, decided that he liked to be "photographed pretty," too, so he declined to relinquish Mr. Struss. There was considerable tartness apparent on the Paramount lot while production on Mae's picture was delayed until she, at last, consented to content herself with George Clemens, Mr. Struss' assistant. Meanwhile Mae lost her leading man. Owing to the delay in starting, we understand, it was necessary to recall Victor McLaglen to the Fox lot to prepare for "Professional Soldier."

Bing, of course, was completely within his rights . . . but, dear me! We do expect him to be a handsome so-and-so in the forthcoming picture!

Recently he notified the studio that he would like to be free of all picture assignments while the horse races are in progress at the Santa Anita track. If any assignments come up, however, one imagines that Brother Ev will take steps about that!

When he planned the house at Toluca Lake, he called an architect. "What type of house do you want, Mr. Crosby?" he was asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Just a house, comfortable and big enough for my family."

"No choice of period or style, or expense?" gasped the architect.

(Continued on page 64)

I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT GIRL IN THE ADS. MEN TAKE ME OUT ONCE—AND DROP ME

BY THE WAY—DID YOU EVER READ ONE OF THOSE LIFEBOUOY ADS ...CAREFULLY?

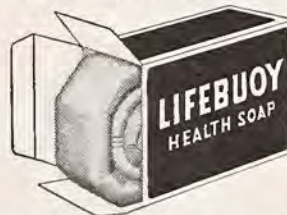
So easy to offend—without even knowing it!

EVEN ON the coldest winter day, don't take a chance with "B. O." (body odor). Clothing is heavier, rooms often stuffy. "B. O." is *instantly* noticed. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies and deodorizes pores.

Kind to your complexion

Lifebuoy lathers richly, cleanses deeply, tones and freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



*Stops
'B.O.'*

BATHE WITH LIFEBOUOY—AND BE SAFE

MAKES WASHDAY EASY AS PIE



These richer, safer suds are easier on clothes and hands

It's ENOUGH to make you sing for joy—to see the *whiteness* of clothes that are washed the easy Rinso way. And there's no hard scrubbing with Rinso. No boiling, either. In Rinso's thick, creamy suds, dirt *soaks* out. That makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Rinso is safe for colors. The makers of 33 washers say, "Use Rinso." Good for dishes. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

THE SUDS ARE THICK AND LIVELY—EVEN IN HARD WATER



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA



**DON'T USE A
1/2 WAY
TOOTH PASTE**

have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

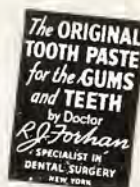
CLEANS TEETH

Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *Double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your *Gums* grow soft and spongy! Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's



**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL**

**And You'll Jump out of Bed in
the Morning Rarin' to Go**

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.



Now what goes on! Eddie Cantor giving an imitation of himself as a Chinaman with that white lotus flower, Sally Eilers. Just part of the high jinks in his new picture, "Shoot the Chutes."



Lily Damita arrives with husband, Errol Flynn, for the "Mutiny on the Bounty" preview. Maybe "Captain Blood" Flynn was getting some seafaring tips to take onto the Warner set the next day!

(Continued from page 62)

"My brother will tell you how much I can spend on it and I'll leave the rest to you."

The architect had never encountered so delightful a client before, nor had the interior decorator, who followed him and received a similar *carte blanche* order. The results, one must say, did credit to both architect and decorator, and Bing, in his easy way, has enjoyed the whole thing very much.

It's really a pleasant way to live, when you think of it!

He has consistently broken Hollywood's most inviolable copy book maxim, which says that, in order to succeed, you must cultivate important people who may advance you by their favor. Bing does little entertaining. He has a few cronies with whom he likes to play cards, frolic or sing. None of them is likely to "advance" him. He will NOT make public appearances at which he must wear evening clothes, be gaped at or sign autographs. Despite his long experience as a public figure, he is really inherently shy. He used to have to do those things to earn his living. He doesn't have to any more . . . so he goes fishing.

He sulks and becomes downright pettish if anyone or anything interferes with his whims or his convenience. He was arrested a day or two ago for driving forty-two miles an hour in a twenty mile zone on a Hollywood thoroughfare. The arresting officer found a revolver in his car and Bing had left his gun permit at home. So the cop trundled him off to the station to explain these matters.

"It's a pity," Bing complained afterward, "a downright pity that I can't just drive down the street without some officer picking on me!"

Well, there you are. You and I drive our careful twenty miles an hour, smile prettily at the big shots, eat our spinach, remember that haste makes waste and that the only way to succeed at your job is to work, study, struggle and strive. And where do we get? And where is Bing?

I was a little impatient with Bing when I began to write this piece . . . but now, I dunno. I think I'll sleep until noon tomorrow, thumb my nose at the first cop I see and maybe at the first important producer. Maybe even at Will Hays! I'll let you know what happens . . . if I live through it!

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 21)

light, golden perfection. This last named pie has a crust made of crushed corn flakes and will delight those timid souls who fear to try their hand at making pastry.

But you really should have no further trouble in that direction if you'll just follow the directions, carefully, which I am giving you here. The number seven will prove lucky indeed to those wise women who successfully grasp the Seven Keys to Perfect Pastry and learn to recognize and achieve the Seven Signs of Pie success. But before listing these for you, let me present you with another piece of valuable advice. Send for this month's free recipe leaflet, now, before you forget.

ALL you have to do, you know, is to fill out the coupon on page 66 and mail it in to us. In return you'll receive a recipe card giving you the correct proportions for both a one-crust and a two-crust pie. You'll learn how to make a Lemon Pie with a light textured filling and a new corn flakes crust that will cause a sensation in the family. You'll be given specific directions for another novelty—Fried Mince Meat Pie. You'll know how to turn out a Banana Cream Pie that any professional pastry cook might well envy. But perhaps best of all is the fact that you'll collect for your

(Continued on page 66)

Here's *Made-to-order* Protection!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT WOMEN—AND FOR DIFFERENT DAYS!



IN THE BLUE BOX

Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX

Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower — is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX

Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

All 3 types have these exclusive features:

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

For security Kotex has a channeled "Equalizer" center that guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton(not cotton)



Now A LASH BEAUTIFIER IN Creamy FORM

Ready to use . . . no water needed

A sensational new mascara called
Creamy Winx

NOW every woman—no matter how skimpy her eyelashes—can have beautiful, alluring eyes—admired by all.

Easily! Instantly! Creamy Winx comes in a tube, *ready to use*. No mixing with water! No bother. As simple as using lipstick.

Always ready for use anywhere, any time. You simply squeeze out a bit of Creamy Winx on a dry brush and apply—instantly your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant. And natural, not artificial.

Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness and, of course, this new style Creamy Winx does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. And absolutely harmless.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—Black, Brown and Blue—at all 10c counters.★

Winx Mascara is also presented in cake form, Black, Brown and Blue, 10c.★



WINX

for Lovely Eyes

★ If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Creamy ☐ Cake ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

M-2-36

(Continued from page 64)

files an honest-to-goodness Brown Derby pie recipe! Only by taking a trip to Hollywood could you eat one just like it—or by writing in to me for the recipe! For I found out, in complete detail, how to make this perfectly marvelous pie—so that all you have to do is send in the coupon to get your copy of this recipe as well as the others.

Why not, when you are cutting out the coupon on page 67, clip the following directions, too, and mount them on filing cards for future reference.

The Seven Keys to Perfect Pastry

1. Everything used in the pastry-making must be cold—the mixing bowl, the ingredients, the rolling pin, the floured board, even the hands!

2. The flour should be sifted before being measured, then sifted twice more with the salt added.

3. Fresh, thoroughly chilled shortening, should be used. (Lard, vegetable shortening or butter, or a combination.) This should be cut into the flour with pastry mixer or two knives until mixture is full of lumps the size of small peas.

4. Ice water only should be used—and as little of that as possible. More pastry is spoiled by too much water than for any other reason.

5. Pastry should be handled as little as possible. When rolling, roll from the middle out to the edges, using light strokes.

6. Pastry should have a thorough chilling in the refrigerator, preferably before rolling; although it can be rolled at once, fitted into the pie plate and then chilled.

7. All pies should be baked at a high temperature for the first 10 or 15 minutes. The heat should then be reduced and the pie baked according to recipe instructions for that particular kind of pie.

The Seven Signs of Pie Success

1. A golden brown pastry shell without breaks or "bubbles" and with an attractive fluted edge, or—

2. A flaky two-crust pie—the under crust tender, not soggy; the upper crust well browned, or—

3. A flaky one-crust pie for fruits with well-spaced strips across the top in a lattice design, or—

4. A "novelty" pie shell made of sweetened cracker crumbs, bread crumbs, corn flakes, etc. These can be truly delicious but should be used only when specifically called for in the recipe.

5. A firm but not stiff cream or custard filling in any one of hundreds of different flavors, or—

6. A juicy but not runny fruit filling that retains the true flavor of the fruits used.

7. An even, golden-brown meringue that is fluffy, tender and fine textured that stands in tempting peaks of goodness and does not shrink or separate from the pie filling.

RUBY KEELER CONTEST NEWS

Our Modern Hostess Editor has made out the following list which should be of great assistance to everyone who plans to enter the Ruby Keeler Contest, described

on pages 16, 17 and 18.

Listed below are food and cooking terms, arranged in alphabetical order. Naturally—at the present time—you're interested only in those which can be used in the contest. Therefore, we are giving you words beginning with B, C, E, L, N and R—since these are the letters that appear at least once in your Ruby Keeler Menu.

You are not restricted to the use of the words given here, of course. Probably you, yourself, will think of many that we have overlooked. But remember, whether you use a selection of the following words exclusively, or your own words, or a combination of both, your menu must provide a balanced meal—not one with two meats, three desserts and no vegetables.

So out with your pencils and paper, all of you, and try your skill at this fascinating new pastime. There's no reason why the men folk shouldn't be as good at it as the women, either, for here's their chance to tell the world what they like to eat without having to know how to prepare the things they mention.

Come along, then, everybody. Here's a long list of helpful words to start you off on the right track. And there are splendid prizes, as you probably know. They are pictured for you on page 16—except the money, and we'll leave it entirely up to you to make your own picture of what you could do with *that*, if you should win it. All these wonderful prizes are ready and waiting to be sent to the lucky winners—The Editor.

DICTIONARY OF FOOD, COOKING AND MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH B, C, E, L, N and R

"FOOD TERMS" refers to the names of foods, such as eggs, meats, bread, milk, fish, etc.

"COOKING TERMS" refers to different ways of preparing foods, such as broiling, stewing, mashing, baking, etc.

"MENU TERMS" refers to the names of special dishes, such as Bavarian cream, ragout of beef, scalloped potatoes, breaded cutlets, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Beans, Broccoli, Bread, Beef, Butter, Beets, Bran, Bacon, Bananas, Bass, Brazil Nuts, Brussels Sprouts, Beans (string, baked or lima), etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Baked, Boiled, Boned, Browned, Beaten, Buttered, Breaded, Braised, Broiled, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "B": Boston Baked Beans, Beef à la Mode, Brownies, Biscuit Tortoni, Brisket of Beef, Brown Betty, Butter-scotch Sauce (or Pie), Brown Sauce, Bechamel Sauce, Bouillon, Boston Cream Pie, Breaded Veal Cutlet, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Cabbage, Cream, Cauliflower, Chocolate, Chops, Celery, Cheese, Caviar, Calf's Liver, Coconut, Carrots, Chicken, Crackers, Cranberries, Coffee, Chutney, Chow-Chow, Corn, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Creamed, Candied, Canned, Caramelized, Chopped, Curried, (in) Chafingdish, (en) Casserole, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "C": Compote of Fruit, Caramels, Consomme, Creamed Soups, Crab Ravigote, Crab Meat Cocktail, Corn Fritters, Cornbread, Cheese Soufflé, Chowder, Canapés, Cocktails, Camembert Cheese, Conserve, Coleslaw, Corned Beef Hash, Cobbler (apple or peach), Croquettes (of veal, chicken or other meats), Croutons, Curry of Lamb, Club Sandwich, Claret Cup,

Crepes Suzette, Chicken Maryland, Chicken (roasted, fried, broiled, en casseroles, etc.), Cinnamon Toast, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": Eggs, Eggplant, Endive, Escarole, Elderberries, Eels, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": (All taken from the French) Escalloped (thin slices); Emince (in small pieces); En Brochette (on a skewer); En Casserole (cooked and served in a casserole); En Coquille (cooked and served in a shell); etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "E": English Mutton Chops, English Chow-Chow or Chutney, Eclairs, Egg Nogg (frozen); Eggs Benedict, (Eggs Goldenrod, Cocotte, Rivoli, au Gratin, Shirred, Baked, and countless others); Egg garnish for spinach, salads, etc.; Eggplant (stuffed, fried, scalloped); Egg Custard (or Egg Custard Sauce); Egg Canapes (with Sardines, Caviar, Ham, Watercress, etc.); Egg Balls for Soup, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "L": Lamb, Lamb Chops, Liver, Lobster, Lentils, Lettuce, Lemons, Leeks, Lapin (rabbit), Lamb Kidneys, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "L": Loin of Pork; Leg of Veal, Lamb, or Mutton (roasted); Lady Fingers; Lamb Croquettes (Lamb Fricassee, Barbecued, Stewed, Crown of, Casserole of, Breast of, Saddle of); Lemon Pie (Lemon Pudding, Sauce, Cake, Butter); Lemonade; Lemon Ice; Lettuce and Cucumber Salad (Lettuce and Tomato Salad or other combinations); Liver en Brochette, Liver and Bacon; (Lobster Thermidor (Lobster Creamed, Broiled, Newburg, Canapes, Etc.); Luncheon Rolls; Lyonnaise Potatoes; Lentil Soup; Layer Cake; etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "N": New Potatoes, New Asparagus, Noodles, Nuts, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "N": Noisette of Lamb, Napoleons, Neapolitan Ice Cream, Nesselrode Pudding, Neufchatel Cheese, New England Boiled Dinner, New England Clam Chowder, Newburg Sauce, Noodle Soup, Nut Bread (Nut Candies, Cakes, Bars, Salted, Glaced), Nut and Cream Cheese Balls, etc.

SOME FOOD TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Rabbit, Romaine Salad, Rusks, Rolls, Ry-krisp, Rice, Raspberries, Radishes, Rhubarb, etc.

SOME COOKING TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Roasted, Rechauffée (reheated in brown sauce), Ricced, Raised, etc.

SOME MENU TERMS BEGINNING WITH "R": Russian Dressing, Riced Potatoes, Ravioli, Roquefort Cheese (or Salad Dressing), Russian Tea, Rhubarb Pie (or Pudding), Raisin Pie (or Pudding), Raspberry Cream Pie, (Raspberry Sauce, Ice, Pudding, Jelly, Sherbet, etc.

**THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.**

Please send me a free leaflet containing Gene Raymond's recipes for special pies.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

I'M SAVING MONEY ON FOOD
BILLS EVERY WEEK AND WE
HAVE THE MOST DELICIOUS
MEALS EVER!



Read what this thrifty mother says—

"WHEN food prices—meat especially—started to go up, I was frankly worried," admits Mrs. A. L. Lippitt of Pelham, N. Y. "But I've learned how to feed my family well on even *less* than I used to spend. And my husband says we're 'living high'!"

"Franco-American Spaghetti is such a help. We enjoy it so, I have it several times a week. Often I serve it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's marvelous to combine with leftovers, too, and to 'dress up' cheaper cuts of meat. I simply *couldn't* get along without it."

Franco-American is a real "find" in these days of rising prices. It costs so little, tastes so good! Its rich, savory cheese-

and-tomato sauce, made with eleven different ingredients, adds zest and flavor to the whole meal. Highly nourishing, too—a grand "energy food" for growing children. And they love it!

Franco-American comes all ready to heat and serve, no work at all. A can is usually no more than ten cents—*less than three cents a portion*. You couldn't buy all your ingredients and cook your own spaghetti for so little. Think of the work you're saved, too—the time and trouble. No need to fuss and bother with home-cooked spaghetti now.

"Franco-American has a far better sauce than mine," women say. See for yourself. Order a can from your grocer today.



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Skin So Bad That PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Rutting
NOTARY PUBLIC

"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion — it was so bad."



"Hearing over the radio how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."



"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."



THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should feel better as well as look better.



Ask your druggist for
Yeast Foam Tablets today.
Refuse all substitutes.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of
Yeast Foam Tablets. M M 2-36

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Marys Methods for Holding a Beau

(Continued from page 49)

question can be put: why do girls put on so much and why do they let men catch them doing it? Touch up skillfully, but not extravagantly. They don't like us to freshen make-up when and wherever the mood strikes us. It's a give-away.

"Now I'm getting to the intelligence they all wish in a woman." Mary leaned back on the davenport in her living-room. She was going to town on this fascinating subject.

"We have read oodles about how men like us dainty, but dumb. This is *not* so any more, if it ever was. Dainty? Yes! But blotting paper? No! I believe that even in the days when women apparently had to be mentally backward, men yearned for real companions.

"Men say they are captivated by clever girls and it takes plenty of intelligence to have sense enough to be scintillating. The way to be their ideal, I've gathered from what they've told me about others, is to be able to reflect every male mood.

"Men don't care for girls who are given to spouting facts and theories, because men want to do the talking themselves. However, a girl should have as many accomplishments as she can possibly master. Then, whenever her boy friend chooses to speak on a particular topic, she can listen understandingly. Men don't get a kick out of simple yes-girls either. Being with this kind, I've been told, is as peppy as riding in a rumble seat by your lonely.

"In this connection we movie ladies take a rap. As I've said a one-track mind is not the thing. I must confess that this is what most Hollywood girls have. And when our single track is a career-one, it's all the worse. To be a success with a man, *he* must come first.

SHOULD a girl work at whatever talent she possesses? As a whole, men have no objections, provided a woman goes about it correctly. A man falls in love with a girl, remember, and not with her job. So, if she has a job it should merely serve as an occupation for that part of her day domesticity does not fill. Her career should never dominate.

"Now comes a chance for me to give still more advice," Mary sighed happily. A boy friend who'd driven up was allowed to wait outside until she finished her revelations.

"Don't waste time trying to become the life of the party. Men don't want to share you with a crowd and they hate loudness. Save all wisecracks for your girl chums.

"Be tactful when you're out socially. You may be dying to dance at that elegant place where your dolling up will be envied. But never do more than casually suggest heading there. And once is enough. It's sad, but men want to do the suggesting.

"Never nag. Men shun girls who attempt to boss them. Advice is a gift to be accepted from a man, but don't hand him any. And as for reforming him—a thousand times no! It's no use anyway. The only way to change a man is to be cautious and manage it so that he himself will alter to please you as a surprise!

"Men don't like a girl to drink. They want you to be a pal and at the same time to stay on your pedestal. They don't like girls who swear or tell off-color stories. They may play around with them, but they'll never get serious.

"The other men you've dated are a taboo topic. Men want girls who are wanted, but the boy friend isn't a fool. He'll in-



Isn't she cute? It's Marie Wilson who is busy stealing scenes in Warner Brothers' pictures these days. She's tiny, pert and blonde. Watch for her in "Miss Pacific Fleet." She's going places.

investigate when he's sufficiently intrigued, so don't advertise. Men detest being obviously impressed. They don't care to hear where that handsome gent took you.

"Cattiness is a calamity. When he makes a remark about so-and-so being a wonder, don't say that the creature is a so-and-so if he'd only realize it. Spare him the truth. It'll merely bore him. And it robs you in his eyes of that understanding he must be certain you have.

OUTRIGHT jealousy is a vicious trait. If you are fond of him, trust him. Don't throw him at another girl and contrive to out-manuever your rivals when it's necessary. But don't ever call him down for showing interest in a competitor.

"Let him beat you at sports. Men mechanically have a yen for dominating. You undermine his self-pride when you show him up as inferior in any athletic encounter. Fumble if you're too apt!

"Acquire the splendid trait of graciousness. A man will pardon so much if you're invariably affable and a superb hostess. Take his friends automatically as yours, even when he rushes them in on you. A man, however, should be made to respect you, so protest if you've not been treated politely.

"Flatter—constantly! Appreciation is an infallible trick. I've noted that older men are partial to being told they're just dear boys at hearts; the younger ones beam if you insinuate they're perfect devils.

"Be hard to get and a puzzle to hold. Sizzle with vitality—it's contagious!"

The handsome hero could be held off no longer. But before this canny Mary Carlisle let him in and me out, she added, "In this hectic Hollywood I haven't time to keep a diary. But I couldn't afford not to make memos of the things men tell me about other potential rivals!"

Tom's Rules for Sidestepping Trouble

(Continued from page 48)

pictures. What you may not know is that he is just as popular off the screen as on. He is an important member of Hollywood's younger social set and well liked by both men and women.

He always has a girl—usually three or four—but he has never been known as a Romeo. He has had his little love affairs and gotten over them. His name has never been mentioned in any sort of scandal and he has kept himself free from all sorts of entanglements. He seemed the ideal young man to ask what rules he follows to avoid making costly mistakes in Hollywood.

"There are a lot of *don't's* for young men in Hollywood," he said seriously, and then confided some of his rules for keeping out of trouble.

"Don't drink in public, if you *must* drink, that's one of the important rules.

"Don't get a reputation as an habitual night clubber.

"Don't keep a bachelor apartment, if you can live any other way.

"Don't be seen too often with the same girl unless you have serious matrimonial intentions.

"Don't borrow or lend money.

"Don't live beyond your means.

"I don't want to give the impression that I've sidestepped all the mistakes,"



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he added hastily, "but I *have* been lucky. A lot depends on luck, you know. I've observed other fellows, some of them pals of mine, who may have been more careful than I have been, but sometimes they haven't had the breaks and they've gotten into entanglements of different kinds.

"When I came to Hollywood my parents came with me, which was my good fortune. And I had the added advantage of having had a theatrical background. Most of my life had been spent on the stage and I had done some picture work in the East."

TOM was one of those children who literally was born on the stage. His parents were vaudeville stars and from the first day he fluttered an eyelid, Mamma and Papa Brown were sure he would be a great actor. He more than fulfilled their fondest hopes when he made his first appearance at the age of eighteen months. He was carried on the stage and made an instantaneous hit by howling at the top of his voice. Professional jealousy must have entered in, for on his next appearance Tom was calmed by a piece of zweibach.

When he came to Hollywood he was just eighteen. He knew the game pretty well. He had seen more of life than the average boy his age.

"I was 'wiser' than most boys, just starting in pictures, and not as susceptible as I might have been," Tom said. "And one of the first important incidents that came under my observation in Hollywood impressed me more than anything has since.

"In the cast of one of my first pictures was another boy, a bit older than I, and a woman much older than either one of us. She was beautiful and experienced and we

felt flattered when she seemed to take an interest in us. She said it was a motherly interest, but after a few days I began to think it was a queer kind of motherly interest. At every opportunity she would get one of us off in a corner and I began to feel very uncomfortable. However, at eighteen nothing is a serious problem and I didn't worry much about it.

"One night when we had finished looking at the day's rushes the director asked us to stay behind. He said he had something to show us. When we were alone he had some sound track run off. It was one of those long, quiet conversations between this woman and the other chap which a microphone, hanging directly over their heads, had picked up and recorded. Hearing it in the dark projection room, with every inflection of her voice, presented the whole thing to us just as it was, an ugly episode. The director, a very wise and understanding man, realized that it might be a very valuable lesson for us, and it was—for me, at any rate. I've steered clear of women who want to "mother" me ever since.

"The big, strong, silent men that women really 'go for' have their problems, too. It seems that the more glamorous a woman is, the better she likes a man who is as simple as an old wool sock. I could mention names, but I won't, and besides everyone knows some of the young men who have gotten away to a good start in a career and had it nearly ruined by a so-called love affair with the wrong woman.

THEN there is the danger of blackmail. Not for me, you understand. I'm just the boy they like to mother. But take a chap like Dick Powell, for instance, and there are many others. Dick is young,



You don't have to be told who this wistful looking little tramp is. Charlie Chaplin, of course, and as you will see him in his new picture, "Modern Times."

handsome, popular and making a lot of money. There must be a lot of girls who would like to marry him, and some of them might not be too scrupulous as to the methods they would employ to bring about that happy state. He must have to watch his step every minute to avoid heart balm suits, matrimonial entanglements and other troubles."

But let's take Tom's "don'ts" and see how he explains them. He mentioned the drinking problem first.

"I mentioned it first because it's one of the most important 'don'ts,'" he said soberly. "Most people like a cocktail before dinner, but let an actor take one in a public place and it's all over Hollywood in an hour that he's a drunkard."

"Just the other night I was out with my mother. At another table sat a young actor, a friend of mine, with a drink in front of him. My mother looked over and then made a remark to me about his drinking so much. Imagine, my own mother!" And Tommy looked very distressed at the idea of a Brown making such a mistake.

"That's the way reputations are ruined in Hollywood. I might be up for a part some time and someone might just mention that I drink too much. One little remark like that might kill my chances of getting a good part. So you can see how important it is not to let such rumors get started."

"The night clubbing habit goes hand in hand with drinking. It's bad to get the reputation of being out every night. It hurts you in the business. Executives and directors see you out too often when you should be studying your lines for the next day's work and they get the idea you're not interested in your job. And if an actor isn't interested in his career, no one else is."

"As to the bachelor apartment, it's just that I know fellows who have had a lot of trouble because they had to live alone. There's nothing wrong about living alone, of course, but it's very easy for a gang of chiselers to get the habit of barging in on you if you do. They wouldn't think of it if you lived at home. As long as you have a drink in the house, the gang will come."

"I must sound like a lecturer," Tom laughed. But, urged a little, he continued.

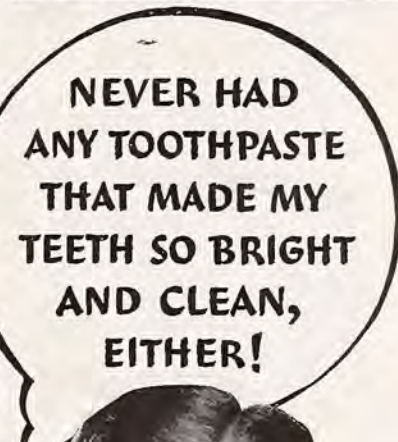
"I avoid seeing too much of one girl because I'm not going to be married until I've saved \$100,000," he declared, by way of explaining this rule.

"I've set that amount because most of the girls I meet are actresses who make a lot of money and are used to nice things and I don't think it would be fair to ask a girl to marry me without having something to offer her. And when I get married I want to take a six months' honeymoon. I've never been to Europe and I want to go there with my bride. And when we come home I want to come to a home—a nice home that belongs to me and not to some mortgage company."

"If you don't intend to get married, it's silly to go out steadily with one girl. It's dangerous, too, because you never know when you may fall in love. If I find myself falling in love with a girl, I don't see her for a while. A good way to have a lot of fun and avoid romance is to go out in a foursome."

"Another drawback about having serious affairs is that most of the girls I know are leading women. Well, you have a romance with a girl and sooner or later you are bound to break up. Then the next thing you know you have to play opposite her in a picture. And that's darned embarrassing." And Tom blushed and looked as uncomfortable as though he had gone through that very experience.

"That old saying about lending money



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GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 239 Des Moines, Iowa



Two favorites who have been acting in England. Elissa Landi and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as they appear in "The Amateur Gentleman." Elissa looks lovely, doesn't she? She's back in this country now doing a Broadway play.

and losing a friend goes in Hollywood, just as it does any place else. And if you don't live beyond your means you won't have to borrow," he continued.

"Financial security means more in Hollywood than making a splash. What you have counts more than what you are and money in the bank means more than a lot of specially built cars and a stable of race horses."

TOM lives with his parents, nicely but not extravagantly. He has a good time and goes out a lot except when he is working. During production he doesn't go out at all. He lives just about as normal a life as it is possible for a popular juvenile to live. And he is one actor who hasn't a grievance. He is perfectly happy over his new Paramount contract.

He even thinks his salary is all right, which is something new in Hollywood, and is saving half of it every week—toward that \$100,000 no doubt.

There is just one tiny disturbing element in the whole picture for Tom and that is the habit people have of referring to him as a "kid."

"In this business you have to keep young," he said. "But, on the other hand you have to be sophisticated. It's confusing because you never know when one or the other characteristic is going to play a dirty trick on you. I'm usually cast as a very young juvenile. Then if I happen to go out to dinner and take a cocktail, some-

one is sure to see me who has seen me in the picture as a very young boy. So what? So they are disillusioned.

"But all the minor sacrifices we have to make are more than compensated for by the benefits of a successful career. There's no other business that would pay me as well as acting and there's nothing else that I know of that I could do.

"I want to continue acting as long as I'm young. But when the cops stop saying 'Move over, buddie,' I want to quit because I never want to be old on the screen. Perhaps then I can be a writer. I want to write now and I get wonderful ideas for stories but when I start to work on them I realize my ideas are way above my ability to develop them. So it looks like I will have to wait until I grow up to my ideas."

Realizing that youth is a fault that will be overcome inevitably, Tom has written the following epitaph for himself:

"Dust is Brown and Brown is dust," which anyone must agree is descriptive and to the point.

Tom can take his rules as well as make them, as evidenced by his appearance last week on three separate occasions with three different girls. It didn't seem, to an observer, that this was particularly hard to take, moreover, for the girls were Mary Carlisle, Marsha Hunt and Maxine Doyle. It proves, however, that Tom used his head when he made his rules for watching his step.

... THERE'S GOOD NEWS ON PAGE 92 FOR MANY OF YOU WHO PARTICIPATED IN OUR \$2500 CASH PRIZE "FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH" CONTEST

"Women with Careers Should Be Shot!"

(Continued from page 39)

I'm a prize worrier. Careerist women always worry about themselves instead of about their husbands. . . .

"I know that the reason I drive around town in a small rattle-trap Ford, the reason I stay at the auto camp with Harmon, when I go North to be with him, is because I am trying to compensate him for the real wife I am not.

"If I were just Harmon's wife, I probably would expect what is known as a 'mo-tah' to drive about in; I would stay at a comfortable hotel in the North. But if I did that now, as Bette Davis, 'moom pitcher' actress, I would only make Harmon more uncomfortable, more humiliated than he probably is already. Oh, he doesn't know that he is—but I know it.

"Here's a funny thing—I'll tell about it first and explain it afterwards: I'm a fanatic about my house. I have a cleanliness complex. My house always looks as though I were just about to move out because half of the time the rugs and drapes are at the dry cleaners or there are professional cleaners in the house taking chairs and divans to pieces.

"I imagine I see dust where no one else can see a mite. I keep dusting things that are already dustless. I place and replace objects that were already in place. When I have guests, I sit on the edge of my chair, digging my fingernails into the palms of my hands for fear that someone will move a cigarette box half an inch or spill a drift of ash on the rug. Most of my friends know this and love to kid me by turning things upside down and flicking ashes about.

I FRET myself to death about whether the ice box is functioning as it should, whether the vacuum cleaner is working properly, whether the screens need painting, the floors need re-finishing. I clean out bureau drawers and book-shelves until I work myself—and my family—into a lather.

"Know why? It's because I'm a housewife at heart.

"I probably will never have a baby—a statement both tragic and true. And I won't have one because I was brought up to believe that motherhood should be sacred and very private. And I know that were I to be 'expecting' out here, I would be interviewed about it ten months before the blessed event. And I will NOT be subjected to that, nor subject any possible children to a career mother.

"I remember," said Bette, the while her alert, gray-blue eyes grew soft with reminiscence, "the way I dreamed when I was a child at home, in Boston. I thought that I would finish school and graduate in organdy. And then a tall, handsome stranger would appear and we would be married and live happily ever after. That is what should have happened to me—and to all women.

"I used to imagine the little white house 'we' would have and how my husband would refer to me, patronizingly but very tenderly, as 'the little woman' . . . and of what we would name the first boy and then the first girl. I thought of my future husband as a very important figure in the world and I saw myself in back of him, encouraging, stimulating, believing in him,

Want to know
why my mama's
so smart?



A tip from a young man 8 months old

THIS cute little rascal thinks he's got a very smart mama. And he has.

She's smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he *loves* to take—Fletcher's Castoria! And does it taste good!



Mothers! You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—even to the taste. You won't have to force it between their protesting lips. And that's important! For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates can shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.



Remember, Fletcher's Castoria is *safe*! There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It contains no drugs, no narcotics. It is *not* a harsh purgative—won't cause griping pains.

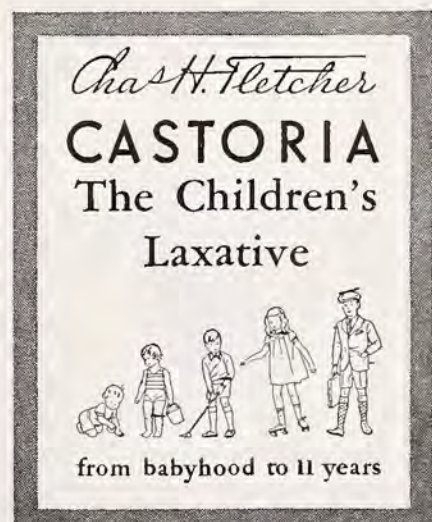
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ALWAYS HERSELF

That enviable woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) is apt to be the eighth woman who uses Midol.

hearing him say, at the end of a well-spent life, 'if it were not for you . . .'

"We will never hear that from our men, we women with careers. Never in that sweet, old-fashioned way. We may hear them say, 'If it had NOT been for you . . .' and they will be quite right. If it had not been for us, most of them would have kept their dignity and their self-respect. They would have preserved their traditional right to go out into the world and fight for us, feed us, clothe us, amuse us, take care of us. Of all these things we have robbed them—for what man needs to fight for me, who spends my days ably fighting for myself? What man needs to dress me, feed me, amuse me, take care of me? It would be a farce if Harmon should try—and he knows it.

YOU may wonder," Bette said, with a short, unamused laugh, "what good it does me to tear myself to bits like this? Well, it does this much good, it keeps me from becoming smug and self-satisfied. It makes me laugh at myself when I put back my make-up, my lipstick, rouge, blondined hair and 'cute' clothes. It forces me to realize what a poor thing an actress is compared to a *woman*. About the same difference as there is between a pretty mechanical doll, which can do tricks, and a flesh and blood child.

"I can, and do, say to myself, 'So, what are you? You don't know much about anything, other than your own bag of

tricks. You don't know music, not really. You know jazz because Harmon knows it and plays it. But if you heard a Bach concerto, you wouldn't recognize it even if it came up and spoke to you. You seldom read anything very worth while. You're reading scripts in your reading moments. You don't know anything about painting, or sculpture, or the law of atomic energy. You haven't time for anything other than to paint your own face and keep the chassis renovated. You don't even contribute peace and harmony to your husband.'

"I love to fight. I don't like to fight in the studio because I'd be accused of having 'temperament.' So, I take my love of fighting out on Harmon. I deliberately pick fights with him for the sheer love of fighting. No, not for the feminine joy of making up, either. I pass that up. I just like good fights and have 'em. I don't know what they're about—nothing, as a rule.

"Well," said Bette, "now you have it. I find, when I take myself to pieces, that I have sacrificed my dream of home, husband and motherhood to a career. Over the woman I have built the shell of the actress and within that shell the woman is pretty unhappy.

"And now I must dash for the studio to have a story conference. There's a laugh for your tag line!"

And Bette was gone, leaving me in the act of pulling the trigger!

They Hated to Do It

(Continued from page 41)

Howard was loaning her to one producer after another for sirenish and more sirenish roles. La Belle Harlow felt that she was being stamped for the rest of her natural life as a platinum siren. She almost cried as she told a friend of mine about it.

EVEN my neighbors believe I am thoroughly bad," she said. "If I am recognized anywhere publicly, people turn and stare at me and I can see that accusing look in their eyes. There's a certain amount of animosity in the women's eyes and a certain amount of predatory acquisition in the men's. *I hate myself*. If I never do another picture, I will not do any more of these cheap roles."

And Miss Harlow was right. Although an extremely voluptuous looking individual, she proved herself a fine comedienne once given the chance. And an equally good dramatic actress. But she was forced in those early days to do things for which she positively hated herself.

Of course, I don't know whether Lily Pons actually disliked herself for this or not, but I think it extraordinarily funny that this famous operatic diva had her introduction to studio work in one of the most intimate boudoir scenes imaginable. She was hysterical with laughter when she talked about it afterward, but from reports I heard when I checked up on the incident, she was even more giggly while the scene was going on.

Before, I tell you this, get a mental picture of Lily Pons. Here she is, a star of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company! She has been flattered by movie producers and told that they want her in pictures because of her lovely, lovely voice. Yes, she would have to act a bit—but the voice, it was the important thing! And so, as you may see, she was quite unprepared for her first day in the movies.

Told to report on the set at 9 a.m. in a

pair of pajamas for tests with Henry Fonda, she merely shrugged her shoulders with, "These pictures, they are verree strange, but I want to be good sport." Imagine her amazement upon arriving to see twin beds and standing beside one of them, in pajamas, too, a handsome dark young man. The director, John Cromwell, introduced him.

"Miss Pons, I should like to have you meet your leading man, Mr. Henry Fonda. He's going to play this scene with you. Now, Miss Pons, if you will just climb into bed, Mr. Fonda will follow."

The thing that Bill Powell positively detests with all his heart and soul is being pointed out as *the ladies' man* of the screen. He writhes at the thought. He foams at the mouth and explodes in profanity when the publicity department of his studio asks him to give interviews on his male sex appeal.

RECENTLY they phoned to ask him to give a story on "Ten Things To Do To Hold a Woman." Bill's language when told the subject of the article would have resulted in his having his 'phone yanked if the A. T. and T. girls had heard him!

He fought against his part in "Escapade," not because he was playing with Luise Rainer, who was then unknown and which would be reason enough to deter some stars from making this film, but because he thought the film made him out a "ladies' man."

"I tell you," he told me, when, tactfully as possible I brought up the subject, "my stomach turns over when anyone mentions ladies' man!"

Rosalind Russell, then new to the screen, was disturbed over her bad woman role in "West Point of the Air," in which she was continually luring a nice young man, as played by Bob Young, into compromising situations.

"Not only did this make me feel despicable and make me wonder if the characterization might be taken seriously by young girls who would see me and maybe in real life try to emulate the character, but," said she with her unusual frankness, "I was worried for fear I would become typed in siren roles."

George Raft, the sinister-looking patent leather shoe boy from New York, got about the maddest he's ever been in Hollywood, when they tried to make him say some derogatory lines about a boy's mother in the picture, "Bolero."

Georgie, who loves his own mother dearly and spends a great deal of his time when in New York with her, went white with rage when they asked him to say something like this:

"C'mon boys, take a pitcher of me puttin' posies on me old lady's grave. It'll make swell publicity!" Mr. Raft wouldn't do it. He expressed himself openly on the subject, and in conclusion vehemently remarked, "I'd have hated myself if I'd done it."

In "Diamond Jim," Jean Arthur objected so strenuously to some of the extremely low cut dresses she was supposed to wear that she ripped and stamped on them in the privacy of her dressing-room and said she would positively detest herself if she had to wear them.

I happen to know how ZaSu Pitts felt being photographed for a Universal comedy as she was bending over, getting out of a Pullman berth. The shot was taken of her back. ZaSu protested the scene and when that got her nowhere, refused to make it.

NOTHING daunted, the director took the shot with her stand-in. When ZaSu heard this, she went to Dave Diamond, the producer, and cried, "It's not for myself that I am objecting so strenuously," she said. "But my children are growing up. They are at the sensitive age, fourteen and fifteen years old; they go to pictures with their friends and how would they feel if, while sitting in a movie theatre some night, there was flashed on the screen a picture of their mother in such a position. It makes me ill to think of it."

Diamond removed the scene from the picture.

Alison Skipworth was offered the role that Alice Brady played in "Lady Tubbs." When she read the script, she found a scene in which she fell off a horse, flat on, what is sometimes called, the "fanny." She returned the script to Alan Crosland with, "That you should insult me by offering me such a thing!" "Is it that bad?" asked Crosland. "It's awful," returned Skippy. "I won't do it, even if Paramount sues me."

Alice Brady eventually did the picture and did the scene but with a light comedy touch which removed any taint of vulgarity. If Skippy, an elderly woman, had played this, I am sure it would not have suited her nor pleased audiences. She would have hated herself for the job.

As I remarked before, this subject has great possibilities and we could go on and on, for, the more seasoned a trouper, the more sensitive he is about doing unpleasant things upon the screen.

However, I began by asking how you supposed Jimmy Cagney, who is a pretty swell person and a real man, felt when he tossed the grapefruit and planted that well-aimed kick in "Public Enemy"? . . .

Yes, you're right, he hated himself for days! Mrs. Cagney had to nurse his ego back to normal by telling him that "after all, dear, it was only in acting."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Eventually, Cagney bought himself a yacht so, you see, there's always a way to heal bruised feelings!

3 Brunettes—



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Dark-haired Helen Kirk-Jones, in the center, has that very white skin which a brunette powder simply kills. It takes a blonde's favorite shade—Pond's Rose Cream—to give it the radiance *she* needs.

Mary Blagden, at the top, knows that her creamy skin clears up and sparkles best with Pond's Brunette. While brown-haired Sally Hanford has a darker skin which lights up glowingly with Pond's Rose Brunette.

It just goes to show—never be too quick to use "dark" powder, simply because you have dark hair. You may be the Helen Kirk-Jones type! Let your skin decide . . .

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous—others deadly dull!—Pond's analyzed over 200 girls' skins. They discovered that hidden skin tints make the difference.

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Now Pond's has blended these amazing

tints into entirely new shades. No matter what beauty tint your skin lacks—one of the new Pond's shades gives it to you! One warms up faded pallor. Another turns sallow skins faintly rosy... Florid skins tone down . . . Muddy skins clear and brighten!

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ROSE CREAM gives radiance to fair-skinned blondes and brunettes

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Texture? Not airy-light. Not heavy, either. Pond's Powder is fine—spreads evenly and clings. It comes in glass jars—to "hold" its perfume, to show the shade clearly. Jars at reduced prices, 35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

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modern screen movie scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)....	3★	A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)...	2★	Living on Velvet (Warners).....	2★	Rendezvous (M-G-M).....	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)....	2★	The Flame Within (M-G-M).....	2★	Love in Bloom (Paramount).....	2★	The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)...	3★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)...	2★	Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)...	3★	Love Me Forever (Columbia).....	4★	The Right to Live (Warners).....	3★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)....	2★	Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)...	3★	Loves of a Dictator (GB).....	3★	Roberta (RKO).....	5★
Alibi Ike (Warners).....	3★	Fiisco Kid (Warners).....	3★	Mad Love (M-G-M).....	2★	Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★
Alice Adams (RKO).....	4★	Front Page Woman (Warners)....	3★	Manhattan Moon (Universal)....	1★	The Secret Bride (Warners).....	3★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M).....	4★	The Gay Deception (20th Cent.-Fox)	3★	The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Par.)	3★	Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M).....	3★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)...	2½★	The Gilded Lily (Paramount).....	3★	The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Cent.-Fox)...	2½★	Shanghai (Paramount).....	2★
The Arizonian (RKO).....	3★	Ginger (Fox).....	3★	Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)...	2★	She (RKO).....	2★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	The Girl Friend (Columbia).....	1★	Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)...	3★	She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)...	2½★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)....	3★	The Girl from 10th Ave. (1st Nat'l.)	2★	McFadden's Flats (Paramount)....	2★	She Married Her Boss (Columbia)...	4★
Becky Sharp (RKO).....	3★	The Glass Key (Paramount).....	3★	The Melody Lingers On (U. Artists)	2★	Shipmates Forever (1st Nat'l.)....	3★
The Big Broadcast of 1936 (Para.)...	3★	Goin' to Town (Paramount).....	3★	Men of Tomorrow (London Films)...	1★	A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)...	2★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)...	3★	Go Into Your Dance (1st Nat'l.)...	3★	Men Without Names (Paramount)...	3★	Silk Hat Kid (Fox).....	1★
Black Fury (1st Nat'l.).....	4★	The Good Fairy (Universal).....	3★	Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)...	4★	Smart Girl (Paramount).....	2★
Black Sheep (Fox).....	2★	Goose and the Gander (1st Nat'l.)...	2★	A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★	Society Doctor (M-G-M).....	3★
Break of Hearts (RKO).....	3★	Grand Exit (Columbia).....	1★	Mississippi (Paramount).....	3★	So Red the Rose (Paramount)....	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★	Hands Across the Table (Par.)...	3★	Mr. Dynamite (Universal).....	2★	Special Agent (Warners).....	2★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Univ.)...	3★	Hard Rock Harrigan (Fox).....	2★	Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M).....	2★	Splendor (Goldwyn).....	2★
Bright Lights (1st Nat'l.).....	3★	Harmony Lane (Mascot).....	2★	Murder Man (M-G-M).....	2★	Star of Midnight (M-G-M).....	3★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)...	3★	Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)...	3★	Music Is Magic (20th Century-Fox)...	1½★	Stars Over Broadway (Warners)...	3★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)...	4★	Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)...	1★	Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)...	4★	Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)...	3★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)....	3★	Here Is My Heart (Paramount)....	4★	Naughty Marietta (M-G-M).....	4★	Thanks a Million (20th Cent.-Fox)...	3½★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	Here's to Romance (20th Cent.-Fox)	2★	Nell Gwyn (United Artists).....	3★	The 39 Steps (GB).....	4★
Car 99 (Paramount).....	3★	Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount).....	3★	New Adventures of Tarzan (Rep.)...	1★	This Is the Life (20th Century-Fox)...	2★
Case of the Curious Bride (1st Nat'l.)	3★	Hooray for Love (RKO).....	2★	A Night at the Ritz (Warners)....	2★	Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)...	2★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (1st Nat'l.)	2★	I Dream Too Much (RKO).....	3★	No More Ladies (M-G-M).....	3★	The Three Musketeers (RKO)....	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox).....	3★	I Found Stella Parish (Warners)...	2★	Oil for the Lamps of China (1st Nat'l.)	4★	Thunder in the Night (Fox).....	2★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th-Fox)	2★	I Live for Love (Warners).....	2★	One More Spring (Fox).....	4★	Times Square Lady (M-G-M)....	2★
China Seas (M-G-M).....	4★	I Live My Life (M-G-M).....	2★	Orchids to You (Fox).....	2★	Thunder Mountain (20th Cent.-Fox)	1★
The Clairvoyant (GB).....	2★	The Informer (RKO).....	4★	O'Shaughnessy's Boy (M-G-M)...	3★	Top Hat (RKO).....	4★
Clive of India (20th Century).....	4★	The Irish in Us (1st Nat'l.).....	3★	Our Little Girl (Fox).....	2★	Transatlantic Tunnel (GB).....	3★
College Rhythm (Paramount).....	3★	The Iron Duke (GB).....	3★	Page Miss Glory (Warners).....	3★	Transient Lady (Universal).....	2★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)...	3★	It Happened in New York (Univ.)...	3★	Paris in Spring (Paramount).....	3★	Traveling Saleslady (1st Nat'l.)...	2★
The Crusades (Paramount).....	4★	It's in the Air (M-G-M).....	2★	The Payoff (Warners).....	2★	The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB)	2★
Curly Top (Fox).....	3★	Jalna (RKO).....	3★	The People's Enemy (RKO).....	2★	Two for Tonight (Paramount).....	1★
Dante's Inferno (Fox).....	2★	Java Head (First Division).....	2★	People Will Talk (Paramount)....	2★	Vagabond Lady (M-G-M).....	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)...	4★	King Solomon of B'wy. (Universal)	1★	Peter Ibbetson (Paramount).....	3★	Vanessa (M-G-M).....	3★
The Daring Young Man (Fox).....	2★	Laddie (RKO).....	3★	Princess O'Hara (Universal).....	3★	Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M).....	5★	Lady Tubbs (Universal).....	2★	Private Worlds (Paramount).....	4★	The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Diamond Jim (Universal).....	3★	The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)...	4★	The Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)....	3★	We're in the Money (Warners)...	2★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)...	2★	The Last Outpost (Paramount)....	2★	The Public Menace (Columbia)....	1★	The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
Doubling Thomas (Fox).....	3★	Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)...	3★	The Rainmakers (RKO).....	1★	West Point of the Air (M-G-M)...	3★
Dr. Scratz (Warners).....	2★	Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)....	2★	The Raven (Universal).....	2★	Wings in the Dark (Paramount)...	3★
Escapade (M-G-M).....	3★	Life Begins at Forty (Fox).....	4★	Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★	The Woman in Red (Warners)....	2★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	Little Big Shot (Warners).....	2★				
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)...	2★	The Little Colonel (Fox).....	3★				
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)....	3★	Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Para.)...	5★				

Here is a condensed version of the Modern Screen Movie Scoreboard! You'll find it simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing your film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under the heading, General Rating, beside each picture.

Ratings: 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.



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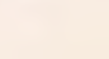
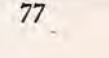
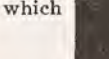
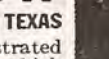
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(Continued from page 52)

complexes. Love freed me!" She is surprisingly analytical. "I am sure that when I left Hollywood to marry I drew my first independent breath. The general opinion was that my career was finished. I agreed. It was a relief to have the whole thing over!"

Not having come up to her goal, she faced the fact that apparently she was not destined for acting. She had too much pride to hang on.

The real explanation for her "revival" is an emotional one. Actually, she insists, her luck began with love!

For the right slant on the strange twist romance has given to Jean's life, let's skip back for a brushing-up on her as she was before her "break."

She had no theatrical heritage and her three brothers, all years older than she, grew up to have average lives. The daughter of a portrait photographer she was born in New York City.

"We moved about to a number of towns while I was in the grammar grades and I was always on the verge of making friends when we were off again." They returned to New York when she was ready for high school and the great building full of pupils was a new, bewildering problem, for Jean was a shy child.

Jean wanted a safe future, one which would allow her to stay in her shell. Meeting people was customarily sheer agony. She dreamt of being irresistible and then invariably turned up so tongue-tied that she frightened folks away.

She planned to go to college, and become a teacher. Posing for commercial artists,

she earned the money to realize this objective. A movie scout admired her youthful charm and looked up the original. He offered her a test. She knew he couldn't be very serious, not about *her*! But he was, for he signed her to a contract and she and her mother were whizzed off to Hollywood. Jean was only sixteen.

Naturally she was unprepared to act with experienced performers, which was precisely what was expected of her. That was the silent era when one could get by easier, and somehow she managed to satisfy. Those years were full of constant adventure for the bashful girl who lived them.

She was habitually humble. Jean sat on the edge of the sets, between shots, as inconspicuously as possible. Inevitably she went through her scenes as she was told. No one requested her own interpretation and she would have been flabbergasted if they had. She was with elders who, automatically, were wiser.

"It wasn't so much fun, playing in pictures then. My roles were vapid. And I didn't speak up.

"As for going to parties and premieres—oh, I was petrified at every invitation! It is silly to remember now, but it was no joke to me in those days. Honestly, I used to try to think of a clever reply to make, and it took me so long that when I'd formulated it the conversation was already off on another track! I was too anxious, too convinced I was going to seem dumb. Instead of relaxing, I was so self-conscious that I built a barrier around myself."

Along came the miracle—love. How shyly she was led to open her eyes to her absurdness!

The man was a prosperous young New York realtor who was spending some time in California. Indeed, he was residing with his grand-parents on the identical street in Beverly Hills where Jean's house was. They were thrown together by a mere coincidence, but Frank Ross was discerning enough to keep pursuing Jean until she admitted she loved him.

It so happened that he was able to do her a little courtesy. Subsequently, he wondered aloud if she'd care to go to the fights that evening. Jean had never been to the fights, nor had she ever contemplated attending them. But here was this exceedingly attractive man proposing a date, and she didn't want him to think she was high-hat. Which conclusion he'd surely reach if she declined, her feminine intuition reminded her.

So he hustled her down to the noisy stadium and his enthusiasm was contagious. He had such a direct, healthy attitude towards everything. He was, principally, unafraid. Jean had a glorious hunch that she was going to adore him.

They said good night, but not goodbye. He hinted that he would be telephoning very shortly.

This debonair Frank Ross is the kind of man who, when he declares he's going to do a thing, follows through. He soon informed the astonished, thrilled Jean that he was going to marry her.

At last Jean made her first mature decision. She examined herself as an actress. More importantly, as a person. In the former guise she saw that no one had any particular faith in her. As a person, she sensed that Frank's love was more precious than any mere fame could be. It promised a whole lifetime of happiness, the companionship which only a man can bring to a woman. It was what she had lacked, really.

"Hollywood has given me this second chance because now I am more nearly what's wanted," she contends. Fortified by stage training and a poise which only well-rounded living brings, she has a career that the yesteryears never foresaw. "And had I not fallen in love, and so escaped from the one-track rut I was in, I doubt if I'd have succeeded like this.

"I was fortunate, of course, that Frank is as he is. Unconsciously I absorbed his natural confidence. I came to comprehend how colorless I'd been, how I'd limited myself, and how needlessly! Everyone has wonderful potentialities, but often it takes the influence of a beloved one to develop a girl or a boy.

"We settled in an apartment in the heart of New York City. I had nothing in view but being a good wife." This is no mean goal, and that Jean fills the requirements is shown by the devotion which exists between these two after four years.

HER husband is a Princeton man and he has a genial, amusing way that has won him friends among the most charming people in New York. Jean was promptly accepted as a member of this crowd. It never dawned on them that she might be shy. She, in turn, was delighted to find that some people today are devoid of pretensions. Their opinions intrigued her, so she began cultivating ideas of her own. She noticed that they went places to enjoy themselves, and did it without worrying about who had the latest gown or boy-friend. They were accustomed to a reasonable use of luxury and leisure.

"I believe most of us are swayed by our environment, unwittingly. In Hollywood the chief danger, for me anyway, was not the fancied hey-hey lure. It was the other extreme. One is apt to become

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too solitary, to be so intent on success that the world is gradually shut out and one's self looms bigger and bigger. Or smaller and smaller, as it was with me."

She and Frank had been taking in the current dramas and so it wasn't strange that the stage finally beckoned. Someone asked her why she didn't try out for a certain role, and it was not until then that she again thought of acting. And although she had never been behind footlights, she instantly "belonged." Her career has since progressed steadily, for Hollywood was

impressed by her stage triumphs and proffered her flattering terms.

"This is the first time I've talked so much about my husband. We are happy and we've seen the hazards picture folk have created for themselves by publicizing what should be personal!"

But Jean Arthur is unusually honest and loyal. When credit is due, she is specific. She isn't hesitant in declaring it has been love which has released the pent-up powers and endowed her with the courage to be herself.

Hughie, the Stall Guy

(Continued from page 53)

breaking the ice like that for me, I guess I can tell about the night Hughie got in late and hungry and raided the ice-box. A certain bowl of something that looked good was carefully covered and hidden in a corner. "Uh huh, probably saving it for tomorrow," tittered our hero. So, lightly tossing away his scruples, he poured on lots of cream and sugar and had himself a refreshment. Conscience bothered him when he went upstairs, and he compromised with it by remarking to Rose, "Best rice pudding I ever ate."

"What rice pudding?" inquired Rose.

"In the refrigerator," said Hugh.

"Oh, that was half a can of Vitamont for the pup's breakfast," said Rose, going back to sleep. Being married to a comedian seldom keeps her awake as you might think it would. She thought it was merely another joke. Hughie says it was—on him.

It's nobody's business how old Hughie is and anyway, he won't tell. He is one of those men who has no age and it really doesn't matter. The point is, he is just about the funniest man on the screen today—the funniest in his own line, and he happens to be the only one in it. His humor is distinctly individual, he has the field to himself, he has created his own type of wit—and it is practically all ad lib. The writers give him a general idea of a character and he does the rest. The script might as well say "Enter Hugh Herbert who Hugh Herberts around until the scene is over."

HE can go back to the time he was a bell boy in the Pabst Hotel, where the Times Square Building now stands. Then there was some ushering after school in the theatre where Maurice Barrymore was playing "Roaring Dick,"—thus began a dawning ambition—anyway, he says he caught it from a Barrymore. Then a small part in a melodrama called the "Bells of Hazlemere" in the Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street Theatre, where he shared dressing room 12B with a calf which also was in the cast.

The funny part of it is, his first successes were in serious dramatic roles. "When I was a kid I loved to make people cry," Hugh says. In "The Son of Solomon," he played a pious old orthodox Jew with a long beard, and rated first page stories in three Sunday supplements at once. He was very very young and terribly profound when all this went on. He played Jewish dialect parts for years. His origin is Scotch-Irish, actually. He says your nationality doesn't matter if you are really an actor. He is a marvelous mimic. There is no dialect he cannot lapse into without a moment's warning.

Since his theatrical career began, Hugh has written a hundred and fifty short sketches for vaudeville and he wrote (with Murray Roth) the story for the first all-talking picture, "The Lights of New

York." He directed Lowell Sherman in "He Knew Women." He first met his wife when he wrote a vaudeville sketch for her. Rose said she went to the theatre where he was playing and he had a sore throat, so he sent her out to buy some medicine for it—she certainly thought he had his nerve. She didn't like him. Hughie says no, she didn't like him till she found out his salary, and then she married him. Well, all I have to say is, maybe more girls ought to conduct their romances the same way if it will keep them married for twenty years.

Rose operates one of the smartest hat shops in Hollywood and is a stunning looking woman. Hugh says it's a great relief to him that she goes to business and stays all day, because when she's home, she's a natural for those door-to-door sob stories. He says Rose would buy a lace trimmed dustpan if somebody happened to be peddling them.

OUTSIDE of his other accomplishments in the major or professional line, Hugh is a pretty fair amateur carpenter, he can hoe a mean garden and give you all the correct horticultural names for things, and he knows his way around the kitchen. It seems like quite a mess of talent to be localized in one comedian, and you don't find out about all of it until you've known him for some time. He ranks A1 as a story teller, too—with gestures.

Hugh and the Missis just bought a ranch out San Fernando way, and are about to build a house on it. They have a hundred and fifty fruit trees, some turkeys, chickens, mutt dogs, and a goat. The goat is really a little kid so far, they call her Puss and she is a gay and playful pet—does tricks. She is so cute the Herberts have started a rage for kids as pets. Margaret Sullivan was out there the other day and wanted to adopt Puss.

Hughie has a swell idea for getting his house built and a lot of us are waiting around to see if it works. Several of his pals brag about what good carpenters they are, so he's going to invite them out and hand 'em all a hammer, a saw and lots of nails. He intends to build the bar first, and have plenty of liquid encouragement handy. It ought to be quite a place when they get it finished. He has a huge totem pole out front, so they will be sure to find it. The Herberts will keep their house in town, and perhaps it's just as well. This one was built when they first arrived and didn't know many people to help them, so just ordinary carpenters did it. It is large and substantial, very durable. Has a nice Dickens-y atmosphere about it—no jim-cracks. One of the nicest houses anywhere around.

Hughie was looking rather peaked there for a while, but he has picked up the last few days, a new sparkle in the eye, a lighter step. I investigated and found out that



Francis Lederer with the Mrs.-Lederer-to-be, Mary Anita Loos. They were snapped at Palm Springs, where Lederer is vacationing between pictures. Miss Loos is a niece of Anita Loos, famous writer.

Joe Lim is gone—Hughie hopes forever!

Joe Lim was the Chinese house-boy, who called everybody "madame," including Hughie who could see no reason to object, except, possibly, on the grounds of being the wrong sex. He knew that wouldn't make any difference to Joe, so why argue. Also, Joe had the confusing habit of naming everybody who called up "Mr. Fee." It might be Mr. Warner, or Mr. Schenck, or Mr. Mayer, or Mr. Smith—they were all Mr. Fee to Joe. So Hughie went around in a fog most of the time, wondering who really had called him up and if, by any chance, it might have been important.

The pay-off occurred while Rose was up in San Francisco visiting and Hughie invited a few of the boys up to the house for dinner and cards. He left the house that morning, telling Joe Lim he would be home at six o'clock.

Later in the day, discovering he was in some late scenes, he telephoned his house to tell Joe Lim. The conversation proceeded thus: "Ho. Missy Herbert's residence."

"Joe, this is Mr. Herbert."

"Missy Herbert six o'clock, madame."

"Joe, I can't get there at six o'clock. I'm delayed at the studio."

"Missy Herbert not here. Six o'clock."

"Joe, I'm telling you I CAN'T BE THERE at six o'clock, possibly not until eight!"

"Six o'clock, Missy Herbert," repeated Joe firmly.

So Hughie hung up and went home as soon as he could. "Anybody call?" he asked Joe.

"No madame, no calls," said Joe Lim.

Joe Lim doesn't live there any more. Hugh is sorry, awfully sorry. He really liked Joe, they seemed to have a lot in common. He plays Joe Lim, without the accent, in practically every performance he gives.

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Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Stars

(Continued from page 51)

flying down the Boulevard in a big open car, Mrs. Weidler at the wheel and all six hanging on behind. That is, there are six of them since Virginia changed her mind about the movies.

It was almost four years later, when Mrs. Weidler again took her to a studio. Then it was sheer necessity, since there was no one at home to take care of Virginia. So she watched the set where Constance Bennett's picture, "After Tonight," was in production. A little French girl was supposed to play the role of Connie's niece. But no little French girl showed up. The director was distraught when Virginia stepped up to him.

"I'll talk French to the camera," she said. What's more, she could have talked German or Italian to it. After this picture, she was cast as "Europena" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The youngest Weidler was on her way to stardom. Now there is no sacrifice too great for her art. In "Peter Ibbetson," her latest picture, Virginia allowed her brown braids to be turned to blonde without a qualm.

We asked what kind of roles she liked to play best. "I think I like to play me best," said Virginia, "like in 'Laddie' and 'Mrs. Wiggs,' where I have a lot of brothers and sisters and pigs and chickens and things."

The Weidler house is in the Hollywood hills. The big back yard is filled with every kind of pet imaginable "except a rhinoceros," according to Virginia.

"We have rabbits and dogs and birds. I had to give away my two ducks last week, though, because the neighbors complained about them being so noisy. But I have some more now—quackless ones."

We wondered why they didn't quack. "Because the neighbors complain," explained Virginia patiently.

They have a real theatre in that back yard, too, built by the combined Weidler forces. They write and stage their own plays. The elaborate "props" come from a big trunk which their grandmother sent from Germany. In it were all kinds of costumes she had worn on the operatic stage, and best of all some real wigs, which have seen service as mustaches, horses' tails and fur neckpieces. Virginia had just completed writing a play and we thought it would be nice to know what it was about.

"We-ell, it isn't copyrighted yet," she hesitated, so we hastily changed to the less delicate subject of directing plays. Mr. Taurog, Hollywood's famous children's director is one of Virginia's favorite people. Her eyes sparkled as she said, "I played a good joke on Mr. Taurog, all right. When I started playing 'Europena,' I had a tooth out right here—see—in front. Mr. Taurog said it didn't matter very much. But the next day," she added triumphantly, "I came with two more out!"

One small actress has only nine birth-days to her credit, but over a hundred roles! This veteran is Edith Fellows. It sounds as if the movie moguls just plied her with offers to be in their pictures, doesn't it? But the bitter truth is that not until the last year was Edith even given more than a passing glance by the Powers That Be. Most of those roles were just in mob scenes, or "bit" parts that weren't important enough to count. Edith was brought to Hollywood from South Carolina when she was three. But no golden opportunity was in sight. It isn't much

fun, either, for a little girl to be dragged from one studio to another, with no one wanting her songs and dances. She got her first "chance" because she could hiccup!

"You see, they wanted a baby with a nice hiccup," she explained. "I was only three and I got the part. It was in a Charlie Chase comedy."

We wanted to know if she were surprised to see herself on the screen, the first time.

"No, I wasn't," Edith said, "but I was certainly surprised at how well I sounded!"

Six years of irregular and unimportant roles followed this one. Then Gregory La Cava was looking for a child to play the exasperating step-daughter of Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." Edith was brought to his attention, but Mr. La Cava took one look at her curls and friendly smile, then said she looked too sweet for what he wanted. Instantly Edith's cherubic look gave way. Blue-green eyes blazed in her small freckled face.

"Mr. La Cava," said Miss Fellows, drawing herself up to her full four feet, one inch. "I am an actress, so I can *certainly* be disagreeable enough for you." She not only got the part, but stole the picture.

EDITH'S main ambition in life is to be just like Miss Colbert. "I think she is terrific!" she said earnestly. "Miss Colbert has dramatic ability. She has *everything*." Edith drew a fervent breath at the mere thought of Miss Colbert. "Of course," she went on, "I think some other actresses are very good, too. I think Shirley Temple is *such* a beautiful little girl." And added admiringly, "Not a freckle."

When asked what kind of acting she liked to do best Edith exclaimed, "Oh, I like to be laughing real hard or crying real hard. I don't care much about just talking."

"But isn't it hard to cry?"

"Oh, crying!" Edith dismissed that problem airily. "My only trouble is stopping, not starting!"

A much longer visit with Edith would have suited us, but she had a harp lesson. She's as intense about her music as everything else. "Besides," said Miss Fellows, "I may have to be an angel some day. You never know in this business."

Mrs. Collins was so convinced that Cora Sue had definite talents for screen work that they left their home in Virginia when her small daughter was three, and headed for Hollywood. She came literally on a shoestring, but luck was with her. They had hardly been in Hollywood two weeks when a Universal studio official noticed Cora Sue in a department store with her mother. He asked them to come to the studio the next day for an interview. When they arrived over a dozen children were there. Cora Sue took her place at the end of the line and watched the proceedings. The director was trying out the little girls for a role in which a good display of emotion was necessary. The small girl he was working with would laugh, but cry she would not. "Come on, now," he said patiently, "let's have some tears." Still no tears. Cora Sue walked from the end of the line and stood beside him. "I'll be glad to cry for you," she said. So Cora Sue wept and won.

After meeting Cora Sue it's easy to imagine her offering her services to that director. Her poise would do credit to a woman of the world. On entering the Collins' living-room we stumbled over a

big brown spaniel lying on the floor. "I'm always falling over 'Rusty,'" said our small hostess, putting us immediately at ease.

She was dressed up for the occasion in a flowered organdy belonging to her big sister. A green satin sash held up the skirt, and slippers, at least three sizes too large, were on her feet. But somehow you got the impression that it was the shoes that wobbled, not Cora Sue.

She was far more interested in talking about her love-birds and canaries than she was about Miss Collins. The canary obligingly took a bath for us and the love-birds flew around the room. Then with a bird on each shoulder, Cora Sue drew up a chair.

"And now," she said, "what was it you wanted to interview me about?"

Faced with such a direct question it took a moment to collect our thoughts. We asked how she liked portraying the stars as little girls. She's "doubled" for all the most famous ones—Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy and has just finished stealing the picture from her grown-up self, Merle Oberon, in "The Dark Angel." Cora Sue thought it was fun and when asked which one she'd rather be like really, when she grew up, she said thoughtfully, "Well, I'd like to be half as pretty as all of them."

"Of course it isn't all fun working in the movies," she reminded me. "I believe that a person should always try harder. I think no matter how high you climb you can always fall."

Jane Withers knows from actual experience how fickle is fame. At the age of two, down in Atlanta, Georgia, this sturdy, dark-haired little girl was a celebrity. She was considered one of the city's most talented tap-dancers and radio performers. Her mother listened to so many people

tell her that Jane should capitalize on those talents that she prevailed on her husband to give up his business and move the family to Hollywood. Jane suddenly found herself a nobody. For three years she and her mother haunted the studio gates without ever getting so much as a peek inside. It was just by accident that she finally got that "Bright Eyes" break. Director James Ryan came out of the studio one day and stopped as he was getting into his car by a small girl with a fringe of dark bangs above earnest grey eyes.

"Please," she said, "I'd like to do a little skit for you." And forthwith she broke into an impersonation on the sidewalk. Mr. Ryan was impressed in spite of himself and decided to give her a screen test. The rest is history.

We visited Jane in her own bungalow out on the 20th Century-Fox lot. It's any little girl's idea of a perfect play-house. Blue and yellow curtains, low white shelves filled with books and toys, and wing-chairs made just to fit their small owner.

WORD came from the studio that Jane's latest starring picture, "Paddy O'Day," was to be previewed that evening. "Oh, goody!" exclaimed Jane, jumping up and down, "and what's the other picture?" A remark unique in the annals of movie stars.

If you saw "Ginger," you saw the real Jane Withers. She's a bundle of energy and high spirits. When her mother sees several children piled up on the front lawn she always knows where Jane is—on the bottom. And it's Jane, not a double, whom you see whisking around on the handlebars of policemen's motorcycles and jumping off trains in those pictures.

We were curious to know if she always had such grand times making movies.

"Nope, not always," admitted Miss Withers. "There's drawbacks. Like down at Ocean Pier when we were working on 'This Is The Life' and I wanted to go on the merry-go-round down there. But it was costing the company \$2000 an hour so I couldn't go. Anyway Mother took me down the next Sunday and I rode for a dime."

The way the very youngest of the young ladies got her chance at stardom really was like magic, for one day she received a mysterious message sent over a continent and under an ocean, asking her to come to Hollywood and be in the movies. That little girl was Sybil Jason, whom you saw in "Little Big Shot." She was in London at the time and the cable was mysterious because neither Sybil nor her parents had any idea that Irving Asher, a Warner studio official, had seen her sing and dance and then sent pictures of her to the Hollywood studio.

Into her five years Miss Jason has crowded more living than lots of people get at fifty. For she was born in Cape-town, Africa, and from there to London to Hollywood is something of a jaunt.

Sybil is the tiniest five-year-old you ever saw, with the biggest blue eyes that ever were.

And what did she like best about these movies, we wanted to know.

"I don't exactly know," she said, wrinkling her forehead, "but I think I like Dickie Moore about as well as anything."

"Wasn't it fun seeing yourself on the screen the first time?" we asked.

Miss Jason considered this for a moment. "Well, yes it was," she agreed, "but I was so afraid I'd forget my lines that I kept saying them right along with me." Which might complicate lesser minds than Miss Jason's.

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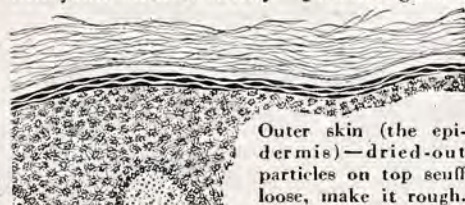
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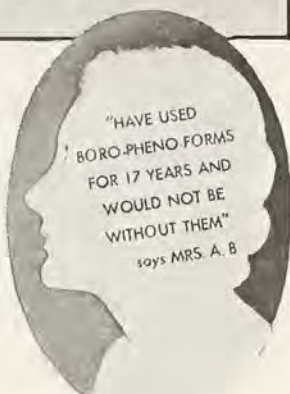
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Hollywood's tomboy, Jane Withers, goes all girl and ruffles for Joyce Home's party. Oh, her escort? He's Mickey (Puck) Rooney, no less.



And cinema's problem child, Edith Fellows, looks like a very gay little girl in this pose with her clever little white poodle dog. He's a performer, too.

AND, of course, there is Shirley Temple who has found the biggest pot of gold of all at the end of her rainbow. Adulation has been showered on that golden head and gifts have fallen thick and fast at her small feet. Yet Shirley remains just a lovable little girl, blissfully unconscious that she's done anything remarkable in her six years. The only thing she was concerned about the other day was her rabbits.

"My goodness," said Miss Temple, "they're getting to be such a family I don't know what we will do with them. At first I started to give them names, but now," she bestowed on me one of those dazzling dimpled smiles, "now there's so many, I just call them all Pet."

Mrs. Gertrude Temple didn't have the vaguest notion of a career for Shirley when she put her in that dancing class three years ago. It was there that a tal-

ent scout from Educational Pictures succumbed to the Temple charms and asked her to be in the "Baby Burlesque" shows. This was followed by a Fox offer and Shirley was given a role in "Stand Up and Cheer." Which is just what the public has been doing ever since for this diminutive star.

This then is the story of Hollywood's brightest constellation—the six little girls who made good. It would be another story if we wrote of the six hundred little girls who, this year alone, failed in the industry. Some of them were prettier, some brighter, some even had bigger and better "chances" than our six starlets. But they didn't make the grade. The Hollywoods are full of them. So think twice before you sell the homestead in order to launch Annabelle in Hollywood. Shooting stars are few and far between in the cinema skies.

The True Story Behind Loretta Young's Illness

(Continued from page 35)

delayed finishing his "Crusades" so that she could play "Queen Berengaria" in it. She was busy, then, with Twentieth Century's "Call of the Wild," in which she shared starring honors with Clark Gable.

In London, Loretta became ill. Hurdled, she and her mother returned to Hollywood. Her family doctor there prescribed a complete rest, so that she might build up the strength which had ebbed away. After that, his edict said, a minor, but exceedingly delicate operation, and then more rest to recover her strength. It was a brutal order for a girl like Loretta. Of all the film girls, none enjoys more, the trappings of suc-

cess. . . . The parties, the dances, the gaieties, the pretty attentions, the masculine conquests, that are offered beauty. And Loretta is undoubtedly one of Hollywood's most beautiful actresses.

There is about Loretta a certain naïve sophistication that is absolutely charming. Tall, as slim as a reed, she wears clothes well, loves to buy them, loves to display them. At six she was designing masquerade and dancing costumes for herself, making them out of oilcloth. Under the influence of Mae Murray, with whom she lived for one and one-half years, from the age of four, she was sure she was going to be a dancer. Preferably a Pavlova. As a youngster she watched,

with rapt attention, the inspired performances of Pavlowa and Nijinsky, on their celebrated American tour.

With Miss Murray as her temporary mother, she had all the advantages of an artistic background. The way the Murray temporary "adoption" came about was amusing. Studio workers called Miss Murray's attention (she was then the wife of Director Robert Z. Leonard) to the typical Mae Murray pout of Loretta's rosebud lips which she could not entirely close because of two small, protruding front teeth. So entranced was Miss Murray by this tiny replica of her own famous moue that she asked Loretta's mother if she couldn't "borrow" her daughter for a time. Loretta adored the idea of houseguesting with dainty, blonde Mae, and asked that Colleen, her cousin, be included in the invitation so that she would have someone to play with. In that way Mae Murray, for a period of eighteen months, became responsible for two small charges.

Loretta made her Hollywood entrance when her mother (then Mrs. Young) brought her brood of three girls (a son Jack made his home elsewhere) to the film city, from Salt Lake City, after her husband had left her. The oldest was Polly Ann, now twenty-six, dark-haired, sweet, the "Meg" of Hollywood's 1935 version of "Little Women."

Sally Blane, now Mrs. Norman Foster, was eighteen months younger. And then came Loretta (christened "Gretchen," nicknamed "Gretch"), almost twenty-three, and a veteran of nine years of motion picture work. It seems incredible that this child, now at an age when most girls are leaving college or commencing a career—domestic or professional—is already the possessor of a successful career, an unsuccessful marriage (to Grant Withers) and a divorce. She was married at seventeen and divorced about a year later.

A happy hodge-podge of ingenuousness and sophistication, Loretta, after her divorce, proceeded to establish a record for romances. Large-eyed, wistful-faced, soft-lipped, she was meant for well-staged romance . . . the dance floor of the Mayfair Club to the accompaniment of provocative music, the sands of The Beach Club, the plunge at Palm Springs' El Mirador Hotel. All of these places have been the backgrounds for Loretta's many romances. There was a rumored Ronald Colman romance, a Fred Perry romance, she admitted a mighty heart-throb for Spencer Tracy, then separated from his wife. The Tracy romance, in the eyes of the Hollywoodians, was the "high" in Loretta's romances. They thought she was serious about Spencer. But the next week she was dancing at the Mayfair, sometimes with Bernard Newman, sometimes with someone else. Her conquests were legion. And she loved the reputation as a heart-breaker that they gave her. What woman wouldn't?

But Hollywood noted that Loretta's conquests never carried her as far as the altar. It might have been her religious scruples. It might have been something else. Out of the attentions lavished upon her, came the legend that Loretta was "unlucky in love." "She falls in love with all of her leading men," said the gossip columns. The idea was that she couldn't give an efficient emotional interpretation to her role unless there was some semblance of reality in her love scenes. "Phooey," say those who know Loretta.

Then she and Spencer Tracy indulged in some verbal gymnastics about their feelings towards each other. When the split-up occurred, that, too, was given reading space. The total of these columns upon columns was the legend that Loretta



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was "unlucky in love." They even had her pining away (in her recent illness) for the love of a star who promised to divorce his wife and marry her. And didn't. The whole unfounded story gave both members to it a loud and long laugh.

The true Loretta, her intimates will tell you, is "a little scalp-collector." In other words, Loretta's favorite sport is bagging male hearts. And she has a nice collection. She is as fickle and inconstant a coquette as ever flourished in the South or a Booth Tarkington novel. At the end of what was rumored to be one of her "biggest moments," she was so bored it was awful . . . for the family.

People who know Loretta well will tell you that she seldom lets her heart get out of bounds. True, she may permit it to beat twice as hard toward an ineligible gentleman, but her rule is never to allow herself to become involved romantically with anyone who is not a peg or so higher, professionally or socially, than she is. Her attitude is "if you can't better yourself, why bother?" It's the antithesis of the "unlucky in love" story.

The Young family is a 1935 Louisa M. Alcott family, set in luxury. The same close-knit devotion, warmth of feeling, generosity, love, is there. "Nothing must happen to Loretta," said Sally Blane Foster, just home from her honeymoon. "We've never had anything like death come to us and it simply can't come now. We have been through so much together, so much fun, so much struggle, it's frightful to even think of 'Gretch' being ill, the poor darling."

With "Bet" (Sally was christened Elizabeth Jane) married and living in the apartment they sublet from the Hardie Albrights (Martha Sleeper), and "Poll" (Polly Ann) planning for her January 1936 marriage to Carter Herman of Pasadena, whose name appears frequently in the society columns, the big Colonial house on the hill is temporarily vacated by the Youngs, and leased to another family.

Report says it will be a year before Loretta will appear before the cameras again, but Sally insists that it will be a much shorter time than that. "She'll be up and out in a few weeks," she says, confident that her sister will soon take an active part in the family life again. Sally's assertion seems to be correct because Loretta is improving rapidly—so much so that her studio is planning to give her the title role in "Ramona," which goes into production in the course of the next few months.

"Polly Ann is the sweet one," continues Sally, wholeheartedly. "She is the one to whom you can say, 'Poll,' will you do this for me?", and she always answers, no

matter how difficult the task. 'Why, yes, of course.' And it's done. Or if she has a new dress, and has never worn it before, one of us can say, 'Poll,' let me wear your new dress, will you?' and the reply is always, 'Of course, darling.'

"Loretta is so self-sufficient, so self-contained. She has so many resources to draw upon from within herself. She can sit by the fire for a week and never want to go out, but I—I have to be doing something all of the time. And she is so full of poise. Even when she was a little girl and someone would call upon us to do some parlor entertaining, Loretta would get up with the poise of a countess and dance, while 'Poll' and I were always scared to death. Loretta has always been a little different from us," continued Sally.

"Her illness has made her more like us, though. She is so pleased over trifles. Before that she was always busy and she didn't have time to be excited over watching children's eyes pop out when you gave them candy, or anything like that. Now she does, and it's sweet to see her."

"I can remember when Loretta started a film career in earnest—that was when she was thirteen, she turned fourteen in the Lon Chaney picture 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh'—she would come home with the broadest 'a' accent you ever heard. And people would laugh at her and think she was cute, because we were all Westerners and she would affect this pronounced English accent. She always was an actress. She always will be."

At one time Sally was the stellar light of the family, not Loretta. She got fifty dollars a week more than Loretta and had a studio contract. Then Loretta got the major attentions from the rest of the family, all anxious to further her career and speed her on toward success. "I never applied for anything but Western pictures, never bothered to do anything with my hair but shampoo and brush it, never lacquered my nails. No wonder I didn't do so well in films. Loretta was always so dainty, always performing some small beauty chore. People say to me now, 'But, of course, Sally, you never cared about a career!' I did, that's the funny thing. And I still do."

However, she cares more about the dark-haired Norman Foster, son of Quaker parents, who is her very new husband. She adores the way his ears grow, faun-like, and the funny way he crinkles his eyes when he laughs . . . and love is certainly grand. Meanwhile, her sister Loretta shares another very real experience of life—the battle for health. There isn't a heart in Hollywood that is not beating with Loretta's in the courageous fight she is making to win her way back to the life she so dearly loves.

Trial Engagement

(Continued from page 42)

as a show girl to pay for the art lessons she wanted. O. Henry might have had more words than Fred MacMurray with which to describe their meeting, but he would not have been more eloquent.

"I was doing a puzzle with the rest of the fellows in the band during rehearsal," he said, filling his pipe again. He smoked it in six puffs—five when he speaks of his Lilian. "It was called 'Try Your Nerve'—you held a long pin steady and pricked different sized dots. Lilian came over to watch—cute as the dickens in a pair of brown slacks and a white jersey top. She said, 'You must have been out late last night, Big Boy!' After I saw her, the dots went every which way and it was

like that with her, too, I guess. We never talked about it much afterward, just sort of took things for granted—ours is sort of a trial engagement. I haven't looked at another girl since then. I haven't even seen another girl."

The merciful smoke hung between us. His voice came from behind it, laying reluctantly the one treasure of his heart before the inspection of a stranger. "After all, we didn't have much time for love. Lilian was studying dress designing. You ought to see the clothes she made for herself. She always looked—well, she looked"—he sought a dazzling, elegant word to describe his girl in the dresses she made for herself—"she always looked

swell. A millionaire would have been proud to take my Lilian out. But she didn't want any millionaire."

The show in which they both worked was "Roberta," with its lilting melodies of young love. Her name on the program was like a thousand other charming, silly chorus girl names, "Lilian Lamonte." Fred sang a song—Lilian danced. After the show they had chop suey at Joe's Place—or Pete's Place. More often there was only time for a word, either because Fred's band was in demand for supper clubs, or Lilian had a chance to pose for a commercial photographer. They were twenty-two and they owned Broadway. They said, "Some day"—and didn't finish the sentence. Then Fred was made understudy for the leading man and Lily sold a dress sketch, while they waited for that mystic moment known to Mazda Lane as "the breaks."

"One day a movie scout saw the show," Fred said. "He came backstage afterward and asked had I ever thought of the movies. I told him that was a laugh, because I'd spent six months in Hollywood once, getting a daily 'nothing doing, Bud,' from studio gatemens. But he offered me a test and I took it. I didn't tell Lilian, because I never expected to hear from it again, but a week later I got a contract to come to Hollywood. I showed it to her after the final curtain. I thought she'd be pleased, but Lilian is different from most girls."

HIS eyes were still bewildered as he mused over the unexpected things Lilian had said, looking up from the contract he had brought her so proudly, "It's splendid, Fred! But I'm not going. I've read in all the fan magazines how it hurts a new actor's popularity to be married. You've got to have your chance. Besides,

I'm just beginning to get somewhere with my designs. We'll write every day. We'll be sensible and wait and see."

Like a thousand other chorus girls did I say? "Show me Lilian," I asked him. "The picture of her you keep in your breast pocket."

He protested that he didn't have one. He made a great show of rummaging. He pretended surprise when he found one. "It doesn't do her justice," he grumbled proudly, handing me a snapshot of a slim young beauty. You can see, looking at her, why Hollywood stars have not succeeded in catching Fred MacMurray's eye; you can see something more, if you look closely, and that is the firm little chin under the ornamental dimple.

"She wasn't afraid to let you come alone to a place where every woman is a famous beauty?" I suggested, looking down at Miss Lilian Lamonte.

"Why should she be?" said Fred. "None of them are any prettier than my girl." It came dangerously close to being sentimental. He stuffed a fresh supply of tobacco into the briar bowl and puffed furiously. "I was out here six months," he admits, "without making a single scene. You can be more alone in Hollywood than anywhere on earth. I was discouraged. I suppose I must have given her the satisfaction of knowing I was darn lonesome in my letters. Anyhow, one day she was here."

When Hollywood saw the luscious Southern girl with the magnolia petal skin and lovely clothes, she was always with that new leading man, who didn't look like an actor. And immediately the rumor hounds were on their trail. "When are you going to get married?" they wanted to know night and day. "When—when—WHEN?"

FRED MACMURRAY would have been glad to have answered their questions, but he didn't know himself. It appeared that Lilian Lamonte had not given up her job in a Broadway revue, nor her career as a fashion artist to come to Hollywood for marriage. Fred was lonely, he needed her to talk to. He needed her to kid and boss him. But he didn't need a wife yet, not with it looking more and more as though his contract would never be renewed and even if it were—well, newcomers to the movies don't get fancy salaries and he had his mother to look after. Besides. Lilian said Hollywood changed people. Anybody, who read fan magazines, knew that. Sometimes it even made them completely different. She liked Fred the way he was—but how did she know she would like him if he became a famous picture star with everybody crowding around to get his autograph, fans writing love letters, a big salary and all that?

"I'm going to get a job," said Miss Lamonte, setting her firm little chin. "I'm going to work in a store, modeling, right here where I can keep an eye on you and see you don't go Hollywood."

"And she did," said Fred MacMurray, as simply as though it were quite natural for a beautiful girl to give up her own career just to keep him happy. And perhaps—looking at his six feet three of boyish good looks—it is quite natural. "She's modeling at Howard Greer's," he added.

"She doesn't especially want to go into the movies," Fred said. "Still, I wouldn't mind. Maybe it would be a good thing if she understood just what it means to work in a studio—like staying evenings and not always being able to telephone, or do things just the way you plan."

"And you wouldn't be afraid, either?" I suggested wickedly. "Hollywood has broken up romances before, you know."

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The smoke from the briar pipe became a veritable volcano.

"If two and a half years wouldn't show a fellow and a girl that they were suited I don't know how they would know," said the Scotch Mr. MacMurray cautiously. Lilian has been in the show business quite a while. She's had chances to marry men with more money than I'll ever have. And if she's going to fall for a movie actor, well, what's the matter with me? She thinks I'm grand—on the screen! I don't see why Hollywood should change either of us. We like to do the same things, which means not much of anything. Sit around and talk, sing a little, go down to the beach and eat a steak or go over to mother's house for dinner. Sometimes we see the fights. Once in a while we go to a night club. Lilian likes to dance, I don't, so we don't go often. That's the kind of a girl she is!

"I like the movies. But I don't care for most of the things that go with being a Hollywood star. Crowds scare me pink!

In college I was so shy I couldn't stand up to recite without blushing.

"I'll always live, wherever I am, just about the same way I would have been living, if I'd stayed on at Beaver Dam. Now that things seem to be turning out pretty well for me"—a mild way of referring to one of the spectacular successes of the year!—"I'll soon be where I can buy a house, but it won't be one of those movie mansions. A fellow with a name like MacMurray doesn't go in for extravagances! Of course, I know a screen career doesn't last long. I read the fan magazines myself! But I've still got the old saxophone saved for a rainy day."

He rose to his feet, tucking his chaparrone, the briar pipe, tenderly away. "Now that I've told you about Lilian and me," he said wistfully, "you see, don't you, why that secret marriage stuff makes me kind of mad? Lilian is so—well she's so—" he hunted for the perfect word, the romantic word, "she's so *swell*!" finished Fred MacMurray.

If You Would Have a Figure Like Colbert

(Continued from page 55)

of Elmhurst, New York, whose picture is published this month. Joan, you look more like Claudette Colbert than any girl who sent in her picture. I've got to hand it to you. You are much braver than the Hollywood girls to send in a picture (in a bathing suit) that's absolutely untouched. Because those babies out there never do that. You practically never see an untouched Hollywood photograph. They can't take it. But, listen Joan, mama's going to do some retouching on you, without even touching you. You are going to do the touching yourself.

You have a fuller face than Colbert has but, like Colbert, you've got those fat pads on the cheek bones. Colbert has a triangular face. But when those cheek muscles are over-developed it's an *infernal* triangle. Watch Claudette, Joan, and you'll notice sometimes, when she smiles on the screen, at certain angles those fat pads on her cheeks stick out beyond her nose. Guard against that. My personal letter to you will tell you how to take them off.

Claudette's chin tapers off into a little

point. It's a nice tailored chin. Your lower face is heavier than hers. And it looks to me as if your chin is all set to double. Never mind what Mr. Culbertson says, don't let it *re-double*! For by working together, baby, you and I will make a grand slam.

You have bangs like Colbert and I imagine that's because, like her, you have a high forehead. Well, that's smart.

But with the face, darling, the likeness stops. At present Claudette has you all beaten when it comes to a figure. But never mind, we'll fix that. In a few days you'll get my personal letter telling you all the things that will make you over, but since I've had so many requests from readers about posture and that fat on the back, I'm going to tell you about that here.

You look to me as if you're a popular kid. Well, get one of your many friends to help you straighten up by giving you a good slap between the shoulder blades every time she catches you slumping.

No, I'm not kidding. And that slap is not just a reminder, it does actual good. There are important glands in the back



British Brian Aherne and Frau Marlene Dietrich are a popular foreign alliance that lunch and dine frequently together. They look pretty happy, too, doncha think? How about it, pals, is it romance?

and they tend to grow sluggish. That slap wakes them up, gives them a kick, stimulates them. So, I mean that as part of the routine. Have your friend give you several good firm slaps on the back two or three times a day.

THAT fat back mars the looks of your figure and ruins your posture. So here's what you must do to correct it. Here's the right exercise. In a standing position, slump slightly forward—make your back as round as possible, as if you were trying to make your shoulders meet in front. Bend your arms slightly as if you were hugging yourself but keep them a little out from the body. In this position, relax the arms. Now move the right shoulder to the front as much as you can, stretching and pulling as hard as possible. Twist your right arm inward at the wrist. This arm should be across the body, but not higher than the chest. Repeat the same thing on the left side without straightening up. Don't relax the shoulders between times. And do that fifteen minutes every day. Oh baby, how that takes down the fat back!

Remember to straighten your shoulders as often during the day as you feel inclined to slump, as that will make your abdomen good and strong. Also keep your back supple and limber. All these things combine to keep your shoulders straight and to give you good posture.

(Aside to Lorraine Page. Your mother sent me your picture from New Orleans telling me that you were in Hollywood dancing in M-G-M pictures. Well, honey, you were a close runner-up of the Claudette Colbert doubles. You bear, at a glance, a resemblance to Colbert, but taking your feature by feature you are not as much like her as the girl I picked. But Lorraine, you're beautiful and it should be a cinch for you to go far in pictures. Your mother sent me just a head picture of you but, if your figure is as beautiful as your face, some day I may be writing about you when you're a big star. I mean a big star at the box office. Not through the hips, remember that!)

All of which reminds me that there is still plenty of time for you girls who look like Katharine Hepburn to send me your photographs, the one looking most like her to have her picture published in MODERN SCREEN and to receive a long, personal letter from me giving her a complete routine for remodeling herself.

Also I want pictures of little girls whose mothers think they look like Shirley Temple. Because I'm going to write an article in answer to the many letters I get from sensible mothers who want me to tell them how they can preserve their daughters' health and beauty so that the children, in later life, won't have to fight the handicaps these mothers had to conquer.

By the way, what happened? Doesn't anyone want to look like Constance Bennett or is there only one in captivity? I asked for Bennett doubles and what did I get—practically none. I know it's a big order because the first time I set eyes on Connie I said to myself, "Oh, baby, you'd be hard to match!"

However, my offer still holds. If there are any Connie Bennetts in the world I want to see them. I'll be patient. I'm still waiting. Address: Madame Sylvia, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Your letters keep pouring in. That's swell. It shows me that every woman wants loveliness. And every woman can have it, too. String along with Sylvia. I'll tell you things about the body beautiful you never heard before.

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is one sure way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores.

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It goes to work on the waxy dirt, breaks it up, makes it easily removable. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

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As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

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Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 23)

Rio made an exquisite "Madame Du Barry," whose charms kept a King entranced at a time when the French court was mad with extravagance. Men in those days took part in the drama of dressing, too. The ladies spent half their time getting their hair fixed. Such coiffures as were achieved! They looked like wedding cakes, tier upon tier, with puffs and floating curls, and ribbons, pins and flowers. Contrast the comfort of a modern day permanent with the ordeal of having such a coiffure concocted for you every day of your uncomfortable life. And if you can't get a permanent, you can at least get the kind of new metal curlers that are genuinely comfortable to sleep on. I don't want you to go to the Valentine ball without your rightful heritage of curls.

While the aim of each head may once have been to carry as large and impressive a load as possible, the face has of recent years asserted itself as the dictator. Lovely contour is more important than decoration in hairdressing. Do you remember Charlotte Henry in "Alice in Wonderland" saying, "The face is what one generally goes by?" And so it is. Though sometimes, in the winter, one would think it was the nose. (Don't say modern cosmetics don't belong in Wonderland. I can even tell you something to do for a red nose!)

If the face is the dictator, it ought to demand a search for gold. The Alaskan Gold Rush took place somewhere around the time of Diamond Lil, Mae West's sister under the skin. But the 1936 rush for gold is going to be a feminine one, a youth movement, a discovery in cosmetic chemistry. Naturally, you have always thought of gold as a symbol of wealth. But today this same gold is bringing new beauty to women. El Dorado has been re-discovered in a cream.

why this was so. Years passed before medical science found a method for developing the beneficial qualities of milk. Then a process made it possible to prepare gold in a soft, fluid form consisting of millions of infinitesimal atoms. Each atom is charged with a natural electrical impulse, and is in constant movement. Now we have this activated gold put into two new creams. The tiny atoms of gold in the cream, because of their constant movement, penetrate easily and quickly to the innermost corners of the pores, attract to them the dust and other impurities lodged there, and carry this debris to the surface of the skin where it can be removed. The result is a tonic effect on the tissues. It's mysterious and has a lot of scientific angles to it regarding negative and positive electrical charges. However, these new creams—one a skin clarifier, the other a rich lubricating cream—arouse circulation, with a cleaner, healthier, more vibrant skin as a result. You'll want to rush for a pencil to write for the name of this modern gold rush product.

There *may* be gold in them thar' hills, but, there *is* milk on your breakfast table. Milk had a place in ancient beauty rituals, too, before vitamins were discovered. Carole Lombard, Heather Angel, Karen Morley and Constance Bennett are a few of Hollywood's exponents of milk as a beautifier.

Mary Biddle,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your bulletin on "The Milk Diet."

Name

Address

Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Personal problems are always gladly answered by Mary Biddle.

ONE of the ancient beauty rituals was the use of gold mixed with wine as a beauty lotion. Women found it beneficial to the skin, but it was a mystery



This handsome Irishman is Brian Donlevy, a new screen find. He's appeared in "Barbary Coast" and "Another Face" to date, and the New Year will see him in many more.

Information Desk

(Continued from page 8)

This was made in England.

RUBY KEELER: Halifax, Nova Scotia, has the honor of claiming Ruby, who was born there on August 25, 1909. But she only lived there three years before the family moved to New York, where she attended public school and later the Professional Children's School. At 13 Ruby made her stage debut and appeared in choruses of Broadway shows while still going to school. Texas Guinan's floor show first brought her to the public eye, and Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer in "Whoopie." 1928 brought Al Jolson and Ruby together, and they were married, after which she was starred in "Show Girl." Her first movie was "42nd Street" in which she made such a hit that she has been tops at Warners ever since. Off the screen she is shy and retiring, dresses modestly and is a grand little wife and a swell mother to their adopted baby, Albert, according to Al. She likes to fish, play golf and ride horseback. A typical Irish beauty, Ruby has brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Her weight is 105 and her height is 5 feet 4 inches. Her next picture will be "Colleen" with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal.

ELSA JANE MILLER, Wheeling, W. Va.—What ever started the rumor that Shirley Temple was going blind? She most certainly is not—or anything like it. Right now she is busily working on "Captain January" which will follow "The Littlest Rebel." Lee Tracy is not married, but rumor has it that he and Isabel Jewell have made up. You can write Richard Dix at the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., where he recently finished "Mother Lode."

RALPH BELLAMY: This attractive gentleman was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 17, 1904, where he attended public schools. When he was still in college he ran away from home to join a Shakespearean repertory company touring the middle west. From that time on he stuck to the stage persistently playing with stock companies and the like. In 1930 he came to New York, determined to crash Broadway. He obtained a role in "Town Boy" and then went on the road with two other shows. Back to New York again, Ralph obtained an important part in "Roadside" when he was signed to a motion picture contract, and made his screen debut in "The Secret Six." Married to Catherine Willard, they have no children. His hobby is collecting old music boxes and old books. His pastimes include golf, tennis and horseback riding. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is a free lance player, but is working now on "Dangerous Intrigue" for Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., where you can reach him.

SARAH ANN RAY, Albuquerque, N. M.—Robert Montgomery had a vacation in Europe from which he returned recently. He is about to start work on "The Unguarded Hour" with Rosalind Russell.

BUCK JONES: Charles "Buck" Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind., December 4, 1889, of American parents. He was educated in public schools and for a while worked as a mechanic. Later on he went to Montana and took up the life of a cowboy. Next he joined the U. S. Cavalry for service in the Philippines, following which the Miller Brothers "101" Ranch Wild West Show engaged him as an expert rider. During the World War, Buck went to France with the First Air Squadron and after the war remained in Europe performing his remarkable feats of horsemanship before the various monarchs. He is married to Odille Osborne, and Maxine is their daughter's name. His hobby is mechanics, his height 6 feet and his weight 173 pounds. He has gray eyes and brown hair. Buck is under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where you can reach him. "Silver Spurs" and "Sunset of Power" are his two most recent pictures.

E. G. HULA, New York, N. Y.—William Powell was born on July 29, 1892, in Pittsburgh, Pa. On May 2, 1904, Bing Crosby was born in Tacoma, Wash. Waterbury, Conn., is Rosalind Russell's birth place.

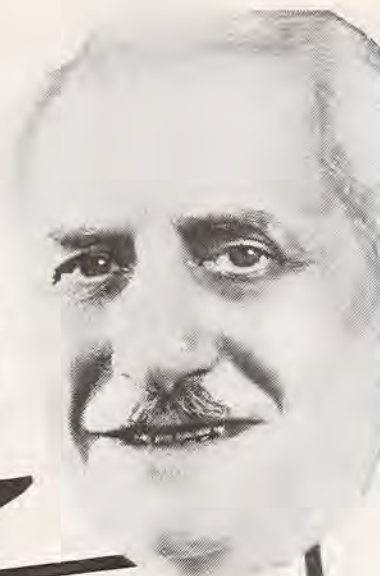
HENRY FONDA: On a certain May 16, this young man was born at Grand Island, Neb., of non-professional parents. His father, William Brace Fonda, moved his family to Omaha when Henry was a small child, and here he attended public and high schools with a writing career in view. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota, where he studied journalism. After his graduation, Henry tried in vain to land a newspaper job. He then became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse where he appeared in plays, but was principally concerned with the technical end of the stage. In 1928 he came East to play in summer stock and in the fall came to New York where he was engaged by the Theatre Guild as an extra and understudy. He finally got a break and was recommended to Marc Connelly for the role of the farmer lad in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." At the same time, Fonda came to the attention of Walter Wanger who signed him to a long-term contract and loaned him to 20th Century-Fox for the screen version of that play, for "Way Down East" and to RKO-Radio for "I Dream Too Much." Now Mr. Wanger has given him a splendid role in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Fonda is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has black hair and blue eyes. At one time he and Margaret Sullivan were married, but no more—in fact he's not married to anybody. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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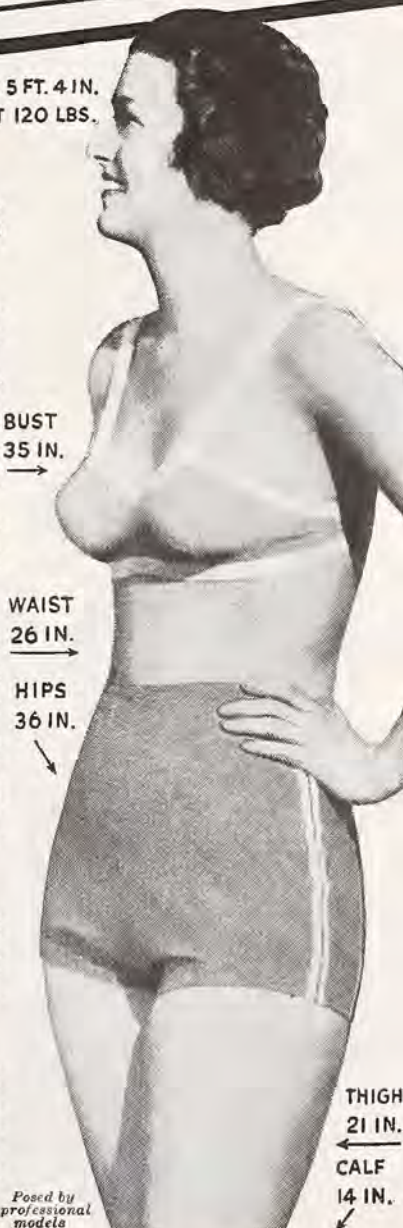
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Olga M. Rasmussen,
7334—26th Ave.,
Kenosha, Wis.

Elmer Green,
16 East Fourth Street,
Alton, Ill.

Robert C. Schenken,
3600 Magnolia Blvd.,
Seattle, Wash.

Robert Seklemian,
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NOTE: Due to lack of space, it is impossible to list here the names of the ninety winners of the fifth prizes (five dollars each). The prizes have been sent to the ninety lucky ones, and their names are on file at this office.



Stu Erwin and June Collyer Erwin are all dressed up for big sea doings at the "Captain's Banquet." Everyone was very nautical.

How Can I Look Smarter?

(Continued from page 58)

color. This same type of sandal is very popular about Hollywood and appears in various fabrics as well as gold and silver kid.

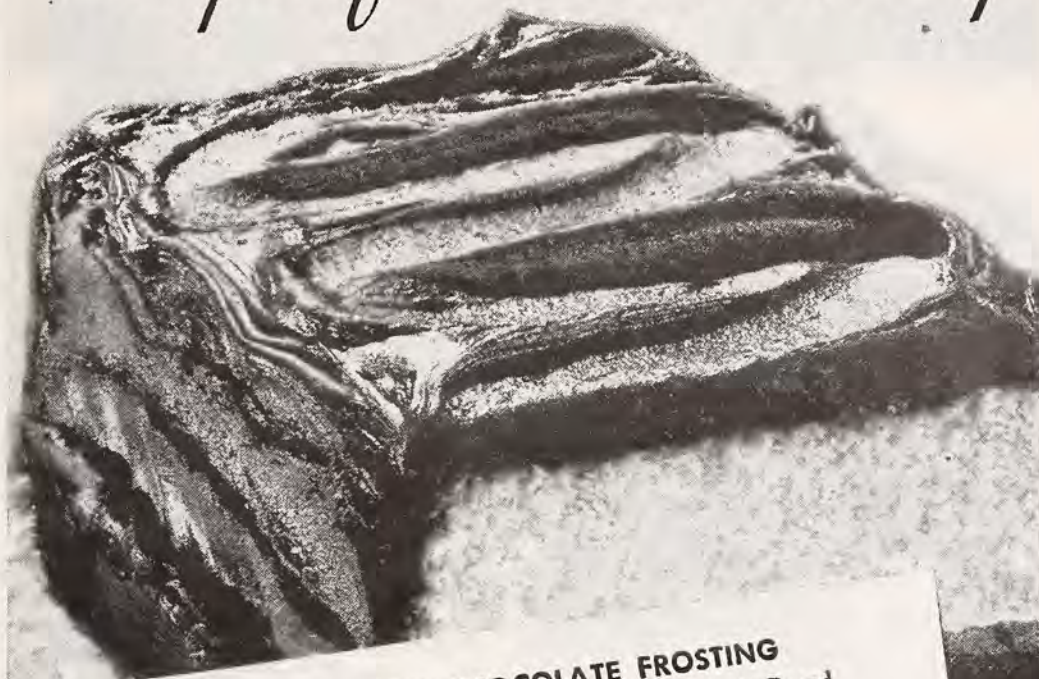
Q. Please tell me when I can wear pajamas and where? Can I wear them to dinner? On a boat trip? Or to breakfast when a guest in a friend's home?

A. A few years ago there was a great vogue for wearing pajamas to dinner. These pajamas were made very much like evening gowns only they had trouser legs instead of skirts. However, today it is not smart and the only time you may wear pajamas to dinner would be for an informal gathering of very close friends in your own home. Even then, a hostess dress would be smarter. On a boat trip it is permissible to wear sports pajamas of the shirts and slacks type for deck games, but never anything of a dressy character.

You could wear pajamas to breakfast at your friend's home if you find out first whether the other members of the family will be wearing similar costumes.

Of course, in Hollywood where life is much more informal, the great majority of stars wear pajamas to the studio for work and for general sports wear. These are of a tailored type and are made in fabrics and styles that look appropriate outside the home. Two typical Hollywood pajamas are shown. Clair Trevor wears a white satin suit at home. It's very tailored, the double breasted blouse being trimmed only with black buttons upon which are Claire's initials done in rhinestones. Claire has a three-quarter jacket to top this. So simple and in such good taste is this that she often wears it to dinner when she is having a few friends in. Ruth Weston, the New York stage star, who went to Hollywood for her screen debut in "Splendor," wears a favorite style of Hollywood pajama. It's a two-piece silk affair, very tailored, with a bright plaid scarf as its sole trimming.

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING
2 squares unsweetened chocolate 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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Margot Grahame and Gene Raymond together at a studio party. Margot is working in "Two O'Clock Courage" and Gene will soon be seen in "Don't Bet on Love."

Yes!
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LOVELY
MARIAN MARSH
COLUMBIA PLAYER
ILLUSTRATES

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Q. Are people wearing evening gloves this year?

A. Yes, quite a number are seen at formal parties. The most popular type is the gauntlet or pull-on of metal cloth or fabric, rather than the more conventional buttoned glove of white kid. Myrna Loy wears a very attractive pair of satin gauntlets with a short sleeved, black velvet dinner dress. A color to contrast with the gown is the popular choice.

Q. I am very short waisted, can I wear sweaters and skirts? Can I wear suits?

A. You can wear sweaters and skirts, provided you don't tuck your sweater into your skirt top. Instead, wear it like an over-blouse with a narrow belt placed slightly below your normal waistline.

You can wear a tailored suit with a one- or two-button closing like the Jean Muir suit, mentioned earlier. Jean is quite short waisted but you would never guess it from this picture, would you? Always avoid wide belts on both dresses and suits, in fact, whenever possible, try to have your costumes made so that the belt line is lower than that worn by a girl whose waistline is more normal.

Q. What should I wear to informal dances? (I don't like ankle length dresses.)

A. The perfect answer to this is Tutta Rolf's attractive metal cloth shirtwaist dress. It is a regulation afternoon length, yet it achieves an air of party formality by the clever use of gold metal cloth with brown velvet trim. It's a grand dress for girls in school, in business, or for you who stay home and have to dash about to informal dancing and bridge parties. Tutta's choice of a giddy little velvet turban is an extra dash of smartness. Grace Moore has one of these semi-formal shirtwaist dresses in a sherry brown satin with jeweled buttons. It's a pet Hollywood cocktail, theatre and dancing costume.

Q. Could I wear sports clothes to a bridge party? If not, what should I wear?

A. You might wear a sports dress or suit for an afternoon of bridge when a foursome of you get together at a friend's house. But for a real party, I think you would feel rather out of place. Bridge parties are usually carefully planned by the hostess and it is only fair to her to appear in some attractive afternoon costume. Bette Davis wears a nice type of informal dress suitable for either afternoon or evening bridge gatherings. The soft, full sleeves, the flared and shorter skirt and the graceful cowl neckline are all good details but not fussy ones. The use of shirring and the added touch of the rhinestone clips are perfect.

Q. When should veils be worn on hats?

A. I am certainly glad that this question came up because I think the veil is a very much misused item of our current fashions. Veils are a dress-up accessory and, therefore, should not be worn for sports or for general tailored daytime use. If you want to trick up a daytime hat to look more festive for an evening date, use a veil by all means—but don't go wearing a veil trimmed hat with a woolen dress and a tweed coat. Wear veils on hats that top afternoon, cocktail, theatre and dinner costumes. Wear them, too, with your best winter coat. An excellent example of a veil worn correctly is the one adorning Myrna Loy's little velvet turban—it accompanies her semi-formal velvet dinner gown and looks right. And, if you feel self-conscious in a veil, never wear one.

Q. Recently I was elected president of our local woman's club and I am uncertain about what type of costume would be most appropriate for me to wear to meetings. Will you make some suggestions please?

A. Any attractive afternoon or tailored costume would be right. Some clubs vary in the degree of formality for clothes—some women like to wear real afternoon dresses to club meetings, while others prefer rather tailored clothes. In general, however, I think you would be well dressed if you struck a happy medium between the two. A dress somewhat like the one worn by Ann Southern and illustrated this month. Her's is two-piece—of suede finished fabric in a warm chamois color. Brown is used for the buttons and trim, also for the attractive scarf cleverly draped above the collar. Ann's accessories and her brimmed felt hat are smart details. This costume is not formal yet it is dignified and quite suitable for a club meeting. Where you are an officer of a social club, meeting in members' houses, you can wear the softer type of afternoon dress in silk or velvet.

Q. What, oh what, can I do about my long thin neck?

A. This is the complaint of so many girls. The best way to camouflage neck length and thinness is to wear scarfs, soft collars and jewelry that give a rounded line to the base of the neck. Avoid V-shaped necklines and off-the-shoulder effects. Kay Francis wears a high collar set off by a three-strand choker of pearls which is a grand way to hide that scrawny neck. Not that Kay has one, but it just happens that this neckline is becoming to thin necks, too. Bulk around the neck is the thing, not a real swaddling effect, but a careful use of fabric to cleverly cover up bones and prominent neck features. Wearing the hair softer and longer is also a good way to cut down the length of the neck.

Q. I have very fat legs, do you think I should wear my daytime skirts long to cover them up?

A. No I do not. I think an awkward skirt length calls attention to big legs. The best daytime skirt length for you is just long enough to cover the upper part of the leg calf. In other words, where the calf of the leg starts tapering down toward the ankle, place your hemline. The best way to judge the correct length for you is to stand with your back to a long mirror, and looking over your shoulder, hitch your skirt up and down until you strike the most becoming spot. Measure that and then adjust your skirts to that height.

Q. What does a girl do when she hasn't an evening coat and feels she can't afford to buy one? Also are bunny wraps still worn for evening?

A. You can always wear your winter coat—but don't wear a hat just because you are wearing your daytime coat. Of course, you could make a short evening cape or jacket for very little cost and then you would feel perfectly dressed. Fur trimming is not an essential, you could even make a cape with one of those cute hoods that forms a cowl collar at back when not covering your hair.

Bunny wraps are still worn by college girls. However, they aren't as popular as lapin because they shed so badly on gowns and escorts. Some of the new lapin capes and jackets look so much like ermine that you get a real kick out of owning one, especially when you know how little you had to pay for it.

SPECIAL KNITTING AND CROCHETING OFFER ON PAGE 6

Between You'n'Me

(Continued from page 25)

wear their hair and if it weren't for movie stars to set the styles everyone would look alike."

To me that statement is ridiculous. I am tired of reading and hearing "do as Hollywood does." Nearly every piece of clothing from handkerchiefs to stockings, is advertised as being exactly like that worn by Ginger Rogers in this picture or Jean Parker in that one. That goes for cosmetics and shampoos, etc., too.

Why? That's simple enough. Just because the fair sex of the U. S. A. is gullible enough to bite every single time. Because this gown made Lombard appear glamorous in her latest picture, they must snatch it and buy it immediately, even if it doesn't suit their personality. They are satisfied because it is an "exact" copy.

Many people seem to think that our very lives hinge on Hollywood doings — the latest romances, blessed events and divorces. I don't give a hoot about the private lives of the stars. What I am interested in is seeing a good movie. I appreciate the beauty and handsomeness of the actresses and actors, but I certainly don't agree that Hollywood rules our lives.—B. Chamberlin, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER

Carrillo, Picture Saver

If there were more Leo Carrillos we would be assured of more good pictures. Given half a plot he can inject enough human interest into it to hold anyone's attention. While his recent picture, "Love Me Forever," proved to be a masterpiece, it was certainly not due to a good plot. Even so, Carrillo put so much real acting into it that unconsciously one forgot the inconsistency of it all. He gave one the impression that he was not just going through some pre-directed motions and emotions, but he made that character live and stand out.

Even with such a ridiculous part as was assigned him in "The Winning Ticket," he showed the good taste to walk through, and not try to recklessly dramatize a slapstick comedy. (They stopped just short of throwing the pies.)

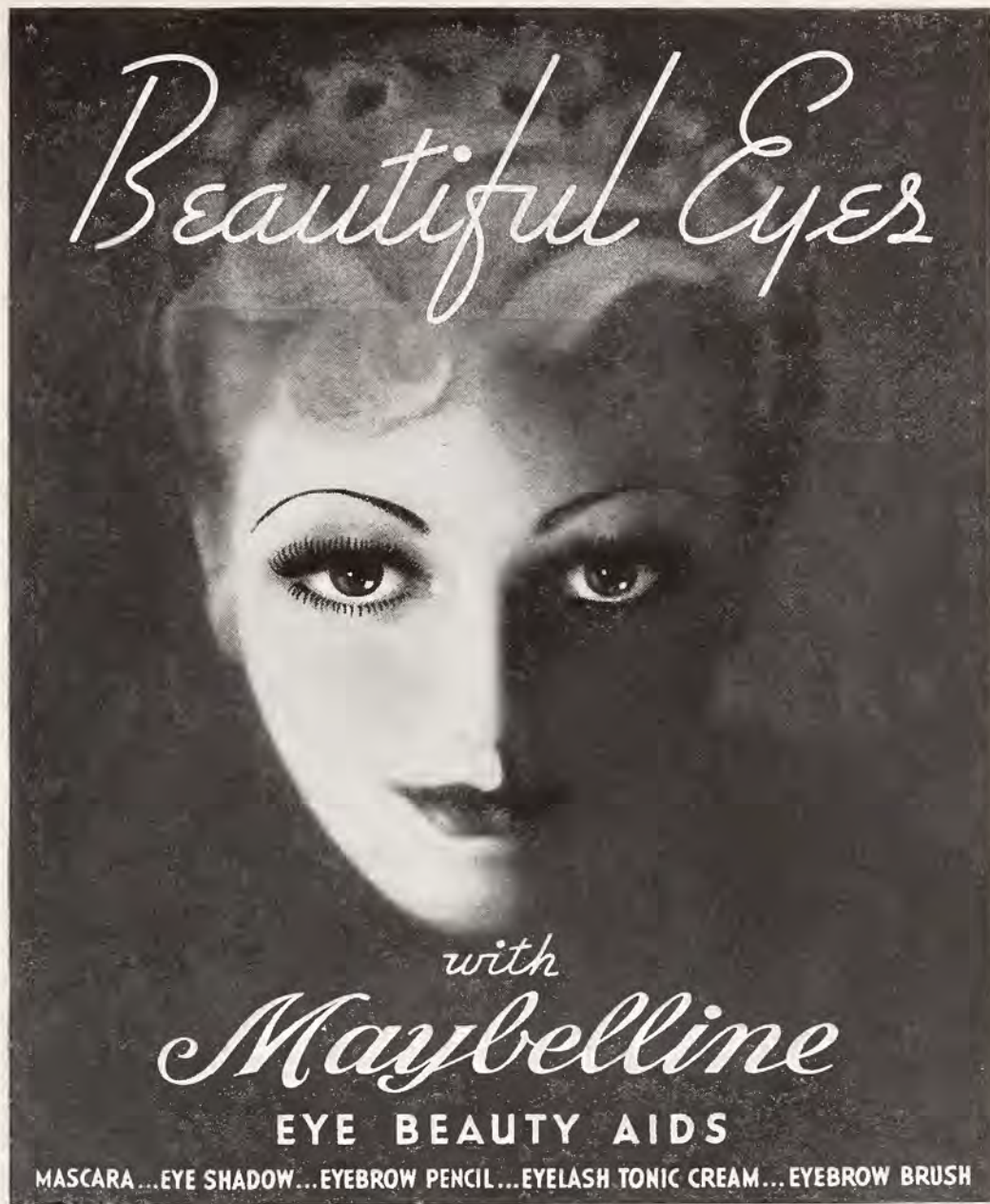
Maybe I'm all warmed up about this Carrillo person, but I'm not the only one. And, from what I have learned about him he must be a pretty worth while gentleman off the screen, as well as an actor.—Laura McCampbell, Knoxville, Tenn.

Attention, Folks!

I've read letters praising Gable, Harlow and every other screen star, but I haven't seen many praising John Howard, a newcomer to the screen. I went to see "Annapolis Farewell" because of Richard Cromwell, but came out raving about John Howard. I think that he, like Robert Taylor, should rise to screen fame because he's got what it takes to make the female heart throb—a healthy handsomeness, a grand speaking voice, plus acting ability. Those of you who have seen him must surely agree with me.—Movie Fan.

This and That

Why all the fuss simply because someone called Joan Crawford "the essence of artificiality?" Everyone has a right to his own opinion.



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MASCARA...EYE SHADOW...EYEBROW PENCIL...EYELASH TONIC CREAM...EYEBROW BRUSH



A quartette of famous gents stage a reunion at the Trocadero. Left to right, Spencer Tracy, John Barrymore (returned from his romantic wanderings), George Jessel and Joe Lewis.



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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 112-A Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

Personally, I can't see that Joan is the essence of anything. She is merely a mediocre actress, whom one might like, mildly, but forget easily if it weren't for her press agent. And that goes for Franchot Tone, too!

Some others that I've tried hard to rave over, but can't, are: Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Francis Lederer, John Boles, Spencer Tracy and Ronald Colman.

On the other hand, despite the fact that they're not widely ballyhooed, I never miss a picture of: Ralph Bellamy, Otto Kruger, Charles Bickford, Marion Nixon, David Manners and Jack Holt.—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

Youth Speaks Up

I guess it's about time "we young 'uns" spoke up. Where I hail from, practically two thirds of the movie-goers are between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Because of this fact, Hollywood ought to make the kind of pictures WE like to see. Humor and romance are a combination we crave.

Between you and me, "The Gay Deception" is an excellent example. Francis Lederer and Frances Dee were heart-filling. They fit perfectly into that type of role.

To the producers: Please let us have more of them (together, of course.)—"Fifteen," Worcester, Mass.

Open Letter to Mr. Dix

You've worked mighty hard, Richard Dix, kept your nose close to the proverbial grindstone—eleven years of stardom and eighty starring pictures! You made many sacrifices, old timer, "stayed the limit" when the going was tough. What a career you have had, combined with all the glory of achievement, fame, success, worry, trouble and unhappiness—all of which goes to make up a film star's life.

It hasn't all been in vain, however, Richard Dix—for we, your staunch and tried fans, will never forget your sterling portrayals brimming full of drama, in "The Christian," "The Vanishing Ameri-

can," "Cimmaron," and a score of others.—Hal Revine, Ottawa, Canada.

Watching a Climber

It is indeed gratifying to see Rochelle Hudson get recognition at last, and screen material worthy of her ability. She acts natural and is a likeable and interesting girl. She gave a grand performance in "Way Down East." What a grand picture! Simple and realistic!

I have watched her, with eager expectancy, climb the ladder of success ever since I saw her first in "Are These Our Children?" I am anxiously waiting to see her performances in "Show Them No Mercy" and "Rollin' Along."

I hope she will continue to play in pictures for many years to come.—Helen Talbott, Idaho Springs, Colo.

More of Melton

Having just seen James Melton in "Stars Over Broadway," I think that Warner Brothers should be congratulated upon having added such a beautiful voice and magnetic personality to their bevy of stars!

I know that Mr. Melton's admirers will be very happy to see their radio favorite and that they, like myself, will not be disappointed.

The best of luck to Jimmy Melton, and here's to his next film, "The Desert Song."—Vera Appleton, Bronx, N. Y.

Good Work

The movie industry is certainly finding out what the public likes in the way of pictures, because we have seen some splendid pictures during the last year or so. Those which stand out most in my mind are "Naughty Marietta," "Eskimo," "Imitation of Life," "David Copperfield," "Les Miserables," "Cardinal Richelieu" and "The Crusades."

I like a picture that has some weight, and sincerely hope that the Mae West variety is fading.—R. S., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 10)

grow in California on the place, including grain, fruit and nut trees. He boasts that it has already practically paid for itself and when directing palls on him he's going to become a farmer. . . . Margaret Lindsay goes to the movies for a good cry. She even sheds tears over her own performances on the screen. You can take this or not, but Morgoret's favorite dish is a mixture of limburger cheese and Bermuda onions on toast. . . . Alison Skipworth swore that she would never go into the fillums. But after 26 plays in succession on Broadway which all flopped, Miss Skipworth decided to try the movie pastures. She only signed a contract for four weeks, however, but that was five years ago and she hasn't left Hollywood since. Miss Skipworth loathes dogs of any kind, but adores cats of every description. Her home is a mecca for every feline in the community. . . . Bette Davis is the least superstitious actress in the colony. A broken mirror only bothers her thrifty nature and she's never been to a fortune teller in her life.

★★★★ Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)

This is Eugene O'Neill in his softest mood and M-G-M has wrought a tender, nostalgic picture from his great play. If you like an occasional evening at the movies where you can sit steeped in mem-

ory and moved by the charming home life of a simple Connecticut family of 1906, you will leave "Ah, Wilderness" with a great sense of satisfaction. Lionel Barrymore is magnificent as the understanding father of a large family. His scenes with his son, Richard, played with fire and pathetic youthful emotion by Eric Linden, are deeply moving. To say that they point a moral to all parents makes this sound too stuffy which it never is. Spring Byington as the mother, Wallace Beery as her roistering, tipsy brother, and Aline MacMahon, Cecilia Parker, Frank Albertson and Bonita Granville all give excellent performances. It's a homespun evening for all your family.

★★ The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)

It's about time that everyone stopped trying to make another "It Happened One Night" out in Hollywood. To waste good talent like Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray and Robert Young on a thin little story like this is a shame. Poor Fred MacMurray looks completely unhappy as a mulish magazine editor who has the bad luck to fall in love with Claudette, a cheeild of the idle rich who has to go to work on account of Pop, William Collier, Sr.,



Clark Gable and Charles Laughton in that grand film, "Mutiny on the Bounty."

is busted. Bob Young is the rich playboy with an unquenchable thirst and ditto love for Claudette. There are some laughs and smart lines but on the whole you end up not caring too much whether the bride gets home or not. Collier, Sr., deserves a special bravo for giving you some of the most entertaining moments in the picture.

★★★★ Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)

When a producer spends something like \$2,000,000 on a production he is entitled to expect from his director and the cast something well above the ordinary run of picture fare. "Mutiny on the Bounty" looks like two million dollars of any producer's money. Faithful to the Nordhoff-Hall best-seller of several years ago, it presents a vivid picture of the cruel Captain Bligh and the men to whom mutiny seems the only means of escape from his brutalities. Personally, we can't understand why the men of his majesty's ship, "The Bounty," didn't toss their captain into the briny, but perhaps we don't understand British naval regulations. Those who have read the book know that some of the mutineers were hauled back to England to stand trial, while the others remained on Pitcairn's Island to establish a new colony and, no doubt, a sequel to "Mutiny on the Bounty." Of the cast, Charles Laughton's Captain Bligh is villainously superb, and the portrayals of Clark Gable and Franchot Tone are first-rate, Tone being especially good in an impassioned plea at the trial for the mutineers. Here is really an epic of the sea.

Preview Postscripts

Production costs for this picture soared because of traveling expenses. Almost a year was spent in Tahiti by Director Frank Lloyd, a crew of cameramen and actors to get that realistic scenery. Mamo, the South Sea Island maiden, is a genuine article, too, for she was discovered while the crew was on location and signed to a contract. The entire cast was on location at Catalina Island for several weeks. Clark Gable rented a house over there and regaled his cronies with nightly bachelor dinners. Those scenes on the briny deep weren't faked on a puddle in the studio's back lot, either. Many of them were shot in Catalina Bay and at San Pedro. The "Pandora" and "Bounty" were as exact replicas of the original vessels as months of research and careful construction could make possible. Research on the picture has taken over three years. Natalie Bucknall, head of the M-G-M research department, and a



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"Of course we have a license," said Greg. "We'll go get it now!" Hand in hand Condry and Greg ran down the walk to his car. Condry was trembling so that her teeth were chattering. It was all so ghastly! "What—what are we going to do?" she whispered. . . .

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Peter Lorre and Marian Marsh
in "Crime and Punishment."

group of assistants devoted months to tracking down every clue on the real "Mutiny" trials, obtaining photostatic copies of material and unearthing every possible bit of information. The uniforms worn by the crew in the film are exactly like those in fashion on board the "Mutiny" a couple of centuries ago. Credit for this feat goes to Charles Laughton, who happened on the firm in London which has been in business for over two hundred years and were the makers of the original outfits. They were handed the costuming contract by the studio for the whole works. Director Lloyd can take dozens of bows on this one. He has had a hand in every phase of the picture including research, script writing, photographing and acting. Turning this story into a celluloid was Lloyd's idea in the beginning, some four years ago. He had visions of a top-notch thriller, but the studio biggies didn't. Perseverance in the face of such objections doesn't generally win out. So Mr. L. can take another bow. . . . That distracted look which the camera caught on the faces of Mr. Tone and Mr. Gable occasionally during the making of this picture can be understood now. Franchot was contemplating marriage, of course, and Clark a divorce. So that's that for awhile for both of them.

★★★★ I Dream Too Much (RKO-Radio)

With the arrival of Lily Pons, opera has now completed its invasion of Hollywood. And in Mlle. Pons' case, at least, it's all for the best, for while the young lady is not beautiful she is good to look upon, possesses an engaging accent, a surprising flair for comedy, and the best feminine voice that the sound screen has ever offered. In fewer words, Lily Pons is a hit in pictures. Her rendition of the bell song from "Lakme" is sure to be one of the high points of the present movie season. Its only fault is that it makes the excellent modern numbers by Jerome Kern suffer by comparison. The story concerns a young French girl who has a voice but whose only ambition is to have babies. During a night of revelry she meets and marries Henry Fonda, an American composer. While trying to sell his opera to an impresario (Osgood Perkins) she gets herself discovered and becomes an opera star. Husband resents his enforced role of a Mr. Nobody and walks out. Things straighten themselves out, however, and the result is a bright and merry musical which should have considerable appeal.

Henry Fonda stamps himself as an excellent leading man, and Osgood Perkins, seen too infrequently in pictures, makes his minor role stand out. Quite a few additional laughs are supplied by Eric Blore and The Duchess. The Duchess is a seal.

Preview Postscripts

Not content with luring stage luminaries to Hollywood, the movie moguls are raiding the Metropolitan ranks. Lily Pons is the latest to appear on the silver screen to the accompaniment of her canned golden voice. The diminutive Miss Pons was born in Cannes, daughter of an Italian mother and a French father. A delicate child, she was given vocal lessons for the deep breathing benefits. Her voice delighted everyone but Lily. She wanted to be a concert pianist and it was not until she had graduated from the Paris Conservatory of Music that she took up singing in earnest. Miss Pons' Metropolitan debut was made in 1931 and her transatlantic flight in 1934. This was a trip from Rio de Janeiro to Germany on the Graf Zeppelin. She has a passion for pets. Baby panthers, monkeys and a young zebra number among her favorites, though she's very partial to Jerry, the seal in this picture. The singer was a great favorite of Jerry's, too, who finally got to the point where she snubbed her trainer and would obey none but Miss Pons. The seal is a star in her own right. Her screen name is "The Duchess" and she hails from a tank at the San Diego Exposition. Jerry is talented—plays the bugle and flute—but temperamental. She took a great dislike to her stand-in, a blown-up rubber seal, and would not perform when it was on the set. Ronald, the rat who makes his debut in this picture, is also quite a personage. He received \$7.50 a day for his services according to the contract, while his trainer earned \$5. . . . Henry Fonda is the young man of a million ideas. He's an actor by accident, having decided an everything but a profession. Back in the Nebraska high school days Hank was a window-trimmer, ice-man and soda-jerker. Then he took the Minnesota University's journalism course, with an eye on playwriting and the Great American Novel. On Saturday afternoons he counseled a Boy Scout troop, coached basketball in the evenings and taught English at a Community Centre on the Sabbath. It wasn't a nervous breakdown, after all, but a financial one that forced him to accept a position with the Omaha Playhouse for a paltry sum. But it paved the way to Broadway where he married Miss Margaret Sullivan, was divorced by the same, and later made a hit in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."



Sylvia Sidney and Alan Baxter
in "Mary Burns, Fugitive."



Randolph Scott and Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose."

★★★ Crime and Punishment (Columbia)

You might call this "The Return of Von Sternberg." We don't mean that Joe is just back from his ancestral home in Brooklyn; we mean that this is his first really good picture in some time. You may recall that his last several efforts turned out to be nothing more than a series of lovely photographs of Marlene Dietrich. His new picture is completely equipped with motivation, a story, and two examples of fine acting. The story is Dostoevsky's, and is mainly concerned with the fear that grips a man who has committed a murder. The two acting lessons are furnished by Peter Lorre, as the criminal, and Edward Arnold, as the police inspector, who do much to give the story a vitality it would lack in the hands of actors less expert than they. Briefly, the story is this: Lorre, brilliant university graduate, finds himself unemployed and penniless. Recognized as an authority on crime, and actuated by a desire for enough money to bring him food and shelter and to prevent his sister from marrying a wealthy middle-aged dolt whom he detests, he commits what he believes to be a perfect murder, only to find himself driven almost mad by fear the minute suspicion is turned his way. It's a grim unreeling most of the way, with very little comedy relief, but it should win Lorre many new fans in America. In lesser roles, Marian Marsh and Tala Birell are both capable.

★★ Stars Over Broadway (Warner Bros.)

Here's a picture worth seeing just to hear. James Melton, screendom's newest songster, proves he has what it takes in the vocal line. After his "Celeste Aida" you will forget that the young man can't act. Pat O'Brien, in the role of a Broadway agent, thinks anyone who can render operatic arias like that should be pretty good crooner material. So he takes our hero in hand and makes him a "Star Over Broadway" via the ether waves. Mr. O'Brien, incidentally, is proving more versatile with every picture. In this he is a cynical guy who never cracks a smile until the fade-out. Jane Froman does some very satisfactory warbling while Frank McHugh furnishes the laughs as a song-plugging pest. Marie Wilson, another newcomer to the fillums, promises to be a fine comedienne and Jean Muir is pleasantly pretty in the romantic lead.

★★ Millions in the Air (Paramount)

With Major Bowes' radio amateur hour as its inspiration, "Millions in the Air" presents a fairly entertaining bit of diversion which ought to bring joy to the hearts of all loyal devotees of the gong. If memory isn't fooling, this is the first motion picture built entirely around an amateur hour, so—who knows?—maybe we're in for a series of them. The romance in this one is carried by Wendy Barrie, as the daughter of George Barbier, the program's sponsor, and John Howard, a crooning milkman. They meet—the handsome young milkman and the sponsor's daughter—and go on the hour with a song number. While their singing is not Grade A it seems to appeal to the audience, which yells for more, and thus a romance is started. The real entertainment in this exhibit is furnished by Willie Howard, for years one of Broadway's favorite comedians, who makes an auspicious screen debut as a would-be opera star who has been strictly amateur for twenty-five years. His burning ambition is to finish something—anything—from "Rigoletto" without accompaniment of the gong. There'll be more of Mr. Howard in pictures. Eleanore Whitney is a cute and capable tap dancer, and others who furnish amusing bits are Robert Cummings and Inez Courtney.

★★★★ So Red the Rose (Paramount)

The South, before and after the war, comes to life again under the able supervision of King Vidor, and with considerable help from Margaret Sullavan, whose performances are always interesting. "So Red the Rose" tells what the Civil War did to the South, not by exhibiting battle scenes, but by singling out one southern family and showing what it did to them. The Bedfords, headed by Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher, live a happy and peaceful existence with their plantation and their daughter, Margaret Sullavan, a real flower of the old South who is in love with her cousin, Randolph Scott, who manages the plantation. The war breaks out, and the head of the house and his son go off to battle and to their death. When cousin Randolph the last to go, returns home at the end of the war he finds the Bedford mansion burned to the ground and the women of the family living in the old slaves' quarters. "So Red the Rose" should appeal to everyone.



Paul Muni and Josephine Hutchinson in "The Story of Louis Pasteur."

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Preview Postscripts

The sons and daughters of the Old South in this play really are from Dixie; Margaret Sullivan was born in Virginia, a direct descendant of Robert E. Lee. Randolph Scott is also a Virginian and a graduate of the University of North Carolina. Harry Ellerbe is a native of Georgia and Elizabeth Patterson comes from Savannah, huh. An entire Southern village and countryside was constructed for the setting. A plantation sprung up in Sherwood Forest, forty miles from Hollywood. Over a hundred carpenters and painters lived on the location for three weeks. Beside building the large mansions, quarters had to be put up for five hundred slaves. The battlefield of Shiloh took more than two weeks to complete. All shrubs, flowers and vines were transported to Sherwood, planted and watered for three months before they could appear a natural part of the scenery. Interior scenes were shot on the studio sets. These contained some of the costliest "props" ever to be assembled on a set. For neither expense nor effort was spared to find authentic antiques to re-create the spirit of the time. William G. Beymer, noted authority on the Civil War period, was sent through the South to collect antiques and check on all the props and costumes to be used. Randolph Scott found that all those "horse operas" in which he was cast for his first few years in Hollywood weren't all lost time. But he wishes he had learned to be as much at home with a gun as he is on a horse. While doing a quail hunting scene on location, Randy pulled the trigger of an old-fashioned rifle and the ancient firearm promptly exploded, hurling the copper percussion cap into the flesh below his eye. First-aid treatment by the doctor, on location with the company, was administered and the ex-cowboy was advised to use only slingshots from then on.

★ Broadway Hostess

(Warner Bros.)

If Broadway were as uninteresting as some of the pictures about it, a wholesale evacuation would seem to be in order. This little number is not completely bad, nor is it good. Its theme is that startlingly new one which states that while Broadway and Park Avenue are but a drink or two apart on the city map, there's a social wall between them which is rarely scaled, and then only by guys with courage and persistence, such as, in our case, Lyle Talbot. Lyle is a Broadway boy who manages Winifred Shaw, a night club torch chanter. On Park Avenue we have Genevieve Tobin, who plays around with Lyle merely for the laughs. She's not sincere, see, but guess who is? The Broadway chanteuse. But Lyle wants the daughter of Park Avenue, and he starts a campaign to dazzle her with his wealth by opening a swank gambling joint. The place prospers until he gets himself in a jam with Genevieve's brother, a cad if ever we saw one—and we've seen one. From there on things are a bit too complicated to report, so let's just say that Phil Regan sings well in a supporting role and Allen Jenkins furnishes the so-called comedy relief.

★ One Way Ticket

(Columbia)

Perhaps you'd prefer a round-trip ticket on this one, for you may not want to stay long. Anyway, it's all about Lloyd Nolan, who is caught robbing a bank of \$47.98, or some such sum, which is the exact amount his father had hoarded there when

the bank closed its doors permanently. Lloyd gets a one-way ticket to the state penitentiary, where he captures the eye of Peggy Conklin. Peggy is not, as the country club set puts it, in stir—she happens to be the daughter of the captain of the guards, who is Walter Connolly. All of which elevates Lloyd to the post of gardener for the Connollys and the Conklins, and goes to prove that stone walls do not a prison make, for when Peggy goes off to college whom do you suppose she finds in her trunk? Right. Lloyd takes it on the lam, and turns up later as gardener at Peggy's sorority house. When the authorities close on him he grabs Peggy and dashes away to a hideout. The law is not to be denied, however, and both Lloyd and Peggy are apprehended. This time they both go to jail, promising, of course, to wait for each other. Somehow there didn't seem to be much choice in that decision.

★★★★ Mary Burns, Fugitive

(Walter Wanger-Paramount)

If you're looking for excitement, this picture will provide plenty. Thrills and chills are packed into the plot, besides as absorbing a love story as you've seen in many a movie moon. You'll be glad to find Sylvia Sydney in a role that does her justice, even if the law doesn't. She is Mary Burns who turns fugitive because of an unjust prison term given her for supposedly aiding U. S. A.'s current Enemy No. 1. Alan Baxter is the meanie who causes all the trouble for Mary and the G-Men. The characterization doesn't allow this screen newcomer much sympathy, but it should reap him a goodly supply of fan mail. Melvyn Douglas does a good job of making a snow-blind explorer romantic, while Pert Kelton and Brian Donlevy are too convincing for comfort as the toughest toughs ever to leer into a camera. The entire cast is competent and with a good yarn to boot this picture comes under the heading of excellent entertainment.

★★★ In Person

(RKO-Radio)

Seems rather strange seeing Ginger Rogers without Fred Astaire these days, but it should help to prove that the Rogers gal is capable of stepping out on her own when she's called upon to do so. In this one she is paired with George Brent, who, let us assure you right now, executes not one single dance step in the entire picture. George, in fact, is a sullen sort of guy who finds himself encumbered (the thought is Mr. Brent's) with Ginger as his guest at a cabin in the mountains. Miss R. is a movie queen who is suffering a nervous breakdown from an over dose of autograph fiends. In a disguise which is second only to a Karloff horror picture, she is "getting away from it all" in the pleasant mountain surroundings. For Mr. Brent's fans, it must be said that his intentions are nothing but honorable. He doesn't know Ginger is a Glamor Girl, and he has taken her to the mountain retreat only as a favor to his uncle. Yes, we said uncle. From there on things get complicated, as well they might, and in the process you are witness to a bright and diverting comedy and a couple of excellent Rogers' song and dance numbers. Alan Mowbray, Grant Mitchell and Samuel Hinds do well with the supporting roles.

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Connie Bennett is leaving Hollywood for awhile to do a couple of pictures for GB in London. She will do "Everything Is Thunder" and "The Hawk."

★★★ Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)

If it may be said that Samuel Goldwyn has a standard, it may also be said that "Splendor" is not up to it. Goldwyn productions, as a rule, are known for their excellent stories as well as for their handsome settings. In this latest number, the inferior quality of the story seems more obvious against the commendable backgrounds Mr. Goldwyn has provided for it. What we're trying to say is that "Splendor" is good, average entertainment, and perhaps we shouldn't expect more than that, so let's get on with the story. Briefly, it's this: Joel McCrea, son of a proud and once wealthy family, marries Miriam Hopkins, much to the aforesaid family's horror, for they expected him to marry Ruth Weston, an heiress friend who could have paid off the McCrea mortgage. Under the pressure from the family, and in an effort to get Joel on his feet financially, Miriam is forced into a situation with his cousin, Paul Cavanagh. Comes the denouement, and finally a happy understanding between the co-stars. Miss Hopkins has never been photographed more beautifully, and her presence adds considerably to the picture's entertainment value. The rest of the cast is first-rate, with a special nod in the direction of Ruth Weston, who makes the heiress believable and human.

★★★★ The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)

This is definitely not one of those "fair and Warner" pictures. It is tops in entertainment and marks an important step forward in the motion picture industry. The studio has given us here the biography of a great man. And when they prove how absorbing a drama can be built from the drab facts of a scientist's life, a whole new field for screen material is opened. The story of Louis Pasteur's love for humanity has more intense interest than any screen romance yet unreel. Paul Muni's characterization of Pasteur is beautifully done. The great kindness and patience of the scientist is portrayed so understandingly by Muni that he makes him an unforgettable personality. Josephine Hutchinson is well cast as the wife of Pasteur who comforted and believed in her husband when the world was scorning his theories. They are driven from Paris by the King's wrath after Pasteur discovers the cause of child-birth infections which have resulted in innumerable deaths. Then Pasteur is scorned by the French Medical Academy for his theory of vaccination and is subjected to the world's ridicule over his cure for hydrophobia. In the midst of his troubles, the scientist is stricken with paralysis. The plot is engrossing throughout, packed with suspense and dramatic situations. Anita Louise and Donald Woods are capable in minor roles, as is Fritz Leiber.

Preview Postscripts

This picture took only six weeks to shoot, but actual work took over two years. Research for the story was a long and involved procedure. All the instruments used in the laboratory scenes were authentic to the period. The microscopes were genuine ones used in that day, and other instruments which could not be traced were made according to Pasteur's sketches of them. The palace set was the most elaborate constructed on the studio sets, although the amphitheatre and Pasteur home necessitated weeks of construction. The French Provincial farmhouse was located after scouring the entire countryside. It took all of three weeks to perfect



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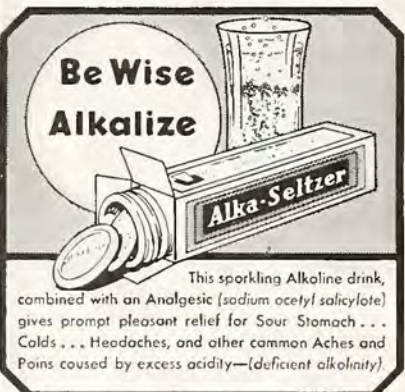
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TUNE IN
THE ANNUAL
BARN DANCE
SATURDAY NIGHT
NBC NETWORK



Jean Parker's back from England where she made "The Ghost Goes West" with Robert Donat.



The "doubles" for famous stars make an interesting group. The stand-in for Claudette Colbert is Pluma Noisom; for Crawford, Kasha Le Seuer; for Garbo, Chris Meeker and for Mae West, Virginia Rendell.

Poul Muni's make-up. The pictures of Posteur showed a fuller face and higher forehead than that of Muni. Finally a make-up was perfected which looked exactly like the pictures of the scientist, though it took three hours every day to get it on the Muni face.

★★ Another Face (RKO-Radio)

This was originally titled "It Happened in Hollywood"—and such a series of situations could have happened in no other place. It's as hilariously improbable as the town itself and just as worth seeing. The yarn concerns an ex-killer (Brian Donlevy) who has his pugilistic nose remodeled. With the new streamlined profile he heads for Hollywood and is an over-night sensation. It looks like this novel form of hideout from Uncle Sam's sleuths is going to work for several reels before the dashing Donlevy gets tripped up. Molly Lamont, a new English actress, gives an excellent performance as the tripper-upper and Phyllis Brooks is good as the romantic blonde. Wallace Ford, the publicity-mad press agent, and Alan Hale, as the distraught "quickie" producer, furnish a year's quota of laughs. There is no lack of suspense, either, up to the climax when our hero holds G-Men and studio officials at the point of a gun after they have set an elaborate trap for him. Sure, it's drammer in large doses and completely silly in spots, but this celluloider is worth the price of admission any day. The good performances of the various members of the cast will surprise you considering that there isn't a prominent name in the entire list.

Preview Postscripts

This was a phenomenal picture, for most of it was shot without sets of any kind. The important scenes were taken at the studio gates, outside the sound sets, on the cot-walks (those high beams across the studio stages) and in odd corners of the lot. So if you want the low-down on the interiors of the studios you'll get the real thing here. To the luck of the Irish is what Brian Donlevy attributes his speedy rise in the cinema. Though he was born in Wisconsin, Brian's parents come from the Emerald Isle, and belong to the Donlevy whiskey tribe. He was enrolled by his hopeful parents in a military academy, but learning didn't take, so Brian ran away at sixteen and joined the army. After developing that jaw in military combat, Mr. Donlevy offered the Arrow Collar people the chance to photograph it. He was the best known Arrow Collar lad in the country. Jack Mulhall and Neil Hamilton were working in the same business in those days. . . . Wolcott Ford has never been to school a day in his life. He was an orphan at nine and adopted by a Manitoba farmer. But tilling the good earth didn't appeal to Wallace so he hopped a freight train to St. Joseph a year later and began looking around for a means of livelihood. Theodore Roberts' Stock Company was in that town and Master Ford was given a job ushering. He finally worked up to be doorman, stage hand and at last got onto the stage itself. Now he's a member of the Lomb's Club in good standing and is famed as Hollywood's super story teller. No dialects excluded, including Ethiopian. Eric Rhodes, attention Mr. Ripley, is a Phi Beta Kappa. You can check with the University of Oklahoma on that.

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The Jan Kiepura stories continue to drift in. The Polish tenor, while making his first American picture, "Give Us This Night," with Gladys Swarthout, had the boys at Paramount pretty much on edge with his temperament. Perhaps you've heard that he never speaks for two hours before he is to sing, and that he once made Bing Crosby put out a pipe in his presence. The best Kiepura tale, however, concerns Jack Oakie and his man Henderson. The Hendersons claim to fame in Hollywood is that Cracker acts as combination stooge and valet for Gary Cooper, and Cracker No. 2 fills the same position for Jack Oakie. During the making of "Collegiate," Jack sent his man to the wardrobe to bring back the clothes he was to wear for the day's scenes. Two hours later Cracker No. 2 returned empty-handed and announced: "I can't get a thing, Jack. Everybody over there is running around getting clothes for a guy named John Shapiro!"

Here's more foreign news. Mlle. Simone Simon, who arrived in these hills only a few months ago with no knowledge of English, is learning, but not rapidly. The other evening at a night club the little lady was shocked to note a lengthy split in the seam of her gown which revealed considerable Gallic anatomy. She hastened to a dressing room attendant who sewed it up, after which the Mlle., full of gratitude, smiled and said: "I beg your pardon very much." At that, the gal is making better progress than Anna Sten, but Sten was handicapped—she learned English from Sam Goldwyn!

Binnie Barnes is one of Hollywood's most consistent party throwers—and you'd be, too, if you had a swell little home in the hills such as Binnie possesses. A big affair recently honored Sophie Tucker, the last—

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The truth about a love affair so powerful that it led to murder . . . ?

The story of the jilted suitor whose jealousy led him to commit a most shocking crime . . . ?

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INSIDE DETECTIVE

"America's Most Interesting Fact-Detective Magazine"
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A more down-to-earth barroom banquet tossed by Pinky Tomlin and Coy Poe. Looking around for an excuse to celebrate, they found a swell one when they learned that their original screen musical, "The Arkansas Traveler," had been sold to 20th Century-Fox. It was one of those typically corned gatherings where all the gals were given rural costumes and the men folks were stopped at the door and adorned with whiskers. Among the neighbors, who carried on until almost milkin' time, were Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, who seldom go partying, Tom Brown with Phyllis Fraser (Ginger's cousin), Toby Wing and Bob Hoover, and that retired old millionaire, Jackie Coogan, with Betty Grable. Music was provided by a one-man band, which gave everybody a chance to get up and shake the hay out of their hair.

You probably didn't know that Joan Bennett has an extra large yen to become an interior decorator, but hubby Gene Markey knows it, and with regrets. When Gene arrives home late from the studio he usually expects to find all the furniture in his room completely switched around. He doesn't mind that so much, but what really gets him is to find that his own private den has suddenly become the kiddies' playroom, and that his bedroom, since he last saw it, has been converted into a nursery. Joan really does some tasty decorating, according to Gene, but he wishes she'd furnish maps before she swings into action.

Funny how rumors spread in Hollywood. A couple of months ago, gay Saturday night affairs were hushed by the report that Claudette Colbert had been killed in an auto accident on the way to Palm Springs. The fact that there was no authentic source for the rumor doesn't mean a thing out here, for one of the

we'll gladly
the portly Mr. A. says
he's played so many detective roles that he looks exactly like one—from the top of his head to the flat of his feet, you might say. To prove it he says he once followed a rough looking gent along the Bowery in New York, getting pointers for a detective play he was about to go into. After an hour of amateur sleuthing, the guy, according to Eddie, suddenly turned around and said, "All right, brother, take me to the station. I guess you got me."

Want to know what a chorus girl thinks about, or aren't you caring? Well, a questionnaire submitted to over forty charmers on "The Great Ziegfeld" set reveals that their favorite living person is Franklin D. Roosevelt, with Marconi a rather surprising second. Their favorite author is Dickens, by a nose, with Somerset Maugham at his heels. Even Leslie Howard drew a vote in this department—someone must have been reading his mail. Asked what they would do with a million dollars, one lovely lady replied: "Try and keep it." Others would buy yachts, take piano lessons, endow hospital rooms, and several would simply relax and spend it. About the only thing the girls agreed upon was that Bill Powell is their favorite actor. There's a bit of a bribe connected with that admission, however, for every afternoon during production Bill kept the shapely misses well stocked with hot dogs and ice cream cones.

Despite indignant denials from both sides, the big romance of the month is that of Sybil Jason and Dickie Moore. Moore, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, still single despite his seven years, was working in "Anthony Adverse" when the brazen Jason spied him. She liked his looks, asked him to lunch, and he accepted. Since then they've been seen together on several occasions, and those in the know predict wed-

ding bells, unless some streamlined siren like Shirley Temple steps into the picture.

Speaking of the Temple miss, that young lady is doing mighty well for herself these days. During 1936, what with her studio contract and royalties from commercial products, Shirley's income will approximate \$5,000 per week, which is enough, according to reports, to keep even a movie queen in kindergarten. With her father a bank employee and her mother one of the shrewdest business managers in Hollywood, it is safe to assume that most of Shirley's shekels are being tucked away for what is referred to, outside of California, as a rainy day.

At the preview of "The Story of Louis Pasteur," practically everyone connected with this good picture was on hand to share the bows and applause except the guy who deserved most of them. Paul Muni was decidedly missing. Even Mrs. Muni didn't know where the wandering husband was, although she intimated he had been spending a good deal of his time in the Chinese quarter of Los Angeles—just walking around getting in the mood for his role in "The Good Earth." Either Mr. M. is a thorough, painstaking sort of guy, or Mrs. M. is the best press agent in town.

Add to the Powell-Blondell romance notes: Joan recently sold her house on Lookout Mountain, where she and George Barnes staged their "ideal marriage," which was received so well by the critics but flopped after a brief run. Now Joan has herself a home at Toluca Lake, not far from the menage of Dick Powell. You might say it's just around the crooner, but you probably wouldn't.

A stage star's understudy gets a break once in a while in movie versions of Broadway musicals, but you never hear of a movie hero's stand-in except in an occasional fan story when he is allowed to tell the interviewer what a great guy the star is. So try and act surprised when we tell you that Bill Powell's stand-in will actually be seen in a picture. For five years, W. W. Dearborn, who is a chiropractor in his off moments, has faced the lights for Powell. In "The Great Ziegfeld," in which Bill has the title role, you'll see his chiropractor-stand-in portraying Daniel Frohman.

Can you imagine a crooner on horseback? You'll be seeing one in Paramount's "Rhythm on the Range," which will have Bing Crosby doing his husky baritone stuff astride a spirited nag. It's a western with music, and it is to be hoped that it doesn't give the regular western stars ideas—or the horses, either, for that matter. The nags are no strangers to Bing, who has a string of them burning up the turf at Santa Anita right now, so we look for a very swell picture. Besides, a horse opera now and then ought to take off some of the crooner's excess avoirdupois.

One of the most rabid autograph hounds in Hollywood is Fred Keating, the guy who

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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.

gave up magic for the movies. Fred doesn't get his signatures from the stars, though. He gets them from his fans. When he received his first request for an autographed picture he offered an even trade—a photo for a photo. Right now the Keating den contains what is probably the only collection of fan pictures in the world. And some of them, it is our duty to report, are pretty weird.

Talked to Nelson Eddy on the "Rose Marie" set shortly before its completion, and found him in a high state of uncertainty. Seems he had been asked to sing on one of Grace Moore's radio programs. Miss Moore, who does her chanting for a product which keeps one's larynx in shape, was ill with—heaven forbid!—a sore throat. "Do you think I ought to do it?" asked Mr. E. "They've offered me \$3,000, and I certainly could use it." So he sang for Gracie, and do you know why he needed that three grand? Well, he bought himself an electric organ.

If you saw Lily Pons sing her "Lakme" number in "I Dream Too Much," you'll probably remember that the costume revealed an ample portion of Mlle. Pons. Well, it seems the little lady was posing, in costume, for an advertisement when the photographer politely informed her that the president of the firm was something of a strict old gent, and would mademoiselle mind—well, covering up a bit. Lily complied, but not without comment. In her very best American, she announced, as she flung a robe about her: "You can tell Meestaire President for me—noots!"

Playing a circuit of famous Hollywood homes right now is an extremely amusing film, called "Blow-Ups." It consists of shots, with sound, of a number of our better-known stars, taken a moment after they've blown up their lines or forgotten a piece of business in a scene. Most of the epithets unfurled are strictly for private consumption, especially the vivid exclamations of one of your favorite portrayers of sophisticated roles. That gal knows more words than the Truck Drivers' Union!

Ever since Carole Lombard rented the Fun House at Venice and tossed a party that had everyone rubbing liniment on their spines for weeks, Hollywood hostesses have been frantic for novel (Hollywood for "screwy") party ideas. Sooo, when Grace Bradley came forth with the announcement that she was to sponsor a hay-ride party and barn dance, there was much tearing of blondined locks along the Boulevard. One star even offered Grace a check for \$500 for the idea, but Grace turned her down and the Bradley bucolic goings-on are now part of Hollywood history.

Dropped in on the "Follow the Fleet" set and watched Ginger Rogers deliver a song number to a gang of sailors and their sweethearts. It was a dance hall scene, with the steppers picked from a local dime-a-struggle emporium, and their fancy ballroom manners furnish a lot of amusement for Fred Astaire, who was watch-

ing them from the sidelines. Ginger's stand-in, by the way, is Marie Osborne, who is about Ginger's age and bears an amazing resemblance to the Rogers gal. She was once Baby Marie Osborne, one of the best known child stars of the old silent days. At that time Ginger's only claim to fame was that her mother, Leila Rogers, wrote the scripts for the Osborne epics.

The rage at Palm Springs this year is the Racquet Club, and every week-end its pool and bar are cluttered with film favorites. All of which brings considerable joy to Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell, who own the place. The boys must be taking their work seriously, for we saw them in the Brown Derby the other day in a huddle with the management over an ice-encrusted Planter's Punch. The B. D. was busy explaining and demonstrating their specialty, and Messrs. Farrell and Bellamy, between sips, industriously jotted down directions for making them.

Now that Joel McCrea is once more a proud pap, this little item can be told. A few days before he started work on "These Three" with Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon, his studio wanted him for a series of special poses with the two gals. The morning of the appointment arrived, as did a frantic call from McCrea to the studio. "Look," yelled Joel, "I can't possibly pose today. I've just had a baby. I've been up all night, and I look terrible!" Before the studio man could learn that it was a boy, and that it was really Frances Dee who had it, Mr. McC. had hung up. What price fatherhood?

It's always pleasant to ballyhoo an oncoming youngster. In this case it's blonde Marie Wilson, who furnishes the only bright moments in "Miss Pacific Fleet," and who is destined to go places. As the ga-ga young lady who wanders about the screen looking for a sailor named Smith, Miss Wilson's performance is just about tops in the dead pan department. Our spies tell us that she is a local product, hailing from a



How do you like Harlow's new brownette locks? She's with Edith Fellows at the opening of Max Factor's new salon. And isn't that some hat?

nearby small town, and that her natural shyness makes this type of role quite simple for her. And that's probably the first time bashfulness ever paid in Hollywood.

Now that "Anthony Adverse" has finally gone before the cameras, probably the busiest guy on the set is George E. Stone. Mr. S. plays the role of "The Cat," and he is only too glad to buttonhole anyone within buttonholing range and impart the information that his make-up requires three and a half hours every morning, and that its application requires the assistance of two men. The worst part of it is, says George, that the finished product doesn't look at all like the original. That's what worried him the other day on the set when a fair weather friend told him he was looking great.

Gertrude Michael has recovered from her unfortunate automobile accident and she's devoting most of her spare moments to Dr. Wallace Neighbor, the medico who pulled her through. Some say it's gratitude, but there are those who call it love.

Michael Bartlett's most cherished possession these days is a concert grand piano, the gift of Theodore Steinway. The piano is installed in Bartlett's Bel Air home, and the reason he's so fond of it is that Steinway has presented only one other piano in these parts, and that one went to Lawrence Tibbett.

And Paula Stone, one of the town's lovelier red-heads, has just put her signature on a long-term contract with Warner Brothers. Daughter of Fred Stone, and one of the most beau-brummeled gals in Hollywood, Paula drew her first movie pay-check several years ago as an extra in the Will Rogers picture, "They Had to See Paris." Incidentally, over the fireplace in the Stone home hangs an oil painting of Rogers which is the most lifelike portrait of Will we've ever seen.

Gals, if you want to know how Grace Moore keeps that figure, here's her secret. She says tennis does it. When asked how many sets a day she indulges in, she replied that she never plays the game—she just watches it. Her husband, Valentin Parera, does the tennis playing for the family, and Grace is his gallery whenever she's not working. How watching tennis keeps a gal's figure Miss M. doesn't seem to know, but she insists it's worth a try.

A lot of youse guys will no doubt be pleased to learn that George Bancroft has returned to the screen. In fact, "Hell Ship Morgan" will probably be at your local theatre any minute now. Remember when George was all the rage in the days when he was the screen's Number One portrayer of he-men roles? Back in them days they used to say that Mrs. B. woke George every morning by waving half an orange under the Bancroft nostrils. Now that George is back playing tough guys once more, they're saying the orange doesn't work—any more. He's so tough he insists on half a lemon.

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