

AND YOUR SNAPSHOT - WIN TRIP TO EUROPE!

See Page 24

Modern Screen

SEPTEMBER



10 CENTS

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OF ANY
SCREEN MAGAZINE

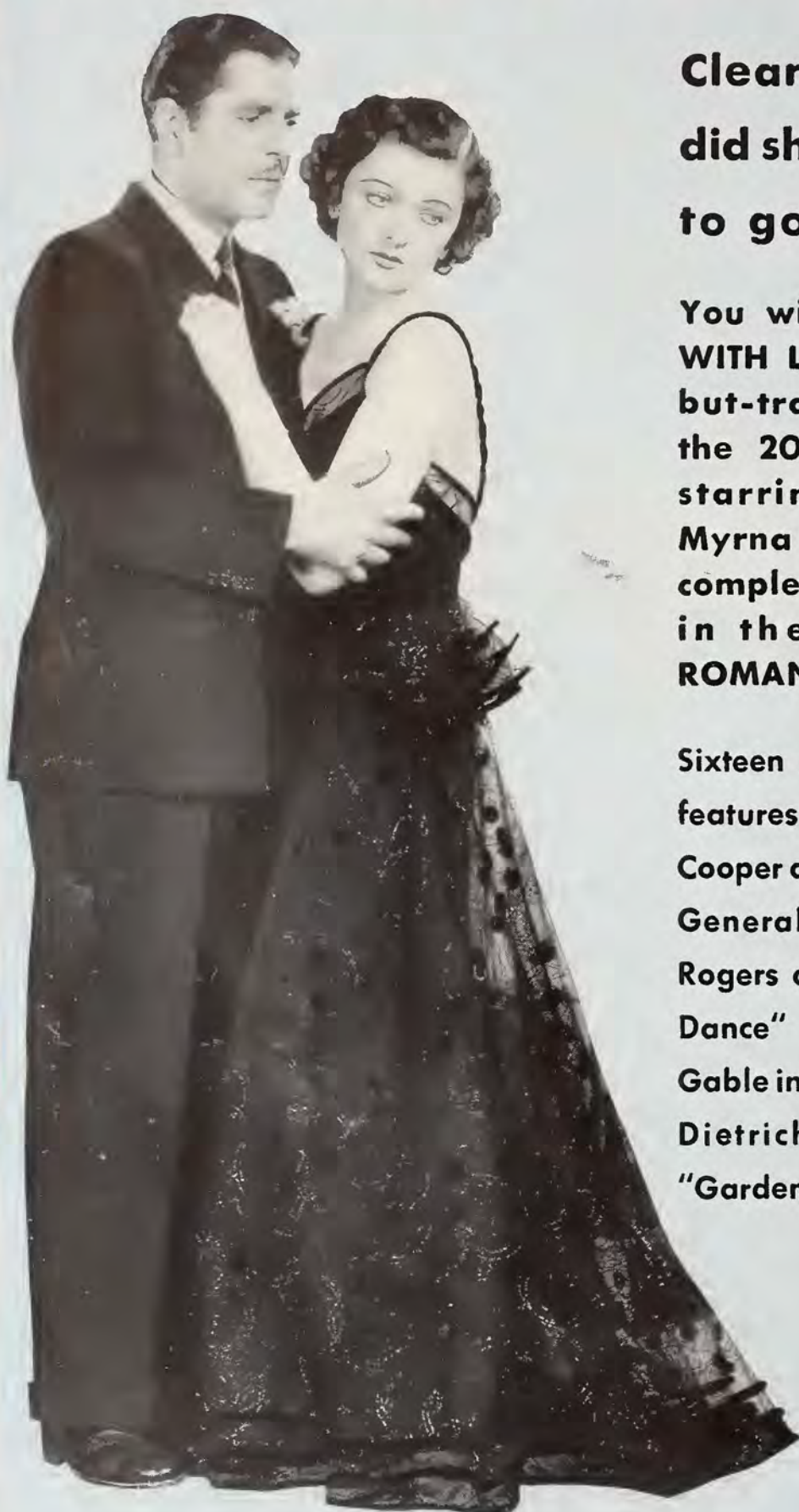
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CAROLE
LOMBARD

*Earl
Chaplin*

Inside Stories About
GABLE, HARLOW, CROSBY,
DIETRICH, SULLAVAN and
many Others

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT -



**Clearly she saw it—but
did she have the courage
to go through with it?**

**You will thrill to "TO MARY—
WITH LOVE," a tender and all-
but-tragic romance, based on
the 20th Century-Fox picture,
starring Warner Baxter and
Myrna Loy. Be sure to read the
complete story of this new hit
in the September SCREEN
ROMANCES.**

**Sixteen complete screen stories and
features for September include: Gary
Cooper and Madeleine Carroll in "The
General Dies At Dawn" • Ginger
Rogers and Fred Astaire in "I Won't
Dance" • Marion Davies and Clark
Gable in "Cain and Mabel" • Marlene
Dietrich and Charles Boyer in
"Garden of Allah."**

ALSO

**A COMPLETE NOVEL
"LOST HORIZON"**

starring

RONALD COLMAN

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

SEPTEMBER Issue Now On Sale Everywhere

MARY OF SCOTTLAND



History's greatest love story

... told on a screen athrill with pageantry and conflict!... Two nations tremble as two women clash—and a fighting son of Scotland goes to war!... in the sweeping human drama of the virgin queen whose passion was her greed for power... and of the fiery queen who threw away her throne for love!

KATHARINE HEPBURN ★ **FREDRIC MARCH**

in RKO-RADIO'S glorious picturization
of MAXWELL ANDERSON'S outstanding
stage success with

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE ★ **DOUGLAS WALTON** ★ **JOHN CARRADINE**
and a tremendous cast of famous stars

Directed by

JOHN FORD **RKO-RADIO PICTURE**

Produced by Pandro S. Berman

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The Luxury of
Quality
plus Quantity



CHIC is a luxurious polish, yet it comes in an extra large bottle that makes your love of sumptuousness a real economy. With Chic only 10c, you can afford several lovely shades. Chic applies satiny smooth. It never chips or peels and its jewel colors range from natural to exotic. With Chic Polish Remover, plain or oily, and Chic Cuticle Remover, a Chic manicure takes less time than a "make-up." Chic gives the ultimate in quality, speed of application, luminous smart tones; in an over-sized bottle that will satisfy your desire for both beauty and value.

Chic Manicure Requisites at
all Five and Ten Cent Stores 10¢

MODERN SCREEN

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AMERICA'S
GORGEOUS
GIRL FRIEND

meets

AMERICA'S
NEWEST
HEART THROB



"No Man Who Kisses You Once
Will Ever Be Content..."

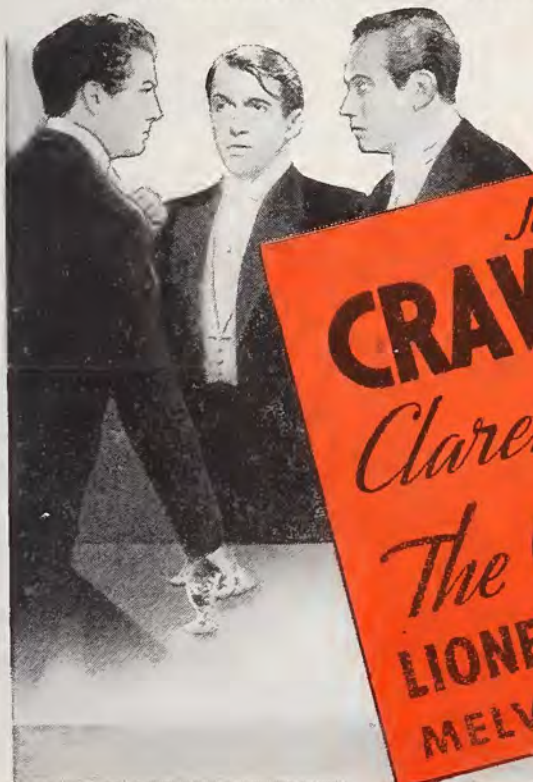
M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

*Six Headline Stars in the New
Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama*

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!



Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas (both below)...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage — Franchot Tone (above).



Robert
TAYLOR
Joan
CRAWFORD IN
Clarence Brown's Production
The GORGEOUS HUSSY
LIONEL BARRYMORE • FRANCHOT TONE
MELVYN DOUGLAS • JAMES STEWART

Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN

Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

SCOTT SHOTS



Cinemaland went on the air with a bang recently. (Top to bottom) If you had your radio tuned properly, no doubt you heard lovely Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable do "The Legionnaire and the Lady," the radio version of "Morocco." More recently you might have been entertained by Director W. S. Van Dyke, Myrna Loy and William Powell via the air waves. And more "big names" are promised for future broadcasts!

Cesar Romero, attentive to Virginia Bruce, snapped at the tennis matches. Next, Ralph and Frank Morgan, famous brothers, have a laugh with Arline Judge at the Actors' Benefit Rally. Attending the Benefit, too, are those three old troupers, Fred Stone, Billie Burke and "Chic" Sale.





UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM
POWELL
AS THE BUTLER

CAROLE
LOMBARD
AS THE DEBUTANTE

in

"MY MAN GODFREY"

with

Alice Brady • Gail Patrick • Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette • Alan Mowbray

From Eric Hatch's glorious Liberty Magazine serial "Irene, The
Stubborn Girl," and "My Man Godfrey," the popular novel version

Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

REVIEWS



(Above) "The Road to Glory" is a highly exciting war picture with Fredric March and June Lang in leading roles. (Above, right) W. C. Fields' latest fun-fest is "Poppy." Rochelle Hudson is featured with him. (Right) Jack Haley, Shirley Temple and Alice Faye in a scene from the newest version of "The Poor Little Rich Girl."



By Leo Townsend

★★★ The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox)

"Road to Glory" is a war picture. Some audiences will call it an indictment of war, and others will regard it as a glorification of it. Whatever it is, it's good drama and at times it's highly exciting, which should be enough to recommend it to most picture-goers. In the cast are Warner Baxter, Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore and June Lang. March's young lieutenant is the best thing he's done in some time, and Baxter's portrayal of a hard-bailed captain is excellent, but some sort of honors should go to Miss Long. Playing a nurse, she manages to go through the entire picture and most of the war without ever having to don a nurse's uniform and without ever mussing her make-up. While other nurses perform their duties in proper attire, Miss Long wanders about in a tightly fitting low-necked dress and a long bob which must have proved highly disconcerting to the lome and the halt. If this inconsistency doesn't worry you, you'll find "Road to Glory" first-rate drama. In a sup-

8

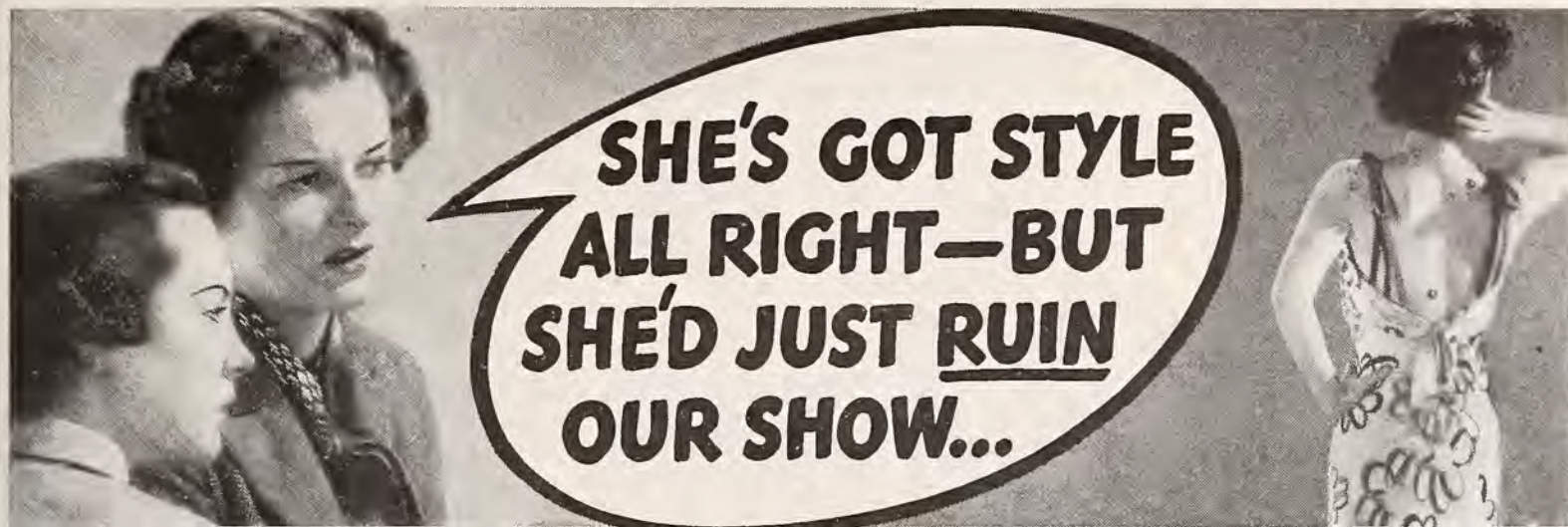
porting role, Gregory Ratoff does well with a comedy assignment.

Preview Postscript

June Lang's more than stepping up the success ladder out at 20th Century-Fox. Born June Vlasak, she went to school in Minneapolis and drifted out to California with her family to finish high school in Hollywood. Extra work appealed to her more than the pin-money angle than the career, but, catching the eye of studio biggies, she suddenly found herself heading starward. This, of course, didn't happen in one fell blow, since June knows what it is to be a stock girl out of work at times, too. However, June held up production on this one for a while. In an emotional scene in which she was supposed to face Warner Baxter, made up in grime and blood, June took one look at Warner's too realistic make-up and fainted quietly away.

★★★ The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)

This, of course, is a Shirley Temple (Continued on page 10)



READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW



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

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

(Continued from page 8)

picture, and that, of course, completes the review as far as the Temple fans are concerned. The rest of us can take a table for two and continue the discussion. Practically nothing but the title of the familiar story remains, for the studio has brought everything up to date, thereby providing plenty of excuse for Shirley's songs, dances and repartee. And the star comes through better than usual. The daughter of a soap magnate, she is feared kidnaped, but turns up on a rival soap magnate's radio program. Alice Faye gets a chance to prove why she was signed to a movie contract, while Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen are likable as the romantic interests. Sara Haden, Jane Darwell, Tyler Brooke and Henry Armetta contribute good performances, while Gordon and Revel auto themselves on four songs that are headed for hits—"But Definitely" and "You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach" being top tunes.

Preview Postscript

Veteran Temple can now check up to her credit her fourteenth featured role in three years of coreering. That nickname of "One Toke" Temple was not hostilely bestowed; the youngster is so sure of herself that she causes old performers to work harder to maintain her pace. She was made a Texas Rangerette by Governor James Allred of Texas, who tried unsuccessfully last January to "adopt" her for his state. Shirley's portable dressing-room was redecorated. The blue and white room was given a mirrored ceiling, a built-in wall couch covered with blue and pink elephants and a diminutive water heater and wash-bowl. Showing the dressing-room to visitors, Shirley took them first to the wash-bowl. Beneath it were piled many empty soft drink bottles. Shirley was a little chagrined to have the visitors pay more attention to these than the new wash-bowl, but exploded with an elegant wave of her hand, "It's so difficult to keep the empties cleared out."

★★★ Poppy (Paramount)

For admirers of the great comic talents of W. C. Fields, "Poppy" is welcome entertainment. When Fields is on the screen one forgets that the gags he's been handed may be old, for every gag is a new

one when he gives it his touch. His role as a carnival barker gives him ample opportunity to parade his special gifts and to prove once more that he is as fine a comedian as exists on the screen today. The story turns out to be a mild little affair built as a background for Fields, and it manages to keep out of the great man's way as much as possible, although once in a while it bobs up in an apologetic manner and holds up the proceedings. When it stays in the background you see Fields hawking a phoney cure-all at the carnival, Fields playing croquet and Fields posing as a man of means. Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell play the romantic leads, but their assignments are of the routine, or standard, variety. "Poppy" is strictly for the lovers of Fields.

Preview Postscript

This play fits W. C. Fields to a T, because it provided him, long ago, with his motto, "Never give a sucker on even break" and his reference to the "old ormy game." "Poppy" was his first picture in the silent days, though it was known as "Solly of the Sowdust." Fields announced on his return to the studio, "Assuredly I am back. Back from the very portals of the grove. Oh, ye of little faith, did you think I would desert you? Remember, a Fields never flinches in the face of fire! I have made a final conquest of my socio-iliac." . . . Almost an entire circus, including animals, performers and full equipment, were on hand for use during production. One sequence called for the appearance of an elephant, two leopards, an eagle, two pythons, a steam colliope, a merry-go-round, fifty circus performers and a hundred extras. Several thousand yards of canvas completed the effect. Several hours were spent before the scene was arranged, checking the stage for any possible holes which might shield a mouse or a rat. Circus men had warned of the danger that would follow if a rat appeared near the elephant while players were crowded around.

★★★ Earthworm Tractors (First National)

Joe E. Brown turns his attention to the farm machine industry and comes out with a slapstick farce which should have loyal followers of Brown rolling in the aisles. Joe E. portrays Alexander Botts, the



Modern Screen does not hesitate to recommend any of these three-star pictures for your summer movie menu. (Top) Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in "The White Angel," which depicts the courageous career of Florence Nightingale. (Above, right) Joan Beal and Anne Shirley in a scene from "M'liss." (Right) One of the better Joe E. Brown offerings, "Earthworm Tractors," with Guy Kibbee and June Travis in important roles.

tractor salesman fumed in story if not in song, and his steam-roller brand of salesman monologues to sell almost enough tractors to pay for the expensive scenery he demolishes. When Joe E. is spurned by the girl he loves (Carol Hughes) because he has never done anything big, he takes to selling tractors. When he comes back for her she has married Dick Foran, but by that time he's also in love with June Travis, whose father (Guy Kibbee) is his toughest prospect. Popo is deaf, and, besides, he prefers the old-fashioned horse and buggy. So Joe gives him a tractor demonstration that frightens the old boy out of his deafness and wins the big contract, and the little lady, for our hero. It must be recorded that this one is above the average in the Joe E. Brown series.

Preview Postscript

Joe E. enjoyed making this more than any picture in a long time, because he's had a yen for machines, but big ones, for years. The only scene that wasn't exactly too much fun was the one where he had to stand with his famous mouth more or less wide open, inhaling the mud from the spinning wheels of the heroine's mud-stuck car. . . . That street scene which shows houses, stores, etc., completely demolished, wasn't really as bad as it looked. The whole set had been built in "break-away," that is, of the lightest types of wood and other materials. Most of the buildings were of balsa and the cement objects of cardboard, all of which took just an overnight job of construction. But the scene had to be shot several times for perfection, which meant that the buildings, etc., had to be put together again each night. The only near-accident happened when the tank driven by Joe E., going blissfully along, hit soft sand too close to the edge of the road. Tank and Joe E. rolled over to a 150-foot drop, but both emerged safe and sane.

★★★ M'liss (RKO-Radio)

Anne Shirley comes through with flying colors as Bret Harte's girl of the mountain country, M'liss. In spite of the weak stories which have been her lot since the successful "Anne of Green Gables," Anne Shirley has never given a performance lacking in sincerity or unmistakable talent. So with a story like this to work on, you can be assured of the picture's excellence. The plot is not one to get excited over, depicting as it does the trials and tribulations of a girl brought up by a drunken (Continued on page 91)

Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald in the stirring "San Francisco."



"It's amazing how quickly



Camay works its Magic"

ATLANTA, GA.

For a smooth, clear skin—there's no beauty aid like Camay. It's amazing how quickly Camay works its magic.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Betty Drewry
(Mrs. John C. Drewry)

March 26, 1936

THE minute you meet Betty Drewry, you will feel the welcome of her smile, the friendship in her voice. You'll notice, instantly, the clarity and smoothness of her complexion. And you aren't surprised to hear her say, "I've always used Camay."

And you, too, will find that Camay has a mild manner and a gentle touch that brings out the natural beauty of your complexion. Camay's lather is rich and fragrant. Camay's bubbles are beauty bubbles—thousands of

them—all busily cleansing deeply but gently. For Camay is milder—*definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps.

Try Camay. See for yourself how much it can improve your complexion. Buy half a dozen cakes today. You'll find its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

BY MARJORIE
DEEN



Eating out-of-doors is Bob Montgomery's favorite stunt. Here he is breakfasting on his veranda.

Bob Montgomery says,
"When it's hot, keep cool!"

STAR SUMMER SUGGESTIONS

THEY'RE EATING out-of-doors, these days, in Hollywood. In patios and gardens, beside swimming pools or tennis courts, by the outdoor grills and ovens, under trees, awnings and beach umbrellas or on the spacious verandas of their homes, the stars are enjoying dining and lunching out in the balmy, clear air of another California summer.

And Bob Montgomery, as you can see from the picture on this page, even goes in for breakfasting outside. For, with the table set for breakfast on the porch, right beside the garden of his lovely, yet unpretentious home, Bob feels that his morning coffee and the political headlines in the paper take on special qualities.

And what do you suppose is the most characteristic feature of all these *al fresco* meals, according to the ever-breezy Bob and his petite and attractive wife, Betty? Simplicity! No Paté de Foie Gras, Caviar Canapés, Lobster Thermidors or Mushrooms sous Cloche, grace the tables of your screen favorites during the hot weather, but such simple fare as you and I would expect to serve in our own more modest homes.

The reasons for this summer simplicity can be traced to several sources, I discovered after some research into the matter. In the first place, the hotter days of summer call for lighter fare, since heavy dishes, rich gravies and exotic foods seem to lack appeal when the thermometer starts its upward climb. Then, too, the women folk—whether stars or wives of stars—find calorie-counting a pleasure rather than a task when slimming and eye-appealing salads make their welcome appearance as main course dishes "in the good old summertime." And the third reason—though not mentioned too frequently or openly—is, I suspect, thoughtfulness for the cook! This thoughtfulness is dictated by expediency as well as consideration, for you'd really hate to have a veritable treasure of a cook walk out on you when, in true Hollywood style, you were expecting twenty or so ardent tennis or swimming enthusiasts for a buffet supper out in the open.

Many's the housewife-cook, however, who *never* goes on strike for shorter hours and a simplified menu, but continues to bake and boil, steam and stew during



Pyrex

This apricot and pear salad with potato chips, and a generous portion of creamed mushrooms, makes a tempting hot-weather supper dish.

all seasons. And why? Well, because she fears that her family would object to any change in eating habits. Or so she thinks! But this summer she would do well to try some of the suggestions made by the Bob Montgomerys. Then perhaps she'll find, to her joy, that by incorporating these ideas into her daily meal-planning she'll serve meals that are less time-consuming for herself and yet meet with everyone's approval.

WHEN entertaining, in summer, about everyone we know of, out here, goes in for one particular dish for which their parties are famous," Bob started out. "You hear on all sides about the barbecues given by the Warren Williams, the Spanish dishes for which Leo Carrillo—a California native son of Spanish descent—is known. Warner Baxter is proud of the grand chili con carne that he himself knows how to make to perfection; the John Boles family, at their parties, introduce tortillas, enchilladas and other specialties of their native Texas. And so it goes! The entire meal, then, is planned around that one particular dish . . . what the French would term the *specialité de la maison*.

"With such a procedure in mind the host or hostess announces to the cook in advance, 'Of course we'll have such and such a thing to begin with,'" said Mrs. Montgomery sagely, taking up the conversation at this point. "And with that as a spring-board, so to speak," she continued, "they then plunge into the actual task of planning the party refreshments.

(Continued on page 64)

TROUBLE... at 22 Winterset Street



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1936

I swear I'm leaving John for good! I worked like blazes over that dinner party — but now he says my linens didn't look nice — and he's sure the guests noticed.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1936

Can you beat it? Mother says my clothes do have that tattle-tale gray look. It's not my fault, she claims, but my soap doesn't wash perfectly clean. Guess I better take her advice and change to her pet soap.

MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1936

Wh-e-e-e! Fels-Naptha did the trick. That grand golden soap is so packful of naptha it washes spic-and-span and John's as pleased as pie. From this day on, I'm telling the world —
**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

© 1936, FELS & CO.

GOOD NEWS



Matrimony tops the list of Hollywood activities this month, plus choice gossip tidbits and laughs

Look what goes on! Above, Lucille Ball with Henry Fonda and Ginger Rogers with Jim Stewart, at the Coconut Grove.

Left, who said Ann Sothem and Roger Pryor had piff? Here they are with George Murphy at the Tennis Club.



Your snooping reporter, disguised as a deserted lamp post, thinks he had the inside tip-off on the recent Loy-Hornblow wedding. It was this way: Myrna and Arthur, a few nights before the big event, drew up in front of the Trocadero, where the attendant, who took their car, greeted Myrna with, "Good evening, Mrs. Hornblower." Myrna was stymied for a moment, but she answered, "Not yet! Not yet!" And so, not to disappoint the attendant again, the pair slipped off to Mexico and had the knot

tied. Mr. H's former frau, Juliette Crosby, finally gave up by getting a Reno split in June and Hollywood and the Troc attendant knew wedding bells couldn't help but toll soon.



Bob Taylor now wears a platinum wrist watch with ruby numerals, a gift from Barbara Stanwyck. To most of Hollywood it means that Bob and Barbara have patched up their differences. After all, you don't give platinum wrist watches to guys you can't stand, do you? The only skeptic in town is W. S. Van Dyke, who is directing them in "His Brother's Wife." Van Dyke, in spite of the platinum and rubies, shot the love scenes first.



The Lombard-Gable romance goes on and on, and indications are that it may even end up at the altar—always a fine place to end

By Leo
Townsend



Irene Hervey and Allan Jones admit that August will find them married.



Seated, Mary Brian, Cary Grant and Wendy Barrie. Standing, Ben Lyon and Ben Bernie.

a romance. Despite all of Clark's pugilistic publicity Carole hasn't worn a black eye since the one which decorated her features in "Love Before Breakfast."



The latest gag present from Lombard to Gable was delivered to a somewhat bewildered Mr. G. at the close of a radio broadcast in which he was appearing in a dramatic skit with Marlene Dietrich. Just as the show ended an attendant brought in a huge floral horse-shoe—the kind gangsters used to send their deceased colleagues. The card from Carole read: "Good Lux."



Being elected queen of a fraternity ball almost cost Ginger Rogers a lot of popularity among the local college lads. Ginger was scheduled to appear at the ball, but midnight came and she hadn't arrived. Frantic calls to her home and to all the night clubs got nowhere. Then a bright investigator journeyed out to Ginger's house and found her chauffeur asleep in the car and the lady herself asleep on the divan. She had taken the phone off the hook for a few minutes' nap. It is a pleasure to report, however, that Ginger rushed to the affair just in time to become Queen of the Ball about ten minutes before the ball fell apart and went home.



After "Queening" it at the ball, Ginger dropped in on the Troca-

dero to join Henry Fonda, Virginia Bruce, Jimmy Stewart and Wendy Barrie. When Ginger sat down, Wendy got up and left for home, which seems to indicate that Mr. Stewart is something of a ladies' man. Incidentally, the Fonda-Bruce-Stewart-Rogers foursome has been having more fun than anyone in Hollywood.



Busy Fingers Note: Between scenes for "The Gorgeous Hussy," Joan Crawford is crocheting a crib cover for young Miss Gretchen Foster. Gretchen is the daughter of Norman Foster and Sally Blane, and she's named for her favorite aunt, Gretchen Belzer, whose better-known name is Loretta Young. It's a fine crib cover, except that it's blue. Miss Crawford: Blue for guys, pink for dolls.



This is about Bette Davis and her catboat, which she used to have anchored in Santa Monica Harbor. One day Bette found herself in a catboating mood, so she donned her slacks and went down to the bay to find the boat turned upside down and shot full of holes. Bette called her lawyers. She wanted to sue. The lawyers told her a suit would cost her more than a new boat. Besides, they said, it was only a catboat. "A catboat to you, perhaps," replied Bette, "but it's my Queen Mary."



The loneliest guy in town, at the moment, is George Raft. Reason: Virginia Pine is in London, recuperating from an illness. Just to prove he's true to her, George is being seen about the night spots accompanied by his shadow and personal bodyguard, Mack Gray. Known as The Killer, Mack is just about the most harmless chap in Hollywood. Incidentally, he, too, is wearing a long face these days. Lucille Ball, who was once The Killer's own, has deserted him for Helen Broderick's son, Brod Crawford. The Killer sits and sulks, and life goes on.

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

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

Bernice Ruttinger
NOTARY PUBLIC



ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim—just one of thousands of letters from grateful users of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation, please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM 9-36

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Cora Sue Collins, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler Jolson do a trio act for a recent evening broadcast.

Hollywood is snickering over the recent newspaper publicity in re Clark Gable's fistic ability. You probably saw a picture of Clark standing over the prostrate form of Allen Pomeroy, his adversary in "Cain and Mabel." The newspaper stories went on to say that Clark had obtained a boxing license and had issued a challenge to Maxie Baer. The whole thing was quite embarrassing to Mr. G., who frankly admits the story is phoney. He also adds that Mr. Baer would have no trouble knocking his ears off.

Hearts and Flowers (Junior Division): Tom Brown and Toby Wing, veterans of many a publicized romance, have taken to going around with each other. Recently they celebrated their fifth anniversary, which means nothing except that they had just completed five weeks in each other's company without fighting. By the time you read this they probably won't even be speaking, but they can always look back on those five happy weeks when nary a blow was struck.

If you think you've got trouble, listen to the list of calamities which struck "Stage

Struck" during the process of its making. First of all, Dick Powell's throat went blotto. Then director Busby Berkeley had to take time off to appear in court. Joan Blondell tripped over a cable on the set and sprained her ankle. The Yacht Club Boys, suspended by wires for a song number, got themselves really stage struck when the wires snapped. The only healthy member of the cast was Marion Davies. All she had to worry about were the reviews of "Hearts Divided."

Ever since their marriage, Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman have been plotting a round-the-world trip for themselves. Whenever they get almost set something happens: either Claudette must make a picture or the doctor must tend to a tonsil. Last month, however, they really got under way on what they consider the first leg of their journey. They got as far as Pebble Beach, about 150 miles north of Hollywood.

When W. C. Fields' condition began to worry his friends, his secretary decided to make a list of the Fields' properties. After a check-up, he discovered he was working on



You can call them Mister and Missus now! Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow were recently wed in Mexico.

an almost impossible task, for there are bank accounts opened by Fields in over half of all the cities he's ever visited on his round-the-world vaudeville tours.



More Hearts and Flowers: When Anita Louise stepped off the Super-Chief on her return from England and France we looked around for Ross Alexander, but we looked in vain. The young man waiting at the station was Tom Beck, who seems to have been cast for the romantic lead in Anita's private life. The lovely lady, by the way, swears she didn't buy a single bit of finery in Paris.



Ginger Rogers' "photo diary" sets her back over a thousand dollars a year, but Ginger likes it and the Rogers bankroll can stand it. Right now she has ten scrapbooks filled with candid camera shots of herself on the set, off the set, and practically everywhere. Her secretary handles the camera at the studio and her maid shoots the works at home.



A reporter actually catches up with Kate Hepburn at an airport!

When the Evelyn Venable-Hal Mohr baby was born, Evelyn promised herself she wouldn't make a picture before the child was six months old. Her promise turned to be an exact one, for the baby's first half-birthday Evelyn signed with 20th Century-Fox to appear in "The Holy Lie." So now Dolores visits mama for a brief period every noon, after which mama goes back to work.



That proposed Little Theatre appearance of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone is off, for the moment at least. Joan and Franchot had planned on two weeks in a summer theatre in the East, but Joan changed her mind. Now it's opera she's interested in. She's even talked to Rosa Ponselle about it. In fact, she's gone farther than that. No longer do you hear "Smoke Rings" and "Melancholy Baby" pouring from the Crawford phonograph on the set. Instead you hear German and Italian arias. Our bet is that "Melancholy Baby" is back within a month.

Flatters your Skin in glaring sun!

NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!



POND'S "SUNLIGHT"
Shades soften the
hard glare of the sun on your face

OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Now Pond's new "glare-proof" powder shades change all that! Scientifically blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun, they soften its glare on your skin . . . Make it flattering! Away from the dark, deadening "sun-tan" powders—Pond's "Sunlight" shades give a rich, glowing look to your tan. Lovely with no tan!

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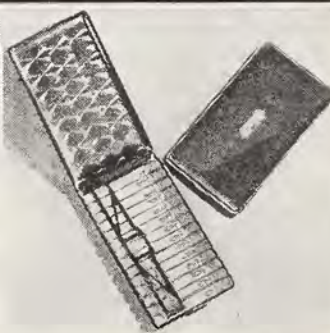
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GOOD



Scotty snaps the Stuart Erwins dining out at the "Troc." And right festive they look, too.

Ann Sothern is so afraid of the dark that her new home has a bedroom with, by actual count, eight windows and a skylight. She says it's a lot like camping out, but she likes it. She also adds that she's a little tired of people telling her that she lives in a glass house and shouldn't throw stones. The only stones she likes are the Fred Stones, and she certainly wouldn't throw them.

The long-distance marital arrangement of Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller is one of Hollywood's strangest. For the past couple of years Lupe has done most of her work in South America and England, while Johnny stays home in the Hollywood jungles, as per his Tarzan contract. Last month Lupe dropped in from London, had cocktails with Johnny, Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, and hopped back to England two days later. One can almost picture Bruce Cabot saying, "Miss Velez, I want you to meet an old friend of mine—Mr. Weissmuller."

Looks like the shipping lines have taken over the marriage industry in Hollywood. First Fred MacMurray and Lillian Lamont rush to the altar and then to a boat bound for Hawaii for their honeymoon. Then comes Irene Hervey with the announcement to her friends that she and Allan Jones will become Mr. and Mrs. J. aboard the "Lurline," also Hawaii bound, on August 1st. Perhaps it would be a good idea for some of the boats to set up a marriage bureau on a revolving stage. On the return trip you press a button and the thing becomes a divorce court.

Everyone's still congratulating Ruby Keeler on her swell dramatic performance on an air show last month. Ruby really came through with an histrionic demonstration which surprised everyone, including hubby, Al Jolson. Said Al, "If this sort of thing continues, they'll be calling me Al Keeler!"

NEWS

'SWEETHEARTS FOREVER'

— when she learned —



Madeleine Carroll, making "The General Died at Dawn," lunches with James Montgomery Flagg.

Eddie Cantor's overnight decision to grab a boat to Hawaii involved one of the neatest tricks of the month. Seems when Eddie reached his decision his wife was on her way to a local night spot to arrange to take over the place for their 25th anniversary a few days hence. Eddie phoned the nitery. "Look," said he, "there's a woman around town posing as my wife. She likes to rent places. If she comes in treat her gently, but don't do anything about it." When an indignant Mrs. Cantor arrived home that night, it took a lot of rapid talking to keep her calm. Eddie must have won, for they went to Honolulu.

One of the most amusing of the month's items was the announcement in local newspapers that Gary Cooper's father was about to leave for England incognito. Something like The Forgotten Man going about in a beard to conceal his identity.

Merle Oberon and Marlene Dietrich aren't supposed to be speaking since a slight difference over the leading role in "Garden of Allah." So Roland Young, who always feels badly about such situations, saw them both at a party one night and decided to bring them together. Dragging what he thought was Merle over to Marlene he said, "You girls really ought to be friends. Why don't you kiss and make up?" Dietrich was somewhat bewildered, but Roland insisted, so she kissed the gal. It was Fay Wray, who still thinks Mr. Young is a bit on the balmy side.

Ginger Rogers surprised Myrtle, her colored maid, with a birthday party on the set of "Swing Time" (nee "Never Gonna Dance"), to which the whole cast was invited. Received by Myrtle: one silk dressing-gown. Received by the cast: ice cream.

Now that "I'll Never Let You Go," his latest tune, promises to join the hit (Continued on page 22)



A CHARM SECRET! Always remember it...the allure of MAVIS' all-over fragrance

Straight from Paris—comes this delightful first-aid to feminine charm. Mavis gives you a feeling of constant freshness—a tantalizing fragrance men can't resist . . . Always—after you bathe, before you dress—safeguard your daintiness with delightful Mavis all over. It keeps you fresh all day—or evening . . . Mavis brings you Spring-time enchantment at any season. And

it actually *protects* your skin—prevents dryness . . . Remember this before-you-dress beauty rite. You'll enjoy it! And so will those around you! Try Mavis today.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

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I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

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MM9

ANTHONY ADVERSE FASHIÓN

Contest

Left, Barlett lustre satin gown copied from an Olivia de Havilland costume. And right, suave crepe dinner or cocktail gown, copied from an Anita Louise costume. Orry-Kelly designs from Studio Styles, Inc. Below, smart black calf envelope handbag from Pichel, Inc., with complete fittings. And two pairs of Hansen gloves. One in red kid with chevron design, one pair in green suede with arrow trim.



RULES

1. Write fifty words on the subject, "How Screen Clothes Have Helped Me to Dress Smartly." The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.
2. Mail your letter to Adelio Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. The contest will close at midnight of September 30, 1936. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.
4. State your preference and size in gowns, according to the descriptions given here. Include also your shoe, glove and stocking sizes. This is not counted in the fifty words.
5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.
6. The four best fifty-word essays, on the given subject, will each win one of the four dresses shown. And the next five will win prizes as listed under "Prizes" on page 21.
7. The decision of the judges (Miss Bird and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.
8. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

Win one of these nine stunning prizes! It's easy!

PRIZES

Below, Orry-Kelly adapted this smart street dress from an Olivia de Havilland costume. Two-piece jacket style. Martin hair chiffon wool.



1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th prizes will be original Orry-Kelly dresses adapted from costumes worn in "Anthony Adverse." Given by Studio Styles, Inc.

5th—A pair of Delman shoes, copied from shoes worn in the film.

6th—A Pichel handbag.

7th—Two pairs of new fall gloves by Hansen.

8th—Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit.

9th—Six pairs of sheer Phoenix hosiery.



And another Orry-Kelly triumph in rich Salome velvet copied from a de Havilland costume. Flattering square neckline, standing collar.



Center top, ten-piece Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit with lipstick, rouge and powder in your individual shades.

Also center, beautiful Delman shoes made to your size in patent leather, suede, kid or the satin of these originals, made for Olivia de Havilland.

Right, six pairs of Phoenix "dul sheer" hosiery in the new fall shade "Bittersweet."

All you need is fifty words and a very bright idea

MORE GOOD NEWS



Roller skaters Toby Wing, Tom Brown, Shirley Ross, Cesar Romero, Cora Sue Collins, Mary Carlisle and Henry Fonda whoop it up at the Rollerdrome.

(Continued from page 19)

parade, Fred Astaire is beginning to regard his dancing as a mere sideline. He was the happiest guy in town when his "I'm Building Up to An Awful Letdown" became a hit, and since that time he's banging away at the piano every spare minute. Right now his ambition is to star in a musical picture with music by Fred Astaire.



Watched the "Texas Rangers" cast at work the day they returned from a location trip, with Jack Oakie hiding his devastating features behind a thick growth of beard. Oakie interrupts a rehearsal to suggest a gag to director King Vidor. Vidor admits it's a nice gag, and adds that it has always been a nice gag. Criticism doesn't bother Oakie, though. He wasn't even perturbed when Jean Parker looked at the Oakie spinach and told him he looked like a doormat with the Welcome rubbed off.



At the moment Mae West is concerned with "Personal Appearance," her next picture, but the minute she finishes her final wiggle, she's going to devote her time and talent to a brand new project. Mae, it seems, has bought considerable property in the vicinity of Malibu Lake, and she's thinking of building a race track and running a little competition for Santa Anita. Everyone believes it's a swell idea, including three or four horses we happen to know.



Alice Faye actually broke down and wept recently when she was required to deliver a stiff poke to the nose of Michael Whalen for a scene in "Sing, Baby, Sing." Alice thinks some people should be punched on the nose regularly, but she likes the handsome Mr. Whalen, and hence the tears. However, it must be noted that the only picture on her dressing-room table is a likeness of Rudy Vallee, her first gentleman friend, and she always has a standing arrangement with her studio to take time off during the Vallee broadcasts.



A dude ranch for dogs, of all things, is Hollywood's latest wrinkle. It's a 15-acre establishment in the mountains, and offers



Inez Courtney and Marion Nixon raptly watch Ann Sothorn tell a big one, while Roger Pryor and Jack La Rue lean over them at the Trocadero.

the stars' pooches a healthful altitude—7,800 feet above sea level, which someone has discovered is the ideal altitude for dogs who can afford it. Other advantages are fancy table d'hote meals, supervised recreation, and a chance to meet desirable canines socially. Among the present customers are Richard Dix's blooded setters and Katharine Hepburn's cocker spaniels.

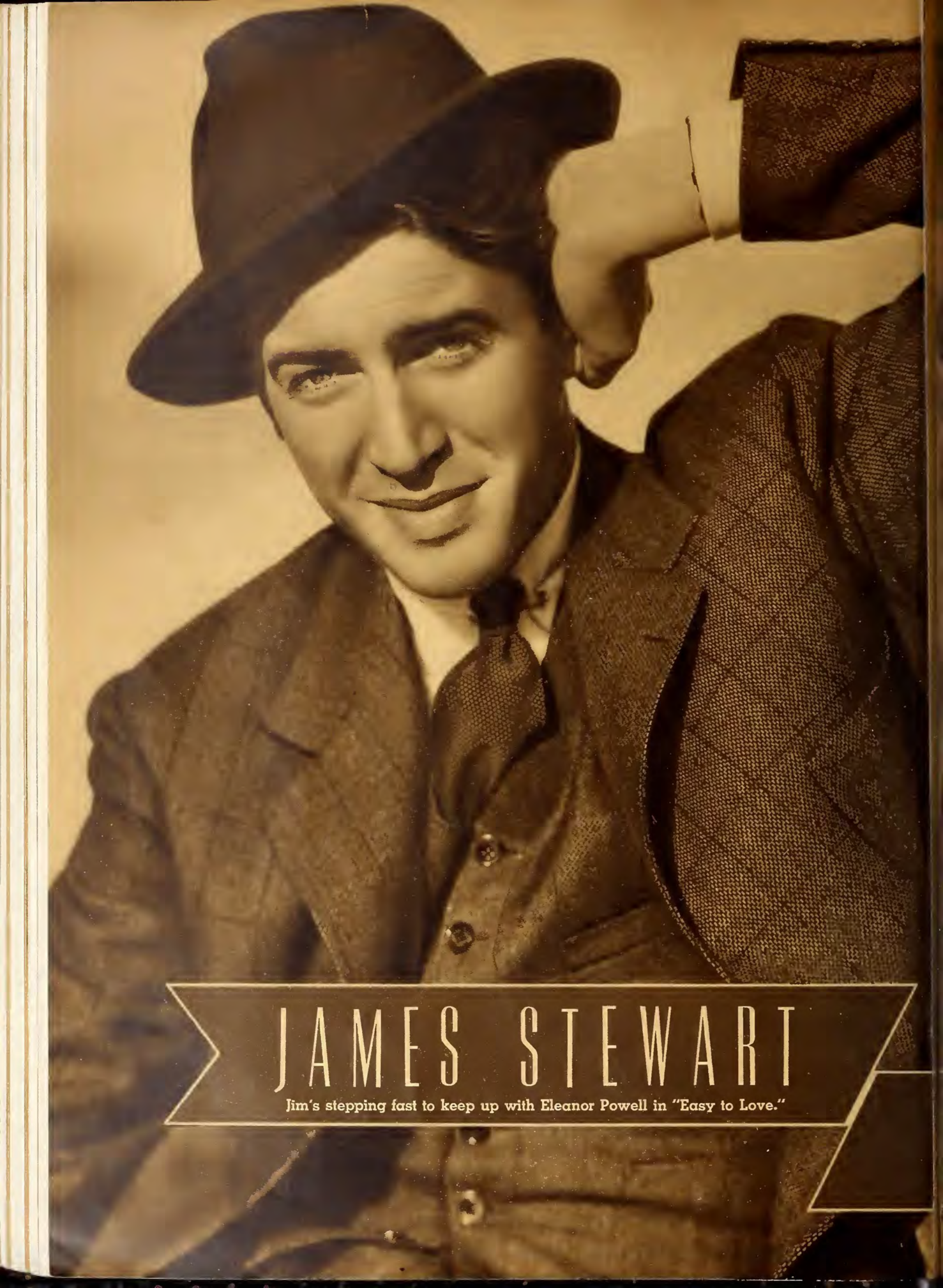


While we're in the dog department, it might be well to record that Bette Davis has just given her husband, Harmon Nelson, a four-months-old Doberman-Pinscher. According to Bette, young Mr. Nelson regards the hound with all the adoration of a first-born.



JEAN ARTHUR

This sparkling comedienne's husky voice is full of fan-lure! Jean is making "Adventure in Manhattan."



JAMES STEWART

Jim's stepping fast to keep up with Eleanor Powell in "Easy to Love."



JANET GAYNOR

"Ladies in Love" doesn't sound like a Gaynor picture, does it?



BASIL RATHBONE

This Britisher is making "The Garden of Allah" with Marlene Dietrich.



JEANETTE Mac DONALD

Eddy-MacDonald fans attention! This romantic team is bringing "Maytime" to you.



GEORGE RAFT

When will you see suave Mr. R.? Soon in "Yours for the Asking."

AND



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Olivia's screen life is just a bunch of costume pictures! Now it's "Charge of the Light Brigade."



THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN

One glance at the grim-looking "Chi-nee" at the top of this page and the tense expressions on the faces of Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper, gives you a slight idea of what thrills are in store for you in "The General Died at Dawn." Gary plays a fighting Irishman who gets embroiled in some hazardous Chinese business with a war lord. And you don't have to be told that Madeleine is the beautiful gal he has to fall for!

Remember what a kick you got out of "Shanghai Express"? Well, this picture is even more so, with all the speed and action plus the punch that only a director like Lewis Milestone could add. He directed "All Quiet on the Western Front," you know. Clifford Odets, the dramatist of the great stage hit "Awake and Sing," is another reason why the story is fascinating, for he makes his Hollywood debut as the scenarist of this picture. And if you look hard, you'll spot John O'Hara, the famous novelist, as an actor. Uh-huh, even writing best sellers is just routine compared with being able to take a crack at acting! Aside from this impressive array, there are those old favorites: Akim Tamiroff, Dudley Digges, William Frawley, J. M. Kerrigan and Porter Hall. Now you *know* you'll be in the front row, don't you?







Clark's favorite date these days is Carole Lombard, whose salty humor is a good match for his devil-may-care moods and impulses.



The Gable mustache had to go for his role with Marion Davies in "Cain and Mabel." Here's a rather damp scenic bit between them.

By
Gladys Hall

HE LIVES HIS IMPULSES

Clark Gable only hesitates when it comes to two important steps. Guess what they are!

I'VE ONLY got about half an hour," said Clark exuberantly, as he hustled me ahead of him into the M-G-M commissary, where he ordered *and* ate (to the rinds) two gigantic wedges of watermelon, washed down with several tankards of iced tea. "I just decided, half an hour ago, to go fishing in Utah. I packed my bags and dashed over here to talk to you. I was going to Guatemala because I've never been there. But I found I wouldn't have time to make such a long trip so I got out the map and Utah leapt out at me. I'm off tonight—for two weeks or so. I like to live my social life with the fish!"

"So you really do?" I said, meditatively.

"Really do *what*? Like to socialize with the fish?"

"No, live on your impulses, as Hollywood says. . . ."

"I don't know what they say. It's liable to be almost anything. But if they are saying that I've chucked clocks and calendars, card indexes, engagement books and mottoes-for-the-day into the ash-can they're right for once."

"I always have lived on impulse, more or less. But I've always felt guilty about it, too. Thought I was doing what I hadn't oughter! I was brought up, as most American boys are, to believe that a fellow should plan his next step before he puts his foot down on the one he's taking. I had a pang of conscience when I didn't 'look ahead.' No more. It can't be done by planning. Plans don't work out. How can they, when you know yourself that it's at least half as likely that we may not be here at all this time next year as that we will?"

"I won't build a wall of rules and regulations around me. They're stifling and ridiculous. I won't assume any more obligations than I have to. I started out to look for a house a few weeks ago. Thought, suddenly, that I'd like a place with grounds. I looked at a lot of them. They looked like one-man jails to me. And so I am staying at the Beverly Wilshire where I can check out—for Utah or anywhere else—in ten minutes."

"So 'they' say I have a new philosophy, huh? Well, I don't give it any such high-sounding tag. But if I have anything of the sort it's this—*don't plan!* Obey your impulses. Do what seems the best and most appealing at the moment. Don't wait for the next moment to come

along so that you can check on yourself. You'll never do anything if you do. Maybe your impulses won't work out successfully but your carefully laid plans may not either—and you will have been through all the mental wear and tear of making 'em."

PEOPLE OFTEN have asked me what I get out of it all—you know, being a movie star, making money, all the perquisites. I don't get out of it what a lot of people would, that's a fact. I'm not luxury-minded. I don't give a hoot for swell houses, swimming pools and entertaining. I don't like big parties. I have no use for a yacht, I prefer a tramp steamer. Camping, fishing and shooting don't cost much of anything when you don't go to swank resorts—and I don't. I have no use for swell clothes. I hate to dress up—I feel like one of those old-fashioned tailors' dummies when I have to put on the soup and fish. I like to wear slacks and sweaters and leather-lined jackets—nothing that must be *fitted*. My tailor has modeled a dummy according to my measurements and, any fitting that has to be done, is done on it. I call it 'The Sissy.' I like plain food, stew and beans, raw onion sandwiches and hamburgers and," laughed Clark, "watermelon."

"No, there's only one luxury success has brought me. I don't kid myself that I have success, either—I've told you before that it's a lot of apple-sauce for any screen star to make little of what he gets—and that still goes. Anyway, the only luxury success has brought me is that I now can buy the right, most of the time, to do what I want to do, when and where I want to do it."

"I've been through a series (Continued on page 75)



SHE IS AS original as the spelling of her last name, as unpredictable as the Derby winner, and as stimulating as a side-car at Tony's. Margaret Sullavan.

Nine years ago, when she was a sweet girl graduate at Chatham Institute in Chatham, Virginia, she was the belle of every cotillion. But that didn't prevent her from spending the early part of the evening in the ladies' dressing-room for fear that she'd be a wallflower.

Today her popularity is not confined to cotillions. As one of the First Ladies of the Screen, her name is a household word. However, she never looks at her rushes, attends the previews, or even catches a fourth run of her pictures. She claims she photographs like a Pekinese—and she doesn't like Pekinese.

She gets horribly fussed when she is recognized in public, so she invariably denies her identity. The height of outdoor entertainment is to watch her arguing a group of fans out of the absurd notion that she is Margaret Sullavan.

I'VE OFTEN been mistaken for her," she'll solemnly announce in that husky throbbing voice that is so inescapably hers. The only one she ever convinces is herself!

Like all cries of "Wolf, wolf," however, this predilection for traveling incognito has often proven more embarrassing than she has bargained for.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

As full of surprises as a grab bag, Margaret Sullavan leads her friends a hectic life

By Radie Harris

Margaret with ex-husband, Henry Fonda, in "Moon's Our Home."





none too gullible and unimpressed pilot. Peggy searched her bag but found nothing to help her out of her dilemma. Suddenly, she thought of a movie magazine. Perhaps her picture might be in "Modern Screen." It was!

Triumphantly, she showed it to the pilot. His glance focussed on a close-up of a beautiful girl, gowned in one of Hollywood's latest creations. Her hair was immaculately waved, her lashes curled to an extravagant length, her mouth was a ruby in a pearl setting. His eyes strayed to the modestly dressed young woman standing beside him—her wind blown locks flying carelessly in the wind, her lashes devoid



Little Miss S.
when she
was the belle
of Chatham
Institute in
Virginia.

For instance, there was the time she got tired hanging around Hollywood waiting for the production to start on "The Good Fairy," so she flew to Chicago, traveling under the pseudonym of Mary Stevens. After idling away six hours in the airport, she decided to fly back, only to discover that she didn't have enough money for the return fare. She took the pilot into her confidence. "Look," she confessed, "my name isn't really Mary Stevens. I'm Margaret Sullavan. I'm under contract to Universal Studios. Will you please cash a check for me?"

"Have you any means of identification?" asked the

of any mascaro—her lips with no trace of rouge. He handed her the magazine. "Sorry, Miss," was his only comment.

Then there was the time that she telephoned Charlie, her Filipino houseboy. "This is Miss Sullavan," she announced. "Miss Sullavan, she no home," was Charlie's answer. "But this is Miss Sullavan speaking. Don't you recognize my voice?"

"Miss Sullavan, she no home." Beside Charlie, Peggy's household consists of a colored cook, two cats, a scottie, a wire-haired and a setter. She lives in Toluca Lake, where tourist guides point with pride to the estates of Walt Disney, Dick Powell, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Bing Crosby (now occupied by the Keeler (Continued on page 86))

What's become of
the unapproachable
Marlene? She's cer-
tainly a different gal
these days

By Harry Lang

I WAS going to tell you about the new front Marlene Dietrich's put on; how she's turned on an entirely new personality. How the lady of the frigid stare, the icy aloofness and the superior arrogance, had vanished, and how a studio tomboy had suddenly taken the spotlight. How she had become a movie-set clown who flung herself suddenly into caricaturing and devastating imitations of Garbo, Joan Crawford and Mae West, while set hangers-on, extras, lowly grips, looked on and roared in glee. In fact, a gal who shared her time, her fun and her personality with carpenters, Mexican extras, greasy-handed dishwashers. . .!

And I was going to let you see it exactly for what I thought it was—a brand-new publicity gag engineered by the canny gal from Germany.

But I can't do that now.

Oh, I shall tell you in detail about the change that has come over her—the strange humility and softness, the warm friendliness that have truly replaced the previous down-the-nose aloofness for which she was known in Hollywood. But I can't kid her about it, ever, and I feel abashed now, that I thought I could.

Because, you see, just recently it was given me to see, during a few sudden heart-twisting moments, that this new Marlene is not just a publicity gag. That it is, rather, something almost terrifyingly real.

A few of us were in Marlene's dressing-room. It just had been built and furnished, there on the Selznick lot, where she's been making "The Garden of Allah." It was beautiful, that suite. But it wasn't the newness or the loveliness of it that was uppermost in our minds. It was, rather, what we saw there on a little table.

A photograph of Jack Gilbert, dead nearly six months, now. Before it, a tiny taper burning in an amber glass—like the ever-burning candles you see on church altars. That taper has burned steadily before that photograph for that half-year. Marlene has not let its light die.

On the face of Marlene, there was an ineffable sadness. Her eyes were wide open, but she didn't seem to be seeing the things in the room; she seemed to be looking beyond them, past us to something we couldn't see.



DEFROSTING DIETRICH



"Why are you so unhappy?" one of her visitors asked her. "You, Marlene Dietrich, who have everything. . . ."

Her eyes came back and rested on the speaker. A moment of silence. Then, unsmiling:

"I *had* everything," she whispered, and her eyes went away again.

A LITTLE while later, a man who works with her told me: "She speaks of him often—of Jack. She calls him 'the great friend.' You see how different she is now from what she used to be. That change in her dates back to Jack's passing."

"You think that was what caused it?" I asked.

The fellow, a philosopher of sorts albeit he phrased his ideas in the back-lot language of Hollywood, figured it out this way:

"Well, look. Take Marlene and how she came to Hollywood. First thing she saw here was the town plastered with 24-sheets, with her name in letters taller than two of herself. She was treated as a queen, an empress. Everything was done for her. She merely had to snap her fingers, and what she wanted was supplied. She got a tremendous salary—as much as \$250,000 for a picture, I understand. Her every whim was law. It's pretty hard for any human being to stand up under that sort of thing without believing herself the big shot of big shots. I can understand, having been in Hollywood, what happened to Dietrich and why she became the 'great one' she was.

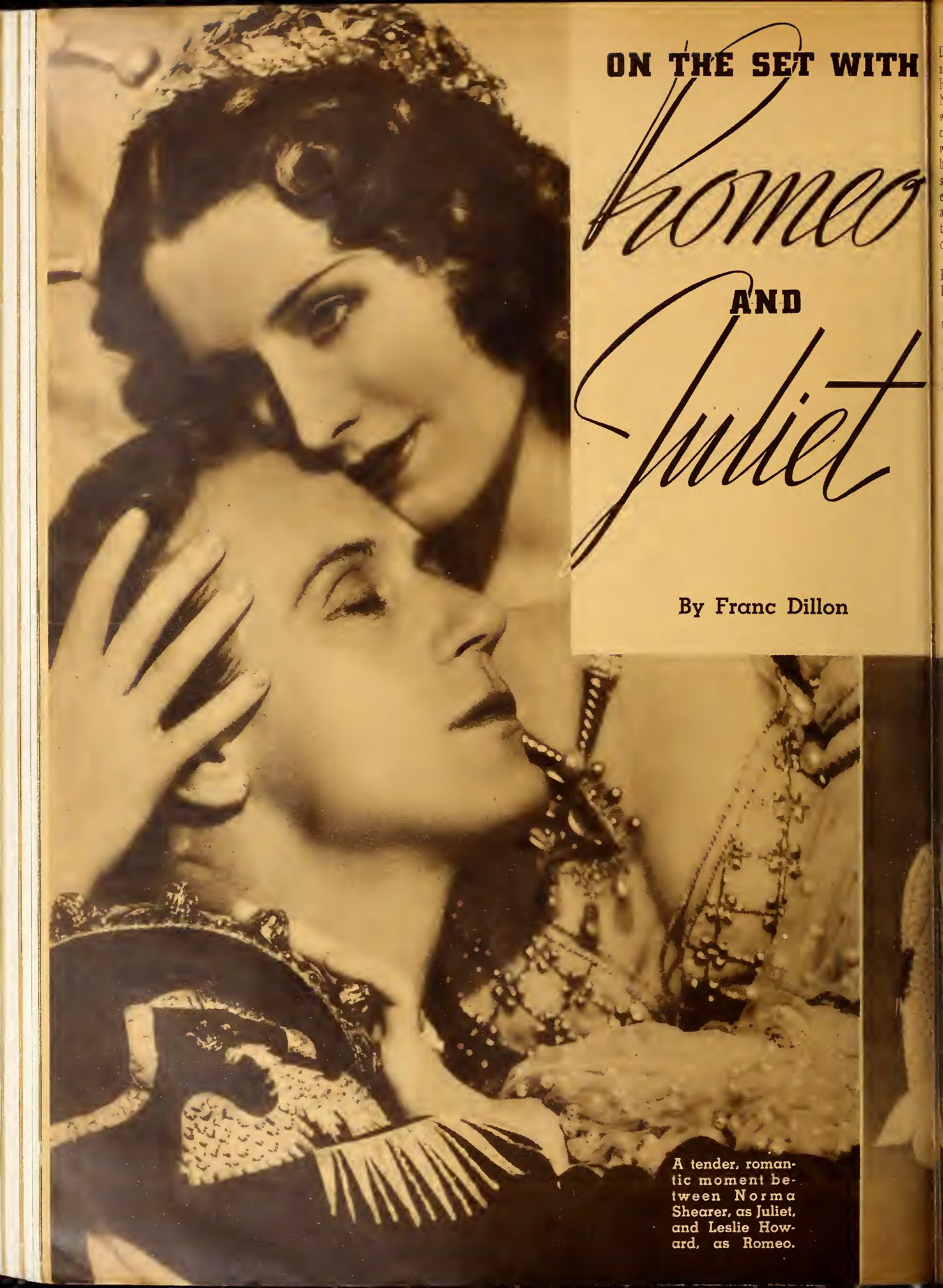
"And then Jack Gilbert came into her life.

It was something far finer, take it from me, than an ordinary flirtation, or even an affair.

It transcended these. Marlene's got a husband, you know, and she loves him. But in Jack, she found a friend for her soul. I think Jack must have told her much of his life—it was tough, you know. He knew poverty and deprivation. Jack was loved in Hollywood, because he loved people. He wasn't high-hat or snooty. Dietrich learned things from him. She began to see herself and others in a different light.

"And then suddenly Jack (Continued on page 88)

**Marlene's
newly alluring
in "The Garden
of Allah"—and
simply breath-
taking here!**



ON THE SET WITH

Romeo
AND
Juliet

By Franc Dillon

A tender, romantic moment between Norma Shearer, as Juliet, and Leslie Howard, as Romeo.

DON'T PICK your teeth with a knife," admonished Leslie Howard seriously, startling Norma Shearer to the point where she nearly fell off her chair. Then she noticed that he was reading from a very old book of etiquette, which the research department had unearthed in studying the customs and manners of the 15th Century for the screen production of "Romeo and Juliet."

"I didn't know they had an Emily Post in those days," Mr. Howard remarked.

"Certainly, they had an Emily Post," Miss Shearer replied, "only Emily was no lady; she was a gentleman!"

"So I see. In fact, she was two gentlemen," chuckled Mr. Howard, as he read further and noted that one authority on good manners of that day was Friar Bonvesino da Riva and another was Francesco da Barberino.

Romeo and Juliet had just made the famous parting scene in Juliet's bedroom and Norma, looking startlingly beautiful as Juliet, had sat down to rest a moment while Leslie Howard, as Romeo, amused himself and the others by reading aloud.

"Hold your food in three clean fingers," he continued.

"If you offer the cup, don't put your thumb on the upper edge.

"Don't put your knife back in its sheath too early—there may be more to come.

"It is sometimes better not to seat relatives together at a banquet."

"Proving that relatives were relatives, even in the 15th Century," laughed Norma. Then in a more serious tone,

Our scribe plays extra to give you inside highlights of a really important picture

she wondered what was holding them up and learned that the grass had grown so high outside her balcony, since they had taken the last scene there a few days before, that it must be cut before they could proceed with the scene. A lawn-mower had been sent for!

IN ORDER to see what was going on (no visitors being allowed), I wangled myself a day's extra work on the "Romeo and Juliet" set. I was placed on call but not on salary and

allowed to hang around for days awaiting my big moment. I made the most of those days and got myself generally regarded as a nuisance, but I saw Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard as Juliet and Romeo; John Barrymore (without Ariel) as Mercutio, Basil Rathbone as Tybalt, Reginald Denny as Benvolio, Edna May Oliver as Juliet's nurse and all the rest of them making "Romeo and Juliet."

When Norma worked she was surrounded by such exclusiveness that often the big doors to the sound stages were locked before Romeo could get inside. Property men and assistants were banished to the far distant corners when the tenderly beautiful scenes were made in Juliet's bedroom and on the balcony. (Don't ask where I was, but the spread on Juliet's little canopied bed hung to the floor!)

Certainly no expense was spared to make the courtyard and balcony set the loveliest ever seen. I have no words to describe its delicate beauty.

The balcony was in one (Continued on page 73)



Basil Rathbone, Howard, Reginald Denny and John Barrymore in a tense scene.



Who better than Edna May Oliver could play Juliet's beloved nurse?

HE'S A Natural

Fred MacMurray, suspicious of praise, is Hollywood's most bashful citizen

THAT "BIG new Kress' "five-an'-ten" on Hollywood Boulevard was crowded, as usual. Nobody was paying any particular attention to the tall chap shopping with two ladies, at the notion counter.

Nobody, that is, except a little girl with spindly legs and carrot-colored hair. Funny, isn't it, how kid's'll notice things their elders don't? Anyway, this little girl stared for a big-eyed moment at the young man. Then, in one of those squeaky voices that carry above any ordinary din, she squealed:

"Oooooohh! I know YOU! You're FRED MacMURRAY!!!"

Instantly, the store was quiet. But that lasted only a startled second. Then it was noisier than ever, as women from every corner of the place flocked to where the little girl was jabbering at the red-faced young man. Even clerks behind the counters dropped everything to see Fred MacMurray in person.

Fred stammered awkwardly. The little girl was demanding to know whether or not he *really* and *honest* fell out of bed in "Hands Across the Table." Fred gulped and stared in terror at the avalanche of femininity descending upon him. Then, still gulping, he turned and fled—ran pell-mell for the big front doors, dashed red-faced across the sidewalk and up the street. Into a nondescript little roadster parked by the curb he popped, started the engine and sped away.

Behind him, besides the crowd of disappointed women, he had left the two women he'd been shopping with—his mother and the long-time gal-friend, whom he has recently married, Lillian Lamont, former model. They had to finish their shopping and find their way home as best they could; the crowds had Fred licked.

They knew, as do all his intimates, that Fred MacMurray is one of the most bashful men in Hollywood. They know, too, as do those who work with him, that he's one leading man without a swelled head. Fame has left Fred MacMurray, if anything at all, just a little bit more

shy and self-effacing than he was before he skyrocketed to screen success in Hollywood. Realize that he's played in a whole row of pictures in a year, opposite the screen's most luminous beauties—and realize that he's never played anything but leads! It's a record no other star can boast. Fred doesn't boast about it, either. He thinks it's just good luck.

That incident in the "five-an'-ten" is as typical of Fred as any anecdote one could tell. It shows his dominant traits so effectively—his bashfulness, his bewilderment at his own popularity, and his panicky helplessness to do anything about it.

"I suppose I'm kind of funny in a way," he grins, in boyish amazement, when you ask him about himself, "but I don't know what to say about me. I can't analyze my feelings. The only way (Continued on page 84)

By Henry Lane



Tennis and eating are two of the MacMurray pastimes! Below, Fred snapped after his marriage, with his bride, Lillian Lammont, and his mother.



**The most publicized
star in Hollywood
has made an abrupt
"about face." Why?**

She's changed
the color of her
life, as well as
the color of her
hair. Jean's a
different gal.



JEAN HARLOW IS

By Faith Service

HOLLYWOOD is saying, "Jean Harlow has changed." She has—in many ways. She has moved from her palatial mansion, replete with swimming pool, landscaped gardens and white salon to a cosy, charming house on a quiet street such as any nice, successful girl might be expected to live in.

She has changed her hair from the famed, sensational platinum blonde to a soft and lovely brownette—a conservative color. She is more subdued. She is more serious. There are those who say she looks a little sad. Others say she looks peaceful. There is something different about her, anyway. Why?

What is it all about? What has caused the change?

"What has happened to Harlow?" asks Hollywood.

I found out.

I SPENT the afternoon with Jean in her new home. We had coffee in the garden—a moderate-sized, enclosed garden with simple wicker furniture and folksy flowers. The house is cosy, charming. It is *not* the great, white, shining house which Jean built on a high hill near Belle Air. That is, sold, furniture and all. A few prized possessions were kept by Jean for sentiment's sake. Everything else went. And now Jean and her mother, their faithful colored couple and their three high-bred cats, live in a homey place on a neighborly street here in Beverly Hills.

And Jean said to me, and *looked* what she said, "I feel more at home here than I ever did in the big place. I



WATCHING HER STEP

The mutual love of Jean Harlow and William Powell brought a new peace to Jean. Above left, they pose devotedly. And right, Jean with Cary Grant in "Suzy."

love it. And so does mother. We haven't that terrific responsibility. We loved the other house because we—and especially mother—had put so much into it. But it was too large a house for two women alone. We rattled about in it, hollowly. We had eaten about two meals in the dining-room in the past two years. We always ate on trays. We never entertained more than two or three people at a time. And I used to say to mother that it seemed ridiculous and a sort of a shame for us to be living in that big place so much to ourselves when people, who do give parties and could use the pool and the drawing-room, really would get pleasure out of it. . . ."

"But why didn't you?" I asked, curious that a lovely blonde girl in a luxurious white house didn't entertain, didn't give parties. "Why didn't you entertain a lot and have big parties? You always seem to like people, Jean. I should think you would have got a kick out of all that."

"I do like people," Jean told me, earnestly, "I like them very much—one, two or three at a time. I'm interested in them and I like to talk to them, but—it may sound odd but you'll have to believe me—I'm shy with people I don't know. I don't know what to do. And so I always do one of two things—either talk my head off about nothing or retreat into a corner and say nothing. Both are extreme reactions—and both are over-reactions."

"And both," I supplied, "indicate the shy person's attempt to compensate."

"Anyway," said Jean, "here we can have our two or three friends, people I know well and we're happy."

JEAN'S MOTHER "did over" most of the interior of the house when she rented it. She reupholstered a great deal of the furniture. She had the dark walls and ceilings painted white. Two divans in the living-room were re-covered in a beige rep. Jean pointing them out to me said, "The material cost sixty cents a yard."

As we sat in the garden, some silk undies and socks and things were flapping in the breeze on the sun-deck above. Jean said, "The cats got all tangled up in the clothes lines when they were down here in the back yard. We didn't know what to do with the wash so I had the lines put up there."

She told me about other changes they had made in the house. The powder room was converted into the cook's room—drapes were changed from ornate Spanish velours to simple chintzes—the breakfast room was given over to the butler with screens placed so that his room won't "show" from the dining-room.

And as she described the changes in the house, with amusement and some pride, I knew that they were the outward and visible tokens of the inward and less apparent changes in Jean herself.

I felt a sense of incredulous amazement that this quiet capable girl, competently and economically "making things do" could be the same as the sumptuous, platinum blonde girl in the great house on the hill.

I had the feeling that the Jean the fans think they know and the Jean her friends know were gradually drawing nearer together and (Continued on page 81)

A typical Armetta glance cast at Shirley Temple in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."



The GLOOM-CHASER

HENRY ARMETTA is a born comedian. Not one of the high-powered funnymen of Hollywood, those whose fortunes have climbed into the millions, have the power of this little man over their audiences. Laurel and Hardy, Harold Lloyd, even Chaplin, the immortal one, must have gags and "sequences" and gadgets to put their humor across but Henry—just let his face be seen on the screen and the audience howls with laughter.

He doesn't have to do a thing, but he steals practically every scene he is in. Regardless of the action the audience keeps on chuckling, holding in the big laugh with difficulty until Henry perhaps lifts an eyebrow—then the house, unable to hold in any longer, fairly rocks with laughter. I've heard it more times than I can count. He is the one hundred percent gloom-proof actor on the screen today.

Henry's career is somewhat remarkable. You have read about him before and know his biographical data, as we call it, so I won't go into that. As a matter of fact

I don't know it, but years ago, when I was doing publicity for William Farnum, Henry was Bill's valet. Henry preceded me in the Farnum menage so I don't know how Bill happened to find him, but as he himself has said, in several interviews, he was valet first to Raymond Hitchcock. Hitchy and Bill were friends, so that is probably how the connection was made.

If it was, I don't know that Hitchy did his friend Bill a very good turn. A man's valet is usually expected to keep both his own and his master's head under moments of stress and in this

case it was just the other way around. Henry would lose his completely, and Bill would have to handle him as though he were a child. As an example, Mr. Farnum, who is a fine golfer, was to play in a tournament in Philadelphia one Sunday. The night before he cautioned Henry to be not a minute later than seven the next morning as he had to make the nine o'clock train to the City of Brotherly Love.

(Continued on page 82)

By Helen
Fay Ludlam

Henry Armetta doesn't need gags—he looks funny

By James

Reid

TWO CAREER GAL



Joan is appearing in "Two in a Crowd."

The littlest Bennett's energy is simply colossal!



The Markeys—
Diana, Joan, Gene
and Melinda.

TWO YEARS ago, a touching story about Joan Bennett found its way into print. A poignant story about a beautiful girl, a talented actress, who was partially blind, but completely courageous.

It "revealed" that Joan Bennett lived in a world of haze. She saw faces in a blur at a distance of more than arm's-length. She was constantly ignoring old friends on the street because—she could not see them. When she played a movie scene, she could not distinguish her fellow-players except in close-ups. She had had to forego tennis, one of her favorite sports, because she could not see the balls coming toward her on the court. She could read little, lest she strain her already weakened eyes. She was in constant danger of becoming completely blind and she wore dark glasses to hide her tragic secret.

The story circled the world. A deluge of sympathy descended upon Joan. In its poignance, the story was haunting, unforgettable. It had one flaw: it wasn't true.

I reminded Joan of the story the other day. She had just returned from Palm Springs, one of the world's sunniest spots, where she had gone between pictures for a rest and a satisfying session of reading. Sun-tinted, rested, with her blonde hair newly darkened, she was completely refreshing in a smartly tailored suit of dark blue and gray herringbone. She wore sun-glasses, which are ever-present with half of Hollywood. The sharp sunlight demands them. But—those sun-glasses did not prevent her seeing, and greeting with a smile, Producer Walter Wanger—half of the length of the restaurant away—before she spoke.

"Oh, *that* story!" Joan said, in a tone that hinted at too keen a remembrance. "It's still pursuing me. According to the story, you know, I was about to go blind any day."

Why hadn't she denied the story when it appeared—?

"I wanted to. I was upset about it—and mad about it. But friends told me that people (Continued on page 71)

NEW STYLES IN Parents

Bing Crosby's three boys won't be "movie" kids if their Pa and Ma have their way

Bing, as you
will see him in
his new opus,
"Rhythm on the
Range."

SHRIEKS OF laughter were coming from the direction of the nursery as the butler knocked with as much reluctance as interrupting a directors' meeting would command. Cautiously he opened the door a crack.

"Your brother is here with a man to see you, Mr. Crosby," he announced. "He says it's important."

Bing never lifted his eyes from the block house he was building on the floor. "Tell him to see me at my office tomorrow," he said. "I'm busy."

Presently there was another knock on the nursery door and without waiting for an invitation, Bing's brother, Everett, burst into the room.

"Bing, this is important!" he exploded. "You know I wouldn't have bothered you tonight if it weren't. There's a fellow downstairs with a song that's a knockout. He wants to give you first crack at it. It'll take you just a minute to hear it."

"Can't you see I'm busy?" asked Bing soberly. "Tell him to bring it over to the studio tomorrow."

"But he won't wait," Everett insisted. "He's going to submit it to Vallee. I'm telling you, Bing, it's hot."

"No," Bing insisted with a finality that discouraged further argument. "This is important. You know," he continued earnestly, "it's an art to build these houses high enough so they'll make a loud crash when they're knocked down."

To a singer, with a big weekly radio program, getting new songs is an all-important problem. There are so few real song hits and so many singers trying to get them first. But to Bing Crosby his children are more important than anything else. The thing that worries him more than getting a good song is to find more time to spend with his children.

So much has been written about Hollywood parents—about the fantastic way their children are reared; about the extravagant parties given on birthdays and other holi-

BY Caroline
Somers Hoyt

days; about the elaborate nurseries, play houses, the nurses and bodyguards, that it is only fair, I believe, to present the other side of the case.

It has been my observation that, for the most part, the children of the stars are more sensibly brought up than the average child of wealthy parents. The Bing Crosbys are a fair example of normal, sensible parents in Hollywood or any place else in the world.

Bing is a wealthy man. He could lavish every luxury on his children, if he wished, but he doesn't. He is preparing them for the future and believes the best way to do that is to give them a healthy, happy, normal childhood. He admits he bought his big ranch between Hollywood and San Diego, at Santa Fe Springs, partly to indulge himself in his hobby of breeding race horses, but more as a perfect place to raise his family. True, he is building a new home in town that resembles a young hotel, but when Bing isn't working, the Crosbys call the ranch "home."

"Hollywood is of necessity an artificial place in which to live," Bing said. "Children can't help but get false ideas of the value of the real things of life. On the ranch they will grow up with the benefits of country life. They play outdoors all day and are as brown as nuts the year around. They have dogs and horses for companions and you can't beat that. They will learn to swim and ride and play tennis before they even go to school."

In the years to come the children will carry on the Crosby name—and perhaps the Crosby fame—and he wants them to be physically and morally fit to be prepared for life as he knows it.

ONE RECALLS that after Bing graduated from college he worked for a while before he decided to take up the study of law. Then he went to law school at night for two years while he worked day times to pay his way. He knows the value of money despite his apparent carefree attitude toward its disposition and behind that bland, kidding manner a very efficient set of brains has planned his sons' futures.

The Bing Crosbys bought a ranch so the boys could have an outdoor childhood. Dixie with the twins, Dennis and Philip, and big brother, Gary.

Bing has knocked around. He knows what life is all about. Before he was married he became, according to his intimates, one of Hollywood's champion doorstep sitters. When he arrived home very late at night he would sit on the doorstep all night rather than waken the family. When he married Dixie he not only had to abandon doorstep sitting as a midnight pastime, but poker games and little romantic excursions. But when one of his erstwhile pals suggested that he was giving up romance to be an "old married man," Bing replied:

"I'm not giving up romance. I'm taking it home with me."

And he urged Dixie, who had a Fox contract, to give up her motion picture work. "I'm working," he told her. "Your career from now on will be acting as Mrs. Bing Crosby."

He knew what he wanted then. He knows what he wants for his children now. He intends to do everything to see that they get a chance in life, but he is determined not to make it too easy for them.

It is considered quite natural in the ordinary wealthy home for the entire care of the children to be turned over to nurses and governesses, but the three Crosby children are looked after and cared for by one nurse and Dixie, their youthful mother. There is no occasion for the children to make a brief daily appearance before their parents to be kissed goodnight, because usually their mother prepares them for bed, and if Bing is not working he, too, is always with them.

"Bing's lucky to be married to Dixie," one of their friends remarked to me recently. "Most girls in her position would be out spending his money. She's never out playing bridge or kicking around. You can always find her at home with her children."

She swims with them in the pool at the ranch, takes them for drives and watches Gary's first attempts to learn to ride a horse.

Of course all parents love their children, but those Crosbys are enthusiastic about (Continued on page 79)

Dixie Lee Crosby can have a career or leave it—the big thing is her boys. Hollywood thinks Bing is lucky to have married such a swell home gal.





No one could wish to be slimmer than Marlene Dietrich. Evidently, having a child hasn't had any evil effects on her figure.



"Eating out" hasn't made Joan Bennett forget that she must conform to her diet rules, as many of you claim it has done.



Arline Judge, another young screen mother, knows how utterly ridiculous it is to wail, "But I've had a child. That's why I'm fat."

Debunking all the "I can't reduce" excuses ever given

WHAT IS IT that gets you out of trouble in a court of law, but into a heap of trouble in the home—and with me, as well? You don't even have to turn to the back of the book for the answer, because I'm going to give it to you here and now: an alibi. What a pernicious little five-letter word it is! Add an "s" to it, and that's where the trouble begins because, when you start the alibis, they multiply like guinea pigs. Every time you turn around there's another litter! Soon it's ali-bye-bye to your figure and your face, and sometimes the man of your dreams, too. You think I'm just an exaggerator, a maker of mountains out of molehills, a regular Calamity Jane? I am not. Listen!

I have here ten of the flimsiest little excuses on record. One by one I shall list them, prove them to be phoney, mess them up in general so they won't be one darn bit of good to you, and then I'll tell you, my darlings, what to do if you have fallen under their spell. So, hang on,

children, here we go on the alibi merry-go-round!

Alibi number one, and it's a honey: "At my age, it's natural to be fat."

This is the pet alibi of women who have passed the forty line. It makes me so mad, I almost burst a seam every time I hear it. It is not "natural" to be fat at any age. I'm fifty-five, myself, four feet ten inches high and weigh ninety-eight pounds.

Just because you've been on earth for forty years doesn't mean you have to carry around an extra forty pounds of ballast for the rest of your lives.

You clean your house every day to get rid of accumulated dirt, don't you? You'd be knee-deep in it if you didn't. Would you say it was "natural" for any woman to allow her house to become cluttered up with debris? Of course not! You'd call her a sloppy Annie and a lazy so-and-so. Well, it makes just about as much sense to say it's natural for your bodies to be cluttered



Anne Shirley's mother may be inclined toward stoutness, but Anne keeps slim.

by anyone

YOUR TEN PET *Alibis*

By Madame Sylvia

- ARE YOU AMONG THOSE WHO CLAIM THAT—
1. At my age, it's natural to be fat.
 2. I haven't time to exercise. I work all day.
 3. I can't diet when I eat out.
 4. Fat runs in our family.
 5. Never mind, darling, you'll outgrow it.
 6. I can't watch my diet. I cook for the family.
 7. I've tried everything on the market to reduce.
 8. I've had children. That's why I'm fat.
 9. It's my glands.
 10. My husband says he loves me as I am.



Madame Sylvia proves every one of the above alibis to be flimsy and tells you what to do if you have fallen under their spell.

up with a lot of fat bumps and bulges, at any age. You'll find plenty of your favorite movie stars "crowding forty" (or skipping it), who are still slim. Look at Billie Burke. And you may have heard of a gal named Irene Rich; don't see how you could miss it, for her slimness at forty has been publicized to the hilt. And that's okay, for slim she is. Being a shrinking violet, I must tell you that mama did it. Like George Washington, I cannot tell a lie, but unlike Georgie I didn't do it with my hatchet. I worked over Irene, made her slim and lovely and taught her how she could keep herself that way, and I'm that proud of a photograph Irene autographed to me: "To Sylvia, from one of us whom she makes look like we want to look. Always the best of luck to you."

Now don't sit there muttering that money, leisure and artful clothes are the answer to the forty-year-old-figure problem. On the contrary, the (Continued on page 69)

DOWN TO 27¢

But he's up now
and hasn't even
begun to show
what he can do

This is Michael
Whalen, with
whom you're
destined to be-
come well ac-
quainted.



Mike Whalen
and Jean Muir
in a romantic
moment from
"White Fang."



By William F. French

WITHIN A few months everyone will be talking of the phenomenal luck that skyrocketed this young six-feet-twoer to fame and fortune in less than half a year—Michael Whalen, star of "White Fang."

Aladdin's lamp has been rubbed for other young men in Hollywood; such as Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, Errol Flynn and Nelson Eddy. But never before in such a "cat-with-a-mouse" manner, for Lady Luck surely fitted Mike with a crown of thorns before applying the coveted garland of success.

Tested and rejected by practically every major studio, Michael Whalen was the universal football of the casting offices for eighteen months before getting a chance to prove that he has more of what it takes than any "find" in years.

TODAY, with only five months' picture experience under his belt, he is regarded by Darryl Zanuck as the most promising newcomer in films, and sufficiently strong to carry on without the help of other stars. So, instead of going the rounds as the handsome he-man romantic lead to the various favorite ladies of the films (and if you've seen him in "Professional Soldier," "The Song and Dance Man," "The Country Doctor" or "The Poor Little Rich Girl," you know he has the looks the women stars love to play to), he is standing on his own feet, with top billing in "White Fang."

Now as to Michael Whalen's Hollywood "break." He got it at Paramount when, in his (Continued on page 68)



MODERN MONA LISA

Fay Wray is as enigmatic as her famous prototype

I OFTEN wonder how anyone as quiet and gentle as Fay Wray ever found the steps up to the enviable position she holds in Hollywood. Really, here is no fantastic creature who can easily manage to be spectacular. Fay isn't obviously "different." She never pushes. Certainly, she hasn't thrived because of publicity or pull. Still, without scoring extraordinary hits and with nothing sensational in her private life, she always has leading roles awaiting her.

Unquestionably, Fay is far from ordinary, however. She's active on the Hollywood scene again today after "time out." Her deliberate disappearance was characteristic. At the apparent peak of her popularity—abruptly no more Wray! The girl who seemed to be in practically every

By Ben
Maddox

other film no longer was current or coming to your pet movie palace. Minus ballyhoo, she cancelled contracts with two major studios to hie six thousand miles from the husband, home and success she

loves so much, and did so unhesitatingly.

If you'll remember, just two years ago she was the busiest of all heroines, setting the record for numerous performances. Even that was puzzling—thanks to making the least fuss in the town where you're supposed to be so assertive, she had her name sparkling on the most marquees.

Her fade-out was called rushed by casual acquaintances. Actually, it wasn't—although she settled all her Hollywood affairs, packed, and was off within the space of three days. There were a hundred matters to attend (*Continued on page 87*)

Below, Jeanette wears a turquoise blue mousseline de soie dinner gown with long sleeves. And right, a royal blue chiffon printed with garlands of coral pink and blue posies.



Midsummer

Jeanette MacDonald and Madge Evans tell you what

IT WAS a California sizzler the day that Jeanette MacDonald and the photographer got together for the smart pictures you gaze upon this month. A fortunate angle to the tedious business of photographing was the fact that Jeanette didn't have to budge out of her own cool house. And since the day was such a scorcher, it made my sub-

ject of the right clothes for midsummer a very pertinent one.

Usually getting a star to pose for fashion pictures on a day's rest from the studio is a job that brings dubious looks from her press agent, sour grimaces from her pet cameraman and an embarrassing air of forbearance

This is Jeanette's between-season dress. Of brown silk crepe, it looks well with both summer and fall accessories. Right, a cool, floral-printed jacket dress with red accents.



Fashion Viewpoint

they are wearing these dog days

By Adelia Bird

from la belle, the star. Not so with Jeanette MacDonald, who is one of the grander people in the cinema set. Free from the "Maytime" set, where she and Nelson Eddy are warbling again, she not only posed in the best looking things from her own closet but, what's more, she invited us to come right on out to her house so that

the whole thing could be done in a comfortable, clubby fashion.

Jeanette, who loves to act a bit giddy and has a swell sense of humor, actually is a very conservative soul. You notice it in everything she does and especially in her home—a charming house, quietly elegant in all its



Madge Evans picks this cool-looking trio for hot weather. Navy blue pleated chiffon skirt topped by pique jacket and vest.



And like Jeanette, Madge has a simple dark silk crepe dress to make the summer-into-fall jump. Her charming hat, close-up below.



appointments. This same feeling of quiet good taste is evident in her clothes. She has a small wardrobe for one who could buy anything she likes and she doesn't indulge herself in extravagant clothes just to show them off in competition with the other stars. She buys only what she needs and, once a year, she gives herself an expensive present. Last year it was a beautiful star sapphire; this year it was some lovely furs. As a result, Jeanette is never bored by having too much and she can get as much of a kick out of saving up for a big purchase as you or I.

Quizzing her on what her tastes run to in clothes, I discovered the following interesting and revealing fashion whims.

She can't see any reason why redheads have to shun

red! Being a golden redhead herself, she continually wears both red and pink. The reds she selects are on the orange cast and the pinks are in the pastel range. For instance, she showed me the printed jacket dress on page 57, which has multicolored small flowers scattered over a black background. The predominant shade is a lipstick red which is echoed in the patent leather belt on the dress and also in the buttons. And her black sailor is banded in grosgrain ribbon of the same shade.

This print, by the way, is one of the mid-summer costumes Jeanette finds most comfortable and cool. The box jacket with slightly extended shoulder detail, is worn only on the cooler days—the dress beneath being ideal for a warm day without it.

(Continued on page 77)

People Notice Skin Faults

LINES

"SHE'S LOOKING OLD"

LARGE PORES

"SHE'S LOSING HER LOOKS"

BLEMISHES

"HER SKIN IS NEVER CLEAR"



Miss Dorothy Day: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from little lines."

These faults start in your Under Skin—and there's where you must treat them

A GLANCE at your skin—and people form opinions! A single blemish... "Her skin's never clear." Tired lines creeping in... "She's looking worn and old." The first coarse pores... "She's losing her good looks!"

Things you yourself hardly notice. But they are there—giving you away, sometimes unjustly.

You can change all that!... Surprise everybody with a glorious new impression of your skin—in a few short weeks. You must begin at once to fight those faults people notice. Fight them right where they begin—in your *underskin*. Look at

the skin diagram below. See, just under the skin, all the tiny oil glands, blood vessels, skin cells, which rush life to your outer skin—keep it free of flaws. When they lose vigor, skin faults begin.



Good looks start here...

Under the skin you see are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, fibres. When these fail—skin faults come... Read how you can keep this *underskin* active, your outer skin faultless!

But you can *keep them active!* Rouse that underskin, by the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment—and those little faults will quickly go!

Pond's Cold Cream is made with fine,

specially processed oils which go deep. It lifts out all dirt and make-up—freshens your skin immediately. Now—pat in a second application, briskly. Feel the failing underskin waken. Circulation more active. Soon oil glands, cells are acting normally.

Do this regularly. In a few weeks your skin will be noticed by everyone, but for a different reason... It's so fresh and clear and smooth... *beautiful!*

More than cleansing—this way

Here's the famous Pond's method:

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off!... Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer, every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. J-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Miss Bettina Belmont

"I keep my skin in good condition with Pond's Cold Cream. It never lets blackheads, coarse pores, or blemishes come out on my skin."

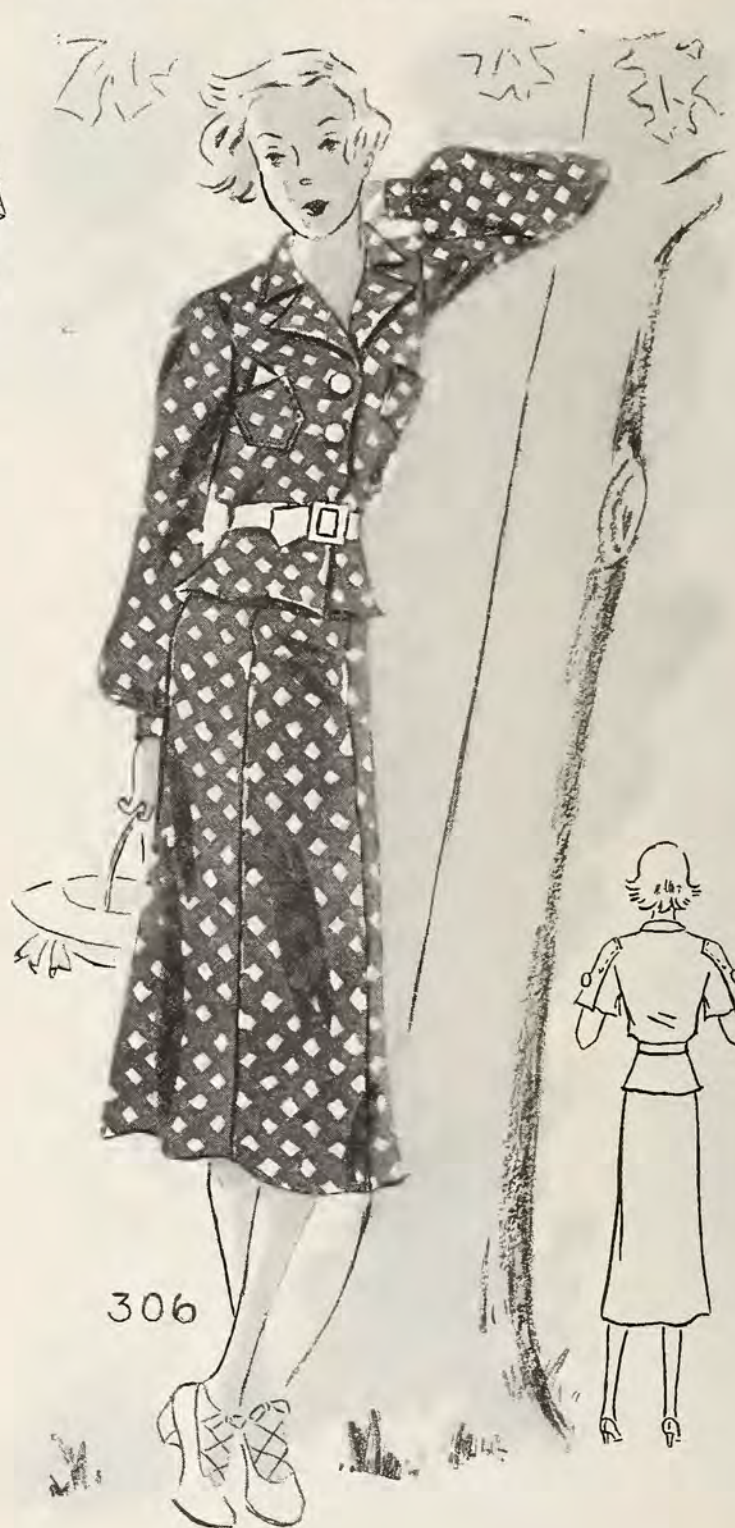


MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

Two new junior styles for back-to-school activities

1727—A grand jacket outfit for your smart young daughter is this one in either silk, wool or velveteen. The bolero has the extended shoulder line. The skirt appears to be separate, but actually is sewed to the smartly tucked blouse.

306—The classic two-piece style gets an added "lift" by being made up in a patterned wool or crepe. This particular design is both practical and youthful. Both dresses in sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.



MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing.....(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

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Pattern No..... Size.....

Do you want our new Summer Fashion Book?.....

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City and State..... (Please Print)

Carole Lombard's beauty bath

protects daintiness—
leaves skin *sweet*



I STEP INTO A
FRAGRANT
LUX TOILET SOAP
BATH—LIE BACK
A MOMENT
COMPLETELY
RELAXED



OFTEN I COME
HOME FROM A
LONG DAY BEFORE
THE CAMERA
THOROUGHLY
TIRED OUT



WHEN I STEP OUT I
AM SO MARVELOUSLY
REFRESHED! MY
SKIN IS SOFT AND
SMOOTH—DELICATELY
PERFUMED

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't you use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

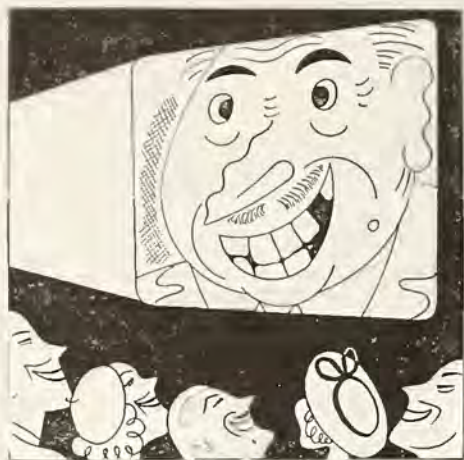
CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

\$5.00 PRIZE LETTER

Newsreel Monstrosities

I believe that I am expressing a widespread sentiment in repudiating a prevalent newsreel nuisance; namely, the custom of inflicting upon a plain-



When Johnny Q. Public appears in the newsreels, the audience has a laugh.

tive public full-sized close-ups of men and women currently in the public eye.

These close-ups occupying every available inch of space on the screen, so thoroughly exaggerate facial contours and imperfections that the innocent victim of the "exposure" invariably resembles the hero of an Ed Wynn opera. And when the photographic subject reveals his or her bridgework in a wide range smile . . . but you doubtlessly get the idea by now.

Now, broadly speaking, the monstrosities gaping at us from the newsreel are healthy and by no means unattractive individuals in private life. But when they pose *au naturel*, without poise or preparatory attention from a Max Factor, the merciless lens record their floundering features with about the same degree of fidelity with which a radio of the vintage of '21 would reproduce the voice of today's radio stars. To make matters worse, the close-ups are sustained at times for as long as two minutes or more while the news commentator explains the reason for the aforementioned victim's movie debut.—Emanuel Barton, Pittsburgh, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Not Fair to Shirley

Little Miss Temple unquestionably merits all the superlatives heaped upon her. She's a surprisingly intelligent being. But, oh dear, her pictures become successively worse and nobody admits it. Why doesn't someone see that she gets a good story? She hasn't

had one since "Baby Take a Bow." Children may enjoy the things she's in, but a good many adults have to go along and be bored. It's not really fair to the fine little actress. Even so lovely a child as she cannot bear the whole weight of a mediocre picture on her small shoulders.

Give her a smaller part—a little less singing and dancing and a little more sense—or else make it frankly a musical comedy. But don't hold up dramatic scenes for the sake of a little tapping up and down a flight of stairs. Put her in a good story and the whole world will applaud her.—Selma Katz, Brockton, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

The Fan Mail Problem

We average people want to think that the movie stars are real, down to earth people. One way in which we can tell them how much we like them and how much they appreciate



A Massachusetts reader says they're not being fair to little Miss Temple.

us (if they do) is by fan mail. I should think their fan mail would be handled better. Of course, not all of them are alike, but when you ask for a picture or even an autograph in most cases your request is ignored. It seems to me that all of the stars could find time to answer such requests as these. If they can't do it personally, why don't they hire a secretary? In the long run I should think it would pay them. For it would prove to us that they take a real interest in the people who admire them so much and it makes us feel as though they were friends of ours.

I have received two very lovely pictures, plus autographs signed personally, from two famous movie stars. I liked them very much prior to this, but my admiration has increased since they were so nice.—M. Jackson, Schaghticoke, N. Y.

Write us a letter and win a prize! Choose any movie topic that interests you—why you like certain players and dislike others, pictures you've seen, and some you'd like to see, why you like or dislike Modern Screen, etc., etc. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prizes of \$1 each. 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. Write now!

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Unique Wishes

1. Dick Powell as my escort.
2. Ruby Keeler as my sister who cooks and taps.
3. Ginger Rogers as my other sister.
4. Shirley Temple as my youngest sister.
5. Fred MacMurray as my kid brother.
6. Clark Gable as my butler.
7. John Boles as my teacher.
8. Jean Parker as my cousin.
9. Anita Louise as my girl friend.
10. Henry Fonda as my hired man.
11. Katharine Hepburn as my errand girl.
12. Mae West as my aunt.
13. Jack Oakie as my uncle.
14. Norma Shearer as my second cousin.
15. Glenda Farrell as my married sister.
16. Toby Wing, Merle Oberon and Jean Harlow as my next-door neighbors.
17. Wendy Barrie as a girl friend who writes stories to the papers and tells me jokes.

(Continued on page 97)



If the stars would only answer letters personally, wail the fans.

Baby in Wonderland!

**Special care ... special foods ...
even a special laxative ... no wonder he thrives!**



YOUR DOCTOR will tell you that it takes a *special* kind of care to bring up a healthy baby today.

He prescribes a *special* food formula. He advises *special* baby soap ... *special* baby powder ... yes, even *special* baby dishes.

In the field of laxatives, doctors say the same reasoning should follow. They say that a baby's laxative should be made *especially* for him too. It's logical, isn't it? For if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. *Yes, even in "half-doses."*



Fletcher's Castoria is one laxative you can give your children with perfect peace of mind. All its ingredients are printed on every carton. It is made *especially—and only*—for children. There isn't a single thing in it that could possibly harm the tiniest infant system. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

It functions chiefly in the lower bowel and gently stimulates the natural muscular movement—in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It doesn't upset the stomach—as some "adult" laxatives would do. Nor will it cause cramping pains. It is a *child's laxative*, pure and simple—and we recommend it for nothing else.



And—Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it gladly. And doctors say it's important that they should. For the very act of forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can be so shocking to his nervous system that it can upset his entire digestion.

Why not get a bottle tonight? Ask for the Family-Size. It saves you money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

Star Summer Suggestions

(Continued from page 13)

"I've always thought that that same idea would work beautifully with most meal-planning and that one outstanding treat on each menu would make everyone overlook whatever possible shortcomings the meal might have otherwise."

"Yes," laughed Bob, the irrepressible, "sort of like telling an actor, 'Well that was a bum picture I just saw you in but you gave a swell performance!'"

"Hardly that," demurred Betty Montgomery, "but you must admit that a good performance will lift a mediocre film to a higher rating. So why shouldn't the same hold true at the table?"

"There are countless out-of-the-ordinary dishes to supply some degree of originality to a menu. These special treats can come out of the oven, out of the garden, out of the sea and even out of cans and boxes. It's largely a question of tasty combinations, correct seasonings and attractive appearance. And, of course, we must not forget—particularly in summer—the many delicious dishes that come out of the refrigerator and its freezing trays, all ready and waiting for your appreciation. I can think of many such dishes that, without being one bit elaborate or difficult, have pleased us and delighted our friends."

"In all modesty, we think they're swell!" declared Bob, laughingly, and then excused himself to go off for an hour's practice in his newest sport, fencing—leaving us gals to discuss Bob's favorite foods.

A FINE lot of dishes they turned out to be, too, these "out-of-the-ordinary" treats that would make a festive occasion of any meal! Only two of the foods mentioned by Mrs. Montgomery come out of the oven. And these come out after but the shortest of visits to the oven's hot interior. One is a bran and corn meal combination that is spread thinly, baked quickly and then cut into narrow strips for serving. It is equally good served as a breakfast hot bread or with a salad or a jellied soup. Of course, you, too, can get a copy of this recipe simply by writing in for it. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you a free copy of this month's recipe leaflet, which contains this and other of Bob's favorite dishes.

The second of the out-of-the-oven dishes I mentioned (and which is also in the leaflet) is a Casserole of Chicken and Mushrooms Supreme. Made up in individual glass baking dishes and served with potato chips and a salad, this provides an excellent one-plate lunch or supper. The nice part of this recipe is that you can make it entirely from canned foods off your pantry shelf, if you choose.

The two Bob Montgomery salad suggestions I am giving you in the leaflet include one out-of-the-garden salad and one that depends for its appeal on a treat that comes out-of-the-sea. The fact that the sea food called for in the latter is that good old dependable, canned salmon, is a feature that makes this salad practical even for those far removed from the ocean. In contrast with the pink salmon meat, you have the tempting color of green peppers—but why go into that now, when the recipe in the leaflet will tell you how to make it in greater detail than I have space to go into here.

The out-of-the-refrigerator suggestions are so many that I can only skim off the cream of the crop. Probably the most outstanding one is Toasted Coconut Almond

Pie—a refrigerator recipe that is a great favorite with the guests of the Bob Montgomerys. Pie from a refrigerator? My, yes! There are many of these refrigerator pies that you can make, but I consider this one of the most pleasing, both in flavor and appearance.

Let's see now, that makes five unusual recipes for you in this month's leaflet, doesn't it? The out-of-the-oven Bran Cornbread and the Chicken and Mushroom Supreme; the out-of-the-garden and the out-of-the-sea salads I have described briefly and the out-of-the-refrigerator pie. That leaves me just room enough here to give you two recipes for frozen desserts for use in automatic refrigerators and to make a few suggestions of my own which will help you to follow Bob's and Betty's suggestion that, in summer, you serve one outstanding treat at each meal. But don't forget their other suggestion that the "special treat" as well as the meal in general, should be characterized by simplicity.

THAT'S a great little word, "simplicity." I realize that it can mean different things to different people and what may seem "simple" to some might well appear overpoweringly difficult to others. When I say the recipes for Bob Montgomery's favorite foods are "simple," I mean that, in my opinion, they should prove so to anyone who has ever held a mixing spoon in her hand! Another claim that they have to simplicity is that they require no last-minute fuss and bother. You make any one of them up in advance, tuck it away in the refrigerator and forget about it until meal time.

It's truly amazing the results you can achieve in balanced and delicious menus by the judicious inclusion of one or two of the ready-prepared or almost-prepared foods. I don't advocate a meal entirely made up of canned foods, mind you, but I firmly believe that if one or two are included, you can have an appetizing menu with far less work for the cook! A bowl of hot canned soup as an "opener" for an otherwise cold meal, for instance. Or a cold jellied soup or the ever-popular tomato juice as a dainty and welcome introduction to an otherwise uninspired dinner. Icy beverages, of course, at the end of a blistering day—made with canned pineapple or grapefruit juices, or bottled grape juice, or a combination of all three! Canned meats galore which, when attractively served with a fresh vegetable to accompany them, are always most welcome. One canned vegetable, too, at a meal, if you choose.

And then we come to desserts, and the list is a mile long! All I have time to mention here are two. The first, an ice-box-cake made with packaged crackers formed into an oblong roll with whipped cream between each cracker and a final coating of whipped cream generously covering the finished roll. These are then sliced diagonally for serving and generally cause a sensation. Tins of chocolate wafers are best for this purpose, but gingersnaps and vanilla wafers may be used.

Then there are the cake mixes which come in boxes and require but a cup of water and a minute's stirring before being put in the oven. And you'll be surprised at the delicious rich gingerbread and devil's food cakes that you can turn out by this method. You don't believe me? All right. You can keep right on then, creaming and

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1/2 Way Toothpaste
have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan's, the tooth paste that does both jobs—whitens teeth and safeguards 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.

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● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

sifting, measuring, beating and folding-in. As for me, I'm going to take time off this summer for swimming and still enjoy cakes made the quick way. Served hot with a topping of creamy, cold, ice cream—it can't be beat!

And speaking of ice cream, I suggest that you fill one of your freezing trays immediately with the following mixture. This vanilla ice cream recipe was worked out by the makers of the gas refrigerator and as an example of the simplicity we have been discussing, it stands at the top of the list. You'll also like the Lemoncot Ice recipe, I'm sure. Even if it does take a little longer to prepare, you'll find it simplifies your dessert problem to make up a couple of trays of this ice for future use—for it will keep for days and days.

VANILLA ICE CREAM

- ¼ cup milk
- ¼ cup sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 2½ teaspoons vanilla
- 1 cup whipping cream

Combine first four ingredients in order given. Stir until sugar has dissolved. Whip cream to a custard consistency, combine with first mixture and turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator. Set cold control a little colder than the half-way mark (not at the coldest point). If all the ingredients are thoroughly chilled before using, this cream will freeze to the desired consistency in about one and one half hours.

LEMONCOT ICE

- 2 cups apricot purée
- 2 cups water
- ⅓ cup lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg white
- ½ cup white karo syrup
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Force enough tender, boiled, strained apricots through a sieve or food mill to make 2 cups of apricot purée. (If sweetened apricots are used, reduce sugar somewhat.) To the purée add 1 cup of water and the lemon juice. Boil together sugar, karo syrup and remaining cup of water until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water (240° F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat, combine with apricot mixture and blend thoroughly. Turn into 2 medium-sized freezing trays. Place in refrigerator and freeze for ½ hour with control set at coldest point. Remove from tray, beat well. Beat egg white until stiff, fold in the 2 tablespoons sugar, then fold egg whites into apricot mixture. Return to refrigerator tray and freeze until firm, stirring well every half hour or so. Serve with cookies, or add a spoonful to a fruit cup.

The Modern Hostess,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Robert Montgomery's tested hot weather recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

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HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED



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**You, too, will find that this
delicious spaghetti helps you
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It's the thrifty woman's friend, all right—this tempting, savory, ready-cooked spaghetti with the rich, flavorful cheese-and-tomato sauce that good home cooks declare is so much better than theirs!

Endless ways to use it!

You'll marvel how many things you can do with Franco-American. It's the perfect accompaniment for meat or fish... It makes a wonderful main dish for lunch or supper. It gives zestful flavor to cheaper meat cuts. It's simply grand for "dressing-up" leftovers. And everybody likes it. Even those who once thought

they didn't care for spaghetti at all, are delighted with Franco-American.

Yet it costs less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't possibly buy all your ingredients—Franco-American chefs use *eleven* in their sauce—and prepare spaghetti at home for so little... And think how much easier Franco-American is, how much time it saves you!... No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve... Truly, you'll never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again once you try Franco-American... Why not get a can of this delicious Spaghetti today?



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one of these Jobs.

Be up-to-date on the stars' lives
with facts for your mental files

Information Desk

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

GEORGE RAFT: Now that he's back on the screen again in "Yours for the Asking" after a temporary absence, his faithful fans are flocking to the fold. So—here are the "vital statistics" you requested. In spite of the fact that Mr. R. is of French, German and Italian descent, George Raft is really his name. Born in Hell's Kitchen in New York City, George attended Public School 169 and later St. Catherine's. During his vacations and after school hours he worked as an electrician's helper for \$4.00 a week. That not being lucrative enough, he decided at the age of 15 to become a bantam weight prize fighter. During the next 2 years he fought 25 times, was knocked out 7 and quit the game after his last beating. Following this was the baseball era, in which George signed with the Springfield Club. However, he was dropped after 2 seasons because of his poor batting, though as a fielder he did well by himself. Next, he became a professional golfer at Churchill's in New York, where Rudolph Valentino worked in a similar capacity. After Rudy departed for Hollywood and the movies, he sent for Raft to be his double, but died before the latter could get there. Nothing daunted, George took up dancing in vaudeville, then in legitimate shows and night clubs. He introduced the Charleston to New York and later to London, becoming an international sensation and appearing in all the capitals of Europe. Back to New York, vaudeville and night clubs again, he finally ended up in Hollywood for his first picture, "Quick Millions," in 1931. Mr. Raft is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has shiny black hair and light brown eyes. Baseball still remains his favorite sport and he likes to watch prize fights and horse races. He and his wife have been separated for several years, and Virginia Pine still seems to be the "first lady" of his heart. Under contract to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif., he will probably appear next in "Playboy."

JULIE HUNTER, Chicago, Ill.—The reason why you haven't seen Charles Laughton on the screen lately is a very simple one. He hasn't made any pictures since "Mutiny on the Bounty." Seriously though, he's been appearing on the English stage and is now marking time until the script is ready for him and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, to begin work on "Rembrandt," which will be a biographical film of that famous master's life. Methinks it will be well worth waiting for!

ALAN BAXTER: Maybe you don't recognize the name, but when you know that this is the young man who played gangster Babe Wilson in "Mary Burns, Fugitive" you'll catch wise. He's 25 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall and has light brown hair and brown eyes. Born in East Cleveland, Ohio, he is the only son of the president of a leading bank in that city. Educated in Cleveland Heights, he attended Williams University from which he graduated in 1930, and took a post graduate course at Yale's Baker's Workshop, where he specialized in Polish and other dialect roles. Next Alan served as apprentice in the Group Theatre and then the Theatre Guild. While appearing in "The Black Pit" Katharine Hepburn saw him and was so impressed that she persuaded Walter Wanger to sign him for a picture, sight unseen. This was "Mary Burns, Fugitive," in which he made his screen debut. While at Williams, Baxter was on the track and wrestling teams. He is a good swimmer and golfs in the low 80's. His hobbies are drawing, clay modeling and playwriting. He has written many musical comedy sketches, two of them in the New York hit, "Life Begins at 8:40," two in "Calling All Stars," and three in "Thumbs Up." On April 26 he was married to Barbara William. His other pictures have been "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "13 Hours by Air," "Big Brown Eyes," "The Case Against Mrs. Ames" and "Parole." His next is not scheduled at the moment. Write him at Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

MADELINE LUTHERMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.—Here are the answers to some of your questions, though not all. Joseph Calleja has appeared in "Public Hero Number One," "Riffraff," "Tough Guy" and "Exclusive Story."

Yes, Tullio Carminati has sung in several of his pictures, "Paris in Spring" being the last. Frank Lawton is married to Evelyn Laye. Douglass Montgomery is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds, is 27 years old and not married. Monroe Owsley is not married, either.

FRANCES LANGFORD: Born in Lakeland, Fla., about 23 years ago, this young contralto has gone a long way in a comparatively short time. Miss Langford's mother, Annie Newbern, was a concert pianist so Frances comes naturally by her love of music. As a young girl she gained local popularity by singing at school and church entertainments.

She attended Southern College where she sang soprano in the glee club. Then came the tonsil operation from which Miss Langford emerged, amazingly enough, a contralto. While in college she appeared on a commercial radio program in Tampa, and it was there that Rudy Vallee discovered her during one of her programs. Greatly impressed, he arranged for her to be guest star on his next radio hour. In June, 1931, Frances trekked to New York where she sang on several commercial programs and took a try at the stage in a show which failed. Next came vaudeville, which was highly successful and resulted in her obtaining a big radio contract. This she supplemented with work in New York cabarets and vaudeville until she was summoned to Hollywood to appear in "Every Night at Eight." She stands 5 feet 3½ inches, weighs only 100 pounds and has a dark complexion with raven black hair. Her favorite foods are fried chicken and Mexican chili and beans. She likes horseback riding, golf, sad music and amateur photography. Miss Langford is not married. She is under contract to Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif., for whom she recently completed "Palm Springs."

DOROTHY WASKOW, Ashland, Pa.—Claire Trevor was born in New York City on March 8. Mae West's birthday is August 17 and her birthplace, Brooklyn, N. Y. Cesar Romero was also born in New York, his birthday being February 15. Rosalind Russell hails from Waterbury, Conn., and her date of birth is June 4. Kitty Carlisle was born in New Orleans, La., but does not give her birthday.

BUCK JONES: This gentleman-cowboy's life story is almost as exciting and full of adventure as his pictures. Born Charles Jones in Vincennes, Ind., on December 4, 1889, of American parents, he was educated in the public schools of Indianapolis. For a while he worked as a mechanic, but later went to Montana and took up the life of a cowboy. Next he joined the U. S. Cavalry for service in the Philippines. On his return Buck was engaged as an expert rider with Miller Brothers "101" Ranch Wild West Show. During the World War he again answered the call to battle and went to France with the First Air Squadron, remaining in Europe after the Armistice. He often performed his remarkable feats of horsemanship before the various crowned heads of Europe. It was one of these exhibitions that brought him to the attention of William Fox, who signed him for pictures, and Buck has been making Westerns these many (over 15) years ever since. He is married to Odile Osborne, and Maxine is their daughter's name. Mr. Jones' hobby is mechanics, his height 6 feet and his weight 173 pounds. He has gray eyes and brown hair. Under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., his next two pictures will be "Ride 'Em Cowboy" and "Boss Rider of Gun Creek."

MARIANNE EDDY, no address—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald will start work shortly on "Maytime." According to all reports, Nelson Eddy is all the name he has. James Dunn was born on November 2, 1905, which makes him just 30. He's American of Irish descent. Richard Barthelmess was born on May 9, 1897. Alison Skipworth was born on July 25.

JEAN HARLOW: She was born Harlean Carpenter on March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. Her father was Dr. Frank Carpenter, a dentist. Until Jean was ten she attended the Barstow School for Girls in K.C., then moved west where the Hollywood School for Girls continued her education. The next stop was Kansas City again, and the Bigelow School, followed by a spell at Ferry Hall in Lake Forest, Ill. Beginning her marital troubles early, Jean married Charles F. McGrew 11 when she was only 16, and moved to Hollywood to live. Divorce came two years later. On a date she registered at the Central Casting Bureau and shortly thereafter was assigned to an extra role in "Moran of the Marines" with Richard Dix. Hal Roach was her next sponsor, under whom she played in a Laurel and Hardy comedy released in 1929. Forced to ask for a release from her Roach contract because of family pressure, Jean spent the next 8 months doing nothing. Trying her luck again, she obtained a part in Clara Bow's "Saturday Night Kid." Through an acquaintance with Ben Lyon and James Hall, who were appearing in "Hell's Angels," she was awarded the lead in that picture. And that, dear readers, was the beginning of the platinum blonde rage and Jean's success. Jean is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, has gray-blue eyes and "brownette" hair. She loves to entertain and is an excellent cook. Her hobby is collecting phonograph records and she is the proud owner of one dachshund, two Pomeranians and one cat. Jean cannot play any musical instrument, but enjoys golf, tennis, swimming and riding. Her second husband was Paul Bern, her third—Hal Rosson. William Powell and Jean seem to be very fond of each other, but deny all rumors of marriage, past or future. "Suzy" is her last picture and "Love on the Run" with Robert Montgomery, will probably be her next. You may write Miss Harlow at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., where she is under contract.

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 67. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. 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.



GEORGE BRENT: In case the characteristics have escaped you, Mr. Brent is out-and-out Irish. Born on March 15, 1904, in Dublin, Ireland, under the name of George Nolan, he was the son of a newspaper man. As a boy he had two ambitions—a military career and to get out of school. For 2 years George was a sailor, was once a sheep herder, worked for 9 months in a diamond mine and for 6 as a blacksmith. Educated in Dublin at the National University, George's interest in the drama began at the latter institution, and shortly after graduation he joined the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Then came the Irish Rebellion in which George became a rebel secret service man for 2 years, but was forced to flee to London, and from thence to Canada. Another 2 years were devoted to playing stock companies throughout the United States. In New York he made his first Broadway appearance in "Those We Love," then as Alice Brady's leading man in "Love, Honor and Betray," in which Clark Gable was also playing. Broadway led George to Hollywood, where he found a long term contract and a wife, Ruth Chatterton, with whom he played in 4 pictures, and from whom he is now divorced. To keep fit he indulges in his favorite sports—tennis, horseback riding and deep sea fishing. His favorite dish is Irish stew, does a lot of reading and goes in strongly for pets. Is an expert chess player and plays the piano very well. George is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has hazel eyes and blue-black hair. Very much in demand as a leading man, his next two pictures will be "Give Me Your Heart," with Kay Francis, and "God's Country and the Woman" with Bette Davis. Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

M. N. E., Wheeling, W. Va.—Yes, Kenny Baker was the office boy in "King of Burlesque." Jimmy Dunn was once married to Addie Louise Barton.

MARY BRIAN: Her fans have been welcoming her return to the screen after what seems like a long absence. Born in Corsicana, Texas, on February 17, 1908, she received her education in Dallas. Throughout her childhood Miss Brian displayed natural talent for drawing, at the same time dreaming of becoming a picture star. Believing that Los Angeles would offer Mary a broader field to further both of these interests, her mother took her there to live. Shortly after their arrival, Mary won a beauty contest, then a "charming personality" contest, through which she was chosen for the role of Wendy in "Peter Pan." This started her on the road to fame and popularity. Her favorite pastimes are swimming, dancing and drawing. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Although Mary has been acclaimed the most popular girl in Hollywood, she has never married. On her return from England where she made a picture, Miss Brian and Cary Grant were seen together on every occasion and were rumored engaged. To date nothing has come of it, but only time will tell. "Spendthrift," with Henry Fonda and Pat Paterson, is her most recent picture, and "Three Married Men" will be her next. You may write her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif.

JOSEPHINE CONERO, Highland Falls, N. Y.—Harry Barris played the role of the pianist in the cabaret scene from "Show Boat."

LLOYD NOLAN: For one who is so seldom the romantic hero of a picture, Mr. Nolan has attained great popularity and acclaim. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., on August 11, 1903, Lloyd attended the Santa Clara preparatory school and Stanford University, where he went in for football, basketball and baseball. Right in the middle of his college work he took off for Europe and a world tour, after which he resumed his studies at the University, this time devoting himself to dramatics. In 1927 Mr. Nolan joined the Pasadena Community Theatre. Having thus obtained a footing in the theatrical profession, he worked for Edward Everett Horton in "The Queen's Husband," then came to New York. He next joined a road company, returned to New York, played stock with Helen Hayes and Pat O'Brien, did another road show, played more stock and finally appeared in "Reunion in Vienna" with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. After this he appeared in 4 more plays on Broadway before being signed to a contract by Paramount in July, 1934. His first picture was "Stolen Harmony," which was released in 1935. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 176 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He is married to Mell Efrid, a young actress whom he met while appearing in "Sweet Stranger." They have been man and wife since May 23, 1933. Mr. Nolan's next picture will be "Texas Rangers" and you can reach him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif.



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(Continued from page 54)



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way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

first job, he "worked over" Cary Grant and Sylvia Sidney. Through a friend he was sent to the production manager of Paramount, who asked the casting director to do something for him. The casting director had nothing for him but sent him to another executive, who personally saw to it that he got a new street cleaner's brush and a job sweeping the rooves of the sound stages.

His first day's work put him on top of the stage in which Sidney and Grant were making "Madame Butterfly" and in Michael's own words, "I saw them from the highest gallery seat I'd ever known."

Pull got him on the Paramount night shift, so that he could go to M-G-M's talent school during the day. M-G-M made a test of him. Then they dropped him from the school!

BEFORE going on, let's delve into his background. Mike's real name isn't Michael at all, or even Whalen. It's Kenneth. But don't let the Kenneth fool you, his last name is Shovlin, and his father was a contractor. Joseph Kenneth Shovlin it is. Irish as they come, and as contrary.

His father wanted him to be a contractor, so J. Kenneth decided to be a concert pianist. But his dad was Irish, too, and he ended up in a ten-cent store. At least, "ended" so far as business was concerned, for the next we learn of Michael he was on the stage, as a captain of the guards in "Twelfth Night." After that, he turned to radio, where he sang baritone "often, but not well," to use his own words.

About that time James Montgomery Flagg asked this six-feet-two, curly-haired, blue-eyed Irishman, to pose for some of his illustrations. "So," says Mike, "before long I discovered myself sitting for sketches and vowing by St. Patrick I'd never pose in the nude."

And so Michael came to Hollywood. Through his friend, James Montgomery Flagg, and other good contacts, he signed with one of the outstanding artists' agents in Hollywood.

"Stay unknown," they instructed him. "Don't let your face become too well known. Don't let people think you've been kicking around and that nobody wants you."

"I didn't have any trouble following their orders," explains Michael, "because I had all sorts of help in staying unknown. Too much, in fact. Before long I think I was the 'unknownest' person in Hollywood."

"In order to make the film industry notice me, I played in 'The Love Chisellers' at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles in 1934, and then I had a role in 'The Girl of the Golden West.' But when I got a good look at our audiences I knew I was still following my agent's instructions."

"Then followed a round of the little theatres hereabouts, in which I played at nothing a week. We were all playing at no salary, hoping the movie casting directors would see us. My hopes were centered on the directors themselves, as practically every studio had tested me in New York and had turned me down."

MONTH after month passed and I hung on. My money was all gone, and I worked as a laborer at the studios whenever I could get work. On rare oc-

casions I got a chance as an extra for a few days. The money I earned I put into clothes and stocked up my little flat with canned foods and dried beans, so I could eat during the lean times and when I was doing the stage shows.

"Things really came to a head when I was playing in 'Common Flesh' in Jim Timony's Hollytown Theatre, also at nothing per. I was down to my last dollar again, living with friends who had a big house nearby. I acted as their houseman, chauffeur, and what-not, in return for board and room."

"It was then that the most eventful week of my life rolled in—the week of September 29th to October 5th, 1935. That Monday Shubert bought 'Common Flesh' and offered me a three-year contract. At that moment Goldwyn decided to make a test of me. Why I should stall Shubert waiting for that test, I didn't know. I'd had tests in Hollywood before—oodles of them. Hollywood disappointments were a steady diet for me. I'd even been set for a fine part out at M-G-M, the part of Captain Cook in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' only to have a battle staged over at the studio on account of it, with Ralph Forbes replacing me on the last day."

"Anyhow, I did stall Shubert, and on Wednesday Goldwyn tested me. It happened that my test was scheduled for six o'clock, as the Louis-Baer fight went on. So the crew testing me told me to do anything I wanted to, and turned on the radio to get the fight."

"On Thursday Goldwyn notified me that they didn't like the test and would make another Monday. Discouraged and, finally, willing to give up, I told my agent I was going to sign the Shubert contract, go home for a rest, and then go back on the stage."

"I simply had to do something, as my friends had sold their house and were moving into a small apartment Saturday. My agent urged me not to sign until he could get a test I had made at Fox to show the then recently organized 20th Century studios. Darryl Zanuck had asked to see one of the tests Fox had taken, but they couldn't be found."

It seems that Lilian Barkley, dramatic coach and talent scout for Fox, had falsely reported that no tests of Whalen were on file. Confident of his rare talent, and disgusted with the tests she had seen of him, this woman was determined he should have a fair chance. She knew that on account of his poverty, his discouragement and careless tests every film record of this young man was unfavorable.

SINCE they could not find a test at Fox, they sent over to another studio for a Whalen test. It happened that in the test, which was shown the head of 20th Century, Michael had a mustache, and when Zanuck wanted to know if that dud was Whalen, the man showing the test said: "No. Somebody has been pulling a fast one. That isn't Michael Whalen. We haven't any test of him."

Therefore Zanuck ordered a test for that night, Friday. Saturday morning of that eventful week found Michael sitting on the stairs in a house that was empty, except for his own luggage.

"While sitting there," explained Michael, "I made up my mind to borrow enough money to ship my baggage back home and to eat on while I was hitch-

hiking to New York.

"Zanuck saw my test at noon Saturday, and at one o'clock I was out there signing a contract. At that moment I had exactly twenty-seven cents to my name, and nowhere to sleep.

"But my agent came to my rescue. He fixed it so I could move into a very fine apartment, one of the swankiest in Hollywood. Not that I felt swanky, but it was the only place where I could get credit till I drew my first pay check from the studio.

"Then I borrowed enough from my agent to eat on for a week, and to make a down payment on a new car." Yes, that's how Irish Michael is, a new car the same day his total assets were twenty-seven cents. But the boy was canny at that, for he bought it in six payments, so he would have it paid for and transportation back home when his six months' option was up. Hollywood bumps, hundreds of them, had taught Mike always to expect the worst.

"Of course, I kept pinching myself all that afternoon," Michael said, "just to be

sure it wasn't another rosy dream that might turn into a nightmare. I wanted to tell my mother all about it. So I decided to make a night call, as I couldn't afford to pay the day phone rates to New York. But I didn't want to get my mother up at all hours of the night, so I decided to wait till it was seven o'clock in the morning in New York. When I called her, I told her that at last I had real news.

"What time is it there?" she wanted to know.

"It's four o'clock in the morning," I answered. "But mother—"

"That's all right, Joseph," she replied. "Go to bed now, that's a good boy, and you'll be all right in the morning."

And what is Michael Whalen really like? Happy, but rather inclined to be quiet. Whimsical at times, with a full share of Irish humor. Somewhat of a fatalist, naturally, or he never could have stuck out the two years of buffeting and practical jokes Fate exposed him to during the period the studios were playing badminton with his future.

Your Ten Pet Alibis

(Continued from page 53)

first two are in most cases the forty-year-old figure's deadliest enemy. "Oh, if I could only go to a masseuse! Oh, if only I had more time! Oh, if I could afford to pay one hundred dollars for a simple little afternoon model, instead of seven ninety-five!"

If it is any comfort to you children, let me tell you that as far as reducing goes, ordinary massage, in the main, is an insidious thing. Makes you comfy, relaxed, soft and increases your appetite. I've taken unnecessary suet off movie stars to get them ready for a particular role, and made it possible for them to keep their contracts. I've taught them to do the same things you have to do to stay slim, but not by ordinary massage. It takes more than a rub-down to reduce properly. My system is going for the glands, the proper ones, normalizing them as much as possible, so they do their work in regulating the system which in turn carries off the surplus in a healthy manner. I have never taught my system to anyone. Never trained anyone in my method. So, babies, if you want results my way, listen to mama. And if some ambitious young person tells you she uses Madame Sylvia's System, throw her out on her ear! There is no such thing!

So much for massage. As for leisure! My dears, I know so-o-o many women with oodles of time on their hands, and you can be darn sure most of them have oodles of pounds on their faces, middles and rears.

CLOTHES. Dress a feather bed up in a Hattie Carnegie model, and it's still a feather bed. Now if you want to skim down a feather bed shape (which you have heretofore regarded as "natural" for your age) that's something else again. Here is the lowdown on a handy little trick for stubborn bumps. You can do this to any part of your body except the breasts. Take hold of the offending bulge with the heels of the hands and the fingertips. Get a good grip. Squeeze, using the heels of the hands for pressure. Let your flesh squoosh through the hands. Don't pinch yourself, that's wrong. And another thing, if a masseuse or anyone else tries to do this for you and makes you black and

blue, throw her out on her ear, because anyone that makes you black and blue is incompetent. If your skin is exceptionally tender, go easy, but most skin will stand this with only a slight ensuing soreness that doesn't amount to a row of beans.

MANY people get stiff as they get older. Through improper care mucus collects in the system. Here is a wonderful addition to your diet to keep off the above unattractive ailment: chop up a lot of red and white raw cabbage, very fine. Squeeze a little lemon juice on it. It's good. Or you can have the raw cabbage, either color, with chopped apples and a little lemon juice.

Alibi number two: "I haven't time to exercise—I work all day." By "work" you mean, don't you, that you're busy about the house all day? Darn busy, too, many of you. Or perhaps your office lasts from nine to five. What kind of an excuse is that? I work all day, too, so do the movie stars—if they're lucky.

Listen to me, busy housewives! Take time. After all you should be respectful enough of your body to give it fifteen minutes of your time out of the twenty-four hours. My gosh, you probably spend that much time dishing the dirt with Mrs. Jones over the back fence or on the telephone. As soon as you finish reading the exercise below, I want you to put this book down and do it. Do you hear?

And now you business women. Did you ever think of getting up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning? You may suffer untold agonies at first, but think what a hero you'll be. Furthermore, once you stir your rusty bones and do a few of my systematic exercises, you'll work better, lose your jumpy nerves and sleep like babes (but not on the job, please!). Start with this one stunt: Hop out of bed and stand near an open window. Feet about ten inches apart, toes turned slightly in. Arms over head. Now bend down and to the left, keeping the knees stiff, and try to touch your fingertips (both hands) behind your left heel. Do it ten times then repeat on the other side. If you're smart you'll sneak this in a couple of times during the day, too. If the boss says anything about it, just tell him to see me.

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Cut little alibi number three: "I can't diet when I eat out."

Now, really, I don't want to hear any more about this. The trouble is, babies, when you hand out that one, the mind is weaker than the stomach. Snap out of it. It's just as easy to pick sensible and varied foods. You've got a brain, use it. Even if you must eat in a drug store you can always get soup, and a cream cheese sandwich on whole wheat toast. Or a vegetable plate. Tomato juice, orange juice and some kind of green salad. Keep fruit in the office, instead of candy. If you are visiting, your hostess will not be offended if you say "No, thank you" once in a while to the breads or sauces and gravies which are passed. Nobody will force you to put cream and sugar in a beverage if you don't want it. You can be firm about second helpings. Don't talk to me about eating out. I do it a great percentage of the time. But with me it's very funny. When they know I'm coming, they very carefully clear the decks of any goo. You'd think I was the plague or something!

ALIBI four is that prize nit-witticism which has helped spoil more figures than all the calories in the cook book: "Fat runs in our family." Come now—be honest! Does fat run all the way through your family? Maybe Pop is plump (no wonder—probably loves his bread and gravy), but Mom is slim. Were all your grandparents fat? How about your sisters and cousins and aunts? Did heritage pick on you and you alone to carry the accumulated pounds of your ancestors? Phooey!

Though I'd like to kick this alibi to kingdom come, I'm not saying, mind you, that you may not inherit a tendency to put on weight. But for heaven's sake, why should you let a tendency get the better of you? It beats me why people will fight any other inherited tendency and will just sit back on their haunches and accept a tendency toward fat, when it is so much easier to overcome than baldness, alcoholism or insanity. You may have a struggle, but stop being a sissy—and struggle! It's good for your character. You often hear people say, "She has character in her face," well, hips can have character, too, and should.

Alibi five? Here 'tis: "Never mind, darling, you'll outgrow it." So say mothers to their fat and unhappy children. Just passing the buck, as it were. I wrote an article on very young figure and diet problems last month in MODERN SCREEN, and I'm not going over all that again. But I want to ask you mothers just one question: How do you know she will outgrow it? Are you a fortune teller or something? If you know what's going to happen to your daughter's figure ten years from now, you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din. And not knowing, you can take it from me, darling, that it is a grave mistake to treat her little body with such indifference. If your child is extraordinarily fat and for, apparently, no sufficient reason, see a doctor about it.

Alibi six, of which I shall dispose quickly, is as follows: "I can't watch my diet, because I cook for the family." Really, now, isn't that a stupid thing to say? And what an admission of lack of will power! If your underweight daughter must have cream soup, it will cost you a mere dime and a very few minutes to run up a cup of consomme for yourself. A few flips of the can opener is all it takes. Another thing, when you're preparing a meal, don't nibble and don't sneak in a mouthful of this and another of that. If you want to taste things, be professional about it. Tasting doesn't necessarily

mean swallowing you know. Taste it and then do away with it. I know; husbands are supposed to have invented that plaintive little ditty, "My wife is on a diet and home isn't home any more." But *must* you mention diet to him!

ALIBI SEVEN: "I've tried everything on the market to reduce!" My answer to that one is—that's the trouble!

Have I ever told you to take pills and potions? No! Have I ever told you to buy rolling pins or sweat the devil out of yourselves with steam cabinets, electric blankets or similar contraptions? No! A thousand times, no! I'm only telling you common sense things, healthy things. Eat properly. Live properly. Exercise regularly (and properly, I might add). Use your noodle and stay away from quackery and hocus-pocus.

Alibi eight is a sad, sad thing to hear: "I've had children. That's why I'm fat." On page 52 are pictures of three Hollywood stars who have had children—Marlene Dietrich, Joan Bennett, Arline Judge. There are more—Frances Dee, Joan Blondell, Dixie Lee Crosby. You must know, yourself, plenty of women who have had children and who are not fat. Most modern obstetricians will tell you how to ward off creeping avoirdupois after the birth of your baby. They'll give you a diet. They'll give you exercises to put the abdominal muscles back in place. Or, I will, by heck. Here are two, one which you can do two weeks after your confinement, if the birth has been normal.

First an easy one. Get on the bed on your knees and your chest. Hips and derriere way up in the air, chest down flat on the bed. Just stay there for five minutes. Do it a few times each day. It tips the innards back where they belong for one thing, and is grand for the backache.

Exercise two: lie on the floor on your back, bring your legs up in the air without bending the knees. Let them down again, but don't let your feet touch the floor. Start easy, doing it a couple of times without resting and work up to ten, then twenty times.

Alibi nine: "It's my glands!" You bet your life it's your glands. Everybody's everything depends on their glands. They're life itself. Of course, there are cases where definite glandular deficiencies are the cause of overweight. If you're one of them, work with your doctor. But most of the time the fat girl has nothing drastically wrong with her glands. It's her will power that's shot to pieces. And how she loves to simper, "It's my glands," when some one casts an eye on her heavy buttocks. It's an easy way out, thinks she, but baby it'll never get it off!

The last alibi, from fat wives who try to be coy and laugh off their pounds with: "My husband says he loves me as I am." Oh, yeah? You mean your husband, poor guy, is used to you as you are. He's comfortable, perhaps, or polite. Or maybe he has the responsibility of you, your home and your children and has little time or energy left over to go stepping out. Men are creatures of habit. They'll accept what they've got until—well, I hope the "until" never enters your life. But you don't mean love, baby. He's not particularly thrilled by you, though he may be fond of you. He doesn't ache to show you off. You may be a swell housekeeper and an agreeable companion, but what a pity that all the romance and excitement is out of your lives. Wouldn't you like to inject a little and live again the thrills of ten years ago? You would? Well, that means you have to regain that healthy, strong and alluring body you once had.

Two-Career Gal

(Continued from page 49)

would forget the story sooner if I just ignored it. I took their advice and stayed silent. Now I can laugh about the legend.

"But what makes the story about the near-blindness funny is that my eyes are improving with age. Every year, I see farther. By the time I'm too old to matter, my vision will be perfect!"

Nearsightedness does not make Joan Bennett a Hollywood oddity. Nor has it threatened her career. But something else, far more serious, once happened to her—almost ending her days as an actress.

"Funny nobody remembers that particular story—which was a true one," she commented. "It was the only serious accident I've ever had. A horse threw me. In the tumble, I fractured my hip. Everybody thought I was going to share the fate of Anna Q. Nilsson, injured in a similar way in a similar accident, and be an invalid for years. I thought so, too; I was in a torment of fear, as well as physical torture. But I was lucky. I had a divine doctor. I was in bed three months, in a cast; then I was two months, getting over my limp. I was off the screen for six months altogether."

Joan tentatively explored the special salad that she had ordered, having given the waiter the recipe, herself. "Now that that's out of the way," she said (referring to the previous conversation, not the salad), "why don't you find out what's happening to me now—what I'm like today?"

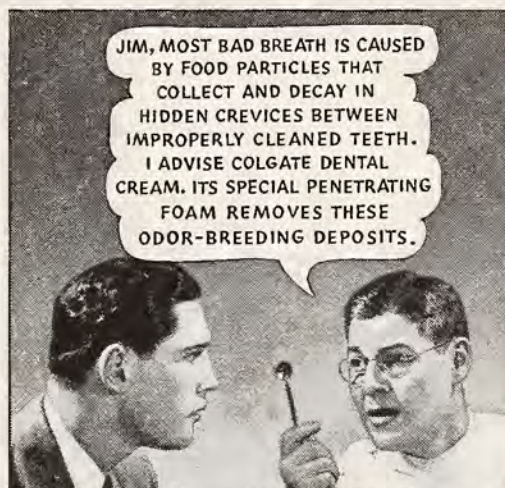
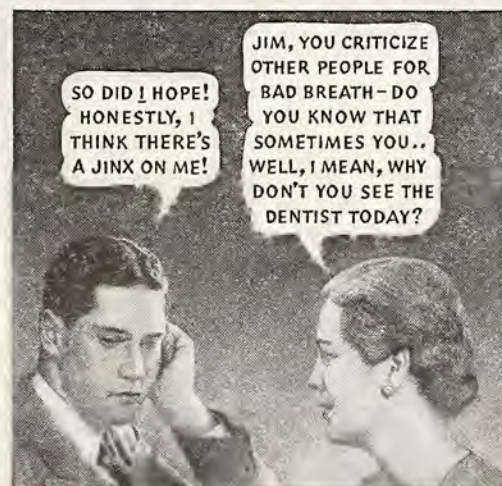
So I explored the 1936 Bennett personality.

SHE is the least changed, physically, of any actress who ever has been through the Hollywood glamor mill. Fame has not made her an exotic. In appearance, except for the darkened (brownette) hair, she still is much the same girl who started her screen career as Ronald Colman's leading lady in "Bulldog Drummond." There is an aura of incredible youth around her. She has the agile slenderness, the soft roundness in face and figure, of a girl in her teens. She has more mental poise, more self-assurance, now; but she *looks* little older. In any group, any man would look at her twice; and any woman would look at her twice twenty times, wondering how she has worked the miracle.

It can't be explained by make-up; she uses cosmetics sparingly. It can't be explained by diet; she eats "everything." How about exercise? "I'm not consistent at it," she told me. "I'm not particularly athletic. I did go bicycling at Palm Springs, and swimming—which I love. I don't want to ride horseback, after what happened the last time. I can't play tennis because its strenuousness might strain my once-broken hip. Golf is an old ladies' game, something I'll play when I'm seventy. I don't like walking just for walking's sake; I must have a destination to enjoy it." So exercise isn't the explanation.

Boredom is a stranger to Joan. Boredom is also a stranger to youth—if youth has an impelling love, a driving ambition. Perhaps the explanation, if there is one, lies there.

By the time that she was eighteen, Joan was married, divorced, and a mother. She determined to devote her life to her small daughter, Diana (familiarily known as Ditty). Too proud to ask her family



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for help, and untrained for anything else, she decided to try to make her living by acting—which was in her blood. She went on the screen. Ambition to secure Ditty's future drove her forward over the first hurdles, generated the desire to be a movie top-notch.

She devoted little time to anything besides her child and her career until she had her accident. Then writer Gene Markey, accompanying a friend on a sympathy call to her room, came into her life. She became Mrs. Gene Markey, the mother of small Melinda Markey. Today she has *three* major absorptions—not just one—besides her career. Three reasons why she never should become bored.

Joan is excited now about building her first home. It is in Holmby Hills, on two acres of ground—enough room to allow a swimming pool, a flower garden, a playground for the children (complete to sand boxes, a merry-go-round, a three-room playhouse, and gym equipment). "I've always been superstitious about owning a house before. Afraid of acquiring possessions. After my first marriage, I went back to New York and wouldn't take a furnished apartment because I wanted to have everything my own. I took an empty apartment and furnished it with great care. And immediately afterward I came to Hollywood and had to give it all up. Ever since, I've rented—except for my beach house at Malibu."

DITTY is now eight, five years older than Melinda, who is known to the family as "Me" Markey. They get along together beautifully despite the disparity in ages. Ditty is quiet, serious and reminds Joan of herself as a child. Melinda shows symptoms of being a prodigy. "She frightens me," Joan explained, "she's so bright."

Ditty goes to public school. "She went to private school for two years and didn't learn a thing. In two weeks in public school, she learned more than she had in the previous two years. She's in the third grade. Eventually she and Melinda will go to St. Margaret's, in Waterbury, Connecticut, where I went."

Joan had just engineered a happy ending to a near-tragedy in her household. Ditty, it seems, had a teddy bear of which she was very fond. (Like her Aunt Constance, Ditty has never liked dolls.) The bear's name was Pooh and he was a present on her fourth birthday. She never went to sleep without him. Finally, in time, he was bald and his ears were gone. Still, she would not part with him. Then, one recent morning at breakfast, Ditty got jam on him. That settled it. The new governess decided that the bear must go. Joan decided that Pooh should be reupholstered while they were at Palm Springs.

"I came back from Palm Springs, and found the reupholstered Pooh waiting," Joan told me. "But he wasn't Pooh any more. He was a hideous plush animal. I told the governess to hide him, intending to do something about him later. She gave him to Homer, our chauffeur, for his little boy. I was sick when I discovered that Pooh was gone. I couldn't ask Homer's little boy to give him back, and I couldn't give Ditty a bear that wasn't a twin of Pooh. It would destroy her faith in me, in all adults. It was an important issue. I told the household to ransack the town for another bear, just like Pooh. They couldn't find one. Pooh, it seems, was a very special, imported bear. What they did bring back was a cheap, ratty thing; there wasn't the slightest family resemblance to Pooh."

"Then I remembered that five years ago, when I had broken my hip, someone

had given me a teddy bear exactly like Pooh. I had stored it away in a box in the basement, along with other keepsakes. I rummaged, found it, gave it to Ditty. She thinks it's Pooh, she still has her faith in grown-ups, and we have a teddy bear that has been in the family which makes it much nicer than any other bear could be."

(A small incident, perhaps, but it says volumes about Joan Bennett.)

So she's a keeper of keepsakes? "Yes—a very sentimental creature. I treasure old pieces of hair, baby shoes, caps and things I've made for the children. I have a trunkful of things. I have every letter and telegram that my husband has ever sent me. The day after we met, I received the first one, along with some flowers. 'Dear Miss Bennett,' he wrote, 'I hope that when you are getting better, you will allow me to call.' I don't regret having broken my hip. I'm a convert to the philosophy that everything happens for a reason."

Joan admits that she is "a very particular person." She worries, too. "If I haven't anything to worry about, I'll find something. And the worst part is that I conceal most of my worry. I'm an introvert, keep things too much to myself, live too much within myself. I'm trying to get over it. I admire people who aren't introverts. In fact, I envy them. Why should I worry? I shouldn't. Just habit. Probably from having responsibilities so young, being on my own at eighteen."

She also has one phobia. Claustrophobia, the fear of enclosed spaces. "I get it when there are three in the seat of a car, when I am in crowds. I've ridden in the New York subway only once, for that reason."

She plans the daily menus for the Markey household, which is usually in a genially upset state. She complains that this distresses her. Her husband tells her, "You're never happy unless there's confusion, so don't complain. Be happy."

Gene has recently become a producer at 20th Century-Fox. "I tell him that the world's laziest man will have to work now. Executives have office hours. Seriously, I'm thrilled about his new work."

His favorite heroine's name, long before he ever met her, was Joan. Today, when he writes a story or a scenario, the heroine is usually Joan in disguise. Right now, he is writing a comedy about Lucrezia Borgia, famous Italian beauty of the 16th Century, whose lovers had a habit of getting themselves poisoned. Joan's suppressed desire is to play Lucrezia—Lucrezia as Gene is painting the lady. Another, suppressed desire is to play Marie Antoinette, also in caricature. "Fickle ladies of passion have been taken seriously too long," Joan believes. "It's time there was a fresh slant on the ladies—a bit of lampooning."

She has no worries about the advent of color in films. She has passed her color-camera tests. As for her own preferences in colors, they are periwinkle and bright green. Star sapphires (she says, with a smile) are her favorite jewels.

She enjoyed her change of pace, and change of type, as the fast-talking manicurist of "Big Brown Eyes." She looks forward to a future full of varied roles.

Joan told me that she had "eighty thousand fittings" to go through for "Two in a Crowd." I asked her if exaggeration was one of her sins.

"Only about clothes fittings," she told me, with a smile over her shoulder, just before stepping out of the restaurant to her car, through a lane of autograph-collectors—all poised to capture the elusive Joan Bennett, who is the littlest, yet the biggest, of the Bennetts, an actress with vision, not even partially blind.

On the Set with "Romeo and Juliet"

(Continued from page 43)

corner of the garden, which occupied two huge stages. A glistening pool in the center reflected the exquisite blossoms of the trees and shrubbery which surrounded it. Live olive trees added to the authenticity and their slim branches cast faint shadows on the blue sky beyond, making a charming background for the picture.

When Lord and Lady Cavendish were being shown this set, he reached out with his foot to touch what he thought was glass.

"One would think there was water in the pool, it looks so realistic," he said.

The shock of discovering it was really water caused him to lose his balance and he went tumbling in.

Incidentally, Shakespeare never mentioned a balcony in his play. He spoke of a window and the imagination of the set dresser for the first production of the play furnished the balcony. Since then there has always been one. Today the best-remembered part of "Romeo and Juliet" and, to a great many people, the most important scenes, are the ones played on the balcony. Doubtless the audience would cry that Shakespeare had been rewritten if the picture were made without it.

A CLOSE inspection of the corner stones leading up to it worried me. After all, Leslie Howard is no Douglas Fairbanks and I feared he would never get up there. Suppose he got half way up and couldn't proceed in either direction! Suppose they had to rewrite the scene. And then I heard gossip to the effect that an escalator was being installed because, if Romeo didn't get up to the balcony, there couldn't be a picture. But all my worry was for nothing because Edna May Oliver came to the rescue, like the good sport she is, and threw Romeo a rope ladder.

Of course, there was a stairway in the back for Juliet but that is because she is an M-G-M star. Romeo is just a free lance player and had to do the best he could. They always make it easier for the contract players. Later I saw Leslie Howard on the balcony, so when you see the picture you will know it is really Romeo and not a double. If I had seen him scale the wall to get into the garden I shouldn't have worried about his ability to climb up to the balcony for, despite his slight appearance, he is quite an athlete.

He proved to be quite a sprinter, too, and became so adept at disappearing that, along with the musical score you may hear an undertone of "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" and a few queries not quite as polite, running all through the picture.

Miss Shearer was lovely in her sheer, white nightie, over which she modestly threw a long blue cape with a gold collar when she stepped out of bed, but despite the magic spell of her beauty, Romeo would wander off the set. In five minutes a dignified atmosphere would be transformed into utter confusion, with everyone constituted a special detective to find Romeo. Sometimes he would be discovered taking a little nap; sometimes visiting another set in search of talent for his New York production of "Hamlet" and more than once he was found taking a sun bath. His excursions to the rehearsal hall

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were not in vain for his eye fell on Mary Meyer, one of Juliet's lovely dancing girls, and he chose her to appear in his play as the stately queen.

Always he returned to his Juliet eventually, and one of the most incongruous sights on the set was our Romeo in his beruffled costume and long, blonde hair returning after one of these disappearances calmly smoking his huge pipe.

Even the poignant parting scene between the two lovers was not without an element of comedy. Daylight was breaking as they stood at the window and suddenly heard the notes of a bird outside. Juliet thought it was a nightingale.

"It was the lark," contradicted Romeo, apparently trying to start a quarrel. But at that moment a dove interrupted as peacemaker with a soothing "Coooooowoooo."

A year ago the research department, under Natalie Bucknall, began its work of delving into the customs and habits of the 15th Century Italians. Prof. William Strunk, Jr., Shakespearean authority at Cornell, was brought to Hollywood to supervise their efforts, and an entire section of the department was set aside for books on the author and the period.

Among the facts uncovered was that Juliet is the first girl known to propose to a man. So if Leap Year has been of the slightest benefit to you, girls, you have Juliet to thank.

Also, according to Professor Strunk, Shakespeare was not the first person to write this famous love story. The inhabitants of Verona believe to this day that the two young people actually lived there and that the story is true. At least two other people wrote the story before Shakespeare did, but it is his version that became immortal and his dramatic genius that made the characters live to this day.

Cameramen were sent to Italy to photograph the crooked little streets, the castles and cathedrals, which are still standing, so that they could be copied for the picture. And a few months ago the residents of Culver City, accustomed as they are to anything, were surprised to see a tiny city springing up just outside the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio.

The entire City of Verona had to be constructed. For a time it was a delicate question whether to move the studio and build Verona on its 80 acres, or to leave the studio and build Verona elsewhere. Finally, 100 acres nearby were rented and there Verona stands, a miniature replica of the original.

It was in a scene showing the guests and gate crashers arriving at the party being given by the Capulets that I was told to work, and for my big scene I was placed aboard a nice, fat horse.

The Capulets, in case you don't remember, were Juliet's mamma and papa, and the party was in the nature of an announcement party in honor of Juliet's betrothal to Paris (Ralph Forbes).

BEING on a horse has its advantages, as well as its drawbacks, and I don't mean what you mean, either, for this horse was equipped with a side saddle that resembled a rocking chair. My seat was an excellent vantage point, but during the long waits between "takes," I was marooned on the horse while the other 1999 extras could go outside for ice cream cones, or stand around gossiping.

Being just a crasher I was not included in the crowd invited to the banquet table inside, which made it just like any Hollywood party. If you haven't a title, you aren't asked to the best places any more.

The scene outside the Capulet castle was a riot of color. Hundreds of extras and principals in gorgeously hued costumes,

some of them wearing masks and head dresses resembling animals; some carrying torches, flags, weird heads atop ten-foot poles; dancers, dwarfs, all transformed the square into a hustling, bustling picture out of the past. Not even a Hollywood costume party could inspire a crowd to go to such lengths to achieve effects.

"It's amazing, the trouble involved in going to a party in the 15th Century," remarked Leslie Howard. "In those days they had trouble in getting to a party. Nowadays we have our troubles in getting home from a party."

The extras had been working on this scene for days and I marveled at the spontaneity they managed to inject into their shouts and laughter each time the scene was remade.

Barrymore, as Mercutio, and Reginald Denny, as Benvolio, were engaged in friendly argument at the top of the steps as the crowd approached. As Barrymore read his lines, Director George Cukor laughed, gesticulated and read the lines with him. Hundreds of eyes were on him, fascinated. He acts every scene with his actors; he repeats every line of dialogue; he feels every emotion as they feel it. Imagine him feeling some of Barrymore's emotions!

Between scenes, Barrymore in his tight-fitting, cream-colored leather coat with bright red figures on it and tight breeches, paced up and down the stage, his coat tails flapping with every step. He was making queer noises, but from where I sat I couldn't tell whether he was repeating his lines or whether he had eaten something that had disagreed with him.

He gave a magnificent performance. Shakespeare must have had him in mind when he wrote the play, for he once said: "I was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act. He was stealing the show from Romeo."

THE scene was suddenly quieted as Norma Shearer made her appearance, followed by a fawn. It seems that ladies of quality in those days had odd pets. For weeks the fawn has followed her around until it was as well trained as any Hollywood animal actor. And like the other actors, it had fallen in love with Norma and refused to leave her side. Norma had been home ill for several days and was visiting the young deer to make sure, she said, that it didn't forget her.

"And you boys better stop fooling around, too," she called back as she left the set, "because Juliet is on the mend."

Anyone who is under the impression that the classics are too highbrow for popular enjoyment will be able to sympathize with Andy Devine. When asked if he had ever played Shakespeare before, he replied: "I haven't even read Shakespeare."

He made a test for the role of Peter, a sort of man Friday to Edna May Oliver, was chosen for the part, and then couldn't be found.

"Where have you been hiding?" they asked him when he finally made his appearance.

"I wasn't hiding," he told them. "I was out roping calves."

"I feel out of place here," he told me. "Everything is so dignified. It's like being in a foreign country."

But at that moment Edna May Oliver, her long, voluminous skirts hoisted high above her knees, came racing through the crowded stage pursued by John Barrymore, who was shrieking with glee. And right away Andy began to feel at home.

Ordinarily Miss Oliver knits between scenes, but if Barrymore is around she keeps well out of the way. He takes a

fiendish delight in unraveling her knitting and teasing her.

Walking down the street in one scene, Miss Oliver and Andy pass a house where a group of courtesans are seated on a balcony. To show her contempt, Miss Oliver spat in their direction, but being a lady and no expert in the art of spitting, she fell short of her mark and spat directly in Andy's face. Time and again they made the scene, but her marksmanship failed to improve and each time poor Andy was on the receiving end of her efforts. After three days Director Cukor decided to leave the scene in.

Reginald Denny brought some of his toy airplanes to the set but Norma promptly took them home to Irving, Jr., "For the good of the picture," she explained.

Then Denny and Basil Rathbone followed Leslie Howard's example and brought small moving picture cameras on the set but Mr. Cukor decided that three cameras besides the ones making the picture were too many and banished them.

Besides Professor Strunk, Professor John Tucker Murray, Harvard University authority on the Elizabethan stage, was at the studio for months helping to prepare this huge production.

"They are the chaperones," Norma explained. "They have to keep Shakespeare out of the Brown Derby. But seriously," she added, "they have left no stone unturned to assist in bringing Shakespeare to the screen with the utmost fidelity to the author's conception of the play. Not a word of the manuscript has been changed. Not a line has been added."

"How Juliet is portrayed has always been a matter of individual interpretation, and I feel I will escape comparisons with the great actresses who have played the part because the screen is so different from the stage. I'm so happy to have had the opportunity."

She looked radiantly happy. Everyone in the picture is happy to have had a part in it. Even the mechanics on the picture have become Shakespeare conscious. Do you know what I did when I got off that horse? I hurried home and read again, "Romeo and Juliet."

He Lives His Impulses

(Continued from page 37)

of unhappy times. I've been moody, depressed. And those phases 'learned me' that planning gets me nowhere, that a system strangles me and that trying to conform to conventional patterns makes a bull in a china shop out of me. When I'm a square peg in a round hole I don't seem able to take it lying down.

"The only time I don't give way to my impulses—when I can help it—is when I'm mad. That's the time to put the stop-watch on yourself and wait until the old blood pressure is normal again before you make a move in any direction. When I get fighting mad I try to sit tight until I can see black and white again, as well as red. Like one time a certain man in town did something that ate me up. I went home in a towering rage, sat down and wrote him a blistering letter. Then I didn't mail it. I don't remember why I didn't but the next day I saw the whole thing differently. And since that time this man and I have become pretty good friends. If I had obeyed that impulse I

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would have lost a very pleasant, and as it turned out, a very profitable contact.

"And I don't think," Clark said, more gravely now, "that I'll live on impulse when, if ever, I marry again. Right now I'd say that I never will because I might meet some girl and marry her within a month, but I don't think so. If ever I marry again, I want to be sure that I know all about the girl—I want to know her for a couple of years—find out how she thinks and what she wants out of life, everything about her. It's all right for a very young chap to fall head over heels. But an older man, a man who has been married, is a fool if he hasn't learned to walk more carefully, to take more time, to test his own emotions.

"So I should say that 'in anger' and 'in love' are the only times when I wouldn't live on impulse—or shouldn't.

BUT I'm talking out of turn. I'm not interested in the idea of marriage. I'm not interested in rules and regulations, schedules, obligations, bonds of any kind. I've said before that freedom is what I want now and I still say it.

"I should have taken a lesson from my earlier life. Time was when I was working in a rubber factory in Akron, Ohio, and studying medicine at night school. Planning to be an M.D. I didn't like the rubber factory and I didn't like medicine. But I had been brought up to believe that a young man should prepare himself for a definite profession, preferably by working his way through—whether he liked it or not. That didn't matter. It seems to be a part of the American tradition that it's worthy *not* to get any fun out of your work. I don't believe it. Getting a kick out of life, and especially out of what you do nine hours out of ten, is as good a religion as any I know. It's stupid to be unhappy.

"Anyway, one night after medical school, I was eating a hamburger at an all-night stand. Two young fellows were in there, talking theatre. They were actors with a stock company playing in town. Something of the enthusiasm in their voices struck me. I went to see their show. And I tossed a coin on the spot—heads for doctoring—tails for acting. The tails got it and I never went back to the medical."

When you are with Clark you get the sense of living as a robust, full-bodied thing—real and *worth* living. You feel comfortable with him. And I thought again, what I've thought and said many times before, *I like Clark Gable*—and so would you. I may add that this is not true of everyone in Hollywood, not by any manner of means. Naming no names, I will say that there are quite a few I can think of who would not be endured if it were not for the aura of name and fame.

Clark really never changes. Not in any of the fundamentals. He is just as warm and hearty and unspoiled as he was when I first talked with him, five years ago or so. He even *looks* comfortable, Clark does. There is something generous and heartening about his expansive smile, his deep laughing eyes, his dimples which are more clefts than dimples. He never looks too "well-groomed." He was wearing, that day, a gray flannel suit, tan shirt and dark tie. His clothes always look as though he had worn them for some time. His hair never looks as though it had just been barbered. His very hand clasp is hearty, cordial and enveloping. He walks with a spring to his step as though he were going somewhere and was eager to get there.

HE was saying, "And so, I live on my impulses now with a free mind. I go fishing and hunting when I want to, alone sometimes, sometimes with one of

the stage hands of one of the boys at the studio who likes fishing, too.

"I do all the little things I feel like doing. I shine my own boots. My valet—I have one here at the studio only because I have to, to keep my clothes pressed and cleaned—sits around sunning himself outside my dressing-room door most of the time. And when we leave the studio at night, I go home—and so does he, I guess.

"During the noon hour, when I'm working, sometimes I dash over to a nearby gun club and do some skeet shooting. Sometimes I go to the rifle range, on the back lot of the studio, and shoot it up with some of the boys.

"When I go on my hunting trips I never go to swank resorts or preserves. I know what that means. You meet someone you know and the first thing you're in the soup and fish making polite conversation in a lodge dining-room. I do my hunting off the beaten trails. I usually go to the same place, don't ask me where. I always visit the same people there, too. They live in rude cabins and I eat my meals with them. We sit around the fire half the nights through swapping stories. They don't know who I am or where I come from. They don't know my name. They don't care. That's swell with me.

"I tinker with my own car instead of sending it to a garage. I get up very early in the morning or very late. When I'm working, of course, I have to be up about six. But when I'm not working I have no daily schedule of any sort. I keep no 'engagement book.' One day I think it might be well to run down to the Santa Anita race track and see if my horse, Beverly Hills, has—hah!—won any more ribbons! The next day I may decide to do some skeet shooting. Or I may stick around and polish my guns. Or I may take a postman's holiday and drop by the studio to see if anything has happened. I live for the day, the hour, almost the half-hour, and I'm no worse off than I've ever been in my life before.

"I don't do 'the thing to do' any more, either. Once someone suggested to me that I should play polo—gentleman's game and all that. So I bought myself a polo outfit and a polo pony and went to it. In about two weeks I gave it up. Not, as reports had it, because the studio ordered me to. But because I was a dub at it. I felt like a fool—a great hulk like me riding one of those graceful little horses.

NO harm in trying anything once, of course. But if what I try doesn't gee with me I don't do what I once felt I had to do—stick at it. I chuck it into the discard and forget it. And try something else.

"It's silly to be too persistent about everything. It's silly to be pigeon-holed when you know dam' well you don't belong. It's foolish to woo success too hard—if you do, it slips out on you.

"I always want the things I haven't got, I hope I always will. That's what keeps the impulses growing. And a man without impulses is dead and doesn't know it.

"So now I flip coins in dead earnest. Why not? It was a flip of the coin that decided me not to take a bit part in 'What Price Glory?' a few years ago. Later, I was offered a good part in the second unit of the same show. And the second unit turned out to be the first, really, and we played Los Angeles instead of being sent on the road.

"Another flip of a coin actually brought me to Hollywood. I'd had some luck and recognition starring in 'Machinal' and a couple of other plays in New York. A producer from the Coast wired me asking me to come to Los Angeles to play

the lead in 'The Last Mile.' I didn't know what to do. Broadway came first with me then, as it did with most actors. I wasn't especially broke at the moment so that the added money was no great inducement. What to do—hang around Broadway and take a chance on another show or go to Los Angeles and take the sure part and the extra dough? I flipped a coin—heads Los Angeles—tails New York. Heads turned up. I came West. I'm still here.

"I even live on my impulses so far as my work is concerned. Not that it gets me very far. I haven't much to say about what I do or do not do, where stories are concerned. But I still have the impulse to argue about it, to put up a fight when I don't like a part. I'm not any too keen about a picture on the grid for me now. I'd have to play an Englishman. And I'm not an Englishman. I'm a plain American and nothing else but. Can you imagine me talking with an English accent? You bet you can't. Neither can I. I'd sound foolish to myself and to you and to everyone else. If I do play it I'll just talk like I always do. I'll be myself or nothing.

"And I didn't, by the way, have an impulse to take out a fighting license as was reported. I'd know better. Why, if I got up against Maxie Baer he'd knock the ears off of me in five seconds!

"And now," said Clark, "my time's up—the fish in Utah are running and they're my game. I'll be seein' you."

And he was gone. Out of the dining-room, with that quick tread of the man who has places to go and wants to get there.

Midsummer Fashion Viewpoint

(Continued from page 58)

And to show me how she works pink into the picture, Jeanette dragged a printed chiffon dinner dress out of the closet. You can see it on page 56. It's a royal blue chiffon printed all over with widely spaced garlands of flowers in cornflower blue, pink and coral, the last color named being the most prominent in the design.

This is a grand dress for dining and dancing on hot evenings and it will go right into early September without looking too summery. That softly shirred fullness of the bodice is very flattering and so is the ruffled collar. With this dress she wears a rhinestone bracelet and brooch with matching clips in her hair which is quite a fling for her because she wears practically no jewelry as a rule. She says that her few pieces of jewelry include the star sapphire, mentioned before, a gold key pin and a clip or two. She usually feels quite reckless when she buys a piece of costume jewelry!

JEANETTE admits that she is almost the only star in Hollywood who doesn't own a single tailored suit! She doesn't like them for herself and has never worn one. She much prefers a more feminine type of daytime costume. The tailored but feminine brown dress on page 57 gives you an idea of her substitute for the great Hollywood uniform. It's really a one-piece affair but the pleated peplum gives it a two-piece effect. The collar and tiny jabot are made of tabs

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SAYS
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Something very new in toppers! Doris Nolan wears the fetching Kahula Lotus beach hat which ties under her chin.

of the material. The shoulders are slightly peaked and padded to give width and the smartly designed belt is brown patent leather. Jeanette singled this particular dress out as one of those perfect dresses you should have in your wardrobe—worn during the cooler days of midsummer, it goes right into fall, with the result that you always have a seasonable dress to wear.

The tiny brown hat, that goes with this dress, is trimmed with a huge pom-pom of calico. Jeanette likes small hats best. She will hunt days for a hat she likes and won't buy one until she's sure it's exactly what she wants.

She likes tailored nightgowns and robes—you know the type, those lovely hand-made gowns with nothing but fine drawn work or a bit of embroidery. And her robes are as plain as a man's flannel one. Her mother remarked that she goes quite haywire every now and then, buying a very frothy negligee which she never wears—evidently likes to look at them hanging in the closet!

Her special hobbies are bands, bags and hankies. And what kind of bands, you ask? Not rubber ones! But those miniature bands of all kinds, tiny replicas of German brass bands, bunny bands, mice bands—just anything little and musical which she dotes on having around on tables in the house. She has handbags in every size, shape and color, two or three for each costume, in fact. And she is crazy about fine, hand-made white handkerchiefs.

Did you know that she probably has the smallest feet in Hollywood? And her hands are small and delicate, too. She has difficulty finding gloves to fit her.

Beside her yen for pink and red, she likes blue and green. One of her pet dresses this summer is a turquoise blue mousseline de soie. It has a gay nineties look with its diaphanous leg o' mutton sleeves and a high gathered bodice. Beneath the dress rustles a slip of taffeta, the top and hem edged with lace which shows through the filmy mousseline. She calls this her "rebel" dress because she wore it to one of the famous Mayfair parties this summer when everyone had been requested to come in prints!

One of Jeanette's friends told me an interesting thing about her and it's something we can absorb, too. She said that, although clothes are very important to Miss MacD., they never reach such importance that she is conscious of them and her appearance all the time. She

said that Jeanette could walk into a party, find others more formally dressed than herself, and not let it spoil her good time in any way. She always feels that she can compete with any group, provided she knows that what she is wearing suits her and is in good taste, regardless of whether it is as elaborate and as formal as the clothes the other women may be wearing. That's a grand attitude to adopt about your own clothes—far too many girls let an evening be ruined because they don't think that their dresses compare favorably with others. Feeling sure of yourself is half of looking smart.

ANOTHER Hollywood-ite that I enjoy talking to about clothes is Madge Evans. Like Jeanette, she has sound and conservative ideas that can be passed on to all of you. And the way she solves the midsummer clothes problem is a revelation. She doesn't believe that it's smart to start buying fall hats and dresses the first of August. Instead, she thinks it's far smarter to wait for the first giddy fashion fancies to pass out of the picture and select the clothes that are destined to last through the new season. So, in order to pep up her summer wardrobe and not feel that midsummer let-down, she has various dodges which she uses to advantage.

Madge (who is making "Piccadilly Jim" with Bob Montgomery) is one of the biggest blue fans I have ever known. It is her favorite color and so she wears it year in and year out. You'd think her clothes would seem monotonous as a result but they never do because she is so clever about the interesting variations she achieves with this one basic color. Talking about cool-looking clothes for the dog days, Madge said she couldn't imagine a cooler costume combination than navy blue with crisp touches of white. So just in case I was dubious, she offered to show me what she is wearing right now.

As topper to a finely pleated navy blue chiffon skirt, she wears a white vest and fingertip length jacket. The vest is sleeveless and has a small turnover collar edged with scallops of the material. The jacket has wide lapels and flap pockets, also edged in the scallops. Both of these are of washable pique, crisp and fresh on the hottest day. As you can see, Madge wears a wide-brimmed, daisy-trimmed navy blue hat and navy accessories.

Another day, in place of the pique jacket and vest, she will wear a printed

linen tunic over this same skirt. In fact, various jackets and blouses, enable her to have several complete costumes with just this one skirt as the base.

A dark crepe dress with which she wears light summer hats now, will gracefully bridge the jump from summer to fall later on. This is the smart navy blue silk on page 58. Two-piece, the blouse has an unusual tucked treatment on the bodice and across the shoulders of the short sleeves.

The close-up on the same page shows Madge's good-looking accessories in detail. A wide-brimmed sailor of natural colored straw has a shallow crown circled by navy ribbon. Streamers are drawn through the brim at back and lend a fetching "little girl" air to the hat—a cluster of field flowers and roses at front. Aren't those blue kid gloves stunning with the white stitching stripes and the perforated trimming? Madge gives herself a last look in the small mirror from her large navy kid envelope bag.

When the air gets a fall nip to it, Madge will wear furs with this dress and change her straw hat for a felt or velvet one. And that's what you can do, too, and you'll never have that in-between season feeling of having nothing in your closet fit to wear!

As you know I am always on the search for anything new in fashion which I can pass on to you. Since hot weather is the time when you want to keep your costumes fresher than ever, I thought you'd like to hear about a new dress shield that is the last word in thinness and yet it has tremendous durability.

The proud maker of this shield describes it thus, "so thin you won't know they're in." And it's true, they're sheer and cool, practically without any bulk when fastened in your dress. They are made of a one-piece seamless rubber product and will withstand both boiling and ironing, never losing shape.

If you would like to know the name of this shield and where to buy it, just write in to me and I shall be glad to forward the information. Dress shields are indispensable to the smart grooming of Hollywood stars and I am sure they must be to you, too.

New Styles in Parents

(Continued from page 51)

theirs. There is no business or pleasure that can't be interrupted long enough for Bing to get to a telephone and call his home before time for the children to be put to bed, if he can't get there in person.

"Did the kids miss me today?" he asks eagerly. "What did Gary say about me?" And since Gary is old enough to talk, he is often allowed to speak to his daddy and deliver his own message, just as thousands of other little boys are breaking the monotony of business for their fathers.

They are just everyday folk, these Crossbys. Before the twins were born, and long before the doctor had announced that two babies might be expected, there was the usual family argument over a name for the new baby. If it was to be a boy, Dixie's heart was set on naming him Dennis. Bing was equally determined to call him Philip.

"How about Dennis Philip?" suggested Dixie.

"Maybe Philip Dennis," Bing insisted.

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What promised to be a lasting argument was only settled when the stork, showing rare presence of mind, furnished a boy for each name and they were promptly christened Dennis and Philip.

Now it's "my boy, Dennis, walked first," from Dixie, and "my son, Philip, talked first," from Bing.

With all this parental affection and attention, however, the Crosby children are not "spoiled." You'll never hear one of them beating a tattoo on his plate and yelling, "I don't want any spinach!" Because, whether it's spinach or ice cream that is set before them, they eat it and say nothing. Their meals come at regular hours and they are never given food between meals.

ONE day their Uncle Larry came in from playing golf and went to the kitchen to make himself a sandwich. The three little Crosbys followed him and stood looking hungrily at every mouthful he ate. Without thinking he gave each one of them a graham cracker. At that moment Dixie arrived on the scene. She took the crackers away from the children and gave them a scolding.

Larry took the blame but Dixie said, "It makes no difference. They know they aren't allowed to eat between meals." Dixie knows the value of routine, and her children have been taught to do everything by the clock. They go to sleep at a certain time and awake in the morning at a certain time. Noises never bother them. Not even a party in the house nor enthusiastic crooning by Papa Bing, for the entertainment of his guests, will awaken the babies once they are asleep.

With two sets of adoring grandparents living close by, it has been necessary to avoid complications by arranging the visits of the children to them in routine. Each child visits the home of each grandparent once each week. The twins make their visits together, but Gary, a little older and enjoying a different type of entertainment, goes alone. Everyone is satisfied.

One morning recently, Philip, the livelier of the twins, slipped into his mother's bedroom, helped himself to a jar of cold cream and two bottles of perfume. First he rubbed the cream on his face and then made a neat spread of it on the cream-colored carpet. On top of that he poured the perfume which made a grand smell and, by the time the nurse arrived, things were in a fine state. Philip was soundly spanked. Spare the rod and spoil the child is one rule that Bing and Dixie don't believe in.

They are allowed but a few toys at one time, as their parents believe that having too many toys discourages initiative in the children.

The children aren't taken to the studio and paraded around. They don't hang around "watching daddy work." I learned that Gary had been allowed to visit the studio just once when there was a circus set so he could see the clowns and animals. There will be no Crosby children in the movies—that is not as child actors. If they develop into actors later, that will be a different matter.

At the ranch, where life is lived as simply as possible, the children sleep in a huge dormitory, but in the new Crosby home near Toluca Lake, Gary has a room of his own. The twins share a very large bedroom but each has his own clothes closet and their bathroom is equipped with two of everything!

"They will have everything they need, but outside of that—nothing doing," is the way Bing expresses it. "I had six brothers and sisters. My father provided the necessities for us, but for extras we had to hustle. That's the way it will be

with my boys. They aren't going to have fancy allowances just because I've been lucky and made some money. I've provided their college money. They each have an annuity, which will come due when they are seventeen. They can take the money and go to college, or if they want to work a while and go to school later they may. But their education is paid for—now.

"I'm not going to dictate their futures," he continued. "I'm not going to tell them that they have to be doctors or lawyers. They have to decide that for themselves."

But naturally, Bing would be pleased if any or all of them turned out to be musically inclined. Gary has a deep, husky voice that sounds exactly like his famous dad's, and sings all the time. The twins, not yet two years old, can carry a tune.

They are natural and amusing children. Gary heard Bing call Andy Devine "Blimp" and quickly figured out the implication. The matter was forgotten until one day Norman Taurog, who also is built generously, called at the house and was greeted by Gary, who called out in a friendly way: "Hello, Blimp!"

BING is one Hollywood star who has never been troubled with "fame" sickness, a disease particularly prevalent in Hollywood. His greatest extravagance is his string of race horses which, with luck, might become a source of income. He refuses to regard them on a commercial basis, however, and the Crosby horses never run unless their owner is there to see them. His breeding stables at his ranch are perfectly equipped. When it was necessary to cut down hundreds of trees to clear acreage on which to raise alfalfa for the ponies, Bing helped "for exercise."

His money has been invested in good, solid bonds and securities. One brother, Everett, manages his motion picture contracts, and another brother, Larry, manages his radio business. They, with Bing's father and Bing, of course, form Crosby, Inc. A suite of offices at the Paramount Studio is their headquarters.

Everett and Larry occupy small offices separated by a large office, which is occupied by Mr. Crosby Senior and two secretaries. There must be a reason why Bing, at the end of five years has seventy fan clubs and hires one girl to do nothing but answer his fan mail.

A delightful air of informality is introduced when Everett, from his office, yells: "Pappy! How many rooms are there in Bing's new house?"

"He isn't here," yells a secretary back, "but Larry says there are twenty rooms, seven baths and five fireplaces."

"Pappy!" yells Larry from his office. "What is the name of that man I'm to see?"

When "Pappy" returns to his desk, he is confronted with the problems of the past ten minutes.

"The man's name is Carroll," he yelled at Larry, "and there are twenty-two rooms in Bing's house," he yelled at Everett, after which business went on as usual.

For a long time Bing and Dixie have planned a vacation together.

"I've worked since I was a kid," Bing said. "Dixie and I want to take a trip. We want to go around the world. Not as movie stars, but just as a couple of people. We've been looking forward to it for a long time."

But the longest trip in sight right now is to Vancouver, B.C., this summer, where Bing has been invited to be a guest of honor at the Golden Jubilee. He plans to take his brother Larry and his wife, and may take his string of ponies up to show the Canadians how they can run.

Jean Harlow Is Watching Her Step

(Continued from page 47)

were blending into one gentle and closely-knit personality.

For Jean always has been a marked case of a "split personality." What people who do not know her, think she is like and what her close friends *know* she is like, are as far apart as the poles.

WE talk books when I visit with Jean. We talk politics. We discuss people and problems with passion and intensity. We drink coffee and philosophize. It may not be very profound philosophy, I wouldn't know. But at least our conversation is not dotted with gossip of parties and pettiness. I first became interested in Soviet Russia when, a couple of years ago, Jean loaned me "Stalin, The Career of a Fanatic."

She is intelligent. She has a sound brain, an honest heart and a grand sense of humor. Now she is engaged in the process of stripping off the publicized Jean as, long ago, she stripped off the exotic gowns and make-up; as she has shed the platinum hair and the extravagant house. The real Jean Harlow is emerging into focus through many mists, most of them manufactured by expert myth-makers.

I said to Jean, who was wearing a play suit of pale blue sharkskin, a blue ribbon tied 'round her hair, "You've changed—more."

"I know it," said Jean. "No one knows it better than I. You know, 'peace' is a very much misused word, but it is what I feel. It is what is happening to me. I

feel a peace within which seems to grow deeper and stronger and surer every day.

"After all, I'm a quarter of a century old now, you know. I'm twenty-five as against the seventeen I was when I started in pictures, when I made 'Hells Angels' and began my career of florid publicity. I don't know whether I regret getting off on that rather feverish foot, so to speak, or not. It probably helped me, professionally. It made for a quicker start, attracted attention swiftly. It doubtless hurt me, personally. It's something that has to be lived down, something that can be discarded only with time.

"It's impossible to say, now, how things would have worked out for me had I begun in a different type of part and with a different brand of publicity. It's difficult to bridge—this difference between my screen personality and *me*.

"When I was very young, at the age of sixteen—even after I was first married, for the matter of that—I never had been allowed to wear a backless gown nor allowed to use mascara or lipstick. And so, when I first came to Hollywood, I wanted to do all these things. I used to buy the most exotic gowns I could find. I used to daub eye-shadow under my eyes and lipstick all over my mouth and try to get out of the house before mother could see me to drag me back, bodily.

"But I would have done the same thing whether I had been in pictures or not. It is a phase most young girls go through and outgrow.

I THINK," said Jean, pouring coffee for both of us, "that the change in me is really a matter of the simple, biological process called 'growing up.' After all, I am not a child any longer and I think I *really* realized it, for the first time this past year."

I think she has, too. For Jean is watching her step. She knows, now where she is going. She was plunged into public life when she was very young. And things happened to her, fast and furiously and without any volition of her own. Everything catapulted on her—headline things, happy and unhappy things.

I think, the difference in Jean is that she has control of her life, she knows where she wants to go and how to get there.

"I don't want anything more to happen to me," Jean was saying, her voice grave. "I don't want any more new experiences. Apart from my work, I want to do nothing at all but sit in the sun at home and rest and think."

And here is another drastic change in Jean's life—her mother is sitting back and letting her handle everything. And this is, Jean says, one of the most intelligent of the many things her mother has done for her.

"Now," said Jean, "when I have a decision to make, a problem to work out—whether it is personal, professional or financial—I cannot even discuss it with mother. Only when I have reached my own decision can I talk it over with her.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream removes little roughnesses at once... keeps my skin soft and white."



NOSE AND CHIN GET *Flaky?* *Melt* Rough Places Smooth

ONE DAY your nose is flaky—powder won't "stick"! Next day, your chin... Often, after a day in the sun, your whole face scuffs up with flaky bits.

Do you know what they are?—Dead skin cells!

They cling stubbornly, show up terribly—even under make-up.

But you can *melt* them away easily—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). A distinguished dermatologist explains:

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"When the dried-out cells on surface skin are melted away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream), the underlying cells come into view. These cells are young and

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"Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, keeps the skin in a constantly softened condition."

A keratolytic cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths your skin just that quickly! It melts flaky particles right away. Puts an end to powder trouble. Use it regularly



Outer Skin

(magnified) At top you see surface cells dried out into flaky bits that feel rough, "catch" powder.

Melt them off—for smoothness!

to keep your skin silken-soft at all times.

For a smooth make-up—Before powdering, soften your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is smooth all over—even your nose and chin. Make-up spreads evenly, clings.

Overnight for lasting softness—Follow your nightly cleansing with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Face, neck, hands, elbows. It isn't greasy. You go to bed looking lovely... Next morning your skin has won extra softness!

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POND'S, Dept. J136, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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And They Said It Couldn't Happen in America!

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What is the real truth about this terror cult menacing America with torture and lynch law? What part did women play in this amazing network? Is the combine smashed, or is it only waiting to strike at organized government?

Read "Secrets of the Black Legion" in the September **INSIDE DETECTIVE**. Chief Henry Piel, of the Detroit Police, gives the complete picture of the Black Legion—a picture that will startle those who believe that such things "can't happen here!"

Other important features for September include nine true stories of crime and punishment, illustrated by exclusive police photos.

The September Issue is Out!

INSIDE DETECTIVE

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"You know, if my mother were a perfect stranger to me, no relation whatsoever, I would insist on having her live with me. She tells me," said Jean, her smile tender, "that the time must come inevitably, when she will not be here to advise me and that I must prepare for that day."

"And so, I am on my own for the first time in my life. I must take the consequences now of everything I do because there will be no one but me involved."

And in Jean's personal affairs the same neutrality is scrupulously observed. Jean and Bill Powell have been going together for more than two years now. There are all sorts of rumors about a secret marriage, an engagement, and even a break-up. They say nothing. But there are some things which are clear and obvious without the medium of words. I could swear to one thing—that Jean loves Bill and that Bill loves Jean. And that this love has made her the more serious, more thoughtful girl she has become—and a happier one.

I believe that she feels she has something concrete and substantial to depend upon. Something that gives her confidence in herself.

I know that her love for Bill is a strong and complete love. She actually doesn't know that other men exist. She doesn't see other men. Jean, as a matter of fact, has never been attracted easily to men. Despite the columns which have over-

flowed with Jean Harlow and her latest beaux. Not that the beaux wouldn't gladly, eagerly come a-beauing—but rather that Jean has gone, always, with just one man, sincere in her friendship, whole-souled in her love.

Sumptuous, sexy, seductive she may be on the screen—off the screen she is cool, intelligent, tender and loyal but less "sexy"—horrid word, but I have to use it to make my point clear—than almost any girl I know.

And the reason that Jean doesn't speak of marriage is that she is a one-track person. She doesn't believe that she can combine the two careers successfully, marriage and movies. She doesn't want to try. If she married Bill she would give up her career. And she doesn't want to do that until she has won complete independence, financially and in terms of success.

"And so," Jean was saying, "I shall go on with my work and I'll work hard. I'd like to do comedy, you know. But I seem to have been taken out of that. And I haven't much to say about what I do in the studio. I want to keep on making pictures, of course, for as long as my pictures are good enough for people to want."

"And most of all I want to rest—and be quiet—and to keep on finding the peace I have begun, for the first time, to know. . . ."

The Gloom-Chaser

(Continued from page 48)

Well, Henry was a minute late, worse, he was three minutes late by all the clocks he passed, and the consequence was that by the time he reached the star's bedside he was perspiring with panicky fear that Farnum would miss the train. So distressed was Henry that he literally ran around in circles doing everything backwards. It amused Bill who was used to these antics and knew that they resulted from extreme conscientiousness and not from carelessness or indifference, but the minutes passed and action had to be taken.

As he stepped from the bath, Farnum said briskly, "A little speed now, Henry. It's getting late." That unfortunate sentence erased what little composure poor Henry had left. "Yes, sir," he said, breathing hard and, rushing toward the bedroom, returned with his boss's high silk hat and cane! Farnum didn't bat an eyelid but put the hat on his head and the cane over his arm, otherwise clothed *au naturel*. Striking an attitude, he said, "Now Henry, how do I look?" A dazed expression passed over Henry's face and then the mist cleared. He groaned in anguish and, staggering backwards, fell flat into the bathtub.

BILL could never demand anything quickly without throwing Henry into one of these panics. A simple request such as, "Henry, where are those shoes I wore yesterday?" spoken in a serious voice would bring the panicked expression into his eyes and start him fumbling first in his own pockets and then rushing hither and yon looking under rugs and even behind pictures, murmuring constantly, "Shoes! Shoes!" while Bill would walk to the closet and locate them himself.

But there were other times when Henry did not lose his head under tense situations and that was when he had any-

thing to do that gave him an artistic expression for this tremendous emotion. Then he was himself, calm and more or less the master of the situation. Many of you may think that a motion picture actor, who was the idol of his day, could not possibly be anything but happy and gay, but Bill has had plenty of sorrow in his life, heartbreaking sorrow, and the thing that always helped him most was music. There were no radios then, this was in 1917-18, and when Bill was vacationing at Sag Harbor, he would sit at the piano and play for hours. Sometimes he would say, "Come on, Henry, let's give a concert," and Henry would at once lose the anxious look his face usually wore and quite a different expression would take its place. Leaning against the piano he would sing "O Solo Mio" and other arias all through an evening. He had a fine voice, untrained, but full, rich and vibrant and he sang, as so many Italians do, as though he loved it.

In almost every Farnum picture there was a part that Henry could play. Bill secured it for him at first, but as time went on, he didn't have to remind his director that Henry could do this part or that—he was automatically cast if there was a possible opening. Sometimes he had really important parts, usually a villain of some sort. He didn't provoke the laughter in those days that he does now. Story technique has changed and so has the style of acting. Then Henry's blood and thunder looks provided the audience with chills and terror, whereas today, if he had such a part, the audience would probably die laughing.

Then came the day that he fell in love and decided to be married. That period was something for the Farnum family to live through! For days Henry rushed about, breathing hard, making the most heroic efforts to be calm.

He invited everyone to the wedding but Bill was working and Mrs. Farnum could not go. The location was a picturesque little Catholic church in Corona, Long Island, and I may add that the roads out there were not at all what they are now. The hour was six in the evening and the time of year was winter. I've just forgotten the month but there was snow and ice almost everywhere you cared to look. I'll never forget the drive out there if I live to be a hundred, which God forbid!

To begin with, we were a little bit late as the car had been held up at the studio in Fort Lee, and I believe there was some question of the right road—anyhow we finally landed and I am not sure but what the ceremony had been held for a few minutes in the hope that Mr. Farnum would arrive. It was a sore blow to Henry that the Boss was not there to witness his marriage but with the natural courtesy of his race he was doubly gracious to me, the only representative of the family. I noticed, too, that the guests cast shy, furtive glances in my direction and I thought what a shame it was that Bill could not be there. It would have been the crowning touch of happiness to an ecstatic day in Henry's life.

It was a simple ceremony, with the soft candlelight playing over the happy faces of the bride and groom. She was clothed in white and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Her hair was black, her eyes big and very dark, her skin was the magnolia white peculiar to the Latin races. Henry had picked an attractive girl.

A great many men owe their rise in life to the ambitions of their wives and Henry was no exception. Shortly after the wedding, Bill was on his way to Hollywood taking with him the usual entourage. The one addition was Mrs. Armetta who had left her home with mingled fear and curiosity. Curiosity to see a new locality and fear of loneliness in the separation from her family and friends. It is no fun for a young wife to sit at home alone all day and half of most every night waiting for the only person in the world she can talk with. Unable then to speak much English and finding practically no congenial companion for that reason, Mrs. Armetta fretted and wept in solitude. Also, looking about her, she saw no one she thought could act any better than her Henry, so why should he remain a valet when he could make so much more money as an actor?

ONCE that thought took fire in her mind Mrs. Armetta, goaded by loneliness and the fear that her child would be born in that desolate place, far away from the family whose care and companionship she would sorely need at such a time, unloaded the weight of her woe upon her husband every night. He, poor man, almost lost his reason. On one hand was his loyalty to his boss, on the other his loyalty to his wife. I wasn't in Hollywood at that time but the experience must have been sumpin' for Bill. Repercussions of it even reached New York and finally, in the middle of a picture, Henry gave up his job. It probably was as much of a relief to Farnum as it was to Henry though he never would have said so. He sent them both back to New York with his blessing and a gift for the expected heir.

Work was slowing up in New York and Henry didn't have the smooth sailing everyone expected he would. I believe the next two years were rather slim and then the new Fox studio opened up on Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street to rather active business. Also, Henry's best



IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By *Lady Esther*

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

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The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a penetrating face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

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Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

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star must have been bright in midheaven for, shortly afterwards, J. Gordon Edwards, director-in-chief for Fox, went to Italy to make "The Shepherd King" and took Henry along as interpreter!

What a triumph for Mrs. Armetta, who knew he could do something fine if he only would try. What complete astonishment it caused in the studio. Mouths practically dropped open in amazement, for to be an interpreter was almost up to the first line trenches of big shots.

After that I lost track of Henry for a few years but, when I went to Hollywood again, he had bridged another lean period and was much in demand. Once more his star of success was bright and shining. The advent of talking pictures was also a step upward for him. His English was clear enough for the parts he played, as he always was, cast as an

Italian. If the part was humorous and he was required to speak quickly, the less he was understood, the funnier he was.

He began to creep into a place of importance in the minds of the directors and on the pay roll, too, Henry, today, undoubtedly makes more money than his former boss, although Bill, who for more than twenty years was the highest paid actor in the business, earning \$10,000 a week straight salary during his last active year—big money any time—is still highly paid when he works, but that is not often. Illness and trouble made terrible inroads on his career, taking from him the will-to-accomplishment that had formerly been so potent a factor in his success. Today one seldom sees the name of William Farnum but the name of Henry Armetta is seen very often.

How strange life is!

He's a Natural

(Continued from page 45)

I feel different, being a movie star instead of a third-rate saxophone tooter, is that now I can pay my bills.

"Actor? I'm no actor! Never will be. I just get up there and do what they tell me to do, that's all. It's all I can do—just act natural, and be myself, and follow instructions. I'm glad the fans like it that way, and I hope they continue to like it, because if they don't, it's just gonna be too bad for me!"

All this is no pose with Fred MacMurray. Why, look at the guy—look at the way he lives, what he does for fun, who his friends are, where he goes for amusement. Look at these things, and you'll see he's still as unspoiled as he was before fame picked him out for the spotlight.

In the first place, there's no "gone-Hollywood" about his home life. Of course, he isn't in the really big money yet, but he's suddenly making a whacking salary. I've seen "sudden" stars go Hollywood on a lot less, but not Fred. He's still living in an obscure little apartment in the Hollywood hills, where his new wife keeps house for him. He has no servants.

HIS auto is an index, too. It's no chromium-plated foreign car. It's no glittery sports model, à la showcase. Instead, it's a 1933 coupe of a make that sells 'way under a thousand dollars when new. If Fred wants to turn it in some day on a new car, he'll be lucky if they allow him \$175 on it! So far, though, he doesn't see why he should turn it in. It's done okay for him for three years now, so why?

Of course, some day Fred'll change all this. He admits that himself.

"Some day, I may go for a nice house in Beverly Hills. You see, I've never had a home of my own, never had a real house of any kind. Always lived with relatives, boarded or lived in hotels and sleeping cars, or railroad coaches when on tour with the band, during my saxophone days. I'd kind of like a home of my own, I guess, when I can afford it."

He always drops that "when I can afford it" into his discussion. You see, he's not sure yet that this stardom and big income are going to last. That's why he's saving the money he's getting now. Fred is no spender.

His recent marriage to Lillian Lamont was no surprise. In fact, it was expected for months.

For fun, he does the simple things that you and I and the fellow nextdoor do. His close pal is Dean Jagers, another young actor whom Fred thinks is just as good an actor, or better, than Fred MacMurray. "He just didn't get the lucky breaks and I did," is Fred's explanation of why Dean Jagers is still an unknown.

Anyway, Dean and his wife have a little place hidden back in Laurel Canyon, on the Hollywood outskirts. It's not in the movie colony at all. The stars turn their noses up when they drive through the neighborhood. But that's where Dean, Fred and Lillian gather for such things as Sunday breakfasts, and mid-week parties that break up at ten at night.

It's no whoopee. Just quiet parties. Maybe a half dozen people, and besides Fred and Dean, there aren't any movie folk there. Fred and Dean have a set of acts they put on—one's a trick mind-reading routine they've worked out together. They astound their guests with it, but it's all done by code. Besides that, Fred's an amateur magician of no mean ability. He pulls rabbits out of hats, and tells you what card you've drawn out of a shuffled deck, and things like that. He and Dean are whizzes at Hollywood's new fad of "handies"—doing tricks with your fingers, and things like that, you know. Simple stuff, but fun.

When he goes out for his fun, Fred stays in character, too. No yachting parties on chartered boats. No hunting trips to far-off Mexico. No airplane tours of the world. Fred's two big ideas of outdoor fun are either taking a 500-mile auto drive in a day, or going with Dean Jagers and that crowd down to an obscure public beach, far away from movie-star-jammed Malibu. They take along a package from the butcher's and another from the baker's—wienies in one and rolls in the other. Fred or Dean has a bottle of mustard in a pocket.

They build a fire, toast the wienies and burn their fingers toasting them. They slap 'em inside the rolls, smear 'em with mustard, and think they're having more fun than all the snooty people at Malibu. And they are!

AFFECTATION is just a strange word to him. He doesn't even go in for kidding the fan-writers with a fake library. He admits he doesn't care much for reading. He doesn't pose as an authority on Shakespeare, astronomy, or antiques.

His chief indoor sport is eating and he isn't a bit ashamed of it! He'd much rather have a mess of corned beef and cabbage than a parfait. On the set, he's always keeping the messenger boys running after doughnuts or pie or peanuts for him to nibble on, and when they can't find him anywhere else, when the set-up is ready for a take, they send over to the studio cafe and find him on a counter stool, with a cuppacawfee!

He doesn't put on an act, when working. He never stays aloof on the sidelines, or hidden in a private dressing-room, like most other stars, between takes.

Instead, he's usually puffing on a pipe, sprawled out on a packing box, an odd chair, or a piece of scenery. If he can find a prop bed, a couch, or a chair so placed that he can stretch his six-foot-three out in it and rest his feet somewhere higher than his head, he's happy. He drags a wheezy old pipe out of his pocket, stuffs it with dime tobacco, and puffs away, until they're ready to shoot again.

Movies still bewilder him. That is, his position in them. That's why, in all likelihood, he'll surprise himself by remaining as popular as he is at this moment, because he'll never believe that he's really an actor, or has any extraordinary charm. And so he'll remain as downright simple, as forthright as a college sophomore. And that is the charm of Fred MacMurray.

"Maybe it is," he admits, bashfully. "But that's all I can do. It's no trick on my part. If they ever expect me to act, I'm sunk, I can tell you!"

And yet, paradoxically, he hopes that some day he'll be allowed to play a dramatic role, instead of the typical "MacMurray roles" he's been doing. Only he hopes that when he does get the chance,

he'll have a good director. "Because all I can do is what they tell me," he explained.

You know, of course, that he's really had no acting training—he got into the movies through his saxophone. Like the music itself, he "went 'round and 'round"—college dance band, professional dance orchestra, night clubs, a week or two on the stage in a New York show, singing a number or two. He was so bashful when they first gave him a chorus to sing, with the band, that he insisted on sitting down and singing through a megaphone, rather than standing up where people could see him! And so "round and 'round" he went and came out on a Paramount stage, a movie hero!

The speed of it all leaves him breathless. "Gosh," he told me the other day, "only the other night I went to a premiere. Lights and crowds, and me in evening clothes! Was I scared! And there I was, on the inside—and I couldn't help looking at the crowds and remembering that barely more than a year ago, I was one of them, out there behind the ropes and the cops, trying to get a better look at those on the inside. And now here I was, a star myself. Darn, but it made me feel funny. And when I saw the fellow coming at me with the microphone, I got more scared than ever, and beat it."

BUT if all this appears as though Fred, despite his surprise, is taking it all unthinkingly and as a matter of course, you're badly mistaken. "I'm learning everything I can," he told me. "There's a lot to learn in this business, and I'm keeping my eyes and ears open, trying to learn it. I've got swell teachers. They're all grand to me."

"Don't let 'em kid you about this pro-

fessional-jealousy stuff. Everyone I've ever played opposite in a picture—Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard, all of 'em—have helped me, unstintingly. They never ritzed me, or tried to upstage me or give me the bad camera angle."

He's studying voice, knowing that his speaking voice and his singing voice will be a big factor in determining the length of his screen popularity. He wants to stay in pictures, but he isn't trusting to fickle fan worship to keep him there; he's working to earn a steady place on the screen.

Just now he's got to learn how to ride all over again. He used to ride horses when he was young, but while he was saxophonizing, he forgot the trick. Then he was cast for "The Texas Rangers," and had to do a lot of fast riding.

Fred is somehow a bit different today from the individual he was a year ago. He has learned the fundamentals of poise. There is a self-assuredness about him now that wasn't there, when he first hit the top. He can talk, too, without the evident embarrassment that marked him at the outset. A half year ago, he couldn't talk about himself at all, and shut up like a clam when you asked him to. Today, he has learned to parry unwanted questions with a bit of verbal fencing, instead of an annoyed stare and a brusque, half-angry answer. He has overcome his shyness and reticence, because he knows that movie-stardom and shyness don't go together always. He has learned that he may express an opinion of his own and get away with it; a half year ago, he didn't dare to.

And so he's finally admitting that stardom isn't bad at all, and in fact, he rather likes it. A half year ago, when I first talked to him, he didn't think he would.

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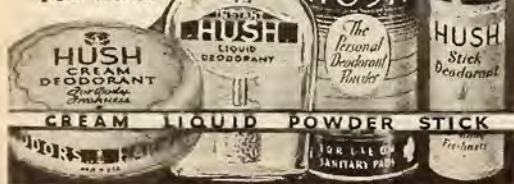
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Never a Dull Moment

(Continued from page 39)

family). If Margaret Sullavan's is noticed at all, it's because it is the only motion picture star's home in Hollywood that has only one bedroom.

The garage, too, isn't up to the usual Toluca garageful. One car occupies space there. Until the recent accident to her arm, she has always driven herself. Now, Charlie, doubling as butler-chauffeur, is at the wheel, and Peggy hates it almost as much as interviews, which should give you a rough idea.

There is no economic necessity for her unostentatious way of living. Her salary, which has jumped from a stock player's minimum five years ago, is now in the upper brackets. More than a great many players who can't—but do—she can afford to splurge, but doesn't. Once she read that she had attended a Hollywood premiere on an evening when she had been working at the studio.

"I knew it couldn't be me anyway," she laughed, "because I was described as wearing an ermine wrap and I'm the girl in Hollywood who doesn't own one."

She doesn't have expensive jewels either. Her prize possession is a little diamond ring in an old-fashioned gold setting. It was her ex-husband, William Wyler's, anniversary gift to her. She wears it on her left pinkie.

Clothes, when she couldn't afford them, were never an aspired passion. Now that she can have them, her interest hasn't heightened any. Last year, when she came back from her honeymoon abroad, she went on her first shopping orgy at one of New York's leading couturiers. She succumbed to a divine white taffeta evening frock, an adorable black chiffon with white lace collar and cuffs, a peach and tan sports ensemble and a tailored negligee. But when Madame held up a pair of beach trunks with coat to match and exclaimed, "You simply must have this. It's only \$95," Peggy came out of her coma.

"I wouldn't pay that for a beach outfit if I were Barbara Hutton," was her sensible retort.

Her favorite form of attire, both on the screen and off, are slacks. In "The Moon's Our Home," her wardrobe was one of the most expensive she has ever had, but the only two costumes that she was at all excited about were her slacks in the opening scene and the ski suit.

She despises hats. A few summers ago, when she was appearing in a stock revival of "Coquette," I went shopping with her for a blue hat to match the dress she was to wear in the first act. It was a terrible ordeal for Peggy, but she submitted nobly—and bought the first one she tried on. I wasn't the least bit surprised, however, on opening night, to see her make her entrance with the hat in her hand. A second later, she placed it on a table, where it remained ingloriously for the rest of the act.

According to her mimeographed studio biography, "Miss Sullavan loves to cook and sew." If she does, it's a secret between herself and her biography. Of course, she'll tell you that her onion soup can compete with the best at "Les Halles" in Paris and she'll even threaten to make it for you on cook's night out. Her "bluff" has been called every other Sunday night, but we're all still waiting. As for sewing—it is one of the maidenly arts in which this daughter of the old South does not excel, despite her mother's early teachings.

Perhaps this lack of domesticity is due to the fact that since her boarding-school days, she has never had a home of her own. A college "dorm" at Sullins, furnished apartments on the road and in New York and rented bungalows in Hollywood have been her background for the past ten years. It is only when she visits New York as the house guest of very old friends that the atmosphere of a real home is brought back to her, and she wants one of her own.

FOR the first time in her life she is beginning to feel the need of personal possessions around her. She has just bought an oil painting, a portrait of a young girl, by Campbell Phillips, and she is as thrilled over it as Lupe Velez is over her two armfuls of diamond bracelets. Authentic antiques, fine linens and lovely glassware will follow soon. If she returns to New York next winter for a stage play, they'll find their way to a small terraced apartment overlooking the East River. If she remains in Hollywood to sign another long-term contract, they'll be on display in a newly furnished home high on the hilltops.

She still prefers New York to Hollywood, but she isn't as rabid in her Hymn of Hate as she used to be. Many of the young crowd she used to know in the old days of the University Players have joined the trek West and it is with these friends that she enjoys being most.

Her two best friends, however, live in New York. They are the parents of a former school mate, and Peg lavishes her affection and loyalty on them. Two years ago, as part of her European holiday, she had planned to visit Italy. For months she had been looking forward to the trip, and then, on the eve of her departure from England to Italy, she received a cable informing her that her friend had undergone a major operation in New York. Without even stopping to think twice, she cancelled the long anticipated visit and caught the fastest boat home.

It is in important instances like this that her thoughtfulness manifests itself. In the little things—remembering birthdays, writing "thank you" notes, or writing at all—she is notoriously negligent. She drives her friends into a state with her tomb-like silences and they threaten never to speak to her again. But they always do when, with wide-eyed innocence, she gives them her most enchanting smile and exclaims, "But, darling, when I don't write you know I'm all right, so you shouldn't worry." (This conversation took place from her hospital bed, just after she had broken her arm.)

With true southern coquetry, she is perfect in the art of getting what she wants when she wants it. When she turns on charm, she rarely misses her victim.

Another part of Peggy's fatal fascination is her ability to tell bigger whoppers than anyone but "Baron Munchausen." Now don't misunderstand me. Basically, she is honest. It is only when she finds it expedient to avoid things, without hurting people, that she is a fibber. As in everything she does, she usually gets away with it, but again, there is always the exception to prove the rule.

A few summers ago, when she stopped over in New York en route to Europe, she used to spend every day thinking up white lies to tell a persistent young man

who constantly phoned her. Finally, the day she sailed, she told him she had received an SOS to return to the Coast immediately for her next picture. The first day out at sea, she discovered "the persistent young man" on board. And the funniest part of it is that when she got to know him, she liked him enormously and regretted all the dates she had turned down.

Peg's greatest "fish" story, however, happens to be true. Once she caught a 150-pound Marlin and she was more excited about her feat than over any performance she has ever given on stage or screen.

Besides fishing, her pet enthusiasms are track meets, Helen Hayes, talking her way out of fines for speeding, her young brother, "Sonny," and spoon bread.

Her pet hate, at the moment, is anyone who asks her whether she is going to remarry Henry Fonda. And because I'm so "Fonda" (ouch!) of Peggy, I wouldn't ask her.

But the answer is, "No, no, a thousand times, no!" Honestly, folks, this is the real McCoy, "on account of" a little bird whispered it to me. Her name is "Magpie" Sullivan.

Modern Mona Lisa

(Continued from page 55)

to, yet she managed to leave with no loose ends dangling. And she didn't dash pell-mell, either. Fay's never superficially excited, and heaven will vouch for me when I state that you can't hurry her.

She wasn't angry with good-looking John Monk Saunders, to whom she has stayed happily married—in and despite Hollywood. The task of combining two careers (he's a famous author, playwright, and scenarist) with an ideal union has been no trouble for her. She wasn't suddenly bored, nor had she scrapped with her bosses. I know for a fact that Fay's never spoken a cross word or behaved temperamentally. Hers is a marvelous disposition that's under amazing control.

You not only can't ruffle her, but you can't argue with Fay. When you suggest that she'd be wise to do a specific thing, and she has already reached another logical conclusion, she doesn't fall into the trap of retorting, "Why should I do that?" Instead, she carefully refrains from raising her voice and repeats calmly, "I think not."

Hardly ever is she impetuous. She wasn't when she left us for England. "I've never been a skyrocket and I don't suppose I ever shall be," she says candidly. "But I enjoy acting so much I want to go on and on until I'm too aged to win a bit role. I want to last. And that's why I decided I'd better stop making pictures here for awhile."

A little ambiguous? Follow on and let Fay thoroughly explain her reasons for her exceptional conduct when she had so many offers in Hollywood that she merely had to decide which was to be next.

"I feel that to last on the screen one must be more than a pleasant personality; to be exact, one must act! I'm not worrying about acquiring wrinkles, but it is obvious to me that youthful attractiveness was my entree. I believe that now I should prepare to handle genuine characterizations. Tomorrows will be more demanding."

This young lady who has returned



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After a short vacation in New York with his wife, Dorothy Stone, Charles Collins will do another technicolor film to follow "Dancing Pirate."

isn't quite the same as she who was with us before. But don't be alarmed—you aren't in for one of those perennial transformation tales. I can't be trite about Fay, for she won't fit into any conventional pattern. She's changed, but her development has been no incredible, overnight blossoming. And it's by no means completed, in her estimation.

When mentioning herself Fay has an economy of words that is defeating to the average interviewer. She's been Hollywood's most industrious woman, but nevertheless she has no flair for dramatizing her actions.

"I accepted a great many roles, because I expected to learn by doing so. Eventually, I discovered I was in a whirlpool of pictures. There was no chance to even contemplate further improvement, for I was awakening to a regular succession of sets. Literally, I was in a maze of movies.

"I'd been tempted by those foreign bids. Finally, I realized I might become too provincial—I'd gone directly to work from Hollywood high school classes. I'd never had time to go abroad. Why not see what some of the rest of the world was like? It would give me additional perspective. So I cabled yes to a British offer."

Fate kindly proceeded to help Fay. English producers shortly afterwards advised her husband that he could write his own ticket if he'd come over and script plots for them. So soon John joined her in London. He was familiar with the country's historical landmarks which she was anxious to visit, having been a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. The gifted Mr. and Mrs. Saunders revelled in the sophisticated-but-traditional atmosphere and were so popular that they stayed on and on.

It is simple to investigate Europe when you can hop into a plane from London. Still, to travel advantageously is an art. John took Fay on exhilarating jaunts when both were between assignments. And whether it was Paris or a peasant village, Fay absorbed what she was seeing.

She was blithely skiing at St. Moritz when Columbia urged her to come home. "John and I consulted. An author may tarry as long as he wishes; there's always a market for stories. But an actress's audience is more fickle. I didn't want American fans to forget me."

There are imported Parisian models in the wardrobe she brought back; yet if she notices a pretty frock in a small, side-street shop she's apt to buy it. Labels have ceased to cow her. She could afford a

liveried chauffeur and plenty of star trimmings; she shuns complications driving herself and residing in a house that's untouched by passing fads.

"Study is next for me," she vows. "I have had a grounding in pantomime; I've had a generous measure of travel. Now I want to consolidate, as it were. I want ability, rather than to rely on talent—which is bound to be erratic. Knowledge, instead of instinct."

And Fay isn't just talking for effect. Three months ago she went to a noted Hollywood singing teacher. "I'm not ambitious for opera," she informed her, "but I want to cultivate my voice. Maybe it will be convenient to be able to sing passably someday."

Henceforth the Wray motto is quality—not quantity. When she finished "Roaming Lady" for Columbia, she signed with this studio for three pictures annually. She has the privilege of doing whatever other films she wishes. Her next film, "There Goes the Bride," with Chester Morris, has just been completed.

Fay's picture career will be at a standstill for a few months, at least, for she is expecting a little heir or heiress any day now.

Infinitely appreciative, Fay is never gushing. I can swear to you that she doesn't drink. Poised as she usually is, this distractingly complex gal still wishes she might be positive of a stranger's attitude before being introduced. She has yet to overcome a natural shyness.

I wouldn't brand her mysterious, for Fay is obligingly straightforward on any subject you care to bring up. But you simply cannot catalog her satisfyingly. She's a beauty, for instance, with two libraries in her home. An inveterate reader, she was in the upstairs one—it is book-shelved from floor to ceiling—when she answered my queries about her plans.

I have never caught her using slang, but she does adore pig-Latin! She was so tickled when Cockney admirers addressed her as Fye Wrye that she is signing all her personal telegrams this way.

The naïve girl who's grown into today's inscrutable charmer has lost none of her innate sincerity. Behind her placidity is determination, but it's not the blatant kind. Warmly feminine and astonishingly capable—when you try to analyze her she's a modern Mona Lisa. I can tell you all about her fascinations. Then she'll smile, and I'm sure I don't know her at all!

Defrosting Dietrich

(Continued from page 41)

died. It must have knocked Marlene as nothing in life ever hit her before. She must have realized, in the turmoil of her soul, that there were things so far, far greater than any of us that she must have felt ashamed. Mind you, I don't say anything but what I guess. But when Jack was taken from her, she knew that there were some things she could not command or order by a finger-snap!

And the changed Marlene began then.

LET'S take a look at today's Marlene. I don't have to bore you with a picture of the Marlene of a half year ago. You, who follow the film news and doings, know. On the Selznick lot, they knew, too. That's why they were all

scared when Dietrich came over from Paramount. They were scared to death when they showed her her dressing-room—a dinky, tawdry little cubbyhole in a row of other dressing-rooms. They expected fireworks but they didn't get them. Marlene just walked in, said thank you, and for several weeks worked in that tiny bit-player's cubicle without a kick.

When they finally, after rushing it to completion, showed her the bungalow suite they'd built for her, she was astonished. They thought she'd sweep regally in with an air of "this is hardly good enough for me." Instead, she protested that it was too much to have done for her. And from then on, Dietrich's bungalow became open-house for one and all.



If you crave romance in your movies, you'll find it in "The Garden of Allah," as this pose of Dietrich and Charles Boyer indicates.

Her private suite used to be as unapproachable as Queen Mary's boudoir. Today, her co-workers, publicity men, casual interviewers, others, pop in and out the door as though it were—say—Jack Oakie's hangout. Marlene's always glad to see them. And so, gradually, the awe wore off and they began to tell how regular Marlene was. Hollywood pricked up its ears and wouldn't believe the tales.

But let me tell you all about the other night, on the studio back lot, when I saw Marlene let down her hair and clown it! It was during one of those tediously interminable setting-up processes, when everybody was bored to death with waiting.

Suddenly Marlene, under the lights, went into an act.

"Look, I'm Paulette Goddard," she cried. And she gave a take-off on Chaplin's gal-friend that had the onlookers pop-eyed with astonishment and giggles. Then suddenly, she became Garbo—she turned away from the spectators for a moment, pulled her hair down in a Garboish frieze across her forehead, twisted her face. When she looked at them, it was as though a clever caricaturist had cartooned Greta the Great.

Joan Crawford next—it was amazing to see that elfin face of Marlene's transform itself into the huge-eyed, Joan-mouthed travesty on Crawford that followed.

Suddenly Marlene stopped. Her face changed and the sad mask that is so characteristic of her, dropped over it again. It was as though you'd suddenly turned off a battery of floodlights and left one feeble light burning. She walked listlessly back to an upturned soda-pop box, behind the lights, and sat down alone. No fancy chair for the star, no attendants hovering about with cigarettes, lights,

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powder, attentions. She just sat there, surrounded by extras, hardly distinguishable from them.

They finished setting up. Boleslawski looked for her but didn't see her. In the old days, they'd have sent a nice assistant director to find her, and he'd have approached her with: "Ah, Miss Dietrich, please. We're ready to shoot—IF you are."

None of that now with the new Dietrich. Boleslawski just raised his voice and yelled for her.

"Hey! C'mon, sister! Let's get a move on. We're late now."

"Don't hurry me, MISTER Boleslawski," she said. "Don't you know I have to maintain my reputation? I'm a gal who takes her ti-i-i-me. . .!"

Marlene, believe it or not, was kidding not only Mae West, but she was kidding Dietrich too!

That sort of thing is new to Dietrich.

Whatever it is, it has made Marlene the most popular girl on the lot. That's new, too. They used to admire her, respect her, stand in awe of her. But they never really liked her. Now, in the colloquialism of the lot, everybody from the lowliest errand boy to the studio bosses, is simply nuts about Marlene.

THEY tell of how regular, how human and how kind she was on that gruelling desert location for "The Garden of Allah." She got up at 4:30 in the morning, with the rest of the crew, because they could only shoot from 6 to 9 or so, and then again a few hours in the late afternoon. She didn't complain or demand that people be fired, because bugs got down her neck and sand in her eyes and flies in her soup.

She didn't have private waitresses to bring her specially prepared meals in the seclusion of her own tent. She ate in the big commissary tent, side by side with electricians, Mexican extras, prop boys, and the hoi polloi of the lot. She ate just what they ate, most of the time. Now and then, she'd send to Yuma for some delicacy she particularly likes. Then she'd invite a lot of folks to have it with her—and not the big bosses, either. It'd be a prop man, or a dressmaker, or her make-up girl. The queen was down to earth.

They fixed up an elaborate tent for her. It had two rooms and a bath. There was a pongee silk lining under the tent-top. There were electric fans, bamboo matting and rug-covered floors, a radio, an electric range, a chaise longue, a refrigerator and an electric hair dryer.

Marlene raised a quizzical eyebrow at the imperial suite—and spent most of her time out of it. She was always joking or talking with the men and women on the set, rather than resting between shots in her magnificent retreat. And many nights, she'd motor to Yuma and take a hotel room, instead. She tramped the streets of Yuma at night, ate in little lunchrooms, smiled, shook hands and stopped to talk with townfolk who recognized her. She wasn't putting on any airs. Why, she drove to Yuma the first day in her 16-cylinder town car. The next day she sent it back and hired a little coupe which she used the rest of the time, driving herself. They asked her why.

"People stared at me. They thought I was trying to be a great movie actress. I didn't like it," she said naively.

In the old days, Marlene and her director, Joe von Sternberg used to look at the day's rushes in carefully guarded secrecy. Nobody else could crash in.

On the desert, they showed the day's rushes each evening in the big commissary tent. Everybody came, including

Marlene. She sat not apart, on some regal throne, but on a folding chair in the midst of a gang of humble workers, watching her rushes with them. Twice, they showed other movies there for entertainment. One night, the film was Marlene's own "Desire." Just as the machine began, Marlene heard the sounds of dish-scraping from the kitchen of the big tent. She cried: "Stop it. Wait a minute." Dietrich, resplendent in pale robin's-egg blue silk pajamas that clung tighter than a one-piece bathing suit, dashed into the kitchen where a horde of greasy, dirty-aproned Mexican peons were at work.

"Hey," she cried, "stop working. Come on out and see it with me."

TIMID, diffident, the Mexicans half-wiped their dirty hands on their aprons, clustered about this fairy-vision and followed her into the hall. She sat down. They sat down beside her, around her. She was a bit taken aback for a moment—she didn't think they'd take her that literally. But then she smiled, made herself at home and sat with them watching the film. When it was finished, she shook hands with each of them as they congratulated her in Spanish.

On location, an electrician ran a car off the roadside, was injured. They took up a collection to help his family in the crisis. Marlene dropped \$500 into the hat! The only touch of temper and temperament she's displayed in months came when the publicity man told her he wanted to plant a story on that.

"Don't you dare!" she flared. "I am not doing it for publicity, and I forbid you. I get pleasure out of doing these little things for people. I don't want it spoiled by a beastly publicity story."

The publicity man never mentioned it again. He's nuts about Marlene, too, even though she did bawl him out. He's still chuckling about the \$10,000-a-week photo-tinter who worked for him. He had some 11-by-14-inch portraits of Marlene for a newspaper that wanted to run them as color prints. He was hunting for an expert photo-tinter one day when Marlene dropped into his office. She heard him.

"Ooo, I used to tint pictures," she told him. "Back in Germany, in school, we were taught how, and we used to color and sell postcard photos of movie actresses."

"Well, why don't you go to work for me, and tint these of yourself?" he asked, as a gag. She fooled him, she took him up. He supplied the colors and brushes, and she carried the paraphernalia and photos back to her dressing-room.

That day, she was an hour and a half late reporting on the set. She was so busy tinting the photos that she forgot all about the time. AND—the work was so perfect that many a professional would have envied its perfection. Marlene thought it was great fun.

I asked Marlene, the other night, about this change in her. "Just a few months ago, you had the reputation of being so unapproachable, so cold," I told her. "Now they're raving about how swell you are, how human and warm and—"

"Change?" she asked. "I have changed? I do not think so. At least, I do not know I have changed, if—as you say—I have. Maybe you heard tales from people who did not know me, and spoke of what they did not know?"

I pointed out that I'd talked with those who'd worked with her day in and day out, and how everyone was commenting on the change.

"I did not know," she said softly. "If I have—I don't know—I am always just myself."

Reviews

(Continued from page 11)

father with the combined aid of the town saloon-keeper, its leading gambler, the barber and the leading lady of the saloon's entertainment committee. But so sympathetically is it played by the entire cast and so intelligently has the simple story been made into engrossing screen fare that you and your whole family will find it delightful entertainment. John Beal has a role ideally suited to him—that of the school teacher who comes to Smith's Pocket and gains the respect of the villagers and the love of M'liss. Guy Kibbee is grand as the inebriated parent. Moroni Olsen couldn't be improved upon as the saloon keeper and the same applies to Douglas Dumbrille and Frank M. Thomas in their characterizations.

Preview Postscript

In 1918 Mary Pickford appeared in the celluloid silent version of the story. . . . This marks the fourth time that George Nicholls, Jr., has directed Anne Shirley and they're becoming one of the most famous star-director teams in Hollywood. Mr. Nicholls was the one to discover Anne in the first place, insisting that the fourteen-year-old girl be given a chance in "Finishing School" and then railroading her into a test for "Anne of Green Gables." . . . Most of the locations were in the San Fernando Valley, which most nearly approximates the scenery of the Bret Harte country. The sets included a typical 1885 Main Street, with its saloon, "tensorial emporium," village stores, etc. It all looks pretty ramshackle on the screen, but it took the RKO carpenters plenty of time and effort to create that impression

and still construct the buildings well enough to stand the wear and tear of the long production. Costumes and property took no little time to collect and fabricate, since they are all authentic to the period down to the last stage-coach. . . . John Beal, dividing his time between the stage and screen, has managed to be successful in both mediums, though more familiar to Broadway than Hollywood so far. He left the cast of "Russet Mantle" to play this role.

★★★★ San Francisco (M-G-M)

Every once in a while Hollywood comes across with a lusty, two-fisted drama—a moving picture that really moves—and when such an event occurs it is our duty to shout its praises to its potential clientele.

Such a movie is "San Francisco." It's a story of the great bay city in the early 1900's, when the earthquake and the fire put an end to the city's most colorful era. There's drama in the story itself, but it's the earthquake and fire scenes which give the film its pace and its excitement. A perfect job of casting has Clark Gable as the proprietor of a gilded palace on Barbary Coast, Jeanette MacDonald as a choir singer, who becomes an entertainer in the Gable honky-tonk, and Spencer Tracy as a priest and pal of Gable's. The Gable-MacDonald combination is a swell idea, for it gives them both an opportunity to turn in their finest performances of the past couple of seasons. And you may not believe it, but Spencer Tracy as the priest almost steals the picture. Others in the

cast are Ted Healy, Jack Holt and Jessie Ralph.

Preview Postscript

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios was nearly shaken down several times for the earthquake sequences on this picture, but not one accident occurred during the entire production. . . . Al Shean, in case you didn't know, is both the Shean of Gallagher and Shean and also uncle to the Marx Brothers. He thinks being a movie actor is more fun than either. . . . The boys' choir used for several numbers here is the famous Long Beach Boys' Choir, which is fast becoming one of the most popular in the country and is destined for a long tour this summer. . . . Most of the sets were built on the lot, but there were two location sites—one at Sunland, California, and the final big scene was shot in Lafayette Park in Los Angeles.

★★★ The White Angel (First National)

The story of Florence Nightingale suffers a bit in celluloid. This is far from being a poor picture, but considering the splendid and moving story on which it is based, the picture proves a trifle disappointing. There are, however, a couple of scenes, particularly the "Lady with the Lamp," which have such sincere feeling and beauty that they overshadow the artificiality of some of the others. As far as the story is concerned they have adhered to the authentic details throughout, which adds to the picture's value. Surprisingly enough, Kay Francis' good looks

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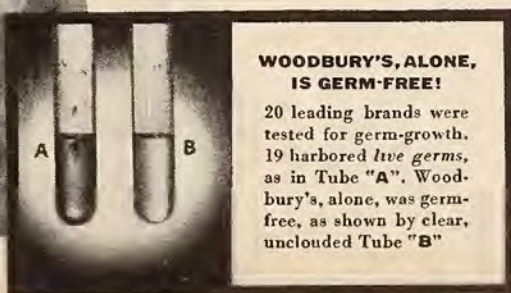
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are enhanced by the severity of her costumes. Her perception of the role is sympathetic but hardly expressive of the courage and faith which must have been the chief characteristics of such a woman as Florence Nightingale. Good in supporting roles are Donald Crisp, as an army surgeon, Donald Woods, as the man who loves Florence Nightingale, Ian Hunter, her staunch friend, and Billy Mauch, a drummer boy.

Preview Postscript

That scene where Kay Francis lies ill in bed may look like a snap to you, but it was one of the most difficult scenes, requiring the star to lie in bed for five days and assume a pained expression, as if she were suffering from malaria. The braach which adorns her simple garments is actually one which belonged to Florence Nightingale herself. . . . Among the many interesting settings was the waterfront and village of Scutari. The Scutari set was built on the old Vitagraph lot, where there's a large lake. Along the lake front a complete section of Scutari was constructed—a series of low-arched buildings of Moorish architecture. Of the interior sets, the most impressive was the hospital, which covered one entire sound stage.

★ Three Cheers for Love (Paramount)

With nothing to recommend it outside of some swell tap dancing, "Three Cheers For Love" gets no cheers and no praise. A highly unbelievable story has Eleanore Whitney, as the daughter of an important movie producer, going East to a fashionable girls' finishing school. The school, it seems, is on the rocks—it has, in fact, not a single student. Bill Frawley, an enterprising and insolvent theatrical impresario, conceives the idea of filling up the school with chorus girls to make the place look thriving. There is also a brilliant plan which includes putting on a school show for the benefit of Eleanore's father (John Halliday). Papa will see the show and buy it for a terrific sum for the movies. If you think he doesn't do just that you don't know your picture plots. Robert Cummings has the male lead, and his work can best be described by dragging out that time-worn adjective, adequate. Eleanore Whitney is a cute gal and has considerable talent in her toes—enough, certainly, to warrant her stepping into more favorable surroundings.

★★★ My Man Godfrey (Universal)

As nutty and hilarious a comedy as ever came out of Hollywood, this will give you more delightful moments than almost any picture you've seen in the past several months. With Carole Lombard and Bill Powell co-starred under Gregory La-Cava's direction, it has a sure-fire combination that comes through with banners flying. Just to give you an idea of how things are, here's how the two principals meet: Carole, out on a scavenger hunt, is scheduled to bring back The Forgotten Man. She goes to a hobo camp near the city dump, and picks out, of all people, Bill Powell. Fancy meeting him there! She starts liking the guy, and he becomes butler for her family, which includes Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Gail Patrick. And in that merry little group so many strange things come about that by the time the picture is over you're actually not sure what happened. All we know is that it's a swell picture, with Mr. Powell and the ex-Mrs. Powell giving grand performances.

Preview Postscript

For the first time since their friendly divorce of three years ago, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are together in a picture. There was nothing unusual in their actions toward one another on the sets, for they have always been swell pals both in private and public life. . . . Practical jokers, piano players, singers, wits and any other distracting influences were welcome on the set when Gregory La Cava was directing this picture. Horseplay is generally strictly banned, but realizing this story was more or less insane from start to finish, the director set out to obtain two things from his players—spirit and pace. One minute's let-down couldn't be afforded, so laughter, music and fun were the order of every day between shots. One of the grimmest sets ever constructed was the city dump, which covered three acres. The decorations included tin cans, broken-down stoves, refuse and such. In contrast to this was the next set, representing the lobby of one of New York's famous hotels, resplendent with gilt and plush and all the trappings of the upper crust of sassiety. It was one of the most expensive sets the studio has ever built.

★★ Spendthrift (Wanger-Paramount)

You won't remember much about this picture except that you had a swell time. Henry Fonda is the young man who finds himself burdened with too many polo ponies, yachts and such accessories, but not a red cent in his pocket. Pat Paterson is the girl whose one love is horses, a passion inherited from her father, J. M. Kerrigan, who's the trainer of Henry's hosses. She soon finds that they take second place in her affections to their owner. That's a bit embarrassing all around since Mary Brian, one of those predatory southern gals, happens to be Henry's wife. It's all very lively and likable stuff, with just enough complications to pass as a plot. You'll like the Fonda and Paterson humor and Mary Brian is—well, adorable is the only word we can think of even if she is a gold-digger. George Barbier, Edward Brophy and Richard Carle all come through with excellent performances in minor roles.

★★ Counterfeit (Columbia)

"Counterfeit" is a story of the queer money racket. Besides an interesting peek at the methods of the boys who make their own, it offers a sufficient quota of excitement and plot to make it good average screenfare. Action centers about the activities of a counterfeit ring which uses a beautiful blonde (Margot Grahame) to peddle its product. Selling \$50,000 in cash for cut rates is no trick at all, especially for a gal like Margot. But she runs into a jam when Chester Morris, posing as a crook, tries to snatch a bag full of money from her. Cops get into the mix-up, but she and Chester elude them and escape to the ring's hideout. The leader, Lloyd Nolan, is impressed by the Morris daring and takes him on as his assistant. It's a nice job, but you never get two-weeks' notice. Your final notice is a brief message from the Nolan .45. Also at the hideout is Margot's young sister, Marian Marsh, an innocent young girl who thinks counterfeiting is downright mean. Mr. Morris thinks so, too, for he's really a Federal man, and after he learns all the gang's secrets he wires the boys back in Washington. The boys proceed to put the blast on the hideout, counterfeiting is stamped out, and wedding bells loom for Morris and Marsh.

Preview Postscript

This celluloider can boast of being the



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first one to use the U. S. Treasury building for a set. Because the counterfeit money question intrigued the government officials, permission was obtained to move into the holy of holies and shoot the works. Furthermore, every assistance was given Columbia on technical questions. However, you won't see any of Uncle Sam's gold or greenbacks pictured in this or any other film—an idea of the Hoys Office that no money can ever be shown on the screen. . . . Chester Morris was borrowed from M-G-M for this role and following his performance here decided to stick by Columbia for good; now M-G-M will have to do the borrowing.

★★ Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan)

Marion Davies is all togged out in the frills and furbelows of Betsy Patterson, Dick Powell in the frills and furbelows of Napoleon's kid brother, while even Arthur Treacher, Edward Everett Horton and Charlie Ruggles come in for their share of decorations. The prop and wardrobe departments are the ones who deserve the bows on this picture with one notable exception. That is Claude Rains in the role of Napoleon Bonaparte. A better characterization has seldom, if ever, seen celluloid. The story is authentic as far as it goes, ending of course with the reunion of divided hearts (Miss Davies' and Mr. Powell's) after Napoleon has refused to sanction their marriage and Betsy Patterson has given Dick back to France only to have him follow her to America on the next boat. Excellent photography, scenery and Mr. Rains' performance constitute the picture's appeal.

★★ Parole (Universal)

If you're in the mood to grapple with a problem, this picture will solve your evening's entertainment. To parole or not to parole, that is the question. And from such slim pickings is developed an interesting tale. Much of this celluloider's success is due to a couple of people of whom you probably know little or nothing. We'll put our guarantee on Henry Hunter, radio's latest gift to the cinema, and vouch for Ann Preston, too, who makes her screen debut here. Alan Baxter and Bernadene Hayes, however, give the top performances. For sprightly sass you can't beat Bernadene Hayes and we have yet



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to see an actor who, like Alan Baxter, can transform his pleasantly handsome features into such diabolically cunning sneers. Such dependables as Alan Dinchart, Alan Hale, Grant Mitchell and Berton Churchill come in for their usual share of the honors, too.

Preview Postscript

"Every decent citizen is interested in on honest parole system"—these words uttered by no less a personage than the President of the United States gave the studio its idea for this one. Before the studio began to cost extras for the big penitentiary scenes, more than 8,800 pictures of "wanted" men were taken from reward circulars. These were combined by artists to provide many composite faces which were used as a guide in selecting types. . . . For four years Ann Preston has been talking into radio microphones and never knew what the "fidgets" were. But the first time on this set—her first movie venture—she suffered her first pangs. The idea that a "mike" was hidden over her. Finally Director Friedlander noticed that his new actress' voice was tightening and nerves were evidently getting the best of her, so he came to the rescue, suspecting the trouble that most radio performers have when they first go on a movie set and explained that the mike was overhead where the cameras wouldn't pick it up.

★★ Public Enemy's Wife (Warners)

The moral pointed in this story is that public enemies aren't first-class husband material. Cesar Romero is the gentleman whom Margaret Lindsay has wed for some unfathomable reason. When he's sent up for life Cesar gets the little woman slapped into prison for three years so he will know her whereabouts. On Mrs. Public Enemy's release Mr. P. E. makes a break and follows her, set on getting any guy who hangs around. Millionaire Dick Foran wastes no time getting himself in this spot. But it takes Pat O'Brien, brave G-Man, to marry the gal in order to trap the escaped convict. Follows a hectic honeymoon with the bride and groom cordially loathing each other. Love blooms just when Cesar snatches his ex Pat, and his pal, Robert Armstrong, track them down to a final fight that's worth your money. In fact it's all worth your money, being a fast moving, engrossing plot and capably played by everybody concerned. Margaret Lindsay breaks down and acts human, while Pat O'Brien gives a top-notch performance. Mr. O'Brien seems to be surpassing himself with every role of late. Cesar Romero's sneers sent shudders through the preview audience while Robert Armstrong got the laughs with a series of Armstrong antics.

Preview Postscript

A bottle roged long and furiously at the studio during this picture's production. Cesar Romero refused point-blank to remove his mustache for the role. A compromise was finally reached whereby Mr. R. would appear sans decoration for the first few reels and grow it back for the fade-out. Morgoret Lindsoy was accorded the honor of shoving him. . . . Morgoret swears she'll never be a blonde again unless she has to rob a bank or something. The strange and sinister-looking gal which she saw in the mirror after the hairdresser had arranged that blonde wig on her which she wears in the first reels decided that. She even stayed in her dressing-room between takes while wearing it, refusing to be seen. That elegant gown Morgoret wears in the wedding scene

won't much fun, either. Just a quarter of an inch too tight when completed, she was compelled to stand up for two days straight while the scene was taken.

★★ The Return of Sophie Lang (Paramount)

Gertrude Michael is the jewel thief whose amazing success has been due to the fact that she's entirely too beautiful to be suspected of having brains. She "returns" this time from the grave. At least there's been a tombstone in the cemetery marking her supposed resting place for the past five years. But Sophie merely buried her past and is now off to a fresh and honest start as the companion of Elizabeth Patterson, an elderly lady who is a swell person in spite of being disgustingly rich. While they're en route to America Sir Guy Standing makes his appearance. Sir Guy, it develops, is undisputed King of Jewel Lifters. When Sophie learns that he has an eye on the Kruger diamond belonging to her employer she brings the old brain power into action again. Follows a tense and exciting battle of wits with King Guy finally exposing Sophie's past and placing all suspicions on her for the diamond's disappearance. Here's where Ray Milland, reporter, steps in and locates the Kruger diamond, then gets Sophie interested in a solitaire of her own. There's plenty of action, humor and excitement and excellent performances by Gertrude Michael, Elizabeth Patterson and Sir Guy Standing.

★★ High Tension (20th Century-Fox)

With Glenda Farrell and Brian Donlevy in the cast, a picture couldn't be classified as Time Lost. This one is all in the spirit of good clean fun with enough action and romance to satisfy almost any audience. Brian Donlevy is the dashing hero who has two interests in life—repairing ocean cables and making a good impression on Glenda Farrell. The latter is really no trouble at all, since Glenda is so enamored of him that she devotes every spare moment away from his presence in glorifying him in print, being a pulp-writer for adventure tales. Norman Foster contributes a good characterization as Brian's pal and Helen Wood is attractive in the role of secretary. Jasper Sawyer and Robert McWade are excellent in smaller roles. You will find the scenes of deep-sea activities of real interest and there's not a moment's let-down from the opening scene to the closing clinch. There are a couple of fights that it would be a shame to miss seeing, in particular the one where a grand piano proves an effective weapon.

Preview Postscript

Norman Foster's off-set activities were, of course, confined to domesticity, since his wife, Sally Blane, just presented him with a daughter. Her name's Gretchen, in honor of her aunt, Loretta Young, whose real name that is. . . . Glendo Farrell was borrowed from Warner's for this film. That's on event in itself, since the Brothers W. are loathe to part with Glendo for any pictures put out by rival concerns. Another event worth commenting upon is that Glendo has not built herself another new house for the past five months. Moving into new houses happens to be a hobby with Glendo, and even moving her young son, plus several cats, dogs, parrots, chipmunks and white rats, comes under the heading of fun to Glenda. She never has any trouble disposing of the old houses, either, since her friends clamor for each new one she builds and decorates.

★ The Crime of Dr. Forbes

(20th Century-Fox)

Capitalizing on recent newspaper publicity given to "mercy killings," 20th Century-Fox emerges with a fairly interesting picture whose main fault is that after building up a case, it neatly steps aside and dodges the issue. Here is the story: When a doctor (J. Edward Bromberg) finds he must leave town for a month he asks his laboratory assistant (Robert Kent) to keep his wife (Gloria Stuart) entertained. The young doctor complies, and falls in love with the wife. On the eve of Bromberg's return he is injured in a fall which paralyzes him for life. When the young doctor goes to his aid Bromberg begs him for an overdose of morphine to end his life. He dies that night and his assistant goes on trial for murder. After the entire case is built up on a mercy killing plea, the young doctor tells the court he did not administer the overdose of morphine. From there on the trial and the picture go to pieces. Gloria Stuart is beautiful as the wife, Robert Kent is an attractive and adequate leading man, but the best performance in the picture is J. Edward Bromberg's. Sara Haden and Henry Armetta are effective in supporting roles.

Preview Postscript

A week's location trip in Tombstone, Arizona, proved to be a gala one for the company. They even had the distinction of a special edition of the "Tombstone Epitaph," the town's leading and only paper, put out in their honor. The cast and company lived in a special train during their stay, since accommodations for such a crowd couldn't be built overnight and the town had never seen a gang like that. However, the company did manage to round up some 400 extras from the town and neighboring hills to play "extras." One native came up to Director George Marshall and announced his desire to become assistant director at once with possibilities of speedy advancement. Director Marshall announced that he had an assistant and liked his work. But when the lod reached for his hip to get his gat, Mr. M. hastily thrust him into one of the more important "extra" roles.

★★ The Border Patrolman

(20th Century-Fox)

Action, of course, is always guaranteed with a George O'Brien picture, and this one has plenty in the entanglements encountered in the border patrol profession of which Mr. O'Brien is a member. And just to be sure everyone gets his money's worth of excitement they've thrown in a gang of jewel smugglers for good measure. But action isn't the only thing you'll find in this celluloider. There's a good plot, expensive production, and an able supporting cast for the stalwart charms of the star. Polly Ann Young is the gal in the case who is as spoiled a millionaire's granddaughter as ever escaped extermination. But being Polly Ann Young the hero falls madly in love with her even after he's had to relinquish his badge through her efforts. Grandpa (William P. Carleton) then hires George to tame his granddaughter and she immediately gets involved with a bunch of meanies, who are jewel-lifters on the side, to show anyone interested that she can take care of herself. The final reel of getting the girl, jewels and emotions untangled is done with a grand flourish. You'll have a good time.

Preview Postscript

The Desert Springs Hotel pictured here is really the famous Furnace Creek Inn at



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Maybelline famous Solid Form Mascara. Black, Brown and Blue, in gold metal vanity.



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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Death Valley, California. The season closes there the end of May so the company held off production until that time and had the whole place to themselves. They also had all the heat to themselves. But this didn't faze the company. They arose, not exactly amiably, but anyhow they arose at four o'clock, had breakfast and were at work by five every morning. From 11 to 3 the company laid off work, then continued until sundown. Most of the night was spent in the hotel's beautiful swimming pool, where heated contests were waged between two teams of water-poloists. One team was headed by George O'Brien and was made up of the men in the cast, while the other team was captained by Polly Ann Young and consisted of the gals. . . . Polly Ann, you know, is the sister of the famed Loretta Young and Sally Blane, and in what private life a girl could have in a trio like that she is Mrs. Carter Hermann. Mr. Hermann came with her for the two weeks' location trip and anyone who would brove Death Valley after the last of May must be truly in love.

★ We Went to College (M-G-M)

There should be a law against wasting a Charles Butterworth or a Una Merkel, to say nothing of throwing around the talents of Walter Catlett and Hugh Herbert. But since there aren't such judicial measures, we might as well get on to the review of this picture. It concerns three sentimental grads who decide on a reunion at the alma mammy after too many years out in the cold world wrestling for a living. Una Merkel is happily, if unromantically, married to Professor Hugh Herbert. But when she sees Walter Abel, her undergraduate flame, Una realizes she's missed the Real Thing and sets about making up for lost time. The fact that her former boy friend has a nice little wife of his own (Edith Atwater) and that Hugh is a good husband and never beats her, doesn't stop Una. The situation, you can see, has plenty of hilarious possibilities but it all falls pretty flat. And that in spite of some of the best laugh landers in celluloid who struggle nobly with the lines dished out to them.

Preview Postscript

Charles Butterworth was born in the shadow of Notre Dame University quite a few years ago and went there to school also quite a few years ago. After graduating, he stayed around long enough to pass his bar exams, then headed straight for the South Bend News-Times and became a cub reporter. Having always been a murder story fiend, Charles B. decided to try Chicago for work and from there went to New York. A comedy monologue at the Press Club turned out to be funny and encouraged by his editor, Mr. B. left the printer's ink for the stage. Now he's under long-term contract to M-G-M. Ethel Sutherland, of New York, is his wife and they're both familiar figures at first-nights and fight-nights. Mr. Butterworth thinks he's still a reporter at heart, though, since he always finds himself jotting down things people say to him on the cuff, tablecloth, etc. . . . Hugh Herbert hails from the sidewalks of New York along with other eminent Americans and movie stars. A prehistoric brand of "talking" pictures gave him his first chance to get in movies. He was the "voice" behind the screen for all the male characters in pictures which came to a neighborhood theatre. A stock company manager heard the Herbert voice and offered him a job in a Foll River, Moss, stock company. And thus to Broadway, where he gained triple fame as actor, director and author of plays and vaudeville sketches.

★ The Arizona Raiders (Paramount)

For a western opy this is pretty good fare. In the first place it's a Zane Grey story which gives it a good start. In the second place the action is balanced with good dialogue and in the third place the casting is good. Larry Crabbe makes a likable hero, doing all the required cowboy cut-ups with an undeniable dash. Marsha Hunt is the gal whom he saves from a fate worse than death—in this case the loss of her family's ranch to a slyster lawyer. Ray Hatton comes through with some good comedy and a couple of wisecracks that deserve framing. Grant Withers has another chance for some rough stuff and delivers with a punch. If you're a rodeo enthusiast or just crazy over horses, you'll find some scenes of trick riding and round-ups highly entertaining and exceptionally well photographed.

★ Trailin' West (Warners)

We can't decide whether to call this a poor historical picture or a poor western. Let's say it's a little of both and let it go at that. The Civil War provides an excuse for extra gun-play while Abraham Lincoln and Dick Foran motivate the action. Dick finds himself with a secret service job to sleuth out the gold shipment situation. He is sent trailin' West and has himself one grand time rescuing papers stolen from him, gold shipments and ladies in distress. There are Indians, too, if you like that sort of thing. Dick Foran plays the role with such enthusiasm that he manages to lend credence to it. Paula Stone does the best she can under the circumstances. Eddie Schubert takes top acting honors with Robert Barrat, as Abraham Lincoln, running a close second.

Preview Postscript

Now there's a third member of the Kibbee tribe in the fillums. It's Milt Kibbee, Jr., son of Milt Kibbee, brother of Guy and also a member of the cast on this one. . . . Dick Foran was kept busy changing from cowboy costume to evening clothes. He was playing in "Public Enemy's Wife" at the same time and would rush madly from location at Chatsworth at noon every day to the Warner studio in town to play the playboy millionaire all afternoon. Dick much prefers Westerns, however, in spite of being voted one of the best-dressed lads to graduate from Princeton.

★ Ticket to Paradise (Republic)

If you run into this picture at your neighborhood theatre you'll not feel gypped. There are a lot of laughs and that's something after all. The story concerns Roger Pryor's predicament when he becomes involved in a taxi crack-up and comes through alive with nothing on his mind but taxis. Roger really had several other things on his mind before, including steel contracts. But Wendy Barrie gives him something else to think about. She's madly in love with him, too, but Uncle Claude Gillingwater puts his expensively shod foot down and flatly refuses to listen to wedding bells. So Roger and Wendy set about proving that the Pryors are good enough for anybody even if they are rather vague on just what Roger might have been. Their efforts almost drive Uncle to an early and scandalous grave before all is beautifully cleared up. You will want to see more of Claude Gillingwater after his capable handling of this role, and you will find the leading characters good comedians. Luis Alberni, E. E. Clive and John Sheehan deserve mention in minor roles.

Preview Postscript

E. E. Clive is an old hand at pictures, having completed his 1,139th role with this one. He's done everything from slop-stick comedy to Shakespearean tragedies, besides operating many theatres both here and in England. At one time he ran the Los Angeles Biltmore and the Hollywood Playhouse. Mr. Clive was the originator of the portable theatre which made one-night stands all over the British Isles. This idea was hatched just after his graduation from the University of Wales and Mr. C. says it was about time he had an idea, having not entertained a thought for four years. . . . Claude Gillingwater and Roger Pryor had had more than a grand reunion when they met on the set of this picture. Over thirty-four years ago, Gillingwater had known Roger's father, Arthur Pryor, very well, and had often bounced Roger on his knee.

★ And Sudden Death (Paramount)

After buying the provocative title of last year's absorbing essay on the death that rides with reckless drivers, Paramount went sissy and turned out a picture which lacks all the hard-boiled qualities which gave the essay its merit. "And Sudden Death" is a meek little affair about a handsome police officer, a haughty society girl and her weak-kneed brother. Randolph Scott is a representative of the law who is something of a crusader against careless driving. He arrests Frances Drake, to whom speed laws mean nothing due to the fact that her father is a wealthy and influential business man. The handsome cop and the expensive lady fall in love, and she promises to keep an eye on her speedometer. Returning from a party one evening with her drunken younger brother (Tom Brown) she is involved in an accident which costs the lives of several children. Frances goes to jail, refusing to tell that her brother was at the wheel at the time of the accident. The thing preys on the brother's mind until he finally drives his car off an embankment and confesses all on his deathbed.

Preview Postscript

This proved to be one of the most costly productions in same time as far as "props" were concerned. Twenty-two cars were smashed to smithereens before the director felt satisfied with the effects. One was a heavy sedan which was driven through a rail and smashed up—all of which was a real accident, since it had not been the intention of the company to crash up that car a-tall. A broken car, patched up to make an elegant appearance, had been assigned the role. But arriving on location, it refused to budge; the cost of the day's production was too high to wait for another, so the good car was immediately purchased from a cameraman and sent to its death. . . . The city of Los Angeles permitted the use of Griffith Park for many location scenes, allowing white lines to be painted on roads, fences built, etc. The California Highway Patrol helped stage many of the crashes and safety agents cooperated with broke tests, highway gadgets, traffic signals, etc. There were no accidents during the making of this picture, an unusual record for a celluloid of this type. A specially constructed glass was used in all the crash scenes to protect the passengers in the cars and heavy clothing and padding were worn by them to lessen the shocks. In Hollywood there are five or six men and women who make an excellent living by doing all the stunts that you see in movies—car crashes, parachute jumps, burning building jumps, etc., while the stars look on and approve or disapprove.

Between You 'N' Me

(Continued from page 62)

18. Joan Blondell as a girl friend with whom I go bicycle riding.
19. Robert Montgomery as a friend who takes care of the car.
20. Edna May Oliver as my Grandma.
21. Warner Baxter as my Grandpa.
22. Janet Gaynor as my very modest girl friend.—C. Egge, Jackson, Minn.

\$1.00 PRIZE LETTER Stardom Ahead

It is very pleasant to watch a young unknown rise from comparative obscurity to almost star billing in a short time, especially if the person is deserving of it.

A few short months ago I went to see "Rose Marie" and besides Nelson Eddy, I saw a young man who did an excellent portrayal of Jeanette MacDonald's erring brother. I left the theatre very much impressed by his good acting and determined to watch his progress closely. You imagine my delight when, three weeks later, I saw this same young man in "Next Time We Love." Earle Brown to see his recent "Speed," and let's see more of this young man. Of course, you all know James Stewart! Good luck to him. Kenyon, Winnipeg, Canada.

\$1.00 PRIZE Pity the Stars

Why are the studio's outstanding production "Grand Hotel," the "Night's Dream" and "The Sign of the Cross" not being shown at any of the theatres in this territory this season? "The Sign of the Cross" sometimes means a whole country is forgotten and consequently many have missed a good picture. "The Sign of the Cross" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream" never have made a second appearance here.—L. Ullery, South Brownsville, Texas.



Henry Fonda's visit to New York's smart St. Moritz Hotel was brief, for he had to board a fast boat for London where he's appearing in "Wings of the Morning."

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MORE GOOD NEWS



Wallace Beery whispers a good one to Venita Varden Oakie while the bearded Jack laughs alone.



Harmon Nelson followed by Mrs. N., Bette Davis.



Frances Langford and Ken Dolan at the Trocadero.

(Continued from page 23)

perturbed about the romantic publicity he received on his recent singing tour. He intimates that girls didn't really pursue him relentlessly, as the newspapers stated, and that he didn't live in mortal fear of being surrounded and carried off by a band of marauding females. He does admit, however, that the ladies were nice to him.



Recent reports of a Garbo-George Brent romance are untrue. MODERN SCREEN employs, at great expense, a staff of Pinkerton men who do nothing but follow Garbo about. We haven't seen any of them, since they're too busy following Garbo, but we have it on excellent authority that up to now Mr. B. has not been a guest at the Garbo domain.

Talked to Bob Taylor over the lunch table at M-G-M a few days after his return from a trip to New York. It was Bob's first glimpse of Broadway, and vice versa. In the struggle, it appears, Broadway came out first, for Bob lost a goodly percentage of the Taylor haberdashery when he was surrounded by enthusiastic fans wherever he made a public appearance. One night he had all the buttons pulled off his coat. And here we've been thinking Hollywood was crazy!



This month's report on the Jean Harlow-Bill Powell romance: Jean and her mother have moved into a small home in Beverly Hills only a few blocks from the Powell mansion. When we suggested she was gradually moving in on Mr. P. she denied it and told us she simply liked the

neighborhood. Incidentally, her former home was sold to Nat Levine, the producer, for \$80,000. And the new home—Heaven forbid—doesn't even have a swimming pool. It's that simple and unpretentious.



The publicity department at RKO-Radio would have you believe that Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are acting as their own technical advisers on their current picture "Mummy's Boys." Says the press dept.: "Much of the action in the picture is laid in Egypt. Two years ago when the pair of comics was on a tour of the world, they flew into Cairo and spent three days in that historic region. When questions of a technical nature arise, Director Fred Guiol calls upon either Wheeler or Woolsey for advice." And gets it, no doubt.

BRIDESMAIDS AT 2 SMART LONG ISLAND WEDDINGS

Chose these new "Smoky" nail shades




Robin Red Be divine in pink with Cutex Robin Red nails

Rust Or glorious in green with Cutex Rust nails

IF there's one place where a color scheme is thought out as carefully as a symphony—it's at a wedding. So it's extra significant that bridesmaids at two recent Long Island weddings chose the new Cutex Robin Red and Rust!

Cutex Robin Red is a new smoky red that really does go with everything. Even girls who are afraid of deep reds will like it. It's just enough accent for pale colors, not too gay with white, and goes wonderfully with deep, rich browns and greens.

Cutex Rust is a grand new color. A subtle, smoky Sun-Tan shade, it's fascinating with brown, green, gray, yellow—and never looks garish on sun-tanned hands!

If you're conservative, you can still be beautiful. Cutex Rose is divine with all pastels, and gets along beautifully with all the bright, "difficult" colors so popular in the summer.

These three shades will give every dress you own that up-to-the-minute look!

And don't forget, the new Cutex formula is a stronger, finer lacquer that resists fading in the sun and holds its true color for days. It's more economical, too, because it doesn't thicken... it's usable

right down to the last drop in the bottle!

All 9 lovely Cutex shades are correct—created by the World's Manicure Authority. They go on smoothly, stay on, never crack or peel. At your favorite shop—35¢. Cutex Lipstick to harmonize—50¢.

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Montreal, London, Paris



Your 2 favorite shades
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Polish Remover and sample
of Lipstick for 14¢



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