

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

NOVEMBER 30

10 CENTS



Earl
1937

JEAN
ARTHUR

WHO IS SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S BEST FRIEND?

SEE PAGE 44

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Irresistible

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Fascinating Lady

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades all close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

IT'S ONLY human nature to wait breathlessly for such a lovely girl to turn her proud head—to reward your admiration with the glory of her smile!

And it's only human nature to resent it, like a physical blow, when she *does* turn, when she *does* smile—and all her loveliness turns to ashes! For when a smile betrays dull and dingy teeth—tender and ailing gums—no glory of eyes or hair can save loveliness.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Too many *soft* foods...too little work and resistance for the natural health of our

teeth and gums—there are the reasons why that dental warning "pink tooth brush" is so often in evidence.

And for the sake of *your own* loveliness and *your own* health—if you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, see your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to explain the menace of our "modern menus"—to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more exercise. And he may tell you—he often does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Play safe—get Ipana today. Rub a lit-

tle extra Ipana into your gums every time

you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better. And they'll certainly be far safer from the threat and danger of serious gum troubles.

The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.



Another splitting Headache



● Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.



● Just chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed r-e-l-i-e-f. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.



● Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.



Family-sized boxes only
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MODERN SCREEN

REGINA CANNON, EDITOR
ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
LEO TOWNSEND, Hollywood Editor

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Jean
HARLOW
William
POWELL
Myrna
LOY
Spencer
TRACY

IN
LIBELED LADY

with **WALTER CONNOLLY**
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Production

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

Woolens and silks are given both fit and flare in smart fall patterns



Here are two new models to set your needles flying—one a stunning wool street dress, the other a new-looking afternoon silk. 3338—A distinctive version of the classic coat dress in plaid rabbit's wool with button-down-the-front detail and a pert flare to the skirt. 2907—A black satin-back crepe with collarless neckline and unusual sleeves with fullness concentrated at the wrists. And again a flare to the skirt. Both patterns in sizes 14, 16, 18 years and 36, 38 and 40 inch busts.

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:

Pattern No. Size

Pattern No. Size

Do you want our new Fall and Winter 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)

"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynes for the good)
(old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin'—the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D.T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.



A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!



"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."



Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the bookmakers took more aspirin.



"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"



Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with

FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART



AROUND THE CLOCK WITH JANE

Here's a day in the life of peppy Jane Withers from the tooth-brushing stage of early morn to her daily dozen, a hearty breakfast and a good book.

After a "hard day" at the studio, Jane faces the dinner dishes, even as you and I and then there's a little time for fun before prayers and bed. You'll see her soon in "Pepper."



This is the Champagne Waltz
 This is the Dance of Love,
 Under the Soft Light's Gleam,
 Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!
 I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru
 If I Could Dance With You.



FRED MacMURRAY
 GLADYS SWARTHOUT
"Champagne Waltz"
 with JACK OAKIE
 VELOZ & YOLANDA
 HERMAN BING
 A Paramount Picture. Directed by
 A. Edward Sutherland

JACK OAKIE



VELOZ & YOLANDA



ADV.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP



Joe's changed cinema stooges!

Yep, his duck is now a lamb



WHAT IS to be the fate of poor Emily Duck—that not so famous cousin of Donald Duck? Joe Penner, alone, doesn't speculate. In fact, he blithely tells all within earshot that she's retired—exiled to the rarified atmosphere of Long Island. Can this mean she is to suffer the same dark death that is the lot of many a duck—just another bird swimming in brown gravy, and all to appease the appetite of the fickle public?

When questioned regarding his future, Donald Duck remained silent, steadfastly refusing to utter so much as one quack, undoubtedly preferring to await the incoming mails to see if there can be any news which will be good.

Padre Joe Penner admits, "I've retired Miss Duck on a nice pension, and have not, as has been erroneously reported, relegated her to the home for old ducks. You see, I've become typed and that's bad. Under the terms of my latest contract I work with a new and more appropriate accomplice—a black sheep!"

We marveled at the casual manner with which Joe informed us that no longer would his long-time leadin' lady be with him. New opportunities and bigger goals are in the offing and so there is to be a newcomer to aid and abet him in his tomfoolery.

"You know, I've just returned from Europe where Eleanor and I had a wonderful time," Penner began, adroitly changing the subject. "While we were in Paris, 'Collegiate' was playing, and all the French kids seemed crazy about it. I got a big kick when they came up to me and began jabbering away. I don't understand French, but when they shoved a pencil and pad under my nose, I knew that in any language that meant an autograph.

"The same thing happened in London and I sure was grateful! It makes me feel that I'm earning my check every Saturday, and not just hanging on the payroll because I've got them on the dotted line."



The Joe Penners pedal around between scenes of "Roamin' Around."

By Robert McIlwaine

As Joe related his experiences, a far away gleam came into his eyes, as they wrinkled at the corners suggesting a smile, and we wondered what new, amusing incident he would relate.

"I guess," he began finally, "I get twice the kick out of my pictures being successful, because in the old days I never lasted at anything more than a few weeks. I was the original All-American flop! After years in vaudeville, I appeared in several musical comedies, but they were like the Arabs—after a few performances, they quietly folded their tents and disappeared into the night."

"There was the 'Greenwich Follies,' which *did* run a little longer than usual. The best thing I can remember about even that is the fact that I met Eleanor Vogt—she was playing in the show—and later married her. And what a campaign I staged to win her, for it was no easy job to convince Eleanor I wasn't a total flop!

"After that I appeared in several other shows, equally short-lived. There were 'Tattle Tales,' 'The Vanderbilt Revue,' and 'East Wind.'

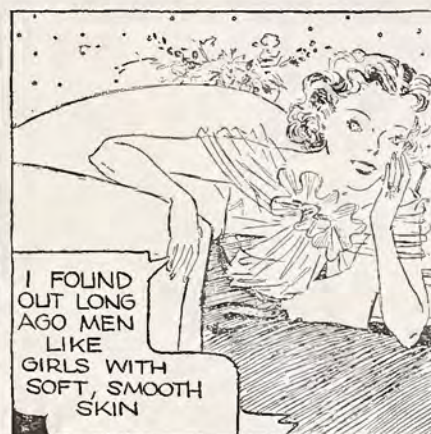
They were usually on and off so soon that I hardly knew I was in, before I was out again. However, just when I'd think I was definitely finished, something would turn up and I would get another chance. Guess I've been pretty lucky at that!"

It was at this crucial period in Penner's career that Emily Duck came into prominence, attaining star billing long before her now famous cousin, Donald, had the faintest idea of what the movie bug was. In fact, to him it could easily have been a six-legged monster creeping about in the dark of night.

"During one of my vaudeville performances, I happened to ask, 'Wanna buy a duck?' The remark brought down the house. I used a straight man in the act and broke in at intervals with, (Continued on page 101)

Sue, I'm nuts about you—

Here's "Lucky Sue" who knows the Screen Stars' secret



LIKE MOST GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT NEVER DO I RISK COSMETIC SKIN, THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP



"YOU can use cosmetics all you wish," says Loretta Young, "yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

This simple beauty secret is making thousands of girls lovelier. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

We are so sure you will be delighted with the results of this care, we want you to try it free. Just send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 003 Cambridge, Mass. By return mail you will receive two full-sized cakes of Lux Toilet Soap.

(This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)

LORETTA YOUNG

STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION, "LADIES IN LOVE"

Modern Screen's Hollywood Editor, Leo Townsend, presents our Medal to those most importantly connected with the making of "Dodsworth." (Left to right) Mr. Townsend, Actor Walter Huston and Director William Wyler.



WE SALUTE "DODSWORTH"



Modern Screen presents its Award of Merit to this fine entertainment

We extend heartiest congratulations to all those who contributed to make "Dodsworth" a picture of which the industry may well be proud, a picture which you cannot afford to miss.

William Wyler, the director of this Samuel Goldwyn special, Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton, its most important players, each comes in for high commendation and praise.

Modern Screen will award each month a Medal to the most outstanding production about to be released, the film we feel will enhance the appreciation and enjoyment of the movie-making art. Let our Medal picture serve as your guide to the highest type of screen entertainment available, and watch for its announcement each month.

Our Medal Award film, "Dodsworth," a Samuel Goldwyn Production, released through United Artists, reviewed by Leo Townsend.

After an illustrious career on the stages of New York, London and points East and West, Sinclair Lewis' "Dodsworth," dramatized by Sidney Haward, comes to the screen as one of the most engraving and completely satisfying motion pictures of the year. As a play, "Dodsworth" relieved New York reviewers of an abundance of laudatory adjectives; as a picture it will receive nothing but the

highest praise from critics and audiences alike.

First of all, Walter Huston's portrayal of Sam Dodsworth is by far the year's finest acting. Mr. Huston has been absent from the screen so long one forgets his artistry. "Dodsworth" will certainly establish him again among the screen's ten best actors. In the feminine lead, Ruth Chatterton plays Dodsworth's nagging wife with such honesty and such understanding that one can feel audiences pulling for Sam when he finally walks out on her. It is probably Chatterton's best screen work. In the role of "the other woman" to whom Dodsworth goes for com-

panionship and a new life, Mory Astor is quietly beautiful and sincere. Plaudits should also go to Director William Wyler, who has, with "These Three" and now "Dodsworth," established himself as one of the screen's most intelligent directors.

All in all, "Dodsworth" is THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE. It is the engraving story of two Americans told with humor and understanding. It is a definite achievement in motion pictures. It is human, it is tremendously entertaining and it will thrill you with its emotional ending. If there is such a thing in motion pictures, "Dodsworth" is literature.

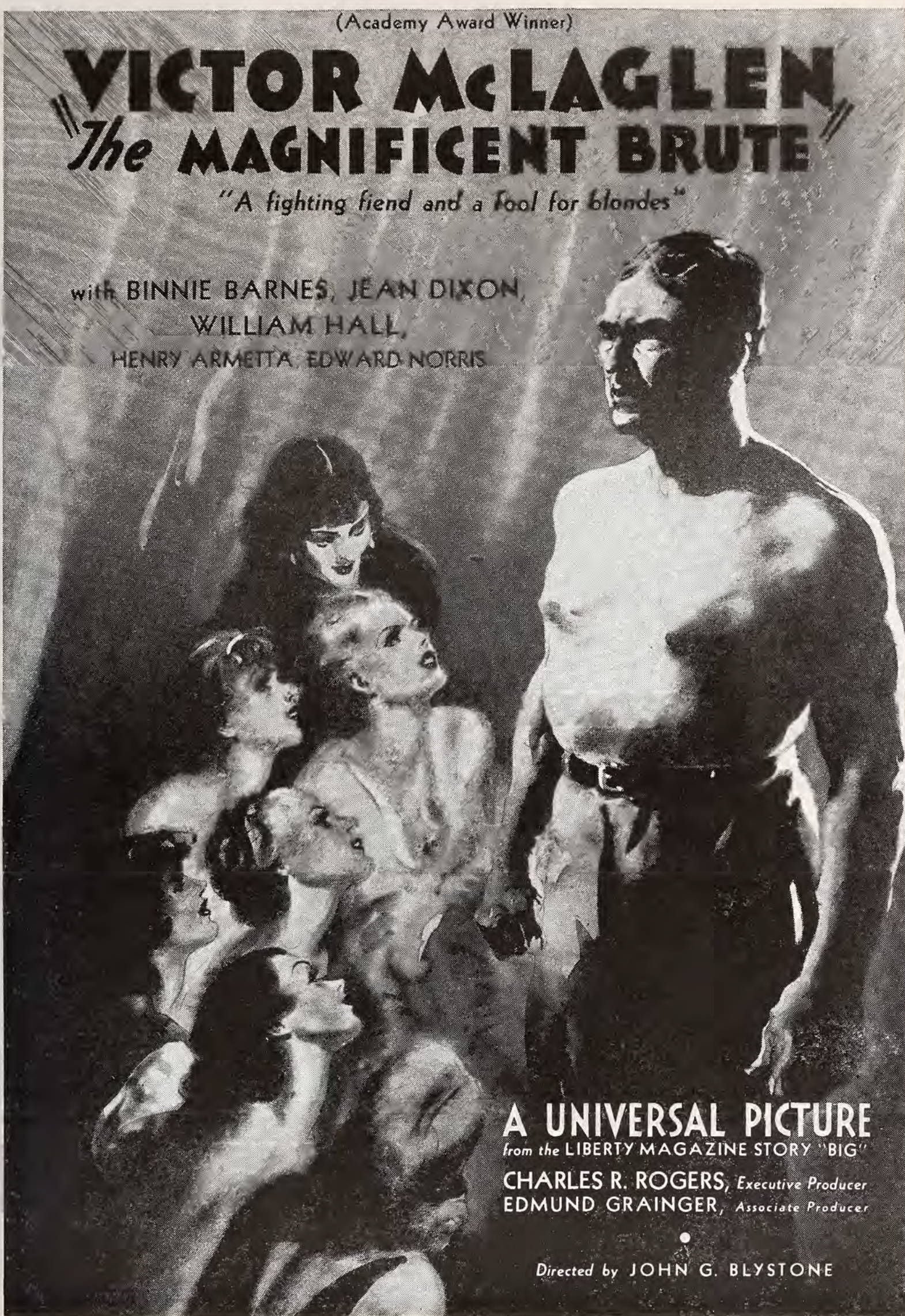
MODERN SCREEN

(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN *The* MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS



A UNIVERAL PICTURE

from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

**We bet that you
would never guess
glamorous Gail Pat-
rick's most burning
ambition. It cer-
tainly is unique!**

Gail is from Alabama and she seems to combine Southern allure with driving Northern energy. She thinks that dignity pays big dividends for a girl and tells you exactly why.



SOUTHERN CHARMER

I GUESS it's true, all right, what they say about Dixie—only they don't say half enough!

You see, all my life I've been hearing raves about the charm, the beauty, the what-have-you, of the Southern gals. But I didn't believe it.

Then all of a sudden I met Gail Patrick. From that moment, needless to say, I was perfectly willing to believe every word about the charm, the beauty, and all the little et ceteras.

Of course, I went to see her with an open mind, but the results would have been exactly the same even if I'd been prejudiced beforehand.

The first thing I discovered was that the camera hadn't told us half the truth about her. She is ever so much prettier in reality than she is on the screen. Moreover, she's not at all the sultry, languorous type. She has a vivid, alive look; black hair that fairly glistens with vitality; brilliant, long-lashed dark eyes, and a sparkling smile. Southern softness and Irish vivacity; that's the impression you get.

Yes, she's partly Irish—on her father's side—and the family name is really



Gail has steadily worked her way up to leading roles. Now she has the feminine lead with Lew Ayres in the mystery thriller, "Murder with Pictures."

Fitzpatrick (the studio shortened it for marquee purposes). Her mother is an Alabaman, whose people have been Southerners for generations.

We've been hearing that silly phrase, "beautiful but dumb," so much that we've come to believe it and are always bowled over when we find a girl who's just as clever as she is gorgeous. Gail Patrick is one of these. A campus belle who made good in Hollywood. Still, she would have made good in any other place, or any other work, just as well and just as easily. Don't have any doubts about that!

AFTER GRADUATING from high school in her home town, Birmingham, Alabama, she went to Howard College. Besides reigning at junior proms she was improving each shining hour by winning no end of scholastic honors as well.

Howard College conferred upon her the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and she matriculated in law at the University of Alabama. Her ambition then—and now—did not lie in the direction of Hollywood at all. Her big dream is to become a very fine lawyer and eventually, Governor of Alabama! She has already set a tentative date for her candidacy, and though it's still a long way off, I

By Juliette
Laine

don't in the least doubt she'll make it—if by that time she still wants it.

Gail's entry in the Paramount contest that brought her to Hollywood was purely a lark. In fact, she felt so certain that nothing would come of it that she insisted that the studio furnish her a round-trip ticket before she started!

She won the contest, but even so, things didn't look any too rosy, just at first. The studio liked her. So did everyone else. Yet every time she was lined up for an important role in a picture dat ole debbil, Southern accent, would pop up and spoil everything. However, instead of crying about it or getting temperamental, Gail enrolled at the studio school for a course of training. Then, very cautiously, she began feeling her way along in a string of minor roles.

With all this heavily intellectual background, I could hardly ask her the sort of questions I ask of a dizzier gal, and as an aura of dignity seemed to envelop everything I've ever heard (Continued on page 102)

What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?



YOUR doctor's deepest concern is your health. And any medicinal product even remotely connected with your health assumes great importance in his mind.

You will discover, for instance, that physicians have a definite standard of requirements for a laxative before giving it their approval. Read these 8 points carefully. They are very important.

WHAT DOCTORS REQUIRE OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THE DOCTOR'S REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Not merely on one or two. But on *all* the points that the medical profession includes in its code. You can have no better proof of the confidence Ex-Lax enjoys than the fact that many physicians use it in their own homes.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

For over 30 years mothers and grandmothers have given Ex-Lax to their children. Why? . . . Because the very qualities that make Ex-Lax an ideal laxative for you are *doubly* important to a child's welfare. Ex-Lax has proved so satisfactory in millions of cases that it has become the largest-selling laxative in the world.

CHECK THE DOCTOR'S FINDINGS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative, and you will see how right the doctor is. For Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It works thoroughly, but without the slightest discomfort. You'll experience no stomach pains, no nausea, no weak "dragged down" feeling. And Ex-Lax will *not* form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate . . . so different from harsh, nasty-tasting cathartics. It's the perfect laxative for all—children and grown-ups alike. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

— TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE! —
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-116
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name
Address
City Age
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

BACHELORS BY CHOICE



By Mack Hughes

(Left) Nelson Eddy wouldn't ask any woman to share the gypsy existence he leads, what with the continual whirl of concert tours and movies that take up most of his time.

(Below) Michael Bartlett is another singing star whom no female has yet been able to lure to the altar. But unlike Mr. Eddy, he's willing if he can only find the right girl.

EVERY SENSIBLE, upright young man is saving up for a rainy day, a roadster and a wife. If he hasn't the latter, you may be sure it is invariably because of money—or the lack of it. Occasionally, of course, he has not had an opportunity to meet *the* girl. But, armed with a pocketbook, it usually isn't difficult to go places and get acquainted. So, nine times out of ten, when a gentleman from Cadiz, Ohio or Bangor, Maine is unwed, it's due to little cash or less chance to find a prospective Missus.

But there are Hollywood men enjoying single blessedness because they *want* to. Bachelors by choice. There are many young women who would deem it a pleasure to tread the bridal path with Nelson Eddy, Cesar Romero, Brian Aherne or Michael Bartlett, if the aforementioned gentlemen would only ask 'em. But these Lotharios, with fame and fortune and "what it takes" to get a wife, have so far intentionally escaped matrimony—and for reasons which they will discuss.

It isn't too easy to get Nelson Eddy to expound on any subject, but, having finished "Maytime" and while getting set for a forthcoming concert tour, Mr. Eddy not only did a little holding forth, but actually talked about the ladies.

GOD BLESS 'EM," said Nelson, and strictly on the reverent side, too. Nope, there was no implication of "and keep 'em—for somebody else" either.

"I'm not only an actor, but worse yet, a singer. Can you imagine a woman putting up with a singer? Great guns! I can't smoke. My voice. I can't stay up late at parties. My voice. I can't hang around in the night air. My voice. Some fun! I'm married already. Yes, you've guessed it—to my voice. It's my chief concern. It's my only concern. And while I have it—and a singing voice is very fickle—I plan to take care of it, to devote all my time and everything I've got to it.



"Besides the voice, there are tours—concert, movies, opera. All over the place. Different cities different weeks. Would it be fair to ask a woman who is naturally interested in a home—and what woman isn't or shouldn't be—to share this gypsy existence? It would not. Even though the gypsying might be done at the best hotels, it would be a hardship. No, I'm not going to think of marriage until I can afford to get mad and shout. You see, I can't even afford a decent outburst of temper now. Yes, you've guessed it. My voice."

Well, a voice may be a very fine and lucrative asset, but you can see, too, that it has its definite drawbacks. So, let us shout for a strong, wind-breaking cigar and get on to Cesar Romero.

Cesar is every girl's dream of romance. He is Latin-looking and, what's more, Latin acting. *That* seems to be the important point. On the screen, he invariably wins

They certainly have what it takes, but these players are still single! Why?

Cesar Romero is almost every girl's dream of romance—tall, dark and handsome! Still he seems slated for bachelorhood.



the gal in the last reel, but off the screen, he claims it's quite different. Indeed, his lack of success in this direction has given him an inferiority complex. But let him tell it.

YOU SEE," confessed Romero, "I've been jilted and—not only once. It seems that I'm the pal type. Awful, isn't it? But true. I'm the guy whom the girl asks how she can get the other guy. At first, I thought it was a gag. But when a few of them asked me, I began to wonder. They treat me mostly like a brother and seldom as a beau. Why, didn't Sally Blane marry (Cont'd on page 102)

"My skin was never lovelier
Thanks to Camay"



SAYS THIS CHARMING ALABAMA BRIDE



BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

I know the perfect skin care that Camay gives me. My skin was never lovelier—thanks to Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Hilda Wade
(Mrs. Frank E. Wade)

August 5, 1936

HILDA WADE is even lovelier than her picture. This gracious bride has a perfect complexion—smooth, clear, fresh. "A tribute to Camay's excellent care," she says.

Your skin, too, should have Camay's perfect care. For Camay has a mild, gentle way of bringing out the true loveliness of your complexion. Camay's creamy, rich lather soothes the skin. Camay's tiny bubbles work energetically—cleansing

right down to every pore. In no time at all, your skin will have a loveliness all the world can admire.

The magic of Camay? Its mildness. Camay is *definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps. Try Camay today. Order half a dozen cakes. Its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME...

Movie-goers have their say-so and get cash prizes to boot! It's grand fun!

\$5.00 Prize Letter Tattle-Tale Casts

Since it is a well-established fact that the American public likes to be fooled, one wonders why Hollywood is falling into the habit of dead-give-away casting.

No one expects to go to a "David Copperfield" or a "Romeo and Juliet" and come away surprised at the outcome, but one does expect a new story from the usual run of Hollywood outputs and, what is more, one wishes to be uncertain about the outcome.

There's the Fred MacMurray formula, for instance. Fred always gets the girl and I find it hard to work up any suspense even when the heroine seems about to capitulate to some star of equal rank, as in "Hands Across the Table," "Reckless," and "The Bride Comes Home." Walter Connolly, the perennial genial cop, never makes an arrest that arouses sus-



A South Carolina mother puts in a plea for cartoons that the kids will really enjoy. Another "Three Little Pigs," for instance.

pense in my bosom, for Mr. C.'s arrests are always packed full of human understanding and I know that the hero will not suffer at his hands. Likewise, Lionel Stander can't scare me, for all the threatening mugs he makes behind a gun. I know now that only the two Bruces, Cabot and Barton, ever harm the heroine.

Henry Stephenson may storm through dozens of feet of intricately plotted film without arousing any anxiety, for we know him to be kind at heart, generous and tactful.

Of course, any girl cast with William Powell must go through a number of cold shoulders, lockings out of his apartment, and other manifestations of his complete indifference to her charms. But in the end he has been in love with her all along and his brusqueness only hid a bashful heart overflowing.

Frankly, I think we movie-goers would enjoy being taken unawares occasionally.
—Dawn King, Washington, D. C.



Spencer Tracy stole "San Francisco" right from under the noses of Jeanette MacDonald and Clark Gable, claims a South Dakota girl.

\$1.00 Prize Letter The Case Against Mr. Tracy

Mr. R. People has brought suit against Spencer Tracy, accusing him of picture-stealing. The case continues, People on the stand, the District Attorney questioning him:

"Where did you see Mr. Tracy picture-stealing?"

"In 'San Francisco.'"

"From whom?"

"Right from under the noses of Jeanette MacDonald and Clark Gable."

"Any others?"

"No! Isn't stealing a picture from those two cinema favorites enough?"

"What time did the actual theft take place?"

"I was suspicious of him around 8:30 p.m. but by 10:30, I was positive."

"How was Mr. Tracy dressed?"

"In black, like a priest."

"Any queer actions?"

"Yes, he acted so much like a priest that if I hadn't known he was Spencer Tracy, I'd have gone to Confession right then and there."

"Any other witnesses to the Tracy pilfering?"

"A whole theatre full of them that night, would have been more, only they had to turn them away."

The case went to the jury. Judge Public handed down the verdict: "Spencer Tracy, you are hereby found guilty of being the greatest picture-stealer of all ages. You are therefore sentenced to hard labor on the M-G-M lot."—Helen Noteboom, Selby, S. D.

Write us a letter and win a prize! Choose your own movie topic—here are some suggestions: Why you enjoy hearing screen stars on the radio, the best screen performances you've seen recently, movie-boners, books you'd like to see picturized, the best technicolor film you've seen to date, 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.

\$1.00 Prize Letter To Jean Harlow

Exit platinum coquette,
For Harlow now has gone brownette,
The sun that made her locks shine bright
Now ridicules its mousey plight.
This ordinary brownish pate
Replaces that which made her great.
Ah, yes, our Jean is growing pure,
Each picture sees her more demure.
Go siren! Enter girls with souls!
She'll soon be playing Gaynor's roles.
—M. Roberta Breakfield, Houston, Texas.



A Texas reader wants the Harlow of old to return, for the platinum locks and siren roles suited glamorous Jean to a "T."

\$1.00 Prize Letter The Autograph Problem

My hobby is autograph collecting. About fifty per cent of the stars I write to take the trouble to answer. A few of those who have sent personally signed photos to me are Helen Mack, Spencer Tracy, Harvey Stephens and Bette Davis. Several others responded with courteous notes and enclosed the requested autographs. Among these were Madeleine Carroll, Jean Arthur, Julie Haydon and Joe E. Brown.

Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hepburn ignored my desire for signatures, but en-

closed price lists for purchase of their photos.

Many letters are addressed to the studios and do not reach the players for some time and often the star is engaged in a picture and cannot take the time to answer immediately. These delays must be expected but when a star fails to make any acknowledgement whatsoever of the letters and gifts the loyal public sends, then the fans must come to the conclusion that some stars do not deserve the support of the public which, after all, is responsible for the huge salaries they receive.—Harvey Helen Lewis, Sioux City, Iowa.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Cartoons for Children?

A short time ago I took my five-year-old son with me to a local theatre. When a colored cartoon was shown, he was immensely pleased, as were several other children near us. The cartoon was "Who Killed Cock Robin?" I may be wrong, but I'm under the impression that those pictures are primarily to amuse children. If that is true, then it failed.

I heard several half-grown boys behind me snickering as "Jenny Wren," a parody of Mae West, with a high bust, wiggling hips and a sexy voice, flirted with the Judge, and later indulged in a kiss with Cock Robin. The smaller children merely looked puzzled and disappointed with the whole thing.

Please have more cartoons like "The Three Little Pigs," "Water Babies," etc., unless, of course, I'm wrong and those comedies are for grown-ups and not for little children.—Mrs. E. DeLamater, Charleston, S. C.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Nelson Eddy at Home

I want to tell you how Nelson Eddy was received here in his home town during a recent concert tour. Thousands of people had gathered in the Metropolitan Theatre to hear him sing. The buzz of their excited voices was drowned out by the thunderous applause which greeted Mr. Eddy as he came on the stage with Theodore Paxson, his accompanist, and Governor Theodore Frances Green. The latter said that he considered it an honor to have been chosen "the one of us" (that's how he expressed it) to introduce the baritone to "the all of us."

Then Mr. Eddy said, "Ladies and gentlemen, and all you school chums out there, I came here with a big chest, but now I can't help feeling a little humble and modest. A long time ago a little girl said if I ever came back to Rhode Island some day she'd give me a kiss, and there was a little boy who promised me a sock on the nose. As for that kiss, I'm hoping for success before the evening's over." And he preluded his singing with, "I'm a little nervous, but I'll do the best I can."

"The Song of the Flea," in particular, was delightful because of the comical grimaces Nelson made as he sang it. His rendition of "Evening Star," too, brought down the house with applause. And everyone admired him for the generous way in which he shared the applause with his accompanist, who also rendered a solo.—Betty Seidel, Providence, R. I.

HONORABLE MENTION

Shirley Too Fat?

It is plain to see that before long Shirley Temple will be entirely too fat if something isn't done about it. People speak of
(Continued on page 104)

What every woman should know about **frederics** PERMANENTS



EVELYN VENABLE—Lovely Motion Picture Star

FREDERICS Vita-Tonic and Vitron Permanent Waves may cost a trifle more than "cheap" nondescript permanents, but you will find, by actual count, that more of your friends have Frederics Permanents than any other kind. And here is why:

When you have a Frederics Permanent your hair is waved "naturally"—gently. The deep, soft, lovely waves and enchanting curls are radiantly beautiful, flattering, becoming. Easy to arrange for day and evening.

By a new system of thermostatic heat control, Frederics waves your hair with less than one-half the heat formerly required. None of the natural oils are extracted from your hair. That's why Frederics Permanents last so much longer—why they are 50% cooler.

Beware of "cheap" permanents. These harmful processes contain dangerous and injurious chemicals. They require excessive heat which leaves your hair harsh, dry, brittle and unmanageable.

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flowers!*



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The standard size is on sale at the standard price of 28¢ at fine stores everywhere.

*Exquisite...but
not Expensive*

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INFORMATION DESK

WHO'S THERE?

Questions answered, curiosity satisfied

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.

GINGER ROGERS: Dancing won Ginger her chance in the movies, and dancing has pushed her straight to the top of the ladder. Born Virginia Katherine McMath on July 16, 1911, in Independence, Mo., she spent her girlhood at Fort Worth, Tex. It was there that she attended school and at the age of 15 won the Texas Charleston Contest. She was given a 4 weeks' vaudeville contract, then came to New York where she joined a stock company in Brooklyn. Next she was signed for "Top Speed," a musical revue, and from there went into the New York Company of "Girl Crazy" which ran 45 weeks. This resulted in Ginger's being signed to a movie contract, her first picture being "Young Man of Manhattan" in 1930. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has red hair set off by blue eyes. Dancing is her hobby, she plays a fair game of tennis and is fond of riding, swimming and golf. Edward Jackson Culpepper was her first husband, when she was very young, and Lew Ayres, from whom she is now separated, was her second. They were married on November 14, 1934. "Swing Time" is her most recent picture, but she is scheduled for a straight dramatic role in "Mother Carey's Chickens" after which she will join Mr. Astaire again in "Watch Your Step." Write her at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN BARRETT-LETENDRE, Mont Vernon, N. H.—Fredric March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, Charles Laughton and Ian Keith were starred in "Sign of the Cross." WAMPAS stands for Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers. Mary Brian was among the 13 Wampas Baby Stars of 1926. The others were: Mary Astor, Joyce Compton, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Marceline Day, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Sally Long, Edna Marion, Sally O'Neill, Vera Reynolds and Fay Wray. And most of these little girls made good!

DICK POWELL: Richard E. Powell crooned his first croon on November 14, 1904, in Mountain View, Ark. Just a country boy until he was 12, he and his two brothers, Howard and Luther, had fine times together till the day when the whole family took off for Little Rock, Ark., where their education began in earnest. During grade school and college there, Dick took up the art of saxophone, cornet and clarinet playing, besides which he sang in the church choir and at weddings and funerals. Next, he organized an orchestra, then made a fatal stab at vaudeville in St. Louis, thereafter hastening home. Mildred Maund became his wife and life went on until a visiting orchestra signed him to a contract and took him on tour. After that, Dick held various positions, ending up as master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theatre for 3 years. The talent scouts "got him" and in 1932 Dick made his screen debut in "Blessed Event." His hobbies include music, flying, golf, swimming, horseback riding, bridge and football games, to say nothing of making amateur movies. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. His first marriage was terminated a long time ago, and now Joan Blondell seems to be the object of his affections. "Stage Struck" and "Gold Diggers of 1937," both with Miss Blondell as his leading lady, are the films in which he is currently appearing. Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

LORRAINE LEGATZKE, Chicago, Ill.—Doubtless you're not the only one who's been wondering what has happened to James Cagney. Here's the story. He and his studio had a violent disagreement with the result that Mr. Cagney has not made a picture since "Ceiling Zero." The matter is still unsettled, but meantime Jimmy has signed with a new independent studio for one picture and is scheduled to make "Great Guy" for them in the near future.

JEANETTE MACDONALD: Jeanette has changed, cinematically speaking. Not that she hasn't always been a swell actress and a grand songstress, but somehow her last two pictures with Nelson Eddy have given her a terrific boost with the fans. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 18, 1907, she is of Scotch-American descent. There she attended grammar school, but completed her education in New York, where her family moved. Through the aid of one of her two sisters, then playing in New York musical shows, she obtained a chorus job in a musical revue. Then following an engagement with "The Night Boat" company as a chorus girl and understudy, a small part in "Irene" came next,

after which Jeanette had a more important role in "Tangerine." Her first real success came with a leading role in "Fantastic Fricassee" which brought her a contract for a series of musical comedies. In 1930 Maurice Chevalier picked her to play opposite him in "The Love Parade," and Jeanette has been a Hollywoodite ever since. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has red-gold hair and green eyes. She likes to meet new people, see new places, is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She plays the piano, reads mystery novels and collects tiny figures playing musical instruments. Oddly enough, Miss MacDonald has never become a Mrs., but she's engaged now to Gene Raymond and the wedding will be soon. "San Francisco" is the lady's latest, and "Maytime" is scheduled for her, again with Nelson Eddy. Her address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

DIANA WYCLIF, Kyushu, Japan—Yes, Ricardo Cortez has been working in pictures lately. He recently completed "Postal Inspector" and will be seen soon in "The Case of the Black Cat," which is a Warner Brothers picture.

ERIC LINDEN: His is the story of a success in "come-back," in spite of the fact that he's pretty young to have had such an experience. Born in New York City on September 14, 1911, of Swedish descent, young Linden attended the New York high schools and put in two years at Columbia University, where he was one of the youngest students ever to enroll. As a youth he worked at a variety of jobs—errand boy, newsboy, delivery boy—but even when he was 15 he knew there were two things he wanted most to be. They were actor and writer. While still at Columbia, where he was bettering the latter talent, an agent of the Theatre Guild discovered his dramatic ability and signed him with that group. For two years Eric worked with them, then went to Paris to play juvenile leads in three productions. In July, 1931, Hollywood claimed him and he made his debut in "Are These Our Children?" Followed several other successful pictures and then the disappointment in love which sent him to Europe to "get away from it all." On his return, Eric appeared in a few small roles just to keep himself occupied, then made up his mind definitely that he wanted a new start. In preparation for this he came to New York for a stage production, then picked his unforgettable role in "Ah, Wilderness" for the come-back. Result—he now has a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif., and recently completed a part in "Old Hutch." Right now he's scheduled to be seen with Cecilia Parker in "In His Steps." Five feet 9 inches tall, Eric weighs 140 pounds, has brown eyes and brown hair. He is fond of all outdoor sports and writing is his favorite hobby. His heart is quite mended now. Perhaps Cecilia Parker has made it whole again.

LUCILLE HUSTED, Elyria, Ohio—Lawrence Tibbett is at present working on a new picture entitled "Under Your Spell." It will probably be released some time in November. The earthquake scene in "San Francisco" has caused a great deal of discussion. Those who witnessed this disaster seem to agree, however, that the sound effects in the picture were reproduced excellently.

MERLE OBERON: Her real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, and she was born on the French-Dutch Island of Tasmania on February 19, 1911. Her father was an English army officer, her mother English and French-Dutch. Merle went to school in Bombay and Calcutta. There she joined a theatrical society with which she sang and danced. When she was 17 her uncle took her to England, France, Italy and Switzerland. She objected so strenuously to going home that he allowed her to stay, giving her \$100 and a steamer ticket for home. Her money gone and ticket "cashed in," Merle finally accepted a position as chorus girl in the Cafe de Paris. She began to get extra work in the British movie studios, was "discovered" by Alexander Korda, and was cast in several pictures. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" bettered her chances. Then came "The Battle," "Broken Melody," "The Private Life of Don Juan" and finally "The Scarlet Pimpernel." "Folies Bergere" was her first American picture, and she has stayed here ever since. Miss Oberon is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has chestnut hair and hazel-green eyes. She is superstitious, likes to read biographies, is fond of animals and perfume. She has no hobbies, enjoys sleep and good food. Since she has been in Hollywood, David Niven has been her constant escort. Some say wedding bells are not far off. Under contract to Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hol-

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 15. 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 at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Modison Ave., New York, N. Y.

lywood, Cal., she is scheduled to make "Love Under Fire" with Brian Aherne and David Niven, as her next picture.

EMELDA BROOKS, Tulsa, Okla.—Don't let all these Powells confuse you. William, Dick and Eleanor Powell are absolutely no relation to each other. Paul Muni was born in Lemberg, Austria, October 14, 1895. He is married to Bella Finkel. James Cagney was born in New York City on July 17, 1904. Shirley Temple made her advent into this world in Santa Monica, Calif., on April 23, 1929.

MICHAEL WHALEN, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was Michael's birthplace on a certain June 30, some twenty-odd years ago. As a lad he lived in Altoona, Pittsburgh, Reading and Pottsville, and was given a splendid musical education by his parents. For 10 years young Mike kept at the piano, but when he was 17 and announced his intention of becoming a professional musician his family objected. Hastily they insisted that he go into business, getting him a job in a Woolworth store. Two years later, when he was 23, Michael had become manager of 3 Woolworth stores simultaneously. After his father's death, however, Michael became unhappy in this work, took to the piano again and finally resigned to come to New York. There he was given an audition and signed by Eva Le Gallienne for a year. Having a fine baritone voice, he next turned to radio, but in 1932 decided to go to Hollywood. For three years he tried to gain access to the studios unsuccessfully, meanwhile taking various theatrical assignments to keep things going. Scouts from the studios first spotted him when he played in a Los Angeles production, then things began to break for him. He was given three contract offers at one time—and the day he made his choice he had only 27¢ in his pockets. On October 7, 1935, Michael started work in "Professional Soldier" and has been under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif., ever since. Six feet 2 inches tall, he weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. For recreation he swims and hikes, his favorite color is green and he has several pet Sealyham dogs. "Sing, Baby, Sing" is his most recent film, and he will be seen next in "The Man I Marry" with Doris Nolan. Mr. Whalen is not married.

VIRGINIA CHAPPLE, Greenfield, Ind.—Robert Montgomery's most recent picture is "Piccadilly Jim." Joel McCrea is that gentleman's real name and he will be 31 on November 5, 1935 is the year of his birth.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND: Born in Tokyo, Japan, on July 1, 1916, of English parentage, Miss de Havilland was brought to America when she was 3 years old. She lived in San Francisco, then Saratoga, Calif., where she attended grammar school, Notre Dame convent and the Los Gatos Union High School. Her girlhood ambition was to become a teacher, an author or an actress. Along with playing hockey, public speaking and debating, Olivia appeared in school theatricals. While emoting in the role of Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one of Max Reinhardt's scouts noticed her and signed her to understudy Hermia in the Hollywood Bowl production of the same play. Then, Gloria Stuart, slated to play Hermia, was recalled by her studio for a picture, so little Olivia stepped into the role. When Warner Brothers decided to make the picture, she was assigned the same role. After that came "Alibi Ike," "The Irish in Us" and finally "Captain Blood," in which she scored a hit. A good type for costume roles, Olivia then went into "Anthony Adverse" and has since been working on "Charge of the Light Brigade," again with Errol Flynn. She is interested in painting, playing the piano, swim-

ming and diving. Her favorite outdoor sports are horseback riding, tennis and badminton. Olivia is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 107 pounds, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. She is not married as yet. Write her at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

FLORENCE GILL, Philadelphia, Pa.—As you have doubtless learned by now, Dolores Costello Barrymore played opposite George Raft in "Yours for the Asking." His next picture will probably be "Playboy," with Ida Lupino. Frances Farmer was born in Seattle, Wash.; Jean Arthur in New York City; Ricardo Cortez in Vienna, Austria; and Carole Lombard in Fort Wayne, Ind.

GENE AUTRY: This singing cowboy first saw the light of day in Tioga, Tex., on September 29, 1907. Starting his vocal career early in life, he sang in the choir of his grandfather's church. Gene worked on his father's ranch until he finished high school, "rode herd," and at 12, entered his first rodeo. At 14 he joined a travelling medicine show for a season, acquired a saxophone and traded it for a guitar. While in school in Ravia, Okla., he learned telegraphy at the railroad station where he worked after school hours, and at 18 became a full-fledged telegrapher on a lonely division of the San Francisco Railroad. There, to pass away the weary hours, he perfected his guitar technique and composed cowboy songs, later making good with them when he went on the radio in Tulsa in 1928. He made recordings for the Victor Company, had radio programs in New York and in Chicago as the "Cowboy Idol of the Air." After four years of radio work, Gene entered motion pictures in 1934, his first picture being "In Old Santa Fe," and his second, "The Phantom Empire." Mr. Autry is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is a natural athlete. He has reddish brown hair and brown eyes, and is married. "Oh, Susannah" is his most recent picture, and the next will be "Ride, Ranger, Ride." Under contract to Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif., you may write him there.

KATHRYN SIMPSON, no address—The best way to obtain information about starting a fan club is to write directly to the star in whom you are interested. The player in question will also be glad to tell you which of his clubs you may conveniently join. Victor McLaglen was born in London, England, December 11, 1886. He made his first American movie in 1924, but had appeared in British productions previous to that. Cary Grant was born in Bristol, England, on January 18, and made his first picture in 1932. Franchot Tone was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., on January 27, and appeared in his first film in 1933.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: On April 23, 1929, Shirley Jane Temple made her original debut in Santa Monica, Calif. It was an auspicious day for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Temple. At the age of 3, during a dancing class, Shirley was spotted by a talent scout, who finally persuaded the fond parents to allow her to play in a series of Baby Burlesk Comedies. Next came "Frolics of Youth" and "War Babies," then "To the Last Man," with Randy Scott. In 1934 Fox started the talented baby on the way to fame by casting her in "Stand Up and Cheer." As a result of her excellent work she was signed to a long term contract and thereafter has appeared in the following: "Now I'll Tell," "Change of Heart," "Little Miss Marker," "Baby Take a Bow," "Now and Forever," "Bright Eyes," "The Little Colonel," "Our Little Girl," "Curly Top," "The Littlest Rebel," "Captain January," and "Poor Little Rich Girl." Her next will be "The Bowery Princess" and "The Stowaway" is tentatively

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scheduled as the one to follow it. It is perfectly obvious that Shirley's hair is blonde and curly, and that blue eyes go with it. She is studying under a tutor and pets are her only hobby at the moment. Of course she has lots of dolls, John and George, her two brothers, like to play with her and tease her—like all brothers. You may write her at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

SELMA OSTROW, Philadelphia, Pa.—"Symphony of Six Million," featuring Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne, was first released April 20, 1932.

LARRY "BUSTER" CRABBE: February 7th is Clarence Linden Crabbe's birthday, and Oakland, Calif., was his birthplace. He attributes his giant physique to the fact that, when he was 2, his family moved to Honolulu where he learned to swim under tutelage of the natives, and practically lived on a diet of raw pineapple. There he also mastered the Hawaiian language and the art of ukulele and guitar playing. Larry came back from Hawaii when he was in the second year of college and graduated from the University of Southern California in 1932, having majored in political science and been active in campus dramatics. He paid his way through college by working in the stock room of a clothing store in the winter, and as a life guard in the summer. In between times he was a member of the U.S.C. swimming team and played football and basketball. Paramount sent for him to take tests for the role of the lion man in "King of the Jungle" because of his splendid build, but the first voice tests were unsatisfactory. After taking vocal lessons, however, he returned and got the part in 1933. Twice he represented the United States in the Olympic games, once in Amsterdam and again in Los Angeles. He at one time held five world swimming records, 35 national championships and numerous college honors. Larry is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 188 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. His hobby naturally enough, is swimming. Married to Adah Virginia Held, he became the father of a girl on July 16, 1936. He's very busy these days at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif., having recently completed "Lady Be Careful," "Stairs of Sand," and is now working on "The Rose Bowl."

E.M.D., Leadville, Colo.; **EILEEN BROOKS**, Woodridge, N. J.—Kenneth Howell played the role of John Jones, Jr., in "Educating Father." He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif., and will be in another Jones Family picture entitled "Back to Nature." Mr. Howell is 19 years old and is not married. You may be able to obtain his photograph by writing him at the above address and enclosing 25¢ in stamps or cash.

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MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Abdullah the Damned (Columbia).....	2½★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M).....	2★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists).....	2½★
And So They Were Married (Columbia).....	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount).....	1½★
Annie Oakley (RKO).....	4★
Anthony Adverse (Warners).....	4½★
Anything Goes (Paramount).....	3★
*The Arizona Raiders (Paramount).....	1★
August Week-End (Chesterfield).....	2★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield).....	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners).....	2★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger).....	2½★
The Big Noise (Warners).....	2★
Blackmail (Columbia).....	1★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M).....	2½★
Border Flight (Paramount).....	2★
The Border Patrolman (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Boulder Dam (Warners).....	1★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount).....	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National).....	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO).....	2½★
Bullets or Ballots (First National).....	3★
Bunker Bean (RKO).....	2★
*Cain and Mabel (Warners).....	1★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia).....	1★
Captain Blood (Warners).....	4★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger).....	3★
Ceiling Zero (Warners).....	4★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Chatterbox (RKO).....	2★
China Clipper (First National).....	2½★
Colleen (Warners).....	3★
Coronado (Paramount).....	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia).....	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Crash Donovan (Universal).....	1½★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Crouching Beast (Olympic).....	1★
Dancing Feet (Republic).....	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO).....	3★
Dangerous (Warners).....	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal).....	2★
Desire (Paramount).....	4★
The Devil Doll (M-G-M).....	3★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia).....	2½★
Dizzy Dames (Liberty).....	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia).....	1½★
Dracula's Daughter (Universal).....	3★
Drift Fence (Paramount).....	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners).....	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount).....	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National).....	3★
East of Java (Universal).....	2★
Easy Money (Invincible).....	2★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO).....	3½★
Fang and Claw (RKO).....	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO).....	1½★
Fatal Lady (Paramount).....	2★
First a Girl (GB).....	2½★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Florida Special (Paramount).....	2½★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

F-Man (Paramount).....	1½★
Follow the Fleet (RKO).....	4★
*Follow Your Heart (Republic).....	1★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount).....	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners).....	2★
Fury (M-G-M).....	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M).....	2½★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists).....	4★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
*Give Me Your Heart (Warners).....	3★
Give Us This Night (Paramount).....	1½★
The Golden Arrow (First National).....	2½★
The Great Impersonation (Universal).....	2★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M).....	4★
The Green Pastures (Warners).....	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Harvester (Republic).....	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan).....	3★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia).....	2★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
His Brother's Wife (M-G-M).....	2½★
*Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount).....	2★
Hot Money (Warners).....	2★
The House of a Thousand Candles (Republic).....	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount).....	2½★
I Dream Too Much (RKO).....	3★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia).....	4★
I Live My Life (M-G-M).....	2★
I Married a Doctor (Warners).....	3★
The Invisible Ray (Universal).....	1½★
I Stand Condemned (London Films).....	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
It's Love Again (GB).....	3★
*Jailbreak (Warners).....	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
King of the Damned (GB).....	1½★
The King Steps Out (Columbia).....	3★
Klondike Annie (Paramount).....	1★
*Lady Be Careful (Paramount).....	3★
The Lady Consents (RKO).....	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia).....	1★
The Last Journey (Twickenham).....	2★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M).....	2★
The Last Outlaw (RKO).....	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic).....	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National).....	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic).....	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic).....	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic).....	2★
Let's Sing Again (RKO).....	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists).....	4★
Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia).....	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal).....	2½★
*Love Begins at 20 (First National).....	1★
Love on a Bet (RKO).....	1½★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal).....	2½★
Man Hunt (Warners).....	2★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount).....	3★
Mary of Scotland (RKO).....	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia).....	2½★
A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners).....	5★
The Milky Way (Paramount).....	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount).....	1★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia).....	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners).....	1½★
*Mister Cinderella (Roach-M-G-M).....	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia).....	4★
Mister Hobo (GB).....	2★
M'Liss (RKO).....	3★
Modern Times (United Artists).....	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger).....	3★
The Morals o' Marcus (GB).....	1★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners).....	1★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National).....	2★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO).....	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia).....	2★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO).....	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M).....	4★
My American Wife (Paramount).....	3★
Next Time We Love (Universal).....	3★
*Nine Days a Queen (GB).....	4★
Nobody's Fool (Universal).....	2★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
1000 a Minute (Republic).....	2★
One Rainy Afternoon (Pickford-Lasky).....	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia).....	2½★
*Our Relations (Roach-M-G-M).....	1★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Palm Springs (Paramount).....	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia).....	2★
Parole (Universal).....	2★
The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB).....	3★
Peg of Old Drury (Paramount).....	3★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Petrified Forest (Warners).....	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M).....	3★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M).....	3½★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Poppy (Paramount).....	4★
Postal Inspector (Universal).....	2★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount).....	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia).....	1★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount).....	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners).....	2★
Red Wagon (Alliance).....	1½★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
The Return of Sophie Lang (Paramount).....	2½★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin).....	1★
Rhodes the Diamond Master (GB).....	3★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount).....	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M).....	2½★
Road Gang (First National).....	2½★
*The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Roaming Lady (Columbia).....	2★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M).....	2½★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M).....	5★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount).....	2★
Rose Marie (M-G-M).....	4★
San Francisco (M-G-M).....	4★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners).....	1★
Secret Agent (GB).....	3★
Seven Sinners (GB).....	3★
Shakedown (Columbia).....	2★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia).....	4★
Show Boat (Universal).....	4★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Silly Billies (RKO).....	2★
*Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Singing Kid (Warners).....	3★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Sky Parade (Paramount).....	2★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M).....	3★
Snowed Under (First National).....	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount).....	2½★
*A Son Comes Home (Paramount).....	3★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean).....	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National).....	2★
Sons O' Guns (Warners).....	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount).....	3★
Special Investigator (RKO).....	2★
Speed (M-G-M).....	1½★
Spendthrift (Wanger-Paramount).....	2★
*Stage Struck (First National).....	3★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners).....	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn).....	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal).....	2½★
Suzy (M-G-M).....	2★
Swing Time (RKO).....	4½★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
*Sworn Enemy (M-G-M).....	1★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO).....	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M).....	5★
*The Texas Rangers (Paramount).....	2★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn).....	4★
Things to Come (United Artists).....	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount).....	3★
36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M).....	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M).....	2★
Three on the Trail (Paramount).....	2½★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M).....	2½★
Ticket to Paradise (Republic).....	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....	3★
Times Square Playboy (Warners).....	1★
To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox).....	½★
Tough Guy (M-G-M).....	2½★
*Trailin' West (Warners).....	1★
The Trail o' the Lonesome Pine (Paramount).....	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia).....	2★
Trouble for Two (M-G-M).....	2★
Two Against the World (First National).....	2★
Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia).....	2★
*Two in a Crowd (Universal).....	1★
Two in Revolt (RKO).....	2½★
Two in the Dark (RKO).....	2½★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M).....	3★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners).....	2★
*Walking on Air (RKO).....	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion).....	½★
We're Only Human (RKO).....	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M).....	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M).....	2½★
The White Angel (First National).....	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners).....	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M).....	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO).....	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount).....	1½★
Yours for the Asking (Paramount).....	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox).....	2★



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REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES



By

Leo Townsend

(Above) A scene from the latest Marion Davies opus, "Cain and Mabel." This time Clark Gable, minus the usual moustache, is her leading man.

If Westerns are your meat, "The Texas Rangers" will be just what the doctor ordered. Above, Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray in a love scene.



(Top) "Piccadilly Jim," with Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans is a real treat. And, above, one of the best musicals to come out of Hollywood in many a movie moon, "Sing, Baby, Sing." Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou have top acting spots.

(Top) "Stage Struck" is very amusing fare with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in co-starring roles. (Above) Sixteen-year-old Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke turn in superb characterizations in "Nine Days a Queen." It's an all-English cast.

★★★★ Nine Days a Queen (G-B)

When it comes to making epics of old England it is, logically enough, England rather than Hollywood which turns out the superior product. "Nine Days a Queen" is the best English picture since "The Private Life of Henry VIII," which means it is also better than any picture Hollywood has ever made dealing with the same general subject and era. For a specific example, compare this picture with "Mary of Scotland." Where Katharine Hepburn's "Mary" is strident and occasionally shot through with high school dramatics, young Nova Pilbeam's "Lady Jane Grey" is the quietly beautiful performance of an actress who understands her role and is equal to its demands. "Mary of Scotland" is a pageant, while "Nine Days a Queen" is a moving picture. It is the story, as you probably know, of Lady Jane Grey's unwilling ascendancy to the throne of England and of her tragic end, after a brief reign, at the hands of Mary Tudor. "Nine Days a Queen" is a completely adult film, which should be seen by everyone wanting to enjoy the best type of entertainment the screen has to offer. Nova Pilbeam is superb as the unhappy young queen, and there are excellent performances by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Desmond Tester and John Mills.

Preview Postscript

This picture was the first foreign-made film ever given a world premiere in Hollywood. Almost all the prominent stars turned out to honor their British fellow-actors. And, of course, the British crowd in Hollywood, including Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Elizabeth Allon, Sir Guy Standing and countless others, was there . . . Sixteen years

old, Nova Pilbeam has been on the stage since the age of 12. She plays the piano, dances, sews and reads voraciously. She'd like to see Hollywood, but isn't in any hurry . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke was knighted at the age of 42 for his remarkable contribution to British theatrical history. He was playing in "Tovaritch" in London at the same time this picture was being made, but was the only member of the picture's cast able to get to Hollywood for the premiere . . . The "discovery" of the picture was 16-year-old Desmond Tester. He's been on the stage for four years but this was his first film. He's totally unimpressed with his acting life, lives quietly with his mother outside of London and just "hopped" into stage work after watching his sister rehearse in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and was asked to fill in the part of "Robin." He's been acting without a let-up ever since.

★★★ Stage Struck (First National)

Here's a backstage musical that's smart enough to kid itself and thus take most of the curse off the routine "show must go on" type of thing. It also wisely substitutes good comedy for those tremendous Busby Berkeley numbers that once frightened us out of our seats. A good laugh or two is usually much easier on the nerves than the sight of 5,000 platinum cuties playing 5,000 platinum pianos, and we'll fight the man who says it isn't. In this one, Joan Blondell plays a gal who has gained considerable notoriety by the rather simple trick of shooting her husband. She buys herself a show and wants to star in it. Fortunately for the script writers and for Dick Powell, the show's dance director, she shoots another guy on the eve of the show's opening, all of which allows Jeanne (Continued on page 105)

GOOD NEWS

Our snoopy reporter finds love in bloom wherever he goes. It's all big time romance, what's more

Instead of rushing to the courts over the custody of their child, Joan Blondell and ex-hubby George Barnes have a much better idea. Joan has complete charge of young Norman Scott Barnes, and now that she's working in "Three Men on a Horse," at Warner Brothers, George visits the set every few days and gets a full report on the child's activities from the former Mrs. B.



When the Warner Baxters took that fishing trip to Canada, Frank McGrath, who is Warner's stand-in and good friend, went along. "Frank had to go along," said Warner. "He'd stand in the stream until he got a nibble, then I'd rush in and get the credit."



When Director E. H. Griffith needed ten white rabbits for a scene in "Ladies in Love" he bethought himself of the rabbits Shirley Temple keeps in the backyard of her studio bungalow. He phoned Shirley at her home and asked if a few could be borrowed. "Sure," said Shirley. "How much will you pay me?" Griffith offered a dollar, but he was turned down. "I want twenty dollars," announced the pride of the Temples, "and I won't take less than ten." They settled for fifteen, which seems high for rabbits—even if they're Shirley Temple's.



Herbert Marshall still beaus Gloria Swanson. At "Anthony Adverse" preview.



The newly wedded Hornblows (Myrna Loy) with Mrs. Clark Gable at a recent preview.

Now that the novelty of Bob Montgomery's English sports racer is wearing off, the eyes of the gapers in these parts try to focus on the very brilliant yellow number owned and operated by Robert Taylor. It's so low you climb steps to get up to the curb from it, and it's equipped with three dachshunds which ride in the front seat alongside Bob and his beret.



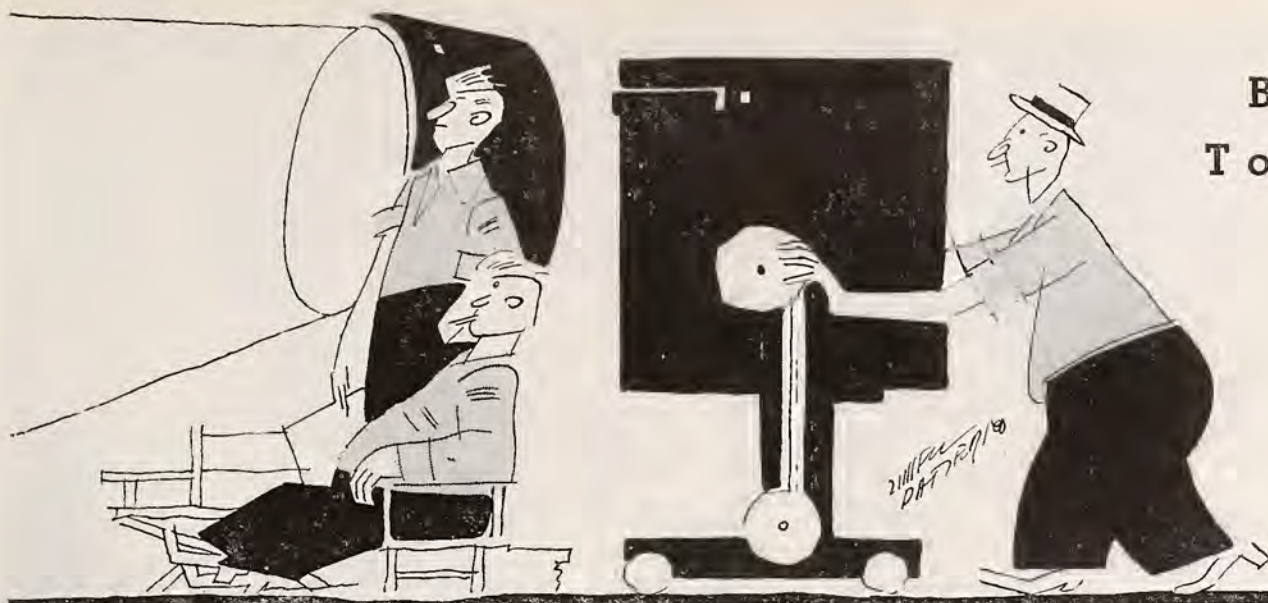
There's a big domestic war being conducted at this moment by Garbo and Rosalind Russell. Seems when the Sad-Eyed One returned from Sweden she found Hazel, her colored maid, had been lured away by Miss Russell and more money. Both gals are too fond of Hazel to give her up, and Hazel is in a state, to put it mildly.



The Penalty of Fame: After a recent visit to a doctor, Richard Dix received a huge bill for a papilloma treatment. Richard had visited the doctor for a mere corn removal, but a glance at the dictionary proved that papilloma is uptown, or Beverly Hills, for corns. Naturally, they come considerably higher.



Over on the "Camille" set at M-G-M everyone's talking about the "new" Garbo. It's the same old Miss G., of course, but



By Leo
Townsend



Newly engaged Jeanette MacDonald and
Gene Raymond with Anita Louise at Troc.

the "new" is tacked on because The Great One is beginning to act like people. She has always been easy to work with and gracious to her co-stars, but now she is loosening up to the extent of smiling at the extras who encounter her. Which is something, for a Garbo smile is Swedish for laughing out loud.

Unlike some of the high-priced talent who consider it good taste to keep the cameraman and director waiting when everyone else is ready to shoot a scene, Garbo is probably the most punctual of all the stars when it comes shooting time. Bill Daniels, who photographs all the Garbo pictures, has a small horn dangling from his camera. When a scene is ready Daniels blows two sharp blasts on the horn, and out from her dressing-room rushes Garbo.

While we're on the subject of democratic stars, let's take the case of Gary Cooper. Any guy who makes \$5,000 a week shouldn't even have to speak to himself, but it isn't that way with Mr. C. Following him down the boulevard on his way to work at Paramount recently, we noticed people recognizing Cooper and his elegant Dusenbergs. Most of them waved, or shouted hello. Each of them received a Cooper wave or a Cooper hello in return. And we know stars who get no more than \$4,500 a week who won't wave at all just to give the impression they're in the money.

And what studio recently bought 1500 tickets to one of its own premieres and gave them to the employees? The gesture was more practical than magnanimous, for the price of the tickets was amputated from the employees' pay checks.

If you have any doubts as to the popularity of young Mr. Robert Taylor you should have seen the crowd that mobbed him in front of a theatre following the preview of "His Brother's Wife." Mr. T., with Barbara Stanwyck, was completely hemmed in by admirers waving autograph books under his classic features. Such popularity must have surprised even his bosses, for the studio had scouts in front of the theatre during the preview tipping bystanders off that Bob and Barbara would soon be out, and hinting, in a nice way, that it would be fun to sort of rush up for an autograph.

Conversation in a Hollywood bar:

Gal: "I just saw Robert Taylor in 'His Brother's Wife' and, you know, even down in the jungle with his hair mussed he still looked nice. I think he's awfully cute, don't you?"

Guy: "I think I'll have another drink."



Three gals in print! Glenda Farrell, Mary
Carlisle, Jean Harlow at Davies' party.



Two tennis fiends, above, Karen Morley and Paula Stone on their way to the Palos Verde courts near Karen's beach home. Karen's radiant smile is due probably to her screen return.



Above, two songsters, Mary McCormic and Marion Talley, are Mary Pickford's guests. Below, Irene Dunne seems to be warning Merwyn Le Roy of Cameraman Scotty's presence.

Bob Taylor may be the handsomest guy in town, but Jimmy Stewart is Hollywood's Number One beau. You see him with Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell and half a dozen other screen beauties all in the course of a couple of weeks. Last time we saw him was at Frances Langford's party. This time he came alone and spent most of his time listening to Frances sing a load of request numbers for her guests. When Frances became too hoarse to carry on Jimmy and Sid Silvers went to work on the dance routines they've learned for the new Eleanor Powell picture, "Born to Dance."



Monthly report on the possible Harlow-Powell merger: Jean and Bill dining together at the Victor Hugo and looking over some papers which turned out to be an architect's plans for a house. Since the Powells and the Harlows aren't in the real estate business, it must mean something, for Jean sold her house recently and Mr. P. disposed of the Powell homestead last month.



Item from the publicity department of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, proving that True Love is always visible to the naked eye: "The first scene shot by Director H. C. (Hank) Potter on the new Samuel Goldwyn film 'Love Under Fire' was a love scene between Merle Oberon and David Niven. Potter was heard to remark on the fact that they 'almost seemed to live their parts'." A shrewd observation, H. C. (Hank).



The social leadership of the movie colony will probably soon be the private property of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. At any rate, Mr. Thalberg has a secretary in his office who does nothing but make, accept and reject social engagements.



All is not sweetness and light in the Fred MacMurray household these days. The rift, however, is not between bride and groom, but their respective pets. Fred has a mongrel dog, Friday, while Mrs. M. has a Maltese cat—and both are working overtime on the "till death do us part" clause. But it looks like Friday has won out, for Lillian has written an aunt in Boston telling her to expect a slightly battered Maltese in the next mail.





Birds of a feather—an operatic trio meets at the Troc. Above, Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons. Below, Fredric and Florence March attend the Tallulah Bankhead opening.



Hollywood's latest romance of the younger set. Anne Shirley, beaming with joy, holds tightly to Owen Davis, Jr.'s arm as they attend the "Mary of Scotland" world premiere. Cute?



More fun on the "Ladies in Love" set, where Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Simone Simon are trying so hard to co-star and be big about it. The gals overwork their smiles on each other, and graciousness is so much the order of the day that one afternoon on the set four maids staggered in with trays, teapots and cups, and none of the little ladies knew which service to honor. Hereafter, they'll order their own. Title of the picture should really be more explanatory, like this: "Ladies in Love—but not with each other."



Cecil B. DeMille has once more donned his riding breeches and his puttees, which is Hollywood for saying he's making a picture. It's "The Plainsman," with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, who make a swell screen team. There was some talk of calling this one "The Plainsman Goes to Town," to cash in on their last effort, but either the idea or the guy who suggested it was dropped. What we started to say was that Mr. DeMille is always the best actor on a DeMille set. He's so good that Paramount studio guides always conduct visitors to "The Plainsman" set. Instead of watching the picture, everyone watches DeMille. Most amusing of all is the chap whose duty it is to follow Mr. DeM. about with a chair. When DeMille wants to sit down, he never has to look back to see what's available. There's something there, or else.



It may be sad news to learn that there'll be no gilded DeMille bathtubs in "The Plainsman." In fact, the only bath in the picture will be taken by a canary. It may be the new Hollywood economy, but we can remember back to those lush days of "Cleopatra," when Claudette Colbert bathed her way into stardom. But a canary, Mr. Hays!



While Sonja Henie, the skating star, awaits her first picture assignment she can be seen about town in her white limousine piloted by a white-liveried chauffeur and sporting a white wire-haired terrier. "Seen" is putting it mildly, for on a good clear day Sonja and her entourage are visible for miles. What's more, her home in Beverly Hills also carries out the white color scheme. And

*Chic Luxury
spells ECONOMY*



THE glamour of exquisite finger tips may be yours for so little with Chic. This luxurious quality polish in an artistic oversized bottle is a real economy to use. It's the perfect polish—easy to apply and long wearing. With Chic only 10c you'll want several shades to highlight any mood—grave or gay—as you wish. Chic polish is obtainable in either transparent or creme. Chic Polish Remover—plain, or oily for brittle nails, makes a change of polish utterly simple. Chic Cuticle Remover completes a perfect five minute manicure at your own dressing table.

Chic Manicure Requisites are sold in all Five and Ten Cent Stores at 10c each.

10¢



Above, Bill Powell looks just a trifle on the smug side with an arm around two beauties such as Kay Francis and Norma Shearer.

to further it, the white-haired boy of the moment is Cary Grant, even though Cary is still more than attentive to Mary Brian.

Mary Jane, "how far you've come—you're even included in a bus route."

In case you didn't know it, the leader in the fan mail derby at the moment is Bob Taylor. Bob gets more letters than Clark Gable, which means he gets more than anybody. Besides being Mr. Farley's greatest asset, he seems to be playing leading man to all of Metro's most expensive ladies. Right now he's with Garbo in "Camille" and doing right well, but his first day on the set was a trying one. The thought of meeting Garbo was too much for him. Finally the introduction came. "How do you do?" said Garbo. Ten minutes later they were in a clinch for the picture. Who says Garbo's hard to know?

Rosalind Russell found out the meaning of success one afternoon when she was showing her sister Mary Jane the town, and vice versa. It was Mary Jane's first visit to Hollywood, so Rosalind packed her on a sight-seeing bus and the two of them listened to the driver point out all the sights, including the homes of the stars, and including Rosalind's home. "Just imagine," breathed

Child custody wars seem to have taken Hollywood by storm. Within the past few months Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Freddie Bartholomew and Edith Fellows have all gone to court to fight it out. Freddie was awarded to his aunt, and now Edith Fellows has just been handed over to her grandmother. All of which makes Jackie Cooper a highly unusual young actor. Don't let this get around, but Jackie actually lives with his mother!

Questions without Answers: What prominent and well-to-do screen and radio comedian of the imitation Will Rogers school lives in one of the cheapest apartments in Hollywood—not, as his publicity would have you believe, because he's "just folks," but because the thought of parting with an extra nickel horrifies him?

Three hours under the sun meant two weeks in bed for Jean Harlow. Taking what she thought was a rest at Catalina,

A merry foursome when all was gay at a recent party. Mary Brian, Cary Grant and the Errol Flynns, who now are planning a trip.



Miss H. fell asleep on the beach. When she awoke her mother had to charter a plane to rush her back to Hollywood and a hospital. The whole incident comes as a distinct shock to all of us loyal Harlow fans, for our thoughts on the comparative heat of Jean and the sun were quite the reverse of what, sad as it seems, are the facts.



Gregory Ratoff has a passion for learning things. On the "Sing, Baby, Sing" set he talked Adolphe Menjou into giving him French lessons. After a few weeks Ratoff's

Johannes Poulsen, Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard at the Mary Pickford party, below.



And above, Allan Jones and his new wife, Irene Hervey, embrace Irene's daughter Gail, after their wedding.

French was "ta-reefic" and Menjou's was ruined. He can't speak it any more without a Russian accent.



A high school gal was visiting her first movie set at Metro recently. The picture was "Love on the Run," and the stars were Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. Breathlessly she watched the famed pair go into a clinch. "Gee," she whispered, "I'd love to be in pictures." "Well, you are!" snapped the director. "That remark of yours is right on the sound track."

(Continued on page 114)

What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin — it will be delightfully smooth and soft — And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath... Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.



Linit is also unequalled for all fine laundering.



What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.



DREADFUL—Crude, stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.



DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.



The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard “made-up” look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids

intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!



Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.

Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

STARS' STUDIO ADDRESSES

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
ALEXANDER, KATHARINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMECHE, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ANDRE, LONA: M-G-M.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Columbia.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BALLET, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: Walter Wanger.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
BAXTER, ALAN: Walter Wanger.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, JOAN: Walter Wanger.
BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: 20th Century-Fox.
BEST, WILLIE: RKO-Radio.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.
BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount.
BOYER, CHARLES: Walter Wanger.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADNA, OLYMPE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
BRENDEN, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: M-G-M.

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
 Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W. 12, England.
 Grand National Studios, Culver City, Calif.
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
 Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
 Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
 RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
 Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
 United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
 Walter Wanger Productions, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
 BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
 BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
 BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
 BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
 BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
 BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
 CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
 CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
 CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National, 1270 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.
 CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
 CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
 CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
 CANTOR, EDDIE: 20th Century-Fox.
 CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
 CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
 CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
 CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
 CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
 CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
 CARROLL, MADELEINE: Walter Wanger.
 CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
 CHASE, CHARLES: M-G-M.
 CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.
 CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
 CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Columbia.
 CLARKE, MAE: 20th Century-Fox.
 CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
 COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
 COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
 COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
 COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
 COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
 COLLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
 CONKLIN, PEGGY: Walter Wanger.
 CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
 COCK, DONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
 COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
 COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
 CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
 COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
 CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
 CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
 CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
 CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
 CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
 CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
 DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
 DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
 DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
 DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
 DAVIS, OWEN, JR.: RKO-Radio.
 DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
 DEE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
 DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
 DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
 DE MILLE, KATHARINE: 20th Century-Fox.
 DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
 DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
 DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
 DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
 DIXON, JEAN: Columbia.
 DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
 DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
 DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
 DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
 DOUGLAS, MELVYN: M-G-M.
 DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
 DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
 DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
 DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
 DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
 DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
 DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
 DUNN, JAMES: Columbia.
 DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
 DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
 DURANTE, JIMMY: Gaumont-British.
 DVORAK, ANN: RKO-Radio.
 ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
 EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
 EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
 EILERS, SALLY: RKO-Radio.
 ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
 ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
 ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
 ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
 ERIKSON, LIEF: Paramount.
 ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
 ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
 EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
 EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
 FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists
 (Continued on page 70)

KOOLS NEVER MISS! Do better by yourself this winter—smoke KOOLS. When overheated rooms dry out your throat or sniffles spoil you for hot smokes—smoke KOOLS. Freezing weather, sudden thaws, late nights, early parties—you'd better smoke KOOLS. Their touch of mild menthol soothes and refreshes. Their better tobaccos have won millions of friends. And each pack carries a B & W coupon good for fine premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



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FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX



IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE • KENT TAYLOR

PAULINE FREDERICK • JANE DARWELL

KATHERINE DE MILLE • JOHN CARRADINE

and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King

Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel

Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

THE BOWERY PRINCESS

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY • ROBERT KENT • ASTRID ALLWYN

DELMA BYRON • THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson



Janet GAYNOR

Loretta YOUNG

Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE • PAUL LUKAS

TYRONE POWER, JR. • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva

Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete



PIGSKIN

PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN • JOHNNIE DOWNS

ARLINE JUDGE • BETTY GRABLE

PATSY KELLY • JACK HALEY

YACHT CLUB BOYS • DIXIE DUNBAR

TONY MARTIN • JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers



Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production



You wouldn't think that a young girl who can look as beautiful as this would be doomed to home-spun roles, but that is Rochelle's fate. And she becomes an increasingly good actress with each one. Now she is busy with the new Dionne Quins' picture "Reunion." Jean Marsholt is again the kindly doctor and Michael Whalen the heart interest.

ROCHELLE

HUDSON



Maybe Errol Flynn is a little fed up with colorful costumes, but he can't deny he doesn't look elegant in them. However, having finished "The Charge of the Light Brigade," he is making that best-selling novel, "Green Light," which puts him in modern garb for the first time. Anita Louise and Margaret Lindsay have the feminine leads in this with him.



MADGE EVANS

Madge could sit down and brood a bit over her screen career but, instead, she looks both beautiful and happy. One of the sweller young actresses in town, she has not yet gotten the real break she deserves. However, things seem to be looking up for her with a meaty part in "Piccadilly Jim," opposite Bob Montgomery, and a good one in "Pennies from Heaven," with Bing Crosby.



GENE RAYMOND

We suspect that this very sophisticated and searching expression on Mr. R's handsome face is mostly due to his fear that you fans sigh over his wavy blond hair and clean-cut good looks! As it happens, Gene is such a grand actor that he needn't worry. He has just finished "Walking on Air" with Ann Sothem as his heart beat. As you know, Gene and Jeanette MacDonald are altar-bound.

BEVERLY ROBERTS



Meet one of cinematown's luckiest and most talented young gals. In one brief year of putting a special brand of personality into every small part given her, Beverly has stepped right up into the close-ups. In fact, she stepped right into the part left vacant by Bette Davis in "God's Country and the Woman." Beverly has vivacity and individuality. There's no doubt that she'll get places.



MERLE OBERON

It's been too long a wait for Merle's next picture, but you'll be doubly rewarded by "Love Under Fire." Not only does she have Brian Aherne as a leading man, but also David Niven. And since all you fans have followed their charming off-screen romance, this will be good news. It gives David one of the best breaks of his recently-begun screen career.

QUICKER-ACTING LOTION
SOFTENS ROUGH SKIN

Sooner!

(GOOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS!)



IT'S FUN to be outdoors, but no kindness to your skin. Face and hands lose their niceness—get coarse, dry, and rough. Smooth them—*sooner*—with Hinds. Its precious softeners soak into skin—stay there too. Your skin wins back lasting smoothness—not just a half hour's slickness. Try Hinds in the 50c size with the new, free one-piece dispenser. Read all about it below.



BRIDE CRIES over burnt bacon, kitchen hands! So much to do—only two hands to do it with—and both those hands getting "sick and tired." Skin so dry, it's cracking. Natural softness dried out by oven-heat and soapy work! Put softness back again with Hinds. It's quicker-acting—not watery. Every creamy drop does good!



(left) **SOFT HANDS** are sweet music to his eager touch. Keep yours in the very-much-wanted class—by using Hinds. It isn't watery. Every rich, creamy drop works better—softening and whitening dry, red skin.



IN HOT WATER and out—all day long. Hands pucker up, chap and crack. Put softness back into your hands with Hinds. Its precious lubricants soak into dry abused skin, restoring natural smoothness—not just a surface slickness. Hands freshen up with a sweet smell, a cool soft look. Use Hinds regularly. It's *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works!



FREE *The first One-Piece DISPENSER*
IN THE STORES NOW!

The new perfect 1-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

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HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM



MRS. ARTHUR HORN-BLOW, JR. (Myrna Loy, to you) took her famous titian locks from under the drier long enough to shout at me, "I'm starving! Just a few more minutes of this and we'll dash out and have some lunch."

"Brides aren't supposed to be hungry!" I shouted back.

"Well, this one is!" and she ducked back under the drier. She hummed. It blended oddly with the whir of the electric machine above her head but she wasn't listening. Her eyes were smiling. There was a half smile on her lips. Her feet tapped out minute dance steps as she sat there. One doesn't have to add that Myrna Loy Hornblow was happy!

She was wearing a tailored maroon dressing robe with silk initials embroidered on the pocket.

"IT OUGHT to be pink and traily," I reminded her. She wrinkled up her altogether delightful young nose at me. "I haven't even got a trousseau. At least not much of one."

That's Myrna for you. Direct and to the point without fuss or frills. And the point, in this case, was getting married. She did it in the simple, unexploited way she does everything else. One Saturday morning, June twenty-seventh to be exact, she motored down to Old Mexico with Arthur Hornblow. They took along only two witnesses, Shirley Hughes, who is Myrna's stand-in and closest friend, and Ray Ramsey, a co-worker out at the M-G-M studios.

"We chose Ensenada for the ceremony because it's such a sleepy, quaint little town—as far removed from the hurry and confusion of Hollywood as anything you can imagine," Myrna said. "Even the cockatoos forget to chatter at times!"

There was none of the emotional



Above, a charming portrait of Myrna Loy and left, with her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., who epitomizes her screen husbands.

BY VIRGINIA

T. LANE

... MYRNA TALKS ABOUT MARRIAGE

Now that she's an off-screen wife, the perfect film Missus has some valuable tips for all of you Misses

tenseness about it that characterizes most weddings. Instead, there was a feeling of deep serenity and a happiness that was almost tangible. Myrna wore a high-neck dress that buttoned up the back, of beige crepe patterned with hand-blocked flowers. Her accessories were of brown patent leather and her hat of brown taffeta. She might have been a young lady going to a tea—for Myrna never dramatizes any episode of her private life. Her bouquet, for instance. In place of the regulation gardenias or orchids she carried a garden bouquet—asters, sweet william, larkspur. They blended with the print of her dress, making a fascinating picture.

There's a charming inn at Ensenada that fronts a palm-bordered strip of beach. A perfect place to slip away for a honeymoon. But the young Hornblows didn't "slip away" from their friends entirely. Not from Doug Fairbanks, Sr. at any rate.

The first intimation they had that something

special was going on was when a Mexican quartet began serenading them. Then they were asked to "step dees way plez" into a private dining-room. And there was Fairbanks with his bride, the former Lady Ashley, the Countess of Warwick and Billy Fiske III—all ready to celebrate with a nuptial banquet! They had flown down from Los Angeles that afternoon in a cloud clipper that Doug chartered. Not a thing was missing at the banquet; the wedding cake was four tiers high and surmounted by a replica of Myrna done in candy. From the balcony, the quartet sang sweet old Spanish wedding songs.

THE FOLLOWING Wednesday Myrna and Arthur motored up to Frank Vanderlip's estate in Palos Verdes, Vanderlip and Hornblow being friends of long standing. The whole place was turned over to them to continue their brief honeymoon.

"I was married, you see, between 'To Mary—With Love' and 'Libeled Lady,' explained Myrna. "And there simply wasn't time for a trip. When 'Libeled Lady' is completed we may have a chance to go to Honolulu. That is, if Arthur's schedule permits it." (He's Paramount's star producer, you know.)

Mrs. Hornblow's titian locks were dry now. She'd whisked into a little print frock and the starving bride and I headed for a Brown Derby lunch.

"Our new house is almost completed—out in Hidden Valley, you know. It's really a darling."

"What kind of darling?" I prompted.

It's a provincial farmhouse. Not large I assure you! You should have seen (Continued on page 87)

"To Mary—
with Love,"
with Warner
Baxter and
Myrna Loy.



You'll be amused when you discover one of the reasons why Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson are such good friends.



HE GAVE her a bracelet. She gave him a watch. He gave her an automobile.

And Hollywood did not snicker. Hollywood did not raise its superior eyebrows and say, "Well, how long will *this* last?" Instead, Hollywood knows that, for once,

there was born in the studios a friendship rare and beautiful, that of Bill Robinson and Shirley Temple.

It began the very first day Bill Robinson arrived on the Twentieth-Century Fox lot. Shirley Temple ran over to the editor of this magazine, who happened to be visiting the studio.

"Mr. Robinson is here!" Shirley announced, breathless with excitement. "Over there," she added, nodding that curley head of hers towards a group of men who stood chatting in one corner of the mammoth stage.

"There! See!" she said, taking the editor's hand, and using most of her will power to refrain from pointing. For Shirley has been brought up well. She has been taught that ladies do not point. And Shirley learns all her lessons thoroughly.

"Mr. Robinson?" queried the editor. "Which one?"

"The dark one," politely explained Shirley. "And,"

she whispered, confidentially, "he eats ice cream every day! He told me."

"I should think that would make him very sick," commented the editor with that self-righteous feeling editors usually have.

"Oh, no! No, it doesn't!" said Shirley, vigorously shaking the curls, and evidently annoyed, but making up her mind to stick up for the glories of ice cream, no matter what the cost.

She had been taught to respect the opinions of her elders, and here was a case where elders plainly disagreed; opinions were divided, so why not follow the most pleasant one. Anyway, hadn't her brand-new friend just assured her that ice cream never hurt him.

"Not one bit," said Shirley. "Not one teeny-weeny bit," and for emphasis she held (Continued on page 91)

"Shirley Temple is not merely a child prodigy. She will become one of the greatest actresses in the world," predicts Bill Robinson.

HOLLYWOOD FRIENDSHIP NO. 1



Who is Shirley Temple's best friend? Bill Robinson, of course, and here are the reasons why

By Nanette Kutner



Money has little to do with any of Jimmy Cagney's rebellions. But no one else would have taken the chance he took to achieve his goal.



Mrs. Cagney knows that if Hollywood ever fails her Jimmy, there are plenty of other roads he can travel.

Here's a star who acts as he

By Julia Shawell



SOMEWHERE in the amazing melange of scenic effects and widely assorted impressions of "movie star" Cagney, there ought to be found the real Jimmy who has been called everything from a soapbox insurgent with the banner of "A Cause" slung over his left shoulder to "Hollywood's Bad Boy,"

giving free and foolish vent to his waggish tendencies.

Yet, none of these highly imaginative, often distorted presentations fits the actual figure of the sandy-haired, keen-eyed little guy whose story reads like the success fiction he utterly disdains.

The answer to conundrum Cagney is no mystery unsolved, no secret which will never be divulged. It's all—

what he has done, how he acts, what he'll do as long as he's here—found in his elemental, uncomplicated philosophy of living and bound up in the simple statement, "I've got to act like I feel."

Whether what he feels is right has nothing to do with a true analysis of Jimmy Cagney. Every controversy has two sides—certainly those opposed to Cagney consider themselves aggrieved. But even his bitter enemies must go into battle with this realist armed against their own deep-rooted respect for the undeviating course of a Cagney righteousness. And it may be that some of the less crusading members of his own craft look with an almost hopeless envy on his unfaltering daring.

For a Cagney, there is no such thing as today's ex-

CAGNEY

TELLS JIMMY'S STORY



Yes, it's been a long time since you've seen Mr. Cagney on the screen. "Ceiling Zero," with June Travis, was his last film for Warners before the court to-do. All's well now, though, for he's signed with Grand National.

feels, can't be swayed and won't compromise on his stand

pediency with a half-hearted promise of a tomorrow's justification. Probably because his screen career has been a succession of parts in which grapefruit squishing, leaden pineapple throwing, sock the ladies and wrong-side-of-the-railroad-tracks characterizations have been his meat, there has been a romantic tendency to present the real James Cagney as a quiet little fellow who likes to play the piano in his own home and putter around with his art. Neither the screen roles nor the carefully fostered personality stories have done right by Jimmy.

He's no sleight-of-hand artist with a card up his sleeve in the big game. Rather, he gives you the impression of a player with four aces in his hand, ranged alongside the joker; and yet, you have the feeling he'd stay right on with a pair of deuces. If he seems to be one of those long-shot reckless gamblers of whom more timid souls breathlessly ask, "Aren't you taking an awful chance?"

you know he'll play his hunches and take the consequences.

Money has little to do with any of his rebellions excepting that it represents, in a material way, the other things on which he takes a defensive attitude.

"Any able-bodied man can always get a day's work," he told me, as he contemptuously dismissed the more compromising gentlemen among his acting contemporaries. In his interviews he is as definite and thought-revealing as he is sure-footed on the path which he believes to be the Cagney destiny. He'll dodge questioners for months and then, when he decides to talk, you'll get answers to all your questions. Sometimes the answers are so startling that it's the interviewer who necessarily must adopt a protective measure of reservation. There is seldom such a thing as an "off-the-record" statement with Cagney. If he's willing to talk at (Continued on page 78)



Bing Crosby's and Joan Bennett's mates can take credit for starting them on the success road.



Has BEEN

SINCE THE movies seem to have provided us with some of the most fascinating case histories of love's inspiration, we're going to present example after example. If it's true that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, here's a whole pudding full of case histories of players who have climbed to new heights, in many instances have been completely rehabilitated, by the inspiration of love.

Case history number one is Jean Arthur. Like doctors we choose the most convincing case first, and there can be no doubt but that love found Jean Arthur discouraged and in comparative obscurity, only to lift her back to her original height in the movies, and send her to a stardom she had thought she would never achieve.

It took the love of Frank Ross to convince Jean that she was an A-1 actress; that she had but to bide her time and the world would know, as he did, that she was deserving of success. In his own quiet fashion he encouraged her to leave Hollywood when the ways of the cinema began to break her morale. He encouraged her to try the stage again, although it meant long separations and a break in the pleasant routine of living they had achieved.

WHEN SHE was discouraged by being typed as a leading lady for comedies, he convinced her that it was a passing phase in her work. When she got a chance to play dramatic parts on the New York stage, he rounded up the criticisms as they appeared and made a big fuss about the favorable comments on Jean's acting. He wasn't taking any chances that she might slide back into the morass of discouragement again.

He's been the best sport in the world, too, about her new chance at Hollywood, because it means a great separation—he is in New York and his wife's in California. When you're in love a separation can be a painful, unhappy experience. But when you're really in love you make sacrifices, and that's what Frank Ross, Jr., has never balked at doing for Jean.

In all the fuss that has been made about the transformation of "the littlest of the Bennett sisters," the main source of inspiration seems to have been shunted to the background—if one might say that Gene Markey could ever be shunted to any background. It is to her writer-husband, Gene Markey, that Joan owes her success.

When Dan Cupid's arrow hit these Hollywood boys and



Dick Powell seems to be responsible for the noticeable, happy change in Joan Blondell.



George Raft's whole personality has been transformed—all because of one girl.

THEIR INSPIRATION

UNTIL she married sophisticated, brilliant Gene, Joan was a wide-eyed ingenue just learning the rudiments of emotional portrayals. She had had a difficult life, although young, but she really did not know much about the rest of the world. She hadn't read enough, she hadn't seen enough to know about the depth of people's feelings.

Along came Gene, a man who has done a prodigious amount of living and thinking and reading about the rest of the world. His is a profound mind, a sensitive, serious outlook. He married the youngest Bennett and then began her transformation.

It was only natural that association with Gene should teach Joan a new understanding of people, of life. From little girl-mannerisms she turned to those of maturity. She acquired a broader outlook, a maturer way of thinking. It began to show in her lovely face.

Being the wife of a brilliant young author meant a new responsibility; responsibility for his happiness and contentment, so necessary to his work. It changed her from

a child into a woman; from an ingenue into a dramatic star. To some he might have proved a subordinating influence. But not to Joan. She had a serious-minded, critical husband to please, and she valued his opinion of her work. The result is obvious in her pictures.

Before George Raft met Virginia Pine, epitome of social smartness and sophistication, he was a "slick guy," a "Broadway smart guy" in the fullest sense of the term.

He couldn't quite shake off, even in his picture characterizations, the mannerisms of the boy from Tenth Avenue and Forty-First Street.

Look at him today. In person or on the screen Raft has a polish, a natural poise that is real and not an affected smart aleckness. Virginia Pine is "society" and somehow she managed to inspire George with an appreciation of smooth manners, good behavior and appearance. Today Raft can play a song-and-dance man or a social man-bout-town with equal ease.

If she hadn't been in love (*Continued on page 96*)

**By Hester
G. Robison**

girls, some truly amazing changes took place in them

HE GETS AWAY



On-screen and off-screen, they're filmdom's newest romantic twosome—Eleanor Powell and James Stewart. Below, a scene from "Born to Dance" with Sid Silvers, Una Merkel and Jim.



HE GETS away with murder!" That's what the envious, here in Hollywood, say of James Stewart. "What's he got?" they ask.

He's tall and lean and gangling. His hair won't stay brushed. He is not handsome; certainly not if you judge by the profile standards, though he is handsomer off the screen than he is on. Nice, tanned skin. Dark hair, even though unbrushed. White, strong teeth. Expressive hands. A sense of humor which twists his mouth amusingly and lurks, lazily, in his deep blue eyes.

He's taller and some forty pounds lighter than Clark Gable. And he's doing his darndest to "eat on some weight." He talks slowly, almost drawlingly, and in a very low-toned, Pennsylvania Dutch voice. He wears good-looking clothes, which you might not expect. He wears them carelessly.

But he hasn't the extreme good looks of Robert Taylor nor the exotic appeal of a Valentino nor the smoothness of the English actors.

You can't compare him with anyone, past or present. He can't be "typed" because he has no prototype. He has a certain awkwardness. And yet the girls sigh and say "He's won-der-ful!"

I asked a young and pretty girl what it is he has. She said, "He promises tenderness with strength underneath. He isn't obviously any one thing. It's just that he seems to promise—everything."

HE IS BLACK and blue from pinching himself to find out whether he is awake or dreaming. He doesn't believe any of it. He doesn't believe that he is here in Hollywood, a "moom pitcher" actor. When Gable and Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery and others hail him in friendly fashion he forgets to return their greetings. He thinks they must be talking to someone else or he has a dreamy feeling that he is still seeing their shadows on the screen.

When he was on location with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie," he used to play the accordion for them evenings and he'd say to himself, 'Hey, this can't be you, James!'

When he has dates, as he does, with Eleanor Powell, Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce, Janet Gaynor, this girl or that, he is sure he is getting by with murder.

When he looks at himself on the screen and thinks of all the idols of the past, and now Gable and Taylor, he wonders how soon he is going to wake up to find himself back in New York, on the stage, where close-ups are *not* and faces don't matter so much.

WITH MURDER!

When the Great God Studio tells him (at it does) that in another year he'll be the biggest box-office sensation of the annum he has to pinch himself harder than ever to convince himself that he's hearing right. He doesn't believe a word of it. It's probably just as well for him that he doesn't. That's why, after some eight months or so, he's managing to keep the refreshing naturalness, the sort of blundering wonder of it all, with which he came.

Not believing a word of it, he works with all he's got in him. He tries and keeps on trying so that he can make himself believe he's really in Hollywood and really working, and not a disembodied spirit living in a dream.

"I poke around and try to find out about everything. I go into the prop room, the cutting room, the testing department, the casting office and learn all the ropes and red tape. I talk to the script writers. I watch the different directors and compare their methods and their results. I study up on projection machines, cameras and process shots. I want to know all there is to know about the business that finally projects me, an unbelieving shadow, onto the screen.

IT'S GOOD for me, too. I'm not so apt to begin to think I'm such big pumpkins in this racket if I know something about the mechanics back of it, the skilled, mechanical science which is really as important, if not more so, than the actor doing his stuff. After all, you can always substitute one actor for another and get along all right. You can't keep on substituting one camera for another or discard the sound track because it acts temperamental.

"I don't know," said Jimmy, "I swear I don't know how movie actors ever manage to get superiority complexes, swelled heads about themselves. If they use their eyes and ears a bit, if they realize how much goes into the making of a picture before they ever step onto a set, I should think they'd have to fight off inferiority complexes. One day's tour of the studio put me in my place and I think I'll stay put. We all get by with murder, more or less.

"Of course," said Jimmy, in that slow, low laconic voice of his, "of course, I always got by with murder, in a way. I was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, you know. I don't know what that has to do with getting by with murder, except that I might have been born in a New York slum, you know, and then I would have been called upon to do something about it. Anyway, I was the only son between two sisters. They didn't spoil me, I don't mean that. They believed that to spare the rod is indeed to spoil the child. They didn't spare it. But, after all, ask any fellow who has had two sisters. . . ."

Jimmy used to run away from home when he was a youngster. He had an "itch-in my feet to see the world." He still has that itch. He still (Continued on page 80)

Here's why James Stewart
hasn't yet been caught up
with—and our guess is his
luck will last indefinitely

By Gladys Hall





HAND-

HAVE YOU ever had to wear cast-off, mended clothes, carry cast-off accessories? Have you ever had to take your turn at the end of the family line for anything and everything, even beaux? Have you known what it is to be "little sister"—especially to a beautiful, charming, gracious and favorite big one? If you have then you will be able to sympathize with Gretchen. And you'll laugh, cry, worry, fret and dream along with Gretchen (Loretta) Young in her hand-me-down experiences. Perhaps you will also gain courage and hope from her.

It may be hard to realize that Loretta Young, the poised, independent, responsible head of the House of Young today, was, only yesterday, its patronized, third-ranking child, its most affectionate but ineffectual Gretch! Still that was, ironically, the case. From the beginning, Gretchen had a complex about her older sisters. Admiring Polly Ann's graciousness and Sally's charm she would often say: "Oh, I just wish I had something!" She loved them, of course, and because she loved them so much and considered them so perfect, her yearning was doubly poignant.

By the hour she would sit around cross-legged on the floor, watching them while they dressed, while they fussed with their hair, listening to their talk about that gay outer world which she felt she would never know. She hung adoringly on every gesture, every word, every look.

She tried to imagine what Polly Ann's dress would look like when it finally got around to her two years later. She wondered, too, if Sally

Loretta Young still retains many of her simple, unassuming, "Gretchen" characteristics.

By Katharine Hartley

Believe it or not, cast-off clothes and
cast-off beaux were once Loretta's lot

ME-DOWN GRETCHEN

would teach her to do her hair like she did hers, with the fan puffs at the side, when she grew old enough to put up her curls. She wondered, dreamily, if either of them would ever let her go out with Eric or Jimmie



"Ramona," with Loretta Young and Don Ameche in leading roles, is 20th Century-Fox's contribution to technicolor.

if Eric or Jimmie ever asked her, of course. She wondered—but then her reveries were broken by her mother's frantic cries from the kitchen, "Gretchen, hurry up! I'm ready to go to the store now. I want you to help me carry things home."

Walking along the street, Gretchen would think: "It's humiliating always to be just a tag-along. But that's the way I started out. That's the way I'll end up, I guess."

YOU SEE she had so often heard the story of her first hopeless venture out into the world, at the slender age of two and a half, that she couldn't help thinking of it as prophetic. That story, in Mrs. Young's words, goes like this, "Polly Ann and Sally had been invited to a little girl's party, and I was to take them. Gretchen was not

to go, of course—she was too little. So I put her to bed first, for her afternoon nap, and then got the other girls ready. We started out an hour later, and had to walk three blocks to the street car.

"Now I was sure that Gretchen had been asleep when we left, but as we boarded the car I heard a small voice calling from half a block behind us 'Wait for me. Wait! I'm going, too, Mama!' And there was Gretchen in her Peter Rabbit-sleeping pajamas toddling after us! Well, there was only one thing I could do and that was to get off the car with the girls and take Gretchen back home, and spank her! Naturally, that made us late for the party. Polly Ann and Sally missed their ice cream and cake and it was months before they ever forgave her."

Something happened when Gretchen was four which almost, but not quite, put an end to her tag-along state. At that time the family moved from Salt Lake City to Hollywood where an aunt, Mrs. Traxler, was working at Paramount. One day at the studio they were testing a number of little girls for a role in the film starring Fanny Ward. None of them was suitable and Director George Melford turned to Mrs. Traxler and said, "You've mentioned your little nieces; bring one over. One about four." Mrs. Traxler dashed to the Young home, found a mud-spattered Gretchen in the back yard, whisked her off to the studio for a test, and mud and all—she won the part. Later, Theodore Roberts, who was also playing in the picture, walked over to Mrs. Young and asked, "Is this your little girl? Well, my dear, you have a genius on your hands."

MRS. YOUNG thought so, too, after seeing the rushes. But when the picture finally came out she had to look hard to see Gretchen—that settled it. A director should know. (Of course, what Mrs. Young didn't know then is that those things happen to the best of actors.) Gretchen was called out of the running right then and there, and sent to a convent to be educated.

So at four she came close to being the main support of the family, as she is today—but a few feet of film on the cutting room floor defeated her.

At the convent she dropped back again into her old role. In the four years that she spent there she was never to know what it was to have a new dress, (one that hadn't been handed down from her sisters), she was never to cease hearing about her adorable older (Continued on page 95)

Stu Erwin
greet you be-
tween scenes
of "Where's
Elmer?"



Girls! Are you going to
allow Stuart Erwin to get
away with his assertion that—

By Martha

Kerr

"WOMEN ARE TROUBLE

SURE WOMEN are trouble," said Stu, with that grin and that kindly light in his gray eyes, which would take the sting out of anything he might say. You would always know that his heart is soft no matter how hard his words.

There are many who have tried to say that Stu is the logical successor to Will Rogers, especially on the screen. Stu doesn't think so, doesn't want to be placed in that difficult position. Stu has the same rugged kindness, the same salty humor, the same simple honest love of people.

"I don't mean," Stu was saying, "that women get in my hair, exactly—not like they might in Gable's or Bob Taylor's or Gary Cooper's. I mean they're trouble because they're competition.

"I'm about," said Stu, "to become a renegade from my own sex. What I'm about to say is rank heresy, I know. My fellow men will never forgive me. It's this: I'm one who believes that women are smarter than men. Better brains. Quicker instincts. More common sense. Less sentimentality which reduces many a strong man to the sending of lace paper valentines when he ought to be on the field of battle, some kind of a battle. They're better actors, too, and I don't mean only on stage or screen. They've got us beat, that's why they're trouble.

"Look how it is, even in this movie business. Look at the publicity the girls get. Does (Continued on page 93)



He couldn't stand one of those professional marriages—a home like a hotel—so when she married Stu, June Collyer gave up her career.



FRANKLY FOOLISH

**Ida Lupino finds that nonsense
levels the serious side of life
—and there's something to it**

Ida refuses to quibble, and speaks and acts with daring frankness. At right, with Nino Martini in her latest picture, "The Gay Desperado."



By Kay Osborne

THEY CALL her foolish, but in her madness is a strange kind of sanity. A sanity which perhaps seems like madness, because she is only twenty, and few people at twenty have the call-a-spade-a-spade viewpoint of life that she has. I'll admit that as one to be interviewed she is a problem. The statements which she makes so calmly in the course of mere conversation, on paper, smack blatantly of an attempt to be startling.

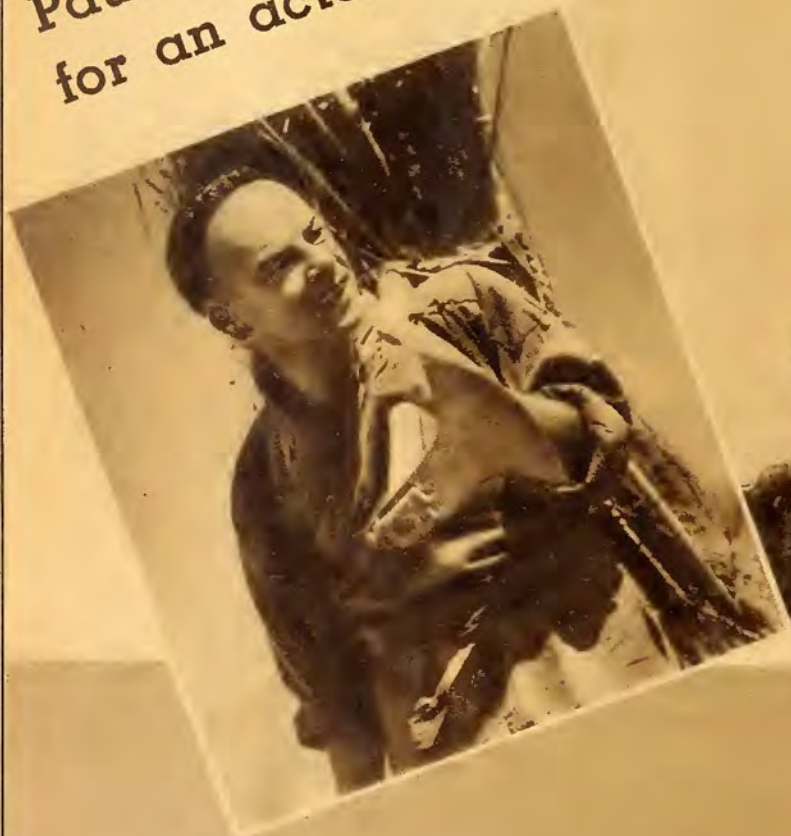
SUCH STATEMENTS AS: "To the devil with this profession. I want to be a musician. Composing is the thing that gives me the greatest thrill. Acting in pictures is a gamble. I'll take it; I am taking it now, but I take it with my eyes open. I know everything depends on the breaks I get. The parts. If they give me good parts, I'll be good in them; if they give me bad ones, I haven't a chance. I want something to fall back on. My music is going to be that something. I have just written a song for Nino Martini. I have six more songs which have already attracted offers from publishers. I also have a book of poems to finish to complete the collection and then it will be published, too. These are the things that are important to me. As a writer and composer I can

grow and grow. As an actress I can only grow if, and when, producers let me!"

AGAIN, TO further amaze and baffle one she says, "I don't kid myself. I haven't any real friends. There isn't a soul in this town, outside of my own family and Louis Hayward (who at this moment happens to think that he adores me), who would lift a finger to help me. I know that. I also know that it's quite possible that I'm not liked around here. As a matter of fact, I have made it a point to find out what people say and think about me. They don't know anything about me really, because I stick so close to home, because I'm by myself so much, so they make up lovely fantastic lies. I hear that I am a sex-appealist de luxe, that men are my meat, that I'm wild as a native from Fiji. It's all a lie; there's nothing to it. Half the nights I spend working at the piano, sometimes with Harry Mann, who is doing my arrangements, most often alone. But the light burns on up here in my house on the hill, so they figure it must be burning at both ends. If the reputation of an actress rests on such little things, then I say it's not worth while being an actress. There's too little inner (Continued on page 88)

Afraid TO BE HIMSELF

Paul Muni finds it hard to follow Hollywood's pattern for an actor's life, for it doesn't seem to fit him at all



WE'RE ALL cowards in Hollywood," Paul Muni told me. "We're afraid to be ourselves, afraid that we will be called temperamental, 'high hat,' difficult. We follow the Hollywood pattern because we haven't the courage to do otherwise.

"For instance, yesterday we were filming one of the most important scenes in the picture. Naturally, I was very anxious to do the scene well. I was sitting quietly in a corner, studying, when several important visitors came on the set. Under different circumstances I should have been very happy to meet them but, at that moment,

the scene was all-important to me.

"If I had done as I wanted to do, as I should have done for the good of the picture, I would have refused to talk to them, would have continued with my work. But, had I done that, you know what the result would have been. Eyes would have stared at me in disgusted surprise. Voices, dozens of voices, would have spread the news that Muni was getting temperamental, going 'high hat,' becoming difficult.

"Only one person in all Hollywood has the courage to be herself, to do as she thinks best for her own good and for the good of her pictures. That person is Greta Garbo. I envy her moral stamina. I wish that I had one-tenth of it. I try to live my life as much as possible in the way I wish to live it, but I haven't the courage to



Muni has been called "high hat" because he seeks seclusion so that he can conserve his energies for the fine characterizations he gives the screen. The parade of pictures above, shows you how completely he has become Wang in "The Good Earth." Luise Rainer and Muni in a tragic moment, above right. Paul studied the Chinese for months in order to look and act like them.

By Eleanor Packer



do it as completely as I would like to do it." We were sitting on canvas camp chairs, Paul Muni and I, in a rolling field of young wheat. On all sides we were surrounded by shabby, slant-eyed Chinamen, thatched huts, nondescript dogs, patient water buffalo, cameras, microphones and thoroughly American technicians who yelled at each other through an intricate loud speaker system which reached to the farthest California hill, terraced in Chinese fashion and dotted with crude, unfamiliar shrines.

It was a slice of China brought to the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood, for the making of "The Good Earth." The slim, young Chinaman on the opposite chair looked at me with dark eyes which belonged to Wang, Pearl Buck's struggling young farmer, and also to

"Louis Pasteur" and to the "Fugitive from a Chain Gang" and to Paul Muni, himself.

I had been a little worried about my meeting with Muni. I had heard so many stories about his elusiveness, his detachment from the Hollywood scene, his hermit-like silence. But he surprised me. Instead of the silent, taciturn man whom I had expected, I found a young, talkative and quietly enthusiastic person, dressed in the soiled and worn garments of a poverty-stricken Chinaman.

"I try to be selfish—deliberately, consciously selfish," he said. "The stories you have heard about me are partly true. Only, I haven't the courage to carry my selfishness, if you can call it that, to the final completeness. I know that you must be selfish to be (Continued on page 85)

Here's Simone Simon, a



INTO THE exquisitely modelled five feet three, one hundred and fourteen pounds which is Simone Simon every strand of life has been twisted into one bright, confusing skein, so that temper and sweetness, tantrum and melting tolerance, cruelty and charity, bitterness and appeal alternate in rapid and confusion-making succession.

You think that you have a pretty petulant child on your hands and that all you need do is produce a lollipop and all will be well. And then, just as you are in the act of producing the lollipop, you meet the eyes of a wise and worldly woman—eyes which are cynical and perceptive and more than a little mocking. And no sooner have you tried to adjust yourself to this somewhat disconcerting *mondaine* than peals of outrageous laughter will startle you into the conviction that you are talking to a gay, mischievous young girl, who finds life and you, and mostly herself, deliriously amusing.

You assume, knowing something of her birth and upbringing, that she has spent her young life moving with millionaires, magnates and royalty, leaving their scalps on her slender belts. But then she says, almost harshly and with stark simplicity, "I didn't know any young people at home—abroad. First I am too young. And then I am too

Mlle. Simon's ability to steal scenes is trumped only by her flair for creating them. But since her triumph in "Girls' Dormitory," any dido is forgiven. Below with Herbert Marshall in a scene from the picture.



small imported tornado!

hard-working." So you do another mental revision and come up for air yet again.

You assume that she is a pampered young Continental of laces and pearls, facials and beauty patches until she holds up small but totally unmanicured hands and says, "I hate to fuss with me. I can use my hands. I detest the beauty parlors. I would not have the facials and those inquisition things they call the permanent waves—when they are not permanent at all," laughed Simone. When she laughs she really laughs—not a giggle—not one laugh but peals of laughter ringing out like bells.

She was known as one of the best-dressed women in Europe. She arrived in America with twenty trunks crammed to the lids with exclusive models and the latest chapeaux from Paris. She says, with impatience, "I don't know why. I felt like buying them at the moment.

CHILD OF DESTINY

By Faith Service

So I buy them."

She never wears slacks around town or around the studio. She never wears sweaters, shorts or play suits. She is forever putting on gloves. Was it Beau Brummel who said that a woman should always wear gloves because when a woman takes off her gloves, she divests herself of half her charm? If he didn't, he probably wishes he had. Simone seldom divests herself of her gloves.

Her name, by the way, is pronounced Sea-moan Sea-Moan. It is her real name. Her mother liked the name Simone and thought she might as well use it twice. Why not? She knew of no other name she liked better.

SHE was born in Marseilles, that cross-roads where all the world meets in riotous color and adventure. Perhaps it was in Marseilles that the small Simone was laced with all the multi-colored strands which weave her wiles now.



Simone can be an angel but she gets perverse glee in being the opposite. But, 'tis said, that on the set of "Ladies in Love" great courtesy was rife among the leads, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett and Simone.

From Marseilles, Simone sailed with her mother to Madagascar. And with only one eye on her school books, she absorbed with the other the teeming tropical life, the myriad races meeting and mingling. Perhaps it was Madagascar that bequeathed to Simone her legacy of many and multi-colored moods.

And then later in Budapest, in Paris, in Berlin, in Turin—in a dozen different cities and in a dozen different schools, the small Simone applied to her own exquisitely fashioned young person a delicate veneer of sophistication which made of her, at sixteen, a woman of the world with wiles at her finger-tips and wisdom in her sapphire blue eyes.

I talked with her after she had made some portraits and stills in the gallery at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio. She sang snatches of songs very loudly, and hilariously between the clicks of the camera. She jested with the photographer. She struck ridiculous attitudes, which were like daring French posters only more so. She told another actress, who had come into the studio on some errand to "walk away from here and sit over there, please." I had been told that I might find her "difficult," that she might walk out on me, lay me low if I asked her stupid questions. Maybe it was my good fortune that I talked to her after the preview of "Girls' Dormitory" and not before; that I talked to her during the making of "Ladies in Love," which a wise little birdie tells me she is "stealing" even as she stole "Girls' Dormitory" and gambolled off with it. She looked, that day, like the kitten that has eaten the canary. She looked as though she had "stolen" something and was a rascally Raffles who loved it. She was brashly proud and unashamed of her pride. She called to me, "I am of a good disposition today. My nature feels good. I am so (Continued on page 76)

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION



Don't think for a moment that these beautiful girls, Olivia de Havilland, above, and Simone Simon, below, don't realize that they won't be slim forever. What precautions are they taking?



Some do's and don'ts to keep you thin if you've attained slimness, and hints for you who find the pounds sneaking up in spite of everything you do to stop them

By Mary
Marshall



Who wouldn't give her right arm for a figure like Anita Louise's? It's no cinch keeping it either.



Little Jean Parker's grace and poise is something for which to strive.

THEY SAY it's worth a pound of cure—which last is our text for next month, in case things have reached such a pass in your life that an ounce of prevention won't do you any good. That doesn't let you off reading this article, however, for there are a couple of hints here which will—I hope—be of benefit to you.

I made no bones about the fact that this article is to be concerned chiefly with the debutantes—the young girls whose figures and faces are good, fair, or simply swell. And with the young girls, also, whose figures and faces may not be good at all, but where the fault comes not through self-indulgence and neglect, but through difficulty in overcoming adolescent troubles.

First, the young miss with the pretty good or darn good appearance. To her, life is rosy indeed and she looks with superiority and pity on other poor mortals who must diet and exercise and deny themselves this and that. Thank goodness, thinks she, I need not do such penance. If she'll deign to listen, I'd like to give her some advice. Like this: keep your figure as lovely as it is, sister. Keep your complexion and the fine, clean contour of your face. Give thought for the morrow.

When I was a young thing, I envied tremendously two or three girls of my age and acquaintance who could, apparently, eat as much as and whatever they pleased and never gain an ounce or suffer in any other way. I had to watch my diet and I thought it pretty mean that

these others could tuck away untold sundaes and confectioner's magoo and never divulge a bulge. At the present writing, two of these belles are very portly indeed. The other is nibbling cautiously at carrots and lettuce in an effort not to get any more portly. And am I leffing! These three belles, you see, passed from girlhood to womanhood; they married and gave up the peppy activities of youth for a more settled existence; and having indulged themselves all their lives, it was almost too hard to stop.

Just look through any family album if you wish proof. That can't be Aunt Agatha—that slim little thing! Indeed, it's none other than Agatha, before Nature slipped up with twenty-five pounds in hand and said, "Aggie, these belong to you. I've been saving them up all these years." And so on and on.

Could you find four better looking young people than those you see on these two pages? Anita Louise, so fragile looking and ethereal. Olivia de Havilland, vivid and luscious. Jean Parker, with her gypsy grace. And the little newcomer, Simone Simon, who, after a bad start in Hollywood has now crashed through with a fine performance in "Girls' Dormitory" and whose young-girl charm is delighting everybody.

Don't think for a moment that *this* beauteous quartette gives no thought for the morrow. They know, and their studios know, and their wise (*Continued on page 98*)



Frances Farmer



Faric Knowles

YOU'LL BE SEEIN' US!

Six bright young people
who soon will step into
stardom's dazzling
spotlight



Doris Dudley



Eleanore Whitney



Jimmy Ellison



Douglas Walton

Here's a crew of Hollywood youngsters to keep your eye on! They're the younger bloods of the screen who are distinguishing themselves in the smaller roles given them in big pictures. Soon they will outgrow supporting parts to move on to featured ones—and then on to that glittering estate called stardom! Look them over from left to right, top row.

First, Frances Farmer, who made a hit in Bing Crosby's "Rhythm on the Range," will soon be seen in "Come and Get It." Next, dashing Patric Knowles, Errol Flynn's good pal, who plays with him in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Eleanore Whitney, that young whirlwind of tap, showed great promise in "Three Cheers for Love" and probably will trump that performance in "College Holiday." Then there's Jimmy Ellison, who has made his own fan following through his acting in the "Hop Along Cassidy" pictures. The newest of this series is "Heart of the West."

And right, Douglas Walton achieved a difficult feat recently and came off with flying colors. He made his role of Lord Darnley in "Mary of Scotland" so vivid that he registered in that great line-up of big stars. And, although Doris Dudley's first picture is yet to be seen, Hepburn's "Portrait of a Rebel," her previous stage experience makes her another star-in-the-making. She looks a little like Katie, too, doesn't she?

Below left, rich black velvet combined with real lace for a dinner gown of old-fashioned charm. And right, Gertrude switches to a Russian mood for daytime—green jersey suit with black Persian lamb trimming.



Don't try

SEVERAL YEARS ago Hollywood's fashion crown sat upon the heads of one or two stars who were famous for their knack of wearing dazzling clothes. They were gals who dared to try out the newest and dizziest fads—often even originated some of their own. They spent fortunes every year in an attempt to out-dress any other star in town. Gloria Swanson was one of these and she earned



Left, Gertrude likes red for evening so she selects an American Beauty shade for this attractive taffeta evening ensemble. A tunic coat tops a simple evening gown.

Above, a stunning afternoon suit with tunic jacket of black quilted wool crepe over a plain wool skirt and white satin blouse.

Gertrude Michael's chic is conservative rather than too obvious and spectacular

By Adelia Bird

to be a Clothes Horse!

her title of "clothes horse" because of the spectacular costumes she wore both on and off the screen. Lilyan Tashman was undisputed owner of "Hollywood's best-dressed woman" title up to the time of her death. And strangely, although there have been designers to step forth and name other stars as "best-dressed," there never was another who held the title as uniquely as did Lil Tashman.

Today, the whole Hollywood viewpoint on clothes is quite different. The stars who are pointed out for their chic are, on a whole, women who dress conservatively rather than spectacularly. And most of them shun the "clothes horse" stamp. Of course, Hepburn, Garbo and Margaret Sullivan go to the other extreme by professing a complete indifference to anything that looks like a smart



Left, again the Russian influence in the Michael wardrobe. This time it's a wine red wool coat with collar and side opening edged with Persian lamb. The cartridge belt idea is lifted from a Cossack's uniform. Russian turban of the coat cloth and lamb.

Gertrude's favorite sports suit is the one below. It's blue tweed with three-quarter length jacket and matching skirt. Her beret is navy blue stitched wool to match her blouse. That narrow gold chain is her pet piece of jewelry and about the only one she wears.

costume—but probably of the three, Garbo is the only one who is really sincere about it.

Just think over some of the stars today who have a reputation for off-screen smartness—Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard and many others—all of them are almost uniformly tailored by day, leaving any flights of fashion to their few formal evening appearances. Of this group, Carole Lombard probably is the most clothes conscious.

MARLENE DIETRICH, of course, is in a class by herself because she makes a definite attempt to be an individualist in her dressing. She comes closest to the Tashman type because she loves to startle her audience by what she wears. She uses her clothes as a publicity getter—and what's more it works. Marlene is the 1936 version of the Hollywood clothes horse. And although you may envy her flair for lavish and stunning clothes, she doesn't make a very practical pattern by which to gauge your own shopping. It's fun to have a big wardrobe and to have it arresting but most of us can't afford to be just clothes horses. And it is far smarter to have your clothes subtly emphasize your personality than to have them dominate it! Don't you agree with me? Gertrude Michael does.

Right out of the same studio as the dazzling Marlene, Gertrude's brand of chic couldn't be more different, more down to earth. Yet, she stands (*Continued on page 83*)



Anne Rockefeller



Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—Anne C. Rockefeller

Add to the joy of good digestion by Smoking Camels

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

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...and her
famous
"Little
Dinners"

MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure...the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée...a pause for a Camel...followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee...with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia	Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston	Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles	
Mrs. Chiswell Dahney Langhorne, Virginia	
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York	Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, III, Baltimore
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York	Miss Lucy Saunders, New York
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York	

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM
FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND
DOMESTIC...THAN ANY
OTHER POPULAR BRAND.



FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS



Smart new hot-dish pad of satin-finish aluminum YOURS FOR 10¢ and one (1) label from Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the Magic Milk

Act at once—this offer good for a limited time only!

HERE'S a hot-dish pad to protect your table. So good-looking, so modern, you can be proud to use it at your nicest parties!

It's in soft-lustre, satin-finish aluminum, on a thick felt base. Durable. Something you've always wanted—at a bargain!

So don't delay. Buy a can of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the magic milk—and send the label and 10c to ad-

dress at lower right. Use coupon for convenience. You'll want several!

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with Eagle Brand, the magic milk which turns difficult cooking into easy tricks! Imagine changing plain bread into delicious cakes! Think of getting gorgeous chocolate frosting every time! in only 5 minutes!



FREE COOKBOOK OF MAGIC, TOO. With hot-dish pad, you get "Magic Recipes," a whole cookbook of cookies, pies, puddings, candies, frostings, salad dressings, ice creams.

Money-back Guarantee—To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the smart hot-dish pad of satin-finish aluminum, we make this guarantee: If within two weeks after buying this hot-dish pad, you are not *entirely satisfied*, you may return the hot-dish pad to us and we will refund you the full 10¢ you paid for it. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please note: Any Eagle Brand label—either the one shown here or the one with wide red bands—is acceptable in this offer.

ACT AT ONCE!

Your order not good unless postmarked before midnight, Dec. 31, 1936.



The Borden Company,
Dept. MM-116
P. O. Box 60,
Varick St. Station,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is one (1)
Eagle Brand label and
10¢ (in coin), for which

please send me the satin-finish aluminum hot-dish pad with money-back guarantee as specified in your advertisement. Also please send free Magic cookbook.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send one (1) Eagle Brand label and 10¢ to The Borden Company, Ltd., Yardley House, Toronto, Ont.



Made in 5 minutes! Fool-proof!

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boiling water 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

Change bread to cake!

MAGIC COCONUT STRIPS

Slice day-old white bread, ¾ inch thick. Trim off crusts. Cut into strips ¾ inch by 2 inches long.

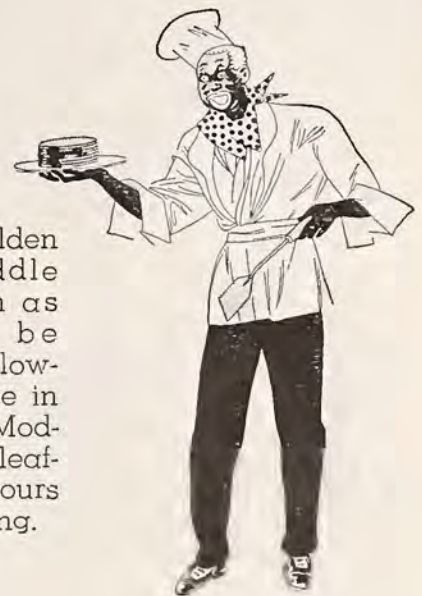
Spread strips on all sides with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, covering well. Then roll in dry shredded coconut, broken fine. Brown under broiler at low heat, or toast on fork over coals. It'll taste like Angel Food Cake, coconut-frosted.

BY POPULAR DEMAND



Courtesy General Foods

Delicious, golden brown Griddle Cakes such as these can be made by following the recipe in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet, which is yours for the asking.



IF I WERE to tell you that Bob Brough likes hot breads for breakfast, lunch and dinner, probably the only answer that you would make to that remark would be "So what?" unless, of course, you happened to know that this very Mr. Brough is none other than Robert Taylor! And then? Well, come now, gals, confess that *that* would be entirely different!

When I tell you that you can get recipes for some of his hot bread favorites—absolutely free—just by sending in the coupon at the end of this article, it ought to please a good many of you more than any other recipes we could possibly offer. We seem to be besieged, these days, with requests for news and still more news about this newest "find" whose present record of 5,000 fan letters a week has amazed everybody—the young man in question perhaps most of all!

The fact that Bob, as a boy, was a champion doughnut eater, that he consumed his own weight in Griddle Cakes during his youth and that to this day he insists that no chicken dinner is complete without plenty of rich, flaky biscuits, becomes a subject of real interest to us all. In fact, anything concerning this new star is news.

Yet, only a little over two years ago a certain dark-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, with a tennis racquet probably swinging at his side, could stroll across the campus of Pomona College without causing any particular commotion.

But nowadays his every public appearance is the

signal for a riot, which reached an all-time high on a recent visit to New York when it required fifteen patrolman to keep him from being mobbed!

What does handsome Mr. Taylor think of all this? Well, to paraphrase a famous saying, his attitude seems to be, "If this be Fame, make the most of it!" With certain reservations, perhaps, he seems to be enjoying it hugely, while with no reservations he thinks many aspects of his present prominence are pretty funny.

"What, another interview on the things I like to eat!" Bob remarked, with (Continued on page 74)

Bob Taylor's food preferences will be enlightening to all you girls.



By Marjorie Deen

Your beau may be tired of your raves about Mr. Taylor, but he'll want helpings of Bob's favorite hot breads

Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

They intensify natural coloring... yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.



Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.



Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme form. Both contain the Tangee Color Change Principle.



And because Tangee Face Powder blends naturally with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher... with never a trace of that powdery look.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and \$1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM116
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Cheek Shade: ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel.

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Stars' Studio Addresses

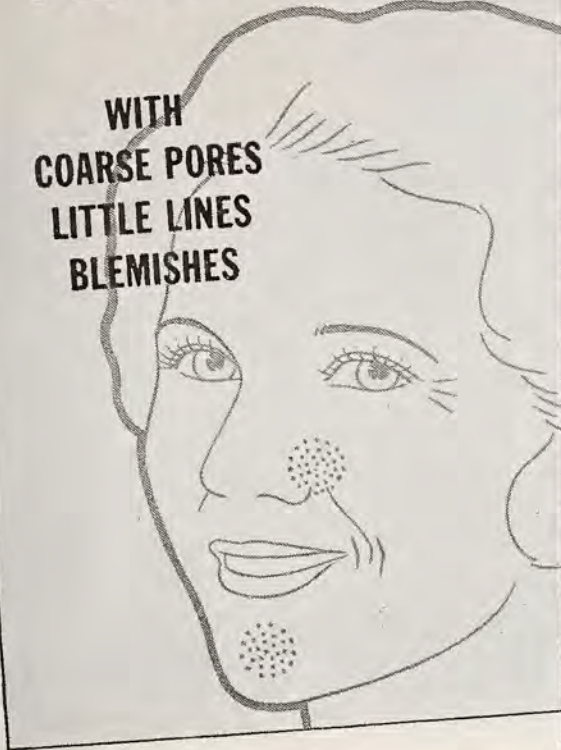
(Continued from page 33)

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPHEN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: Walter Wanger.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO Radio.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: Paramount.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Columbia.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GEORGE, GLADYS: Paramount.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAM, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: United Artists.
GRAY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P., JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Paramount.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENNEDY, EDGAR: Universal.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAHR, BERT: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: M-G-M.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: M-G-M.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LIDGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORING, MICHAEL: Universal.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOSCH, TILLIE: United Artists.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: M-G-M.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
LUKE, KEYE: 20th Century-Fox.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: United Artists.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
MACDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MACLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MACMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MACMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century-Fox.
MARGO: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
MCCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
MCCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MCFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
MCGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
MCHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
MCKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
MCLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Paramount.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: RKO-Radio.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Paramount.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: Walter Wanger.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.

(Continued on page 72)

YOUR FACE IS
"YEARS OLDER"

WITH
COARSE PORES
LITTLE LINES
BLEMISHES



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface,

but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

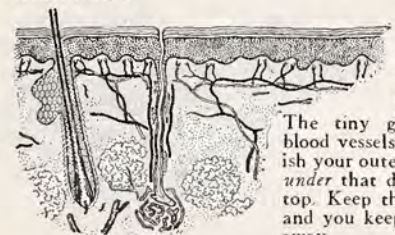
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream

briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing ... and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging
faults
start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

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

POND'S, Dept. L 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 _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream
keeps my skin soft
and clear—smooths
out little lines."



HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH (\$1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.



● **Lashtint Compact.** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, ensuring just the right consistency to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Water-proof. In black, brown or blue. \$1.



● **Kurlene.** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, \$1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and \$1 sizes.



● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

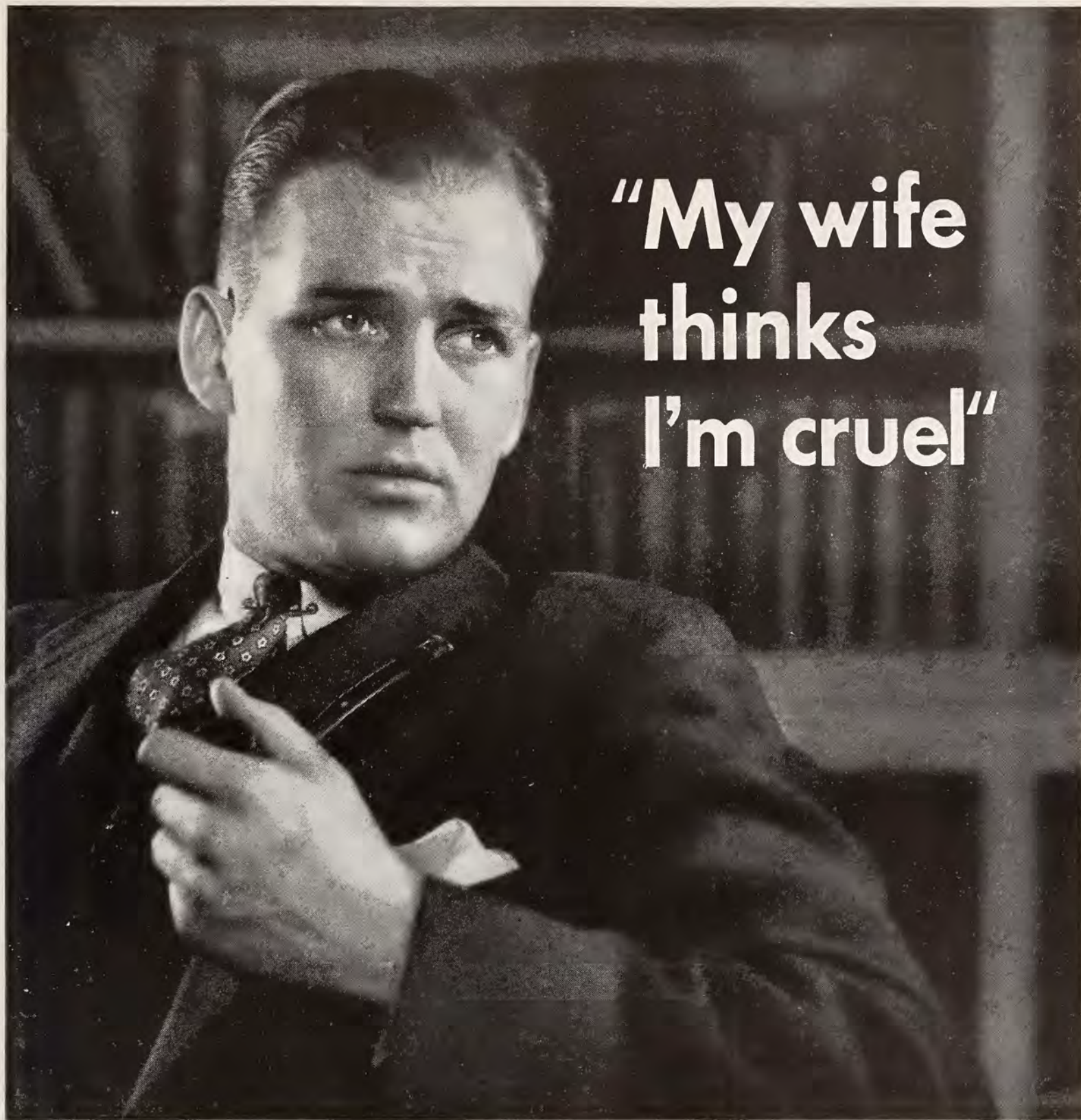
Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MM11, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.



The Harold Lloyds (extreme left and right) helped Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald celebrate their engagement. Gene and Jeanette are the lovey-doviest pair in all Hollywood.

PRESTON, ANN: RKO-Radio.
 PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
 QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
 QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
 QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
 RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
 RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
 RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
 RALPH, JESSIE: M-G-M.
 RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
 RATHBONE, BASIL: M-G-M.
 RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
 RAY, LEAH: 20th Century-Fox.
 RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
 REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
 REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
 RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
 RICE, FLORENCE: M-G-M.
 RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
 ROBERTI, LYDA: M-G-M.
 ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
 ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
 ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
 ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
 ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
 ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
 ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
 ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
 ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
 ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
 ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
 ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
 RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
 RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
 RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
 SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
 SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
 SCHUMANN-HEINK, MME. ERNESTINE: M-G-M.
 SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
 SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
 SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
 SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
 SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
 SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
 SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
 SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
 SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
 SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
 SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Walter Wanger.
 SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
 SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
 SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
 SLEEPER, MARTHA: Universal.
 SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
 SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
 SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
 SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
 STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
 STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
 STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
 STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
 STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
 STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
 STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
 STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
 STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
 STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
 STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
 STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.

STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
 STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
 STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
 SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
 SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
 SWARTHOOT, GLADYS: Paramount.
 TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
 TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
 TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
 TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
 TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
 TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
 THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
 THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
 TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
 TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
 TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
 TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
 TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
 TRACY, LEE: Universal.
 TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
 TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
 TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
 TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
 TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
 TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
 TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
 VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
 VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
 VENABLE, EVELYN: 20th Century-Fox.
 VINSON, HELEN: Gaumont-British.
 WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
 WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
 WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
 WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
 WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
 WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
 WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
 WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
 WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
 WEST, MAE: Paramount.
 WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
 WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
 WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
 WHITE, ALICE: Gaumont-British.
 WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
 WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
 WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
 WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
 WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
 WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
 WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
 WING, PAT: Paramount.
 WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
 WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
 WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
 WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
 WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
 WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
 WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
 WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
 WYATT, JANE: Universal.
 YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
 YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
 YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
 YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.



"My wife
thinks
I'm cruel"

"I adored the exquisite girl I married—And then—I saw her change after marriage...grow careless, neglect her daintiness, *actually offend* anyone who came near her. How could she?"

"Perhaps other men can speak out, but I can't. I've retreated into a shell of reserve which she resents, thinks cruel.

"If someone could only speak for me—I know we'd recapture that first glorious happiness."

AVOID OFFENDING—Even those dear to us hesitate to speak of an offense that robs a woman of all her glamour . . . perspiration odor from underthings. We don't notice it ourselves so—*never* take chances. Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Lux removes odor and protects colors.

Don't risk ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may fade and injure fabrics. Lux has *no* harmful alkali! Safe in water, safe in Lux!

DAINTY WOMEN LUX UNDERTHINGS AFTER EVERY WEARING



By Popular Demand

(Continued from page 69)



"The Queen Has a Most Excellent Taste for Tea"

SOME gracious Victorian lady may well have ventured such an opinion, for it was known that England's great Queen Victoria had had her private tea blended specially to her taste by the famous tea house of the time—Ridgways (Est. 1836).

Since 1900 all the world has been able to taste and enjoy Queen Victoria's private tea—now known as Ridgways "Her Majesty's Blend".

For 100 years Ridgways have been the world's Foremost Quality Teas. Today Ridgways offers teas for almost every taste and purse. The experience of 100 years, in selecting and blending fine teas, assures the deliciousness and quality of the Ridgways Tea you may choose—

Ridgways Gold Label—100% Orange Pekoe

Ridgways "Her Majesty's Blend" (or "H.M.B.")

Ridgways 5 O'Clock—delicious Ceylon Darjeeling

Ridgways Orange Label—now in a generous 10c size

Ridgways Teas

PRaised THE WORLD OVER FOR THEIR FLAVOR
1836 — RIDGWAYS ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR — 1936

a mock serious expression and a twinkle in his eyes, when I went to see him recently. "First you want to know what meats I like and then, not satisfied with that seemingly unimportant bit of information, just a short time later you want me to talk further on the food subject. Is there no satisfying your curiosity on my eating habits?" he inquired, laughing.

But, as I explained to him, it was some time back when I had spoken to him and since then he has made millions of new friends through the excellence of his work in "Private Number," "His Brother's Wife," and "The Gorgeous Hussy."

YOU see how it is," I said to my amused "victim," almost apologetically, although determination was apparent in my very attitude as I took out my notebook and tapped it with the sharpest of pencils, "I'm only a culinary reporter, and it is my sole duty to interview you on your favorite foods and on no other subject. I did not come to ask you what books you have in the library of your new home—no, I'm the gal who wants to know about the kitchen and the dining room. I'm not even supposed to ask you to give me the lowdown on how it feels to find yourself starring in a picture with Greta Garbo after but two short years in Hollywood. Yes, I'm just a cook!"

At which Bob, who has the keenest sense of humor imaginable, threw back his head, laughed and answered all my questions, ending up with the helpful suggestion that I probably would be able to get several swell recipes for his favorite hot breads from his colored cook.

"After all, he's the one who knows what I like to eat and how these foods are prepared," Bob said. "In my opinion, colored people are among the best cooks in the world and I'd match my man's cooking with anyone's. Get him to tell you how he makes biscuits—they fairly melt in your mouth. And his announcement, 'Mistuh Taylor there is Griddle Cakes for breakfast,' makes getting up for even the earliest of picture assignments lose its terror. I advise you to ask for that recipe, too.

"I don't think the doughnuts he makes are quite as good as the ones made expressly for me once by a dear little lady back home in Nebraska. But they'll do—especially when they're rolled in cinnamon and sugar and served with a cup of really good steaming coffee. And his Corn Fritters can't be beat! I've watched him make them when I've been expecting my mother and some friends for a real Southern style supper. Why, his pride in these fritters is equalled only by mine if I place a fast shot into the far corner of the tennis court when my opponent's up at the net. And that reminds me. . . ." and Bob's longing glance out the window told me more clearly than words that he was hoping to have time for a game on this all-too-rare "day off." So I quickly brought the interview to a close, but not before getting Bob's permission to ask the presiding genius of his kitchen for the recipes he uses when making "Mistuh Taylor's" favorite hot breads.

As a result, I'm pretty proud of the recipes I am able to pass on to you. Golden brown biscuits that not only "melt in your mouth," as Bob said, when served with plenty of butter, but also make a marvelous topping for chicken and meat pies in general. Doughnuts that might be

bettered "in Nebraska," but personally I'm from Missouri! Griddle Cakes that, because of a simple little secret, are miracles of lightness—an attribute not always associated, alas, with these breakfast favorites. And then there are those Southern Corn Fritters. We mustn't forget about those, must we? For they can be served with almost any meal and will make a distinct hit with every man who tastes them.

Yes, there's no denying that all men like those foods that come under the rather elastic heading of "hot breads." Indeed, you'll discover that they will even overlook possible shortcomings in a meal if some sort of fresh-from-the-oven bread makes its appearance on the table. Nor are children far behind them in their liking for this type of home-made treat, although considerable restraint is advisable in serving pancakes and doughnuts to the smaller fry.

Of course, there are many other hot breads besides those mentioned by Bob which also deserve consideration. Graham Muffins, for instance, for which you will find a splendid recipe at the end of this article—just above the coupon which brings the Taylor recipes to you. These muffins may be varied by adding blueberries in season. Or raisins may be folded into the batter, using a half cup or more of the seedless variety. Dates also, sprinkled with a little flour and chopped fine, make a pleasing variant, and you can add chopped nuts if you wish to be even dressier.

The raisin and date idea also may be used with the Taylor biscuits in the leaflet, although they are so good plain that it does seem a bit like gilding the lily. However, I do favor adding a California touch to these biscuits if you intend serving them for afternoon tea. This is the way it's done in Hollywood.

After the biscuit dough has been made (by following Bob's cook's directions) cut out your biscuits with a very small-size cutter. Place biscuits on lightly greased baking sheet at least half an inch apart. Press into the direct centre of each biscuit a half tablet of sugar which has been dipped in orange juice. Bake as per directions given in the recipe. The melted, orange-flavored tablet gives a new and distinctive touch to an already worthy favorite. A little grated orange rind added to the dough is also recommended. Be sure to cut out or copy the above directions so that, when you get the recipes in return for sending in your coupon, you will also know how to go about making this special tea-time version.

With all these hot bread favorites of Bob's, however, you will probably serve coffee rather than tea most of the time—especially with the Griddle Cakes and doughnuts, which practically demand this particular beverage as an accompaniment. But when it comes to coffee I agree with Bob Taylor that it must be good coffee and should be served steaming hot. The question in my mind is not one of whether you have cream with your coffee, or serve it black, or with condensed or evaporated milk, or with my favorite half-and-half (half cream, half evaporated milk, an idea that is both economical and deceptive). The important thing lies in having the coffee fit to drink in the first place!

At least once a year, it seems, I make my impassioned plea in print for better coffee! Generally it's after having had a muddy and bitter cup of that brew in a

home where they really should know better! Yet the rules are so few and so simple to follow that I marvel that we do not have perfect coffee on every table. Have you ever really criticized your method and its results, by the way? Here then are a few simple pointers in my non-partisan campaign for better coffee, regardless of the brand and method employed.

The utensil you use, whether it's an old-fashioned coffee pot, drip type, percolator or a Silex type of coffee maker, must be so thoroughly clean that there isn't a trace of old coffee, soap, soda or any cleaning agent to be found. Always wash the coffee equipment in hot water right after it has been used. Drain well and allow to dry in the air and sunlight, if possible. An occasional boiling with soda and water will also help to keep the equipment clean and sweet.

ALWAYS serve coffee as soon as possible after it has been prepared. If it must stand then keep the pot over very low heat so that the coffee, once it's made, never reaches the boiling point. Nor should you let it get cold and then reheat it. Always use clear, fresh water, of course. And if you are using the drip method be sure to pour the water on the grounds as soon as it comes to a full boil.

If you prefer a caffeine-free coffee (especially late at night, as many do) be particularly careful how you make it, for people are apt to be more critical of a caffeine-free coffee, though often pleased and delighted with the results if the right methods and generous amounts of the coffee are used.

So brew yourself a copious amount of the sort of coffee you are sure to enjoy and all men are certain to praise. Serve with one of the special Bob Taylor hot bread favorites included in this month's leaflet. And here is the promised muffin recipe.

GRAHAM MUFFINS

- ¼ cup butter or other fat
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup graham flour
- 1 cup white flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup milk

Cream butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add well beaten egg. Combine the two flours with baking powder and salt. Sift together and add to first mixture alternately with the milk. Bake in greased muffin pan in hot oven (400° F.) for 25 minutes, or until done.

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

Please send me a free leaflet containing Robert Taylor's favorite hot bread recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

(Please Print)



Mothers! A delicious quick meal packed full of nourishment —and it costs less than 3¢ a portion

THEY'RE growing fast, playing hard — those lively, lovable youngsters of yours. They're burning up energy all day long. They need good, hearty, satisfying food and plenty of it!

Give them Franco-American Spaghetti often. It's rich in vital food elements. It supplies, at low cost, body-building proteins—energy-giving carbohydrates—valuable vitamins in its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce. Children love it and it's so easy for you to prepare. No cooking or fussing. Just heat and bring to the table.

The whole family will enjoy Franco-American. Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce, containing eleven different ingredients, makes it taste different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. "It's far better than I could make," women tell us. And costs *less!*

A can is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't buy uncooked spaghetti and all your ingredients and prepare it yourself for so little. Order Franco-American Spaghetti from your grocer today.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI



THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Child of Destiny

(Continued from page 59)

happy about my picture."

When she finally alit beside me I asked her whether she thinks she is like her screen personality—really. And she said, laughing again, "At some times but not all the time. Some of the times in that picture I feel ashamed when I see myself, when I felt naked. Other times—yes, I say, that is me."

"I am, you see, a 'Child of Destiny.' I cannot help what happens to me. I can do nothing about it. I never have done anything about it. I have never worked for what has come to me. I have never made a plan in all my life. I have never said what I hope to do or want to do. I know that I have nothing to say about me—and that is good. I don't care," and Simone, clad in a man's heavy maroon dressing gown, many sizes too large for her, and wearing a man's leather lounging slippers, flopped back on the divan we were sharing and laughed. Lest you be confounded, this is one of the costumes in which you will see her in "Ladies in Love"—in which the small novice in Hollywood is pitting herself against the established stardoms of Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Constance Bennett. And which doesn't, obviously, hamper Simone. She wouldn't care. She keeps to herself on the set. She is seldom in any of the informal set pictures made. She spends the time, between her own scenes, watching the others work—very quietly or as "very quietly" as Simone can ever be. She has no personal maid in the studio. She takes care of herself, totes her own make-up box around, touches up her own make-up when necessary, eats her luncheon alone in her dressing-room, singing to herself most of the time.

SURE," Simone was saying, "I believe in fate. Here today and tomorrow, pouf, I am gone! And no matter what I do today will not affect tomorrow. So why do anything? I believe in astrologers, in palmists and in clairvoyants. I go to them many times. I believe in gypsies who cross my hand with silver—or do I cross theirs? I never thought, when a child, about what I would do when I grew up. I always knew that what I would be I would be and that there wasn't anything I could do about it. And so I did nothing."

"In Budapest someone told me I should become a sculptor because I make little funnies out of clay to make me laugh. So I get on the train and go to Paris. And study under a famous sculptor, a winner of the Prix de Rome. And he tell me no, no, not sculpture—drawing. I should take up drawing. So, I do. Someone suggest that I become a fashion designer. I think that might be fun to make pictures so that so many women dress better. But I begin to make charcoal drawings of my friends and they are so much fun I keep on."

"And then one day, in the year of 1931, I am having a mocha by myself on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix when a young Russian comes dashing to me like a Cossack in full pursuit. I can't think what he can want, not knowing him at all. His face seemed so wild. And then he tells me that he is Tourjansky, a refugee from Moscow, where he had been very big in the Art Theatre and then became one of the leading European directors. He looked at me there, through eyes he

had closed like slits, and people even crowded around to see what was the matter with us and then he sat down beside me and he said, 'Mademoiselle, to me you are beautiful!'

I THOUGHT, here is a madman. And I say as much. And then he tells me who he is and says that I am the perfect type for his next picture and that he has been looking for me. And that is what I mean," said Simone Simon, "he had been looking for me. I had not been looking for him. I had done nothing to bring about a meeting with this man, nothing but to sip mocha and to mind my own concern. And there he was. So, why not? I let him make a test for Adolphe Osso, the producer, and I get a contract and the role of pierrette in 'Chanteur Inconnu.'

"When I was a little child, I used to stand by myself making believe that I was doing roles I had seen done by famous stars of the Comedie Francaise. But I never thought to try to get them for myself. I knew that if they were for me to do they would be fitted onto me as a glove is fitted on my hand in a shop. Destiny gives me the little golden keys," laughed Simone, "and I am a good child and wait until I am given these gifts."

"And then someone give me another role and after that another. And then the third role I play is 'A Petite Chocolatiere' and it was directed by Marc Allegrot, who was the hand of Destiny that led me, after a little while, to Hollywood. He was the one to see that I am not at heart only the comedy ingenue I had been playing. He gave me more serious roles to do. He said, 'There is a richer side of your artistic nature, Simone.' He team me with Jean Pierre Aumont in 'Lac aux Dames', which is the screen play of Vicki Baum's 'Martin's Summer', and I have success. And then what you call a Hollywood scout saw me in that screen play and ask me to make a test. I make one. They give me a contract and I come to Hollywood, and I am glad I am here at the studio. I like the way they do things. I like the way they handle me and bring the things out in me."

"But before I come here I made two other pictures in France—'Les Yeux Noirs' and 'Les Beaux Jours.' And then they ask me to go on the stage, between times, and I make my debut under the direction of Arthur Willmetz of the Bouffes Parisiens Theatre—I play with Sacha Guitry in 'O Mon Bel Inconnu' and later they star me in 'Toi C'est Moi.'

ALL this is just the 'facts of me,' said Simone, feet tucked under the voluminous robe, flinging gold-brown hair back from her brow. "If it is dull, I tell you only because all of it is Destiny, every single thing I do, every step I take, every thing that has happened to me. I work hard when I have the work given to me to do. But I do not work to get the work, you see what I mean? You cannot force the hand of Fate. She deals to whom she pleases. You and I, we may as well be pleased with what she deals."

"Yes," I said. I was trying to figure this child-woman out to some satisfactory conclusion, so that I could tell you, definitely, what she is like. I can't. I don't know what she is like. She probably doesn't know herself. Someone had told me, "She is a cross between Lupe Velez

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and Clara Bow, as Clara was in the beginning." I don't agree. There is the same child of nature in her, yes. The child that is or was in Clara and in Lupe. But it is an older child, of an older civilization. And the patina of sophistication is more suavely laid. She is like Clara and Lupe mainly in that she does what she feels like doing, says what she feels like saying and let the devil take the hindmost.

She was telling me things about herself. She most admires Garbo on the screen. For, she said, "Garbo is the genius of the screen." And she added, "Among the men I like that Gary Cooper." Her eyes rolled in what should be a very Gary-gratifying fashion!

She has made some girl-friends in Hollywood—for the first time in her life. Not movie girls, just girls. She said, "I never had many girl-friends in Europe. Just one, maybe two to whom I could talk and confide my secrets. I always was more pleased with boy company. But I did not have even much of that. First I was too young and then I was too busy. I have never had many what you call dates, never have gone often to dancing places and cafes. I do not like to go now but if I did like to go I would not go and then talk about it as they do here in Hollywood. I cannot understand that. They will say 'Oh, that old Troc' or that old Biltmore or that old this place or that, 'how they bore me!'—and then they keep right on going. Why do they go if it bores them so? Or doesn't it bore them? And if it doesn't why do they say so? Why do people say things they do not mean about little things?" asked Simone Simon. How could I tell her who would have so little time for happy hypocrisies?

"I like to be alone," said Simone. "I make good company for myself, I play the piano and I sing. I am happy with blue things around me. I mean, I like blue dresses and a blue room and a blue car. When I came to Hollywood the first two things I buy are a blue car and a book of fairy tales."

"Fairy tales?" I murmured politely, at risk of being scorched by Simone.

"Fairy tales are simple and plainly told," explained Simone with heavy patience (for Simone who is not patient), "and they help me with my English."

"I can cook, too, and I can sew. French girls are taught these things. And I have my work. And now after the picture has been called a success I want to stay here always and forever. And until—"

"Until—?"

"Until, maybe, I fall in love and want to marry. Then I would give it all up, would give up my career for that. Yes, but I would. Because, you see, I know what love is. I know how it is when love is here," and Simone laid her small capable hand on her breast. "And I know how it is when love is gone. I have not had any romances, any of what you call the 'crushes.' No, not even any flirtations for more than an eyelash or a dance. But I have been in love. Yes, deeply in love. And I am glad that I know what love is because it gives you wealth inside."

"It gives you wealth inside. . . ." I think that is one of the loveliest, most poignant lines I have ever heard said about love, about which so very little that is new and fresh can be said.

Yes, it gives her wealth inside. Gay, sullen, amenable, rebellious, possible and impossible—coquetry and boredom and outrageousness, fatalism and capriciousness—all of the strands in that brilliantly hued, tangled skein are wound around the hidden, the warm deep heart of Simone Simon—with wealth inside.

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Warner Bros.' "Anthony Adverse" premiere was a gala one—stars in their best bibs and tuckers, etcetera. Left to right, here are Donald Woods and wife, and Robert Young with his wife.

Cagney Tells Jimmy's Story

(Continued from page 47)

all, he'll give confidences freely.

It was a warm day when we talked over his case in the living-room of a small suite in a moderate priced Manhattan hotel. He was registered there under another name. Jimmy was clad in a pair of brown plaid trousers, a clean white shirt opened at the neck without benefit of tie, a casual sort of tan wool coat and dark blue bedroom slippers. He didn't bother about socks—I mean on the feet!

He had just signed with the newly-formed Grand National Film Company for one feature picture. This followed the headline battle with his old company, in which executives and lawyers fought it out while Jimmy got more healthy and sunburned in a little New England coast town. His companion on this back-to-nature hideout had been Ed McNamara, the singing policeman of the New York force. Ed did the cooking and Jimmy was the dishwasher and he was crazy about it.

"What I've been looking for all my life, that place," he told me. "Gosh, I hope I can get back there soon."

"Jimmy," I said to him, "money, obviously, isn't important to you. Why this particular fight that kept you off the screen for months and must have cost you plenty? What did you really want?"

"Fewer and better pictures and something to say about my own stories," he answered.

Then he told me about the deal for his film with Grand National. So much money in the bank—and it's plenty for a production—so many clauses in which Jimmy has his say about the cast, scenario and director. All to the good. But I couldn't help suggesting:

"The best picture in the world can't make money until it's shown in a sufficient number of the right theatres. How about distribution?" And a few moments later, as if in answer, there was a telephone call from the head of one of the biggest theatre chains. He wanted to see Jimmy and, you can take it from me, it wasn't to buy him a cup of tea. Jimmy said, gleefully, when that particular telephone conversation was completed:

"I'm not worrying. My picture will be on the screens where it ought to be shown." Before we had finished the interview there was a second call—this time from the representative of another group of financial men—they'd like to be in on the financing of Cagney pictures. And, quite confidentially, there was also the meaningful suggestion from the executive of one of the major companies—not the one with which he had been affiliated—that, "When this is over," meaning the legal complications over his old contract, he's ready to talk contract terms with Cagney. It was quite a revelation, this particular nibble, what with the generally accepted idea on the Coast that producing corporations stick together. I imagine his old bosses would have been quite surprised at the source of this offer.

I couldn't help recalling some of the other big stars of former years who'd been bitten by the producing bug, to their own subsequent dismay, and detriment of their bank accounts. Nor could I ignore the possibility that Mr. Cagney might be too close to the Jimmy picture to truly gauge values for his own production.

"That's what I've got to find out," he answered. "I think I'm right, I think I know what's best for me. I can't go on

CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS. SEE PAGE 18.

just thinking it and be afraid to learn the truth. Needless to say, the lesson could be a very costly one in dollars to him, but I doubted whether, as far as the experience could affect his own principles, the toll would be as great as some people might imagine. If Hollywood ever fails Jimmy there are other roads to travel and you have the conviction, as you talk to him seriously about those things, that somehow or other Cagney will always eat. He doesn't need much money to buy what he wants out of life.

On the subject of Hollywood, Cagney harbors no illusions about what can happen to him and certainly he has no delusions about the people who inhabit, with him, that particular little world.

OUT there," he said, "it's such a small, closely-bound, one-idea community that people get crazy impressions of their own importance and a lot of the so-called big ones are over-rated. They'd be little fish in a big pond like New York, but in Hollywood they're whales in a mud-puddle. That can't last forever. It's easy for producers to spend stockholders' money and it's grand for the actors who get it on the payrolls to spend it just as fast—but money doesn't stay always in the same control, if it isn't bringing a fair return to the investors.

"And the stars—well, they amaze me. They'll struggle for years to get a break—they'll go hungry, they'll work and they'll be humble about their own talents, but let them once blink their eyes in the glare of their own names in electric lights and they'll devote more energy to playing the part of a celebrity, off the screen, than they give to the serious business of showing, before the cameras, why they should have been made stars in the first place. Acting in Hollywood is just a job that you can hold by giving it your best. You can't do it well if you're not sold on the tools you must use."

We talked about other stars and he said swell things about men who might be considered his rivals. There was a soft, considerate note when he mentioned the name of a has-been who found how slippery the Hollywood toboggan can be. "He's a gentleman—a grand fellow," Jimmy's voice was full of admiration. "He's always dressed carefully in the good clothes he bought years ago—but not a quarter in his pocket. You'd never know it. I like them when they can take it on the chin without crying out loud."

We talked about directors—this one was an ace, according to Jimmy; that one, another big-timer, he called a "phoney." "They'll find him out yet, not only does he give nothing to a picture he directs, but he drags it down." The megaphone wielder under discussion obviously would not be pleased.

One moment he sprawled lazily in a big arm chair, throwing out verbal bombshells into the humid air, apparently relaxed, except for the fire that shot from under his half-closed eyelids. The next second he was standing in the middle of the room, two feet far apart, that fighting look in his face. You waited expectantly for the grand explosion. But what he said with a sudden laugh was:

"Well, how about lunch?"

The waiter came and we studied the menu.

"I'd like soft-shell crabs," Jimmy remarked. "I go for them."

They weren't on the menu and the waiter told him so.

"I have a feeling you'll get them, Jimmy," I said.

And Mr. Cagney did have soft-shell crabs for his lunch. He didn't touch the baked potato or bread and there was no



● "Looka here — this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head—heck, we've each got six!... Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all — only cross. I know why—he's hot. No wonder—all that hair. Phooey! . . . he makes me hot, too!"



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dessert—just tea with lemon. Slight as he looks on the screen, Jimmy doesn't come by the slender lines naturally. He's from a family of stout men and he's in training 362 days in the year—exercises every morning and watches what he eats. He doesn't care at all about clothes; as long as the suit fits he'll wear it. He hates crowds, except when they're filling a theatre to watch one of his pictures, and he's satisfied with the few friends with whom he spends his leisure time in Hollywood—Bob Montgomery, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and Chester Morris are among his pals. He thinks Ronald Colman is swell on the screen—he admires his suave manner and poise. He hates fiction stories. He, whose film plots have been almost lurid in their melodrama, never reads them; his shelves are filled with biographies and histories. The Civil War is his favorite period and he eats up everything he can read about that era. He has a sneaking feeling that some day he'd like to get himself into a background of those days and do a real picture about it. It's quite a jump for the "St. Louis Kid."

We talked about the Cagney road that led to Hollywood—an amazing story, take it from me—and going as far back as the adolescent year when Jimmy left his freshman class at Columbia University, where he studied art, and went to work as a bundle-wrapper in a New York department store. Wrapping had been his livelihood on a part-time basis, even when he was a high school student. In those days he was convinced he'd be a good artist some day. His first full-time position paid sixteen dollars a week and that wasn't enough—Jimmy needed more money, and needed it badly. So when a friend came to him and said, "I know where you can earn twenty-five a week," Jimmy said, "Let's go."

The job was in a vaudeville act and

Cagney was supposed to dance. He couldn't, but he fooled the manager and learned so quickly and so well that after touring tank towns for a few seasons he was teaching professional dancing in a Broadway terpsichorean institute. There was a period, too, when he managed a dancing school in Elizabeth, N. J., but the suburbanites weren't as serious about working as Jimmy thought they should be and after a year he told the financial backer of the place that he couldn't make money for him that way.

Then there were years of other vaudeville acts, parts in musical comedies, minor roles in dramatic productions and finally "Penny Arcade," which led to Jimmy's first movie contract. His salary boost on the Coast made a chart like the sky-rocketing record of the stock market in pre-crash years. He had more money than he could spend because, when he travels, he doesn't go in for de luxe suites in the big hotels. He wouldn't know what to do with an English butler around the house and he doesn't own a Rolls Royce.

When he was a Broadway "ham," Jimmy thought George Kelly was the greatest stage director in the world—and he still thinks so. In fact, Jimmy has about the same set of values with which he started out as a bundle-wrapper and, if circumstances and fortune have moved him into a more expensive atmosphere, he feels exactly the same way about most things as he did when the opportunity for a nine-dollar-a-week raise took him out of a department store and landed him on two dancing feet before the footlights.

"I've got to act like I feel," says Jimmy Cagney and that's exactly what he will do regardless of what the rest of this world thinks about it and what it will mean to Mr. Cagney.

He Gets Away with Murder

(Continued from page 51)

plans to see the world from Pole to Pole, with all the far-flung horizons thrown in. Preferably with a wife. No, he hasn't found her yet—but he's as "willin'" as Barkis; he's looking, he's ready for marriage . . .

Anyway, he got away with murder when he used to run away, too. The family let him run! He always came back. He got away with murder, definitely, when, after graduating from Princeton and spending a year or so in New York, he went home and broke the news to his family—the news that their only son was not going to be a dignified architect creating skyscrapers but an actor.

"After all the preparatory years of education at Mercersburgh Academy," Jimmy said, "after the years at Princeton, after all their conservative hopes for me—an actor. There's never been such a thing in the family with the exception of a sort of distant uncle who confided in me that he had been an actor in his youth and had subsequently spent several years in jail! I could, he said, take it or leave it. It was all the information he had to give me. I left it—

EVEN then, as I say, I got away with murder, because my folks were swell about it. They were all gathered together in the dining room, I remember, when I spilled the beans. I can see them now. Their faces became kind of white and their eyes kind of glazed when they

finally got what I was saying. But then they rallied nobly. They patted the renegade architect on his rather wilted spine and uttered not one word of reproach. I knew that their highest hopes for me were lying on the floor like so much broken china. The Stewarts are not ones to show emotion easily," said James.

He got away with murder in college, too. He took it seriously enough, studied hard but changed his course with his own changes of ambition. He learned to play the accordion in college and rates it high among his scholastic accomplishments.

He said, "I did some things with the Princeton Triangle shows, too. It was fun but I never for one instant entertained the idea that I would become an actor or ever know more of the stage than what I could see across the footlights. I didn't know at the time what swell experience it was.

"Anyway, I kept on getting away with murder. In my first year I found that I was doing badly as a civil engineer. So badly that I was on my way out of college when, for some reason, I changed my course and took up architecture. That course pulled me through. And I graduated, if not Cum Laude, at least with a creditable diploma in my hands.

"I once assisted the magician, Bill Neff, doing his stuff. I had about as much sleight-of-hand ability as an elephant. But I looked so dumb and probably so honest

that they just didn't believe I would fool 'em, so I got by with that.

"And then I joined some Princeton fellows with the Falmouth Stock Company on Cape Cod. That was the summer after I graduated. I still hadn't the foggiest notion of becoming an actor. They just asked me to trail along. I'd never been to Cape Cod and I thought I'd like to see it.

"Just at the very end of the season we put on 'Goodbye Again' and a New York producer saw it and liked it so well he wanted to do it in New York in the Fall. He asked me to come along and do my part. And I went, again not because I had any idea of becoming an actor, but because I had never lived in New York and thought it would be more fun. People just didn't become actors, I still thought. But no harm in junketing about for a bit before settling down to blue prints and specifications.

I HAD a lot of fun—down to my last cent at times and all that. I'd met Henry Fonda, as you know, and at least we didn't have to make the rounds of the casting offices or do any starving on the well-known park bench because we seemed to be fortunate enough to get the breaks.

"The next summer," Jimmy was saying—as he talked he consumed baked potatoes, macaroni, bread and butter, a quart of certified milk, steak and onions, rice pudding, salad and some more milk—and if that isn't getting by with murder, gastronomically speaking, I don't know what is!—"I went to Boston as stage manager for Jane Cowl in 'Camille.' I didn't tell her when I applied for the job that I had never been a stage manager. I didn't exactly say anything. That's one of the most efficient ways of getting by with murder—just never say anything!

"Well, when Jane Cowl is on the stage, it is vitally important to her that not a pin drop. If a pin does drop, she is undone and so is her stage manager. Well, I got by all right, running around and shushing every one and seeing to it that no one even whispered, checking on everyone being where they should be, seeing to it that the curtain rose on time—until one dreadful night.

"It was during the death scene of 'Camille.' It would be. When Jane Cowl does the death scene from 'Camille,' she gives the most realistic portrayal I have ever seen. She is dying when she does it. Suddenly, on this night, just as she was breathing her last, there came from somewhere off-stage the most horrible and stupendous crashes, bangs, explosions, screams and shrieks. I was dumfounded. I couldn't move. I, not Camille, was dying! I finally discovered that the noises came from the alley directly outside the stage door. If I had opened that door the noises would have come through even more horribly. And also if I opened it I would have had to shriek and scream at the hoodlums who were making the noise in order to make my voice heard above the uproar. I couldn't do anything but stand there and pray and sweat. I did.

WHEN it was all over and the last curtain fell, I expected to pick up pieces of myself and ship them home. Miss Cowl didn't say a word to me. She didn't fire me. She was probably too hurt even for that. She did remark, in my hearing, that she would never be able to play 'Camille' again. The run of the play was nearly over anyway and the company returned to New York as per schedule. Which was just as well for me

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WMFJ	Daytona Beach, Fla.	9:15 a.m. E.S.T.
WDAE	Tampa, Fla.	10:00 a.m. E.S.T.
WQAM	Miami, Fla.	10:45 a.m. E.S.T.
WDBO	Orlando, Fla.	10:00 a.m. E.S.T.
WCHV	Charlottesville, Va.	10:00 a.m. E.S.T.
WSVA	Harrisonburg, Va.	12:30 p.m. E.S.T.
WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.	10:30 a.m. E.S.T.
WCSC	Charleston, S. C.	10:15 a.m. E.S.T.

as I hadn't the fare to go back by myself.

"On another occasion, also in Boston, Hank Fonda and another fellow and I were stranded in a hotel. We had no money to pay for our rooms and food. We thought we'd be marooned there for years. We finally conceived the idea of pooling our scant resources and sending one of us to New York to wangle a job or some money or both. Eventually we were bailed out and jail yawned for us once more in vain.

"Well," drawled Jimmy, "I just kept on getting by with things. I got a part in 'All Good Americans' on a fluke. When I applied for the job they told me they wanted someone who could play a banjo. That was the only requirement. I'd never played a banjo in my life, but I said, casually, that I'd been raised on banjos, born with a banjo in my hand, didn't know how it happened that I didn't have a banjo with me right then. I got the job! I also got a banjo. Then I got a teacher. When I was due for rehearsal next day, I knew three chords, one major and two minor. I kept twanging those chords over and over in an accomplished, easy manner. Maybe there weren't any banjo experts in the cast or in the audience. There couldn't have been because I got by with that, too.

"When they were casting for 'Page Miss Glory' and I was again on the list of applicants they seized hold of me and said, 'You're just the man we want—you've got a swell Southern accent and it's a Southern accent we're after and nothing else but.' I omitted to inform them that I had never been south of the Mason and Dixon line, was a Pennsylvania Dutchman with forebears who fought for the Union—I just drawled, 'Yas, ole Massa'

or something like that—and became a Southerner for the run of the play.

It was when I played in 'Yellow Jack' that I knew, for the first time, I wanted to be an actor, to stay an actor. Prior to that play I'd still gone about thinking that it was a lot of fun and swell experience but something in the nature of a vacation, a grand tour of Broadway. I didn't take it seriously. I didn't think it could satisfy me as a life work. It was a hyphen between college and a real career. And then I played in that play. I saw what it meant to the cast and I saw what it meant to the audiences, what they got out of it, how they reacted. And for the first time I realized that giving people such emotions, such uplift, such relaxation could be as worthy a life work as raising skyscrapers or doctoring or any other profession. I threw my hat into the ring—and went home to tell the folks.

"I never thought about the movies for me. I thought about them plenty, especially when Hank went to Hollywood. But I didn't think I had what it takes. I'd see myself in the mirror while shaving and any little ideas I might have had along the Hollywood way were nipped in the shaving brush, so to speak.

"Then came my test for M-G-M. And when they sent for me to come to Hollywood, a long-term contract in my pocket, I felt more like a character in 'A Beggar on Horseback' than I did like James Stewart boarding a train to go West.

"I still don't believe it. I still pinch myself black and blue. I still expect to wake up one balmy morning and find that I've had one swell, sweet dream.

"He get's away with murder," they say. "I got away with murder," says Jimmy of himself.



NOW I ASK YOU—WHY

READ HOW
A BAD
CASE OF
PIMPLES
QUEERED
ADA'S
CHANCES

IT JUST BURNS ME UP—WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE—



WELL—THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY, ADA, I KNOW WHAT TO DO—THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

OH, GRACE—DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME



LATER
HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA—OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE

SO AM I—AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT



Don't Try To Be a Clothes Horse!

(Continued from page 66)

out both on the screen and off, as one who wears smart clothes that register with you because of their good lines and excellent taste. She never tries for a bizarre or startling effect—she merely selects her clothes cleverly to stress the best points of her particular type.

Just as Jeanette MacDonald, a few months ago, showed you redheads how she selects clothes to suit her type, so Gertrude Michael gives some grand tips this month to all of you who are five feet five, blue-eyed and fair-skinned, topped with light brown hair. Somehow it is rather a spur to your imagination if you can know the fashion tricks of someone who is almost exactly your type and coloring. That's why I think Gertrude's new fall wardrobe will abound with ideas for all of you—and that goes for you, too, who may not be exactly the same coloring or height.

The day we talked clothes, colors and what not, Gertrude had just finished assembling new clothes for her personal use. She had gone about her shopping with an amazing amount of system—nothing slap-dab or hurried. Viola Dimmitt had designed a number of the choicest costumes in the group. And what interested me most was the fact that each outfit had been picked for the specific use to which it must be put. There wasn't a superfluous dress, bought just because it was pretty and might come in handy some day. Instead, she had taken into consideration how much of her time was spent working at the studio, and the costumes she bought were for definite demands in her social life.

Gertrude told me that she was thrilled with the new silhouette which gives her a fitted look through the bodice and waist, with a crisp flare to skirts. She adores tunics, and as you can see, two of her costumes stress this style. She has a taste for variety which definitely is reflected in the six costumes shown here this month. For instance, she likes a Russian flavor to coats and suits. But she picks a dress of quaint Victorian charm for evening hours. Then again, for daytime she likes a simple, modern and tailored line.

SHE loves sports clothes, things which do not need adjusting all the time they are being worn. She is partial to blue but, as you will notice from her new clothes, she doesn't use it monotonously, choosing black, green, red and wine shades as alternates. Fortunately, her own coloring permits her quite a color variety that might be prohibitive for others who have to watch certain shades.

Gertrude's sound ideas on clothes are particularly apparent in her viewpoint on fur coats. She says:

"I think fur coats, in the wardrobes of younger players, should serve a double purpose and be of lines and pelts which allow them to be used as evening wraps."

She dislikes jewelry—in fact, there is hardly a piece of it to be seen in all six of these pictures. The gold chain which you can see on page 66, worn with her tweed suit, is the only piece she likes to wear.

"It's fifty-fifty sentiment and supersti-

tion," she laughed, not going any farther into the subject!

One of the first dresses she dragged out of the closet for me to approve, was the black velvet and lace dinner gown on page 64. I fell in love with it. The short sleeves with their beautiful hand-made lace cuffs puff up to give a wide shoulder line. The waist is fitted and very high and the lace collar opening into quite a deep V, reminds me of the Fauntleroy suits little boys had to wear in the early part of this century! The skirt flares at the hem and be sure to notice the length—just the right one for dining and dancing these fall evenings. This is one of Viola Dimmitt's original designs.

Still in a formal mood, Gertrude showed me an evening ensemble of American Beauty red taffeta which solves her problems of being properly garbed for many Hollywood affairs when she's not certain how grand her costume should be. Beneath a tunic coat, which trimly buttons at the waist, she wears a matching gown of utmost simplicity. The whole chic of the dress lies in its cut—the front is rather straight with a high waistline accented by the same velvet flowers which she is wearing outside and on the tunic coat in the picture. But at back the skirt billows out from gathers placed just below the deep, waist-high decolletage—this same back fullness is repeated in the back design of the tunic coat. The tunic she wears as a wrap, removing it only if the party is quite formal.

A daytime ensemble that Viola Dimmitt

WHY CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!

HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW —

OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME

THE NEXT DAY

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?

NO — I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION — GRACE, I WONDER — DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?

YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR. BARNES — HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF I COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK —

I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN — AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?

OH YES, MR. BARNES — I'LL BE RIGHT IN

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands devel-

op and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood



Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

I'LL FIGHT
FOR MY RIGHTS!
I WANT
ANTISEPTIC
POWDER



"... 'cause how else
am I going to battle
nasty germs?"

"Mummy—I know you want to give me the best baby powder you can buy. Well, gee whiz . . . that means Mennen. Why? 'Cause—that's the kind that's *Antiseptic*. I wish you'd heard what Mrs. Holmes told my nurse today. She said she wouldn't use anything else but Mennen Powder. Said it was a reg'lar germ fighter. Yessir! It chases nasty germs away, for good. And gosh, Mummy, how else am I goin' to battle germs? Besides . . . Mrs. Holmes said it prevents that chafing I'm always complaining about . . . and that rawness I get in my creases. So, gee, Mummy—get me Mennen, will you?"

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. Why use any other?

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
POWDER

designed for her has a most unique tunic coat made of quilted wool, of all things. The wool is of thin, crepey texture but achieves quite a heavy look through the close quilting. The modified leg o' mutton sleeve, which you notice Gertrude is very partial to, is used in this suit, also. The tunic buttons to the waist with large self-fabric buttons and a wide suede belt further emphasizes the slender waistline with its sharp flare below. Beneath the coat, there's a plain black wool skirt topped by a shirred white satin blouse. Shoes, gloves and bag match the suede belt.

THE Russian influence is very evident in both a winter suit and coat. The coat, of burgundy red wool, has a narrow edging of black Persian lamb around the high collar and down the entire front closing. The belt buckle resembles a cartridge holder, in the manner of the Cossack uniforms. With this she wears the same Russian turban of Persian lamb which goes so well with her suit.

A heavy dark green jersey makes a stunning two-piece suit which also boasts a liberal trimming of black lamb. The jacket also follows the line of a Cossack uniform even to the silk braid frogs. Her coat, incidentally, is very smart this winter in a more sharply flared version—the skirt, instead of being rather straight as hers is, flares out from a belted and fitted waistline.

Travis Banton, who designs most of Gertrude's screen clothes, is using this flared and fitted line in his coats. His coats match the length of the dress skirts beneath, and since he is making all of his dresses short and full, you can gauge the approximate length of these. On the subject of sleeves, Banton has very definite thoughts. He is making most of his costumes with sleeves that end just above the wrist and are fitted either from that point to the elbow and then full, or are given fullness from that point to the shoulder line which is slightly widened.

It is interesting to note that Banton is not influenced very perceptibly by the historical periods which seem to be swaying other designers. He declares that, no matter how many influences are discussed as the leading trends for fall fashions, he will keep his creations modern and thoroughly American. In keeping with this theory, any inspiration from historical sources such as the Directoire, Persian or Renaissance, will be so subtle that it will submerge entirely into the strictly modern feeling Banton prefers to stress.

Banton approves thoroughly of the high-crowned hats which are being spotlighted in millinery, but he insists that they be built upward with a backward movement for his purpose.

The fur edging on Gertrude's coat is found again and again, both on wraps and suits.

The flared and fitted coat silhouette, however, is only for you who have youthful, slender figures. In fact, after seeing princess dresses and coats, not to mention all the tightly fitted bodices and empire waists, I think we are all going to have to diet a bit to fit the picture! One consoling thought is that the less accented silhouette, one on less figure-revealing lines, is still popular enough to be listed among the fall successes.

ALL this stressing of the ultra feminine figure got us off on the subject of what to do about proper foundation garments. I asked Gertrude what she thought about it, mentioning that a well-known corset stylist says no one should have less than three definite types of foundations in her wardrobe. Gertrude said she thought that was a very sound idea because with



Tibby and Woggy are aired in a doggy fashion by Bette Davis, wearing her newest fur swagger coat of black Persian lamb. And what is that huge flower? Nothing from a greenhouse, it's a giddy affair made of yarn to look something like a sunflower—only something, however! Doesn't Bette look very smart and nonchalant?

waistlines becoming trimmer and smaller in dresses, it would be necessary to find foundations that molded your figure to those lines. In other words, it will be important to have a foundation that subtly abets the high bust line and yet gives a smooth lengthening curve to the hips.

I went on to tell her that this particular corset stylist listed these three types as essential to the complete "foundation wardrobe"—the all-in-one for party and formal use, the girdle for daytime wear and the pantie-girdle for sportswear.

"Won't that run into quite an expenditure for the average budget?" Gertrude asked.

And I said no, because a constant change from one to the other certainly would prolong the life of each. What's more, I don't see how one "all-purpose" foundation can possibly do the job any more.

Incidentally, if you want more and detailed dope on this foundation wardrobe idea, I am including information about some of the newest styles in this month's Shopping Bulletin. I like the idea so much that I thought it would appeal to you and you might want information about some of the newest designs, prices, etc.

But back to the Michael wardrobe. Because California fall days are milder, Gertrude's favorite sports suit is one not trimmed with fur. You can see it on page 66. It's a light blue tweed coat and skirt worn with a navy blue blouse. Again the broad shoulder line is stressed and a tiny collar ties with a cord of the tweed fabric. Unusual pockets and the use of a corded treatment distinguishes the coat. That tricky beret is made of a closely stitched fabric in navy with a small wool

pom-pom at one side.

After I left Gertrude, and later when she sent me the photographs of the clothes we had discussed, I thought what a well balanced and planned wardrobe she has. One that has distinction, individuality and smartness but which never tries to make a point of being obviously any of those things. And that, to me, is the essence of being well-dressed, even best-dressed. Gertrude never will have a clothes horse reputation but neither will she be overlooked wherever she wears such attractive and appropriate costumes. And isn't that just our own goal whenever we buy a new outfit?

Are you sending in every month for my Shopping Bulletin? It's full of good shopping tips, new ones every month. Just fill in the coupon below and it's yours for the asking.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your November Shopping Bulletin. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name.....

Street.....

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

Afraid To Be Himself

(Continued from page 57)

happy. Everyone must, in all fields of life and work. Understand, please, I don't mean stinginess. That is a quality which is entirely different from the selfishness of which I am speaking. If you go through life, expending your emotions and your energies with a free carelessness, you will have only husks left for your own happiness, your own contentment and success. So Bella and I guard our companionship with jealous hands and we selfishly conserve my energies for work."

Bella, as you probably know, is Mrs. Paul Muni. She gave up her own career on the stage to share Paul's life and to further his success. She is one of that small army of unsung Hollywood wives, content to remain in the background of her husband's triumphs.

"We go to few parties and make few public appearances," Muni went on. "If we go out, I must act. All actors must. We have to live up to the ideas which Hollywood and the rest of the world have built up about us. I know that it is wise to keep what dramatic ability I may possess for my work, so we stay home or find our social pleasure and relaxation with the few close friends with whom I can be myself. That's the foundation for that story about my hermit-like tendencies.

WE'RE really not hermits, at all. We live a perfectly normal life. I don't like or enjoy people in large numbers. Perhaps it is because I suffer with self-consciousness. I don't make friends easily. The few people for whom I have a genuine liking fill my life with all the outside companionship I need.

"Because, you see, Bella and I are very

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!



See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest

and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (27)
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

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

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

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

FREE

NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!



**Waterproof . . .
far easier to use!**

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length . . . their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of *naturalness*!

Quite obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied*, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity . . . Black . . . Brown . . . Blue . . . 50c at the better stores. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

Cream MASCARA

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 Inch
ENLARGEMENT
of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any Kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—**FREE**—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.



GEPPERT STUDIOS

Dept. 286
Des Moines, Iowa

self-sufficient. We don't need others to make us happy. We have tried to build a barrier around our personal happiness, to protect it. That isn't always easy to do, especially when you live in a town which is so brightly spotlighted. It is often so much easier to follow the line of least resistance and do as the Romans do.

"Bella is vitally interested in my work. So, when I'm making a picture, that is our most important mutual concern. Between pictures we travel, take trips to New York to see the new plays and our old friends. We both are tremendously interested in our home. We call it a ranch. But it is really only a five-acre spot in the valley. We enjoy experimenting with gardening and soil culture. We resent outside interests which call us away from our shared pleasures.

"I think that I have discovered one of the reasons for the super-abundance of marriage troubles in Hollywood. I may be wrong, of course, but I believe that a great many people are so busy, trying to impress the outside world with their happiness, that they lose sight of the real joy to be found quietly in their own homes. They work so hard at acting happiness that they have nothing left to offer their own husbands and wives except an empty shell of emotion. They're losing the really worth while things of life because they haven't the courage to build that necessary barrier between themselves and the world. They're afraid of being called temperamental recluses.

"It's the same way with our work. Why give your best performances off the screen, as so many actors do? Why waste precious energy trying to amuse a group of only mildly interested people? When you try to repeat those performances for the cameras or for a theatre audience, the fine edge is gone, the first glow has been rubbed away.

"Not only in Hollywood is this true, but in New York and in every other place where writers, musicians, painters and actors are gathered. Brilliant, clever words are spoken to entertain a group of fellow workers and those words, once spoken, are never written. Songs are sung on the spur of the moment in some noisy, smoke-filled room and are forgotten the next morning. Most of the great artists of the world have been selfish, have refused to parade and exploit their abilities. But most of us in Hollywood fall into the hectic, competitive rush of the town and display our wares promiscuously, instead of saving them for the right moments.

"Again I say, look at Garbo. She, alone, dares to protect herself and her work. That sort of selfishness is really generosity in the final analysis, because she is giving her undivided efforts to her pictures and to the entertainment of the many, instead of the few."

An assistant director called through a loud speaker, summoning Muni to the center of the wheat field. With amazement I watched him slide into the personality of Wang, kneeling in his field, watching with fear-stricken eyes the coming of the storm which was bringing terror and desolation to him and his people. There was nothing left of Muni or of "Pasteur" or of the "Fugitive." There was only a desperate, young Chinaman, waiting for the destruction of his world.

Paul Muni is probably the most thoroughly conscientious actor in Hollywood. He allows nothing to interfere with his careful study of the characters whom he brings to the screen. He lived for several weeks in a colony of Chinese truck

farmers, studying their manners, their customs, their intricate language, before he began actual work in "The Good Earth." Before a picture, and during its making, he secludes himself from everyone, even his few most intimate friends, and steep himself in the personality which he is portraying on the screen.

"I always try to avoid talking for publication because I have nothing startling or interesting to say. I'm what they call 'poor copy,' he said with a grave smile, when the scene was finished and he had returned to the camp chair. "Some people are naturally exciting in everything they do and say. I am not one of them. At this very moment I am probably one of the happiest, most contented men in the world. There is certainly nothing exciting about that. I don't want to seem smug. I'm proud that I have managed to reach this state of mind."

He leaned forward and there was a warm, eager glow in his brown eyes.

"At last I have reached the place where I can plan not to plan," he told me. "All my life, since I was a small boy in the theatre, I have said to myself, 'I will do this next year. I will try to accomplish that the following year. I will never rest until I reach some definite goal.' Now those days of planning are ended. I have lost the frantic urge for competition. I no longer desire to be the greatest actor or the most spectacular or the most financially successful. My happiness comes first now. I realize that, at best, our lives are short so I'm going to fill the remaining years of mine with the things which mean the greatest happiness to Bella and me.

"I have two more pictures to make under my contract with Warner Brothers. When they are finished, I shall never sign another long-term contract. I want to be free to do as I please, to stay here at home or to travel. Of course, California will always be our home, our headquarters, no matter where we may go.

"If a play or a picture, which I particularly want to do, happens to come my way, I shall do it. But I hope never again to be bound by legal ties to do a certain thing at a certain time. Then, perhaps, with this freedom, I shall have the courage to be myself.

"The rest of my life belongs to Bella and me. If we don't drain from it every drop of happiness that is humanly possible, that will be our own fault. We have been married fifteen years. We have never had any children. At first, that was a great disappointment to us. But, with the passing of the years, the sorrow has grown less poignant. Our very childlessness seems to have become one more bond to strengthen the completeness of our companionship."

Suddenly his words were drowned in the roar of the wind machines. The wheat field rippled beneath the strength of the blast. American and Chinese voices barked directions through the loud speakers. The Chinese peasants, the buffalo, the scraggly dogs moved into their places. The storm had come to wreck the good earth of that California-China. Paul Muni waved his hand and walked across the wind-flayed field.

Watching him, I knew that Hollywood has been all wrong about him. He is not a recluse, a temperamental hermit. He is merely an honest young man, trying valiantly to protect his work and his happiness in a strange city of make-believe where the houses are made of glass and the lights are all spotlights.

**LET MARY MARSHALL SOLVE YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS!
TURN TO PAGE 60.**

Myrna Loy Talks About Marriage

(Continued from page 43)

me cutting down floor space on the plans and tucking in closets here and there!"

"Um, just as I feared. You're a housewife at heart!" I told her.

"Of course! Do you know what I've been doing all morning? Looking at samples of living-room curtains and, for the life of me, I can't decide which ones I want."

Myrna Loy, Hollywood's favorite bachelor girl, would never have bothered with curtains.

"It seems to me, though, you have the edge on us other women in this business of marriage," I said. "You've played such grand wives on the screen. You've had the advantage of studying husbands—men in general—at close range. What's the most important thing you've found out about them?"

THE most important thing I've found out is that you can't theorize about men. They're all too different from one another. Women should not get fixed ideas on the subject! For instance, a girl reads somewhere that she should never let a man be sure of her. Then her mother's friend draws her aside confidentially and says, 'Really, my dear, men want peace and comfort most of all and they won't get much of either if you make love a Guessing Game.' By the time the poor girl marries she's so full of theories and systems for holding a husband that her home becomes a kind of laboratory with the genus homo as the practical working specimen. I don't believe in it. It makes life

much too complicated."

Myrna simplifies matters considerably. She boils it all down to this: to know how to behave and act so that other people have a cordial reaction to you—that's social technique. It is also, says Myrna, the technique of marriage.

AND it has to be worked at by both parties, not by one alone. My screen husbands, for example. . . . They've been the kind that make a wife want to keep at her best! They were so civilized. Nick, for instance, in 'The Thin Man.' If Nora was a good sport and a gay companion it was because Nick played up to her all the time. And in 'Wife vs. Secretary' Clark Gable indulged in so many little niceties. You couldn't imagine these husbands taking a woman for granted, forgetting to hold up their end of the bargain! They were cultured, humorous without being caustic, they knew how to live."

In a word, they were like Arthur Hornblow himself. For Myrna had unconsciously painted a direct picture of him. It's true, he epitomizes her screen husbands. She married a man who has certain qualities of them all! Elsa Maxwell once referred to Hornblow as "The First Gentleman of Hollywood." And that was the first thing about him that impressed Myrna.

Suddenly I remembered another luncheon long ago when Myrna was still playing exotics. She was dressed as a gypsy and we'd gone to a little tea room near

the old Warner Brothers Studio. "Isn't there a dark man in your cup?" Myrna pretended to look. "I don't think so. Not yet. But I'll know the minute he comes!"

"I used to wonder why I liked the atmosphere of the Goldwyn Studio so well," she told me now with a faint chuckle. "I used to wish they'd place me under contract there. And that was odd because they didn't make many pictures and probably I wouldn't have been working much of the time. Each time the studio closed down I felt depressed and didn't know why!"

THE fact that Mr. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was then an associate producer there seemed to have no connection. It wasn't until about a year and a half ago that she realized what the attraction was.

"I won't generalize and say that it's better always to wait to marry. Sometimes it isn't. Sometimes very young marriages are outstandingly successful. But in my own case I'm glad I didn't marry at nineteen or twenty. I was too busy then to think much about it anyway," said Myrna.

"Your whole perspective changes with an adult outlook. Little things cease to be worrisome, big things don't loom so large. You can afford to be a little amused at life and yourself. I think that's why I've preferred men who were mentally mature to the young ones. They offer a companionship that's stimulating without being wearing. . . ."

She hummed a little under her breath. She reached for another roll. Myrna Loy Hornblow was happy!



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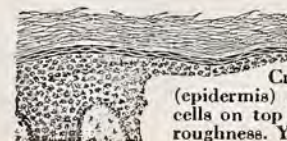
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Frankly Foolish

(Continued from page 55)



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satisfaction in it, especially when you're a celluloid actress. On the stage it is different. There you have the daily thrill of a job well done. In this business you have it only at previews."

Then, again, her amazing straight-forwardness regarding herself; her (is it madness?) ability to self-analyze: "At heart I'm lazy, full of dippy dreams, but always battling a nervous energy which I can't whip down, even though doctors warn me I should, if I want to live. Of course, dear, didn't you know? They tell me I'll be in a box in five years! I think, probably, they're right, too. I have nervous breakdowns as regularly as other people have colds. I had my first at fifteen. I'm always having them. I had one on the desert, on location with "The Gay Desperado." The doctor ordered me to bed one day, and I was up the next, working with a fever of a hundred and two. I went from 126 pounds to 108. But I had to work, had to be busy. I couldn't help it, couldn't stop myself. Cooped up in a room I really would go crazy. That would be ducky, wouldn't it?"

I guess that's enough to show you what I mean. With Ida as a subject, an interviewer just doesn't know where to begin. Never on guard, she talks always in headlines. Never still, mentally or physically, she leaps briskly about, from chair to chair, from subject to subject. Pinning her down, translating her warm vital youth and energy into cold black and white type is practically an impossibility. But here, let me see what I can do about it.

I FOUND her, in a pair of glove-tight white shorts and shirt, stretched full-length on her living-room divan. On a small table was a tray of food, only half touched. On the floor was an open copy of "Lust for Life," the biography of Van Gogh. Across one arm of the sofa was a writing pad, with Ida's pencil pressed against it. Ida was asleep. Bee had let me in. Bee is her companion, hairdresser, secretary, maid, everything combined. Bee was wearing a pair of comfortable house

pajamas. Bee said "Hey!" and Ida woke up.

Now I ask you. And if you had interviewed as many lady stars in as many elegant homes as I have, you would know why I ask you! It was marvelous! No customary wait, no planned entrance. No butler moving on cat soles. Just a "Hey!" and Ida woke up. What's more she rubbed her eyes and got mascara in them. Then she offered me some candy which turned out to be of a particularly caramelly kind; we each took a hunk. So, with one eye weeping, and two jaws chewing, we began!

In addition to her utterly frank views on the three subjects which I have already quoted above, I also discovered that Ida has always been afflicted with her present mania for doing and being and saying things to the point. Even at the sapling age of thirteen she was not content to think of the things she would do in the someday-future when she grew up. She wanted to do them then. Born with some four hundred-odd years of theatrical tradition in her veins, she naturally was destined to be an actress, but nobody expected it to crop out in her at such an unripe age.

Still, on her thirteenth birthday, Ida showed the restless energetic stuff of which she was made by announcing that she was through with school and that she was going on the stage. This announcement naturally met with no little opposition from her famous acting father, Stanley Lupino. Thinking that he was offering her an insurmountable barrier, he said, "Very well, if you can land yourself a part by noon tomorrow, without trading on my name, you may have it. If not, you will return to school for four more years. You understand these terms? You accept?"

"I accept." No quibbling, no asking for a more reasonable length of time. Undaunted.

That was mid-afternoon. By the end of the afternoon Ida had uncovered one part for an immediate production which looked promising. It was the part of "a maid, about twenty"—not a big part, but



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the size of the part made no difference to her then or now. Early the next morning she arrayed herself in her mother's too-large clothes which made her look tall, thin and haggard, all of the twenty years which she was not. Then, using the name Ida Ray, she went to see the actor-manager and won the role.

For sixteen months she played it, as Ida Ray, on a small salary, her real identity unknown. For sixteen months she played matinee and evening performances and attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in between times. Then, accidentally, a letter addressed to her by her right name was discovered in her make-up box, and the secret was out. Delighted to find so illustrious a theatre name right under his nose, the manager could not resist taking her out of her present part and giving her a bigger one in another production. Pictures soon followed and so, at fourteen, Ida was playing leading ladies.

But all this too-early activity was bound to have its bad effect. A year later Ida was faced with the first of those breakdowns to which she refers. Calling off her contracts, she packed a few belongings and went off by herself to Italy, the country from which her ancestors had been driven because of political affiliations many years before. They became strolling players. Overwrought and tired as she was when she went there, the gentle Italian voices soon rested and soothed her, and it was from them that she gleaned her first feeling for music. Soon she was learning to sing and play, too. Piano came easiest to her and she spent many hours every day practicing. Most important of all, she began to compose!

As it was a life-saver then, so it has been during every trying period of her life. There was the period that followed her arrival in Hollywood, when she found herself with a five-year contract at Paramount, but with nothing to do. As she tells it herself: "I don't know what they expected, but when I arrived here they seemed shocked to find me so young. I think they even doubted that I had played leading roles abroad. One executive said, 'You should be posing for baby food ads, not as a leading lady for pictures!' Nothing I could do or say would change their opinion. So for months they just paid me to grow up. It was awful! As I look back on it now I don't know how I stood it."

"I used to go to the front office and beg them to give me some sort of job in the production department. I didn't care what—just so I could work—that was important. But no, all I ever had to do was pose for advertising tie-ups, in lingerie mostly. I even did that gratefully, for a while, until I realized that it was creating a wrong impression about me. Everywhere they were referring to me as a 'second Mae West'—not that I don't admire Miss West; I do. But I felt I had something else to offer, without being just a 'delectable dish', which was a phrase a columnist used in describing me."

"So again I had to turn to music, to fill my time. I composed a lot of things during those months. Not for publication, but just for my own peace of mind. At that time I even thought of organizing a girls' band and touring the country, and I would have, too, if something hadn't happened. Fortunately, it did!"

THAT something was, first, a fairly good part with Gary Cooper in "Peter Ibbetson," then a totally different kind of role in "Anything Goes." Then Ida played opposite Francis Lederer in "One Rainy Afternoon." And now one with George Raft. "Yours for the Asking." The latter, she feels, is the best chance she's had so far. "Because the girl I play is a hor-



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rible character. She talks out of the side of her mouth and is drunk practically all through the picture. I like mean roles. Best of all I like roles in which I can look awful, be awful. I don't care a fig about being pretty-pretty on the screen. There's one role I want to do more than anything—that's the part of the cheap little cockney girl in 'The Light That Failed.' Paramount wanted to borrow Bette Davis for it, but she was afraid it might be too much like Mildred of 'Of Human Bondage,' so I may get it after all. I'd rather play the meanest character part than the most entrancing ingenue.

"Do you see what I mean about having personally to be a little bit crazy in this business, to prevent the business from making you that way for good? Why, if I had to think, eat and sleep shop all day long, I really would be goofy. A lot of people do out here, you know; they go what I call career crazy. Making movies is all they ever think. In self-preservation I've had to develop a sense of humor about interests—music, writing, reading. And I've had to develop a sense of humor about this acting business. I've had to learn to burlesque it in my own mind. Why, Louis and I, and the whole family too, are always making fun of ourselves, as actors and actresses. Caricaturing ourselves. You should take a peek at us some evening about five-thirty. The scene may go something like this . . ."

Through her eyes I saw the following: it was five-thirty and Ida returns from the studio. Louis Hayward, her best beau, is already there before her, hiding a bunch of posies in the hall closet. As he hears her at the door, he dashes to a corner chair, sinks down in a position of despair, head forward on hands, hair pulled forward over eyes. Ida comes in, strikes a dramatic pose, declaims: "You, too, my friend? Oh, this business, it will drive me mad! Mad, mad, mad, do you hear? So tired, they work us like slaves, eh Tiddledewinks?"

From the corner, head still down, eyes still covered: "Talk to me not in foolish rhymes, my lady. I am tired to death of it all! Whither shall we go—away from this wretched place? Name the place, my fair one . . . and thither will I take thee. 'One touch to her hand, one word to her ear, they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near. We are off—we are off—we are off,' I forget the rest—said young Lochinvar!"

"We are off," says Ida, "to the roller coaster races!"

And believe it or not, that is exactly where they are off to . . . to Venice or Ocean Park, where they ride on the Sky High or the Devil's Dip, screeching, laughing, yelping . . . now in the front seat, now in the back, now in the middle. Their romance began on a roller coaster. That's where it progresses.

I can see Ida's point. A little bit of foolishness goes a long way in keeping one from becoming too deadly serious. We are an emotional lot—four hundred years of emotion has naturally made us that way—and we do get upset easily. We cry, fret, fume and laugh easily. But being silly now and then minimizes that. It's our greatest outlet, you know what I mean, it keeps us from throwing vases!"

AND speaking of emotionalism, Ida tells this one on herself. "Several years ago in London I went to see Francis Lederer in 'Autumn Crocus.' Most of the play was quite gay, but the ending was so sad, and as the last curtain found



M-G-M promises to release "Tarzan Escapes" any year now (it's been in production for more than two years!). Maureen O'Sullivan, having her locks arranged by the studio hairdresser, was back on the set for retakes.

Francis Lederer grief-stricken and in tears on the stage, so it found me in the same condition, in the audience. Only I think, if anything, my eyes and nose were redder. Anyway I went backstage to congratulate him. I had never met him, but that didn't matter. The tears were still pouring down my cheeks as I came face to face with him at the door to his dressing-room. 'Oh, Mr. Lederer, I enjoyed it so much! (Sniff, sniff.)'

"And he: 'I'm so glad you (sniff, sniff, blow) enjoyed it!' It went on like that for at least three minutes, both of us drowning our own words in our tears. But that isn't the end of it, there's a sequel. After I had come to America, I saw him do the same play again in Hollywood. And again I was crying and so was he when I went backstage to see him. A funny thing—after all those months and across one ocean and a continent—he remembered me. 'Still crying?' he asked tearfully. I nodded, too choked to speak. The leaping Czech and I are a lot alike, I guess."

Incidentally, of Ida, Mr. Lederer once said to me: "She has more sex appeal than any actress I have ever worked with in pictures. She is just a child at heart but for some strange reason, on the screen, she portrays worldly emotions with the ease of a sophisticated woman of thirty! She is like an artist with every emotional color on her palette, within easy reach of her finger tips."

I think perhaps that last line is the best summation of Ida that you will find anywhere—every emotional color at her finger tips, and restless fingers that can't help dabbling. Artists are always considered a little daffy by the world, perhaps because they think so little of the world and of what the world may think about them. As George Bernard Shaw has said, "She is the only girl in the world as mad as I am. She is positively a mad genius!"

. . . The Modern Hostess offers you Bob Taylor's favorite hot bread recipes. See page 69.

Hollywood Friendship No. 1

(Continued from page 45)

in mid-air two chubby fingers tightly squeezed together.

"And look at all he eats!" marveled Miss Temple.

It was more than clear that she felt greatly impressed. For, to her mother's dismay, and to Shirley's unbounded delight, instead of existing on spinach, Bill Robinson actually eats four quarts of ice cream a day!

He told me his breakfast consists of vanilla ice cream plus several hot biscuits. The main course at lunch is ice cream, and after an ample dinner of appetizer, soup, steak, fresh vegetables and salad, comes more ice cream.

And it doesn't hurt him. Even his doctor, a New York one, in the East Seventies, is unable to account for this phenomenon.

BILL ROBINSON, going on sixty years old, is in the best of health, and has been consuming, daily, those four quarts of vanilla ice cream as far back as he can remember. Of course, this pleasing information cemented the amazing friendship which exists between Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson; a friendship that, for sincerity, loyalty and honest worship, outdoes any Hollywood has ever seen.

A mere mortal who can eat four quarts of ice cream a day, eat it and not only survive, but thrive, is a super human being as far as Shirley is concerned.

And Bill said to me, "Shirley Temple

is the sweetest little thing I've ever met. If you once get me started talking about her I'll just talk for a year."

It was apparent that he had no time to talk for a year because, at that moment, in his living-room were seated Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe plus five others from the Olympic team. They were waiting for some of Mrs. Robinson's fried chicken, for Bill was dining them before they sailed for Berlin.

He is tremendously interested in runners. Shirley Temple knows this.

"He won a championship, too," she brags. "The only running backwards championship!"

She neglects to add that it also is an uncontested one!

Bill Robinson and I sat in his den in the Robinsons' Harlem apartment. The walls of this room are completely hidden under a blanket of autographed pictures; a photograph of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Rudy Vallee, Joe Penner, Freddie Bartholomew, Marilyn Miller, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West and James Cagney, an early one of Eleanor Powell and one of Fred Astaire. On each is inscribed a tribute to Bill Robinson as a person and as an artist.

But I noticed that for every photograph hanging on those walls, there hang two of Shirley Temple. I saw a picture of Shirley standing in one of Bill's shoes, one of her presenting him with a watch, and another of them writing a letter together, and so on and on.

In the living room there is a striking absence of photographs, except for a silver-framed one of Shirley and Robinson which stands upon a small table, and looking down from the mantel is a dainty miniature of Shirley in a blue poke bonnet.

SHE calls me Uncle Billy," he said proudly. "And I'll never forget the first day I met her. Buddy De Sylva, the producer, took me to her dressing-room bungalow and introduced both Mrs. Robinson and myself to Mrs. Temple. Shirley just sat there very quiet. After some discussion Mrs. Temple said, 'Well, Shirley, here's your teacher,' and Shirley, she jumped right up and ran over to me and said, 'I'm very glad to know you.'

"After that the two of us walked across the lot. She kept reaching for my hand, but I just walked along, not seeing this until Mrs. Robinson called my attention to it, and from then on we always walked around, hand in hand.

"We made two pictures together, and I taught her the dances in her last one—'Bowery Princess,' which I think will be her greatest. She does six dances and five or six songs. She's on that screen from start to finish, and does wonderful imitations of Uncle Tom and Simon Legree.

"She learns her steps quickly," he told me. "We had all her routines set in less than a week. She learned the steps so fast she was three weeks ahead of the

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picture! And it isn't so easy to learn a new routine. Why, one of them alone, has as many as ten new steps; none has less than eight, and the waltz clog I taught her has nine.

"When I'm teaching her, we're together from ten until twelve in the morning, and after lunch until five.

"And not only does she learn her own lines, but she knows everybody else's! If anyone forgets his lines she prompts him.

"Once we were playing a scene where Shirley and I walked, hand in hand, in the woods. At a certain spot she was to turn. She couldn't quite get it. It was difficult to find the spot. So I said, 'I'll tell you what, I'll just squeeze your hand when we get there.' After that the scene went off fine. But the very next day when I slipped up on a line, she quickly whispered the right words to me, then laughed and said, 'Now we're even!'

"I'm always afraid of forgetting my lines, so I've gotten into the habit of mumbling them to myself, over and over, until it's time to take the scene. So one day she said to me, 'Don't keep saying those lines of yours so much, Uncle Billy, for when it does come time to shoot the scene, you're bound to miss up on them!'

SHE certainly is the smartest little thing. Yet she's smart without being smart-alecky. And that's a large order. I'm sure, when she grows up, instead of petering out, like most juvenile stars, Shirley Temple will become one of the greatest actresses in the world. That child, here Bill Robinson shook his head, as he grinned a grin that stretched from ear to ear, "why, she can do anything, just anything at all. You ought to see her play checkers. She beats everyone on the lot.

"She has another game she loves. She calls it 'Squares.' You draw a dozen parallel lines on a sheet of paper, and you take turns connecting them. You write your names across each square you make, and the one who makes the most squares wins. Shirley is a champion at this. No one has ever won a game from her.

"Instead of being spoiled, which would only be natural, she is uncommonly thoughtful. When I was laid up in the hospital she came to see me every single day, and she wheeled me in my chair, up and down the corridors. That hospital wheel chair fascinated her. I think she kind of hoped to get a chance to be wheeled around herself."

We talked about their future plans. "I'm returning to the Coast in a couple of months," he said, "to make three more pictures with Shirley.

"You know, I wanted to come East for the Joe Louis fight, but we were working on 'Bowery Princess,' so I said to Shirley, 'I want to go to the fight and if you learn your steps in time, I can go.' She said, 'I'll be good, Uncle Billy, I'll learn.' 'Remember, if you don't, then I can't go to the fight.' I told her. And she learned in record time. I guess if I had left before she finished, it would have pretty near broken her heart."

He paused a second. "I gave her a bracelet, and a little automobile. I had it regulated so it can't go faster than nine miles an hour. She drives it herself all over the lot.

"She gave me this watch," he added, proudly showing me a beautiful modern designed watch, on which was engraved 'Uncle Billy from Shirley Temple.'

"I suppose this sounds kind of conceited to say," he remarked while I studied the watch, "but honest, she worships the ground I walk on." His face beamed.

It is such a good face. And although Shirley Temple is a star, and in that capacity had plenty of opportunities to see the patience and goodness of Bill Robinson, she isn't the only child who has just cause to "worship the ground I walk on."

In New York City, up Harlem way, where the heat beats down mercilessly all summer, and the children have no place to play, he built a playground. It is opposite the apartment house in which he lives. He walked me to a window overlooking the cheerful square with its sandpiles, freshly painted swings, and chute-the-chutes and see-saws.

"It used to be nothing but an old lot that had everything in it from empty tin cans to dead dogs. Now look. . . ."

I looked, and I saw happy children, shouting, laughing, thanks to Uncle Billy.

Then, suddenly, I knew the real secret of his friendship with Shirley Temple. It was due to more than being the biggest ice-cream eater in Hollywood. It was the kind quality which is so much a part of Bill Robinson, the quality of goodness that never fails to go straight to the heart of a child. And Shirley Temple, call her what you will, genius, actress, dancer, singer or star, is still principally—a child. And you can't fool a child. You have to be the real thing. Bill Robinson is all of that.



Mr. Arliss seems to make films in England exclusively these days. Here's a scene from his latest, "The Nelson Touch," with Rene Ray. Rene is the gal who made such a hit in "Passing of the Third Floor Back."

"Women Are Trouble"

(Continued from page 54)

anyone ask a man to pose for some leg art so that every magazine and newspaper in the country is plastered with it? No! Does anyone ever do 'fashion lay-outs' of men? Not unless they want to get laid out by the man in question. Does any Gable get his face on the covers of the magazines? Hardly ever.

"When I'm doing a scene with a girl on the set and even though I may be saying the most significant lines in the whole picture and would be glad if my mug could show so that I might help the words along by an intelligent gleam in the eyes—whose back of the head does the camera man focus on? Mine!

YOU see," said Stu, "women are real trouble because they've got Nature on their side. They've got all the aces. They can be different women every day of their lives if they use their ingenuity enough. They've got the—uh—legs and the hair and the ability to arrange it a thousand different ways. They have the clothes, an infinite variety, whereas us men have but one suit of clothes that looks like any other suit of clothes and a hair-cut that always looks the same and no one seems to care about our legs!

"I was born in Squaw Valley, here in California, you know. Squaw Valley, how do you like that? Then we went to live on a forty-acre peach orchard. A peach orchard . . . and when the peaches were ripe for picking a bunch of girls and fellows used to hire out to us and pick 'em and, doggone, if the peaches that did the picking weren't more ructions and trouble than the peaches that were being picked. They were always having 'heart' troubles or something and the folks had to take more pains seeing that they didn't get bruised one way or another than they took with the fruit itself. And still and all, they picked faster than the boys did. Even up a tree they had the fellows licked.

"I once wanted to be a newspaper man. Well, I've had my wish—in many pictures, anyway! I went to the University of California back in 1922, intending to major in English and journalism. But after one year I had so much difficulty getting the courses I wanted that I decided to use my college money to learn how to act. I enrolled at Egan's Dramatic School in Los Angeles and after four months I was given a chance to substitute in 'White Collars' without pay.

"I'd got the yen for the stage doing some college plays. I'd also decided that even in the newspaper game women are trouble. They get better breaks than men, when they get 'em, and get 'em easily. They use their feminine wiles and ways and big strong cops pass 'em in where male reporters never get and they not only pass 'em in, they protect them also. I knew that I could never scoop a woman without feeling like a big bearded brute.

"It took a George Sand to be dramatized in plays, written up in more biographies and letters and memoirs than most of the big men put together. There have been a good many grand actors, but the names of Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry mean more to the theatre world than any defunct male mummer. Now, today, Katharine Cornell is called The First Lady of the Theatre. I can't think of any man who is her running mate, exactly. And the supremacy of Garbo is unchallenged by

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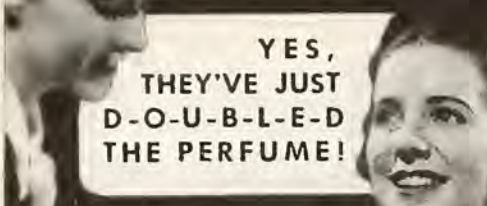
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my inferior sex. There isn't a scenario writer in the industry that tops Frances Marion. The name of the saint that comes most readily to my mind is that of Joan of Arc. Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria stand out more preëminently than any other remembered royalty. For every Lindbergh there seems to be an Amelia Earhart. For every Monsieur Curie there is a Madame Curie. Everyone knows the old 'power behind the throne' legends. There was probably plenty of trouble back of those thrones! More men have done things, of course. But I'm kinda afraid that that's only because more women haven't tried.

DIFFERENT types of women are different kinds of trouble," grinned Stu. I've played in pictures with a lot of different types and I've got 'em all figured out. I'm only using them as symbols for what I mean, of course. Nothing personal. Not too personal.

"I once played in 'The Magnificent Lie' with Ruth Chatterton. Most men haven't much subtlety. I know that I haven't. I believe that when someone tells me black is black they don't mean that black is white. But Ruth can handle words like Napoleon handled armies. When it comes to books, music, travel and diplomacy I've yet to listen to her equal. Then, just when you think comfortably, 'Oh, well, all these things are part of a woman's game, she comes along and turns aviatrix and proves that a woman can be all the things a man can be and do all the things a man can do. And if that doesn't put us at the bottom of the deck, what does?

"A girl like Jean Parker is another kind of trouble. She's so sweet, so gentle and so young that she's more formidable than a man armed to the teeth. The milder and sweeter they are, the more trouble they are. For what, will you tell me, can a mere man do against a girl like some kind of spring flower? If you happened to be working with Jean in a picture, if any question of one or the other getting the breaks arose, if a chance to do a bit of scene-stealing fell on your head you'd have to shove it off, wouldn't you? You couldn't be a big brute and take anything away from a defenseless child.

"Girls like Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert—you can't expect mere men to talk back to them, to deny them anything they may set their hearts on. Even when they are wrong no man would have the heart to tell them they were anything but right.

"The only time," said Stu, "that women are not trouble is when they are wives. But if they are wives and careerists at one and the same time they are double-trouble. I know, from personal experience. When June and I were first married and before June decided that the babies and her home and me, I guess, were more important to her than her career, she made a few pictures. One time while she was working Stu Junior caught a cold. Well, what good was June on that set? She was torn in two. Half the time her mind was on the lines she was speaking and more than half the time on whether the drops were being put in the baby's nose. She had one foot off the set before the last camera had stopped grinding.

"I always hoped that June would give up the screen. Of course I wouldn't have tried to force her—"

And as Stu spoke I remembered a conversation I'd had with June a few days before. It wasn't for publication, but somehow I'm sure June wouldn't mind my writing it. It gives such a revealing picture of Stu Erwin as he really is, as his wife knows him, after working with him in pictures, after five years of marriage,

after the birth of two babies . . .

She said, and her blue eyes were lovelier than they ever were in any love scene on the screen, "I'm so terribly happy." When she said that I thought to myself, "That's all that ever needs to be said or printed about Stu Erwin, really. That says it all." When you see him on the screen and remember that his wife said, "I'm so terribly happy," you'll know the real Stu Erwin better than any words of mine can make you know him.

JUNE went on, "We have such good times together, Stu and the children and I. Stu is so real. That's why I fell in love with him, you know. I fell in love with him the very first time I ever talked to him. I'd seen him about the studio quite a bit and we were working together in 'Dude Ranch' and I thought he was nice. But the very first day he ever asked me out to lunch I knew that—well, that it was love—and so real and so satisfying that everything and everyone else in the world seemed unimportant.

"Stu doesn't play the great lover roles, but he is one. I don't think there could be a more loving lover than Stu. He always remembers every little anniversary we ever shared. The time, the place, the day and the hour of our first luncheon together. The first time we went out to dance, where it was and what music they played. If anything, Stu overdoes the little, lovely things. A little while ago we had our Wooden Wedding Anniversary—our fifth, you know. And Stu went all over the city until he found a little wooden wrist watch for me as an anniversary present. No one but Stu would ever have thought of a wooden wrist watch.

"Last Christmas it was a new car—a town car, just for me. In the morning all of the presents were wrapped and under the tree and there was a tiny box for me, with a card in it, reading, 'Mommie dear, your present is too big to go under the tree. It's in the garage!'

"Stu always notices everything I have on. I can't wear a new flower in my coat that he doesn't speak about it. In fact, he always goes shopping with me. I'd never buy a gown, a coat or a hat unless I had Stu's okay on it.

"I don't think," said June, her eyes soft, "that you could find an enemy of Stu's anywhere in the world. He has more friends than any person I have ever known. I've never known a man to be as beloved as he is.

"Why shouldn't I give up any idea of working? Perhaps our life would seem very quiet and uneventful to many people. But Stu makes every little thing so joyous and important. The baby's new tooth, Stuart Junior's first swimming lesson, the dinners we cook together on cook's night out. He has such a faculty for making daily living vivid and real and fun that I don't need a career—I've got one! He's at home with the children and me all the time when he isn't actually working. He doesn't belong to clubs. He doesn't go off and play golf. He's raising dogs now, Scotties. And he has his camera, he takes hundreds of feet of film of the children and me—and I've never been a prouder leading lady," said June laughing "than I am when Stu photographs me with Stu Junior and little June as my supporting cast."

When she learned this story would be called "Women Are Trouble," June laughed and said, "Of course, Stu will say women are trouble, poor darling. He is so kind and gentle of heart, he is always afraid of them. He really admires us more than we deserve, I am afraid. He's a very great gentleman, my Stu—a very great gentleman."

Hand-Me-Down Gretchen

(Continued from page 53)

sisters. When a nun asked her what her ambition was when she grew up, she stated plainly, "To have a new blue dress without any mendings on it!" That, I guess, tells the story as succinctly as anything.

Once when she was only five, however, she left the convent for one evening to dance at a benefit. It was at that benefit that Mae Murray, also performing, took a great interest in Gretchen, and, seeing her on several occasions afterward, begged to be allowed to adopt her. But Mrs. Young would not hear of it. Hard-pressed as she was, with three girls and a boy to support, she still knew that somehow, some day, she, herself, would manage to give Gretchen the education and luxuries that Miss Murray offered. Nevertheless, Miss Murray did pay for Gretchen's dancing lessons for six months.

That in a way was a slight turning point in little Gretchen's life. At last finding some expression, she ceased to feel quite so useless, and began to develop a personality of her own. It was slow building, but steady, and by the time she was eight she had broken out in all sorts of mental rashes. One consisted of a heavy foot-stamping, whenever she was told to do anything, and an accompanying, "I won't do it! Nobody can make me do it!"

She also adored to break rules. One rule, which turned out to be her Waterloo, required all children to turn in any cake or candy brought or sent from home. These sweets were to be apportioned to them in small quantities each day. On one occasion Gretchen withheld a large chocolate almond bar and gloatingly set out to eat it—all of it—in bed. Unfortunately, she fell asleep in the midst of her deviltry. The chocolate melted all over the sheets, pillow, her face and nightgown, a dead giveaway in the morning. For three hours Gretchen had to stand in the gloomy hall alone.

But even that progress—and it was progress for a retiring girl of her type—



Harold Lloyd's daughters, Gloria (left) and Peggy, are rabid movie fans. Here they are after seeing "Mary of Scotland."

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If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a snuffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection*.

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A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

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was lost when she eventually left the convent for home. Not that her sisters were ever in any respect cruel to her—it was just the old, old case of the too-adoring younger one. And as is only natural in any family, the older girls were getting all the favors. It was Polly Ann and Sally who were registered with all the studio casting officers, finding their place in the world, and Gretchen who stayed at home.

Then there were the little things to add to the general hopelessness of it all. Polly Ann's legs, for example. Whenever Gretchen and the girls used to go to the beach, Gretchen always sat on her legs because they weren't full or nicely rounded like Polly's. They were, she felt, scrawny and thin in comparison. Little did she think that someday studio photographers would find those same legs the answer to a camera's prayer, so slim and lovely, with no muscle bumpiness to be retouched afterward. Just the same they were the source of no little worry to Gretchen at twelve.

There were a lot of things like that; cotton hose for her when the others wore silk, made-over cloth coats with cloth collars when the others had fur, dusting the parlor furniture when the others had dates!

A lot of girls would go on, through life, accepting this hand-me-down lot. And Gretchen Young might have done that, too, except for one thing. She did so want them to be as proud of her as she was of them. It preyed on her mind for months and months. What could she do to show them that she was admirable, too?

FINALLY her chance came. At a very dire moment in the Young's financial state, there came a work call from one of the studios for Polly Ann to come at once. Trembling, Gretchen hung up the 'phone Polly Ann, Sally and Mrs. Young were all downtown for the day—and she had no idea where to reach them. Plopping on her hat, she started out for the studio, gave her name as Polly Ann Young and found herself in a picture.

That story, in essence, has been told before, but always Gretchen's motive has been misinterpreted. When Gretchen answered that studio call, masqueraded as her sister, the possibilities of a picture career of her own never occurred to her. She had no selfish desire to take Polly Ann's place in that picture; there was no personal strategy in her action. She was

nobly going to her family's rescue. Fifteen dollars a day meant that many dollars more in the family's purse.

As wise men say, you never know when one little incident will change the course of your life. That particular episode turned out one of the screen's most promising young actresses. An actress with a long-term contract and a first big part in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" with Lon Chaney. An actress whose name was Loretta Young.

As it was difficult to become accustomed to her new name, so it was difficult to become accustomed to her new station at home. As a matter of fact, Loretta has never quite become used to it. They still call out to her: "Hey, Gretch, do this will you?" "Hey, Gretchen, give me a hand!" And Loretta still obliges. Many is the time she has been known to get down on her hands and knees and scrub the bathroom floor "Because the maids are busy, and besides, because I like it. Good exercise. Great fun. Good for me, too, keeps my knees on the floor!"

Another thing, even since her stardom, Loretta has never once had a personal maid. The Gretchen still in her simply can't imagine it! Nor is she in any way "starrish" on the set. Unlike most stars who spend their idle time between scenes in their dressing-rooms, Loretta prefers to spend it on the set, satisfying her keen interest in every angle of production. Story, photograph, direction and sound recording all receive her avid attention. Like the Gretchen of old, she is still a keen movie fan and goes picture-chasing more than any other star in Hollywood.

Only in one respect has she changed—and that is in connection with clothes. The hand-me-down-Gretchen has given 'way to the most extravagantly dressed young actress in cinemaland. Clothes are her mania... closets and closets and closets of them, row on row, as numerous and colorful as the Flanders' Field poppies of that world-famous poem. Day after day she goes shopping, dress and hat browsing, all around the town. She's a familiar face to all the salesladies everywhere. As one of them says of her, "She is the only star I've ever known who will offer to share her fitting-room with another customer, if we're busy, and if the other customer doesn't mind." Can't you imagine her always saying, "If she doesn't mind, I don't. I'd be glad to have her."

Well, maybe she is still just Gretchen after all!

Love's Been Their Inspiration

(Continued from page 49)

with Raft, Virginia might have had a very opposite effect on him; she might have given him an inferiority complex; she might have made him self-conscious of his lack of polish. Instead, she inspired him to rub off the edges of whatever crudity of manner remained in his make-up. It is this type of inspiration that is most difficult for a woman to offer—and make a man see that it is inspiration and not condescension.

I CAN still remember the dither of excitement that fluttered through the Fox lot when the news got around that Dixie Lee "might marry that Crosby kid." There was excitement and chagrin because Dixie was then a coming star, and Crosby was known for his playboy antics. Yet twice since she has been in love with Bing Crosby, Dixie Lee has gone out of

her way to inspire him to great accomplishment.

The first time was before they were married, when Bing loved her so much he would do anything she asked, except pass up a cocktail now and then. When she found that talking didn't have the desired effect, that threatening never to see him again had no effect, she took a long chance on losing him forever—she ran away from him. He couldn't bear the separation and did as she asked—he straightened out his affairs and began to work seriously.

Then, when it looked as though success was going to have a too-exhilarating effect, she settled him back to responsibility by giving up her own hopes of a career to have a family. The man doesn't live, who doesn't want to be a hero to his children. Dixie took this fact into consideration. She provided her husband with



Grace Bradley and Bruce Cabot relax on a bike between scenes of "Don't Turn 'Em Loose."

the inspiration to do better work that he might continue as a record-breaker at the box-office. A man who has the responsibility of a family can't afford to let down.

There seemed, for a time, as if Bing might slide along on past laurels. Dixie didn't nag. She quietly went about the business of fitting herself once more for a screen career, then she returned to pictures. It was a challenge, an inspiration, to Bing. He couldn't let his wife get ahead of him, and his latest pictures show how hard he tried to do his best.

You may rest assured that Dixie Lee Crosby isn't through inspiring her husband. When it begins to look as though Bing finds golf and fishing more important than his work, when it begins to look as though he is sliding back instead of going forward, she will search her fertile mind for new ways to inspire him.

There was a time, shortly after her marriage to Valentin Parera, when Grace Moore wanted to give up her career. She looked around her and saw marriages being broken for many reasons that might affect her own; the wife's career eclipsed that of the husband; the separations were too long and frequent; the wife did not know how to accept the public's adulation and still remain sweet and feminine and a good sport. All these things frightened her.

SHE suggested to her husband that perhaps it would be wise, since they were so much in love, to give up her career. She would be happy in his success, she said. But he would not hear of it. Rather, he encouraged her to go back to Hollywood and make the most of her golden opportunity. He is a brilliant man; he knows that success cannot always remain at the peak for either man or woman; and he looks forward to the day when both can retire gracefully from the public eye, to a private life entirely their own—and he is content to await that day. His attitude has been a source of constant inspiration to Grace Moore and, as a case history in this series, we recommend it to those husbands, in and out of professional life, who don't know what attitude to take toward their wife's success.

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has been to Joan Blondell makes one of the loveliest stories in Hollywood. When Dick met Joan she was slipping in her career. She was getting, excuse us for the ugly word, fat. Joan's hair wasn't beautiful or well-dressed any more; she seemed to have forgotten how to be lovely or smartly attired. Then Dick let her know that he adored her, and what a change took place!

Joan Blondell took stock of herself. Dick was young and smart-looking; she had to smarten up not to embarrass him when they went out together. She had to lose weight; it wouldn't do to acquire that matronly look while Dick remained slender and youthful. By the time Joan finished making herself over that she might be worthy of Dick—she had made herself over into one of the most attractive young girls in Hollywood. And by that time, also, her bosses saw the change and began to give her better parts and smarter costumes to wear.

AND now we have the case of Errol Flynn and Lili Damita. You could count on one hand the stage and screen successes of Mr. F. before his marriage to the vital Lili. She was the sought-after, ever-reported-engaged belle of the theatre and screen. Millionaires fell over one another for her smiles.

The Damita success was so firmly established in the theatre and on the screen that she had but to speak to get her wish for

a certain part, a certain leading man, a certain play or story. But she knew that when two careers meet in marriage, one must be subordinated to the other, for a while at least, so that the beginner might get proper impetus. And because she was in love with Errol Flynn, Lili Damita, who had been called a tigress and a selfish woman by others, subordinated her own career to his. She saw to it that when publicity was to be gotten, her husband got it. She saw to it that in pictures he was the more prominent, in interviews he did the talking.

To a less successful, less in love woman, this would have been difficult. It might have resulted in ugly jealousy and nagging. But not in this case. Lili Damita was frank in her attitude; her husband was the boss; her husband was the great one of the combination. Where she might have crushed his career, she gave it incentive and inspiration. And if you've been hearing the rumblings of those divorce rumors, too, you'll know that something other than professional jealousy is at the root of a possible break-up.

We want to make a suggestion. If you're in love, chart the course of your association with the person you love. See whether the graph indicates an upward trend in that person's life since you fell in love. And if it doesn't, read these case histories again—there may be inspiration in them for you.

An Ounce of Prevention

(Continued from page 61)

mamas know, that they won't be sweet young things forever. They want to progress—to develop—from young roles to roles such as Norma Shearer and Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard are playing. If Anita didn't take simple precautions against the march of time, that fragility would become downright peakedness. The luscious Olivia could easily acquire an overblown look as the thirties approach. Jean's gamin charm is backed up with real grace, with latent poise, for one can't be gamin eternally. And the little French girl's softly rounded face, which has that look about it (I think dewy is the word) must stay "softly" rounded and no more.

AND so—here are some rules, some do's and don'ts, for youth: Eat three good meals a day, but eat nothing in between meals, with these two exceptions: if you're a little on the thin side, drink a big glass of rich milk in the middle of the afternoon. You can have a malted milk, if you hate plain milk, but try to like the milk. And, you others, if you're outdoors a lot, or get dreadfully hungry for some reason, eat a piece of fruit in the middle of the afternoon and stay away from the corner drugstore.

Watch your pet appetite like a hawk! If you love sweet things, I am not the one to say that you should deny yourself moderate indulgence at this stage of your life. But let your indulgence come at the end of your dinner. Then eat a little candy in place of dessert, or have your beloved ice cream, or wheedle your ma into making your pet dessert—and eat one portion of it. Do not make a beeline for your favorite form of sweet when you're very hungry. Wait until the tum is satisfied with more essential foods and then top off the meal with the less desirable sweet. Then, too, always eat good sweets, when you must have them—home-made things, or good reliable bought ones. Not

cheap, fancy looking but ill-prepared confections.

Remember that there are such things as calories after all and they'll count up by themselves, even if you don't bother to count 'em. So make up for indulgence in one thing by self-denial in another. If, for example, you have regaled your in-nards with your adored chocolate ice-box cake for dessert on Monday, how about passing up Tuesday morning's cereal, or the cream or sugar (or both) in your coffee, or something like that?

Watch out if you have a predilection for highly seasoned foods. Don't pour Worcestershire sauce all over your steak. Go easy on all seasonings and stay away, if possible, from some which I'll name. Again, I say—if you're healthy and strong, there's no reason why you should not lap up a bowl of chili con carne once in a while; and if you find some meats, perhaps, flat, stale and unprofitable without a dash of hell fire, appease your taste in moderation. Again also, I say—balance your occasional indulgence by a virtuous, meatless, fresh vegetable dinner next day.

THE taste for highly seasoned foods grows on one like the taste for liquor, almost. Highly seasoned foods cause liver complaint and red noses in later years and bumps on the skin right now. Over-indulgence in them dulls the appetite to the point where a couple of honest eggs or a decent, self-respecting lamb chop tastes like nothing unless smothered in goo registering 104 degrees in the shade.

Here are some seasonings and such, commonly used in the average household, which make foods tasty and interesting and which are not harmful if indulged in moderately. Celery salt—use it occasionally rather than ordinary salt. Curry, thyme, bay leaf, paprika, sage, onion and onion juice. Ask for tarragon vinegar rather than cider vinegar, or use lemon

juice. All of the sweet flavorings are okay, if sensibly used. Try brown sugar occasionally, for everything except beverages. I admit that in tea or coffee, it's pretty bad news, but it can be used, and tastes delicious, on fruit, in sweet sauces and frostings and when used in the preparation of desserts. Stay away, most of the time anyway, from pepper—black, white and red; from chili powder, tabasco, horseradish, and mustard. Go easy on the ketchup and the pickles.

I'm not a bad cook (says she bragging about herself) and while I have no intention of competing with the Modern Hostess which is so expertly managed by my friend, Marjorie Deen, I will offer to do this: I'll tell you, if you'll write me for such information, certain stunts which make foods interesting and palatable and which, at the same time, steer clear of the taboos which we must observe if we wish to keep our skins clear and our figures lovely.

ANOTHER rule for carefree youth: try to overcome any fussiness of appetite of which you may be guilty. "I can't eat this and don't like that" attitude. Naturally, we all have our likes and dislikes. Rare and wonderful is the person who can eat everything with relish. But I think it's a swell idea to try to like almost everything that's good for you. Instead of being faddy and queasy about food, adopt an experimental, a "try it once" attitude. The fussy folks are the ones who end up skinny and scrawny. They coddle their stomachs till everything but their pet foods give them indigestion—so they think.

Finally, the minute you notice any falling off in your looks, jump on it like a duck on a June bug. I almost crossed that

sentence out, for it is the tendency of young people, sometimes, to imagine they're getting fat, or acquiring wrinkles or something when they're not. However, I'll let it stand. Use your eyes and common sense—not your imagination. If the new size sixteen seems tight in the hips, no buttered white toast and jam for breakfast. Thin wholewheat toast—one slice—with little butter and no jam. Your desserts will be fresh or stewed fruit, gelatine or sherbet. Eat less meat and none fried.

Keep an eagle eye on your skin. Make-up off every night before going to bed. Clean your face and make up freshly once during the day. Watch the corners of your nose, the crevice of your chin, the area across the cheekbones, the skin around the eyes. Careful, thorough cleansing keeps the first two danger spots from getting bumpy. If you refrain from applying a new coat of powder over an old coat, that will help a lot, too. Any tendency toward dryness on danger spots three and four should be fought with nourishing cream worn overnight. Doctor occasional blemishes with a dab of any reputable ointment, after a thorough cleansing. Write for my Skin Routine No. 1 for young, good—or pretty good—skins. It won't urge you to spend your money on expensive preparations, I assure you. It divides your beauty preparations into three classes: necessary, nice-but-not-so-necessary, and entirely optional.

Now, what about exercise? The answer is yes. You should exercise all the time. There, there—save the exclamation points. This is what I mean:

This article is called "An Ounce of Prevention" and it means just exactly that. I want to prevent the necessity of your slaving to regain your good figure in later years by keeping it good right along.

As you grow older, you will, maybe, put on a little weight—that's natural. If you have children, your hips may broaden a little—that's natural, too. But the slightly more matured figure that comes with the years is not to be feared. What is to be feared is a general going to seed—a slackening of the muscles—a bulging and spreading—the loss of the lovely bust line of youth. None of these evils is necessary, but all these evils can sneak up on the best of figures without one's realizing it. Good, firm stomach muscles; a trim, bulgeless appearance of the hips and rear; and that uplift look in front—these are the beauty marks of youth. Let's keep 'em.

Exercising "all the time" isn't nearly as terrifying as it sounds. It's like this: when you stoop to pick up something, make an exercise out of it. Knees stiff, as in the old, familiar toe-touching stunt. Stand lots of times when you could sit—especially after meals. Feet together, knees straight, stomach pulled in flat, and derriere pulled in, too, as if you expected a spanking. Head up and shoulders held back. And you don't have to look as if you'd swallowed a ramrod, either.

Sleep without a pillow—it's the best exercise there is for preventing a ducked-forward head.

Walk consciously—as if you were taking a test. Feet pointed straight ahead. Always—always keep pulling your stomach muscles in. Bye and bye, this will become as automatic as breathing.

When you're sitting in a straight-backed chair, sit all the way back in it, shoulders and fanny touching the chair back. If you bend forward, bend from the hips, not from the shoulders. Remember that it's pretty difficult to have a straight back and a drooping bust line.

And here are two formal exercises also,

The EYES that had to have "IT" !

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THAT GIRL QUICK!

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BROOKS... SIGN HERE... AND NOW
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in addition to the informal ones noted above: Stand by an open window and do the swimming breast stroke with your arms. Bring them up in front, shoulder height, palms together. Now out to the side, slowly, turning your palms back. Inhale on these two movements. A good inhale. Exhale as you let your arms down. Repeat ten times each morning.

After meals, this is a good stunt. Go stand against the wall, back to the wall, heels, buttocks and shoulders touching the wall. That makes you pretty flat in front, doesn't it? Look down at the old tum. Then see how much flatter you can make it. Hold the position for a few minutes and when you walk away and go about your business, endeavor to keep that same flatness.

Although this lecture has to do with preventing more than with curing, I mustn't neglect the young person with the knottier problems. The considerably overweight and underweight young ladies.

Youthful fat is apt to be of the "all over" kind. You seldom see a plump, young person—thank goodness—with hard hunks of fat, with those stubborn, hard deposits of flesh on hips and thighs. I have recommended the following diet to twenty-three plump youngsters I have known and I have been able to check on the fact that it has worked in each case. It's a vegetable, fruit and milk diet. It couldn't hurt an invalid, so it naturally can't hurt any hefty, healthy young girl.

Every vegetable except corn goes in the diet. Eat sparingly of beans and peas. Eat one baked potato a week. Be stingy with the butter. Eat all you want of leafy green vegetables. No cream sauces on anything, of course. No flavoring meats. Southern girls. I can't help it if they do taste pretty dreary. Eat all the raw fruit you like except bananas. Drink all the fruit juice you want. Stay away from meat, fish, eggs and starches—just try it for one month or six weeks and see if you aren't pounds lighter. Have your customary coffee or tea, but most assuredly without cream and without sugar, too, if you can. Drink one tall glass of skim milk every day, after your meal, or in the middle of the morning or afternoon. You can have clear soup—hot or jellied—too. It isn't as bad as it sounds, this diet. Remember, eat plenty of the foods on this diet. You can have a small mound of cottage cheese with your salads if you like it—no other cheese though. You shouldn't take salad dressing, though I'll permit a French dressing with a sparing quantity of olive oil.

A caution: Give up your customary ration of meat gradually. It isn't good to make too radical changes in one's diet all of a sudden. Just eat less and less meat over a period of a week, until you're not eating any. At the end of a month or six weeks, if you notice a really remarkable improvement in your weight, go back gradually to meat eating. But continue to stay away from cream and sauces, rich, starchy and sugary desserts.

The underweight young girl, please take to heart what I have said above about overcoming any fussiness of appetite. She should, also, strictly obey what I've said about highly seasoned foods. For breakfast, she should have fruit, cereal, toast and butter and a beverage. If she can manage a couple of eggs, too, that's fine with me. She should have that glass of rich milk in the morning or afternoon. For lunch she should have soup, salad, and a light dessert. In cold weather, she should have a hot course in place of or in addition to the salad. She should, in other words, eat two dinners, virtually, every day. It's better, in fact, if she eats her most substantial meal in the middle of the day. However, just because she's thin, she

cannot eat a lot of candy and a lot of ice cream, or gorge to the exclusion of everything else, on the foods she particularly likes. She should partake of a balanced arrangement of fruits, vegetables, meats, starches, fats and minerals—the whole works.

If nervousness is causing the trouble, she must be in bed five nights a week at ten o'clock. She should cut way down on cigarettes and never touch liquor. She has two nights a week to go stepping—and the mornings after, she should, if possible, sleep late and have her breakfast in bed, perhaps. She should take warm, not hot or cold baths. If someone would give her a soothing rub before bedtime, it would be nice. She should have a warm drink—hot milk, or a malt drink—before going to bed, though if that strikes her as too, too nauseous, I'll settle for a glass of fruit juice. She should be outdoors as much as possible and she should take swimming lessons, for swimming is a swell developer.

I'm running short of space, but I still have room to tell you about a couple of things you can write for, if you need same. One is Skin Routine No. 1 for pretty good skins and Skin Routine No. 2, which is all about improving young skins which aren't good or even pretty good. The second is a personal exercise chart. Last month, I offered to plan a personal diet for you. Now we'll get busy on the exercises. Again, I need your help. If you have a recent snapshot of yourself which gives an accurate idea of your figure, could I have it? I can't send it back to you, so don't mail me anything you particularly cherish. If this isn't possible, try to give me as accurate a description of your figure faults as you possibly can. Don't exaggerate—and don't be guilty of understatement, either. You try to tell me exactly what you need, and I'll try to give you exactly what you want. A stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. A good-sized envelope, if I'm not being too particular. It's pretty difficult to cram a chart into a dainty little note-paper sized thing. The address is Mary Marshall, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



That grand comedian, Roland Young, returned to his native London to do "King Solomon's Mines" for GB.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

(Continued from page 10)

"wanna buy a dog, horse, cow, etc., changing the animal each night. Then, luckily, I hit on the duck. It got such a laugh that I decided to buy one for the act.

SO, I found Emily and adopted her. I've been more than a father to her—in fact, a whole darn family rolled into one. We were happy together, and even when our earnings increased, our mode of living remained simple. Home to us was wherever we hung our hats—that is until the movies came along with promises of gold. Before the ink had dried on the contract I was afraid we might rue the day, but away we went to Hollywood."

Those three, Joe, his wife and Emily were very happy. They liked California and working in pictures. It wasn't until the meanies began cutting down on Miss Emily's closeups, and got out long shears to hack away on her footage, that things began to change. At first she protested, as any girl would when "done wrong by," but when it was explained that it was all for Joe's good, Emily went right into the back seat and did her bits like a little major. For you know there's not a mean bone in all her feathered breast—in fact, there beats a heart of gold, and every beat is for Joe Penner.

"They seem to think my duck has typed me," Penner explained. "My new contract calls for a black sheep to stooge for me. Of course, I think it's a little coincidental, not short of an inference, that

it should be a black sheep. Indeed, there may be something really personal in it."

However, there is the public to reckon with in this new venture of the black sheep, so naturally we felt Emily should have her say on the subject—sort of make an official statement to the press. But alas, poor Emily's exact whereabouts are still shrouded in mystery, and try as we might, we couldn't get to see her.

"Directly on my arrival in Hollywood," Joe informed us, "my sheep and I will pose for pictures. Of course, he will have a big handicap to overcome, taking Emily's place, but he's a very smart sheep and I'm sure he can make the grade."

Thus, in his own inimitable fashion, our lisping comedy man skirted the break between himself and his cast-off leadin' lady.

FROM now on, I make only four pictures a year, my first being 'Roaming Around,'" Joe went on to explain his future plans. "This is much better for me because the public tires of comedians when they see them so often. It also means that I'll get better breaks on stories as there will be more time to look for suitable scripts. I guess Eleanor and I will have a home of our own after all. It's been our ambition for years.

"This is the greatest opportunity of my career," Joe told us enthusiastically. "On October fourth I begin my new radio program, broadcasting from the coast. My new

picture contract allows time for broadcasts, so I'm hoping to accomplish a lot in the coming year."

After meeting Joe Penner, we haven't much doubt that he will soon be one of the headline movie comedians, for he is a real personality and has turned every handicap into an attribute contributing to his success.

Anyone who can begin life in a small town in Hungary as a soprano in the choir of his grandfather's church, and come through to the garish amusement world entirely on his own is bound to succeed.

Joe feels that one of the most disheartening facts of Hollywood is that some of the most talented people don't get the break they should.

"For instance," he said, "there's little Frances Langford. She is a good actress and is even more attractive in person than on the screen. If they would only take a little time to direct her and learn to photograph her properly, she would be a real comer. Frances is a hard worker, so there will be no holding her down."

As the Century sped away with Mr. and Mrs. Penner on board our closing thoughts were in sympathy for Emily Duck as well as the little black sheep. However, we hope for the best, and console ourselves with the fact that we don't like duck soup and so will never be a party to Emily's departure in such a manner. As for lamb stew—well, it's a bit premature to worry on that score!

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Bachelors By Choice

(Continued from page 17)

Norman Foster right under my eyes? The columnists kidded about it, but it wasn't so funny to me. Now the three of us go out, instead of just Sally and I as we used to.

"And, as I've already said, this isn't the first bit of jilting I've been up against. No, I'm serious when I say I'm not going to be married for a long time. Virginia Bruce? She talks about all the others when I take her to dinner. Yes, I'm sure a romantic flop when the cameras aren't grinding."

Well, if confession is good for the soul, Cesar Romero should feel just fine. What do you think? Our guess is that he's the "sudden elopement" type!

And last, but by no means least, is Columbia's single singing star, Michael Bartlett.

"Well," grinned Mr. Bartlett, "perhaps I shouldn't be in this line-up of males, for frankly, I'm not a bachelor by choice. I'm looking around for a wife. You see, I was going to be married once; in fact, said a tearful, temporary farewell to my sweetheart before leaving for Hollywood. She said she was going to wait, but she didn't say for how long. And she waited all right—just five months. Then she up and married my best friend."

"I was in the dumps for weeks and then decided to snap out of it. Here I was, I figured, out here among all the desirables in the world, and I couldn't find one to take my mind off the old gal. I couldn't find one, because I wasn't interested in looking. So I decided to make myself interested. And now, everything's on the up-and-up. I haven't found the girl, but

I've found several of them who are nice and amusing and fun to be with. I'm not planning to be married this month or next, but the minute I feel like it, if she'll have me, I'll have her. She needn't be an actress, a secretary or a singer. There are no qualifications. All she's got to be is darn nice and care about yours truly." Which, you'll agree, is fair enough. And not such a strict requirement for the girls to meet!

That handsome Britisher, Brian Aherne, isn't too anxious to take the matrimonial step and his first and real reason for making haste slowly in this direction is his career.

"I've been on the stage practically since boyhood," he said on his most recent trip to New York, "and I've just lately arrived professionally. It's been a slow climb and I'm a firm believer in that famous old adage that 'he travels farthest who travels alone.'"

"I may not be in pictures all my life though, and when and if the day comes when I turn to business affairs, that is the time I'll look for a wife, for that is the time when I'll have time to devote to a home. You see, there is nothing as fine as marriage when it is right; that is, with the right set-up, and nothing as disappointing when it isn't. Yes, while I'm still acting, I don't think it would be fair to think about marriage."

And so we have a list of the most eligible who will continue to be for some time, simply because they want to be, finances, opportunity and everything else most men lack notwithstanding.

Southern Charmer

(Continued from page 15)

about her, I felt that dignity might be a very good angle for the interview.

Escorted to the set of "Murder with Pictures," in which Gail's playing the lead, I plowed my way through a tangle of cables and lighting apparatus, finally running her to earth. It was one of the summer's hottest days, 95 in the shade, to be exact, but there, serenely smiling in a smart woolly winter outfit, with a long black cape and leopard-skin collar that came way up around her ears, sat our beautiful highbrow, looking as cool as you please! In one slender hand she held a cardboard container full of steaming hot coffee and in the other a cellophane bag containing two discouraged-looking sugar-buns. She looked exactly like a little girl at a picnic.

ONSLOW STEVENS arrived at her side at the same moment we did, and she promptly handed the food to him. He, in turn, refused to accept it. "But it's yours," she insisted. "You ordered it; said you were starving!"

"Oh, dear no," replied Mr. Stevens. "I couldn't think of taking it! Etc., etc."

"Oh, don't be silly," chirped the authority-on-dignity. "You know you want it and wouldn't be a bit polite about it if we didn't have visitors! He's only trying to show off, pay no attention to him!"

"Dignity?" echoed Miss Patrick in reply to my first question. "Oh dear, I wish

I'd known in advance what you wanted to talk about. One's always rather lost just on the spur of the moment, like this. Besides, we're going to be interrupted every few minutes, I'm afraid. I'm in this scene that they're shooting and we'll probably be kept on it most of the morning. However, we'll try. What were we talking about? Oh yes, dignity!

"Of course, it goes without saying that dignity is highly essential to every woman's make-up—at times. At other times it definitely is not. It's a two-edged sword, and has to be handled very skillfully. In an unpleasant situation it's a grand 'out'; and of course there's no doubt that everyone has a lot more respect for a woman who is dignified than for one who is not, regardless of her other merits. Dignity's just another word for self-respect or refinement, isn't it? Certainly anyone having these two qualities is rarely lacking in dignity."

"If dignity isn't natural to a girl she should learn to create it, or simulate it, just as she learns to create the illusion of beauty, or glamor, or anything else she wishes to suggest. However, it's vastly important that she has the good sense to turn it off as well as on, and to use it in such manner that it becomes a quality instead of a nuisance. At times dignity is a woman's very best weapon; at other times it's her worst."

"In cultivating dignity, much depends

upon one's type. For instance, if a girl is tall and statuesque she's simply got to be dignified, while if she's little she can be cute and cunning, with dignity brought out only when it's actually needed.

"Of course, dignity pays big dividends, yet it can also be very expensive in a material way. Take the matter of clothes, for example. A tall girl can't wear any old thing; she should look extremely smart at all times—yet smart clothes cost a lot of money. The little girl can buy cute frocks for \$6.98 and up. Then, too, the dignified type has to worry more about her figure; she can't ever let herself go on a good binge. If a little girl grows plump and roly-poly, she's all the cuter, but a big girl—brrrrrrrrh!

"Most modern women seem almost afraid to be thought dignified. They think they'll be classed as prigs and miss a lot of fun. That's because they've got the wrong idea of what constitutes dignity. They confuse it with repression. Being brought up in the South, I had the importance of being 'lady-like' dimmed into my ears from infancy, but I don't think I ever lost any real fun in living up to it. As I said before, you must know how to use it. It's absolutely essential that the girl who's learning to be dignified acquire graciousness at the same time. Consider Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy. They are examples of dignity at its very best—yet no one ever thinks of any of them as prigs or spoil-sports. This is because of their invariable graciousness. Then there's Helen Hayes. She's a tiny girl, yet she has immense dignity, and charm enough for a dozen women!

AS for an example of the dividends that dignity pays, consider Ann Harding. She's come through all her tribulations with the sympathy and highest regard of everyone, because of her superb dignity. If she had handled her difficult problem differently, if she'd forgotten her dignity for one moment and had resorted to mud-slinging and the tactics that some women would have used, no one would have cared a hoot what happened to her. As it is, we think she's marvellous!"

Gail's whole manner is a perfect blend of all we mean when we say "charm."

At this point, she was called for another "take." In this scene Gail was supposed to have come from a court trial, with Onslow Stevens and a flock of reporters in her wake. At the door, leading off-stage, she posed while they took a flashlight picture of her, looking oh, so dignified and sad. It was all very solemn until, just as she made her exit, Onslow Stevens gave her a push and yipped—"Not that way, you dope!" From behind the door I heard her giggling. "That was a 'take,' you poor nut, not a rehearsal! Now we'll have to do it over again!"

"I see what you mean about turning it off and on," I said when she came back. "Yes," she laughed, "but I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place to learn about dignity. Everyone's haywire this morning—specially me. Anyway, a motion picture set is a difficult place to practice dignity. If you take yourself too seriously it gets everybody down, including yourself. Moreover, a keen sense of humor is a saving grace at any time and should never be lost sight of."

She's right. I'm sure she's right about everything. Anyway, if she should run for Governor of Alabama, she'll get my vote!

... Read Adelia Bird's practical winter fashion tips in the December issue.

A Page from Fashion's Notebook

FALL and WINTER 1936

TINTEX BRINGS PARIS COLORS!

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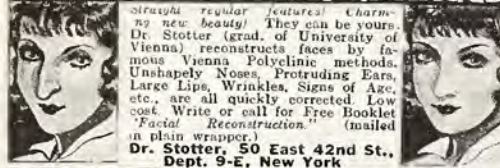
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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO AND RINSE—



If you are an addict of musicals, you'll enjoy "Follow Your Heart." Marion Talley and Michael Bartlett do the singing.



Yes, here's Dolores Costello Barrymore with George Raft sipping a soda in a scene from "Yours for the Asking."

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 19)

"baby fat" but it can be just as unhealthy as any other kind of fat and although she is noticeably taller in each new picture, she will soon only be in line for roly-poly comic roles if she doesn't get thinner soon. It would be a shame to let her get so fat that a sweet child such as she is would have to be put on a rigid diet which would impair her health.—H. Park, St. Louis, Mo.

Yankee Booster

After reading an interview with Marlene Dietrich, one can readily understand the viewpoint of those who insist we should patronize our American stars. No one expected Miss Dietrich to like the United States better than her native Germany, but that is no excuse for her unwarranted criticism. Her remarks concerning American schools and men, to mention a few things, were simply obnoxious to one who is proud of an American heritage. Obviously, Miss Dietrich hasn't much respect for American intelligence either. Why should we support with our dimes and quarters, men and women who show their appreciation by making disparaging remarks about our country? From now on I intend to boost such grand stars as Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy and Robert Taylor (all Yankees) instead of exotic "knockers."—A former Dietrich fan, no address.

Bob Taylor Surprised Her

Recently I received one of the surprises of my life. Robert Taylor's picture came to me through the mail! Of course, there's nothing so unusual about receiving a star's photograph. All one must do is say a few nice things about his favorite star, enclose a coin, address and mail the fan letter. Sometimes you get a picture and sometimes you don't.

I wrote a letter to Mr. Taylor; very few things I said were praiseful. Almost everything was in the form of criticism. Still I got a picture and I didn't even send a coin for it. Even if he didn't see or read the letter, I give him credit for being one grand person. Wouldn't it be grand if there were a few more like him?—Mildred Ferderber, Madrid, Iowa.

A Line or Two from Lots o' Letters

"Monsieur Beaucaire" would be a natural for Nelson Eddy—music worthy of his voice and a powdered-wig role to satisfy those who prefer him in costume. How about it, M-G-M?—F. Wakeling, London, Eng. There are rows and rows of magazines on the newsstands and not a man's picture among them! How I would like to add colored photos of Gable, Taylor, Cooper and Raymond to my collection! Why not try it some time, MODERN SCREEN? —G. W., Sweet Springs, Mo. I do not like to see life in its true form portrayed on the screen. We can see poverty everywhere, so why pay to see it on the screen? It lifts the morale of the people to see lovely clothes and elaborate settings; the trouble is we see too little of wealth and too much of poverty.—E. A., Asheville, N. C. Is there a "blacklist" in Hollywood barring certain players from the screen for some unknown reason? If not, why is Gloria Swanson still waiting for a come-back chance? Every so often she is mentioned for a major production, but finally loses out to another actress.—G. A., Utica, N. Y. The attitude of certain stars toward the fans at previews is ridiculous. I never hunted for an autograph in my life, but I can sympathize with the youngsters who crowd around the stars, notebook in hand, waiting for at least a smiling refusal. When a star hurries through the crowd with a frown on her face, she mars everything the fans believe her to be. I don't think it is really conscious meanness, but it looks b-a-d. If it really annoys her so much there are two suggestions I might make. 1. To stay home from the preview. 2. To continue her screen acting right on into the foyer of the theatre and charge the strain up to professional duty.—E. Morrow, no address. Has it ever occurred to players that they "type" themselves? If they can excel in only one type of role, or if they go to such extremes in make-up that they can only be cast in one particular role, then, certainly, they must be typed. Some stars have such vivid and charming personalities that they cannot submerge them for any reason.—D. H., Helena, Montana.

Reviews

(Continued from page 25)

Madden, a newcomer, to step into the star role and score, as every movie understudy does, a sensational success. The virtues of "Stage Struck" are the fact that it refuses to take itself seriously and the fact that Joan Blondell turns in a comedy performance which will surprise even the loyal Blondell followers. Dick Powell is his customary self as the dance director, and a first-rate supporting cast is headed by Frank McHugh, Hobart Cavanaugh, Craig Reynolds, Carol Hughes and Warren William.

Preview Postscript

Joan Blondell went temperamental with a bang for this role. The least temperamental of any actress on the lot, she's been waiting for a chance to get a crack at the other temperamental gals in town. Her characterization isn't based on any one of them in particular, but is a composite portrait of all the choice ones, according to Jaan. Some of her off-screen portrayals were much better, we hear. . . . This is Jeanne Madden's first professional appearance, never having been on the stage or screen before. Jeanne's from Scranton, Pennsylvania. She had opera leanings all through high school and upon graduation secured enough money for lessons from a New York teacher of note who brought her to the notice of studio talent scouts. She was given a screen test and a contract—but just on the Madden looks. The studio didn't know or care much about a voice to go with it. She proceeded to rest for three months while the studio forgot about her. Then news came that the Met would like to give Miss Madden a try. What, asked the studio, take away their songbird? As a result, she was given this role, and Miss Madden's headed for higher pay. . . . The set of the New York Aquarium was one of the most interesting ever built on the lot. Experts studied the original so closely before attempting this set, that it is practically identical. In fact, some New York visitors happened on the set one day and claimed they recognized the fish. . . . The Yacht Club Boys have one of the nicest set-ups invented. They are in frequent demand for moving pictures, but have declined any form of contract. So they do considerable cross-country travelling, and manage to hit both California and New York during the best seasons.

★★★★ Swing Time

(RKO-Radio)

This is the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical opus—and that's all any reviewer need tell his readers. It has the standard Astaire-Rogers story, it has music by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, and it has dancing. Most of the entertainment, as may well be expected, is confined to the dancing department. Miss Rogers' stepping becomes more and more expert with each new picture, and Mr. Astaire's fancy hoofing needs no recommendation whatever. He's still the tops, and anyone who doubts that has but to witness his "Bojangles of Harlem" number in which he dons blackface and turns out the fanciest stepping ever to appear on a screen. The story, sketchy and unimportant, has Ginger as an instructor in a "Learn to Dance" academy and Fred an unemployed hooper. They form a dance team, fall in love, and you know the rest. Two of the songs are especially good—"This is a Fine Romance" and "Never Gonna Dance." "Waltz in Swing Time" is highly effective as danced by the two principals, and As-

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Mary Carlisle and Lew Ayres turn in slick performances in "Lady Be Careful."

taire scores in a song number, "The Way You Look Tonight." "Swing Time" is better entertainment than "Follow the Fleet" and is probably the best Astaire-Rogers vehicle since "Roberta." An excellent supporting cast is headed by Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, Eric Blore, Betty Furness and Georges Metaxa.

★★★ Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)

You can hardly call this a surprise hit with a cast headed by Adolphe Menjou, Alice Faye, Ted Healy, Patsy Kelly, Gregory Ratoff and the Ritz Brothers, but you can definitely call it one of the funniest musical pictures since the advent of talkies. To begin with, it's a pictorial chronicle of the widely publicized cross-country love flight of a well-known star of stage and screen and his alleged lady love. In the cinema version—or shall we call it coincidence?—Adolphe Menjou is a slightly alcoholic, Shakespearean screen idol who is convinced, by the manipulations of an alert agent, that Alice Faye is his Juliet. Alice is a blues singer related to the Capulets only through newspaper headlines, but when the agent puts her through her paces, "Sing, Baby, Sing" becomes pure hilarity every second of its unreeling. Highlights are Adolphe Menjou's superb comedy, topping anything he's ever done; the swell comedy team of Ted Healy and Patsy Kelly; Gregory Ratoff's inimitable accent; The Ritz Brothers and their Harry Richman and Ted Lewis impersonations and their operatic rendition of "The Music Goes 'Round"; and the song, "When Did You Leave Heaven?"

Preview Postscript

This marks Alice Faye's camera debut as an "amber blonde"—light brown and orange to the cynics. She polled all of the men at the studio to find out if they liked it better than her blonde locks. Some of them didn't, but Michael Whalen did, so that was that. The Faye "figger," in case you're interested, is due to ice-skating. She held the amateur championship for women in New York for five years... Ted Healy was married to actress Betty Hickman the day before beginning work on this film. They flew to Yuma, Arizona, for the ceremony. Which explains Ted's hard work on this picture, for according to Ted himself he was never so in earnest about work before he had the little woman to impress... The wisecrack-

ingest gal on the set was Veronica Kelly—Patsy to youse.

★★★ Lady Be Careful (Paramount)

Surprisingly enough, this has turned out to be very commendable screen fare. It's been many a movie moon since Lew Ayres has been in a worth while film, but he makes up for everything with his excellent performance here. And Mary Carlisle has developed overnight into as pleasing a comedienne as we have seen for some time. Benny Baker and Larry Crabbe turn in good performances and the rest of the cast is well selected in every instance. Taken from "Sailor, Beware," the play deals with the same gob who becomes the pride of the navy through his irresistible, though totally unsuspected, sex appeal. Sailor Ayres is the one who doesn't suspect his own charms, so when Benny Baker bets Larry Crabbe, a Marine, that Lew can have "Stonewall" Jackson (Mary Carlisle) madly in love with him in no time, the complications set in. Sinking the Japanese fleet looks simpler to our hero. The progress of the romance from then on involves a continual series of hilarious situations. You'll get your quota of laughs, sighs and everything you expect from a good movie when you see this one.

Preview Postscript

This role marked a triumphant milestone in the life of Benny Baker. It's the first time he's ever had a stooge. Having a stooge all to yourself might not seem so much to lots of people, but if, like Benny, you'd been a stooge to other people all your life you'd appreciate the change. Joe Plaski is Benny's man-of-all-work now... Lew Ayres started the picture looking pretty glum. Divorces in Hollywood do get some folks down, popular opinion notwithstanding. But after doing a few scenes with Mary Carlisle and playing a couple of sets of ping-pong with her between shots, Lew began to brighten. Some of their better scenes, as a result, aren't all acting... Wesley Barry surprised every one in the cast by announcing one day that he was celebrating his tenth wedding anniversary. It seemed to most of the company that Wes was still the freckle-faced youngster which he portrayed for so many years on the screen... Larry Buster Crabbe became a proud father during the picture's production. Buster was Olympic champ for the swimming events in 1932, and this is practically the first time when brawn wasn't the main requisite for his celluloid appearances.

★★★ Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M)

Here's a load of nonsense, strictly in the high comedy department, which will more than satisfy the most particular audiences. Especially gratifying is the fact that M-G-M has, after all these years, seen fit to give Robert Montgomery a role worthy of his talents. It will make audiences forget his rather negative portrayals in "Peticoat Fever" and "Trouble for Two." In this one he's a caricaturist for a London paper and the sole support of his expensive playboy-actor father, Frank Morgan. The playboy tactics inherited from dear old dad soon lead to Montgomery's dismissal from the paper. Things look black until he clicks with a syndicated cartoon strip based on the antics of a title-seeking American family. The strip is a riot all over England and sends the originals into an embarrassed retreat to America. Much to Mr. M.'s surprise and chagrin, he discovers that the gal (Madge Evans) he loves is a daughter of the family. The story itself



Bette Davis completed "Satan Met a Lady," opposite Warren William, before her recent studio walk-out.

is unimportant, for it's the dialogue and comedy situations that make it one of the brightest offerings of the season. In addition to the excellent Montgomery and Morgan portrayals, there is superb support from Eric Blore in the role of Bob's valet, and able performances by Billie Burke, Grant Mitchell and Robert Benchley.

Preview Postscript

Robert Benchley recently broke all precedent and went to the "Troc" for an evening of gayety. After the doings he asked a man standing at the door to get him a cab. "I'm not the doorman," said the man, "I'm a naval officer." "Okay," said Benchley, "get me a boot." . . . One of the biggest sources of entertainment on the set was the smallest member in the cast—eleven-year-old Tommy Bupp. He made his screen debut two years ago in a Hal Roach-er and since that time has appeared in almost twenty-five productions. Tommy has no screen aspirations when he grows up, though. He wants to go right back to Hal Roach studios and direct all the kids . . . Eric Blore had to admit that one particular day he put in on the set wasn't too much fun. He skipped eleven miles with a rope (Blore calculations), imitated ten birds, was kicked twenty-seven times in the shins by Tommy Bupp and had to kick himself a couple dozen times in the shins . . . Immediately following the picture's completion, Bob Montgomery packed his wife, daughter and household goods and set out for that farm in Connecticut. The Montgomerys have been threatening to hibernate to this place for the last five years, but to date they have only spent a month at a time. They intend remaining six months at least, and no matter how tempting a movie offer comes up, Bob will have nothing to do with it . . . Madge Evans claims she doesn't believe in long engagements, so she must be married to Tom Gallery by this time. It's been about two years now that one hasn't been seen around Hollywood without the other. But they insist that there have been no wedding bells. Tom is Zasu Pitts' ex-husband, y'know.

★★★ A Son Comes Home (Paramount)

Erstwhile comedienne Mary Boland turns dramatic for this. Minus her jittery partner, Charles Ruggles, she dons the mantle of the late Marie Dressler, and a very nice fit it is, too, although the hem may have to be taken up and a few tucks added. In this film, directed by Europe's competent E. A. Dupont, scenarized by Irving Thalberg's sister, Sylvia, Miss Boland is Mary



"LIBELED LADY"

Her reputation was worth \$5,000,000—and she made up her mind to collect from the man who called her "husband-snatcher." But she reckoned without her heart—the heart she couldn't control! The full-length novel, based on the picture, "Libeled Lady," starring Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Spencer Tracy, appears in the November SCREEN ROMANCES.

*

Among the sixteen other stories illustrated with actual scenes from the important productions are:

"Champagne Waltz," starring Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray.

"Dodsworth," with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor.

"The Plainsman," starring Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur.

"Green Light," with Errol Flynn and Anita Louise.

"Born to Dance," with Eleanor Powell and James Stewart.

"Pennies From Heaven," starring Bing Crosby.

*

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Grady, one of those water-front "heart-of-gold" ladies who runs a chowder house. Her chief concern is her son Denny, missing for fifteen years. When he turns up as the murderer in a hold-up killing that involves an innocent youth, Mary is heroic in the traditional fashion. The greatest suspense—and the film has plenty, so you'd better see it—is the audience's awareness of Mary's ignorance that the murderer she is hunting is her long-lost son. There are several novel plot twists, but we won't spoil them for you by telling. The intellectuals' darling, Julie Haydon, not seen since "The Scoundrel," reappears in this film. Also Donald Woods, Wallace Ford, Anthony Nace (promising Broadway newcomer), Roger Imhof, Helen Flint. The latter registers in a shady-lady role. If you liked the "pixilated" females in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," you'll find two more like them in this film. The biggest surprise is Miss Boland, making a skillful transition from comedy to drama and winning audience sympathy with a tear, a sob, a smile.

Preview Postscript

After waiting fifteen months for some work, Julie Haydon finally got this role. After New York successes she was brought to Hollywood with considerable ballyhoo, then she was left with time on her hands. Now she has a contract with M-G-M... Edgar Sherrod celebrated his 746th appearance as a man of the cloth in this celluloid. He's played all the religions, even to officiating at a Holy Roller's wedding. In real life Mr. Sherrod is an Episcopalian minister, and formerly deacon of a diocese in Atlanta, Georgia. ... Donald Woods was in a predicament. Depending on which sequence was to be shot, he had to appear for half a day in well-pressed clothes and the rest of the time in rumpled clothing, or vice versa. Pressing was easy enough, but it took an astute property man to solve the un-pressing problem. He rigged up a machine with a wringer which had corrugated iron rolls on it!

★★ The Texas Rangers (Paramount)

"The Texas Rangers" is a glorified horse opera, eulogizing the courage and the bravery of the hardy souls who play the title role. Directed by King Vidor, it has vigor and a certain quota of excitement, but it lacks the epic qualities for which it undoubtedly reached. Plot concerns the careers of Jack Oakie and Fred MacMurray, a pair of bandits in league with Lloyd Nolan, the toughest hombre in the West. Oakie and MacMurray join the Rangers, hoping to secure inside tips on good robbery prospects which they can pass along to Nolan. Comes a gal into the situation, one of the fairest flowers of old Texas, and she sort of makes Fred see the error of his ways. His love for her isn't strong enough, however, to make him accept an assignment to track down and kill Nolan, and he's tossed into the jug. Good old Jack Oakie goes after his man, though, and gets himself killed for his efforts. Oakie's death spurs MacMurray into action, and you know what happens then. The picture has a lot of cowboy-Indian stuff and, as in the case of most open air dramas, beautiful photography. Jack Oakie and Lloyd Nolan take acting honors—Oakie with his excellent comedy and Nolan with a thoroughly first-rate portrayal of the bad man. Fred MacMurray and Jean Parker share a mild love story, and there are other capable performances by Benny Bartlett and Edward Ellis.

Preview Postscript

The longest location trip ever sent out by

Paramount was for this celluloid. Eight weeks were spent by the cast and crew in Gallup and Santa Fe, New Mexico, and adjoining small towns. Among the extras employed were 250 Navajo Indians and two Governors, Governor Allred of Texas and Governor Clyde Tingley of New Mexico. If you look closely you can see them gallop past in a couple of scenes. Governor Allred even directed the first scene. The company was located on the Indian reservation twenty miles outside of Gallup, while the Governor was in Dollos. A field wire was strung from the town to the set; Director Vidor held a megaphone to the receiver and Gov. Allred let loose with directions. The fact that Vidor had to direct the scene all over again didn't spoil the fun. Gollons of sunburn lotion had been brought along to use on the cast, but it was all used up on the Indians. They just couldn't take it, having been used to white man's garments these many years. One day in the blistering sun, clad in the breech-cloths and feathers of their forefathers, every last Injun of the 250 began blistering. ... Albert Silva, well-known sculptor, under contract to Paramount for set decorating, was given the job of making that memorial statue of a Texas Ranger, which was sent to Dallas and will later have a permanent place in the State House at Austin, Texas. A gala banquet was thrown by the Dallas officials for the sculptor, the principals and the director who went to Dollos for the presentation.

★★ Walking on Air (RKO-Radio)

Watching this one unroll won't be time wasted. Gene Raymond and Ann Southern come through with some of the best comedy screened in a long time. The plot doesn't lack complications, either. Ann Southern is determined to marry a foreign count, and the fact that her father, Henry Stephenson and a man of iron, is equally determined that she'll not marry a no-account, still has Ann rushing the wedding bells. In order to outwit him, Ann hires Gene Raymond, a jobless radio crooner, to pose as another count and make himself as thoroughly obnoxious as possible. Then after several reels of choice insults, Ann announces that she is going to marry the new count instead. But life with father hasn't taught Ann all his tricks. He heartily agrees with her plan, and the fact that Gene considers it all in the day's work puts the heroine in a spot, particularly since discovering that Gene is the Real Thing in her life. Nothing much to any of it, but a lot of laughs, provided chiefly by the leads, aided and abetted by Henry Stephenson, Jessie Ralph, George Meeker, Maxine Jennings and Anita Colby.

★ Cain and Mabel (Warners)

The latest Marion Davies celluloid differs little from its predecessors. It's just as mediocre. In addition to the usual extravagant outlay of sets, costumes and dance numbers, however, we have Mr. Clark Gable. The only similarity in this performance and the excellent ones he's been turning in lately, are the Gable dimples. Roscoe Karns gives the most convincing characterization of the picture—another of those publicity-agent jobs. He works himself into a couple of nervous breakdowns a day trying to get "color" into the lives of his two clients, Marion Davies and Clark Gable. Marion, a former waitress, is now the toast of the town due to a musical comedy success, while Clark, a former mechanic, has taken the place by storm with his prize-fighting prowess. Roscoe succeeds in giving them so much

glamor that there's standing-room-only at all performances—only to have his clients throw it all over for an organdy-curtained cottage within walking distance of Clark's garage. The plot, in case you were wondering, has to do with the deep hatred felt by Marion and Clark for each other until the last reel when it turns into love's old sweet story. A good supporting cast includes Ruth Donnelly, Allen Jenkins, Walter Catlett and Hobart Cavanaugh. A couple of dance numbers and a scene of Clark in the ring are worth seeing.

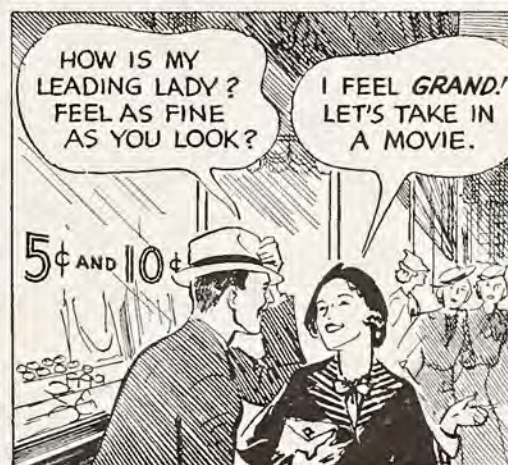
Preview Postscript

It took three and a half months to shoot this one, known as "Coin and Gable" around town. When a Davies picture gets under way, things really start. Being vice-president of your company really helps a gal in getting the background she likes. As an example, Marion had her heart set on a particularly elegant set for the "Thousand Love Songs" background. The fact that no stage at Warners or any place else in Hollywood was large enough to accommodate her ideas, didn't stop the star one minute. A hundred carpenters were rushed out to Stage 7 and set to work raising the foundation with pocks so that thirty feet were added to the height of the building. Marion doesn't think only of sets, however. She takes the cast into consideration, too, to the extent of furnishing gallons of ice-cream, orange juice, etc., every afternoon to the willing extras, and gifts galore to her supporting cast. Gold watches were dished out by the star as souvenirs. Clark and Marion had some fun with those water dousing scenes. At least Marion did. Contrary to the picture's sequence, Marion's chance to douse Clark came first in the shooting schedule. It required six takes and therefore six drenchings for Gable before Miss D. did it to the director's satisfaction. Clark swore he'd get even with her when his turn came. But he was too good—the director was satisfied with Clark's first attempt. . . . David Carlyle's been on radio for some time, but this is his first celluloid appearance. Happening to drop in on his agent one day, after three years of that gentleman's handling his business with no movie offers, the agent casually mentioned that Warners needed a singing star for this picture—and needed him that same day. They rushed out to the studio, but Dave couldn't get a test without a light suit. Owning none but the brown one he had on, Dave was up against it. Until he spotted his agent's gray one. After three years, the agent finally did Dave some good!

★★ His Brother's Wife (M-G-M)

This film contains almost every time-worn situation that has limped across the screen in the past decade or so. First you are shown Bob Taylor as a handsome young doctor-playboy with a supposedly amusing habit of trading hats with milkmen and cab drivers. He's out on a final binge before setting off for the South Seas to do battle with a deadly insect. He meets a gambling-house gal with a heart of gold (Barbara Stanwyck) and together they romp through several days of alleged gayety, culminating when the young man decides to give up his trip in favor of marrying the gal. His brother (John Eldredge) talks him out of it at the last minute. Out of revenge, Barbara woos and wins the brother, who goes to pieces when he discovers she doesn't love him. In the meantime, Bob returns on leave, takes Barbara back with him. When she gets her divorce from his brother, Bob kicks her out—seems he likes revenge, too. But brave little Barbara injects herself

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Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett
in "Two in a Crowd."

with the virus of the deadly insect, gives Bob an opportunity to try out a new serum. True love and the Taylor serum win out. Best performance in the picture is Jean Hersholt's, as an elderly doctor dedicating his life to science. Biggest surprise is that the picture was directed by W. S. ("San Francisco," "Naughty Marietta," "Thin Man") Van Dyke, who probably did all he could with the material at hand.

Preview Postscript

When Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor learned that the studio planned to use them both in a picture, they raised a fine rumpus. Seems they didn't care to screen any of their tenderer moments. But the studio had its way. Bob and Barbara had such a swell time together every day on the set that they are now begging for another celluloid together. Bob even bought a radio-victrola which remained on the set all the time, so's Barbara could listen to her favorite recordings and programs... Jean Hersholt received some news while making this film that made him about the happiest man in Hollywood. It was word that he was to be cast in the new "Quints" celluloid now in production. Mr. Hersholt is eager to get back to the girl friends, and also to resume his pleasant friendship with the good doctor whom he portrays on the screen.

**★★★ Hollywood Boulevard
(Paramount)**

This is the story of a forgotten screen star. It's cruel, but it presents a fairly accurate picture of what happens to an actor whose public has passed him by. It's a story that has been lived by dozens of one-time screen idols who today are glad to get "bit" and even "extra" roles in current productions. Conclusive proof of this point is that several of them are doing that very thing in "Hollywood Boulevard." If you look closely, you'll see people like Charles Ray, Francis X. Bushman, Jack Mulhall, Betty Compson, Mae Marsh, Frank Mayo, William Desmond, Maurice Costello and Bryant Washburn. The plot evolves about John Halliday, an actor whose Hollywood star has fallen. In order to bolster his dwindling finances, he allows his memoirs—highly seasoned by ghost writers—to be published in a confession magazine. The notoriety he attains doesn't bother him until he sees its result on his daughter, Marsha Hunt. The "diary" also panics the wife of the confession magazine's publisher, for she at one time had romantic adventures with the actor. The story is not particularly important, but the picture will interest movie-goers because

of the deft performance of John Halliday, the believable romance of Marsha Hunt and Robert Cummings, and mainly, perhaps, because it gives fans a peek into a number of Hollywood's most publicized spots.

Preview Postscript

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here" might have been the subtitle of this film. Salaries for this celluloid would have run close to the three million mark had it been made in the palmier days of its actors and actresses. Charles Ray, alone, would have made a neat dent in that three million. Now he's glad to get an extra role and in between times coaches young hopefuls for a screen career. He's tried writing, running a florist shop, and odds and ends of jobs since his movie demise... Maurice Costello was quite miffed when Director Robert Florey called him up to appear in this picture. Mr. Florey, diplomatically, so he thought, asked Costello if he would break his retirement and appear in the film. "I haven't been in retirement," shouted the actor. "I just haven't had any work since 1927. Furthermore, I don't appreciate the gag." When he learned it was all in earnest, Mr. Costello appeared promptly on the set... Jack Mulhall gets huge enjoyment out of meeting visitors on the set. They always express pleasure that he's making a comeback. The truth is that Jack's never been out of pictures. If you watch your movies carefully you'll see Jack in many a "bit" role, which has been his job since he lost out on those leading roles. What's more, he makes a neat income from it. Jack started in films back in 1908—and Paul Kelly was in his first picture. We hasten to add, however, that Paul could hardly walk at the time... If you remember "Birth of a Nation," you remember Mae Marsh. She was the gal who did the dive from the cliff. Between quite frequent roles in pictures, Mae lives in Pasadena, where she is the wife of a writer and mother of three children... Betty Compson's last celluloid appearance was in 1933 when she made a picture for one of the independents. She started way back in the "Miracle Man"—remember? She's Mrs. Irving Weinberg of Beverly Hills in private life... Herbert Rawlinson is one of the old-timers who is still working in minor roles. He was that handsome guy who brought the ladies back to the movie houses week after week when he appeared in those men-of-iron, heart-of-gold numbers. Think movies are sissy now. He was laid up in the hospital for three weeks during his first picture back in 1917 because of a few broken ribs and collarbones sustained during a wild ride after a celluloid villain.

**★★ Yours for the Asking
(Paramount)**

George Raft gets a role at last that's right down his alley. And when Mr. Raft comes across something like this he knows what to do about it. Here he plays a gambler de luxe, perfect in detail from patent leather slippers to patent leather pompadour, with plenty of brain-power. Emotions never get the upper hand with George, even when he meets Dolores Costello Barrymore, a sassiety girl down to her last yacht. He proposes fast enough—but it's a business proposition involving a partnership for them in a gambling establishment to be housed in the Miami mansion belonging to Dolores and the mortgage company. It looks like the perfect set-up until Mr. Raft's pals, James Gleason, Edgar Kennedy and Lynne Overman, get wind of the fact that their boss is going society. Ida Lupino and Reginald Owen, two of the classiest crooks ever seen, are enlisted to help the well-meaning meannies. James Gleason and his two side-kicks give excellent performances. Dolores Costello's



This is Julie Haydon's first screen appearance since "The Scoundrel." (Above) A shot from "A Son Comes Home" with Donald Woods.

dignified beauty has a nice setting, but feminine acting honors go to Ida Lupino. If it's laughs, excitement and a touch of sophistication you like, you won't go wrong on this picture.

Preview Postscript

Look carefully and you'll spot Groucho Marx and Charlie Ruggles among the extras in this picture. Groucho and Charlie, furthermore, turned out to be the cheapest extra help that Paramount's ever had. In fact they worked gratis. Both were vacationing down at Coronado Beach, trying to get away from it all—meaning anything to do with movies. While on the beach one afternoon, they were surprised to see a van arrive, loaded with film equipment. It was too much to resist, so the boys offered to play bits if the director would let them, just for the fun of it . . . Director Alexander Hall entertained the entire cast several times during production at his new ranch out in the San Fernando Valley. Hall, incidentally, isn't dependent on the movies for a living, by any means. He bought the ranch with one object in mind—to make a living. And he's going to do it by turkeys, of all things. Mr. Hall knew absolutely nothing about raising anything, let alone turkeys. But they appealed to his fancy so he stocked the place with them, and learned all about raising them. What's more, he's actually made money on them . . . The girl who played the \$7,500,000 heiress in this celluloider was an extra earning \$7.50 per day. "Dress extras"—those with complete wardrobes—receive between ten and fifteen dollars per day. Extras who can speak a line—whether it be one word or seventy—get a minimum of \$25.

★★ China Clipper (First National)

A giant airliner is the star of "China Clipper." It is perhaps true that an airplane has no sex appeal, but it usually has something which registers quite definitely at the box-office. In this case, the scenes showing the flight of the China Clipper are the most exciting in the film. There's a thrill every moment the camera is focused on the great ship. As for the story behind all this, it's one of those standardized things. It has Pat O'Brien, the most intrepid of all screen aviators, with the possible exception of Jimmy Cagney, as a great-hearted but hard-boiled executive of an air line. His ruthless tactics, spurred on by his belief in the future of

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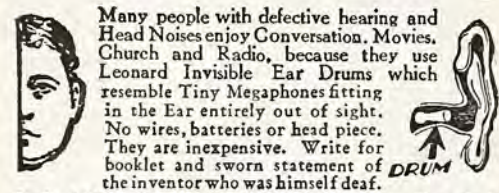
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Pat O'Brien and newcomer Beverly Roberts in "China Clipper." Miss R. looks a bit like Bette Davis, doesn't she?

aviation, drive his men on to newer and greater achievements and drive his wife (Beverly Roberts) back to mother. But Pat wins out, and all hands agree that the China Clipper, inspired by him, is a step forward. Pat O'Brien is his usual brusque self as the tough executive. Beverly Roberts seems miscast as the wife. Humphrey Bogart and Ross Alexander are excellent as a pair of aviators, and Marie Wilson contributes comedy as a gal with a yen for Mr. Alexander.

Preview Postscript

Beverly Roberts is sick and tired of being known as "that wholesome looking girl." She wants, above all, to play the slinky siren and never see one of those little-girls-from-back-home roles again. But it looks like a losing fight, for Beverly's spent her entire life cooped up in night clubs and stuffy apartments, in New York theatres and cabarets of London and Paris, and no matter how late she wakes up, or how many cigarettes she consumes, Beverly always wakes up looking wholesome. Beverly, incidentally, began her screen career as a member of the S.P.A.S.A.T.A.U. In case you're interested, that's the Screen Players' Atmospheric Stenographer and Telephone Answerer Union. Every member of this organization started her career on the screen either as an atmospheric but speechless stenographer in some scene or a telephone answerer in some other. She was formerly a night club singer... Alarm clocks and movies don't get along so well. Marie Wilson had the clever idea of carrying one in her handbag. This was set for half-hour intervals, so if Marie wanted to curl up in her car between shots for a nap she could always get back to the set on time. But she had to give it up finally, due to the fact that she would forget about her timepiece when returning to the set. It went off in the middle of too many scenes.

★ Two in a Crowd (Universal)

You will probably forget what this is all about by the time you leave the theatre, but you may remember that it was pleasantly diverting fare. Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett furnish the romantic interest. They treat life and love in the light-hearted fashion currently in vogue. Even when both are flat broke on New Year's Eve they are looking forward with undiminished ardor to the New Year. And they aren't disappointed. Each finds a half of a thousand dollar bill, which brings about their meeting. They pool their assets and back Joel's horse for the handicap race.

The infectious gayety of Joel and Joan is naturally felt by the horse as well as the audience, so he romps across the line in the nick of time. It's all too breezy to carry much conviction, but Joel McCrea's efforts are responsible for a few really good scenes, and Joan Bennett's blonde prettiness doesn't hamper matters. Others in the cast who do well with what the script allows are Alison Skipworth, Henry Armetta, Reginald Denny and Donald Meek.

Preview Postscript

Every year banks are closed and millions of flags fly on Henry Armetta's birthday, for the popular comedian was born on the Fourth of July. But he didn't realize the significance of the date until he came to America from his native Italy as a boy. Having such a patriotic birth date didn't influence the deportation authorities, who would have shipped Henry straight home again had not a chance acquaintance agreed to give him a steady job in his barber shop... Few actors have had such varied experiences as Nat Pendleton, since his earlier activities included four years as an importer in Spain and Portugal, the formation of True Story Films Corporation, which he managed, and later he turned professional wrestler, engaging in bouts all over the country... Though Joan Bennett lived in Hollywood for a couple of years, she never put foot into a movie studio, and didn't want to. Married at 15, Joan was all wrapped up in domesticity, her husband and baby. But a divorce followed, and on the heels of it Joan delighted her father by announcing that she would accept a role in "Jarnegan," the play which Bennett, Sr., was just going to open in on Broadway. After that success, Joan found herself back in Hollywood... Ten years in leading roles for Mack Sennett comedies was the fate of Andy Clyde. And he still likes custard pies. Andy was born in Blairgowrie, Scotland, in 1889, and appeared on the English stage for several years before giving Hollywood a try.

★ Follow Your Heart (Republic)

This is one of those pictures worth seeing just to hear. But that, unfortunately, is its only justification. Marion Talley seems very ill at ease in her screen debut, except when singing, and her speaking voice surprisingly enough is one of her weaker points. The final sequences which concern a show put on in front of a Southern mansion has some interesting features. Notably the songs by Miss Talley and Michael Bartlett, the beautiful selections by the Hall Johnson choristers and a ballet number, "Magnolias in the Moonlight." Others in the cast are Nigel Bruce, Luis Alberni, Margaret Irving, Vivienne Osborne, Henrietta Crosman and Walter Catlett. The picture is strung together rather haphazardly on the doings of a temperamental family of the old South, who have been stage struck for generations. The only one to escape the curse is daughter Marion Talley, who in spite of her family's insistence prefers to stay at home. Then Michael Bartlett comes along with a travelling troupe, love comes into Marion's life and after a series of long drawn-out complications, she breaks down and promises to love, honor and go on the road. Mr. Bartlett is not our idea of romance, being pretty self-conscious about it all. But you will excuse the heroine and hero when they break into song.

Preview Postscript

It took considerable persuasion to get Marion Talley to leave that 1600-acre farm in Kansas to try Hollywood. After fourteen

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years of training and a Metropolitan debut at nineteen, Marion retired to the Kansas cornfields. Happiness and fame, she still contends, have nothing to do with each other . . . Seldom before have so many celebrated singers been assembled in a screen production. Supporting Marion Talley and Michael Bartlett, tenor of concert and opera stage, are thirteen players whose names have been featured in singing roles. In addition to these are fifty negro choristers, members of the famous Hall Johnson choir of New York, and Lorry Ceballos, dancing-singing ensemble of 100. Cenarro Curci, brother of Galli Curci, was among the warblers, and also Aubrey Scotto, the director, who used to be a singer of note in opera, would join in with the cast whenever possible. Three of the songs were created by Victor Schertzinger . . . For voice range, members of the Hall Johnson chorus claim the world's record. Three of the women sopranos sing in E above high C. Three of the basses take A below lowest C. Ten altos have voices ranging from mezzo-soprano to baritone. The chorus came to Hollywood after four years in "The Green Pastures" on the stage . . . The San Francisco earthquake caused Walter Catlett to leave immediately for New York and stay 25 years. Besides acting, Catlett's interests are torn between writing, directing, drawing, painting and collecting books on early American history.

—★ Postal Inspector (Universal)

This looks for all the world like a news-reel gone wrong. It starts out by giving us the lowdown on the postal system, complete with shots of thousands of letters being shuffled around and thousands of postmen shuffling around, too. Then Ricardo Cortez shows up as a Postal Inspector and on a plane trip he gets the opportunity to inspect Patricia Ellis. For some unknown reason he won't okay Pat, even when it develops that his kid brother, Michael Loring, is planning to make her Ricardo's sister-in-law. But to get on with the newsreel; there's a flood and three million dollars of the post-office money is lost in it. Michael Loring is suspected, so is Pat, so is Bela Lugosi, owner of a night club where Pat works. We'll let you guess who did away with the dough. Ricardo Cortez gives his usual suave performance. Patricia Ellis doesn't have much of a chance to do anything but look pretty, which she manages a lot better than a couple of songs. Michael Loring is adequate.



John Halliday and Marsha Hunt in a scene from "Hollywood Boulevard." You'll see many old-time favorites in this picture, too.

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Preview Postscript

In a scene where he was wading around up to his knees in water, Ric Cortez wore high rubber boots to insure comfort as well as the proper effect for the audience. Suddenly a chilling sensation appraised him of the fact that one boot had sprung a leak and before he could say "cinematographer" it was filled with icy water. Ricardo just took off both boots after that and waded right in. Cortez has been in pictures for the past fourteen years and is always threatening that each picture will be his swan song. He began his career as an extra in a New Jersey film company. Three guesses where Cortez was born—it wasn't Spain, Mexico or any place that you might bet on. He's a native of Vienna, Austria . . . Hollywood Playgirl Number One is Patricia Ellis' unofficial title. If there's a party going on among Hollywood's young set, it's a pretty sure thing that Pat either thought it up or is keeping it going. Tennis, badminton, swimming, fencing, riding, dancing—any sport you might mention—are right up the Ellis alley. . . . Though Michael Loring started out to be a doctor at the University of Minnesota, after five years he found that the play's the thing. So he joined the Repertory Theatre in Minneapolis, but not for very long. Then Mike decided to capitalize on his baritone voice. An engagement at Hollywood's Trocadero resulted in a movie contract.

—★ Satan Met a Lady (Warners)

Bette Davis takes plenty of punishment in this one. Of all the roles that the studio has picked for Miss Davis, this is the prize lemon. She has the role of a coy murderess, caught in the web of life. Had her murderous instincts been aroused by Warren William, the plot would have been justified in our eyes. But as it is, she falls for Warren and he reciprocates by arranging a life sentence for her and wedding bells for himself and Marie Wilson. Mr. W. plays a crooked detective, for whom the ladies swoon all over the set. Marie Wilson is sleuth William's very private detective and gets a few bona fide laughs into the picture, while Alison Skipworth and Arthur Treacher, as a couple

of crooks, try to make their roles convincing, but the cards are stacked against them. The plot concerns the hunt for an antique horn, filled with precious jewels and—and so we don't know why we're telling you all this because it isn't worth seeing anyway.

Preview Postscript

When Bette Davis, in the porlance of the movies gives, she gives. In one scene for this picture the action required her, after an exchange of torrid words with Warren William, to storm out of the room, closing the door behind her. The scene locked punch, so Director Dieterle told Bette to try slamming the door. Once more the cameras whirled. Bette rushed through the door and slammed it with a bang that jarred everyone's eardrums. The cast and crew looked amazed at what had been the door. The portal had split directly down the middle and sagged on lock and hinges. That's the kind of acting Miss Davis likes to do . . . One of the unique orrangements on a Dieterle set is that the stand-ins must learn the lines of the stars. The life of a stand-in is a far cry from that of the stage understudy, for they never take the role of the star in any emergency. But Dieterle acts on the theory that every individual is a potential star, and thus gives every stand-in the chance to prove it . . . Whenever Warren William is on the set you'll find a full-length mirror there, too. Before every appearance for the camera, Warren runs to the mirror and goes through all his lines and actions needed for the shot. It's a habit that Warren's had since his first days in films—more years ago than you'd think. Warren used to play in those thrilling serials "way back when." He appeared opposite Pearl White when she was one of the screen's brightest stars, earning the then magnificent salary of \$100 a week. That was Pearl's money—Warren pulled down \$25 . . . Marie Wilson gambled against Hollywood and won. Convinced of her ability, she risked all her material possessions for a one-year compaign in the cinemo capital. The first step was a mink coat, and on the strength of that she won a role in a little theatre production. They didn't need Marie, but they needed a mink coat. A Warner Bros. sleuth spotted her and Marie signed on the dotted line.

Good News

(Continued from page 31)

Incidentally, Freddie Bartholomew is picking up some first-class pointers on American slang from Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper, who co-star with him in the picture. He's getting now so he can get off, "Oh, yeah?" and "Scram!" with barely a trace of the Thames in them. They're even saying he's out for gangster roles from now on. It's all a bit of a shock, you know.



Fans of Anne Shirley might be interested to know that her heart interests have narrowed down to one young man. Seen around with various Hollywood gentlemen, she had been asked who was Number One in the race. Number One, she stated, was not a Hollywood lad, but someone from the east. The other night at a preview she appeared with Owen Davis, Jr., who had just returned from Connecticut stock company engagements. Pointing to young Mr. Davis, Anne announced, "This is it." So that is that, we suppose.

And now that the "Anthony Adverse" premiere has come and gone, it can probably be said that it was a more "terrific" opening than "The Great Ziegfeld." Mainly, of course, because the Warner Brothers erected grandstands along the entrance to the Carthay Circle Theatre so people could look at people who came to look at Mr. Adverse. Everybody looked at everybody else, and five women fainted. Not, unfortunately, because they saw Gene Raymond, but because it was so crowded they couldn't breathe.



Here's a problem, if you like problems. Jimmy Stewart, one day recently, sat on his porch watching a new next-door neighbor move in. The neighbor, to his surprise, turned out to be Garbo. Next day a high board fence was under construction between the two estates. Question: Who put up the fence—Garbo or Stewart? Your guess is as good as ours!

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The "knock, knock" game is riding the crest in Hollywood these days. One of the worst ones was Jack Oakie's, told on the set of "The Texas Rangers." Well, here it is: "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Texas." "Texas who?" "Texas sap to think of these." But Fred MacMurray's was better: "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Jack Oakie." "There's nobody home!"

Epics come and epics likewise go, but the most colossal of them all should be "Tarzan Escapes." Not that it is Garbo in the cast or anything like that, but because it's been in production since June, 1935, and it's still going. Seems after a hard six months work the picture was completed. It had everything, people said. Everything but a story. So a new director took over and the curtain once more falls to denote a lapse of six months. Now "Tarzan Escapes" had a story, but nothing else. A third director is now at work, and he promises to get the boys out of the jungles by Christmas. There are stories around that men go mad out there on the M-G-M back lot jungle. Men go into those trackless wilds never to return, unless they escape over the back fence, which is the route probably taken by the first two directors.

The whole business is a fine thing for Johnny Weissmuller, though. He's under contract for duration of the picture, and it's beginning to look like a permanent job. So, time marches on and Johnny swings merrily from the treetops, growling his guttural jibes at civilization at \$1,000 a week.

Surprise party on the "Libeled Lady" set one day recently which really was a surprise party. When Myrna Loy and Bill Powell walked onto the set, after lunch, the lights went out and they found themselves surrounded by Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy, Walter Connolly and the rest of the cast. When the lights went up there was a huge birthday cake with a discreet number of candles and an inscription: "Happy Birthday to Mrs. Hornoot." Mrs. Hornoot, of course, is the glamorous Mrs. Hornblow, nee Myrna Loy.

The most versatile actor in Hollywood is probably Pat O'Brien. When Mrs. O'Brien journeyed to New York recently to purchase clothes for her dress shop, Pat took over the care and feeding of the O'Brien offspring, Mavourneen. His day at the studio, where he portrayed a hard-boiled cop, was broken up by phone calls to the O'Brien manse to carry on conversations with the nurse in which sun baths and strained spinach were the main topics. Mrs. O'Brien returned to find Mavourneen alive and healthy and Pat all set for a rest cure.

Short Story: Arline Judge likes to meet people. So when she moved into her dressing-room at Paramount she had "Jack Oakie" lettered on the door.

Here's how some Hollywood stars diet. The other night in a local cafe, Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman, ordered Corn Flakes. "No Corn Flakes," said the waitress. "Shredded Wheat," said Gladys. "No Shredded Wheat," said the waitress. "Well," said Gladys with what didn't sound like much of a sigh, "you'd better give us two T-bone steaks."



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Virginia Weidler with her oldest sister, Sylvia, who is her constant companion.



Miss Crabbe poses for her first interview with Papa Larry and her mother.

Title change of the month is the handle on Mae West's forthcoming picture. Mae has just finished a screen version of "Personal Appearance," the stage comedy success. But they're afraid to keep the title for fear people will think the glamorous Miss W. is honoring them with just that. So now it's "Go West, Young Man." How about "Mae Time"?

Bette Davis has taken her own private war with Warner Brothers and sailed off to Europe with it. It'll probably feel more at home there, at that. In the meantime, George Brent, at least, seems reconciled to her walkout on "God's Country and the Woman." When the company returned from its Washington location trip George flew his plane back to Hollywood—and the only passenger was his new leading lady, Beverly Roberts.

A bit of boyish rough-housing which proves that starlets can be boys. Below, left to right, Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper—co-stars in "Devil Is a Sissy"—up to their ears in watermelon.



Bing Crosby, incidentally, is the hardest working guy on the "Pennies from Heaven" set. He's on time at the studio every morning and he's on hand for every scene. It may be because he's so fond of his Art and it may be because he owns a large share of the picture.

It's interesting, sometimes, to listen to what the stars have to say over the microphones when they're collared in the lobby on premiere night. Most of them, before they see the picture, announce to the world that they're sure it's going to be exciting and wonderful and, perhaps, even good, inwardly hoping that Mr. So-and-So, who produced it, will keep them in mind for his next super-super. Best of all the cracks, among all the laudatory gushings at the "Anthony Adverse" premiere was Fred Keating's. Mr. K. said: "I read 'Anthony Adverse'—and I congratulate myself."

Barrymore Anecdote: John Barrymore strode up to a theatre box-office the other preview night, eyed the blonde captive within, and said, "Mr. Barrymore's tickets, please." The gal blushed, as blondes occasionally do, and replied, "I'm sorry, Mr. Barrymore, there are no tickets for you." "Well," said John philosophically, digging into his pocket, "there's no harm in asking."

Bing Crosby is still wondering why they dressed him in a silk shirt for that horse-back scene in "Rhythm on the Range." At least he was still wondering a few weeks ago at a luncheon on the set of "Pennies from Heaven," his next picture. The silk shirt drew many snickers from preview audiences and proved a bit embarrassing to Mr. C. So there'll be no silk shirts in "Pennies from Heaven." Instead there'll be smooth music from Bing and the other variety from Louis Armstrong, dusky master of the trumpet. And just to prove it, following the set luncheon Crosby and Armstrong entertained the assemblage with an impromptu musicale, featuring songs from the picture and such contemporary trumpet concertos as "Dinah" and "I'm Confessin'."



An on-the-set shot of William Powell and Myrna Loy. Yes, you'll see them together again in "Libeled Lady." Some others in this "big name" cast are Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.

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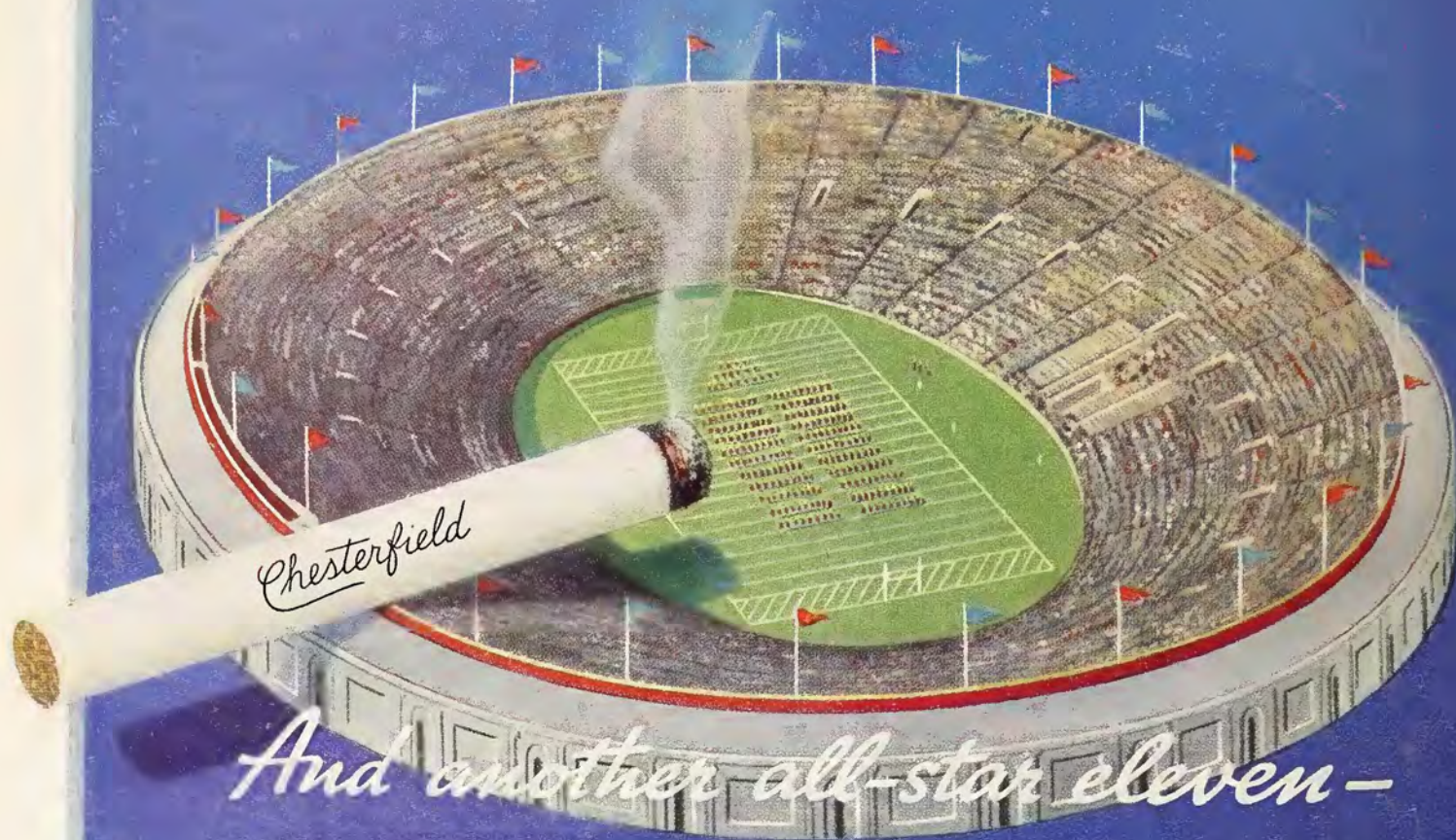
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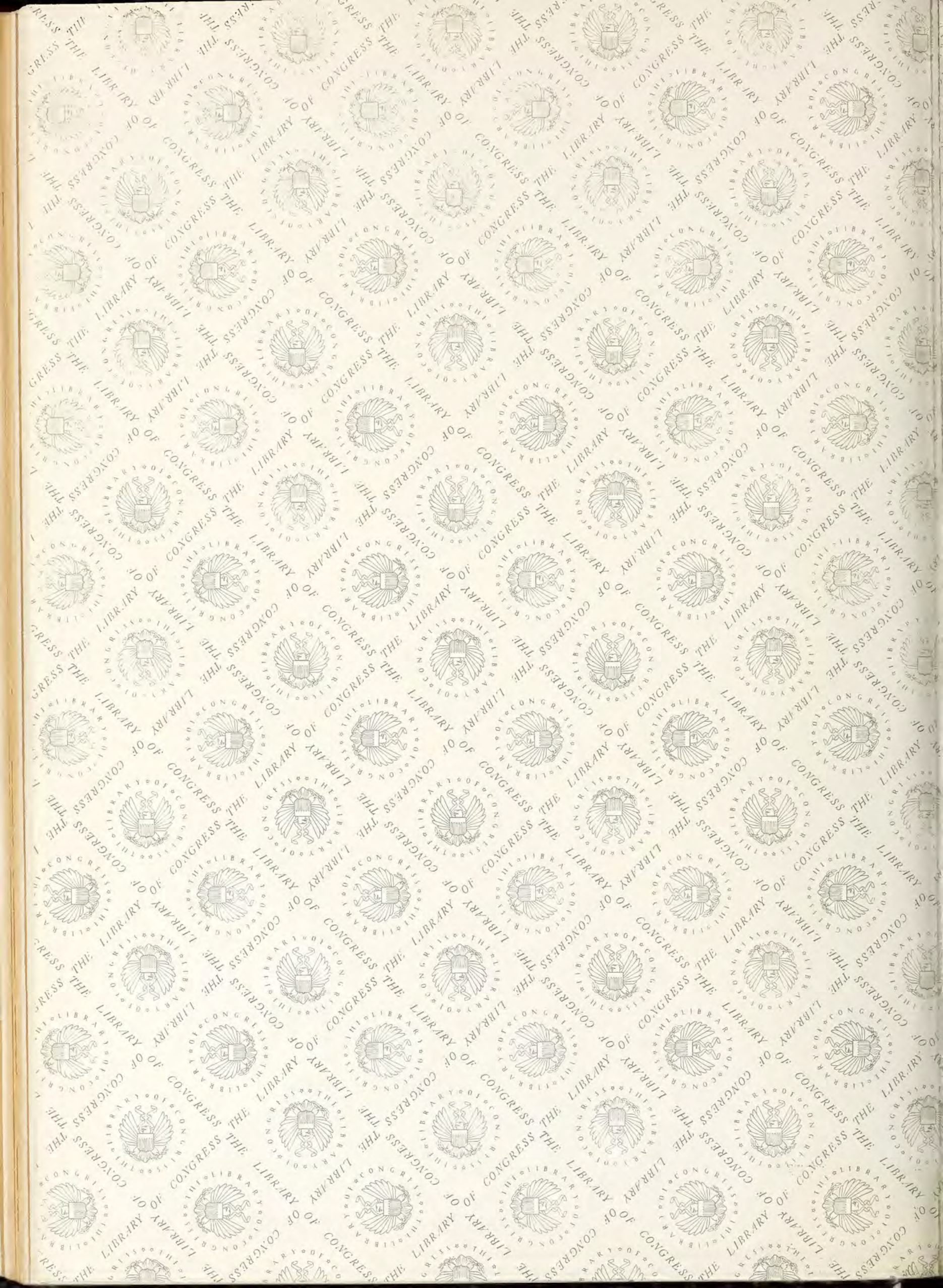
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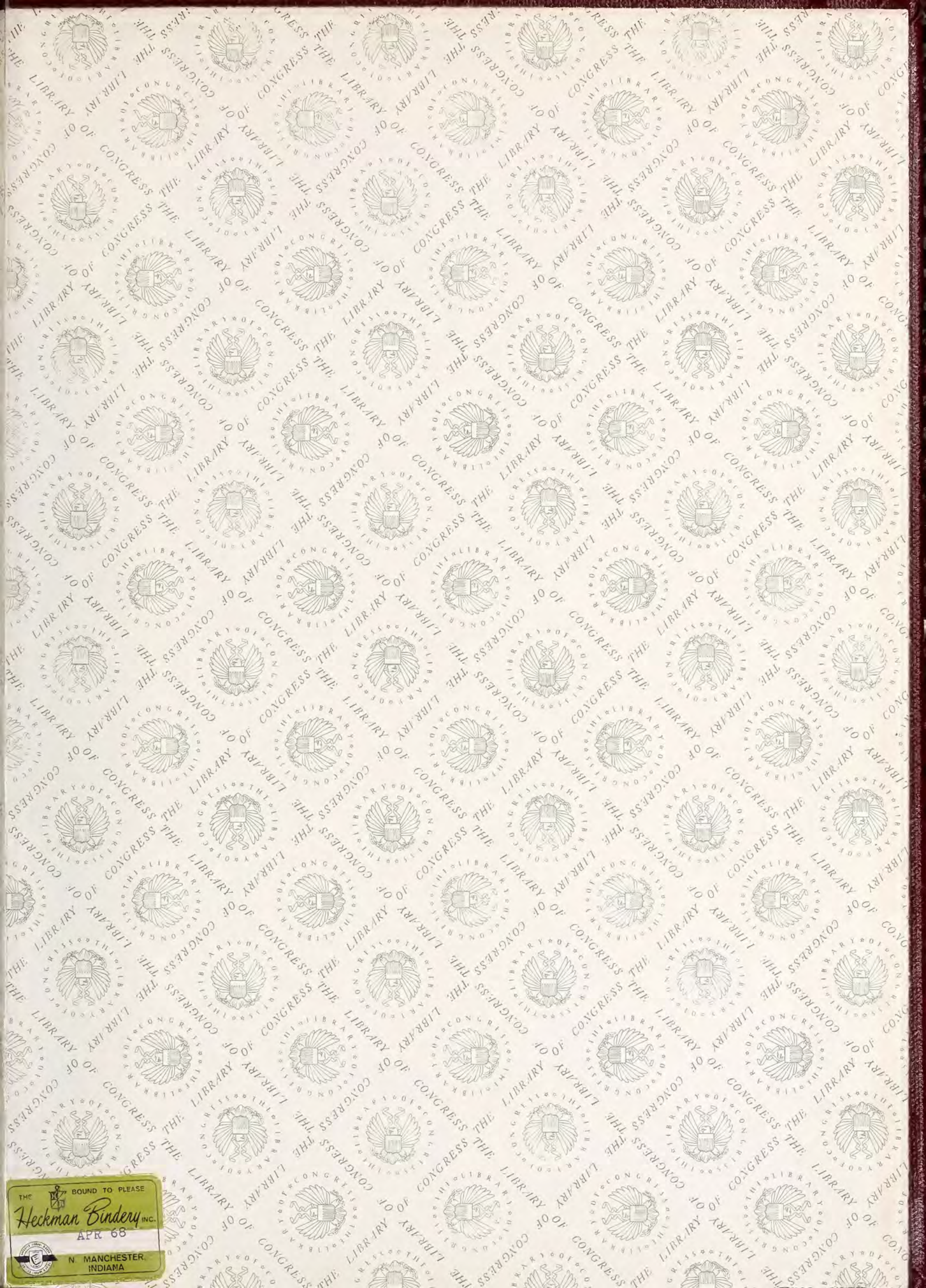
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