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Modern Screen

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That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it ap-

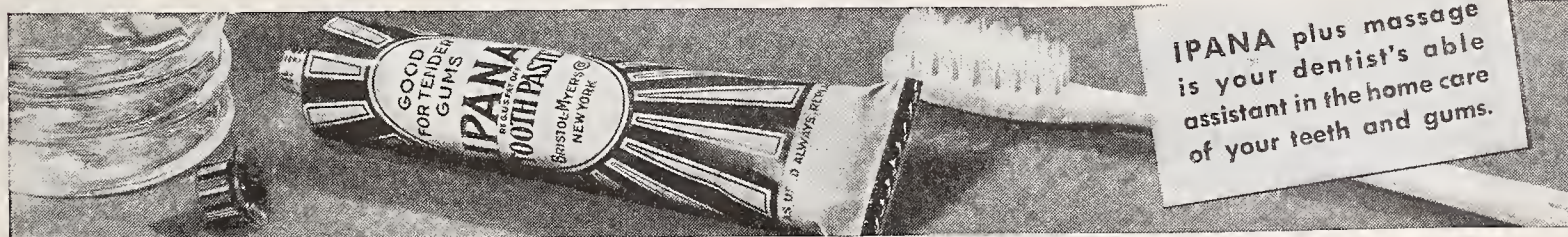
pears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trifling as it may seem—*ignored*, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—*see your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble, but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is simply a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many modern dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only

designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, *with massage*, to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums become firmer.

Play safe! Adopt this common-sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!





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MODERN SCREEN

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MYRNA LOY—the bewitching beauty in whose arms he forgot the pain of leadership . . .

Answering the call of millions of picture-goers M-G-M has brought them together in the most dramatic heart-stabbing love story of our time!

CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY
 IN
PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with **EDNA MAY OLIVER, BILLIE BURKE**, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.



Leo Townsend, our Hollywood editor, presents the plaque of Modern Screen's Award of Merit to the all-male cast of "Captains Courageous." Here you see him in the act of giving it to one of its stars, Spencer Tracy. This monthly award is considered a signal honor.



We Salute . . .

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

To all those who worked so successfully to make "Captains Courageous" a brilliant picture, we tender our sincere congratulations.

Again Modern Screen singles out the outstanding picture of the month for its distinguished Award of Merit. Only those pictures rate the medal which we think offer you the best in entertainment value. These about-to-be-released pictures are the tops in acting, scenario, direction and photography—productions worthy of leading your screen fare for the year. By watching for our monthly award, you will never spend a dull evening in the theatre. It's certified entertainment for you!

Great credit is due the robust direction of Victor Fleming together with John Lee Mahin's excellent script. You who enjoyed the original Rudyard Kipling tale will not be disappointed, for all the tang and flavor has been retained in the screen version. It's a faithful transcription of a much beloved story.



Modern Screen's Medal Award Picture, "Captains Courageous," an M-G-M production, reviewed by Leo Townsend

Rudyard Kipling's well-known tale of adventure at sea comes to the screen as decidedly first-rate entertainment, full of action and down-to-earth appeal. Primarily a man's picture—there are no women in the cast—it will also appeal to the ladies because of the presence of Freddie Bartholomew in what is perhaps his biggest and best film role to date. Co-starred with Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore, young Mr. Bartholomew continues to prove himself a most precocious youngster. In the role of Harvey Cheyne, a haughty little millionaire's son who learns about life when he accidentally falls in with a fishing boat crew, Freddie's work in this picture should convince his producers of his versatility and allow him a wider choice of screen roles.

Briefly, the story is this: when Harvey tries in vain to buy his way into a school club he runs home to his father with a tale of abuse. The dating papa (Melvyn Douglas) withdraws him from school and the two embark for England. Shortly after the boat sails, Harvey, showing off before some fellow passengers, falls overboard. A fishing boat picks him up and Harvey demands he be taken ashore immediately. But millionaires' sons mean nothing to the fishermen—and they can't return to shore until they've made their catch, a little matter of three months. Harvey proceeds to make himself obnoxious

until, under the guidance of Manuel (Spencer Tracy), one of the fishermen, he gradually begins to see the light.

Eventually he becomes fast friends with Manuel and the crew, until finally even Captain Disko (Lionel Barrymore) admits Harvey has become a more than tolerable young man. When the haul is finished and the boat heads back to Gloucester, drama and tragedy strike them, and Manuel loses his life at sea. When the boat lands, Harvey's father is waiting for him, and he sees in his grief-stricken son a new and finer person—a boy who learned in three months what a lifetime of ease would never have taught him.

Spencer Tracy lends his expert tramping to the role of Manuel, making it one of the most sympathetic characters he has brought to the screen. One of Hollywood's finest actors, he will add considerably to his popularity as well as his prestige with this warmly human performance. Lionel Barrymore is gruff and convincing as Captain Disko, and Melvyn Douglas, who is finally getting the screen recognition he deserves, is capable as the father. Outstanding supporting players are John Carradine, Mickey Rooney, Charles Grapewin and Billy Burrud.

NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

This Beautiful Enamel, Once Worn Away, Never Grows Back.. NEVER!



Pepsodent alone among
Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**

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win flashing new luster
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The flashing new luster it brings with *safety*
is causing new thousands every day to change
to Pepsodent, the *only* tooth paste containing
IRIUM.

Acts on new principle

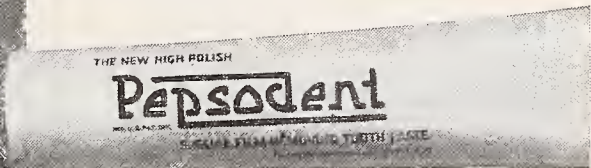
Instead of acting on enamel with scrub-hard
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and gums. Then gently lifts and floats it away
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you have never even seen before—and imparts
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You get a new taste-thrill out of eating,
drinking, smoking! And bad breath—caused
by film on teeth which ordinary tooth pastes
fail to remove completely—is no longer a
worry to you! For the first time you know
what cleanliness of mouth, teeth and gums
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always hoped for but never experienced with
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to Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM.

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5 Facial Aids in One

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INFORMATION DESK

You ask us! We have the answers

HERE ARE the biographies you have been clamoring for. Whether one is printed or not depends on the number of requests recorded for it. REMEMBER . . . every request counts . . . and mailing the little coupon on this page isn't just another way of satisfying idle curiosity. It's your way of telling Hollywood who's who on the screen. You're the public and you give the orders! So don't keep your flicker interests a deep dark secret any longer.

JAMES STEWART (Last printed August,



1936. Total number of requests since then 197.) Fullgrown, the boy measured 6 feet 3 inches tall, skin and bones at 140 pounds. He wore glasses and played an accordion with his chin slumped down on his chest, his long legs sprawled out. His birthplace was Indiana, Pa., where his "paw" was engaged in the hardware business. Portrait of an actor? Portrait of a Princeton grad? Scarcely either, and yet James Stewart is both. Four years as a student of architecture equipped him to design anything from a pig pen to a royal palace. But unfortunately, he hadn't been taught to create any design for living without a job while he waited for recognition from America's architects. So with haste that was almost impolite, he snapped up a stock offer from Falmouth, Mass. He might have been a bit more reluctant, had he known that the job didn't call for Stewart the actor, but for Stewart the accordionist. And indeed, his career was to follow to some extent a path charted by his gifts as a musician. But musician or no, the lad could act. Successful stock roles brought him to Broadway; stellar performances in hits such as "Yellow Jack" and "Page Miss Glory" (the stage version) brought him to Hollywood with a long term M-G-M contract. Not long after, he was cast as Jeanette MacDonald's erring brother in "Rose Marie." Location was on the shores of Lake Tahoe. Jimmy roomed with Director Van Dyke, and when the chill night of the lake country drove everyone indoors, the magic of Jimmy's accordion would combine with the distant lapping of water to lull Van Dyke to sleep. Van Dyke was grateful. Later, inviting guests to a party, he asked, "What's the name of that guy who plays the accordion?" Jimmy is very jealous of that accordion . . . thinks people pay it more attention than they do him. And it's the same story with his dancing. He's a swell partner and a bit afraid that lovely ladies Eleanor Powell, or Virginia Bruce, or Ginger Rogers favor him because he dances well and not because they're fond of him. Shows you how very little Jimmy knows about women. Jimmy was born on May 20, 1908. He doesn't wear glasses any more and isn't as skinny as he used to be. You'll be seeing him soon in "Seventh Heaven" opposite Simone Simon. His current picture is "Born to Dance."

HILDA BENEVY, Montreal, Canada: Marlene Dietrich's real name is Mary Magdalene von Losch. Her father, a lieutenant in the German army, died the death of a hero, during the World War. Incidentally, Marlene met the man who was responsible—Alexie Davidoff, wartime commander of the Russian "sul-

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life here, fill in and send us the coupon on this page. And how about saving yourself 2c by using one of Uncle Sam's penny postcards? General questions will also be answered here. Send a stomped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. Address: Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

cide" battery—on the set of one of her pictures and parted good friends with him.

JAMES CAGNEY (Last printed February,



1936. Total number of requests since then 209.) One definition of good acting is versatile acting. An actor delights you if he can do Hamlet, Dillinger, and Lord Fauntleroy. In the case of James Cagney this criterion is beside the point. Cagney couldn't do Hamlet. Or if he could, you wouldn't want him to. You want Cagney to be Cagney and no one else. And that's a good definition of personality! The redheaded Irishman's personality captivates you because you understand subconsciously that you see in him the symbol of all that a big city means to you. Especially New York . . . New York the melting pot, New York the hurly-burly commercial center, New York the hybrid of stately skyscrapers and swarming tenements. All that and then some is in Cagney's blood, comes alive in his acting . . . the way he moves, the way he talks, the way he hits. And that combination of vulgarity with education and sophistication . . . that's Jimmy, too. He's been a vaudevillian, the tough, flexible type that sings, dances, speaks Yiddish like a Litvak, Italian like a Siciliano, and can help out the acrobats if one of them gets sick. But he's also spent two years in Columbia University . . . would have graduated and been a doctor like his two brothers, if his father's saloon on Eighth Street, Avenue D, hadn't gone bust . . . which meant that Jimmy had to pitch in and help feed a destitute family. He pitched in, all right! For five chaotic years he toured the small towns . . . the Cagney circuit is what he calls the route. Then to Broadway with a roughneck role in Maxwell Anderson's "Outside Looking In." A short while later his road crossed Joan Blondell's. He stayed on that road. It led directly to Hollywood and a Warner Brothers' contract. A little over a year ago, Jimmy broke his ties with Warners.

(Continued on page 129)

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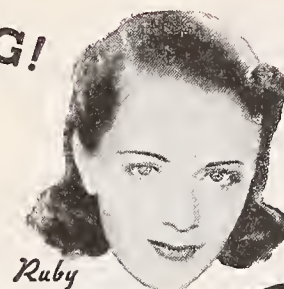
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THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



★
Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ...A grand all-round show ...new dances...new song hits...and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING and ABLE"

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles... And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening".

Warner Bros.





"My Fashion Mannequins have beauty protection in this Germ-Free powder"



says
MAGGY ROUFF

Famous Fashion Designer of Paris

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"Very glamorous, very chic are the shades of this famous powder which you American women know so well. Yet it is not alone for Woodbury's beauty that I advise my mannequins to use it. A disaster these girls must avoid is a disfiguring blemish. And Woodbury's powder is free of the germs that cause skin infections*. Naturally, no blemish-germs can come to the face from this germ-free powder."

Woodbury's Facial Powder comes in six enchanting skin-tone shades, for every type of complexion. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

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6018—The perfect type of one-piece knit to wear all spring and summer.



6045—The trimming details of this suit are crocheted, but the rest is knitted.

KNIT BY PATTERN

You eliminate knitting errors when you make these two models the new way

HERE ARE two new styles which you can make by the block-knit pattern which we introduced last month.

The block-knit pattern looks like a dress pattern except that it is printed on a sturdy paper that will not tear. Every cast-on, increase, decrease, bind-off, pocket and button-hole, in fact every style point, is clearly defined, with instructions.

If you don't want the pattern and prefer to have just the directions, as heretofore, you may send for them instead. Merely check the coupon below for what you want. Remember, however, that you enclose fifty cents if you want the *pattern*—but only a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want *directions*. Patterns come in sizes 12 to 20.

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

Kindly send me Style 6018 in size.....
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☐ Fifty cents each (in coin or stamps)
for the knitting *pattern* or *patterns*.

☐ A stamped, self-addressed envelope
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which are free of charge.

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Street.....

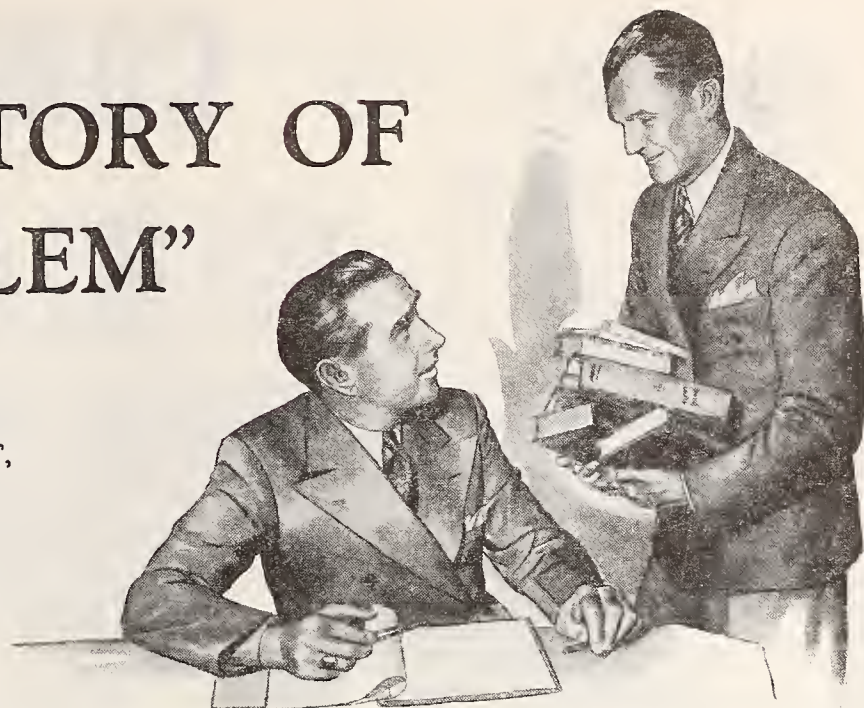
City..... State.....

Check which you want. No Canadian or
foreign stamps accepted.

THE INSIDE STORY OF "MAID OF SALEM"

By FRANK LLOYD

(Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk",
"Mutiny on the Bounty")



Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

NATURALLY, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of. » Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn . . . "Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the

stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.



Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem".



A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm



Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword



Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero

Heavy date..
..but look at
her Nose!



KLEENEX HABIT

saves noses
during colds!

● Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money and reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

**Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps—Time—Money**

To remove face creams and cosmetics... To apply powder, rouge... To dust and polish... For the baby... *And in the car—* to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess!
Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

COME TO OUR FILMLAND FIESTA!



Few people have a chance to see movies actually being made. Here we are at Universal, where they're making "Three Smart Girls." At the table, l. to r., Charles Winninger, Binnie Barnes, Alice Brady, Barbara Read and Nan Grey.

IT'S A real Hollywood fiesta, and you're invited! MODERN SCREEN is hiring special trains and making gala arrangements for a series of traveling house parties for the most exciting two-weeks' vacation trips ever imagined.

Think of it—a house party on wheels that will whisk you from Chicago to Hollywood and back in two weeks, every minute packed with new thrills! An all-expense trip that's amazingly low-priced, to show you sights no tourist has ever seen before in Hollywood.

You'll actually go through the locked doors of the studios to see pictures being made. You'll be royally entertained at the homes of the stars.

And you'll be guests of honor at a dinner dance at the Cocoanut Grove, most famous night club in the world, with dozens of stars to welcome you!

Here is entertainment money couldn't buy, yet it's just part of the entertainment included free to readers of MODERN SCREEN through the coöperation of studios and stars. In addition to thrilling adventures in

**By Jack
Smalley**

filmland, you'll see gorgeous country, crossing the Rocky Mountains in two different places, stopping off at national parks

and the Grand Canyon, seeing the rest of the wonderland of Southern California. And all at a cost under \$200!

Here are the plans: there will be three tours to movieland, so you can select the most convenient time for your vacation. Each will be as much fun as the others, so just choose the best date. The special trains will leave Chicago July 4, July 17, and August 1, returning you to the starting point exactly two weeks later. Low excursion rates will enable you to reach the starting point at small extra cost, to join the house party.

There'll be newlyweds and second honeymooners aboard, young and old, all out for a good time, with worries left behind and nothing to do but enjoy life. All arrangements are made for you by the tour manager.

Once in filmland, you'll be rubbing elbows with the stars, getting your pictures taken with them, dining and dancing (Continued on page 140)

**Join Modern Screen's vacation trip to
Hollywood—and meet the stars in person!**

DELIRIOUSLY, MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!



The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!

Giant cast!... Sparkling personalities!... Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!... Breath-catching gowns!... Fun, frivolity, frenzy!... Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!



THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:

Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella

Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Auér • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan

Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

THIS CABALLERO CAN



Take a lesson from Leo Carrillo in the art of making Mexican dishes

Invitations to Leo Carrillo's Barbecue Parties are eagerly sought by Hollywood-ites. Here is Leo preparing for "company."

By Marjorie Deen

SEÑORES and señoritas, allow me to present Leo Carrillo, the most native of California's native sons, a gay *caballero* (gentleman, to you), a fine actor, one of the movie colony's most popular hosts and a perfectly elegant cook! Both he and his wife are the most hospitable of souls, their home is one of the show places of Southern California, their food is remembered by all who have ever tasted it and their parties are famous.

Small wonder, then, that your Modern Hostess accepted with enthusiasm an invitation to visit the Carrillo's ten-acre estate out in Uplifter's Canyon in Santa Monica. For I knew in advance that here was a grand chance to learn about the most fascinating foods that were ever grown, cooked and served on California soil. Furthermore, I was certain to get my information and the recipes I wanted in an atmosphere as Mexican as the roles Mr. Carrillo has played in such pictures as "Viva Villa" and "The Gay Desperado."

Five generations of California-Spanish dons explains the fire, humor and romance that Carrillo brings to such roles as these; explains even more clearly the authentic early-California atmosphere of his home and his interest in foods of Spanish-Mexican inspiration.

Here, then, was a golden opportunity to learn more about these things, with a real California native son to act as guide and mentor. So let's first talk over the Carrillo foods that I heard about and the recipes that I secured for you (and for me,



Mr. C. prepares Chili Con Carne. You see him grinding the chili peppers in a stone mixing bowl with a stone crusher.

(Below) Though Willie has cooked for six Presidents, he stays in the background when his boss is juggling recipes.

too, you can bet, because I share with countless others a real liking for this type of cooking).

A description of the Carrillo place, with all its mellow charm of another and less hurried age, must wait then until we've disposed of the more practical and helpful aspects of my recent visit. The most useful knowledge that I can pass on to you at this moment is the fact that the recipes which you do not find at the end of this article you *will* find in this month's leaflet—which the coupon, also at the end of the article, brings to you absolutely free. If the recipes for Leo Carrillo's famous dishes aren't worth a penny postal or a stamp—and the little time it takes to fill in a coupon—then, sez I, hundreds of Carrillo guests, who have sung the praises of his cooking, must be wrong! I, for



one, know that they're not.

Shortly after I had arrived at the Carrillos' huge, rambling house we all gathered in the large, cheerful kitchen, for our cooking talk. There were six of us, Mr. and Mrs. Carrillo, their young daughter, the photographer, who was on hand to snap those interesting pictures of our host in action, yours truly and, hovering around solicitously, Willie, the "cul-

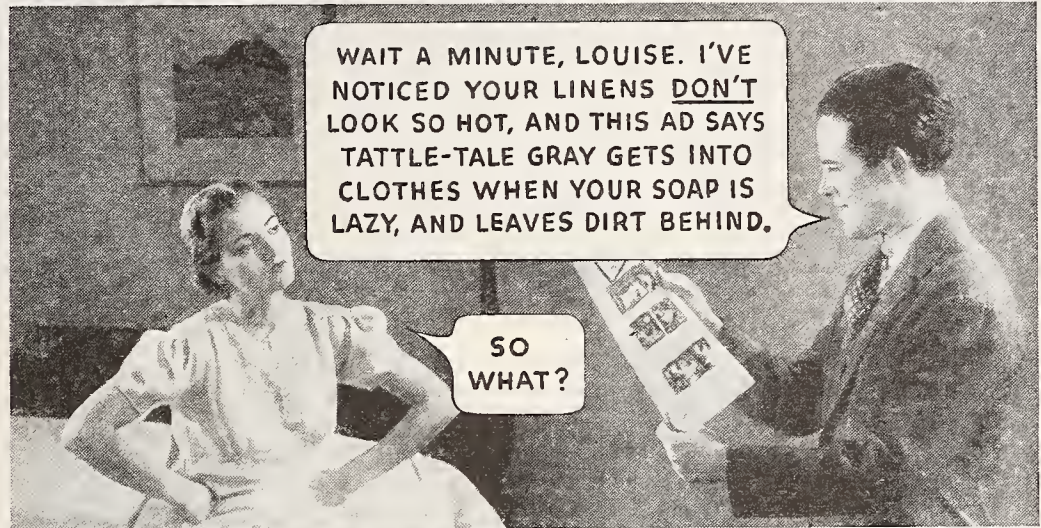
COOK!



lud" cook ready and willing to supply ingredients, utensils and a helping hand at the drop of a sombrero.

Willie, incidentally, is quite a personage himself. He has been all over the world. He has cooked for six Presidents while travelling on their private cars. He learned about Mexican foods when he worked for Obregon. But he says he's going to stay with "Mistah (Continued on page 98)

Send in for Leo Carrillo's excellent Mexican recipes and you'll be as delighted with the results of your Chili as our host is with his.



BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

COPR. 1937 FELS & CO.



The Santa Anita track opening is a real break for the autograph hounds because every star who can get there, shows up! Some fine and fancy betting goes on, too. Here are George Raft and Virginia Pine busy with the pencil, checking possible winners. How did you fare, George?



When a crack tennis player studies the gee-gee set-up as closely as this—it means serious betting! Fred Perry and Mrs. P. (Helen Vinson) certainly look like real racetrack fans, even to Helen's festive plaid topcoat. Fred plays his first games as a professional this season.

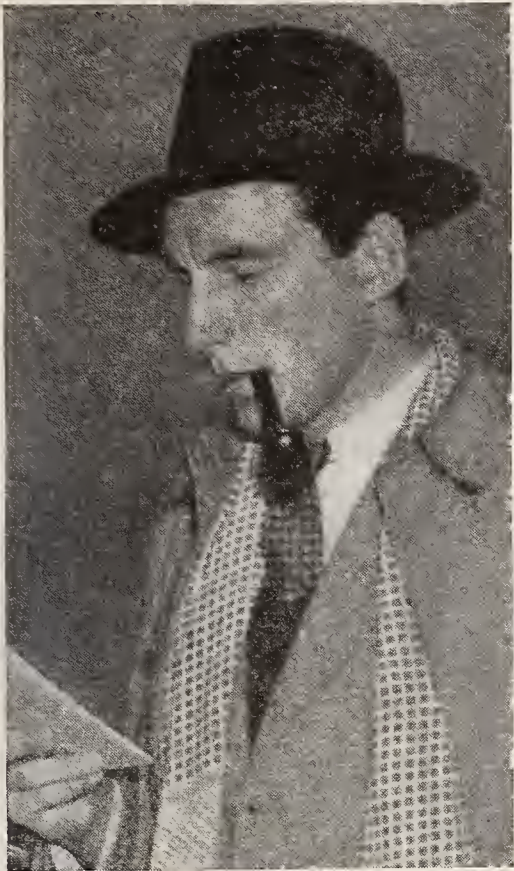
AT THE RACES

Jeanette MacDonald takes a pleased squint at a race, but her fiance, Gene Raymond, looks as if that wasn't his hoss in the lead.



Puleeze, Mr. Jolson! How can the spectators see the nags with you in that coat? Ruby Keeler Jolson's got her eyes on the track.





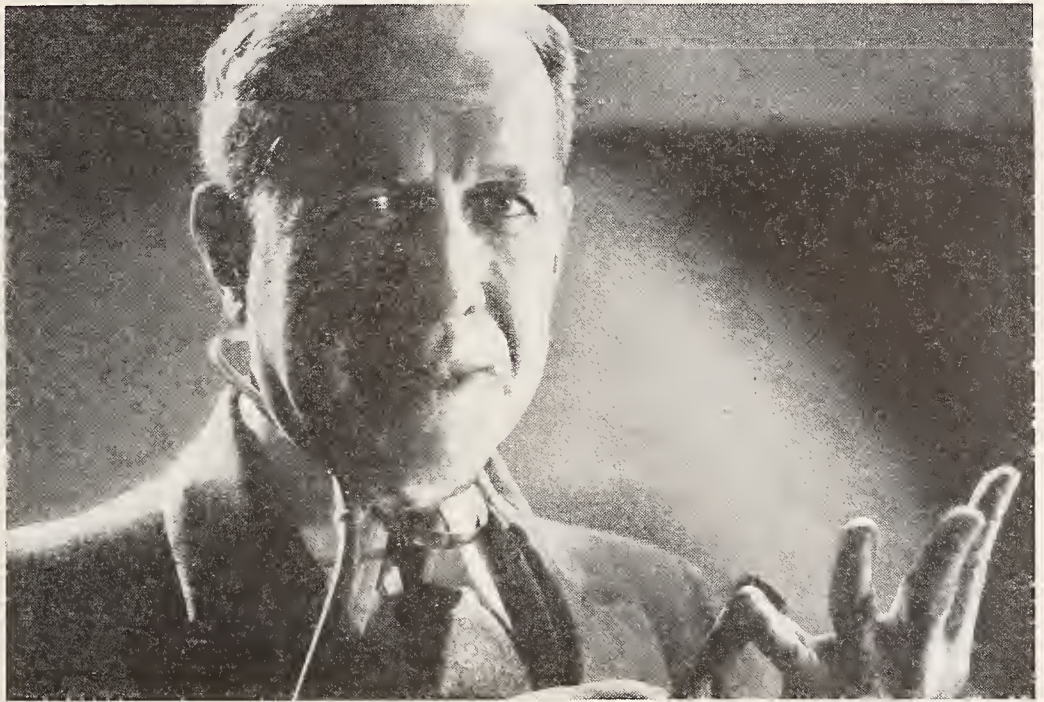
Photos by Frank Muto

The Santa Anita track opening proved a magnet for the stars

A couple of people who bet on the right ones! Spencer Tracy and his wife stroll around the enclosure between races.



HOW the *doctor* chooses from hundreds of laxatives



MOST of us remember, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words.

But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health. Consider a little thing like a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it.

Check the eight specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proved 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 ALL THESE REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on *every single one* of the points listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. So

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

it's no surprise to find that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, among all kinds of people, that it is the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You'll find that Ex-Lax *is* mild . . . that it *is* thorough. You'll discover that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being. Children, particularly, are benefited. For the standards set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Another agreeable thing . . . if you have been taking bitter, nauseating cathartics, Ex-Lax will be a pleasant surprise. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

---TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!---

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MM-37

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City Age
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)



Lyda Roberti and Patsy play student nurses in the hilarious, "Nobody's Baby." They're a grand team.

SHE DOES AS SHE PLEASES

By Ramona Bergere

Meet Patsy Kelly, chief exponent of the "Be Yourself" school

WHAT CAN you expect from someone who was born under a piano and forgotten and left at the church after her christening? With a start like that, could anyone be expected to be dignified? Three loud and lusty Nos! And Patsy Kelly is anything but ultra-ultra. She does as she pleases and the people around her know better than to try to change her. She also says what she pleases and isn't at all hampered by the convention that a lady never shouts nor swears.

Her credo is, "Be yourself." She simply cannot stand affectations. Many an actor who is trying to forget a middle-class background by adopting a pseudo accent and a family tree has had his memory jogged in a painfully public manner by Patsy. Yet she is the kindest person in the world and falls for every hard-luck story she hears. But she does believe that a four-flusher deserves to have his sails trimmed.

THAT doesn't mean that The Kelly is hard to get along with. She's anything but! However, let someone pull a fast one and he doesn't escape her righteous wrath. Then, her vocabulary becomes rich and pointed.

To say she does as she pleases doesn't go for her work. She is as eager and enthusiastic as a child about that. She has only two bosses and their word is law with her. One

is her director. The other, her fans.

She still can't get over receiving fan mail and the fact that people seem to like her. She asks, "Are they crazy or am I?" and adds with a hint of wistfulness in her voice, "I don't think they're kidding me, do you?"

Doing as she pleases has to do not only with the way she thinks but with the way she conducts herself and dresses. She practically never wears a hat and is probably the worst-dressed woman in Hollywood. She is much funnier looking actually than she is on the screen. She is overweight and loves to eat.

A short time ago an out-of-towner, on the over-plump side herself, rushed up to Patsy after a preview and cried, "Why, everyone says you're overweight. I don't think you are at all." Patsy gave her the once-over and said, "Oh, no? Say, I'm so fat my stomach goes on the screen ten minutes before I do." She continued, "But it doesn't matter. Who'm I trying to catch anyway?"

SHE IS entirely without vanity. If she wants to push her hair back of her ears, she does. That, by the way, is as much a part of her as her walk and voice. When she isn't before the camera, back goes the hair. She has lovely hands and it is a comically characteristic gesture to see her hand, limp-wristed,

carelessly sweep back those black locks from her face. She says, "You can't do much for this mug anyway," and never goes near a beauty parlor.

Her lack of vanity and her freedom from its fetters is the reason for her success as a comedienne. Can you see a "glamor girl," who spends most of her time in the beauty shops, disarranging her carefully placed locks, distorting her face in natural, unrestrained grimaces, or throwing her rolled and massaged body around in awkward positions?

ANOTHER thing, Patsy believes in good, old relaxed comfort. If she wants to sprawl, she sprawls. If she wants to corkscrew herself over the arm of a chair, she does. And her walk is as near a sailor's roll as the swagger of an old salt.

She has had to work too hard, has seen too much of life's hard knocks, to waste her time on superficialities and a "front." She hasn't had time to acquire cute little feminine mannerisms. At the age when most girls are primping and posing in their effort to attract the boys, she was working. When she grew old enough to miss them she had the good sense to realize they were a handicap to her career rather than an asset.

Then there is the question of environment. There couldn't have been much time nor space in the



Patsy Kelly's lack of vanity explains her success as a comedienne.

small Kelly apartment for the acquisition of culture. There were the little Kellys besides papa and mama, to say nothing of the shabby, twanging, old baby-grand piano. Which brings us back to its significance in Patsy's life.

Mrs. Kelly, from the things Patsy tells of her, must have epitomized a Kathleen Norris heroine. She did wonders with Papa Kelly's small and uncertain pay envelope. She fought that her children might have music and know how to dance. How she ever managed the piano was just another of those Irish miracles. Above all else, she was a conscientious housekeeper and the fact that another little Kelly was imminent did not keep her from her daily housework. The piano needed dusting and, with true Irish directness, she went down on her hands and knees under it to dust its legs.

At that inauspicious moment Patsy decided to make her debut into the world. Mother Kelly had nothing to say about it and Patsy got herself born right there under the piano. Now there is dignity to being born in a nice white bed with doctors and nurses in attendance. But under the piano! A thing like that is hard to live down and Patsy hasn't seemed to make much effort to do so.

Another trait for which she is famous, or infamous, is her complete lack of a sense of time. It can be four o'clock in the afternoon (Continued on page 88)

"Camay works like a charm for"



My Complexion

SAYS THIS LOVELY MARYLAND BRIDE



ROCKVILLE, MD.

Camay is a perfect treasure!—almost too good to be true in the results it brings. I know it works like a charm for my complexion.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Dorothy Dorey Sullivan
(Mrs. Gerard Sullivan)

January 12, 1937.

LOVELY, isn't she! Those bewitching hazel eyes, the quick sunshine of her smile, that marvelous fresh-as-morning complexion, make a picture you'll not soon forget. "What every girl should know," says this young bride, "is how Camay can help one's complexion."

Yes, that's how modern girls do it—with Camay! Just try this bland beauty soap that cleanses so thoroughly. Then watch for the "alive" look that Camay's rich, creamy

lather brings to your face. That's proof your skin is getting the gentle, thorough cleansing it needs! And never forget this—by test against all other leading beauty soaps, Camay is definitely, provably milder.

Buy Camay today. You'll never miss the small price of it.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

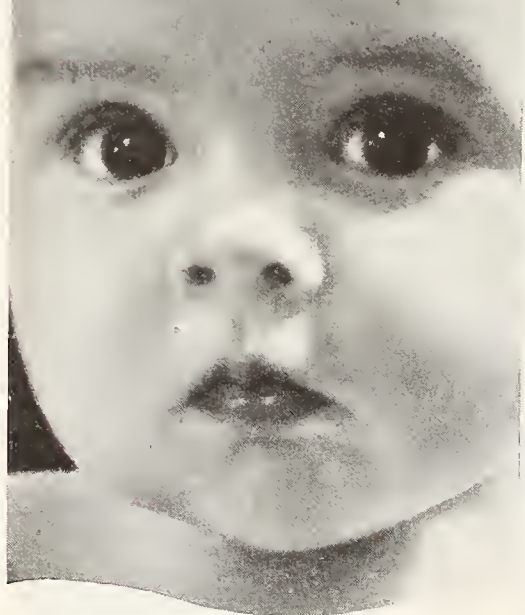


CAMAY

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

WON'T
SOMEBODY
TELL MY
MOMMY



"I need a daily
MENNEN OIL RUB
to keep me
safe from germs"

"Is it fair—I ask you—to let me fight all alone 'gainst those germs that are always landin' on my skin? Gosh... the way folks sterilize my dishes and bottles you'd think my insides were more exposed to germs than my outsides. But, believe me, my outsides need protection too. That's why—over at the hospital where I was born—they gave me a rub every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. I heard 'em say that I ought to have a body rub like that for years. But I guess my Mommy has forgot. So won't somebody tell her, please, to keep my skin safe from germs—with Mennen Antiseptic Oil?"

Nine-tenths of all the hospitals important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies every day. Your baby deserves it, too!

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

Most hospitals rub their
babies with it daily

SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Absolute Quiet (M-G-M).....	2★
Accused (United Artists).....	2★
The Accusing Finger (Paramount).....	1½★
Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia).....	2½★
Aker the Thin Man (M-G-M).....	3★
Along Came Love (Paramount).....	2★
And So They Were Married (Columbia).....	2★
And Sudden Death (Paramount).....	1½★
Anything Goes (Paramount).....	3★
The Arizona Raiders (Paramount).....	1★
As You Like It (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Banjo on My Knee (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Beloved Enemy (Samuel Goldwyn).....	3★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield).....	1★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners).....	2★
The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount).....	3½★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger).....	2½★
The Big Game (RKO).....	3★
The Big Noise (Warners).....	2★
Blackmailer (Columbia).....	1★
Border Flight (Paramount).....	2★
The Border Patrol (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Born to Dance (M-G-M).....	3½★
Boulder Dam (Warners).....	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National).....	2½★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO).....	2½★
Bulldog Edition (Republic).....	1★
Cain and Mabel (Warners).....	2★
Call of the Prairie (Paramount).....	2½★
*Camille (M-G-M).....	4★
Can This Be Dixie? (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
The Captain's Kid (Warners).....	1★
Career Woman (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger).....	3★
The Case of the Black Cat (Warners).....	2★
The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warners).....	2★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
*Champagne Waltz (Paramount).....	1★
Charge of the Light Brigade (Warners).....	4★
Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
China Clipper (First National).....	2½★
College Holiday (Paramount).....	2★
Come and Get It (Sam Goldwyn).....	3★
Come Closer, Folks (Columbia).....	1½★
Coronado (Paramount).....	1★
Counterfeit (Columbia).....	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Crack-up (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Craig's Wife (Columbia).....	3★
Crash Donovan (Universal).....	1½★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic).....	2★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO).....	3★
Dangerous Waters (Universal).....	2★
Daniel Boone (RKO).....	2★
The Devil is a Sissy (M-G-M).....	3½★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia).....	2½★
Dimples (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Dodsworth (United Artists).....	5★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia).....	1½★
Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO).....	2½★
Down the Stretch (First National).....	2★
Drift Fence (Paramount).....	2★
Early to Bed (Paramount).....	2½★
Earthworm Tractors (First National).....	3★
East Meets West (GB).....	2★
Easy Money (Invincible).....	2★
Easy to Take (Paramount).....	1½★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
End of the Trail (Columbia).....	2★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Everything Is Thunder (GB).....	2½★
Fang and Claw (RKO).....	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO).....	1½★
15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
The Final Hour (Columbia).....	2★
Flying Hostess (Universal).....	2½★
Follow Your Heart (Republic).....	2½★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount).....	2½★
Freshman Love (Warners).....	2★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Garden of Allah (Selznick-International).....	3★
The Gay Desperado (United Artists).....	4★
The General Died at Dawn (Paramount).....	4★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal).....	1★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Give Me Your Heart (Warners).....	3★
*God's Country and the Woman (Warners).....	2★
The Golden Arrow (First National).....	2½★
Gold Diggers of 1937 (Warners).....	3★
The Gorgeous Hussy (M-G-M).....	4★
Go West, Young Man (Paramount).....	2½★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Grand Jury (RKO).....	1★
*Great Guy (Grand Nat'l.).....	2★
The Great Impersonation (Universal).....	2★
*The Great O'Malley (Warners).....	1★
The Green Pastures (Warners).....	5★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Harvester (Republic).....	2★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan).....	3★
Hearts in Bondage (Republic).....	2½★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia).....	2★
Here Comes Carter (First National).....	1½★
Hideaway Girl (Paramount).....	1★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount).....	2★
Hot Money (Warners).....	2★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount).....	2½★
In His Step (Grand National).....	2★
I Stand Condemned (London Films).....	2★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
It's Love Again (GB).....	3★
Jailbreak (Warners).....	2★
The Jungle Princess (Paramount).....	1★
Kelly the Second (M-G-M).....	2★
Killer at Large (Columbia).....	1★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
King of Hockey (Warners).....	1★
King of the Damned (GB).....	1½★
King of the Royal Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Ladies in Love (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Lady Be Careful (Paramount).....	2½★
The Lady Consents (RKO).....	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia).....	1★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M).....	2★
The Last of the Mohicans (United Artists).....	3½★
The Last Outlaw (RKO).....	2½★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic).....	1½★
The Law in Her Hands (First National).....	1½★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic).....	2★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic).....	2★
Legion of Terror (Columbia).....	1½★
Libeled Lady (M-G-M).....	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists).....	4★
Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia).....	2★
The Longest Night (M-G-M).....	1★
Love Begins at 20 (First National).....	2★
Love in Exile (GB).....	2½★
Love Letters of a Star (Universal).....	2★
Love on the Run (M-G-M).....	3★
Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal).....	2★
Mad Holiday (M-G-M).....	2★
The Magnificent Brute (Universal).....	2★
Make Way for a Lady (RKO).....	1★
Man Hunt (Warners).....	2★
The Man I Marry (Universal).....	2★
The Man Who Lived Again (GB).....	2½★
Mary of Scotland (RKO).....	3★
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia).....	2½★
Millions in the Air (Paramount).....	1★
*Mind Your Own Business (Paramount).....	2★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia).....	2★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners).....	1½★
Missing Girl (Chesterfield).....	1½★
Mister Cinderella (Hal Roach).....	2★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia).....	4★
M'Liss (RKO).....	3★
Modern Times (United Artists).....	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Morals of Marcus (GB).....	1★
More Than a Secretary (Columbia).....	2★
Mummy's Boys (RKO-Radio).....	2★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners).....	1★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO).....	2★
Murder with Pictures (Paramount).....	1★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO).....	2★
My American Wife (Paramount).....	3★
My Man Godfrey (Universal).....	4★
Night Waitress (RKO).....	2★
Nine Days a Queen (GB).....	4★
Nobody's Fool (Universal).....	2★
Old Hutch (M-G-M).....	2½★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Once in a Blue Moon (Paramount).....	1★
1000 a Minute (Republic).....	2★
*One in a Million (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
One Way Ticket (Columbia).....	2½★
Our Relations (Hal Roach).....	2★
Palm Springs (Paramount).....	1★
Panic on the Air (Columbia).....	2★
Parole (Universal).....	2★

(Continued on page 127)

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.

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE

His "passport bride" sicks the Mexican gendarmes on Cary Grant

Grace's husband-in-name-only takes his marriage too seriously



GRACE MOORE

Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph, "When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out".

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephen-

son, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

liked the linky show irls in the-estivalscene



The "Whistling Boy" number is a delightful novelty



This patio scene is one of the show's big musical thrills



good news for
THIN people



IT is now common knowledge that the three foremost things in restoring lost weight are food...digestive juices...and red-blood-cells.

Digestive juices of the stomach make use of the food you eat...red-blood-cells aid in turning the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic is of great benefit in both.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells...just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



BETWEEN YOU

Every month fortunate ladies and gents win cash prizes for their letters. Have you tried?

\$5.00 Prize Letter Prematurely Starred?

Whoever was responsible for the advance notices of "Girls' Dormitory" was building up to an awful let-down. Without such enthusiastic praise and over-ardent billing, Simone Simon might have made more of a hit. They brought her on an unsuspecting public with all the attendant ballyhoo possible and she didn't live up to it.

True, her accent is delightful—for the first hour or so. Too, she has a rather pixie-like quality of charm, disregarding the spoiled expression of her mouth.

Casting her in "Ladies in Love" was another mistake. She seemed like a middle-aged woman, trying hard to act the ingenue. I'm not blaming Simone Simon. The fault lies, I think, with the studio for not building her up in bit roles so we could get used to her and so that she, in turn, could learn what the public expects from new stars.—Ruth Kilbourne, Altadena, Calif.

\$1.00 Prize Letter What does Joan Crawford lack?

I've tried to find out for a long time why Joan Crawford ranks among the great stars. It is plain as day that she is putting on an act the entire time she appears on the screen. I am only one of many fans who thinks that whatever charm or refinement she may possess in private life is entirely absent on the screen.

The motion picture patron wants, above all, to escape from mental strain and to live the events portrayed in the picture, while viewing same.

Frankly, what are your thoughts on leaving Miss Crawford's pictures? "Her gowns were beautiful." "The scenery was



An Illinois fan accuses Joan Blondell of breaking up the Keeler-Powell team.

elaborate." "Wasn't Robert Taylor delightful?" But did she lift you out of the every-day line of thought and make you forget yourself, with real acting? Was there depth of feeling in her face? I've never seen it.—Ethel Henderson, Wenatchee, Washington.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Ideal Date

I'm just a small-town girl and that's why I like James Stewart. Somehow he looks like a small-town boy—like the boy who lives across the street and drives a rattling Model T Ford. The kind who never made the football team in high school, but was an excellent "bench-warmer," who graduated and now has a job delivering milk for the dairy.

He looks like the sort of boy I'd like to go with. I wouldn't want to have a



Having a date with Jimmy Stewart is one gal's idea of the tops.

date with someone like Robert Taylor 'cause he's too good-looking to be true, a boy like James Cagney would be cute but too smarty and one like Clark Gable would be too old for me and I'd have to be too particular about the way I looked and acted. But Jimmy Stewart would take me to the beach and buy me hamburgers and rootbeer and wouldn't care much when I got scared on the roller-coaster.—Patricia Ramsaur, Westmorland, Calif.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Thanks, Georgia

To MODERN SCREEN I am forever grateful and I'd so like to lustily shout "Bravo" for your superb selection of "Lost Horizon" as the film most worthy of the Medal Award last month.

Having so admired James Hilton's dramatic novel, I was a bit skeptical about

'N' ME

the film's success. There is nothing quite so capable of rendering that well-known let-down feeling as seeing a favorite story unsuitably cast. Not so, "Lost Horizon"—its characters vividly took life under expert casting.

I can imagine no star who could portray Bob Conway with quite as much under-



A fan from way up Washington way has a few things to say about Joan Crawford.

CASH PRIZES FOR LETTERS

There's no reason why YOU can't win one of the cash prizes. Every month lucky ladies and gents receive checks for their observations on matters pertaining to the movies. All you do is this: Write us a letter. If you've been following this column—or even if you're just becoming acquainted with us—you know that anyone who has anything worth while to say, is given space here—and what's more, he gets a cash prize to boot. Send as many letters as you like. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

standing as does Ronald Colman—his performance lacked nothing. In fact, it was a relief and a great pleasure to see each of the roles handled so adroitly. Isabel Jewell deserves much praise for her sincere work—she enacted the role of "Gloria" with much ingenuity and a surprising finesse.

Thanks again for your magnificent choice—it increased my admiration for your magazine ever so much.—Mrs. Preston Chapman, Atlanta, Georgia.

\$1.00 Prize Letter An Open Letter to Errol Flynn

In the very short time you have been on the screen, I learned to like you very much, because I imagined you to be the same type of man in real life as you were on the screen.

After reading the interview you gave in the December issue of MODERN SCREEN, I think you're just a punk. You say you know women are inferior to men, because you've traveled in many different countries and have seen examples of their inferiority. But you forget that not all countries are like our own United States, which allows freedom to women and men alike, instead of making our lovely ladies slaves to their men.

If you were handsome like Nelson Eddy or Clark Gable and talked the way you did, it might have been all right, but after all, I suppose you know you're not handsome; therefore, you should be glad to be married to any woman and be a devoted mate instead of making a slave of her.

Remember, Mr. Flynn, that women have made stars and women have broken stars! You'd better start saving for a forced retirement or it won't be so easy for you to meet the future. An ex-fan.—Ellen McCollum, Camden, N. J.

\$1.00 Prize Letter We Want Keeler and Powell

Now that Dick Powell has convinced us that he can wear short pants and croon in French (viz. "Hearts Divided"), that he can wear a mustache (viz. "Stage Struck"), that he can "pull the strings" that mean "breaks" for Joan Blondell in nearly every Warner picture made, I think it's too bad that Ruby Keeler, the girl who, with her perfect team-work, was responsible for Dick's early success, has had but one role in six months! We don't blame Powell for falling in love with and marrying the vivacious Blondell, but why let back-stage romance break up the grandest box-office team in the movies?

(Continued on page 128)

"GLARE-PROOF" POWDER...



doesn't show "powdery" in
dazzling light... girls say

Out in that glittering snow—look at the faces around you. Look in your own mirror!

That "powdery" look in the white glare from the snow is one of the things girls hate most in a powder.

In a recent inquiry, they gave first place to Pond's for *not* showing up "powdery" in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Carefully blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give a soft flattering look to your skin even in the hardest light. Try Pond's Powder for your winter sports, your brilliant evenings in town. Special ingredients make Pond's soft and clinging—fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



FREE! 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PC, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires May 1, 1937)

Name _____

Address _____

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GO WHERE THE CROWDS ARE GOING...
Now you can see

**THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN
 EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!**

... Direct from its sensational \$2.00
 runs in Hollywood and New York!



Hail
A NEW STAR!
 Handsome,
 appealing
 Tyrone Power...
 today's screen
 sensation!

THE BELL OF LLOYDS



The critics agree... it's ringing TWICE
 for you!

"Hittrraction!" cheers Walter Winchell!

"Huzzahs for 'Lloyds'!" shouts N. Y. Sun!

"Exciting as a bugle call!" applauds Time!



starring
Freddie **BARTHOLOMEW** *and* *Madeleine* **CARROLL**

with
SIR GUY STANDING · TYRONE POWER

C. Aubrey Smith • Virginia Field
AND A MAMMOTH CAST

Directed by Henry King
 Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Darryl F. Zanuck
 In Charge of Production

WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...

WHERE 20TH CENTURY-FOX HITS ARE SHOWING!

The smartest musical ever filmed!

The grandest songs ever written!



"THIS YEAR'S KISSES"

"I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM"

"THE GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE"

"HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM"

"SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE"

"YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME"

Dick
POWELL

Madeleine
CARROLL

IRVING

in

BERLIN'S
"ON THE AVENUE"

with
ALICE FAYE

ALAN MOWBRAY

THE RITZ BROTHERS

CORA WITHERSPOON

STEPIN FETCHIT

GEORGE BARBIER

SIG RUMANN

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Associate Producer Gene Markey
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production • Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
The fastest in dancing! • The last word in entertainment!
It's full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

New York's latest
real-life romance set to
Irving Berlin's music in a
show as big as the town . . .
as good as the songs!

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!



Mrs. MacMurray's young hopeful looked like this as a baby. Pretty cute, wasn't he?



At three, Beaver Dam was treated to this sight of Fred in his natty Sunday best.



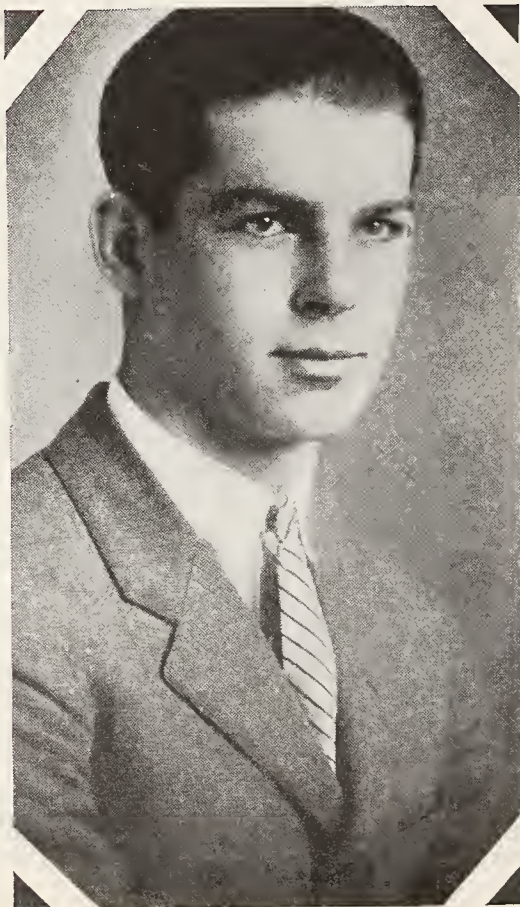
Master Fred showed musical promise at four years, playing the violin precociously.

FRED Mac MURRAY ...WHEN-

Age ten—and our hero poses with a professor's collie at Wisconsin University. Quite grown-up now.

Fred had been slicking the curl out of his hair when he posed for his high school graduation picture.

Mr. MacM., of Hollywood, today. He's to be seen in "Swing High, Swing Low" with Carole Lombard.





Barbara Stanwyck

Dear to the Irish Stanwyck heart was her role in "Plough and the Stars" and such a magnificent job as she did in it! Now she's headed for lighter fare in the screen version of that popular mystery yarn, "Saint in New York." Eduardo Ciannelli plays the clever Saint. By her happy expression here you can tell all's well with Barbara's romantic life. Yes, Bob Taylor's still Head Man.



Dick Powell

How do you like him? Oh, of course, you think he's swell—but we mean about the mustache. This is the way he looks in "On the Avenue" with Madeleine Carroll and also in private life henceforth. It seems that the bride likes him mustache-less, so what can a fellow do? Dick and Joan hurry off most every week-end to Palm Springs for relaxation.



Una Merkel

Wanted: A good, meaty part for one of Hollywood's ablest comediennes. The Merkel brand of fun is very special—part accent and part an intuitive flair for putting herself across. Added up it makes for fan entertainment plus, and they love her. Una's in "One in a Million," the Sonja Henie debut picture with Don Ameche. You saw her in "Born to Dance," of course



Doris Nolan

"Top of the Town" is Doris Nolan's newest picture title and it's a rather apt one for her, too! This attractive blonde actress has proved she is good and her studio is busy casting her for new roles to bring her to fan attention. Completing that, she's working on the provocatively named "As Good as Married," with "St. Moritz" in the offing, too—all for Universal.

NEW! VITAMIN D THAT IS ABSORBED BY THE SKIN—IN THIS FAMOUS HAND LOTION

(left) NO "SANDPAPER HANDS" for this lady! She knows what Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does for chapped skin—brittle hangnails. Its bland skin-softeners soak dry skin smooth again. And its Vitamin D is actually absorbed—does skin a world of good. Gives skin some of the benefits of radiant sunshine! Use Hinds daily to keep skin smooth and supple, in spite of drying winds and household heat. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!

**Now Hinds brings your skin
some of the benefits of sunshine!**

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is *absorbed* by the skin. Seems to *smooth it out*! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," scaling and tenderness caused by biting winds, dry indoor heat, hard water, and housework. Use this luscious lotion regularly for soft, supple skin. Every drop of Hinds—with its Vitamin D—does chapped skin *more good*!

CAREFREE DAYS in the open call for Hinds! It's the lotion with Vitamin D that gives dry, winter skin some of the rich benefits of sunshine. Soothes cold weather scaling, chapping. Softens and supple sore, wind-burned skin. Every drop works!

WIVES WORK HARD! Look at the way you dump ashes, clean the house. And your hands show it! Red. Chapped. Rough as sandpaper. Use Hinds, the lotion with "sunshine" vitamin. It softens up dry, chapped skin *fast*.



Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

FREE! The First 1-Piece DISPENSER with every 50c size of Hinds

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c size. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds, the lotion with Vitamin D. Hinds puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone... inviting you to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E. S. T., WABC-CBS.

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

If you became a famous cinema celebrity, would your mother tell all about you? This star's does

My Daughter,

MYRNA LOY

BY Della Williams

As told to Ben Maddox



Your favorite husband-and-wife team, Myrna Loy and William Powell, reel off more sense and nonsense in "After the Thin Man."

I HAVE NEVER discussed my daughter for publication before. I don't want to be bold. I've no secret desire to intrude on her popularity, to steal even a little of her spotlight. Yet, I should like to tell her distant friends, those people who go to see her pictures, some important things about her.

Since she's attained a measure of success, a lot of stories have been written about Myrna. Regularly, writers attempt to interpret her and, often, I'm amazed at their misconceptions, their inability to reveal her as she is. So, perhaps, I shall be pardoned for talking about her myself.

I don't have to guess what her ideas on love are. I know why she waited until last year to marry. I know the right answers to her attitude towards Hollywood and its ways, how she spends her money and what she wants from life, her manner of choosing her wardrobe and the kind of person who intrigues her.


First of all, I'd better explain that when Myrna went into the movies I didn't lose her. It didn't mean that she was entering a fantastic atmosphere where there were strange situations and a set of companions whom I didn't understand. I didn't follow Myrna around, sit on her sets, and attempt to rule her. I had absolute faith in her ability to take care of herself. Still, I've seen as much of her as I would have even though she hadn't become an actress. I'm sure we're closer, for she's had to face

more dilemmas, naturally, and she has always brought these problems home. She has confided her troubles to me, as well as shared her joys. Myrna has neither pulled the wool over my eyes nor forgotten me.

Just because she is a screen star, I haven't developed into one of those egotistical, doting mothers who fancies her offspring as being far above everyday living. I have a daughter and a son and I love them more than any other two people in this world. When they're happy, I'm happy. Their thrills are mine, too.

Sometimes I've wanted to shout aloud my pride in Myrna. Yet I haven't been confused by her publicity. I know that she never was the exotic creature folks imagined her to be when she was typed in colorful, half-caste roles. I'm just as positive today that she isn't extraordinarily glamorous in reality.

I hope it won't be disillusioning if I say that Myrna, away from the studio, is completely unaffected; that at home you'd find her no different from the average girl. She is, in fact, a modern home girl! She isn't blase, temperamental, or peculiar in her habits. She simply doesn't bother to pose. Her tastes aren't astounding. She isn't the sort to let herself go in a spectacular way. So the writers who meet her, accustomed to headline behavior, I suppose, presume she is hiding her real self and proceed to unveil the woman behind the mask.



If the stories you've read about Myrna Loy have confused you—as they have her own mother—read one which gives you the true facts, told by the only person who really knows them—her mother.

I let her select pictures for a career and I have always been so glad I did. Hollywood hasn't changed her. It hasn't hurt her or made her cynical. Rather, it's made Myrna a happy soul and I've never felt any pangs of regret over my decision. Myrna was never a head-strong girl. She sought my permission, and, in giving it, I embraced a distinct responsibility, for if her father had lived, I doubt very much if she'd have had this life she adores.

He came from one of the pioneer families in Montana and he was old-fashioned about women and careers. To our great sorrow, he was taken from us in an influenza epidemic, when Myrna was thirteen. I remembered his decided viewpoint, of course. But I had studied the piano myself. I had been ambitious to become a concert pianist, but I had had to abandon all thoughts of realizing that ambition when I married. (*Continued on page 105*)

WITH THANKS TO BROADWAY, N.Y.



Hollywood turned

IN MAY, 1914, when war rumblings in Europe were getting louder and louder, and D. W. Griffith was sitting under a tree in his California studio rehearsing Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall, Wallace Reid and Bobbie Harron in "The Birth of a Nation," an important bit of blessed eventing was going on in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the stork left Tyrone, Junior, with his parents, Tyrone and Patia Power.

Twenty years later Broadway did a notable bit of research work for Hollywood and discovered Tyrone, Jr., who, since his outstanding work in "Lloyds of London," has the feminine fans sighing and the hard-boiled critics proclaiming that he is the screen "find" of the year. Even the less enthusiastic critics admit he has just about everything it takes to develop from a screen "find" to a screen idol.

Yet, three years ago Hollywood literally turned its back on the young actor, refused to give him the slightest encouragement and forced him to go to Broadway for recognition.

HOLLYWOOD is full of Juniors, who invariably find their famous names a handicap. Tyrone, too, found his family name his greatest obstacle, both in Hollywood and New York. He found it difficult to establish himself as an actor and a personality; to make people forget his name and to prove that he was not just an actor's son. His grim fight to do this entailed disappointments, discouragements and even hardships.

Because of his fine performance in "Lloyds of London," Tyrone Power is "co-starred" with Loretta Young in "Love Is News."

Tyrone Power down once, but they're glad to have him now!

On the Power family crest—the family really has a coat of arms—is the motto: "Through cross to crown."

That inscription was a little too prophetic to suit Tyrone at times when he "met all the crosses and there wasn't a crown in sight." But now that it is all over—he has a seven-year starring contract with Twentieth Century-Fox—he is of the opinion that nothing worth while is ever gained without hard work and some sacrifice.

His father, the late Tyrone Power, needs no introduction here, for he was one of the most famous actors in theatrical history. His mother, Patia, who now lives in Hollywood with her son, is beautiful, talented, and is well-known on the stage and radio and also as a dramatic teacher. Tyrone's grandfather, Harold Power, was one of England's famous concert pianists. For generations the name Power has stood for fame and accomplishment in Ireland, England, France and America.

WITH SUCH blood in his veins, there would be more to wonder at if this handsome, brown-eyed chap had not inherited great talent. His great-grandfather, Tyrone Power, was named after County Tyrone, and our hero

is Tyrone III, but he pronounces his name *Tyrone* and not *Tyrone*, as his father was called. Accent on the second syllable, pulleze, "because I like it that way," he explains.

During his early childhood, his parents were working alternately in pictures and on the New York stage, and at the age of seven, Tyrone, Jr., made his debut playing a small role in the *Mission Play*, at the Mission Theatre in San Gabriel, California.

When he was nine years old he returned to Cincinnati with his mother, who had been engaged to teach voice and dramatic expression at the (Continued on page 94)

**By Mary
Parkes**





Long-distance marriages can be successful even in Hollywood, and Capt. Astley and Madeleine prove it.

Successful in dramatic roles, Madeleine Carroll attempts a musical, "On the Avenue," with Dick Powell.



A SCHOOLMARM LOOKS AT HOLLYWOOD

MADELEINE CARROLL was never to forget her French mother's early teaching. Because of that teaching, she firmly believes, she is in Hollywood today.

Madeleine, her younger sister, her mother, and her mild-mannered, English school teacher father lived in Birmingham, England, in a shabby little house on a decent, shabby little street. The tall, fair, Celtic-looking Madeleine with her lush Latin soul, and the dark Latin-looking young sister with her cool Celtic soul, were beauties with neither "dot" nor dowry. They wore each others' "hand-me-downs." They could not be introduced to society. They could not travel. They were that tragic commonplace of circumstance—beautiful and poor.

Madeleine's shrewd French mother, knowing that only in fiction does the Prince come for Cinderella, knowing that it takes more earthly riches than those of the mind and spirit to give a beautiful daughter her start in life, gave to Madeleine the only heritage which was hers to give. She said, "You start out in life handicapped. You have nothing to help you attain success in any way save one thing: remember, always, to be gracious to everyone. Be gracious to people less important than you, remembering that they may be more important than you tomorrow. This is the way of the world."


"Which

may sound," said the ice-blond Madeleine of the warm voice and the gray, exciting eyes, "commercial. It was, actually, the perfect instance of the good, French bourgeois common sense; the practical common sense of the French mother who sees to it that her daughter has the proper 'dot' and is well established in life. It was, also, although we didn't know it then, of course, a prescient echo of the current Hollywood axiom which says, 'Always be nice to the office boy, he may be a producer tomorrow!'

"It was the only 'dot' my mother had to give me. I had sense enough to take it, gratefully and believingly. She spoke, too, of my maternal grandmother and great-grandmother, telling me how beautiful, gracious and charming they were. I bent over backwards in my effort to be nice and gracious to everyone, to little waitresses in coffee shops, to conductors on trains, to neighbors, friends, everyone. I learned to be gracious to people I didn't feel like being gracious to. A valuable lesson. If you practice it long enough it becomes natural. I may even have been a little sickening," she laughed, "I was so very gracious to the world and his wife. Just the same, I realize now, as I realized then, that my mother was giving me the only heritage she had to give and that it would stand me in very good stead.

I KNEW, even as a child, that I didn't want to be a school teacher. It was my father's wish. I didn't want to pass on, secondhand, the knowledge others had gained. I didn't want to hand down a lighted torch. I wanted to be the lighted torch.

"I wanted to obtain a position as secretary to a diplomat. I hoped, eventually, to have my hand in the weaving of the web of world politics (Continued on page 118)




By Faith
Service


And in giving it
the once-over,
Madeleine Car-
roll lets you in
on its surprises

A recent portrait of the
British girl who has
always gotten what
she wanted. Her se-
cret? She tells it to you
in this article.

Have you, out of your crowded
life, one incident you'd like to
forget? So have these stars!



How would you
like to go up in
a swing? Janet
Gaynor wouldn't!



THE THINGS THEY WANT TO FORGET

By Dora
Albert


There's that little
fly-swallowing
routine that War-
ner Baxter would
like to skip.

IF ONLY I could forget—"

How many times have your lips silently formed those words? How many times has the desire to forget welled up into your heart? If you knew that you could forget one thing and only one, what would you chose to forget?

When I asked a group of movie stars that question, their eyes widened in surprise, almost shock. Their faces changed, their masks dropped. I saw them remembering things that had tortured them, memories that had changed them, events that had embittered and embarrassed them.

If she lives to be a hundred, Irene Dunne will never forget her burning humiliation the day she was crowned Queen of Beauty in Panama. She had on a beautiful champagne taffeta dress with a long train, which she wore at the coronation festival that night. And very regal she looked as she sat facing the glittering assemblage. Suddenly a young man dashed up to her. Perhaps it was his intention to ask her to dance. At any rate, he stepped on the train of her dress. Zip—went



Irene Dunne
appeared at the
party fully
clothed—but it
wasn't for
very long!

the gown. Its entire back was torn out, leaving Irene standing there in her panties!

The crowd gasped. They began to whisper among themselves. And the man who was the cause of it all began to mumble futile apologies.

To Irene Dunne the whole thing had the horror and incredibility of a nightmare. This thing couldn't be happening to her. It couldn't. It was like one of those fantastic dreams in which people imagine themselves on Fifth Avenue in New York without any clothes on.

While the crowd gaped, she was rushed to a dressing-room, where she changed her dress. But the rest of that evening she couldn't bear to face anyone, for the memory of what had happened was like a vivid tangible thing making a ghastly mockery of all the festivities preceding it.

Bing Crosby blames no one but himself for the one

demption, tried to cure him of the craving for drink which had ruined this man's career. But he failed miserably.

Twelve years ago he was appearing at the Palace Theatre in New York. When his act ended, he walked out toward the stage door. In the alley, standing in the snow, he saw a man whose face was lined with care, who rushed up to him and said, "Bert, you must help me!"

Bert stared at this stranger. And then his horrified eyes took in the fact that this man in shabby, torn clothes was no stranger. He was an old friend of Bert's family, whom Bert had known many years ago, when he was a youngster filled with dreams and ambitions. Bert gulped. His throat felt painfully constricted.

"I'll help you," he said, his voice awed. "Come home with me." And he rushed his old friend into a taxi and took him home, where he kept him for a week. In that



**George Raft
won't forget
what sent him
home to pack.**



**She was proud
and stubborn,
so Glenda
Farrell lost out.**

thing in his life he'd like to forget. We all have our own codes of conduct, and when we deviate from them, we feel as if we'd betrayed ourselves. Many years ago Bing ran away from his home in Spokane, determined to make his own way in the world. He would stand on his own two feet, demanding help from no one, especially his family.

Bing got as far as Weed, California. Then he found he couldn't get work. He had no money left. Tired, discouraged and hungry, he wired to his brother in Portland, for money, thus breaking the promise he had made to himself.

Not for a moment has Bing ever regretted or been ashamed of running away from home, but it is with bitterness that he remembers that he lost his nerve and had to holler for help.

There is only one incident that happened in his life that Bert Wheeler, of the Wheeler and Woolsey team, wants to forget. Once he tried to help a man find re-

week it became evident to him why the boy had grown into this shabby, ill-kempt man. It became evident that this man was drinking too much, that he was, in fact, on the verge of delirium tremens.

He made up his mind that he would try to cure him. For some time he helped him financially. Then in order to bolster up the man's self-respect, he got him a job. And he encouraged the man to visit him at the studio frequently so that he could help him.

Friends who saw what Bert was doing, begged him to stop, for his own peace of mind. Bert closed his ears to their advice, their pleas. His friend had promised to behave. That was enough for him.

The friend broke his promise. He couldn't seem to help himself. The craving that was stronger than he rushed back upon him time and again. Each time Bert came forward to help him, hoping that this time would be the last.

Finally he realized it was (Continued on page 121)



NOT TO BE IGNORED

Lot s of eyes, mouth and mama—
that's Martha (Yeah Man) Raye

There was a time when Martha signed for nothing but an upper berth on the next train to New York. Now she has a five-year movie contract.

An evening at home is Martha Raye's idea of a total loss, so fiance Jerry Hopper takes her to the Grove on date night.



By Ruth Rankin

MARTHA RAYE has the prettiest legs in Hollywood. "God's compensation for a face like mine," Martha explains, making a snout to stop a clock.

The face doesn't, however, stop cameras. They have kept grinding almost continuously since this little Raye of moonshine hit Hollywood five months ago, until by this time she has four pictures in the bag: "Rhythm on the Range," "The Big Broadcast of 1937," "Hideaway Girl" and "College Holiday." And more coming up, if her wind holds out, for at least five years are signed for.

But it was not always thus. There was a time, quite recently, when Martha was signed for nothing at all except possibly an upper berth on the next train to New York.

"Yeah man, but I was in a spot." Martha contracts her

rubber face to half size and things begin to look pretty serious. "The heads that were shaking the wrong way when I was making 'Rhythm' stirred up quite a breeze. Every time they came out from looking over the day's rushes, their faces fell down to the curb. They said I was 'too broad'—and they didn't mean my shape, either. "But I had three friends, and when you come to think of it that's a lot of friends to have in one town—Director Norman Taurog, who spotted me putting on my act at the Trocadero one night, Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. They patted me on the back till their hands blistered. 'You're all right, kid. Don't pull your shots,' they said. Norman was particularly solicitous because he was the director, it was his picture, he gave me the part—and he was going to be in the rough, (Continued on page 125)

MAN OF THE AUER

By Dorothy
Spensley

Mischa steals a scene a minute, but there's not a star who resents it

TO MISCHA AUER, sad-eyed, thirty-one, a Russian refugee, tragedy is the cause of his riotous screen humor. Victim of a bloody era, orphaned at fourteen, his film antics are the results of his deliberate efforts to forget the tragedy his youthful eyes beheld.

If you roared with laughter at his ape-like buffooneries in that crazy sequence in "My Man Godfrey," rolled in the aisles at his satiric portrayal of the stoic Indian in "The Gay Desperado," remember that the excellent humor of this fellow stems from a deliberate effort to stamp out the horror-memories of his youth.

"America, too, is responsible for the kind of comedy I am now doing," says this foreign-born humorist. "The humor of America is built mostly on ridicule. You ridicule customs, institutions, people, politics, national worries. It's a great idea, because, in the case of troubles and worries, their tragic proportions are reduced by satiric attacks.

"When I came to New York sixteen years ago my attitude was typically Russian, morose. The things that I had seen in my fifteen years had naturally served to make me serious, old in mind, unable to see any humor in life. Starvation, death, the overturning of an ancient regime—I had watched and experienced all these things.

"In America, I soon saw, no one starved. There was security. That, to me, is the most vital thing in life. There was no danger of death by political intrigue. Anyone could get enough to wear. From a tense, undernourished boy—I was only five feet tall when I was fifteen; as the result of food and care, after that age, I shot up to my present six feet two inches—I became relaxed, anxious to absorb the spirit of this new country.

"I soon realized that Americans don't nurse old grudges—generally speaking. This was
(Continued on page 108)

Mischa Auer, the screen's newest funnyman, now gives you his version of "Hamlet." "Top of the Town's" the picture.



Mischa won't disappoint as the Count in "Three Smart Girls." Binnie Barnes and Alice Brady.



Remember Mischa as the heavy-lidded Indian in "Gay Desperado?" Here he is with Carrillo, Martini and Ida Lupino.

THERE'S A X MR. X IN SYLVIA'S LIFE

His influence has brought both
happiness and fame to this star

THE DEVOTION of a mysterious man as far back as the early teen era in Sylvia Sidney's successful career was, at first, the motivating force and later the dominant inspiration for this diminutive star's struggle to acting fame. The Mr. X in her life is no histrionic Romeo nor is he a power-wielding executive. In recent years their paths have turned widely apart. But so vital has been the effect of an adolescent association and so constant the guiding encouragement each has given the other's ambitions that even now, separated by a continent and belonging to alien worlds, they still definitely intrude their own activities into the other's realm of interests.

Today, Sylvia Sidney has arrived in the first ranks of a profession where she's constantly in the limelight. Mr. X has buried himself in medical research where a self-effacing attitude is necessary to achievement. His contributions to his work have been as important and satisfying as Sylvia's to hers. She is a celebrity and he is a scientist. Publicity is her necessity, but it would certainly be detrimental to his job if even his name were mentioned with a Hollywood star's. For, he is allied with the biggest medical research foundation in America.

He buries himself in a New York laboratory where he experiments on animals with obscure diseases, while she receives the plaudits of a world. But these varied careers go back to closely bound beginnings, when bright futures were vague hopes and the ambitions of a boy and girl were still two youthful dreams. The result is that the scientist talks authoritatively in terms of the theatre and screen, while Sylvia understands more about science than

By Julia
Shawell

Mr. X and plans for her career filled Sylvia Sidney's life so that she didn't have time for young men or the gaieties other girls of her age enjoyed.



any other woman in all Hollywood.

Into the lonely New York childhood of Sylvia Sidney came an English cousin. He had problems of his own to carry into the new country he was to make his permanent home. He was four years older than Sylvia, slim, wavy-haired, soft-eyed; and, like Sylvia, without companions of his own age. He thought of her as a baby with visions beyond her years, but he respected her dreams and he helped to make them realities.

HE THOUGHT I was a brat," Sylvia says now with a laugh. And a tolerant, understanding look comes into his deep eyes as he admits, "She was temperamental and moody, subject to great depression—a child who had no friends and apparently didn't need them. But she had a confirmed belief in herself as a future actress and I realized she had the talent."

Sylvia's current success is with Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once." Here they are, below.

Sylvia certainly did so much about her childish plans that, at twelve years of age, she gave a two-hour program, all by herself, at the Little Theatre. At sixteen she was playing ingenue leads in New York stage productions.

But, before the debut and prior to her footlight engagements, there were seasons when she alternated between a complete belief that the years would bring her what she wanted, and those dark moments when everything seemed impossible.

It was during this time that the devoted cousin, occupied with his medical studies, gave to Sylvia the incentive she needed. He encouraged her, helped her with her parts and sympathized with her ambitions. And she, in return, took a keen interest in his work. She read medical books and studied the papers he prepared and so spurred him by her faith in him.

THEY BOTH knew what they wanted, and happily enough, they got it. He recalls the many hours when she rehearsed in her home—he says she was always acting—and it was his job to cue her and to play the masculine parts to feminine characterizations which then seemed too mature for her. She had a (Continued on page 123)



HE HAS

By **Franc
Dillon**

Ian Hunter's been in pictures for over two years yet most of the screen colony doesn't know him. He's that elusive!

Whether they know him or not, people refer to Ian as a "grand fellow." Here he is with Kay Francis in "Stolen Holiday."



Will Ian Hunter's Garbo-ing continue now that you fans are pushing him starward?

A private life

AS I turned a corner around one of the huge studio sound stages, I almost stumbled over Warner Baxter, who was sitting on the step outside the door, his head in his hands.

"Headache or hangover or both?" I wondered.

He looked up with a distressed expression.

"No headache," he said, "but I just had to sock the grandest guy in the face and I feel terrible.

"I don't know why," Warner continued, "but it always gets me to have to hit anyone in a picture, especially a nice chap like Ian Hunter. You know, he's swell and he's a stranger here and, well—I guess it's all a little silly." And he grinned sheepishly.

When I thought it over it struck me as funny that he had referred to Ian Hunter, who has been in Hollywood making pictures for almost two years, as a "stranger." My curiosity was aroused and I recalled that, although I had enjoyed his work in pictures very much, I had never heard a word about him personally. I tried to recall having seen him at even one Hollywood social affair. Surely a person, described as Warner had spoken of him, couldn't avoid being popular. And so I went sleuthing out to the studio where he was working with Kay Francis again in "Stolen Holiday" to find out why Mr. Hunter is a stranger in Hollywood.

In a town where you call a person by his first name after the first meeting, two years' residence here should

have made him an old settler. But I learned that even at his own studio, he is the man nobody knows.

At my first inquiry in the publicity department I was told:

"He's a grand fellow but we don't know him. Would you like to have lunch with him?"

Of course I would. As I waited for him to arrive in the Green Room, I was a trifle nervous. What would I talk to him about if he were such a shy person that no one in his own publicity department knew him—the department that sees all, knows all and never sleeps?

And then he came in, apologizing for having kept me waiting. It seemed that an army of ants had taken possession of his dressing room—"and some of them got in my trousers," he said slyly.

I breathed a sigh of relief. At least he had a sense of humor.

IT OCCURS to me now that Mr. Hunter may be quite surprised to find himself referred to as a man nobody knows and probably he will think it quite an inaccurate description. Certainly he is friendly, charming and took great pains to please an inquiring reporter. But after an hour's intensive probing, in an effort to learn something about the man, I found myself about where I had started.

Affable, interesting, well informed and intelligent, he talked of everything under the (Continued on page 87)



Mrs. Hunter, pictured here with Ian, was a former English actress.

Last year Frances took your
movie tickets, but today—

THE FARMER TAKES THE SHOW

By Lois

Svensrud



I'VE ALWAYS gone my own way and I intend to stick to that route. What's more I'll stick to my seven-year-old car, my last year's clothes and my this year's husband. I won't go Hollywood."

And Frances Farmer gave an emphatic tug to what was obviously last year's hat.

"I'm not a glamor girl. I don't feel a bit more alluring as a movie actress than I did as a movie usher, so why act overtime like most of these people in Hollywood do? They call me 'different' around here because I want to be myself. Well, I was considered a freak at college and a bad girl at high school for the same reason, so it's nothing new."

There was no defiance in Frances' manner; she was simply matter-of-fact. And that is typical of the way this girl has taken Hollywood by storm. Frances' movie ex-

perience on her arrival in Hollywood a year ago had been limited to ushering people up and down the aisles of the Paramount Theatre in Seattle. And a few months later she had hard-boiled Hollywood gasping in amazement over her dual character portrayal in "Come and Get It."

Twenty-one, slender and blonde, you'd spot Frances Farmer as the sweet young thing. But that would be before those direct hazel eyes were levelled on you and before you had noted the strength in every line of her beautifully chiselled face. And particularly before you saw her hands. Frances had her chin cupped in them now as she leaned towards us over the luncheon table. Sturdy, square hands they were, devoid of a single ring or a hint of polish. As plainly as though Frances had spoken, those hands said, "There's no sham about us. We've worked hard. We're not afraid or ashamed of it."



Top, Frances and Leif Erikson, her actor-hubby, and below, with Edward Arnold in "Come and Get It."

They called Frances Farmer a bad girl at high school, a freak at college and "different" at the studio. But, she's the tops!

"I guess being broke half my life has a lot to do with not being over-awed by Hollywood," she continued thoughtfully. "After all, when you've waited on table, washed mountains of dishes, worked in factories and taken care of other people's children to be sure where your next meal is coming from, no job could look glamorous."

For four years Frances took these jobs in order to get enough money to attend the University of Washington. She worked in the school cafeteria during lunch hours, was an usherette at thirty-six cents an hour during the evening, typed nine hours a week under the NRA Students' Relief Fund for the magnificent sum of fifteen dollars a month, and worked in a dye factory, and during vacations took a variety of jobs that would give her the money to return to school in the fall.

"These were really the jobs that undermined my morale," she told us. "For instance, one summer I spent as counsellor to a group of Campfire girls at Puget Sound. I used to feel that if I saw another bloomer girl, I'd commit hari kari right in front of the evening campfire. Besides that, I'd just started smoking, so I had to take long hikes into the woods for a puff or two. They thought I was such a nature lover!

THEN there was the summer I worked at Mt. Rainier. My duties there were to wait on the table and help with the entertainment in the evening. Juggling trays was nothing compared to getting dressed up every evening in gunny-sacks and singing 'Pale Moon' like a love-sick Indian maiden."

A college education became (Continued on page 112)



The Lloyd Nolans met in a Broadway play—and hated each other on sight! You'd never guess it now from this domestic view of them.



Remember this scene from "The Texas Rangers"? Well, even Lloyd's killing of Jack Oakie didn't sour the audience.

GOOD BAD

LLOYD NOLAN may not "do a Clark Gable," *but*—he may "do" a William Powell or James Cagney or George Raft.

Not one of them won his first screen contract because he was handsome. Yet today all four are among the most popular men on the screen.

Each of them had an individual, interesting face. Each of them had some basic likeability that shone through the most dislikeable characters he played.

And that's the way it is with Lloyd.

He isn't handsome in the matinee idol manner. He says himself that if he had to depend on his appearance, he "wouldn't get very far."

In "The Texas Rangers," he played a notorious bad man of the old West—a character capable of murdering Jack Oakie in cold blood, with a smile.

Yet you couldn't help feeling attracted to him. He was human, underneath his cold-bloodedness. He was interesting, exciting, colorful. He made you want to see more of him and his smile, hear more of his unusual voice.

And you will see—and hear—more of him. Plenty more. Paramount has signed him not only to a seven-year contract, but to a phenomenal one. He won't face a single option in the first three years!

It's the first such contract ever given to a comparative newcomer. That's how much the studio thinks of the

possibilities of young Mr. Nolan.

And who is he? Where did he come from? What has he done?

Off the screen, as on, he is quiet-spoken, deliberate, frank. His brown eyes are "on the level" with you. There is a smile in them.

One thing he smiles about is your surprise at the color of his hair. On the screen, it looks vaguely blond. Actually, it is grayish. It has been that way since he was nineteen. It's a family characteristic. His mother, brother and sister all acquired grayish hair in their teens.

HE WAS born in San Francisco, where his father was a shoe manufacturer—one of the firm of Nolan Brothers, which had a death grip on the local shoe industry.

It was such a good business that it's a wonder Lloyd didn't go into it.

"My elder brother did," he said. "And finally got out of it and into merchandising. But I never wanted any part of it, myself. I didn't know what I did want, except acting and that sounded like a hazardous, precarious business." Amusedly, he added, "Maybe that was why I chose it."

"My mother had been interested in theatricals as a young girl. She was rather sympathetic to my leanings. She would take me, as a (Continued on page 90)



He's not handsome, but he's like-
able, colorful and real star stuff with
a seven-year contract in his pocket.

MAN

Lloyd Nolan could kill
the hero in pictures
and still the fans would
cheer—he's that swell

By James Reid

DON'T TALK ABOUT IT— DO IT!

Is tomorrow the day you're
going to diet and exercise?

Why not do it today?

By Mary Marshall

IS IT too late to mention New Year's resolutions? No! All right. And if the subject isn't too, too boring, I'd like to urge you all to make some good resolutions about yourselves—about taking care of your faces and your figures. Of course, there's no good reason why we should wait for the turn of the year to make good resolutions, but most of us do wait, and it does somehow give a spurt to the will power to start out fresh with New Year's Day. The spurt is fine—but how about keeping the resolutions you make? Around and about that little matter, I want to say a few well chosen words.

Don't "resolve" too much. Don't make things too hard for yourself. You know how it is: you say, "The first of the year, I'm going on a diet." And you go on such a rigid diet—right bang off the first day—that the strongest will power would crumble under it. You say, "The first of the year, I'm going to start exercising—really!" And you go at it like a football star in training—for three days, at the end of which time, your poor, bruised and aching bones just naturally quit on you. You say, "The first of the year, I'm really going to brush my hair and massage my scalp—and never go to bed without cleansing my face—and give my nails regular attention—and hold my stomach in all the time—and give up cigarettes and cocktails."

While you're in the resolution-making mood, you

Roz Russell made smart clothes buy her an entrance into the theatre.





What did Gail Patrick lack before she started getting the real breaks?

vow a staunch vow to turn out all the cupboards in the house, finish "Anthony Adverse," keep up with current events, go to church regularly—in short, you're going to make yourself over completely, according to New Year's Resolutions One to Twenty-six. And what happens? You have a dandy time talking about what you're going to do. If you don't actually gas over the "I'm-going-to's" with someone else, you enjoy patting yourself on the back, mentally. And, come February first, you've slid right back into your old sinful ways. Let's not have that happen again—how about it?

INSTEAD, pick out the one or two or three things about yourself that you know in your soul you can improve if you really concentrate. You have this much time, and that much money to spend on yourself, and these certain responsibilities to attend to. You can't do everything, all at once. Budget your beauty time. Put self-improvement on a schedule. And stick to the budget and the schedule!

In this lecture, Teacher would like to ramble around on five general topics: losing and gaining weight; the improvement, care and glorification of your skins; general grooming, and how to take the greatest advantage of the least time and the skinniest pocketbook; and what, for lack of a better term, I'll call "personality improvement"—wherein I shall come to the five swell looking and diversely typed girls on these two pages.

Okay, by the first of March, you want to be fifteen—or twenty—pounds slimmer or buxomer. Start easy. Fat girls—start by cutting out butter and cream. Cut down on sugar. Keep cutting down on sugar, until you've cut it out. Don't give up meat entirely. Just eat less meat, and none at all that's fried. Take one skimpy serving of potato or rice or whatever the family starch is the first day. A skimpier spoonful the second day. None the third day. Taper off on desserts and other (Continued on page 110)

Work, not magic, is responsible for Beverly Roberts' success.	Brownnettes have transformed Alice Faye, below left.	Olivia de Havilland thanks make-up for new loveliness.
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SHE'S IN DEBT

By Caroline
S. Hoyt

And what
worries Gladys
Swarthout most is
that she'll never be
able to pay off

Gladys Swarthout and Frank Forest in a scene from "Champagne Waltz," the picture which she hopes will establish her definitely as a top star.

(Extreme right) Gladys and her husband, Frank Chapman, are often seen dancing at the Trocadero and other Hollywood night spots.



"I AM in debt," said Gladys Swarthout. "Can you help me, I wonder?"

Gladys Swarthout, her husband, Frank Chapman, and I were sitting in front of the blazing eucalyptus logs in her living room. The silver tea service held the sheen of flame. The charming room with its satiny mahogany, framed photographs, and vases filled with white flowers, was a pool of peacefulness. Gladys wore a tea gown of striped taffeta, rose and gold and blue and cream, buttoned to her throat, prim and stiff. Her thick, dark hair, parted smoothly in the middle, curled about her head. She looked young and soft as she reminisced in the firelight. She looked anything but in distress, in debt.

"Perhaps you can help me to repay them," she continued. I looked at the tip of my shoe and cleared my throat. She said, laughing gently, "Oh, not financial debts. They are the least of all debts. I have repaid them long ago.

"No, I mean debts of the spirit. There are the debts I owe to those who had faith in me, debts I owe to those who gave me inspiration, self-confidence and courage, debts I owe to those who have 'done unto others' and, especially, unto me.

"All of us are simply the sum total of the qualities which have been given to us. I have what vision I have



because vision was given to me. I have my courage because I was given the gift of courage. I have a sense of responsibility because another gave it to me. We come into the world pretty naked, you know. And as we go along, we are given the gifts that make us the personalities we become. That is my belief. At least, it is true of me.

"It is so difficult to repay these debts. About all we can do is to keep them green. So, if you will put into tangible words the intangible spirit of my gratitude, my continuous awareness of my unpaid debts, it would help.

"There are to begin with, of course, my debts to my mother and to my sister, Roma. I owe my ideals to Roma. She gave me my belief in the value of truth. She was a stickler for the truth. She made me realize, in childhood, that lies and evasions are shabby things. She never compromised with life. She set a goal and she went straight to it and didn't whimper if she stumbled and was hurt. She gave me these gifts. I like to think that I have kept them fairly intact. I'll never be able to repay her because, you see, there is nothing of more value which I could give her in return.

"There was Mr. Holmes, the Principal of the high school back home in Kansas City. How well I can see him still, stocky and genial, his personality so definite that

you could not help idolizing him. He held an assembly every week where we were called upon to rise in meeting and sing, recite or play the piano. Every week he called upon Roma and me. He never skipped us. I was petrified at first. I'd never thought of getting up on the stage and performing. When first he gave me that thought, I turned to ice. But I did it. I had to.

I owe him the debt, too, of being prepared for emergencies. I owe him, undoubtedly, the debt of my living through my debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. He gave me confidence in myself.

Miss Swarthout smiled over at her husband who, relaxed in his fireside chair, prompted his wife's memory now and again. He said, "Gladys forgets things when she is talking about herself."

"Then," said Gladys, "there was my first voice teacher, Belle Vickers. She was a coloratura soprano, a concert singer. She was terribly ambitious for Roma and me. She was ambitious for us beyond our equipment, our background, our years. She always called me little 'Mini'. She was the first to insist that I should be a 'Butterfly.' She gave me a vision of what I might do if I wanted to, what I might be if I cared enough. She was the first to suggest that I might do opera—I, who had aspired to nothing beyond (Continued on page 115)

**Gladys Swarthout
never knew how to
be temperamental
until she made her
second picture.**



IF YOU'VE ONLY A LITTLE



Boleros are big news for spring. Anita Louise wears a smart navy blue bolero suit trimmed in the printed challis of her blouse.

You can do with only one silk dress a season if that one is cut simply like Elissa Landi's and is made of a fine, unusual fabric.



You can buy smartness at bargain prices, if you'll just learn the trick of juggling your costumes and accessories with variety

POLITICIANS LOVE to harangue about balancing the nation's budget, but none has ever contributed much constructive thought as to how an individual can balance his or hers! As far as we are concerned the budget we are most interested in balancing is our clothes one. It's easy enough to generalize about dressing smartly on next to nothing, but it's not so easy to show specifically how it can be done. For instance, how would you select four basic costumes that would see you through fall, winter and spring? I purposely omit summer because it is the one season in the year when clothes expenditures can be the lightest.

Perhaps I had better explain what I mean by basic costumes. They are the clothes around which you plan everything you buy. They are four outfits which can meet the needs of an average woman's life whether she

stays at home or goes to business every day.

Now, what four would you pick? I've picked my four entries this month, so it's up to you to write in to me if you don't agree or if you've better suggestions than mine. The idea is to choose only what is most important to your individual scheme of living. Perhaps you have no need for a formal gown at all; in that case, you can add another daytime dress to replace the one evening gown I suggest among my four. The only idea that has to stay fixed is that these four costumes must have good lines and good quality.

Another thing to keep in mind, when choosing only a few clothes to see you through a season or several seasons, is color. You can't shoot at the rainbow when you're counting pennies. One color to which you key everything is the safest investment, especially if you want

TO SPEND-



A coat that will do smart duty in fall, winter and spring is Sylvia Sidney's tailored blue woolen. Note the cut of collar and cuffs.

If you can buy only one evening frock—make it a simple black crepe like Julie Haydon's and vary it with little jackets, flowers and accessories.

By Adelia

Bird





Maureen O'Sullivan chooses a pert felt beret in navy to go with her practical dark blue suit. A white blouse, featuring a high neckline, adds to the costume's trimness.



For your first spring shoes. Beige suede and brown calfskin ties with laced detail. And navy blue gabardine and patent leather pumps.

to cut down the accessory buying. One color sounds dull but it needn't be if you use a little imagination because you can set it off with an infinite variation of contrasting shades. Year in and year 'out there are three colors which are standbys—they are black, brown and blue. The browns may vary from chocolate to copper and the blues may change from navy to purple blues but basically they remain the same. And they are the color standard to which the budget wardrobe can safely cling.

But let's get on to the four costumes I've picked for the budget sweepstakes. All are winners—safe bets in a season of such elegant frivolity as we've been having, sure bets when the fashion tide turns to tailored simplicity. Number one is the coat that can't be dated—its cut is tailored, its fabric a fine textured woolen. It looks, this season, like the one Sylvia Sidney is wearing. And you shouldn't pay less than twenty-five dollars for it because you won't get a fabric that will stand three seasons and possibly another year's wear unless you pay that much.

Sylvia's coat is made of a navy blue woolen and is cut on the classic reefer style. It has a double-breasted cut, a slight flare to the skirt and the wider lapels give it a distinctive air. Sylvia finds that it looks as well with silk and woolen dresses as it does with tailored suits. She wears wool scarfs at the neckline in the fall and winter, gay silk ones in the spring. And it takes to a fur cape or scarf with the proper lift to elegance!

Incidentally, that brimmed felt hat is a good budget item because its very simplicity makes it adaptable to any daytime outfit. Sylvia wears it either turned up off the face, as pictured, or turned down over the eyes and tilted a little to vary the wearing.

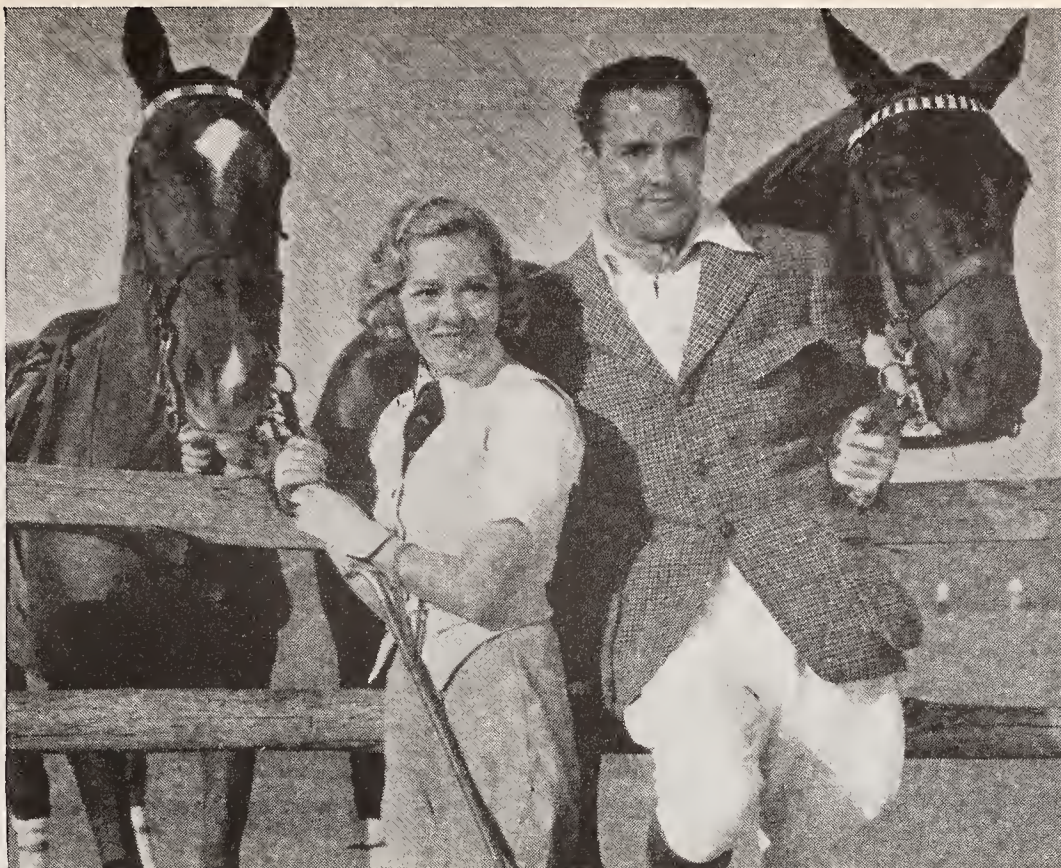
Costume number two is some form of the tailored suit. It can be the strictly man tailored woolen suit, the dress and jacket combination, the softer tailored suit or the ensemble made up of coat and dress or coat, skirt and blouse. It's up to you to choose the one that suits your needs the most perfectly. Personally, I think the tailored suit of a good suiting worsted is the most versatile because it provides you with a year 'round standby for sports, travel, business and general daytime wear. It can be infinitely varied with accessories, sweaters and blouses and it gives you a trim, well-groomed appearance even when it begins to get a little shabby.

Two grand suits for wear now under your winter coats and later as your first spring (Continued on page 100)



One good tailored suit will give you an all-round costume. Sylvia Sidney wears a well-cut one with striped lapel piping and matching scarf.

Mary found that she and Buddy shared many mutual interests and their love was the outcome of a long friendship. Here they are in a recent picture.



**By Martha
Kerr**

LOVE

**Through Buddy Rogers she has taken
a miraculous new lease on happiness**

COMES TO MARY PICKFORD

A CHAPTER in Hollywood history is closing. A new chapter is opening.

In the spring Mary Pickford will become the bride of Charles (Buddy) Rogers. And Pickfair will be closed—or sold.

"I'm going to start with a brand-new slate," Mary told me.

And as she spoke I saw that something sad has gone out of Mary's face. She reminded me of a hurt child who has been comforted.

We were sitting in the library at Pickfair one early winter afternoon. The French doors gave onto clipped green lawns, sloping gently to the curved swimming pool. The pale, silver-gilt sun shone on the white house, the guest houses, the willows and spiked pines; it misted the flower gardens and seemed to be resting in filmy farewell on this celebrated spot where, for so many years, America's Sweetheart received her famous guests, a renowned hostess of one of the most famous houses in the world.

"I'll be glad," Mary was laughing, a touch impishly, "not to be a little tin queen any more!"

"And you won't," I said, "live here at Pickfair, when you are married to Buddy?"

"No," said Mary, "oh, *no*. We really couldn't, you see. We really *shouldn't*. It wouldn't be fair to Bud. And I feel, too, with him, that we should begin life afresh, in new surroundings, in a home we build ourselves, for ourselves. That is his right—and mine."

And Mary fingered the slender platinum band on her engagement finger. A replica of the band which Buddy, also, wears on his finger. There was pride as well as tenderness in her smile. There was that new happiness, as shining as the bright band on her finger.

It is nice, I thought, to see Mary happy again.

She was saying, "I feel that Pickfair has served its purpose, has lived its life which is not my life any longer. It is time, now, for the doors to be closed. Or rather, it is time for me to close the doors behind me."

"It has known a very great deal of happiness and life and activity. I have been very happy here and very unhappy, too. It's odd, isn't it, and rather lovely—the way unhappiness fades and is forgotten and only happiness remains?"

"I shall remember, now, only the happy hours at Pickfair. The echoes I shall hear all my life will be the echoes of the laughter these white walls (*Continued on page 102*)

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Les Townsend



"Camille" turns out to be one of the most beautiful pictures of the year, with Garbo and Robert Taylor at their best.

★★★★ Camille (M-G-M)

Blessed with superb performances, an excellent script and splendid direction, "Camille" emerges as one of the most compellingly beautiful pictures of the year. It is also a personal triumph for Garbo, whose magnificent performance will stand out in the minds of many as her finest screen portrayal. To Marguerite Gautier, a role previously played by several first ladies of stage and screen, she brings new radiance and the magic of her artistry. "Camille" definitely and beyond doubt establishes Garbo as the screen's greatest actress.

The Swedish star is surrounded by a cast of expert players, headed by Robert Taylor, whose portrayal of Armand Duval, Marguerite's lover, is probably his first serious contribution to the screen. His work, of course, is overshadowed by Garbo's, but his fine performance will come as a surprise to those who heretofore regarded him as nothing more than a Glamour Boy. In addition to the stars, there are outstanding smaller parts by Lianel Barrymore, Henry Daniell, Jessie Ralph, Laura Hope Crews, Lenore Ulric and Rex O'Malley.

Preview Postscript

The Garbo seemed to sense that this picture was destined to make her more famous than ever, for she actually seemed cheerful during production work on it. She's been known as Gloomy Greta around the sets of her last few pictures, though indigestion may have had as much to do with it as pessimism. Her recent trip to the old country evidently helped her a lot. There were several indications of her change of mind, notably that she not only permitted music to be played on the set for the first time, but requested many numbers herself between shots when the players were sitting around. Then the fact that The Silent One sat around at all was startlingly new, since before this she's made for her dressing-room at the sound of the director's "cut." Also she worked overtime two nights in succession—twenty minutes once and almost three-quarters of an hour another time. The director and crew were so flabbergasted by that time that they needed to go home themselves to recover. Greta lets Bob buy her an ice-cream cone every day on the set. She is living in Jeanette MacDonald's former home now, well fortified from the world by an iron fence six feet high and three colored servants . . . Sets were magnificent on this film, though very few outsiders were allowed the privilege of so much as a peek at them for fear the star might be hanging around at the time. The period of 1846 in Paris was one of the gayest in history and M-G-M spared no expense to have perfect copies made of French rooms of that period, down to every sumptuous and costly detail. Costumes were also elaborate and costly.

Garbo had eighteen of them, which utilized several thousand yards of material for skirts, petticoats, bustles, etc. Taylor had fourteen different costumes in the picture, but twenty-eight in reality, since Bob had a way of forgetting his silks and satins and moving too quickly.

★★★★ Beloved Enemy (Samuel Goldwyn)

Using the Irish Revolution as his theme, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn comes through with a production that is both beautifully romantic and stirringly dramatic. Its setting is Dublin, where the Irish patriots, led by Brian Aherne, are plaguing the British occupation forces. Henry Stephenson, an English peer, is sent to Ireland to attempt to iron out the situation. With him is his daughter, Merle Oberon. Aherne, whose identity is unknown to the British, meets Miss Oberon, and eventually they fall in love. Their romantic scenes, in the midst of the bitter revolution, are some of the most touching this season's screen has offered.

Both Aherne and Miss Oberon turn in tapnotch performances, giving credence to a story which might have fallen apart in less capable hands. Henry Stephenson is excellent as the British diplomat, and there are outstanding performances by Jerome Cowan, who makes his screen debut as one of the revolution's leaders, Karen Marley, Donald Crisp and David Niven. Considerable credit must also go to director Henry C. Potter for his intelligent handling of the tragic theme. "Beloved Enemy" is certainly an addition to the long list of Goldwyn hits.

Preview Postscript

With an English cost like this one you might expect the usual gallons of tea on the set promptly at four. But Brian Aherne, David Niven, Henry Stephenson and Miss Oberon shifted their affections to buttermilk one day. It's as deadly a habit evidently as the tea one, though, for all four found themselves putting on unwelcome poundage—but couldn't give up that four o'clock argy . . . Brian Aherne had a bad day at the studio during the picture's shooting. It started out grand enough, with word from the U. S. Department of Commerce's aviation section that he had passed his airplane pilot's test and received a private license. But he was "grounded" immediately. For Samuel Goldwyn heard about it the same day and issued orders that Brian couldn't leave the ground for the duration of the picture. Ruth Chatterton was the one who interested Brian in flying. After taking him for a spin, he became so enthused that he decided to take lessons himself. Fortunately for Brian—though unfortunately for Ruth—she was "grounded" at the time while playing



Bill Powell and his little helpmate, Myrna Loy—not to mention Asta—continue their comic antics in "After the Thin Man."



"Lloyds of London" boasts a grand story and a fine cast. Here are Tyrone Power and Madeleine Carroll.

in "Dodsworth" at the same studio, so she offered her plane to him. In order to prevent injuries to the several hundred players during the warfare scene, a new type of barbed wire was developed by studio technicians in the use of prop "entanglements." The wire is real, but the barbs are carefully fashioned bits of sponge rubber, pointed with a metallic gloss, and then glued onto the strands. . . . Every 1921 automobile that could still operate under its own power was "signed" for this picture if the Goldwyn studios could get hold of it. Ordinarily when cars of ancient vintage are needed for a film, they are obtained through agencies which keep a few on hand for just that purpose. But the needs for this picture far exceeded the demand and as a result a general S.O.S. was sent out to every garage in California. The cars were bought outright at five times the actual market price and were promptly destroyed during the filming of the bottle scenes.

★★★ After the Thin Man (M-G-M)

That smoothest of all sleuths, Nick Charles, together with his wife and his justly famous wire-haired terrier, return once more to provide a sure-fire comedy drama that will please everyone who admired their first jamboree, "The Thin Man." Everyone knows by now that Nick Charles is Bill Powell and that his little helpmate is Myrna Loy. It will be welcome news, too, that Asta, the most genial of all screen canines, has been provided with a wife—a rather indiscreet wife, incidentally, who shares her favors with Asta and a neighborhood Scotty. Mrs. Asta's skullduggeries is but a minor item in the series of events which go to make up this swell comedy. It is enough to say that the suave Mr. Powell is once more called out of retirement to solve a mystery which baffles the audience and everyone else in the cast. In spite of Myrna (Continued on page 130)

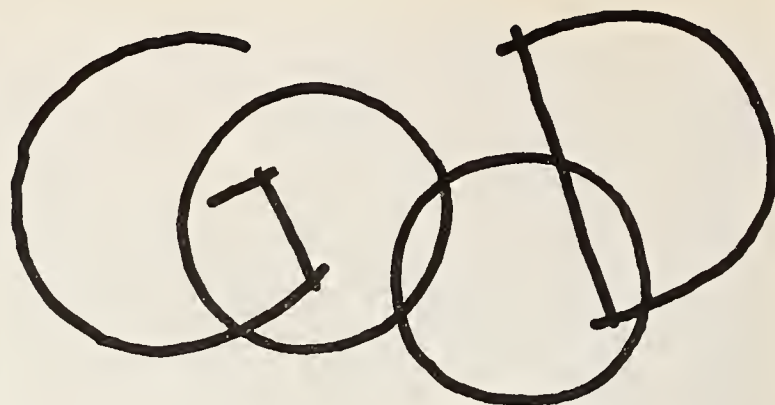


See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on Page 20.

Jimmy Cagney and Mae Clarke in Mr. C's "comeback" picture, "Great Guy." Don't miss it.



Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald receive two of Gene's guests, Loretta Young and Ed Sutherland.

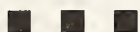


By Leo Townsend

Photos by Frank Muto

The last-minute lowdown on who are going together and what's doing in gay, glamorous Hollywood

Looks like Simone Simon is casting amorous glances in the direction of Jimmy Stewart. Over on the "Seventh Heaven" set, where they're playing the roles which made Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell famous, Simone rushes out every day during the afternoon recess to procure a bottle of soda pop for her leading man. If that isn't love, as the saying goes, it'll have to do until the soda pop man comes along. Next thing you know she'll be calling him Jimmy Jimmy.



Despite the French barrage, Jimmy Stewart seems to maintain his reputation as the most getting-around guy in Hollywood. You



Stuffing Jimmy Stewart at Gene Raymond's party are Fred March, Glenda Farrell and Anita Louise. And is he hungry!

see him everywhere, and usually with a different gal. Of late, however, he's been confining his attentions more or less to Anita Louise. It all started when he took her to the Gene Raymond party, and the way things look it may turn out to be one of those permanent Hollywood romances which last for weeks.



Housewarmings in Hollywood are always the best excuse in town for a hangover. But the Arthur Hornblow, Jr.'s, first entertainment in their new home didn't provide any alibis. It was strictly tete-a-tete for one thing, and for another refreshments were limited to ham and eggs. Myrna decided she couldn't wait another month for their Cold Water Canyon home to be completed. So she staged a celebration for her husband in the only finished room in the house. It happened to be the laundry room and the Hornblows breakfasted one Sunday morning on a plank laid over the laundry tub, while the little woman concocted the meal on a camp stove.



Shirley Temple went to Palm Springs to recover from a cold during production of her new picture, "Stowaway," so Mack Gordon, one of the film's song writers, went down to teach her a few numbers while she was convalescing. Shirley was back on the set a few days later, looking well and happier than ever. "Poor Mack," she explained, "he's in bed. He said I gave him temporary exhaustion."





them before they take on a playmate for him. As a matter of fact, what Ruby would like right now is a chance to co-star in a musical with Fred Astaire.



When Bill Powell and Myrna Loy were in San Francisco for location shots in "After The Thin Man," the company checked in at one of the local hotels. The clerk, who had probably seen Myrna play Mrs. Powell in too many pictures, asked Bill if he'd like the bridal suite. The very polite Mr. P. replied, "Yes, indeed, but I understand there's a Mr. Hornblow on this trip."



Lily Pons is still struggling with her English, but she insists she's improving. On the set of "That Girl From Paris" one day the sound man played back one of her scenes for her. "Do you like it?" he asked. "Oh, but yes," answered Mlle. Pons. "I can understand every word I say!"



Worst Joke of the Month: On the "Souls at Sea" set at Paramount, Henry Wilcoxon and Frances Dee were rehearsing a scene when lunch was called. Wilcoxon yelled to a prop boy to come over and chalk their positions so they'd know where they stood when they returned from lunch. The prop boy came over and chalked their positions.

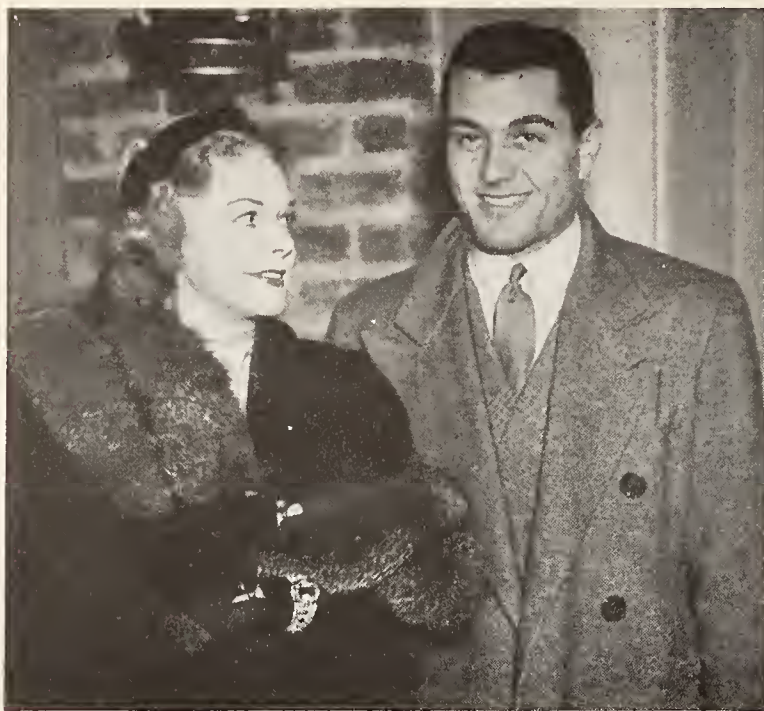


Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Anne Shirley, Harold Lloyd and Irene Hervey at the gay Raymond affair.

Hearts and Flowers: Although Nelson Eddy is seldom linked romantically in the public prints with this fair lady or that, it is known that he pays his most constant court to the divorced wife of Director Sidney Franklin. Mrs. Franklin, shortly after her divorce, was rumored about to marry Conrad Nagel, but she's been seeing no one but Nelson.



Talked to Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler one day recently, lovely home in Encino, about fifteen miles from Hollywood. Jolsons have an orange grove in their front yard, a swimming pool in the back, and their proudest possession, Al, Junior, prides himself everywhere. Al and Ruby deny reports that they are adopting another child—they want Junior to get better acquainted with the world.



'Tis said it will be an altar trip for Alice Faye and Tony Martin. They look doting enough.



The screen's favorite wife, Myrna Loy, tips hubby Arthur Hornblow's hat for him

no attention, so Wilcoxon, quick as a flash, said: "Oh, so you won't chalk, eh?" Do you blame the prop boy?



And what about Jean Harlow? For the past month or so she and Bill Powell have taken very little part in Hollywood night life. New night clubs have opened and old ones have been redecorated, but it seems to make no difference to La Belle. She's turned out to be a home girl. All of which is a fine thing, because we think there ought to be a Harlow in every home—but it would be nice if her mother would let her out just once in a while.



The Errol Flynn-Lili Damita situation still puzzles everyone—including, perhaps, Miss D and Mr. F. Two days after they announced a separation they flew to New York together for a second honeymoon which was to include a trip abroad, after which Errol was to brave the wilds of Borneo with gun and publicity. Then came a call from Warners that he was needed for the lead in "The Prince and the Pauper" so Errol cut short the honeymoon, leaving Lili to follow him—forced—or if they

Talked with Bette Davis out on the "Marked Woman" set at Warner Brothers. Bette's well-publicized feud with Warner Brothers—final score: Warners, 48, Davis, —\$50,000—is packed away on the studio shelf and forgotten. "I'm really glad to be back at work again," said Bette. "I've been over a year without salary, and even actresses have to eat." She also took time out to deny there was any friction between her and hubby Harmon Nelson. He's in New York working for a theatrical agency. When he learns the business he'll return to Hollywood and Mrs. Nelson.



Miriam Hopkins and Mrs. Fred Astaire had never met socially until recently, when they got together with a bang in Beverly Hills. Miriam's car smashed into the Astaire limousine, causing no end of commotion. The two gals admit their acquaintance didn't get off to such a good start, but everything is patched up now—including two broken ribs for Mrs. Astaire's maid and a wrenched shoulder for Miriam.



Barbara Stanwyck now divides her time between Bob Taylor and her new racing stable. With the wife of Zeppo Marx she has taken to raising race horses on the Marwyck ranch in Van



The on-again-off-again Errol Flynn registers a rude at the Lamaze Cafe. Lili is a bit aloof but maybe she doesn't like cameramen!



More romantic rumblings: Jean Muir and Gordon Oliver at the Trocadero.



Al Jolson, looking hearty again, beaus his best girl, Ruby Keeler, to the Zukor Jubilee.

Nuys. At the ranch-warming party each guest was presented with a bucket of paint along with the first cocktail, and each was assigned fifteen feet of brand new fence to paint. Zeppo finished first and was awarded the prize—an extra fifteen feet of unpainted fence.

■ ■ ■

When Kay Francis left for New York recently, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland were on the same airliner. It looked like a foursome for a while, since Michael Whalen had been enjoying a cocktail with the party a few minutes earlier in the lounge. Leaving them, he wandered out to have his ticket validated—and discovered everything swell except that he was at the wrong airport.

■ ■ ■

Natives of Palm Springs and the desert region had their thrill of the year when "Camille" was world-premiered at the new Plaza Theatre there. Many of the stars flew down for the occasion—among them Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, who were separated for an hour after the show by swarms of fans demanding autographs. And there were so many lights that hardy desert rats from miles around hiked in, thinking the town was on fire.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "John Meade's Woman" set, Edward Arnold blew up



Kay Francis and Delmer Daves gave snap-shooter Muto the wave as they took off for a trip to Europe. Maybe they're wed now.

in his lines eight times straight. Stumbling block was the line: "I love you, darling, I love you!" After the eighth error, Eddie turned to the director. "Sorry, old boy," he said, "but I haven't said anything as silly as that for thirty years."

■ ■ ■

Many a Hollywood star does her shopping attired in last year's slacks and a pair of dark glasses, because shopkeepers have a way of doubling their prices when little Miss Glamor Girl comes in. Gloria Stuart, for instance, had been shopping for furniture in full disguise until one day she dropped into the shop as is. "You look enough like Gloria Stuart to be her twin sister," said a clerk, "except, of course, that she's cross-eyed. Never comes in here without thick-lensed glasses."

■ ■ ■

We watched Carole Lombard swishing around on the "Swing High, Swing Low" set at Paramount the other day, attired in two inches of white chiffon and two carloads of white ostrich feathers. We thought it all looked pretty elegant, and couldn't understand the worried look in Travis Banton's face. "These gowns give me the jitters," he said. "They're strictly honky-tonk fashions, but Lombard makes them look so modish that I'm afraid every woman in the country will copy them—and probably look like a herd of ostriches."

■ ■ ■

The hairdresser came up just then to arrange Carole's blonde curls for a close-up. "This wave won't stay in place unless we dampen it again," she announced, calling to a prop boy for a pan of water. "Never mind the water," said the glamorous Carole. "Just spit on it."

■ ■ ■

June Lang is still nervous about it. The young lady who went through the war in "Road to Glory" and the jungles in "White Hunter," without so much as a quiver, has finally lost her composure. It all happened during the Hollywood Hotel broadcast following the preview of "One In A Million." The preview and broadcast were held on one of the sound stages at 20th Century-Fox studio, and at this particular moment Louella Parsons was bouncing up and down the aisles, microphone in hand, hunting celebrities. She spotted Miss L. and gushed, "Oh, June, won't you please tell me the date of your wedding with Victor McLaglen?" June blushed. Louella blushed, and there are no reports on the condition of Vic Orsatti, Miss Lang's intended groom.

■ ■ ■

"One In A Million" introduces a new star to the screen. She is Sonja Henie, the former Olympic skating champion. Sonja brings an entirely new type of personality to Hollywood, and her studio is planning to take off her skates immediately and star her in dramatic roles. Incidentally, she's quite charming off the screen, too, according to Tyrone Power, who has monopolized all of the little lady's evenings. He even packed her into a plane and flew her to Cincinnati for Christmas so she could meet his family.



Pat O'Brien congratulates bridegroom, John Barrymore and bride, Elaine Barrie. Mrs. Jacobs, the bride's ma, looks on.

Out on the "Holy Terror" set, the young lady playing the title role was enjoying a race around the sound stage with a playful prop man. The young lady, who was Jane Withers, suddenly sprawled flat on her face on the floor. "I didn't trip," she said to the guy. "You musta pushed me." But the prop man pointed out the fact she had been a couple of yards in the lead. "Well, I apologize," said Jane. "But don't do it again."

The Warner Brothers, stockholders and board of directors, went into the biggest conference of the year the other day. Closeted for several hours, they finally emerged, weary but relieved. A momentous decision had been reached. Dick Powell, by official vote, can now shave off his mustache. It seems Joan Blondell wasn't half as crazy about the mustache as

Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Lane are married now.



she was about Dick, and you know how it is when the little woman makes up her mind. What really swung the pow-wow in Dick's favor was a written statement sent in by him after the conference looked like a deadlock. The note said: "I can't be happy behind it."

At the preview of "Banjo on My Knee," the Barbara Stanwyck-Joel McCrea river rhapsody, we sat behind Miss S. and the ever-present Bob Taylor. The fact that Stanwyck and Taylor are constant companions seems to have enhanced Barbara's popularity with audiences, for at the picture's finish there was considerable applause for her. Even her critical companion must have liked her performance, for he favored her with an affectionate pat on the head. And a pat on the head from Taylor is a lot better than most girls are doing these days.

People thought Carole Lombard was going Garbo on them when she had the "Swing High, Swing Low" set closed to visitors. As a rule the Lombard sets are wide open to anyone with a pass and a desire to watch the Lombard antics. But when "Swing High, Swing Low" started, nine-tenths of the visitors cornered Carole to ask her about the Clark Gable romance. So now Lombard is behind locked doors where she can keep her romance and her acting to herself.

Gayest social affair of the month was Gene Raymond's dinner party for some 250 guests at his new home. Almost everyone, who is anybody in Hollywood, was there, plus a number who aren't anyone at all. Two hundred and fifty is a lot of people to ask over to the house for dinner, but Gene had evidently informed the cook of his plans, for everyone had a merry evening of it.

Man Bites Dog Dept.: Reversing the using procedure, the 150 extras in the cast of Universal's "Top of the Town" pooled together and bought packages of Scotch for Director Ralph Murphy and his assistants. Seems they all had had four

weeks steady employment, something novel in the life of an extra, and it sort of went to their heads.

Questions without answers: What prominent screen actor is rumored to have married his bride only because in a generous moment he had previously signed over his property to her? By marrying the gal, under the California law, he is entitled to half of his own property.

When they make a picture at Warners everyone works hard and fast, but Henry Fonda didn't know it until he was loaned out by the Walter Wanger studio for a part with Pat O'Brien in "Slim." At the end of the first day's shooting Henry dropped in at his home studio to say hello. "How's the picture coming?" he was asked. "Coming!" said Henry. "We're half through!"



The Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett) attend a recent premiere.

Your surprise of the month will probably come when you see Janet Gaynor in the new Technicolor picture, "A Star is Born." For the first time in her screen career, Gaynor doesn't play a demure little gal who spreads sweetness and light wherever she goes. In private life, Miss G. is hardly the demure type, but ever since her first success in "Seventh Heaven" her producers have convinced everyone she's the sweetest thing since Mary Pickford. Don't tell anyone, but it's been bruited about that in "A Star is Born" she wears—for the first time on any screen—silk stockings. A girl who does that will even smoke cigarettes!

Is 20th Century-Fox deglamorizing Simone Simon? Now that she has the old Janet Gaynor role in "Seventh Heaven," any reference to the petite pouter as exotic meets with hushed horror at her studio. And no one seems to remember those recent billboards with flaming letters announcing that mademoiselle possessed "The allure of a woman—the charm of a girl." (Continued on page 142)

THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR.

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., of Chicago's prominent family, is well-known throughout the Middle West and East for her vivid and active life. She entertains frequently with small, superbly appointed dinners. "Camels," says Mrs. Swift, "contribute to the success of my dinners. Their delicate flavor suits the equally delicate flavors in the food, and they also help digestion. I always allow enough time between courses so that every one may smoke a Camel through."



MRS. SWIFT DINES in the Casino Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel. "Here, too," says Joseph Spagat, Maitre de Café, "Camels are the favorite cigarette."

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

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MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, Los Angeles
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE II, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
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**FOR DIGESTION'S
SMOKE
CAMELS!**



AS A SPORTSWOMAN, Mrs. Swift is world famous. She spent dangerous months in India and Africa hunting wild boars, tigers, elephants. In the States, during the winter season when society is so engrossed with outdoor sports, Mrs. Swift enjoys skiing. "It's fun," she says, "but requires healthy nerves. So Camels are the only cigarette I care to smoke. They set me on my way feeling right."

Camel's aid to digestion . . . on your busy days!

MOST modern women lead quite active lives. Preparing meals, parent-teachers' activities, and social life are enough to tax nerves and affect digestion. A pleasant way to assist good digestion is to smoke Camels during meals and afterward. Smoking Camels promotes

the natural flow of fluids so necessary for good digestion. Alkalinity increases. Tension eases. A comforting "lift" follows. Equally important is Camel's mildness. They never get on your nerves, or tire your taste. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake—and better "busy days"!

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LOVE Came back to Lois

WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)



BUT HE USED TO
TELEPHONE EVERY
DAY . . . AND
IT'S BEEN THREE
WEEKS NOW !

IF I WERE YOU, LOIS
I'D GO TO A GOOD
BEAUTY SPECIALIST
AND FIND OUT WHY
YOUR SKIN LOOKS
SO OLD LATELY !



LOIS SEES EMILE, FAMOUS
NEW YORK BEAUTY EXPERT

YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES
CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN . . . SKIN THAT'S
TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS
AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT
YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP . . .



WHY EMILE RECOM-
MENDS PALMOLIVE
SOAP TO OVERCOME
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil,
a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil
makes Palmolive's lather gentler,
more soothing . . . gives it a *special
protective quality* all its own. Thus
Palmolive does more than just
cleans. It protects your skin against
the loss of those precious natural
oils which feed and nourish it . . .
that's why Palmolive keeps your
complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emile

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4 WEEKS LATER—
SWEETHEARTS AGAIN
THANKS TO PALMOLIVE!



How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DON'T think you're safe from
"Middle-Age" Skin just be-
cause you are young! For beauty
experts warn that this ugly condi-
tion threatens even girls in their
twenties. So be on your guard
against the first sign of dryness,
coarse-texture . . . the symptoms of
"Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For
Palmolive, made with Olive Oil,
does more than just cleanse! Its
gentle protective lather prevents
your skin from becoming dry, life-
less, old-looking . . . keeps your

complexion soft, smooth and *young*

*Does the soap you are using give
you this same protection? Do you
know what ingredients go into it?
Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle
and safe as Palmolive?*

You *know* that Palmolive is made
only from real beauty aids . . . a
secret and unique blend of sooth-
ing Olive and Palm Oils. That's
why Palmolive, more than any
other soap, promises to keep your
complexion young and lovely
through the years! Why not start
using Palmolive Soap—today?



CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY
FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

*What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe
chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine
beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for
their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?*



MADE WITH
OLIVE OIL TO KEEP
COMPLEXIONS YOUNG
AND LOVELY



GINGER ROGERS' TRUE LIFE STORY

Intimate facts
and romantic
episodes in a
big star's life

By Gladys Hall



Meet Miss Virginia Katherine McMath who, at one year, faces the camera like a troupier. Can't you see the resemblance to the Ginger Rogers' of today?



This quiet picture of Ginger with her father, Eddins McMath, gives no hint of the stormy battle he later waged for the child's control, even going so far as to kidnap her.

AT TWO-THIRTY on the morning of July 16, 1911, in the little town of Independence, Missouri, a little girl was born. She was christened Virginia Katherine McMath.

The circumstances of her birth were singular.

All that night, preceding her birth, the heavens had been in convulsions, thunder roared and crashed, lightning made fire flowers in the skies. And then, just before the first small cry was heard, a *star fell*. A hush, a peace descended upon the earth. And the baby was born.

She weighed six and a half pounds. She was bald. Her blue eyes, dewy then as they are now, held that look of slight surprise when they looked into the triumphant eyes of her mother. There was, otherwise, nothing remarkable about her.

The mother, the good country doctor and the baby were alone in that little white frame, four-room cottage at the end of the little trolley line in Independence for, several months before the child was born, Lela McMath had "eloped," so to speak. She deliberately cut herself off from her family—her mother and father, her husband and mother-in-law—so that she might live the kind of a life she felt she must live in order that the child might survive. For there had been another baby girl, born shortly after Lela Owens' marriage to Eddins McMath. The baby had lived only a few hours.

And so, when the small Virginia Katherine was on her way, the young mother made up her mind that this time it should be different. She believed in prenatal influence. She believed that the prenatal period should be one of peace. And there was not, even then, peace between the young McMaths. This time, she vowed to herself, she would create peace with her own hands and brains and energies. She had her own ideas of the life she wanted to live, while waiting for her child. There had to be no irritations, no opposition and clash of wills and temperaments. It had to be her life—and the child's.

And so, one day, without so much as leaving a note on the pin cushion, with only twenty dollars in her purse, without telling anyone she was going, and hardly knowing where she was going herself, Lela McMath boarded the train out of Kansas City. When, evening approaching, the

train stopped at Independence, Lela got off. She felt they would be less likely to look for her here, so comparatively close to home, than farther afield.

THERE WAS a trolley near the station. Lela boarded it, still without the faintest idea as to her destination. She only knew, and only cared, that she was free. The trolley bumped along until it came to the end of the line. There seemed to be no place further to go, so Lela McMath got out. There, in a field at the track's end, was a small, white frame cottage. On the door was a sign which said "To Let—Furnished." The people next door were the owners. Lela McMath rented the cottage, paid a five-dollar deposit and moved in that night.

The next morning, bright and early, Lela went forth to look for a job. The first place she came to was a newspaper office. That was fine. She had always wanted to be a writer. She applied for the job of general reporter—and got it.

"I honestly can't say," said Ginger's small, remarkable mother, "that I dreamed of a child who would be famous, who would save the world or perpetuate his name in enduring stone. I thought the baby would be a boy. I didn't care especially one way or the other. I just wanted the baby to come into the world, born of a happy, active mother—a baby who would live. That baby came to me. And so, on that July dawning the baby was born. Shortly before her birth, Lela McMath had had occasion to go into Kansas City to report an Art Exhibition for her paper. There, awaiting a trolley on a main thoroughfare crowded with people, she found herself staring down at a man's feet. A man's feet with something curiously familiar about them. She looked up. The man was her father.

There was, of course, a dramatic meeting. Where had she been? How could she have done so terrible a thing to her mother, to her husband and to him? They had been frantic. They had searched everywhere. They had employed detectives (but they had not found her, in Independence, less than twenty-five miles from home!), And then the father's eyes, shocked and troubled, took in the situation. Lela begged him not to give her away, implored



Lela Owens McMath with her new baby daughter of ten weeks. Even at this early stage, Ginger looked to her mother for approval and guidance.



At three years, Ginger's sparkling personality began to manifest itself. Her red hair, blue eyes and freckles added to her baby charm.

him not to tell at home that he had seen her. She reminded him of the death of her first baby, that her husband hadn't wanted that baby and didn't really want this one. She assured him that she was happy, had a job, was safe and would keep in touch with him if only he would keep faith with her, keep secret her whereabouts.

But the father, fearful of such unprecedented behavior, told Lela's mother. And Lela's mother, conservative, old-school, firmly believing that a woman's place is with her husband and nowhere else, felt it her duty to tell Lela's husband. And so, a day or so after the baby's birth, the husband and father, Lela's mother and mother-in-law descended upon her. They formed a vigorous body, protesting that they had never heard of such outrageous goings-on. Was she temporarily insane? Didn't she know that in her condition she should have been sitting quietly at home, not tramping the streets as a reporter? And the pool of peace in which Lela McMath had lived while her baby was coming, was shattered. Fortunately, too late to do any harm. For Lela McMath, looking at the sturdy, rosy mite in the crook of her arm, knew that she had scored her point, could afford to concede the next point if she had to. It seemed that she did have to.

AND SO, shortly after the baby's birth, temporarily defeated, Lela allowed the family to take her back home to Kansas City again. There, for the first several months of her life, Virginia Katherine (for she was called by her full two names during her babyhood and childhood) began to experiment with life.

She began to talk at the age of nine months. Her first word was "Mackey," which was her name for her mother. She began to walk at the age of fourteen months. She never cried. She was always smiling, serene and good natured. There was nothing, her mother says, remarkably outstanding about her except, perhaps, her sunny disposition. Trifles, then as now, never bothered her. If some child took a toy away from her, she didn't cry and whine about it, she got another toy. It was as if, even then, she could discriminate between the trivial and the important. For if, on the other hand, anyone attempted to remove her

food before she was finished she put up a big fight for it.

Even now, Ginger Rogers has an amazing faculty for putting big things first. She never dissipates her energy in tempers over minor things. If she slams a door on her hand she doesn't carry on as though she had undergone a fatal accident. If her cook or chauffeur is late, she tells them to watch the clock—and forgets it. If she is invited to a party on a date with Jimmy Stewart and can't go because of work, she shrugs it off, knowing that parties and dates are not as important as work. On the other hand, if something is really important she will go to bat about it with vigor and unshakable determination. As when, recently, a certain leading man was named for one of her pictures. Very quietly but very firmly she stated that she did not want him, would not have him, and why. She explained that there was nothing personal in her stand. She simply did not consider him the type for the part, for the picture. It was a battle. She went to battle and won.

PERHAPS, TOO, her infant rage when food was removed from her was another one of the few portents pointing to the Ginger Rogers of today. For Ginger loves to eat and is one of the few stars who will admit it. When she is hungry she is frank about it. She never has dieted in her life. She likes everything to eat but if she ever is in doubt, she always orders eggs in some form. She drinks quarts of iced tea on the set and during rehearsals.

And also then, as now, she entered into life and its various activities with good will, genial interest, enthusiasm. She was from the beginning, a giving-of-herself little girl, warm and eager and friendly. She always made friends.

"There were no routines, no baby schedules in the days when Ginger was a baby," her mother told me. "We just loved 'em and reared 'em then. Wherever I went, Ginger went. If I went to a party, she went to a party. If I went to church, she went to church. If we had company, she stayed up with me until I went to bed. She was like a pocketbook which I carried with me everywhere, putting it down and taking it up as I went."



At fourteen, Ginger tried out for the Charleston Contest in Fort Worth, Texas. Her winning of it started her on her career.

A pocketbook (of all descriptions for an infant!) into which, I think, Lela McMath put the sterling silver and gold coins of her own honesty and fearlessness, determination and sense of fair play, her gallant credo of living.

Ginger's father, Eddins McMath, was an electrical engineer in Kansas City where, with singular significance, he first met Lela Owens at dancing school! And they became engaged when Lela was about to accompany her engineer father to Utah. They were married on Lela's eighteenth birthday, which happens to be Christmas Day. The ceremony was performed in the parlor of a little house in Salt Lake City, whither Eddins McMath had followed his bride-to-be. And the windows of the parlor fronted on the famous Joseph Smith house, that sturdy Mormon of the eight sons and numerous wives.

Young Lela and her husband did not live happily ever after. It was a marriage destined to be fraught with drama; a marriage which predestined the amazing career of Lela McMath and the subsequent stellar career of the small Virginia Katherine.

NOT LONG after the marriage, Eddins McMath accepted a position in Ennis, Texas. It was that of electrical engineer for Hetty Green's railroad. He worked at the round house, testing, repairing. Lela and the baby kept house. And then Lela roused suddenly to the realization that they were living on the wrong side of the tracks and that her husband was that hated thing, a strike-breaker. She most emphatically did not want to live on the wrong side of any tracks nor have her daughter live there. Something had to be done about it. And with the initiative that is Lela Rogers', she took on a small, twelve-year-old girl to care for the baby and, she herself, got a job playing the piano in a picture house. The added funds would, in time, enable them to move to the right side of the tracks.

In the meantime, and some twenty months after the birth of Virginia Katherine, another baby girl was born to Lela—stillborn. Attempting one morning to move a heavy piece of furniture, she slipped, the bureau slipped, too, and the fatality resulted.

With the birth of this third baby—the death of her first baby—Lela McMath found herself saying, "Somewhere in the world there is a better life for me and for my baby. I am going to find it."

And as before, reckoning consequences only in terms of

her own energy and resourcefulness, Lela moved out of her husband's house and into the local hotel where she took the job of public stenographer. She put up a clothes basket with a little fence about it next to her desk and there the baby played and gurgled at strangers, made friends of all and sundry, young and old, even as the grown-up Ginger does today.

And there, from that clothes basket, close to her mother's desk, occurred the first kidnapping of Ginger Rogers.

For one harrowing day the young mother turned back from taking dictation over the telephone and found the clothes basket empty. No one had seen the child go. No one needed to. Lela McMath knew that the kidnapper of her child was the child's own father. She had fought for the child's life before she was born. She was fighting for the child's livelihood after she was born and she could fight, too, for the child's possession.

By devious methods, with the clue of a letter from a woman the father had employed to care for the child, Lela found out that her baby was in Bessemaie, Texas. The nurse wrote that the child was neglected, dirty, not properly cared for save in the intermittent times when she had charge of her. The baby, she wrote, kept crying for "my Mackey." Surely she would find the means to come to her.

Lela found the means. She had, first, to barter, badger and cajole a man to drive her. No one wanted to have any part of it, sensing a kidnapping. But she finally succeeded. And then began the long, torturous drive of 86 miles which took 36 hours to cover. That car took unblazed trails, manned only by a somewhat enfeebled middle-aged man and the small, blonde dauntless Lela. There were streams to be bridged and forded. There were tree stumps to be hewn down and carted out of the way before the car could get through. They dared not shelter anywhere lest their pilgrimage be noted and a warning issued. They ran out of food and were hungry. They ran out of gas, were stranded and had to trek miles to the nearest gas station. And there were no "nearest" gas stations in that desolate country. But Lela, armed with a gun, knowing that at the end of the trail was her baby, uncared for and crying for her "Mackey," would have scaled the Matterhorn, swum the Hellespont, crossed the Sahara on foot to get to her.

AND SHE did get to her. When, at long last, they skirted Bessemaie, Lela reconnoitred, mapped out in her mind the positions of the hotel, the place where Eddins McMath was employed, the house in which he lived. And only after many hours of watchful waiting did they dare pass the house. And there on the front porch, alone in her high-chair, sat the baby. She was sticky and unbathed and her little dress was stained and smudged. She was covered with insect bites. For the first time in her baby life there were streaks of tears on her poor little face.

And at that sight Lela McMath was out of the car, up the shale path, on to that front porch, the baby clasped fiercely in her arms. And then and there she discovered that she had a fight on her hands. She was stunned by the sudden appearance at the screen door of—her mother-in-law. She had not counted on this, had not known that her mother-in-law was there. And then, with her baby under one arm, her gun under the other, she began what amounted to a physical tussle. She managed to wedge her foot against the screen door so that the elder and enraged Mrs. McMath could not get out. And then, counting on her own swifter motions, she made a dash for the car. But the elder Mrs. McMath moved swiftly, too. For while Lela still held the front door fast with her foot, the older woman made a dash for a side door which also opened on the porch and caught up with Lela and the baby just as they got into the car. Lela screamed frantically at her terrified and compulsory "chauffeur" and conspirator. "Start going!" she cried. "Move! Get on!" The car, with dramatic appropriateness, took this occasion to stall. At any moment Eddins, so short a distance away, might hear the clamor and come to his mother's aid. Then, indeed, all would be lost.

Lela tried to disengage the clinging hands from the car. The older woman was shrieking, "You can't do this. It's kidnapping!" Lela laughed at that. She must have thought

After her divorce from Eddins McMath, Ginger's mother later married John Rogers and they moved to Fort Worth, Texas. Here is the house on Cooper Street where they lived. Ginger took her step-father's name.



This gay, young flapper is Ginger at seventeen. She was appearing with Paul Ash and his band at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago.

of the pot calling the kettle black. But she didn't have time to think. The situation called for action. She could not, obviously, push her mother-in-law into the road and possibly under the car. The man at the wheel was whimpering, "Keerful, now, keerful!" And at last Lela reached out, pulled the protesting woman into the tonneau and said, "Very well, then, you go with us, at least until we get out of town." They drove on. On the way Lela advised her mother-in-law to reconsider, to get out while there was still time and opportunity to get a lift back to Bessemaye. Realizing that her daughter-in-law meant business, the elder Mrs. McMath reluctantly and with many threats and intimidations consented to be dropped.

Thus the first spectacular kidnapping of Ginger Rogers—though not the last.

Back in Ennis, Lela received word from her family. Many words and strong words. She must come home, they said. What was she thinking of with such Annie Oakley-ish goings-on? It was disgraceful. It did no good to the baby. She was to return and live with them. She was to make up her mind what she wanted to do and above all behave herself.

Back in Kansas City, then, there was a gathering of the clans, the clans of McMaths and Owens. A council of war with a few peace terms—and those not kept. A divorce finally was agreed upon. The agreement stipulated that Lela was to have custody of the child, with permission granted to the father to have her on Sundays.

He did have her on Sundays. He also, Lela began to suspect, had her more often than Sundays. Somehow he was contriving to see her either at kindergarten or while she was at play. For Virginia Katherine would, occasionally, exhibit a shiny dime or a fifty-cent piece and when asked where she had got it would say, "My Daddy gave it to me." The child had no ill feeling toward her father, nor has she now. For Lela Rogers, wisely and kindly, has never talked against Eddins McMath to his daughter.

There came, soon, the occasion of the second kidnapping.

THERE CAME the Sunday when the baby did not come home. The appointed hour came and passed. Dusk deepened into night, but no baby. And as night fell, Lela went to the boarding-house where, at the time, Eddins and his mother were living. She was told that Mr. McMath and his mother had checked out that morning, bag and baggage, destination unknown. Virginia Katherine was, at this time, between three and four years old.

Days passed. Eventually there came a letter mailed from Nebraska. Lela had a pretty shrewd idea that the letters were mailed from Nebraska but NOT by Eddins



When Ginger was sixteen, she married Jack Pepper, a handsome boy she had admired for years. They appeared in vaudeville together during the brief span of their ten-months' marriage.



McMath. He would not be likely to give her so explicit a clue. At any rate, the letter said, substantially, that possession is nine points of the law; that he intended to make this a test case and that Lela would never see the baby again until "the case" had been settled once and for all. But the case had been settled by the divorce, which awarded the mother complete custody of the child, granting the father permission to have her Sundays.

Lela was, at this time, a sort of half-partner in an office supplies house. She had invested most of her savings in the business and they were prospering nicely. She went to a detective agency, fully aware that the expense attached would exceed her small invested capital, force her out of the business. It did.

The detective who worked on the case, a man by the name of Ely, has since become famous. He did not realize then that he was working on a kidnapping case which, only a few years later, when a mere threat of kidnapping is made, becomes front page news the world over.

After some three weeks, Eddins, his mother and the baby were finally located in St. Louis. Lela's detective got there just in time. Just in time to discover that the child had been entered at a convent and was to have been sent there the morning after their arrival. If this plan had been accomplished, it might have been years, it might have been that never would Lela have had her baby again. The child might have been entered under a different name. There were all sorts of means by which her identity might have been lost to the world—and to her mother. "I think I would have found her even in the catacombs," Lela says fiercely, even today, "but certainly if they had got her into that convent, it would have doubled my difficulties, delayed things for, who knows, how long."

But Detective Ely arrived in time and brought the trio back to Kansas City. And after a stormy battle, the winning side, aided and abetted by the child saying to the

Ginger's first musical comedy role was in the Broadway show, "Top Speed," in 1931.

Opposite, "Girl Crazy" proved a hit for Ginger. Here she is with her leading man, Allen Kearns (right).

From the early productions, above, emerged this fast-stepping, successful star whose red hair now gleams with gold and whose freckles are beauty spots.



One of Ginger's first moving pictures was with Ed Wynn in "Manhattan Mary." Later she asked a release from her Paramount contract and got it only too quickly!

Judge, "I want to live with my Mackey," the court finally and forever deeded the custody of the child to the mother, ruling even the father's Sunday privileges out.

"The night before we went to court," Mrs. Rogers reminisced, with a slightly wry smile, "Ginger spent in jail. She was the charge of the court, you see, her possession undecided, and so she could be with neither her father nor me."

And there again is a screaming headline lost to the world. What a press sensation it would be if, today, the papers banner-lined GINGER ROGERS IN JAIL!

There was one more attempt made at kidnapping the baby. But Lela and her family were made wise by experience and the attempt was frustrated. And after that, no more. Eddins McMath died when Ginger was eleven years old. They never saw him again. But in later years both Lela and Ginger saw Grandmother McMath. Ginger cared for her and, in her old age, the elderly woman admitted that she and her son were wrong, that she deeply regrets all that happened and that Lela was within her rights. Grandmother McMath joined her son three years ago.

AND SO Lela had her baby again. They continued to live at home with Lela's parents. Small Virginia Katherine went to public school—she has never been to a private school in her life—in the old 6th Ward of Kansas City. She was five when she entered school. And she went back and forth with her mother's little sister, her own very young Aunt Jean aged, at the time, eight years. The young aunt, whose full name was Genevieve, is now Mrs. Vinton Haworth.

Virginia, her mother recalls, simply adored school. She really loved to "do lessons." She would refuse to go to bed and she would even refuse to be read to or played games with until her problems were all done, her spelling

and reading perfect. Arithmetic was her bugaboo but she never, says her mother, let it lick her. She would wrestle with it valiantly, tongue protruding her small cheek, until she had got her answers and proven them. She was especially interested in geography. She loved anything that had to do with travel, anything that told her of foreign lands and peoples. She would spend long absorbed hours poring over maps and one of her favorite possessions was a globe of the world. She took many a long and venturesome journey on that globe with the tracing tip of her finger.

She loved poetry. She loved to have it read aloud to her—even wrote some herself. There were no evidences, her mother reports, of an Edna St. Vincent Millay in her. Ginger was not a child prodigy in any sense of the word. She was just a very regular, rather tomboy little girl. Which is the way Mrs. Rogers wanted her to be. Not until Ginger actually took the ribbons in her own hands, so to speak, and literally Charlestoned out of Texas, with her mother in tow, did Mrs. Rogers ever remotely dream of a career for her. Instead Lela wanted a career for herself so that Ginger could go to school and to college, marry and settle down.

"Ginger," her mother went on, "was more a creature of hobbies than of habits or plans. She always had, as she still has, one hobby after another. To each in turn she gives lavishly of heart and interest. When she was about seven her hobby was dolls—an assortment of them. The only doll-stipulation was that they had to be tiny. And for each midget she labored over complete wardrobes, with every accessory included, even to tiny, hand-hemmed hankies, almost finger-nail size."

She gave up dolls for—fudge. Not because of the gustatory delights of fudge but because she wanted to earn money and help her Mackey. So Virginia Katherine and Maurine, her best friend, set themselves up in business.

Through Mervyn LeRoy's urging, Ginger took a small part in "Gold Diggers of 1933." Below you see her in a scene from the musical with Warren William. It helped her career considerably.



Just one sentence from "Young Man of Manhattan" brought Ginger fame, "Cigarette me, Big Boy!" Norman Foster was the "Big Boy."

They made their own fudge from their own special recipe. They delivered it by hand to their customers, riding on bicycles. There were weeks when they took in as much as three dollars. In a short time business was so good that it lost its challenge for Ginger. And with the illogical impulse which is still hers, she jumped from commerce into Art.

It was later, in Fort Worth, Texas, that Ginger began her passionate, persistent thumping on the piano. After several weeks of bearing with this her mother, in self-defense, employed a teacher. Nor was it only a measure of self-defense. Lela knew that her child had no ear for music. She couldn't tell just what this passionate concentration on the piano might mean. She might be harboring an angel of the ivories unawares. Thus the teacher—and then, for over three months, Ginger all but slept at the piano. She did eat her breakfasts there before leaving for school. Friends nodded sage heads—an infant Paderewski, they omened, had been born into their midst.

CAME THE night of Ginger's first recital. With outward confidence, if inward tremors, the child mounted the platform and rendered McDowell's "To a Water Lily." The rafters in the Fort Worth op'ry house shivered with applause. The six more remaining "pieces" were then delivered, thunderously, the child bowed gravely to the tumultuous audience and—never touched a piano again.

And it is significant to note here that all through her childhood Ginger danced in the bathtub (with a total result of incalculable bumps, bruises and black-and-blues),

danced on front porch steps, danced on the school playgrounds, danced on her bed. It is almost as though these other hobbies were experiments which her agile, exploring nature tried out and discarded, the while the real pattern of her life ran consistently, persistently, like water under ground.

The hobbies of Ginger rode on apace. There was the

A contract with Pathe took her to Hollywood. "Suicide Fleet" with Bill Boyd was one of the first films she made there.

time, later, when Ginger and her mother were on tour with "Ginger and Her Redheads" that toys became the hobby of the hour. All kinds of toys—dolls, games, an iron bear that weighed pounds, in fact every gadget marketed by the dime stores of the country. There was also, remembered Mrs. Rogers a little wearily, Frekus. Frekus was a Turkish doll, half as big as Ginger herself, so big that she couldn't be packed in anything. So Ginger carried her herself.

And since then, there have been badminton, golf, tennis—with Ginger going on voracious shopping orgies, staggering home laden with golf clubs, badminton sets, racquets, volley balls, medicine balls, tennis equipment, monopoly, parchesi—all in due and lavish sequence as one hobby gives right of way to another.

By the rich diversity of her hobbies, by the abundant zest and eagerness she brings to each and every one of them, could be traced the whole life history, the development and the psychology of the girl. Her hobbies would be all an eminent psychiatrist would need to know about Ginger.

And the same ever-moving life within her prevents her, in her work, from being typed. It is the rich and restless variability of her nature that prompts her to demand that she do so many dancing pictures a year with Fred Astaire and so many straight dramatic roles a year on her own.

BUT TO go back again to the small Ginger who loved school, wrote poetry and collected dolls. She loved, especially, to recite poetry to her mother. She learned by heart most of the "Child's Garden of Verse," the poems of Eugene Field and Whitcomb Riley. First, and best of all, she loved "Hiawatha." She always wore a feather in her hair when she delivered this.

At this time, too, Lela's ambition to write began to focus itself. Mrs. Owens fitted up the attic as a studio for her daughter and there, with small Virginia industriously sewing her dolls' clothes and muttering her poems over to herself, under her breath, Lela wrote a scenario called "The Honor System." For Lela, just then, had begun to

Ginger made two pictures with Joe E. Brown. The first one was "The Tenderfoot" in which you see them both at right above.

Mervyn LeRoy helped Ginger greatly in her screen career. Hollywood insisted their friendship was love, but both married other people.





Who can forget "Flying Down to Rio"? It started the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers rage. Here they are with Gene Raymond.



Such giddy antics as this whirled Ginger and Fred to dizzy heights in "The Gay Divorcee." Edward Everett Horton, Ginger and Alice Brady are pictured here.

focus on Hollywood as the ultimate market for her writings. Never for Ginger did the mother think of Hollywood—only for herself.

And this first story, "Honor System," was the beginning of the trail which led to Hollywood. It was a strange trail. For when it was done Lela, shrewdly, sent it to prison wardens and governors of adjoining states—to the men who could best and most practically judge of its value, its authenticity. She sent it to, among others, a prisoner in the Arizona State Prison, an editor by the name of Eitinge, who was still editing his magazine from behind prison bars. And he wrote her an encouraging, stimulating letter. He told her that she was years ahead of her time, in her vision, in her projected plans for the honor system. This letter was the first of many.

Another who wrote to her, showing keen interest, was J. J. Saunders, prison censor. When she wrote him that she would like to go to Hollywood to write for the movies, he wrote back that he had friends in Hollywood and would give her letters to William Fox, Raoul Walsh and others. But hope ran ahead of practicability this time. For Lela realized that she had not the money to make the trip nor to finance herself after she got there. She wrote and explained to Mr. Saunders why she was not going, why she could not take advantage of his kind interest.

And then occurred one of those beneficences which are so heartening in that they prove that the human race does "help one another" now and again, just because of belief in a fellow creature or an impersonal desire to hold out the helping hand. For Mr. Saunders, multimillionaire, who had never laid eyes on Lela Rogers, and did not have any idea that she was small, fair or blue-eyed, more beautiful than Ginger has ever been—advanced her the money, financed the trip.

Ginger was five when her mother went to California. They were separated for a year. During that time the child remained with Grandmother and Grandfather Owens and the young Aunt Jean. She wrote daily letters to her Mackey, understanding, with the common sense which is Ginger's today, that what must be must be, and why.

In Hollywood, as six years before in Independence, Lela met with rare good fortune. Fox films bought "Honor System" as a title. Subsequently they used the title, too, though the story was entirely changed. And in the course of that first year she worked and wrote for Mr. Hork-

heimer of the old Balboa Studio. There were gathered so many of the famed of yesterday: Roscoe Arbuckle, the genial and generous; Lillian Lorraine, Ruth Roland and Henry King who was an ace director then as now.

In a short time the enterprising Lela quit Horkheimer to work for Fox. She wrote a story for Theda Bara and one for Gladys Brockwell. Then she began to write for Baby Marie Osborne, the Shirley Temple of her day. When Baby Marie became a corporation, Lela was sent for and asked to write exclusively for the child. She resigned from her Fox commitments and when the "corporation" saw fit for her to write in New York, she entrained for the East, picking up the small Ginger en route.

For Ginger it was, by this time. A small cousin, Phyllis Fraser, who could not quite get her tongue around the four syllables of the name Virginia had, with infant inspiration of which she was all unaware, named her Ginger.

Ginger was, at this age, her mother freely and laughingly admits, a freckle-faced, gangling little youngster, all knees and elbows and rust-red hair—and with so few pretensions even to mere prettiness that, when Lela met one of her old beaux again after several years and proudly displayed her progeny, the old beau said with truth if not tact, "Oh, is *that* it?"

MOTHER LELA also discovered that her unruffled infant had developed something of a redheaded temper. The prompt maternal action in checking this development has a deal to do, I daresay, with the enormous popularity of the Ginger of today. For when, on the first occasion, Ginger defied her mother and then threw herself on the floor, screaming and kicking, her mother promptly slapped her face.

Ginger, it transpired, had been reading fairy tales at that time. And she had read how proud and royal ladies always turned the other cheek in such humiliating circumstances. Whereupon she rose from the floor and suiting the action to the word announced, "I turn my other cheek!" Mrs. Rogers took full and instant advantage of this crowning, if comical, impertinence by smacking "the other cheek" soundly and more roundly than she had smacked the first. Ginger never lost her temper again. And it may interest parents who fear the after effects of Spartan discipline to know that Ginger says she is very grateful to her mother for that memorable lesson.



"Twenty Million Sweethearts" was the extravagant title of the picture which Dick Powell and Ginger made together.

More dramatic parts like this with Francis Lederer in *"Romance in Manhattan"* (above left) are Ginger's ambition. She'll do more this year.

Here's a special shot for the gents! Ginger's lovely limbs as revealed in a scene from *"Sitting Pretty"* with Jack Oakie.

In New York, Lela took quarters for herself and Ginger at the Hotel Bristol. Ginger went to public school on 46th Street, next door to where her mother worked. Everyone in the Bristol became her personal friend—the guests of the house, the chef, the manager, the bellboys and the chambermaids.

Ginger's first little sortie into pictures marks an amusing milestone in her life and, incidentally, in the annals of the movies. It came about in this way. Lela came home from work at the Fox Studio in New York one day to find a note saying that Mr. Burton George (director) and Lela's friend, had taken the baby over to the Fort Lee Studio, in New Jersey, to work in a picture. Lela was furious. She didn't want her little girl in the movies. How dared he put such notions into the child's head? Although Lela, who was writing for and so capably managing the then-thriving career of Baby Marie Osborne, hadn't the faintest idea of her own little girl doing likewise.

When, that evening, Director George brought Ginger home, telling the mother rampant that she had worked all day in a George Walsh picture, he was told that that was the beginning and the end of Virginia Katherine McMath's screen career! Mr. George protested. Ginger would have to go back the next day, he said. They needed her to carry on the scenes she had begun. If she didn't appear it would mean that they would have to destroy all the film shot that day and begin all over again with another child, which would be both bothersome and expensive. But Lela remained adamant. She was sorry. Had she been consulted Mr. Walsh and his company now would not be subjected mained adamant. She was sorry. Had she been consulted and her child would never again appear in pictures.

And so, the first reels of film ever made of Ginger Rogers were deposited in the waste-basket.

THEN THE War hit the world. Lela Rogers saw flags wave, saw the boys marching off, heard the anthems of the Allies resounding in the streets and—enlisted with the Marines! She was on twenty-four-hour call, so in the first twenty-four hours after enlisting, she sent young Ginger back home again, to Grandmother Owens in Kansas City.

Lela went to Washington and served as clerk in the Headquarters of the Marine Corps. While there, she wrote a story for the Marines' magazine which led her Colonel to say to her, "Why did you enlist as a clerk?" And then and there he transferred her to a department where her writing and reporting abilities would be utilized. There, in company with Courtney Riley Cooper, the artist Leyendecker, and other notables of the pen and brush, she worked during the remainder of the War.

Each and every day there arrived a letter from young Ginger. Not one day in all that time did the daily letter fail to appear, and in the same morning mail. To everyone in her department, though the nations of the world were at war, Lela Leibrand (which was the name she used at that time) showed these letters, until she became everywhere known as "Mother Leibrand."

She was, later, handed the cutting and titling of pictures brought from overseas. And the stories she did in conjunction with her other activities—reporting everything from political cabals to crimes passionel, stories which were widely syndicated—brought her, when the Armistice came and she was discharged from duty, an offer from a Baltimore syndicate. She had to refuse it. Her vigorous health, her abounding vitality in so tiny a frame (she only comes about to Ginger's shoulder) was at last depleted. She was sent back home to her mother and to her small daughter on the flat of her back.

Shortly thereafter occurred the next most significant milestone in the lives of Lela and Ginger Rogers. For back home in Kansas City, Lela met John Rogers, who had been a childhood sweetheart. And they were married. Ginger, at the time, was a bit over seven. The marriage lasted for seven years and was the real marriage, the only deep love of Lela Rogers' life.

John Rogers was an insurance broker and his business took him, shortly after his marriage, to Fort Worth, Texas, so that once again, Lela and Ginger returned to the Lone Star State.

There followed several happy, normal years for Ginger. She loved John Rogers with a devotion which he warmly and deeply returned. Now, the editor of a paper, he frequently refers to Ginger as "my daughter." She was not his daughter in the accepted sense of the word; she was his daughter in love and congeniality and respect. She took his name then and has used it ever since, greatly to his pride and satisfaction. They still correspond. And John Rogers, though married again, to another childhood sweetheart, follows Ginger's career consistently.

It was through the music that John Rogers wrote in those days, when he was first married to Lela, that Ginger was inspired to become interested in singing. Now and again, there in Fort Worth, they used to appear on the radio together—half-hour programmes during which they sang the music he had written and other popular songs.

At about this time, too, Ginger had her first beau. Charlie Cartwright was his name and the adolescent "romance" was conducted thus: Ginger would stand on her front porch. Charlie would stand on his front porch. Charlie would

manage to become articulate enough to say something, after which he would blush a fiery brick red. Ginger would gulp several times and become articulate enough to answer him, after which she would blush a fiery, sunset red. This state of affairs continued, without notable development, until Ginger left Fort Worth.

LELA, MEANWHILE, was again with a paper. She was holding the twin position of dramatic and society editor of the *Fort Worth Record*. And also, drawing upon her experiences in Hollywood, she wrote plays for the Fort Worth Central High School (which Ginger was attending) and Ginger frequently played the leading parts. Her first dramatic appearance on any stage was in "The Death of St. Dennis," a three-act play which her mother wrote, drawing its theme from Texan history. Ginger played the wife of that historic figure.

Lela Rogers, as has been said, was society and dramatic editor of the *Fort Worth Record*. As dramatic editor her duties took her, frequently, backstage. And with her went Ginger. And to Ginger, as to every imaginative boy and girl, "backstage" was a place of mystery in which moved magic shapes and other-world sounds.

So, while Lela sought news, Ginger sought adventure. All unconsciously, young Ginger breathed deeply the mingled odors of grease-paint, powder and moth balls—and she loved it. She explored stage and loft, wings and dressing-rooms and orchestra pit. For long hours, hidden in the wings, she watched hoofers rehearse their complicated routines, create new steps, over and over and over again. And some of that patience and tirelessness must stand by her now when, for hours upon hours, she and Fred Astaire work today. And this, she has often admitted, did thrill her. She would feel the narrow soles of her own feet twitching, a sensation as though "little wings were groping," she said. Rhythm runs in her veins along with her blood.

It was during those backstage excursions that Ginger met Santry and Seymour. She liked them enormously. And they liked the slender child, just beginning to suggest that peculiarly poignant turn from awkwardness to willowiness. They were friends of Lela's, too, and so they saw a good deal of Ginger.

CAME THE time for the Charleston Contest. Both Santry and Seymour suggested that she enter it. Did they do it only to please the eager girl whose young body already



The fans loved "Roberta," which brought this grand trio together. Fred Astaire, Ginger and Irene Dunne in an amusing scene from the picture.

swayed gracefully to the strains of dance music? Or could it be that, however subconsciously, they sensed in the young Ginger the marvelously skilled young star who dances today to world applause?

Whatever their motive, suggest it they did. And Ginger, rich with enthusiasm, took the suggestion to heart with her usual complete ardor and abandon. She wanted to dance the Charleston. She wanted to enter that contest, too, and if possible, win it. But most of all she, who had never been to dancing school in her life, wanted the fun of dancing the Charleston.

Lela Rogers, it so happened, was not present when this history-making suggestion was made. As a matter of fact, the manager of the Majestic Theatre, entering into friendly conspiracy with Ginger, made all arrangements for her to enter the contest without Mrs. Rogers' knowledge.

Then, as is the way with conspiracies, the secret leaked out. It reached Lela's ears. Lela was quite coldly and terrifyingly the reverse of enthusiastic. She proceeded to throw cold water. She pointed out, with pitiless logic, that Ginger had no clothes, that Ginger had got herself "into a pretty pickle." Ginger had the usual and requisite number of pretty party dresses, but nothing in any way suited to so important an occasion as a Charleston contest.

The situation was desperate and Ginger was frantic. Mr. Santry did not seem, at the time, to be helping when he suggested that Ginger had better show up since she was formally entered. Ginger assured him that she would move heaven and work havoc on the earth in order to get into the contest. This, it began to appear, was easy compared with the contest of wills which went on when Ginger began persuading her mother to provide a new dress for the big event.

Lela Rogers had not wanted Ginger to enter that contest. She felt the girl was too young. She felt, too, that if Ginger should win, there would be offers of vaudeville engagements. If Ginger accepted the vaudeville offers she would next, and logically, begin to consider the stage as a career. Then, her mother knew, she would be obliged to give Ginger the chance to follow her desire. Also it would mean that she would have to give up her position on the *Fort Worth Record* and accompany Ginger on tour, since she was too young to go alone. And, far more important, it would mean the end of all the dreams she had for Ginger, all the plans she had formed and worked so hard to make possible. It threatened Ginger's safety and peace,



Who can forget the infectious swing of the Piccolino which Fred and Ginger danced in "Top Hat"? Here they are whirling through it.



Fred Astaire gives Ginger a sample of a new Irving Berlin hit in their gay opus, "Follow the Fleet."



Ginger has one of those warm, friendly natures that embraces everything from friends to her pet Siamese cat.



Ginger and her mother, Lela Rogers, often confer between scenes on the set, as shown here.



Lew Ayres beams on his bride, Ginger, as they leave the church.

which from the beginning, before the child was born, she had so terribly wanted for her.

Things came to a standstill and remained that way. Came the night before the contest. Ginger tasted despair. She had used all her pleas, said all her passionate prayers, for the first time in her life, in vain.

She could not face defeat. The latent trouper in her triumphed. She braced her failing spirit, went in to play the greatest dramatic part of her life for that loving, embattled little lioness, her mother.

SHE WAS cool, passionless, logical. She marshalled and presented her facts, bare-faced. She said that her instinct told her that this was her "chance"—and not only to win a Charleston contest. All that she was to be, she said, rested now on her mother's ultimatum—to buy or not to buy a dress.

And when she had done, she also had won. Her mother sensed that the child was battling for an essential now. And so, with few words, but graciously admitting defeat at the hand of her little girl who, overnight, was a little girl no longer, Lela Rogers hastened downtown. She bought several yards of white crepe romaine, a quantity of brilliants. She worked all night and in the morning Ginger found, spread on her bed, the alluring costume in which she won the Charleston Contest and—danced her way to the side of Fred Astaire.

Perhaps that first white gown was the forerunner of the one white gown, or white and silver gown, which Ginger insists upon wearing in at least one dance number of every picture she makes. Save for that established rule that there be one white gown, Ginger wears any color—except red. She is especially fond of blue, green or brown for tailored clothes. She loves pretty clothes, but has often said she would despise to be known as "The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood." She has a habit of getting one dress she especially likes and wearing it until it is worn out. Other frocks, in the meantime, will hang in her closet until they are completely out of style. She doesn't like clothes that are stylized or freakish or the least bit faddish.

She never wears make-up on the street, save for a trace of lipstick. She uses a specially prepared face oil in place of powder and is always sufficiently sun-tanned so that she doesn't need to use rouge, which she detests. She is the most natural-looking star in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Maureen O'Sullivan. For the very good reason that she is natural, she seldom wears jewelry. When she is working, she always wears overalls or slacks (item: \$1.00) and a washable shirt (item: \$1.00), plus flat-heeled sandals and a ribbon 'round her hair.

But to go back and record history: Ginger went into the contest there in Fort Worth—and won it. This was truly triumph!

AND THEN happened what Lela Rogers expected. The prize for winning the contest was four weeks with the Interstate Circuit at \$100.00 a week. The momentum of that Dallas success had been such that there was, Lela recognized, no going backward. A prize had been won.

On the Interstate Circuit with them Mrs. Rogers and Ginger took two of the defeated Charleston competitors, a boy and a girl, both redheads. Lela was shrewd enough to realize that assisting talent could do no harm and maternal enough to figure that they would save Ginger's strength by staying on stage while she was changing and getting her breath. The act was billed "Ginger Rogers and Her Redheads."

It was while she was on the Interstate Circuit for a return engagement three years later that Ginger Rogers made her first marriage.

Little has ever been said, almost nothing has ever been known of this first, brief marriage. It was like this: The young husband had been a friend of Ginger's family for several years. He had been, indeed, a beau of that young Aunt Jean with whom Ginger had first gone to school back in Kansas City. "It was one of those things," Ginger told me, "where they practically used to give me dimes and quarters to leave the room." The young man had paid no attention then to the little niece who was always in the way. The only attention he had paid her was to get her out of the way. But Ginger, adolescent, had paid him considerable and idealizing attention.

She dreamed that "some day when she was grown up..." And then the "some day" came, in Dallas, Texas. She wasn't very grown-up, even then. But she was on the stage.

And so they met again and, three weeks later, were married in New Orleans, Ginger had a three-week lay-off and then, after that brief honeymoon, reported back for work. Theirs was a travelling marriage. They never made a home together, and they separated after ten months.

THE CAREER, meanwhile, was pyramiding. From Memphis, Ginger went to St. Louis where, for thirty-two weeks, she headlined a show with Eddie Lowry. She went then to the Oriental Theatre in Chicago to sing and dance to the music of Paul Ash. After an eighteen-weeks run, Paul Ash went to New York.

Came, eventually, a call from Paul Ash asking Ginger to join him at the Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn. She accepted. On the day she accepted there came a call from Kalmar and Ruby, who were about to produce a musical. They wanted a comedienne.

Ginger opened in "Top Speed." She was, she admits, a little frightened, not a little impressed to be in musical comedy which was "the tops" to her. She did a little self-pinching to verify the fantastic fact.

It was while she was in "Top Speed," however, that she made her first movie, "Young Man of Manhattan," with Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. This was the picture in which she played the famous vamp-flapper role (it took her two years to live *that* down) and in which she spoke the oft-quoted line, "Cigarette me, Big Boy." She was tag-lined with that line for months.

She made five pictures for Paramount, in New York. She did some radio work over the Rudy Vallee program. And—she played a lead in "Girl Crazy," her second musical comedy on Broadway.

"Then, when my show closed, I got a wire to come to Hollywood to do pictures for Pathé," said Ginger.

It was at about this time that Ginger met Director Mervyn LeRoy and the friendship which lasted for more than two years began. And it was Mervyn LeRoy, Ginger admits today, who was largely responsible for the next upward steps of her career. They went everywhere together. Never a column that didn't include their linked names; never a party which they did not attend together. It was, or so Hollywood thought, a romance that would, inevitably, culminate at the altar. It didn't.

DURING THE time of her friendship with Mervyn LeRoy, Ginger went to Warner Brothers and made "42nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933" and others. The pictures were due, without doubt, she says, to Mervyn LeRoy's influence.



She's a great hobbyist and one of them happens to be tennis.

There were a couple of pictures at Fox and then freelancing, with one or two independents, and a picture at Universal called, ironically, "Don't Bet on Love"—for Ginger made it with Lew Ayres. It was after that picture that Ginger signed a three-picture contract with RKO-Radio. And there began the reel roster which has put her on the box-office throne she occupies today.

Ginger met Lew, not on the set of "Don't Bet on Love," as has been said, but at a party. It was not "love at first sight." "I do believe," Ginger told me, "that love at first sight is entirely possible, but it didn't happen that way with Lew and me. We had met, casually, several times, before we began to go out together. I liked him. I know that he liked me. But it definitely wasn't love—at first.

"The first date we ever had was the night of the big earthquake. We made a date to go downtown to see 'Of Thee I Sing.' We kept the date and during the first act the temblors began and proceeded to shake the house, to shake us right out of our seats, finally. In between acts—and quakes—we went window shopping! I should have known it was love when it never occurred to me that the gigantic buildings might, at any moment, topple down on our hapless heads and extinguish both love and life! After the theatre, we decided to drive down to Long Beach to see the devastated areas, but we were stopped by the police so we went back home, to my house, and made coffee and sandwiches, got Mother out of bed and sat around, talking until dawn.

"We had a lot of fun together—for a time," Ginger said, her blue eyes reminiscent. "We were always doing crazy things or crazy things were always happening to us. Like the time Lew lost his top hat going up the steps of the church the day we were married, with the fans looking on. And just before the ceremony, as I was driving to Pasadena, all beruffled and afraid to take a deep breath lest one of the ruffles wrinkle, I beheld my bridegroom and his best man, Ben Alexander, perched on stands in front of a hamburger 'jint!' 'Twas a pretty sight! We used to go on spur-of-the-moment picnics, too. We used to do fool things like driving to the desert and bumming it down there for a day and a night—often visiting old deserted gold mines and playing we were prospectors or something. No telling what we'd do, or when or how . . ."

Ginger and Lew were married in the Church of the Flowers, in Pasadena, the following November. And no girl ever entered a marriage with a more profound hope for its success, a more abiding faith in its beauty than did Ginger on that November day.

Then things went wrong. Two years later that marriage made in Heaven was sundered here on earth. And that the sundering was painful and has left a residue of pain, is evident in the quieter voices and graver eyes of the girl and boy who came out of that marriage not quite the same.

There have been many "explanations," many theories,

more surmises and gossip about the "why" of their separation. Hollywood took its somewhat unholy interest in the affairs, the home life, the well-being, or the reverse, of the limelighted young couple. And that was probably one of the causes. They didn't have a chance. They didn't have privacy. They had the "audience reaction" throughout.

They were, when they were first married, in quite different positions, professionally, from those occupied when they came to the parting of the ways. For when they were married, Ginger was not the tops as she is today and—Lew was a big star. Then the screen scene see-sawed, as it has a habit of doing. Ginger began her amazing career. She teamed with Fred Astaire, but Lew was not working as steadily any more. It is a tribute to Lew, and not the reverse, to assume that perhaps he couldn't quite take it. He, like many before him, could not endure being called a "Mister Ginger Rogers," even in the good clean fun with which those things are said.

Ginger's activities increased with her mounting fame. She

spent long hours, days, weeks, rehearsing with Fred Astaire. She tapped and routined her way through dinner hours, holidays, birthdays and anniversaries. There was no more time for expeditions to the desert, for suddenly planned picnics. No time to share Lew's interest in astronomy; no time to share his hobbies and pursuits. There was, actually, no time to be a wife.

LEW AND Ginger were, I think, psychologically mismatched. Ginger is gay and warm and friendly. Lew, on the other hand, is quiet, reserved, ultra-studious, not adjustable, not what is commonly known as "a good mixer." They might have adjusted their differences; they might have worked out the problem which was themselves if they had had the time. They didn't have it and they didn't have the privacy.

Ginger told me, "My mother once said a very wise thing. She said, 'You can eliminate everything from a

marriage, if you can laugh alike.'" There came the time when Ginger and Lew couldn't laugh alike. They didn't share enough things to laugh at.

"And so," Ginger told me, eyes a little wistful, "I shall just drift along for a time. We are not divorced as yet. That will come soon. I have no marital plans for the future, but none whatsoever. I go out with Jimmy Stewart now and then, with other boys occasionally.

"I may marry again, someday, if that love comes to me. I shall certainly never give up my career.

"I am drifting, romantically; I am working very hard, professionally. I hope and intend to make one or two dramatic pictures a year instead of all dancing pictures. Mother and I are building a home on Beverly Crest—a sort of stylized farmhouse, I'd call it. It's very small, sort of rambling and homey and fun.

"I just live each day as it comes, do the best I can with it, watch it die without regret. I put what is past away."



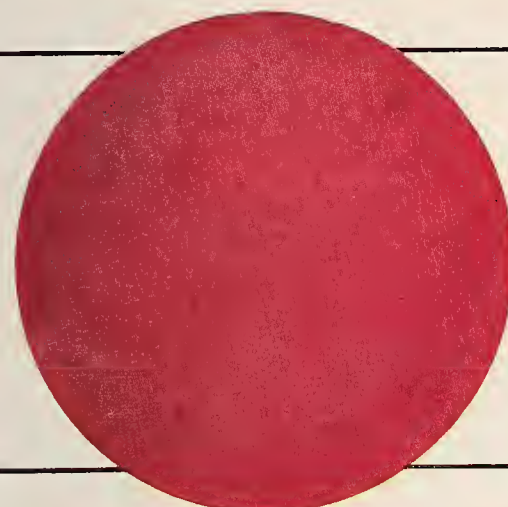
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THE TABLE SYRUP OF QUALITY
RICH IN DEXTROSE
The Food-Energy Sugar

He Has a Private Life

(Continued from page 47)

sun but Ian Hunter. He made no effort to be mysterious, but he gracefully changed the subject when it happened to be himself; he deftly parried my questions; he effectually blocked every attempt to get beneath the surface.

After lunch I returned to the publicity department and demanded to know something about Ian Hunter, but a thorough canvass of the bell ringers brought forth the same answer: "We don't know him."

Ten years ago an actor of this type wouldn't have stood a chance in Hollywood, but today a new type of actor is catching the fancy of the public and Mr. Hunter is a fair example. He isn't an attention-getter off the screen; he isn't a great lover and he isn't good copy. He seems to avoid publicity.

For instance, upon his arrival in Hollywood he was put immediately to work in "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which he played Theseus, Duke of Athens. When the picture was finished, the studio heads thought it an excellent opportunity to introduce him to the public as the Master of Ceremonies at the gala premiere of this picture. In the advertising and in the program Mr. Hunter was billed in that capacity. The only thing they forgot to do was to consult Mr. Hunter about it until the day of the opening, when they mentioned it to him.

"But I can't do it," he said flatly. "I'm no good at that sort of thing."

That was that. No amount of persuasion would induce him to change his mind. What any other actor, particularly a newcomer to Hollywood, would have considered a great opportunity, Mr. Hunter shunned as he would a bill collector. He is an actor who is content to rely entirely on his ability in a business where, until very recently, almost any other quality than a talent for acting would help a player to success. He cannot be unaware of the value of publicity, but a natural reserve plus a definite talent—probably a heritage from his Scotch ancestry—for saving words makes him definitely no help to a publicity department. He makes no effort to be seen about where "the crowd" dines and dances. In fact, he even lives as far as he can from Hollywood at Santa Monica by the sea. But in spite of being deficient in publicity angles, he has made rapid and consistent strides toward stardom since he arrived in Hollywood.

It was my impression, which I verified later, that Mr. Hunter was an important actor on the stage in England. I wondered how it happened that he would give up stardom there to come to Hollywood and play secondary roles in pictures. In many pictures he has been content to be the best friend of the star.

"It's a simple matter of arithmetic," he explained. "I can earn as much in Hollywood in a year as I can on the stage in England in a lifetime. I want to make as much money as I can. I have a family to take care of, two children to educate. The theatrical profession is a peculiar business. One minute you are on top. The next minute you may be out. You don't know why or when you are going to be through. While I'm on top it's fine. I'm preparing for the time when I won't be. I'm holding onto my money. It goes into the bank every week. I want to work as long as I can but when there is no more work for me, I want to be prepared to step out gracefully and have a feeling of security."

His father was a wine merchant in Cape Town, South Africa, where Ian was born, and his youth was particularly carefree and happy. He had no ambition for a career of any kind but was very interested in having a good time.

His one ambition then, and one which he still has, was to sail on and swim in all the different waters of the world. His record to date is quite imposing. During his boyhood he swam in the tepid waters of the Indian Ocean in the morning and in the icy waters of the South Atlantic in the afternoon. They were less than twenty miles apart. He attended high school at Grahamstown, South Africa, and went on to college at Aldenham in Hertfordshire, England. While there he explored all the waters about the British Isles and those of France, Spain and Germany.

Probably the most dramatic event of his life occurred during the War. He had been given leave and, of course, rushed to Paris to have a good time. One evening, when meeting a group of people for the first time, he suddenly heard himself being introduced to his own brother.

"It was like meeting a stranger," he told me. "My brother had left home when I was too young to remember him at all. We were both very surprised and we both felt very strange about it. He was on leave, too, and we spent the remainder of our holiday getting acquainted."

Indirectly, it was the World War that caused Ian Hunter to become an actor. The war had stopped his education before he had decided on his life work and the end of the war found him unprepared to earn a living at any profession.

One day an actors' manager in London looked up to see Hunter, a youth of nineteen, standing in his office. The boy had just received his discharge from the army and, naturally, was out of a job.

"I want to go on the stage," he announced, with all the confidence of youth.

QUESTIONING brought out the fact that he had no experience as an actor. In fact, it had never occurred to him before that he wanted to be an actor. His two older brothers, Kenneth and Colin, had been very successful in the theatre before the war and had resumed their work after getting out of the army. It seemed to this boy that it was a good racket to get into.

The agent knew of the family, knew the boy's background. He also knew the scarcity of "white collar" jobs at the time, but he hesitated.

"Will you get me a job on the stage?" young Hunter persisted.

"Don't do it, my young man, don't do it," the agent advised kindly. "Go back to school or you'll regret it all your life."

"But he got me a job in a play and I played half a dozen different parts in it," Hunter told me. He never left the stage from that time on, except to make a few pictures in England, until he came to Hollywood. He toured the Provinces with stock companies and later became one of London's popular matinee idols.

Ten years ago Mr. Hunter married Casha Pringle, former English actress, and they have two sons—Jolyon, aged nine, and Robin, aged six.

"Jolyon has definitely decided to be an actor," Mr. Hunter said, "and he must be serious for he hasn't changed his mind in a year. He thinks he'd like to be an actor because they make a lot of money,"

he laughed.

"Just now I'm more interested in teaching them both to swim in the surf and sail a boat," he added.

The Hunters live always on or near the water. "I feel that I've lost something when I'm not near some kind of water," he explained. "And it's quiet there," he added, admitting that his pet hate is noise of any description.

He is so rabid about noise he refuses to have a radio in the house and even the telephone bells have been removed and replaced by a light that blinks when there is a call on the wire. In this home, too, there is a soundproof room, in which Mr. Hunter reads and writes.

When it comes to race horses and good wines, Mr. Hunter forgets his Scotch ancestry, but he economizes by turning off lights and he is saving his vacations until enough have accumulated to enable him to take a long sea voyage. Mr. H. doesn't believe in the skimpy holidays which most stars have to be contented with.

A few years ago a young Basque sailor tied up his sixteen-foot boat to the Battery wall in New York and announced that he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean—all alone in his small boat. He had arrived unheralded. Putting out from Lisbon, Portugal, he had negotiated the treacherous waters of the Atlantic in three months via the northern route.

The day after his story had been verified, the young man was famous. Among the congratulatory cables he received was one from Ian Hunter, at that time a star on the London stage. This cable read: "You have done what has been my life's ambition. Congratulations."

SO don't be too surprised, when his vacations have accrued, to hear some day of Mr. Hunter starting out on such a trip. He will not attempt to make the crossing alone, however, and says he would choose for his companion in such a voyage, Erling Tambs, noted Norwegian sailor and adventurer.

Differing from most actors, who clamor for more publicity, Ian Hunter even complains about the nature of squibs printed about him. There was the very amusing incident concerning his mongrel dog, Hamish, who became very seasick on the way over from England. His master gave him a bit of champagne, which is considered a sure cure for *mal de mer*. The champagne cured the dog of seasickness, but left him with an incurable taste for wine.

"I wish they hadn't printed that story," Mr. Hunter remonstrated.

"Why, isn't it true?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it's true, but it's so silly."

Again, upon his arrival in Hollywood he discovered that a reputation for being the "handsomest man in England" had preceded him here, and he was no end upset and embarrassed. However, the rumor proved to be no boomerang and experts are inclined to agree that he fulfilled all expectations. His work since he has been here doesn't leave you wondering why he was a favorite in England.

He is regarded by his co-workers as amiable, without temperament, as Warner Baxter said, "a grand guy."

If you'd like to get acquainted with this man whom "nobody knows," just try asking him a few questions about himself. He knows all the answers: "yes" and "no."

She Does as She Pleases

(Continued from page 19)

and as far as she is concerned it is seven in the morning.

There is a story told to this effect: Patsy was hours late for an important business appointment with her New York agent. Knowing her, everyone in the office sighed with resignation and waited. Finally a telephone call came in from her. Before taking the call the agent turned to a friend and remarked, "I'll bet you a dollar she'll ask what time it is," and took the call. Patsy's first words were, "Say, what day is this?"

Everyone knows pretty thoroughly the story of her childhood. She has made no secret of her background. She describes it in this way. "I just escaped being born in Ireland. My three sisters were born before we came over and only my brother and I were born here. One of my sisters, I've never seen. She's still in Ireland and lives in County Mayo. She owns eight pubs." No covering up the truth and building a phony but glittering press story here. Her sister owns some "pubs" and that's exactly what Patsy tells. She interrupted her story to say, "I think I'm going over next year." She winks an eye and clicks her tongue against her cheek in pleasant anticipation. "Boy, won't I have fun!"

"We were what you'd call poor, but we never missed any meals. We went without shoes, but mother always set a good table. We lived in a tenement, but we were given ten cents a week for a movie." She added with Irish appreciation for a sly one, "I never spent it for that, though. I always climbed over the fence."

When Patsy was around eight, and in the third grade, her mother managed to send her to dancing school. What denials that must have entailed! Patsy repaid her by working frantically and by the time she was twelve she was teaching dancing for Jack Blue. She continued to teach until she was fifteen when her brother got a job dancing in a Frank Fay show.

Patsy went down to the theatre to help him with his routine. Frank Fay noticed her and told her to report for work on the following Monday. Patsy was on the job believing that she was to work with her brother. She was wrong—the brother had been fired and she worked alone.

That was a good start and it would be easy to imagine that all was smooth sailing from then on. But such was not the case. Patsy was no beauty. She could not wear stunning clothes nor glide with the grace of a queen. The breaks did not come easy and it was a long hard grind from there to the Hal Roach studio where they are now grooming her for stardom.

Recently I was on the set watching Patsy and Lyda Roberti make their new picture, "Nobody's Baby." They were working with a new-born baby in the private room of a hospital, supposedly.

There is a soft streak in every person with the blood of Erin in her veins and Patsy is no exception. This was revealed in the tender way in which she looked at and handled the tiny baby. Her eyes were dark and lustrous and her voice was as deep and mellow as the soft, crooning voice of a mother as she cradled him in her arms. The camera ground on. Patsy spoke her lines, and all the time her hand was patting—patting soothingly—the tiny back.

She and Lyda are playing student nurses who become involved in a night club mystery. They solve it and, of course, get

themselves into and out of many scrapes.

Lyda Roberti joined us and our conversation turned to the tough assignment Lyda had when she stepped into the spot left vacant by the death of Thelma Todd. Patsy said, "She's doing a grand job and it's been plenty tough. It wasn't a cinch stepping into Thelma's place."

At the mention of Thelma's name Patsy's mood changed to one of depression. No one could have thought more of Thelma than The Kelly. They had been close friends for years. They respected each other not only as troupers but as individuals. Thelma, with her cool, blonde beauty and fine education was a contrasting foil for the voluble and rowdy Kelly. Yet they had hilarious times together, off-screen as well as on. They had teamed together for so long that there was never any difficulty with their scenes. They clicked.

Under the circumstances it would have been natural and human if Patsy had been impatient and critical of Lyda. It would have been understandable had she covered up her sorrow at losing Thelma by being bitter toward the one who took her place. But that's not The Kelly. She saw Lyda's position. She put her at ease, and rehearsed hours off-set with her to make their work smooth.

In speaking of Lyda, Patsy said, "She's very funny. You see, it's simple because Lyda, with her dialect, is so entirely different. She doesn't understand all the English words and that makes for comedy and it's easy to get laughs. The only change is that, where Thelma used to play straight and I did the foil, the positions are reversed—I play straight and Lyda does the foil."

Patsy can't be serious long and she shook herself out of her somber mood and began to squirm. Suddenly she shouted, including everyone within sound of her voice, "Anyone want a soda? Speak up. Come on, let's go over and get a drink." Seven of us trailed over to the studio cafe.

We distributed ourselves on high stools and ordered. Patsy kept up a running fire of hilariously funny comments about her father whom she refers to as "The Sheik of Eighty-eighth and Columbus," as we drank our drinks.

Finished, Patsy began to search through various pockets and down the front of her uniform for her money. It could not be found. While she fumbled, becoming wilder and wilder, Joe from the casting office, wearing a long-suffering air, paid the check, barely making it from small change in his pocket.

Patsy was off the stool, her hair disordered, frantically making a last desperate search as she muttered, "Now, I had that. What'dya suppose I did with it. I didn't eat it. Well—" Her voice broke off as she touched the money in her most convenient pocket, "Oh—oh, here it is. Gosh, I thought I'd lost it."

Joe said, "I paid it."

Patsy said, "You did? Well, say, that calls for another drink." She climbed back up on her stool, anchored herself to it by wrapping her legs around its base, twisted her misplaced nurse's apron from under her right ear to something near its correct position, pushed her hair back of her ears, and slumped comfortably over the drink which was put in front of her.

Patsy was "being herself," forgetful and hoydenish. She was doing as she darn well pleased.



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Jane Heath

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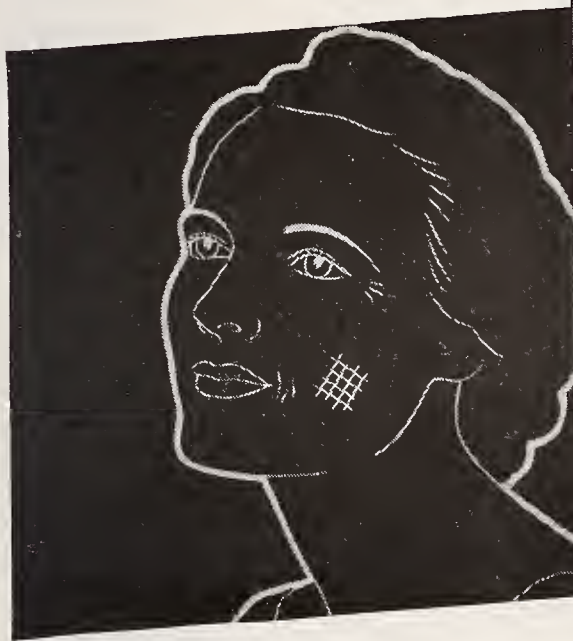
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HARD TO BELIEVE—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin *underneath*!

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tioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon

you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks *years younger*!

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Good Bad Man

(Continued from page 51)



Her mother taught her
this sensible rule ...
*Never to let more
than one day pass*

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular habits of elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of Dr. Edwards, an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

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THE LAXATIVE
OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

youngster, to see the stage stars who came to San Francisco. Many of them hailed from there, and she knew some of them personally. That was how I first got the urge, I suppose."

However, it took years for the footlight fever to develop into a rash.

"For five years, I went to Santa Clara Academy. About the only play ever presented there was 'The Bells.' I had the lead in that, and called myself an actor."

He finished high school at Santa Clara, meanwhile winning "a bunch of elocution contests." One of the awards was a medal, which he later lost in a fight. Then, for a year he went to "coaching school"—apparently a localism for "preparatory school"—and entered Stanford University.

Lloyd had a cousin, a great athlete, who threatened to "knock his block off" if he went out for football. This cousin had suffered an injury that made it painful for him either to lie down or sit down, and later cost him his life. But Lloyd disregarded the advice and tried to become Freshman fullback. Ernie Nevers, later All-American, was out for the same position. That meant that Lloyd was practically glued to the bench.

No one warned him against acting. Despite that fact, he tried out, in his Freshman year, for the Senior play. He won the lead. That led to his becoming a member of the University Players, who put on twelve plays a year, in which he did everything from melodrama to musicals. And that led, after two years, to his flunking out.

STANFORD has a rule that no flunkee can be readmitted until a year has elapsed. It was during that year of waiting around that he was first paid for acting. It happened more or less by accident.

"I started out to see the world, and with a fraternity brother, I shipped on a liner making a world cruise. I was an understudy to an officer, at a salary of twenty-five cents a month. At least, that's what it seemed like. And it took tall talking to get the job. The line had had too much experience with young cubs who quit after the first trip. Which, by the way, was what we intended to do.

"Nothing much happened on the cruise, except work, until we reached New York. The ship burned up there. My pal and I had dressed in shore clothes and had gone to a show on our first night in port. We were due back on the boat at twelve. We came in sight of the pier at ten of twelve—and were the first to see the fire.

"I rushed on board, and waved an empty hose around for about ten minutes, until I cracked wise that something was wrong with the water pressure; then headed for shore, along with a cloud of smoke.

"We had three dollars and thirty-six cents. We spent three dollars getting to the Hotel McAlpin. We expected his mother to be there and come to our rescue. But she wasn't there. That meant that, without cash or luggage, we had to try to talk ourselves into a room.

"We talked ourselves not only into a room, but a suite, with two exposures. We tipped the bellhop a quarter with a grand gesture, and had eleven cents left. We had no toothbrush, no comb, no clothes except those on our backs—we were lucky to be in shore clothes when the fire happened.

"If his mother hadn't appeared in the morning, probably the steamship line

would have bailed us out. The line was big-hearted. It offered to let us work our way back to San Francisco on a freighter. We had heard about freighter food. I wired home, 'Miscalculated financial status by about five thousand miles. Please send money.'

A month after his return home, his father died. Lloyd suddenly was strictly on his own.

With another ex-Stanfordite, who had written a skit about radio, he went into vaudeville. Lloyd was the stooge of the act—his was the voice that came out of the unpredictable microphone.

"That lasted four months," he continued. "And I didn't like it much better than I liked swabbing decks. The routine of it was deadly. We used to try to think up new lines to add to the act, but we were in such a rut that we just couldn't percolate any new ones. I'm glad I didn't stick at that."

By the end of the four months, his year away from Stanford had elapsed.

"I went back—and took any work I could get to pay my way through. I punched tickets at football games, waited on table at the fraternity house and I was a hasher. At the same time, I was still the leading man at the campus playhouse—a hero in make-believe, a menial in reality. That didn't help my self-respect any.

"And that year away hadn't made me any more studious by any means. I had lost respect for authority, for one thing. And I had a bugaboo, for another thing. It's name was chemistry. The class came at 8 A. M., which was bad enough, but I hated the smell of that room. It reminded me of medicine. One failing I have is that I can't stand medicinal odors—or talk of dissection."

A strange idiosyncrasy for a screen "bad man," who, supposedly, wouldn't stop at anything!

CHEMISTRY was supposed to be a snap course, he said. "English was supposed to be tough. Yet I pulled A's in English and F's in Chem. Until finally, President Wilbur told me, 'Your intelligence test is 'way above your marks here. You get good grades in the hard subjects, poor marks in the easy ones. Why don't you become an actor?'

"So, when I flunked out for the second and final time, I decided to take the little money I had inherited from my father and invest it in a year's test of myself as an actor. When you're in school, your family and your friends all tell you that you're marvelous. You're not so sure. You've got to find out—from colder critics.

"I came down here, with an introduction to Gilmore Brown at the Pasadena Playhouse. He was hard up for a leading man. I got the job. I was there a year, working without salary."

The only money he earned during that year was in a brief engagement with Edward Everett Horton's super-stock company, in "The Queen's Husband." That was the first time he ever played a "heavy." The character was a revolutionist.

No, he didn't give a thought to the movies—then. Because:

"I had already had one movie experience, at Stanford. Some Hollywood high-pressure promoter sold Wilbur the idea of a movie about the University, written by undergraduates and played by undergraduates. The epic was called 'Stanford'

(Continued on page 92)

GLAMOUR? *She has it... and good sense, too*



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(Continued from page 90)

Days.' It's still shown as a curiosity. The three principal characters were an athlete, a student and a girl. I was supposed to be the athlete.

"And was I hammy! Some campus comics brought me great wreaths of shrubbery and vegetables in honor of my performance. I finally saw the picture myself. And immediately gave up all thought of movie-acting.

"Also, when I was at Pasadena, movie scouts didn't have the habit they have now. They didn't cover the Playhouse, looking for talent. And I didn't cover the studios. I didn't have any illusions about my face for films."

After a year at Pasadena, he headed for New York with the idea: "All you need is one chance. Then, if you can deliver, you're set." It took Lloyd Nolan—who had always had such lucky breaks as an amateur and semi-professional actor—six years to find that one chance.

"I beat it for New York while I still had the fare," he recalled. "I didn't know anyone in the theatrical business there except one kid who was doing extras for the Theatre Guild.

"But Jed Harris was sending out a road company of 'Front Page,' which had opened on the day I hit New York. I happened to look a little like Joseph Spurin-Calleia, who was in the New York company. I landed his part on the road. I began my professional acting career in Chicago—not on Broadway. It took me time to get there.

"The next summer I went up to Cape Cod, to the Cape Playhouse at Dennis. I started there as a stagehand. At the end of the season, the company put on the 'Cape Cod Follies.' There was a pirate skit in it. Someone had to play the pirate so I was given the assignment. The Shuberts bought the show and took some of us to Broadway with it. I got my Broadway start as a song-and-dance man. Shades of George M. Cohan!"

After that—well, a stage-director friend suggested a small part in a play called "Sweet Stranger." The director thought it might lead to bigger things. What Lloyd didn't know was that another boy had been thrown out of the cast to make room for him.

Also, just before appearing for his first rehearsal with the company, he made the tactical error of indulging in an onion or two.

HE found himself facing scenes with a sweet stranger who seemed to regard him in the same class with prussic acid. She hated him. First, because she thought he had chiseled the other boy out of a job. And, secondly, because of the onions.

That girl was Mel Efrid. Today she is Mrs. Lloyd Nolan. In those two sentences is a short short story of the Nolan charm. They were married during the run of the play. He told me:

"Nobody ever knew at the time. We didn't want anyone to know; we were that romantic. We spent three days trying to find a place that didn't require a certain period of residence or some other red tape. Finally, we had a bright idea: Why not get married right in New York? So down we went to City Hall and were married. And had no publicity whatsoever. By the time the press-agent of the show found out, it wasn't news any longer."

After "Sweet Stranger," he had a part in "Reunion in Vienna," with the Lunts. He played in summer stock, both at Dennis and at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, and had small Broadway parts. The years began marching past. Three, four, five of them.

Finally, he was in another musical—the third edition of "Americana." It was a depression satire, "which was a little too bitter to be funny," he said. Lloyd played a gangster—Nails Mallarkey, Public Enemy Number One to Ten Inclusive. That was his first "heavy" role on Broadway. And he was a comedy "heavy." He had no presentiment whatsoever of what was ahead of him, in Hollywood.

Then came the biggest break he had had—the "one chance" he had been praying for. The leading role—the part of Biff Grimes—in "One Sunday Afternoon." (Gary Cooper later played it on the screen.)

"The night the show opened, the cast was broke and the director was broke. The same night, some radical took a shot at Roosevelt. That was all over the papers the next morning; nobody read the reviews. Then the banks closed. No play ever lived through what that play did. It was the only show that ran all through that summer. It lasted almost a year."

The movie scouts were around to see him, as soon as he clicked. He had tests and he had offers. But he didn't want to leave Broadway, just when he was finally getting somewhere.

"I did two more plays," Lloyd said. "One, 'Ragged Army,' was so terrific that it lasted two nights. From that, I hopped immediately into 'Gentlewoman,' which ran two weeks. I said, 'T'he'll with Broadway!' and signed a movie contract."

He sat around for almost six months, a forgotten man who was drawing a salary, before he was assigned to a picture—"Stolen Harmony." The role was good; the picture, poor. When the company wanted to take up his option, he was "skitterish." He decided to free-lance; he thought he might keep busier that way.

He was in "G-Men"—on the side of law and order. He was in three other pictures whose titles he can't remember; he has an atrocious memory for names. Then he signed with Columbia, which promised to keep him busy—and did.

In fifteen months, he has played fourteen roles. Only seven of them, believe it or not, have been "heavies." But they are the ones that have made him stand out.

"I'm just getting used to the camera, just beginning to find myself," he said. "I've just found out, for example, why I was so ponderous when I thought I was only being deliberate. On film, everything you do is one-sixteenth slower than in real life. That sounds small. But you have to make allowance for it."

SO far as he is concerned, the secret of acting is mental relaxation. "The movies scare you at first. They make you too conscious of angles. I'll never forget one scene I did with Ruth Chatterton. I had to look at her soulfully, from an uncomfortable angle. Every time the camera went into action, I would get a cramp in my neck. That's funny now, but it was a nightmare then."

He likes the movies. "You don't have a chance to get into a role, as you do on the stage. You don't have the rehearsals. But, on the other hand, your performance has the merit of freshness and spontaneity. You don't become a phonograph, saying your lines, as you do during a long stage run."

He likes the movies for another reason. "You know where you sit. The stage is a pretty ungrateful business. It offers you a thrill, yes—but precious little security. Here in Hollywood, youth is in the money. . . . The stage is dying. I imagine it will eventually become something subsidized

(Continued on page 94)



IS A MOTHER'S LOVE ENOUGH?

BEDTIME . . . and mother caresses the tiny injured hand that she bandaged only this afternoon . . .

"There, darling, mother will kiss it and make it well."

But will she? Can she?

True, it was only a little cut . . . but even little cuts can be dangerous if the wound is not properly, carefully dressed. Infection can set in, and often does, if the bandage is not as

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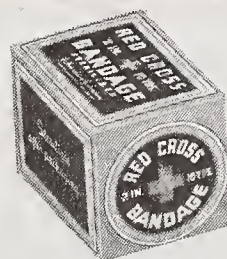
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That blond chap is Franchot Tone, just in case you didn't recognize him. And the lady in feathers and tulle is Katie Hepburn. All these trappings are for "Quality Street."

(Continued from page 92)

like opera, by people who like the old personal touch. More and more, it will become just a training school for the movies—and television."

Unlike most of the movie "names," he lives right in Hollywood. The house belongs to somebody else, but the furniture belongs to Mel and himself. "So that when we do build, we won't have to pay out anything to furnish the new place, anyway."

They have no children. Their closest friends are Billy and Boots Mallory Cagney, the Fred MacMurrays and some Stanford people. They don't go out much. Mel rides horseback every day; Lloyd golfs every day; evenings, both of them like to read. "I'm on the wagon, so I don't get any fun out of going to cocktail parties or night-clubs. The only time we go is when Mel wants to show off some new dress. Which isn't often."

His favorite game used to be hand-

ball. "I played it until I was blue in the face. And kept putting on weight. So I took up golf. I've lost twenty pounds in eight months." He plays at Lakeside, where Bing Crosby is club champion.

His favorite clothes are sport clothes—which he seldom gets a chance to wear on the screen. He doesn't suggest an actor, either in appearance, accent or mannerisms. He is minus affectations.

Yet he is likely to be an actor for a long, long time.

That seven-year contract, with no options for three years, sounds like career insurance, even to Lloyd. "If a studio builds up a player, it wants to reap the benefit of its build-up. I think they'll keep me in good pictures, in good parts. They won't be capitalizing on their investment if they don't."

That's Lloyd Nolan, who has, as a "heavy," what it takes to become a star. You'll be seeing him.

With Thanks To Broadway, N. Y.

(Continued from page 37)

Schuster-Martin School of the Drama there. He attended the Sisters of Mercy Academy, St. Xavier Academy and later was sent to the preparatory school of the University of Dayton, in Dayton, Ohio, for two years, after which he returned home and graduated from Purcell High School in 1931, at the age of seventeen.

Then followed the usual family conference about college which Tyrone ended by insisting firmly that he wanted to begin his career as an actor.

His father had been engaged for a short season in Shakespearean repertoire in the Chicago Civic Auditorium for the early fall of 1931, and he decided to give his son the opportunity he wanted so much. With that in mind he took Tyrone with him to his summer camp in Quebec. There, during the summer, under the direction of his father, the boy was given intensive study and rehearsals in the small roles

he was to assume in Chicago in the fall.

It is likely that until the day he dies, Tyrone Power, Jr., will recall as the most pleasant period of his life, the summer in Canada with his father.

"It is a heavenly place," Tyrone told me, as we sat in a corner of the set where he was making "Love Is News" with Loretta Young and Don Ameche. "Father's camp was near the little village of Ile-Aux-Noix, on the Richelieu River. I have a little plot of ground there and when I get money enough I'm going to build a summer home on it."

"Every day we would get into a canoe and as we floated down the river, father would read Shakespeare to me and rehearse me and correct me as I read to him. Probably it was all for the best that the country was not very thickly populated, for people might have thought us a little

(Continued on page 96)

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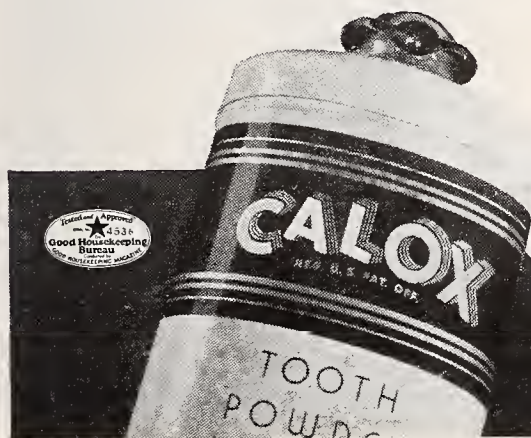
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(Continued from page 94)



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queer, out on the river every day reading Shakespeare to the fish.

"The inhabitants of the village were mostly simple French people and Indians," he continued. "Father had some small moving pictures, which he would run off in our cabin at night and all the village folk would come to see them. The crowd and the smoke would be so thick we could scarcely see the screen but they loved it. Father stood at the side and kept up a running narrative, explaining everything in the pictures. It was marvelous," he added with a faraway look in his eyes.

I WAS never self-conscious with father," he told me, "because he had never been a father to me. That is, we had never lived together, and he seemed to me more like a wonderful friend and pal. I worshipped him and worked very hard because I wanted to show him that I was serious and ambitious. I wanted to justify his spending so much time with me."

At the end of the summer, Tyrone and his father returned to Chicago for the Shakespearean season. Tyrone's first role was as an old man, friend of the Doge of Venice, played by his father in "The Merchant of Venice."

At the conclusion of the season, Mr. Power was engaged to go to Hollywood to star in Paramount's talking version of "The Miracle Man." Tyrone was promised a small role in the picture and accompanied his father West. The picture was barely under way when Mr. Power was taken suddenly ill on the set. He continued working but at midnight he collapsed and a few hours later died in his son's arms.

The production went on with another star but Tyrone's "small role" never materialized. His mother and sister came on from the East to be with him and then followed a miserable two-and-a-half-year period, during which Tyrone tried desperately to gain a foothold in Hollywood. He knew plenty of people—producers, directors, influential people. He went the rounds of the studios in an effort to get work. He offered to play bits, to do extra work.

"Of course I was willing to do small parts," he laughed when he told me about it.

But his friends invited him to their homes for dinners and parties and were sorry they had nothing in pictures for him.

"I would be called for interviews and rush out full of enthusiasm only to discover that instead of a job, some friend of my father's wanted to talk about him and tell me about the time they appeared in a show together. They meant to be kind," Tyrone admitted, "but what I wanted was to work."

FINALLY, in desperation, he told his mother he was going to New York to try to get on the stage. Wisely, she made no attempt to dissuade him. On the contrary, she told him to watch his diction and to remember to send his shirts to the laundry.

He stopped off in Chicago to visit friends. The Century of Progress Exposition was in full swing and Tyrone got a job with the Circuit Theatre productions. That led to radio engagements.

His stay in Chicago wasn't all "beer and skittles" and there were, at times, long periods when he had no work, but he gained experience, and toward the close of 1934, he was engaged to play the part of Freddie in "Romance," which starred Eugenie Leontovitch at the Blackstone Theatre. The piece ran eight weeks and feeling very affluent with eight weeks'

savings in his pocket, Tyrone thought it was time for him to continue on his way to Broadway.

In New York, Michael Strange, the former wife of John Barrymore and an old family friend, provided a comfortable room for him, rent free. He budgeted his savings and allowed himself five dollars a week for his other expenses and started the rounds of producers' and agents' offices in search of a job.

He had loads of friends and life was very agreeable, socially speaking, except that always he found himself popular with people who had money when he had none. This led to frequent amusing situations like the time he walked down Broadway at midnight attired in tails, white tie and top hat, carrying his shoes in his hand.

"Well, my feet hurt," he explained, "and as I didn't have a nickel to pay my fare on the subway, I took off my shoes and walked."

Another time he was asked to join some friends at a house party in Charleston. He didn't have the railroad fare, but when one of the party bemoaned the fact that one of them would have to drive the car down, Tyrone offered.

"They asked me if I had enough money for gasoline and I assured them I had, but I didn't know how that car could use gas and I didn't know that Charleston was so far away," he told me.

"A hundred miles from Charleston I bought gas for the last time and had about a dollar left. The rest of the way I drove at 25 miles an hour in order to use as little gas as possible, and arrived in Charleston with the tank almost dry and my friends not due until the next day. I had never met the people we were going to visit, so I was faced with the problem of getting something to eat and finding a place to sleep.

"I dined on a hamburger and coffee and then found a nice quiet coal yard, where I parked the car, curled up in the back seat and spent the night.

"Next morning I was awakened by hearing someone talking. I sat up and there stood an old tramp, talking to himself. When he saw me he said it was a fine morning. I agreed with him and asked him to have a cup of coffee with me. He accepted and so my last dime went for two cups of coffee. Then I went to the station to meet my friends, and learned that on account of a wreck their train would be five hours late.

"What a blow that was!" he exclaimed. "My clothes were wrinkled, I needed a shave and I was hungry! I found a copy of 'Mutiny on the Bounty' in the car and I read that from cover to cover and finally the train arrived and with it my friends. They were astonished at my appearance and soon got me cleaned up and fed," he laughed.

"That is just one example of the experiences I had. At times it occurred to me that I had made a mistake; that I should have gone on to college."

HIS first "break" was provided by Helen Menken, whom he had met in Chicago during his Shakespearean season. She recommended him to Katharine Cornell's husband, Guthrie McClintic, and when Tyrone—on a hunch—asked for a pass to see Katharine's show, "Flowers of the Forest," he was given the pass and also two parts to take home and read. The next day he was assigned to understudy Burgess Meredith, the leading man, and another player, and spent the rest of the season waiting for an opportunity to go on. That chance never came but he learned enough by association with the

(Continued on page 98)

Alice Faye

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BEST IN
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"I get hopping mad if anybody dares to wash my things with anything but Lux flakes," says Alice Faye . . .

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"THERE'S an aura of daintiness about freshly Luxed wearables that always appeals to men," Alice Faye declares. Hosts of admirers affirm she's right. And when "the" man comes along . . .

"It wouldn't be hard to live in a cottage," she says. "Money is nice, but I know how to get along without a lot."

"When I was in the chorus, I learned to keep clothes lovely at very little expense. Lux was my stand-by. I found I could afford beautifully sheer stockings if I Luxed them every night. That way I hardly ever got runs. Naturally I insist all my washables be cared for in the very same way now!"

Clever Alice! Cake-soap rubbing and harsh soaps that may contain harmful alkali often fade colors—wear nice things out too soon. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

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(Continued from page 96)

company to make it a very profitable period, and in his pocket was a contract to appear in Miss Cornell's production of "Romeo and Juliet" the following fall.

When the show closed he went to West Falmouth, Massachusetts, to play with a summer stock company, and when reports of his popularity there began to get around, Hollywood scouts were on his trail.

But now Tyrone had the upper hand. He didn't have to accept Hollywood's offer; he had a contract. He was learning more about acting every day and he decided he would not return to Hollywood until he could write his own terms.

He appeared with Miss Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet" and was re-engaged by her to play opposite her in "St. Joan." It was while he was appearing in this play that he was persuaded to go to Hollywood and sign a long-term contract.

Although he likes New York better than Hollywood, he thinks he can stand it here at the salary he is getting. "What is there to do here that is fun?" he asked good-naturedly, and given his first vacation, he rushed off to New York where Sonja Henie was, too. In fact it looks like love. But—

The much-publicized romance between Tyrone and Sonja Henie is largely in the imagination of the gossip columnists and actually is just a gay friendship. That's what Tyrone says! But if it isn't love the young man is giving a darn good imitation of it.

Anyone who has seen Sonja must have noticed a gorgeous diamond and sapphire clip, fashioned like a pair of skates, which

she always wears. Tyrone was amazed one morning to read in the paper that it was a present from him.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "That clip cost more money than I can make in six months."

When I lunched with him our conversation was interrupted with depressing regularity by incoming telephone calls. Each time he returned to the table with an amused expression on his face, and took, good-naturedly, the jibes of Loretta Young, who sat at the next table. However, in spite of the fact that women run after him, he is very popular with men. He will never be called a "pretty boy" by the columnists.

In spite of the fact that his mother is justifiably proud of his accomplishments, he is no pampered boy at home by any means.

"My mother never tells me how good I am," he laughed. "When I get home from work at night she asks me if I remembered what she had told me about my diction. You can be sure I'll never get a swelled head."

And he is glad she does, and grateful. Because of his background and knowledge of the business, his personal observations and the hard knocks he himself has endured, he is appreciative of his chance on the screen. He realizes that now is his big opportunity and he is going to let nothing stop him. He wants more than anything in this world to be a good actor.

"I'd like to be as good an actor as Sonja Henie is a skater," he said earnestly, which was just his way of saying that he'd like to be the best actor in the world.

This Caballero Can Cook!

(Continued from page 15)

Carrillo, yas suh," until the end of his days.

I SUPPOSE we should start our cooking lesson with Chili Con Carne," Carrillo began with a gay, mischievous smile, "only it really should be called Carne Con Chili, you know, or Meat with Chili. But whether or not you anglicize the name does not matter so long as the dish itself is prepared in true Mexican fashion. In making it, I grind the Chili peppers in a *metate* or stone mixing bowl with a stone crusher—just as the Mexicans have done for countless years. A satisfactory result can be obtained, of course, with Chili Powder," he hastened to add.

Just to be on the safe side, I'm going to give you both methods in the recipe leaflet, so that Californians, Texans and residents of other states bordering on Mexico can make their own essence of Chili while others can achieve the desired bitey flavor with the more generally used Powder. Gebhardt's is the brand suggested by Mr. Carrillo. For family consumption or party refreshment nothing will prove more welcome than this well-known, well-liked dish of the American Southwest.

"With the Chili," continued Carrillo, "we serve Frijoles (Spanish beans), and Tortillas, of course, since they take the place of bread. Usually for parties there is also a gigantic pottery bowl of Mexican Rice. I believe that this rice dish somewhat resembles what is more generally known as Spanish Rice. I say 'somewhat,' however, for in my opinion, the resemblance between other ways of preparing rice and this one

is slight indeed.

To top off this dinner you should have fruit—fresh fruit or fruit-filled Empanadas, according to my host. Generally, an Empanada is a small meat-filled pie of the turnover variety, I was informed. But when Willie's extra-flaky pastry is filled with a special fruit mixture instead of with meat, it is changed into a dessert dish. The filling suggested by Mr. Carrillo has some of the characteristics of Mince Meat, only it's easier to make, by far. You'll be amused to know that this Californian is true to his native state even in the ingredients he includes in his recipes. Among the things called for in these Empanadas are lemons, raisins, walnuts and oranges—though these last are in the form of candied peels, which, as you know, can be purchased in small boxes at your grocer's.

The same fruits that I have just mentioned, with the addition of prunes, are made into a delicious conserve for which Mrs. Carrillo also provided a recipe. It's called California Conserve aptly enough, since it features so many of that state's products. But its real appeal, I suspect, will be for non-Californians because this conserve can be made in the dead of winter when other fruits are out of season in all other sections of the country.

THIS conserve recipe alone would make it worth your while to mail in the coupon, but in addition I can promise you recipes for the more strictly Mexican dishes that the Carrillos feature on their menus, the Empanadas, the Chili Con Carne and that highly recommended rice

concoction. They're all in the leaflet—and they're all free.

There are many other recipes which were given me by Mr. Carrillo in rather sketchy form. These recipes, unlike the others described above, were not quite clear as to amounts of ingredients to be used. So, although those already familiar with Mexican cooking may be able to follow them, others may remain somewhat puzzled. However, I thought I'd include Mr. Carrillo's directions at the end of this article anyway, for the good of the initiated and the general interest of the uninitiated. Besides many of these foods contribute to the success of the famous Carrillo Barbecues—invitations to which are eagerly sought by stars, directors and society folk alike—so I'm confident you'll want to know more about them.

"For our barbecues," Mr. Carrillo told me, "the menu is not fancy but the servings are gigantic. People seem to develop the most amazing appetites as they gather around the barbecue pits. Here we prepare huge hunks of barbecued steak, liberally doused with Salsa Sauce, which is made of green peppers, tomatoes, onions and vinegar, all highly seasoned. Here, also, we roast corn and toast French bread, which is first buttered and then rubbed with garlic. Sometimes roasted potatoes are included on the menu and always coffee is served in copious quantities. While the food is cooking, we sing Mexican songs and dance to the strumming of a guitar. This is lovely, especially when the sun goes down and the moon rises over the nearby hills, for then it is a place of enchantment. After the meal we adjourn to the living room of the ranch house or gather around the fireplace in one of the patios where we tell stories and sing more songs.

UNDER the low-tiled roofs of the rambling house are deep, recessed windows like those of the old adobe houses of Mexico. There are numerous patios flagged with stone and huge rooms with white plastered walls, heavy doors and raftered ceilings. The furniture is of heavy Monterey style with many deep couches and chairs, covered with bright colored fabrics. Floors and walls are bright with Mexican rugs while colorful pottery is displayed on every side.

In two wall recesses are little figures of the Virgin of Guadalupe—patron saint of Mexico. Everything, in fact, is Mexican rather than Spanish, supplemented by a wonderful collection of early Californian trappings such as ropes, saddles, stirrups and branding irons. Carrillo's study is full of these things while on the walls are pictures of his friends—cartoons which he himself has made of them. There is also a bar decorated with Mexican motifs with bright Mexican pottery and glassware. Carrillo likes nothing better than to explain his interesting collection, unless it's giving parties, which he does on every possible occasion—always of an informal nature, at which the host entertains with songs, for which he plays his own accompaniment on the guitar or cello and then relinquishes the role of entertainer for that of caterer with equal skill and enthusiasm.

Small wonder that the beauty of his home, the delightful quality of his hospitality and the fame of his cooking cannot be topped in the whole movie colony. Even less to be wondered at is the reluctance with which I dragged myself away from these lovely surroundings once I had the detailed, carefully written recipes for the leaflet and the other, rather sketchy ones, which I'm giving you here, in Carrillo's own words.

(Continued on page 107)



MY HUSBAND
LOVES A SPAGHETTI
MEAL. WE HAVE
ONE OFTEN!

SHE'S A GREAT
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SERVES GOOD FOOD
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A SATISFYING DELICIOUS MAIN DISH *for less than 3¢ a portion*

JUST try the two menus suggested at the right and see how your family will relish them. They might not get excited over ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. But they *will* over Franco-American. They'll rave about its tangy, tempting cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients . . . seasoned to savory perfection.

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prepare spaghetti at home! Get Franco-American from your grocer today. Try these delicious spaghetti meals:

SERVES 3—COSTS 45 CENTS

Franco-American Spaghetti
Brussels Sprouts Buttered Squash
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
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Spaghetti Meat Scallop
(Casserole dish combining Franco-American
with 1½ cups of any leftover meat, ground)
Buttered Beets Coleslaw
Fruit Cup Sugar Cookies
Coffee

Franco-American SPAGHETTI



THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

If You've Only a Little to Spend

(Continued from page 58)

costume are pictured. Anita Louise wears the very new looking bolero jacket suit. You'll meet up with boleros at every turn this spring for they not only appear in the suit field but for all sorts of daytime and evening combinations, too. Anita Louise's skirt and bolero are made of a bright navy blue wool, the jacket cleverly trimmed with the red, blue and yellow print of the challis blouse.

A mixed woolen fabric is used for Sylvia Sidney's tailored suit. Helen Taylor designed this for her to wear in "You Only Live Once." The striped piping for the lapel and collar is a different detail and the matching scarf makes an effective vestee. Her small felt turban, trimmed with grosgrain ribbon is an excellent hat style for right now when you need a new hat to bridge the gap between winter models and the first straws.

For costume number three, there's the important silk dress. This is one item that can't be interchanged with something else. It has to be included with any list of four you may wish to select. The less fussy detail it has and the simpler the cut, the more ways you can change its personality with accessories, belts, jewelry, etc.

Elissa Landi's beautifully cut black silk is just what the budget wardrobe cries out for. The fabric and the cut make the dress. The fabric is self-patterned with a sheen that gives it the look of taffeta. And the slim skirt will be smart long after the exaggerated "swing" skirts are forgotten. The elbow-length sleeves, so new this winter, will make Elissa's dress look spring-like later on. Gold or colored beads, pearls, clips, flowers and belts are all tricks to keep this charming dress going smartly from one season to another.

As I said earlier, I have put an evening gown on my list to make the fourth costume. But this is entirely optional depending upon your individual needs. The perfect budget evening gown is a simply made crepe one with moderate cut to the neckline and no exaggerated silhouette details. Julie Haydon's black crepe gown

with gold beaded net bolero is an excellent example of what I mean. A gown similar to this can be had for as low as ten dollars. And the bolero is one way to change its party character. Like Elissa's afternoon dress, this simple gown can be varied by its accessories so that none can say, "Mary's wearing that old black crepe again!"

CHOOSING four such reliable basic costumes is only part of the budget story. Once you have them in your closet, you've got to use the extra pennies on accessories. If your funds are dwindling fast, figure out just how to get by with the least possible bag, hat and shoe changes. A good beret can double for everything from sports to afternoon clothes if you pick a plain dark one that can be tricked up with pins, clips or a feather. If you can't afford more than one handbag, choose a good shape in calfskin rather than the more perishable suede or antelope. And, believe it or not, one pair of suede pumps and one pair of calf oxfords will take you through a fall and winter, provided you help them along with brushing, polishing and new lifts for heels the minute they wear down.

Speaking of shoes, be sure to look closely at the two pairs shown on page 58. They are the first smart steps toward spring and a perfect investment right now. If you would like to know the prices of these and where to buy them, just send in for my March Shopping Bulletin, the coupon's at the end of this article waiting for your name, address, etc. New spring shoes go in for most attractive fabric and color combinations. Instep cuts remain high and there are loads of cut-out details to give the airy open look that will be so popular. Take that step-in pump, pictured. It's made with a very dainty, feminine silhouette. The body of the shoe is navy blue gabardine—a fabric that will rate tops in all sorts of shoe models this spring—and the trim is navy patent leather, intricately patterned.

The tie is a perfect suit shoe and it



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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ROMANCE

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All in the March issue of
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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND



This gay bonnet of Virginia Bruce's is like the first robin; it brings you news of spring! It's a tricky combination of brown linen trimmed with bandings of brown and white bamboo. The broad brim, shallow crown effect is smart.

shows both the contrast of leathers and color. Beige suede for the top of the shoe with the toe and heel in reddish tan calfskin. This particular tan is a variation of the London tan of last spring—it's deeper and more adaptable to spring costume colors. The interesting laced trim of this tie is typical of the careful attention to detail which you'll find in all your spring shoes.

Straps will be very good again this coming season, some have a short T strap design that is new and flattering to the foot. Look for loads of patent leather, both forming whole shoes and used as trimming. The patent leather pump with perforations is being pushed as a classic suit shoe.

The spring shoe colors run something like this: for street—black, navy, brown, Chaudron (tan) and gray, also much beige used in contrast with other colors and especially black. You'll find beige is going to be very big both in accessories and costumes.

While talking about shoes and their colors, would you like to know what stocking shades to pick for your early spring shoes? There's a new stocking shade that has a definite gold cast to it and it is suggested for wear with more formal costumes now and with pastels and white this summer. Two coppery tones will be popular, one has a rosy cast and the other is a really radiant copper shade. The rosy colored copper is suggested for wear with spring blues, coral and reddish rust tones in clothes and with blue and russet colored shoes. The brighter copper tone is for costumes in the new rust and copper tones, greens, navy, beige, brown and black.

The rage for beige in clothes and accessories brings out a showing of beige in the stocking lines, too. These hosiery beiges run the gamut from a warm but light tone, through the grayish shades to the darker beige colors.

GLOVES take up the beige note, too, and three distinct shades of it will be popular for your new gloves. There's a pale coffee color which will be particularly effective with brown, black and the bright shades in costumes. Then there's a very feminine looking pinky beige for more formal afternoon and evening costumes. Also a neutral beige for general daytime wear. The glove designers stress the point that beige gloves are *not* to be worn with beige costumes, rather they are to contrast with the bright and dark shades of your clothes—they can match your hosiery, if you like.

Buttons, tucking, stitching, perforations and embroidery play a big part in glove design, reflecting the details of costumes and being allied with the trimmings of shoes and bags.

Boleros and short jackets, either in plain colors or with gay braid and embroidery trimmings are an inexpensive and slick way to perk up both silk and wool dresses you are beginning to tire of. If you are good with your needle, you can have a supply of these jackets to vary all your daytime and sports costumes. Remnants of material can be picked up at this time of the year which will make just such jackets at a minimum of expense. That black crepe evening gown of Julie's, for instance, could well have four or five different jackets, introducing bright color accents.

Anne Shirley has different strings of flower necklaces, or leis as they are called in Hawaii. These are all made of artificial flowers and cost but little to make. What they do for a plain evening gown is worth dollars to the budget. The whole secret of stretching your four basic cos-

Gentlemen don't talk about it... but



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tunes into a large wardrobe, is to be on the lookout for fashion ideas and tricks that can be copied for a song.

For daytime clothes, the gay peasant accessories give a definite lift to the picture. Scarfs, painted wooden jewelry and buttons, all the colorful gadgets of Tyrolian and Dalmatian inspiration lend themselves to such practical pepping up of your clothes. The Dalmatian peasant theme has an edge on the Tyrolian at the moment. It can be spotted in military looking jackets and sleeveless boleros worn over brightly colored frocks—these are braid trimmed and embroidered. Flat, pillbox hats of bright felts are part of this, too. If you add only touches of these trends to your four classic costumes, you never run the risk of investing too heavily in a fad that will wane and leave you with unwearable clothes on your hands.

Before signing off, I want to mention that next month I am devoting my article to news about fabrics and silhouettes for

spring. You know how important it is to have some sure-fire guide to lines of dresses, suits and coats, as well as what sort of fabrics will be the best investment for you. Lots about silk prints, suit and coat woollens, rayons, et al.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
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New York, N. Y.

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Love Comes to Mary Pickford

(Continued from page 59)

have known. The young laughter of Marilyn and my brother Jack, when they were married here. The baby laughter of my cousin Verna Chalif's boy, when he was christened here. The gentle laughter of my mother, when she was pleased. The gay laughter of Gwynne and her young friends as they played, talked and studied. The parties we've had. The plans we made. Jack Gilbert's electric laughter and the kind, wise voice of Will Rogers . . .

"But now it is finished," Mary said, "and a new life begins for me. I want it to be new, in every way."

"I believe that we will build something very sweet and very sound, Buddy and I. Our tastes are fundamentally simple. We are not 'party' people. We both love books and gardens, music and games, a few friends about us and family life. Neither of us cares for formality or ostentation. Both of us have worked hard and saved our money 'against a rainy day.' Both of us are family people, loving our own, devoted to them. One of the things that first drew me to Bud was his family life. For Buddy and his mother and father, brother and sister, remind me of the way Mama and Lottie and Jack and I used to be when we were all together—so close, so all for one and one for all. I feel a member of the Rogers' family now, and that's so warm, so nice."

"Yes, we have the real things in common, I think. He is so sweet with me, so protective, so gentle."

"Isn't he," I said, "just a little bit in awe—oh, not of you, really, of course—but of marrying Mary Pickford who is, after all, a world figure?"

Mary laughed aloud at that one. "If he is," she said, "he certainly manages to conceal it beautifully. He—why, he *bosses* me!"

And Mary in a white crepe de chine slack suit with navy blue tie and belt, her famous fair hair clustered thickly about her earnest, happy face, did not look very awesome. She did look quite childishly bossable.

"No," Mary said, in answer to my next question, "no, I really didn't know that we would be married until a very few days before Judge Rogers broke the news in the papers back in their home town of Olathe, Kansas. He was so cute about it, the Judge. They tell me he looked like a

small boy who expects to be spanked. He just couldn't keep it in, that's all. And it really didn't matter. What difference did it make? It was so."

"I was uncertain about our marriage only because I felt that if Bud had to travel with his band we couldn't have any kind of a home life. And I do not believe in long separations, in long-distance marriages. I certainly would not want Bud to give up his band, either. He has worked so hard with it, built it up and he loves it. He should not have to give it up—no man should give up his work. But now I think that he may go on the air with it, broadcasting from Hollywood. And if that works out, our home life can be, for the most part, uninterrupted!"

And I couldn't help thinking, as Mary spoke of Buddy's band, of her desire for him to continue with it even though to do so might have meant the sacrifice or postponement of their marriage. I couldn't help thinking how little people change in their essentials and of how like Mary this is. I couldn't help thinking, too, how false and silly were the rumors which said that Mary's refusal to travel with Douglas Fairbanks was the major reason for their separation and subsequent divorce.

For Mary did travel with Douglas, practically the world over. I know, I remember through the years a long series of saying hello and goodbye to Mary as, from ports East and West, she set sail with Douglas. She travelled with him when, between you and me, to do so meant the sacrifice of her health. She sailed for the Orient when she was ill and came back weighing ninety pounds. She travelled with Douglas by plane when to do so was definitely risky, not to say dangerous. She travelled with him when she should have remained in Hollywood making pictures. Douglas was wont to make one stupendous big production a year. One was all he needed to make, all he could afford to make on the magnificent scale of his operations. But Mary, making smaller, less spectacular pictures should have made two or three a year. She didn't. She deliberately sacrificed her career in order to "pick up and go" with Douglas.

All of which is past history and "off the record," really. An intensely dramatic part of Pickford history, and the truth about it, which has never been told before. Never

really realized before, I think. And it is analogous to this story only because it reminds me, so forcibly again, of how Mary has been, always, the woman before the actress, the wife before the celebrity.

"I want to live in Buddy's house," Mary was saying. She laughed and added, "If a man *wants* to build a home for his bride, the least the bride can do is live in it—and want to!"

"Bud owns some property in the San Fernando Valley. And this is our plan (it was to be kept secret, but I'll tell it to you). We hope to build a house in the valley, a new house, with everything in it new. It will be a ranch type of house, comfortable, not too rustic. A low, rambling and friendly house. It will not be formal and it will not be pretentious, but it will be comfortable. Everything in it will be the best—the important things, I mean, especially. We will have the nicest rugs and carpets. We will have the finest linens and silver, the gayest and most decorative china. Not priceless things nor museum pieces but comfy, livable things. We'll have big, deep chairs. We'll have all kinds of games and bright lamps to light them properly. And we'll have big, practical fireplaces upstairs and down.

"I shall take very little with me from Pickfair. A very few of the things I myself found and bought when I was abroad. And the gifts from my friends all over the world. I'll take an original Adam settee in the lower hall, my mother's portrait, one or two fine old mirrors and chests and things I have grown to love too well to leave. And a few of the books. That is all."

And without a sigh, without a shadow of regret on her face Mary's eyes rested on the priceless, beautiful table from the Barberini Palace in Rome, on boxes and



The Dick Powells (Joan Blondell) step out to a premiere of "Lloyds of London." Dick looks contented, doesn't he?

chairs and divans from the palaces of kings.

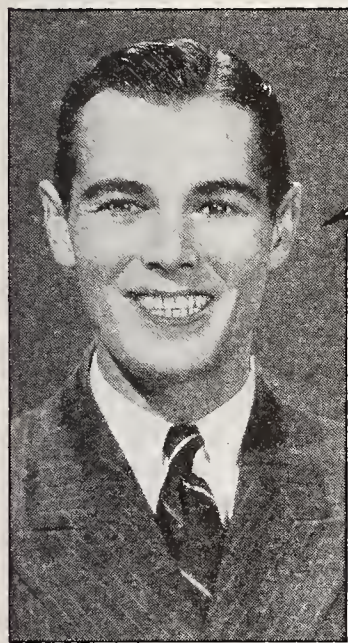
"Gwynne will be with us, of course," Mary said. "She is very fond of Bud and he of her. And she is so happy for me. Mrs. Lewis, my secretary and dear friend, will be with us, too. And I shall take most of the servants of Pickfair, who are members of the family now.

"We plan to raise polo ponies on the ranch. Bud loves polo, you know. He is playing this afternoon. And I shall be interested in the ponies, too, as I am interested in all young, growing things.

"And then, I'll have my garden. When I walk about the gardens of Pickfair now and watch the growing things and realize that next year I shall not be here to see the acacia trees turn golden, see how the roses are 'doing,' I might well be a little sad—and then I remember that gardens are perennial, that I shall be planting new gardens and watching things grow. And I realize that all that matters is that there is a garden.

"There is, happily," smiled Mary, "another Eden for me. Not the same. Different, of course, as no two friendships are identical so no two loves are identical. But because they are different does not imply that they are less beautiful, less precious, one than another.

"It will be fun, making a new home. I think we shall have several homes, as a matter of fact. Well, three or four, anyway. We'll have the ranch. Then we'd like to have a place at Arrowhead, a big, comfortable place all stocked with timed goods and things. A place to which we could go and to which, also, we could give the key to our friends and say to them, 'Go on up and have a rest. You'd better take a bottle of milk and a steak with you but you'll find everything else there.' And



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THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER

YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU



AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...



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then, perhaps, a beach house," Mary continued, "and homes, all of them.

"I'll love shopping, planning and consulting together. I love homemaking and so does he. I always have had a passion for linen closets, lavender-scented, for arranging flowers and planning menus. I'll have a new home," Mary said, with her bright, brand-new happiness lighting her eager face, "where all kinds of lovely things will grow and not," she said quietly, "not only flowers. . . ."

I said, "But you'll entertain as you always have, won't you?"

"Of course, we will," said Mary (she always says "we," never "I"). "My friends will come to us as they always have come. I've had such lovely wires, cables and letters from everyone since our engagement was announced. I was a little afraid, you know, before we announced it. I always am afraid when I take any new step, however much I may want to take it. But everyone has been happy for me.

"Yes, we'll entertain in the same way as I did at Pickfair. For Pickfair, as I think you know, and contrary to opinion, has never been a formal place. I've always left my guests free to do as they pleased, when and how they pleased. And there are no people more informal and loving informality more than titled persons, famous persons of all kinds who have to be formal most of the time. I remember," laughed Mary, "one time when a young Duchess was a guest here. We were comparing heights. I told her that I am five feet. She took the idea of the five feet literally and believed that it meant five times the length of her own foot. She straightway stretched out on the floor of my bedroom and put one foot on top of the other five times and then exclaimed, 'Why, that is only half as tall as you are!' I had to explain that a foot in our language is twelve inches! It was really very funny to see her stretched out there on the floor, dinner gown and all. And I have been at many a formal function where distinguished guests have whispered, 'Let's get out of here, we're bored stiff. Let's go and have some fun!'

"We will have fun," Mary stated, earnestly, "in the home which Bud and I will build.

"I have no definite plans about my future work. Neither what, nor when, nor how. Bud will have his band and he will make pictures. I will produce again. I may make a picture even. I may go on the air and I may write. I certainly shall

do something. I believe that everyone should have his work, his own interests, not be dependent entirely upon the interests or work of anyone else. That kind of marriage runs the danger of becoming too possessive, too parasitic.

"I plan to close Pickfair—or sell it. I couldn't lease it. It has been suggested that Pickfair should be made into a museum because so much interest has been shown in it. Many thousands of tourists have entered these gates, which have never been closed. But I feel that the money it would take to endow it and maintain it as a museum should be put to more practical use. The world today needs homes even more than it needs monuments and museums. I should like to use the money for a home for picture people—but not Pickfair, it isn't suitable, it isn't adaptable to this use—a home for actors and actresses of the screen who are old or ill, tired and discouraged. A place to which they could go, paying a little or not at all. A home to which they could feel that they had the right, earned by all the amusement, all the laughter, all the surcease they had given the world in bygone years, in better times.

"I should like it to be a place where my people could be together, not strewn about, lonely, in boarding houses and hotel rooms. I'd like the home to have projection machines so that the 'family' could see current pictures, keep in touch with things. I should like to have a game room called the Jack Pickford Room. I should like it to have a living-room, sunny and warm and hospitable, called the Charlotte Pickford Room. And over the fireplace, in that room, I should like to hang my mother's picture. This, to me," said Mary, "would serve a far better purpose than perpetuating Pickfair as a museum.

"I should like to sell Pickfair. But if I sell it, it must be to the right people, to people I can feel 'belong.' I should like a family to buy it, a happy family with young people so that laughter would remain within these walls. I would like sensitive, appreciative people to buy it so that they might find pleasure in the lovely things and in all the love and care which have gone into Pickfair. I would want the people who live here after I have gone to be happy."

Later, we stood together on the white portico, overlooking the hills. Mary said, "I didn't intend to talk about our marriage at all. And then I thought I'd like you to tell all of my friends how it is with me."



Gail Patrick need never worry about her next meal for she's just married Bob Cobb, manager of the Brown Derby!

My Daughter, Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 35)

IT is my theory that parents do not deserve the privilege of picking their children's futures. I wished that my son would be a doctor, but he wanted to be an artist. Myrna first believed she would be a great dancer. Her father said it was all right for her to go to dancing school; he recognized that aesthetic dancing embodies the finest ideals of art and music. He declared she might dance at benefits, at Elk banquets to which we went. But "No daughter of mine is going to be a chorus girl!" He fancied all professional dancers were just chorus girls, and of questionable morals.

When Myrna was ten we took a trip to California. We were shown through one of the major studios and watched them take an elaborate sequence in which a small girl broke out of a fancy egg and danced exquisitely. That inspired Myrna; she saw what she might do if she could excel in dancing.

We spent the next winter in California. Then back to Helena where Myrna continued dancing lessons at a convent. A year after Mr. Williams' death I had a severe attack of pneumonia and the two children and I came West again for the warm winter. We bought a house in Beverly Hills, the same one I still live in, and stayed on permanently. My sister joined us, and Auntie Lou has been like a second mother to Myrna.

I sent her to Westlake, an exclusive girls' school in Los Angeles, and then to Venice High School. She hated mathematics, but was crazy about dramatics and English.

Myrna never had many dates all the time she was in high school. She didn't want them—not enough, at least, to powder over her freckles and use make-up and turn flapperish. If you've assumed that all film actresses must be gaudy butterflies, you're wrong. Myrna wasn't, and isn't.

She had her silent crushes that she'd tell only me about. But she was too shy and indifferent to let boys guess that she was interested.

High school boys were too carefree to hold her interest. She admired men who had an aim in life, who were diligently preparing for splendid tomorrows. Indeed, with one exception Myrna has always been attracted to older men.

SHE graduated from high school when she was sixteen. She was very restless, yearning to do something but not sure where her destiny lay. Then one morning a girl friend came over and said she had had a call from Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, then the show spot of the state. Why didn't Myrna come along and try out for the new prologue, too? Here was something tangible, and Myrna rushed to me.

Well, I asked myself, why not? She would most likely not get a job, but why spoil her fun! However, I sincerely felt she had a true talent for dancing. I had taken her to see the great dancers when they gave recitals. She had gone into ecstasies over Pavlova. I had accompanied her at the piano when she danced at benefits, and when there was an orchestra I had even gone into the pit and played especially for her.

When the telephone rang later that day I learned she had been hired and her



• "Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"



• "I can remember when I used to have rashes... Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!"



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friend hadn't! And so Myrna began careering. She danced twice a day in the prologues for a year and a half. Those girls she met at Grauman's weren't cheap. Sid Grauman was very particular about his troupe, and Myrna always came straight home after performances.

She isn't socially inclined, but she isn't shy with friends. We always had a houseful, it seems. The other striving youngsters Myrna met, artists and musicians and embryonic movie stars, came to our place. We didn't entertain formally; they'd roll up the rugs and dance to phonograph records. They'd play silly games, crowd into the kitchen to make candy. They all had burning artistic ambitions, and they shared their plans with her.

We haven't lost track of those old chums. Some have succeeded, some haven't. Many an old friend pops up unexpectedly, to Myrna's delight.

CERTAINLY, I can't forget the episode of the Valentinos, noticing portraits of Myrna at a Boulevard photographer's. She never hides her freckles, and she won't fuss with make-up for the street. But she's always been a dreamer, lured by her active imagination into visualizing herself the opposite of the straightforward self that she is. The lovely dancing costumes in one prologue captured her eye, and she had some photographs made in similar costume. The Valentinos had a sudden hunch that she could become the captivating exotic they needed for the picture Natacha Rambova Valentino was to make.

Myrna had done some extra work meanwhile. The girls at the theatre occasionally danced in pictures. She was fascinated at the idea of this new future. So she serenely quit her job, although Natacha and Rudy hadn't absolutely promised her the coveted lead.

One of Myrna's salient traits is her optimism. She's had discouragements, but I've never known her to be dismayed for more than a few brief moments. She is endowed with a quiet self-confidence. But more valuable is her dogged determination. She never relied on mere luck. I know she hasn't been lucky! She has worked for every advance she's had. She was never lazy, nor moody, as are many artists. Oh, she's grateful for the help she's had. Of course, no one gets anywhere without recognition and boosts from those who are convinced of one's possibilities.

She won the role in Natacha's production, but Rudy died and the film was never released. However, Warners signed her, much to her surprise and joy. She isn't superstitious, by the way. That first contract came on a Friday, the 13th!

Her father's family was furious with me. They wrote, demanding to know why I was permitting Myrna to go ahead like this. Her father had left us enough to live on; she didn't have to do bits in the movies, be "exposed" to the pitfalls of a career. I didn't pay any attention to them, for I sympathized with Myrna. I knew that no one could hurt her against her will. Today, all those who were so upset are so proud of her progress.

Many mothers question me as to what I advised my daughter about men. I was frank with Myrna. Not overly so during her adolescence, because I didn't want her to be calloused to the emotion of love when it eventually sprang into her life. I explained what was necessary and so I retained her full confidence. She knew that she could talk things over with me and that I'd be as sympathetic as a girl friend, and would have more wisdom.

I never put fear into her heart. If I were anxious, and I was once in awhile, I never let her realize it. I never

warned her; I never had to. She was blessed with common sense. When she was waiting for buses or street cars to come home after the show, for instance, no one tried to give her a ride. Obviously, she didn't want to be picked up. It's trite, but a man treats a woman as she wants him to.

Myrna always felt she was in love with this one or that one—those silent crushes I mentioned. One time a friend of mine, in the oil business, said he had an acquaintance, a prominent business man, whom Myrna would find just the sort she wanted for a husband. I told him to save his breath. For Myrna was so wrapped up in her profession that she couldn't care for a man who wasn't in it, too. When she met Arthur Hornblow, and I began hearing about him, I knew that at last she had really fallen in love.

Her husband isn't an opposite type. He and Myrna like the same things. He's a student, just as she is. He, too, would rather read than fritter away time. He has a genuine respect for the arts; his father was a producer of the best dramas in the theatre and he is carrying on in the same way in the pictures he produces.

He is a home man, also, and that binds them together in a common bond. They are completing a beautiful Early American farmhouse in Hidden Valley, a forty-minute drive from the city, and they've schemed out every minute detail together. It isn't to be a Hollywood palace; it centers about a five-acre farm where they can establish a family life to their liking. The outstanding word I can think of to describe it is that it will be comfortable. Myrna's like a child about the swimming pool—they've built it exactly like an old swimming hole!

THEY entertain moderately. As a producer, Arthur naturally has certain obligations, but Myrna still doesn't care for night clubs and dress-up parties. Personally, I've always been very fond of dancing and mixing with people. I used to feel she was missing something by being so studious. But she'd reply, "How can I miss what means nothing to me?"

Myrna hasn't had to acquire style. Being so artistic, she's had a natural eye for proper lines. But she isn't the least bit extravagant about clothes. She buys many dresses ready-made in Los Angeles stores. She wears sports things mostly. When she went to Paris two years ago she didn't return with a lot of clothes; she isn't awed by labels and she didn't like what she saw as well as our American modes.

She didn't have a great deal of fight in her when she started. She still isn't forward, but she has developed spunk as she's climbed, realizing that she has to speak up for her rights in such a competitive business.

Today, she still drives her own roadster, and it's a medium-priced one. She's still canny with her salary, investing it carefully. She isn't a show-off at all and that's why she hasn't much jewelry. Her favorite piece is a funny little bracelet Arthur gave her. Strung on it is a pinpoint diamond engagement ring, a tiny wheelbarrow as a memo of the gardening they're doing, and a couple of other little symbols of their happiness. She would rather vie with him as to which one of them can cook the best dish on the servants' night out than to dine in glamorous state at the Trocadero.

I treasure the compliment she paid me the other day. She said, as we were driving out to see the final touches on her new home, "You never put a stone in my path, Mother."

This Caballero Can Cook!

(Continued from page 99)

FRIJOLES

Take small pink Spanish beans. Wash well, drain and put into large saucepan. Cover with water, about two inches over the top, add a pinch of soda and soak overnight. Next day add as much water as has evaporated and boil three hours in the same water—or until beans can be crushed between thumb and forefinger. Fry a couple of finely chopped onions in vegetable shortening. Add the beans which have been well drained, crushing them slightly with the flat of a spoon. Add salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound ordinary store cheese, grated, also 1 tablespoon chili powder or essence of ground chili. Cook gently until cheese has melted and mixture is well blended.

SALSA SAUCE

Take peeled tomatoes, green peppers and onions, chop very fine and cook in a little water with some vinegar added to it. Season highly with salt and pepper.

BARBECUED MEAT

Get the biggest, tenderest steaks you can lay your hands on and cut about three to four inches thick. Cook on iron bars over barbecue pit, filled with glowing coals. While meat is cooking, you swab it with a sauce made of olive oil, parsley and garlic, using a little stick on which is attached a rag, if you'd be really Spanish. Serve with Salsa Sauce.

TORTILLAS

Take flour, water and butter, or lard. Knead very thoroughly, then make into little balls about half the size of your hand. Flatten these out on hot griddle to about the thickness of a blotter. When partially browned, flop them over and brown partially on other side. Corn meal or part corn meal may be substituted for the flour.

(Note: As Mr. Carrillo forgot to mention the proportions of flour, water, etc., I'm going to suggest that for your Tortillas you try a recipe that I have used which calls for 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon of salt, 2 tablespoons shortening and approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water. Mix in the order given, knead well, allow to stand at room temperature for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, knead again and proceed as directed in previous recipe.)

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I AIN'T SEEN 'EM, MIZ JANE. S'POSE THAT OLE BU'GLAR TOOK 'EM?

3 DID YOU SEARCH HIM SERGEANT? COULD HE HAVE HIDDEN THEM?

DON' CRY, MIZ JANE. EAT YO' QUAKAH PUF'WHEAT. DAT BU'GLAR WAS EATING OUT DIS VERY BOX WHEN THEY CAUGHT HIM—

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Man of the Auer

(Continued from page 43)

radically different from the Russian notion, where an old injury rankles within a man's mind for years. Also, American humor seemed to be founded on ridicule of the adversities of life. It was easy for me to launch into that vein, anxious as I was to forget the life that I had led in my childhood. Around home I clowned. In the theatre, though, which I joined when I was nineteen, I was always cast in tragic or villainous roles. After eight years in Hollywood, the films have at last discovered that I am a comic. But when I act funny for the camera, I am not acting. I am doing just what I do around the house or at parties. I'm getting paid for being myself, not for acting."

If Auer's professional problem seems complex, the break that brought him cinema attention is not. If Gregory La-Cava had not remembered, as he was making "My Man Godfrey," that one of the members of his cast, namely, Mischa Auer, had a panicking "gorilla act," and that he had seen it eight years before at a Hollywood party, Mischa would probably still be not more than a glorified bit player.

There is one reservation to this. About the time of "Godfrey," Rouben Mamoulian cast Auer as a strong, silent Indian, with marked satiric overtones, in "The Gay Desperado." All Auer had to do was to walk around with a heavy expression, a colorful blanket, dank locks, a sugar-loaf hat perched atop his head (in 133-degree-Arizona-desert temperature) and, without saying a word, express disapproval at the waning savagery of Mexican banditry. Auer said for a month he did nothing but lift heavy lids and drop them, witheringly, until he was ready, in his own words, to "commit suicide from boredom."

Mischa didn't do away with himself, however. Instead, when the two films, "My Man Godfrey" and "The Gay Desperado," were released, one on the heels of the other, a new discovery loomed on the Hollywood horizon.

CHESTNUT-HAIRED, pale-faced and black-eyed Auer accepts the news that he is Hollywood's newest funny man with the same fatalism that he accepted his mother's death, of typhus in Constantinople; his flight from Russia with her when word reached them that she was on a Chekov (Bolshevik Secret Police) execution list; that his father had died on a battlefield of the Russo-Japanese War; that, at twelve, he was to be taken with a trainload of children to Siberia as a Communist child-rearing experiment.

Utterly modern, entirely disillusioned, but not at all lacking in a warm, friendly interest in the human race, Auer furls his mournful eyelids and hopes that his success doesn't mean that he will have to attend Hollywood premieres. While he likes a lot of *chi-chi* about his dinner table—gold plates, fine porcelains, finer linens, he lives simply, dresses simply, and is entirely happy with his Canadian-born wife, the former Norma Tillman, and their three-year-old son, Tony.

"I didn't marry for love, you know," he answers a question. "I married for companionship. My wife is the grandest and the funniest person in the world. She clowns around as much as I do, and we're always laughing," continues Auer.

Mischa Auer has other claims to fame besides his recent film success. He is a grandson of the late Leopold Auer, Hun-

garian-born, Russian-naturalized violin instructor to Jascha Heifetz, Mischa Elman, Efram Zimbalist. More than that, with his parents' tragic deaths, his grandfather, who died in 1930, legally adopted him and Mischa assumed his name. Young Auer's real name is Ounskowski. His mother was Leopold Auer's daughter. Mischa, which is short for "Michael," has it figured out that he has Hungarian, Russian, Swedish and Jewish blood.

"Little Michael" was born in St. Petersburg. To this day Mischa (pronounced "Mee-sha") refuses to mention the city of his birth by any other name, although through successive political changes it has become Petrograd and Leningrad. In 1917, when he was twelve, the Red Revolution burst with all its horror upon Russia.

Mischa's family was "petty nobility." They were entitled to a crest and a crown with five prongs on it. Barons had seven prongs on their crowns; counts, nine. Tastefully, the Ounskowskis made no use of their small title, preferring to remain upper-class bourgeoisie. Nevertheless, when revolution broke, Mischa and his mother were immediately listed as aristocrats.

To make all men equal was the Communists' ideal, so, with a number of other children of aristocratic families, Mischa, at twelve, was hauled off to Siberia to be raised according to Communist principles. Fortunately for the children, it was spring when this idea took form. Spring in Siberia is not as bad as winter in that far north land. It was bad enough, however.

But the children, as youngsters often do, became their own saviors. They snatched food as they could, robbed, stole, begged, and soon proved a nuisance to the very people who had high hopes for their transformation from little aristocrats to little Communists. They were soon bundled back onto a train and returned to their homes.

MISCHA'S joy at being again with his mother was short-lived. Soon they were fleeing for their lives. In the days of the Czarist regime, Madame Ounskowski had been active socially. One of her activities had been that of patroness for a musicale. The list of patrons had been headed by one of the Grand Dukes. Scouring about for signs of treason on the parts of their newly-created comrades, the Chekov discovered an old letterhead listing the sponsors of the musicale. The Grand Duke's name was enough to direct suspicion to the patrons and patronesses. Soon the police were searching for all persons whose names appeared on the letterhead.

Weeks later the Ounskowskis found themselves in Turkey. They made their way to Constantinople, then occupied by the British Expeditionary Forces. By the time he was fourteen, Mischa was serving the British Army. He was not actually fighting, but there was plenty of leg work the eager youngster could do in Constantinople.

His mother, too, soon founded a hospital on a nearby island in the Black Sea. It was for refugees, and Mischa joined her there. But the story of Mischa's life, which should ordinarily end on a fairly happy note, speeds on. In Mischa's fourteenth year typhus raged in Southern

Europe. People died like flies. One of the victims was Mischa's mother.

Grief might have overwhelmed many a youngster of his age, but Mischa had long since stopped shedding tears. Crying was a waste of time in the midst of the colossal desolation that his generation had been born into. Mischa prepared to do the last thing he could for his mother... bury her. It was Sunday, and the Sabbath in Turkey is religiously celebrated. Not a shop was open. No one worked. He could get no dray to carry a casket to where his mother's body lay. He walked to the casket-maker's shop and carried his mother's casket home on his back. It was a muscle-tearing, heart-breaking task, but he did it.

Left alone in the midst of pestilence, Mischa thought how he might escape. A few jewels remained in his mother's belongings, which he sold. Then he found his way to Florence, Italy, where a girlhood friend of his mother's lived, married to a local attorney. They welcomed the haggard lad; fed him, clothed him, then cabled his grandfather, Leopold Auer, in New York. The music master sent for his orphaned grandson.

HERE, again, should come a happy ending to a terrible childhood, but, no. Grandpa Auer's secretary met the wrong boat, and Mischa was shunted into Ellis Island. Mischa's first impressions of America were not pretty. Characteristically, he holds nothing against anyone for that experience. Incredible episodes in his life have left him numb to trivial discomforts. Then, too, don't forget the natural fatalism of the Russians, "What is to happen, will happen, and nothing you can do will stop it..."

In New York, Mischa's life at last became that of the normal youngster. He enrolled in the Ethical Culture School, a private institution, concerned with progressive ideas in education. At nineteen Mischa went on the stage. That seemed to be his life work. Now he wants to become a director. He is not without experience in this work. In the East he conducted his own summer stock company, giving one-act plays. On Broadway, he appeared in "The Wild Duck," "The Riddle Woman," "The Kibitzer."

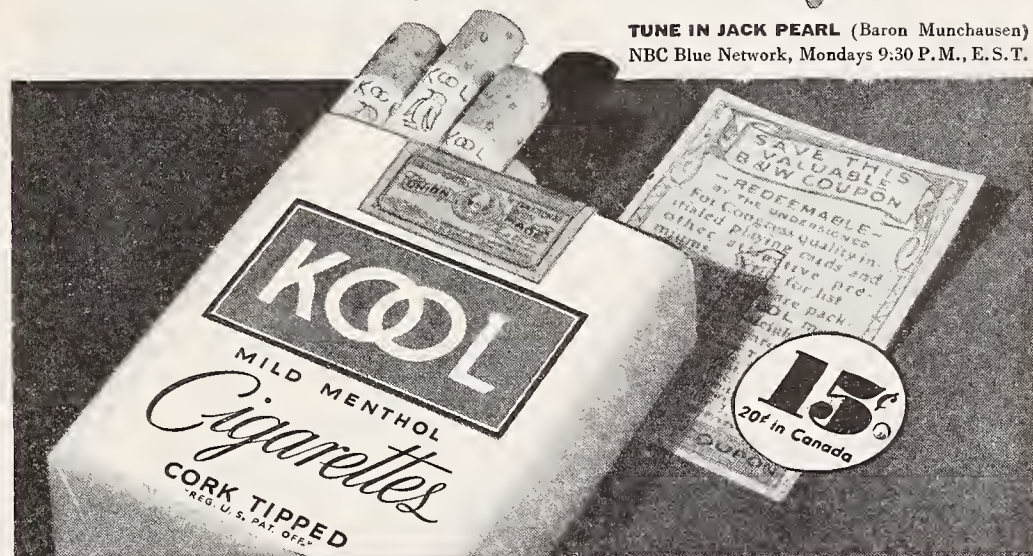
Touring with the Bertha Kallich players brought him to Los Angeles in 1928. Once there, he entered films; displayed villainy in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Clive of India," and others. Now, under long-term contract, Universal has him doing a comedy Hamlet in a night club set-up, with a negro Greek chorus, interpolating and adding the syncopated note, in "Top of the Town." He recites the Soliloquy, and the skull is electrically lighted, the eye sockets blinking on and off. Mischa, with irony, relishes the idea immensely. Also, he relishes the part of the "ham" film actor that he is doing, at the same moment, for Hal Roach's "Pick a Star."

The Auers are naturalized American citizens. His favorite author is the typically American Gene Fowler. Auer's biggest surprise, besides that of his sudden picture popularity, came when an Eastern publisher turned down a lengthy version he had written about his hectic life. The publisher undoubtedly thought that he was exaggerating. That is exactly what Mischa would not bother to do. Why should he, when, in this case, truth is more devastating than fiction?

... Next month—exclusive fashion pictures of Anita Louise, taken at her home.

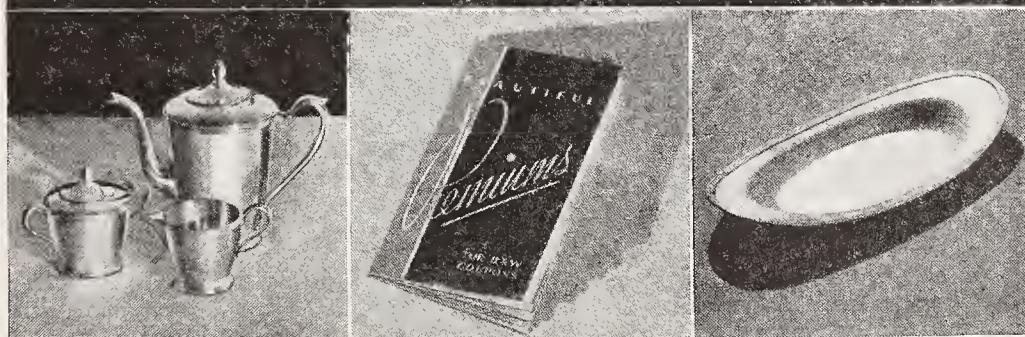
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Don't Talk About It—Do It!

(Continued from page 53)

fattening foods the same way. Don't jolt and jar your pampered system by a world-shaking change in diet right off.

I would say that two weeks after your big resolution goes into effect, you ought to be on a sensible reducing diet, sticking to it faithfully, and not minding it a particle. That means fruit or fruit juice, a slice of thin toast, and one cup of black coffee for breakfast. Clear soup and a salad for lunch. A dinner consisting of a decent-sized piece of broiled or roasted lean meat, two or three green vegetables—all you want of them—and a non-fattening dessert. According to the urgency of your weight-losing problem, you can tighten or slacken this diet schedule. If you're not such an enormous person, you can have a piece of pie or cake or a small dish of ice cream now and then or a couple of soft-boiled eggs at breakfast time.

THIN girls should be eating three healthy, nourishing meals a day and liking it. A breakfast of fruit, cereal with cream and sugar, two boiled or poached eggs (if you can eat eggs), a couple of slices of toast with butter and jam, and a beverage. Luncheon may be light, but must be nourishing. A thick soup. A salad of greens or mixed fruits. Or some hot dish instead of the salad, these cold days. A simple dessert and a glass of milk. Another glass of milk, or a malted drink with an egg beaten up in it, in the middle of the afternoon or when you leave the office. A dinner consisting of a soup, any broiled or roasted meat (and liver is good for you, if you're anaemic), two green vegetables with butter on them, a starch, a salad if you want it, and for dessert a light pudding, ice cream, plain cake, or custard. No coffee at night.

If you're worried about your complexion, remember that diet is half the battle. Green vegetables, fruit, and fruit juices should form the bulk of your diet, with a couple of glasses of milk every day if you're not a fat girl. Drink lots of water. Try cutting down to a minimum on coffee and cigarettes and see if that muddy look doesn't disappear like magic.

Please don't be lazy about cleansing your face thoroughly and meticulously before you go to bed. Most of the skin damage in this world is caused by dirt and ingrained make-up. And, aside from that, if your skin is over-dry, over-oily, or broken out, you should apply corrective measures to do good work for you while you're asleep. And that reminds me of a swell new beauty whats-it which has many virtues and no faults, as far as I can find. Maybe I'd better start a new paragraph on this, for I want to explain one small point rather carefully.

THERE'S an excellent cream and powder made by these people. Both the cream and powder have antiseptic, corrective qualities and are just the thing for you if you want to doctor your skin and at the same time, not have to go around looking like a fright without make-up. I have some samples of the powder which I will be glad to send to you. I haven't any samples of the cream, but would be glad to give you the name of it if you wish to buy it. It isn't expensive and it really is good—worth every penny.

Now here's what I want you to do, if you'd like a sample of the powder and the name of the cream: Fill in the coupon at the end of this article and address your

request to Beauty Department, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Leave off the Mary Marshall entirely. This is simply to speed up the handling of these requests. You needn't enclose return postage in your requests for this sample, either. No, remember that: if you want the sample, just fill in the coupon and paste it on a penny postcard, if you like, addressed to "Beauty Department," as I've told you. If you wish to write to me about other things, then address another letter to Mary Marshall and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The powder, incidentally, comes in all the regular shades, so state what shade you desire. Use it just like any powder—but pul-leeze, pul-leeze, if your skin is in bad shape, use fresh bits of cotton to powder your face and toss away that grimy, if beloved, old puff. I know—I know—nothing gets powder on as slick and smooth as that dear old dilapidated lamb's wool puff, but you must expect to make some sacrifices in this world, you know.

Here I am, as usual, with eighteen things I want to talk about and insufficient time to do any one of them justice. But M. M. does want to say a thing or two about general grooming.

First, if your funds are limited, do everything you can do well enough all by yourself. Shampoos. Waves. Manicures. I'm not trying to put the beauty parlors out of business, but I do think, when you must count the pennies, that beauty parlor assistance should be saved for the time when you really need it. And then—and then, my hearties, don't skimp and pinch by going to a cheap, second-rate place. You can't economize on a permanent, as I've said five thousand times. But any gal can shampoo her own hair. And, if she's handy at all, she can learn to set a wave. She can get a professional manicure every two weeks, instead of every week, and keep her nails up to par herself in the interim. The too-common method is to dash to the manicurist of a Saturday afternoon—have beautiful looking mitts for two days—and then let the old wear and tear of soap and water or typewriter keys or what-have-you do their dirty work without attempting in the least to keep one's nails looking presentable. The cuticle oil made by that well-known manufacturer of manicure aids is grand for keeping the nails looking nice. The cream polishes are so easy to apply that you can change your polish frequently. Likewise, the various wave-sets will do wonders to help you keep a permanent in order—and you save that fifty or seventy-five cents every time you use it. The soapless shampoos are grand for the quick shampoos in between the thorough shampoos. The little net caps to wear to bed of nights will "save" a wave a surprisingly long time. Oh, yeah, sure, you read about these things in beauty columns and in the ads and you think, "I'll get one of those—some time. I'll do that—some time." Don't talk about it—do it!

ANOTHER point of general grooming: remember that others can see you from every angle. We're too much inclined to regard ourselves in one dimension only. Your hair, for example, may look swell, front view, with that bang, but scrutinize it carefully from a side view and don't roll the bang with a hat. If you have a wail curl at the back of your neck, make sure it doesn't cut you off too much—

make you look as if you had no neck, in other words. Remember to blend the powder down into your neck when you powder your face. How many necks I do see of a slightly different shade from the face. It looks very odd, to others, even though you don't think of it yourself.

A little while back I said I was going to refer to the five gals on pages 52 and 53. Well, on further reflection, I don't know just exactly what helpful suggestions I can cull from them. They're picture people, after all, and they live in a picture world. They have advantages which you have not. But these few things may give you an inspiration or two.

The first time I met Olivia de Havilland, she was no more like the girl she is today than I'm like Shirley Temple. That quiet, rather mousey, not particularly well dressed youngster, is now an exquisite girl. You might think nothing could change those lovely soft brown eyes, but careful eyebrow grooming has enhanced them. And she has learned to speak more slowly. And she wears her hair off her face. These seem like small points, but they've definitely glamorized her personality. Olivia's hair is the same color it has always been and she doesn't wear a lot of goo and make-up off-screen. The changes she has made in herself have been natural, sensible changes.

I can say nothing in praise of young Beverly Roberts except that, one year ago, I'd never heard of her and now I know she's going places. The only answer to that is the amount of work the youngster has put in in one year. Dancing lessons, singing lessons, lessons in speech. And when she's not working, she's sitting on the set watching others work and learning what she can from them.

When Rosalind Russell started out to carve a career for herself, she chose one thing to specialize in. She wore good clothes. She realized sensibly that, though good-looking, she wasn't world-shakingly beautiful. She had faith in her own talents—but there are thousands of talented girls. So she concentrated on clothes and theatrical producers came to depend upon her when they wanted a smart, chic person, if it were only for a "bit." And now, as you can see for yourself, Roz ain't playing bits no mo'.

Gail Patrick has always been a really strikingly good-looking girl, but nobody paid much attention to her until recently. I think it's because she has pared off all trimmings from her clothes and has made her coiffure rather simple and severe.

And, finally, my chillun, Alice "Cutiepie" Faye offers a small hint to all small, cute, cuddly girls. Alice is still small, cute and cuddly, but changing the violent platinum hair to a more believable shade has helped to make her sweeter—more—well, I guess "refined" is the only word.

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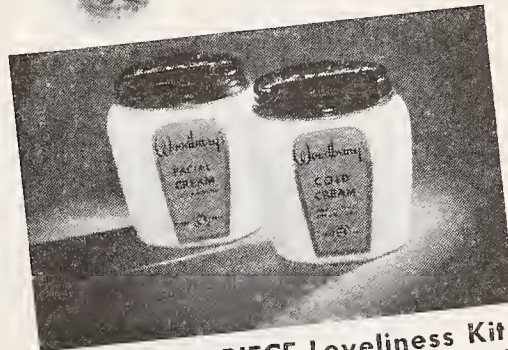
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The Farmer Takes the Show

(Continued from page 49)

important enough to her to stand all this, Frances said, after she wrote an essay in her sophomore year at high school.

"It was entitled 'God Dies,'" she chuckled, "and won me the disapproval of the faculty and students, while I was thoroughly ostracized from the Epworth League. But the really important thing I won was a hundred dollars from the Scholastic Journal for my brain-wave. I decided then and there to become a writer. And," she added with a grin, "since I made up my mind at this time to write nothing but classics, I thought a college education might be a help."

But a position on the college paper changed the course of her ambitions. In a dramatic review she criticized a college play so thoroughly that the irate leading lady suggested that Miss Farmer try to do as well. So in the next college play Miss Farmer did considerably better. And from then on she devoted every spare moment to dramatics.

And how, we wondered, did Frances have time to find a spare moment?

"Well, I saved time in different ways," she explained. "I didn't join any organizations for one thing. Even the dramatic ones, after I found that hours were spent consuming tea and speculating on what the 'theatah' was coming to. I was regarded as kind of peculiar around the campus, I guess, because I didn't waste time doing anything I didn't want to."

We asked how it felt to go back to Seattle as a successful moving picture actress when "Come And Get It" was previewed there. Frances and all the principals were sent up there by the studio, you know, when the picture had its world premiere.

"It was an awful experience," was Frances' surprising answer. "A mere handful of people knew me when I left town, and then I came back to find fans swarming all over the place. It does something to you. You wonder how people can get like that. Of course, I had my real friends there, but the ones who made the greatest demonstration were those who had barely

known I was in existence previously.

BUT that's what this picture business does," she continued thoughtfully, "they 'go Hollywood' all over the country in connection with movies. I know they expected me to turn up looking pretty glamorous, and even though I looked just like I did when I left, they were convinced that I must have changed in some mysterious way. And the truth of the matter is, that I'm just as I was at that time—rather bad at clothes, pretty sloppy, and forgetting to put any make-up on half the time. And I still drive my rattle-trap car, live in a very modest house, do most of my own housework, and haven't gone to a night club yet."

Lots of things had happened to Frances since she left her home town a year ago. She had traveled 12,000 miles to make that 1200 mile trip from Seattle to the film capital. The detour had been to Russia, —a trip won through a Seattle newspaper contest.

"But I really went to Russia to get to New York—and ended up in Hollywood!" she laughed. "You see, when the opportunity came for this trip it looked like a long shot to me, because I'd been dying to try out the New York stage ever since my first interest in dramatics."

A communist paper in Seattle had offered the prize for the best essay written by a Washington student. The winner was to cover the May Day celebrations in Moscow and come back to enlighten the university students on the joys of being a Red.

"But I'm afraid I was rather a bad bet," Frances said ruefully. "Guess I developed into too much of a radical, because I not only failed to come back and spread the light, but I didn't come back at all."

On the boat she met a man who arranged a screen test in New York for her and suddenly Frances found herself in Hollywood under contract.

"I'm still a little vague about the whole thing," she said. "The entire trip took less than three months and I really didn't



Richard Dix tells the Missus a good one at the Zukor Anniversary dinner. They're a seldom publicized but very happy couple. Mrs. Dix's coiffure has a flight of birds across the front—very fetching

realize how much fun I'd had until I got back and had time to think about it. It wasn't exactly a de luxe trip," she added, "since I went by bus to New York and third class all the way, but it seemed like a millionaire set-up to me."

FRANCES isn't a bit sorry that Hollywood was her stop instead of New York, though she still has one main ambition in life and that is to act on the New York stage. She's under a six-year contract at the studio and in that time feels that she will receive invaluable training for her ultimate goal.

From the first day at the studio Frances Farmer was regarded as someone to be reckoned with. Not because she showed signs of genius or temperament, but because she had all the marks of being an individual—who intended to stay that way. Invitations to night spots, premieres and other festivities were turned down by Frances right and left, with the announcement that she preferred her own company to most of the young men around town and vastly preferred a good book to a good drink. The studio tore its hair—how were they to get this new actress in the gossip columns if she spent her evenings with books—and particularly good ones?

Frances also let the publicity department know that she would not pose for bathing suit pictures known as "leg art" in the Hollywood vernacular—and the studio's sure-fire method of getting new actresses in the papers.

"Marlene Dietrich didn't refuse," she was told icily.

"'Legs Dietrich' has a definitely more glamorous sound than 'Legs Farmer'," responded Frances equally icily.

"Ha!" said the publicity department, "then we'll change your name to something more enticing. How about Lotta Latour? Then you'd be known as Legs Latour—how's that, eh?"

"Thanks," said Frances, "but when I get ready to change my name I'll do it myself." And the next week she did just that. Much to the consternation of the studio's harassed publicity department, she quietly eloped to Yuma one week-end with another Paramount player—a six-foot-four Viking named Leif Erikson.

Hollywood is perhaps the most blasé town in the world, but this elopement caused genuine surprise. For it had been just a short time since Frances had announced herself as entirely unimpressed by the masculine element in Hollywood.

"I prefer my own company," she had said, "to the company of any young men in this town. I certainly don't care for the crop of boys who arrived to show me the town on my arrival."

Then came the morning a couple of weeks later when Frances Farmer changed her mind. Late for work, she and her Ford came tearing up the street and turned in to the Paramount gates. So did another car, coming as fast and rattling as hard. With a screeching of brakes the two antiquated models skidded to a standstill and their respective drivers turned to glower at each other.

"Seems to me you could look where—" the handsome young man in the other car began growling.

"Well, it seems to *me*," began Frances in her most ominous voice.

There was a deafening toot of horns and the two turned to look angrily at the cars lined up behind them—all limousines with disdainful chauffeurs. Leif began grinning and Frances' mouth quivered. Then they looked at each other and burst into helpless laughter.

"Go ahead!" said Leif, waving Frances through the gate. "But wait for me!" he yelled after her.



It wasn't the March wind that chilled him... 'twas the touch of her dry, chapped Hands

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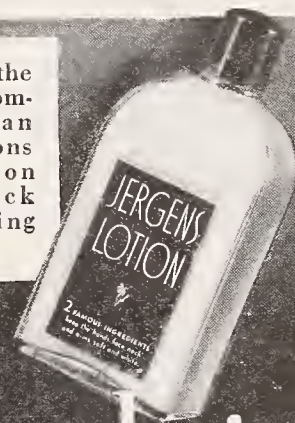
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Hollywood's debutante set is a very active crowd. Billiards is a favorite evening pastime—here are Barbara Pepper and Anne Shirley showing how it's done in sister act effect.

"And from that minute to this, we've had grand times together," said Frances. "Working or loafing we seem to get along like the best of friends. Of course, I suppose any girl could get along with Leif—but I'm glad I was the one to get the chance!"

Leif Erikson had been under contract to the studio just a few months longer than Frances. With music his main interest in life, he had started out as soloist with Ted Fio Rito's famed orchestra in San Francisco. Then he was offered a role in Max Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl and after touring with this company for several months was signed by Paramount. He had played small roles in several pictures, but was still taking dramatic instruction from Phyllis Loughton, the studio's coach, when he met Frances. It developed that Frances was studying, too. From that time on they arranged to be rehearsal partners.

"We were terribly serious about our work," said Frances, "even to devoting our evenings to practicing our roles for the next day's lessons. One night Leif came over to my apartment with a script. We started in with too much enthusiasm, though," she added with that low, merry laugh so typical of Frances. "It called for me to berate him in no uncertain tones. I did this with such dramatic fervor that we didn't hear the pounding on the door until it was suddenly opened and in streamed half a dozen tenants. They told Leif either to act like a gentleman or leave the place at once!"

It was a month after their first meeting that the two decided on their Yumatrimonial trip. They drove to the little Arizona desert town one week-end and were quietly married by the justice of peace.

"It was a terrifying experience to have such a fuss made over our marriage when we returned," Frances said. "But even if I was in Hollywood I wanted to marry the man I loved. I just can't exactly see this idea of giving up matrimony because it might cause a slump in your fan mail."

In spite of the tumult and shouting, the Eriksons went about finding themselves a home. They chose a small place in Laurel

Canyon, close to Hollywood, and set up housekeeping.

"That is after a fashion," amended Frances. "Our first investment wasn't an overstuffed set for the living-room but a rather rickety second-hand boat so we could explore the neighboring sea coast. You see, Leif comes from sea-faring people—his father was commander of a fleet of ships in the North Pacific. And I'm crazy about anything to do with the wild waves—the wilder the better."

That's what Frances thought, but the studio thought it plain reckless, particularly after these two collided with an oil tanker one dark and windy night, and had to be rescued by a fishing barge when their skiff capsized.

There are clauses in studio contracts, you know, which prevent players from doing anything that might prove hazardous to their careers. The Eriksons were reminded of this little legal technicality and the suggestion was made that they get rid of the boat. So they traded it in for a motorcycle. With a side-car attached they planned to take week-end jaunts into the desert and mountains and sleep under the stars.

"Leif had never driven a motorcycle before, so I was a little surprised to see him drive up in it the first day," Frances explained. "However, we went on a grand ride and enjoyed ourselves immensely."

The next day when they drove merrily to work in it, the subject of clauses was again brought up. Needless to say, the Eriksons and their motorcycle parted company.

"It really doesn't matter to us, anyhow," she laughed, "because we can have just as good a time in a hundred other ways. Fortunately, we both like the same things—hiking and swimming and pot-luck suppers with friends, or just dashing off to the movies. Simple things, all of them, and stupid compared to Hollywood's ideas of a big time. But we like to go our own way."

"In fact," said Frances Farmer thoughtfully, "I don't think my husband, my marriage or myself are in any danger of 'going Hollywood.'"

She's in Debt

(Continued from page 55)

concerts. She opened a door for me and, although she blinded my young eyes with the light she let through, she did show me that light."

Gladys paused a moment, her dark head bent in thought. Frank Chapman said, "The football players come next. Don't forget them."

"You were a football player yourself," laughed Gladys, her laughter loving him, "a football player turned singer. But before the football players there was the flutist—"

"We will *not* discuss the flutist," said Frank, firmly. "There is nothing romantic about a flutist."

"But he was the very best flutist," pleaded Gladys.

"The flutist is out," affirmed Frank. The flutist was out. But in the tender mockery in the eyes that Gladys turned upon her husband, I gathered that the flutist, though blue-pencilled, had contributed some color to the girlhood memories which Gladys Swarthout remembers today.

THE football players, then," smiled Gladys, "accomplished a paradox in my life. They nearly ruined my career forever and, at one and the same time, they gave me my career.

"It was like this: I was a football fan, the most rabid of the species. I never missed a game. At every game, of course, I yelled my lungs out. I screamed until my throat was scraped raw. I not only went to all the games, with first one football hero and then another, but I also went to the dances and parties afterward. I neglected my practicing. Miss Vickers, my mother and sister were frantic. They saw my career going down in the dust of the football field. They began to take action. They did take action and so . . ."

"And so you really owe your voice, your career to your football players," supplied Frank. "Had it not been for them and the danger that threatened your voice, you might have remained indefinitely in Kansas City and on the concert platform."

"That is true," Gladys said. "And then comes the Harroun family. This wealthy Kansas City family, two sisters and a brother, believed in me to such an extent that they backed me financially. They sent



Jack La Rue took Chris London to the "Lloyds of London" preview. They kinda resemble one another, don't they?



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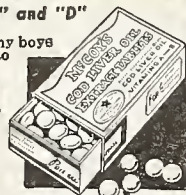
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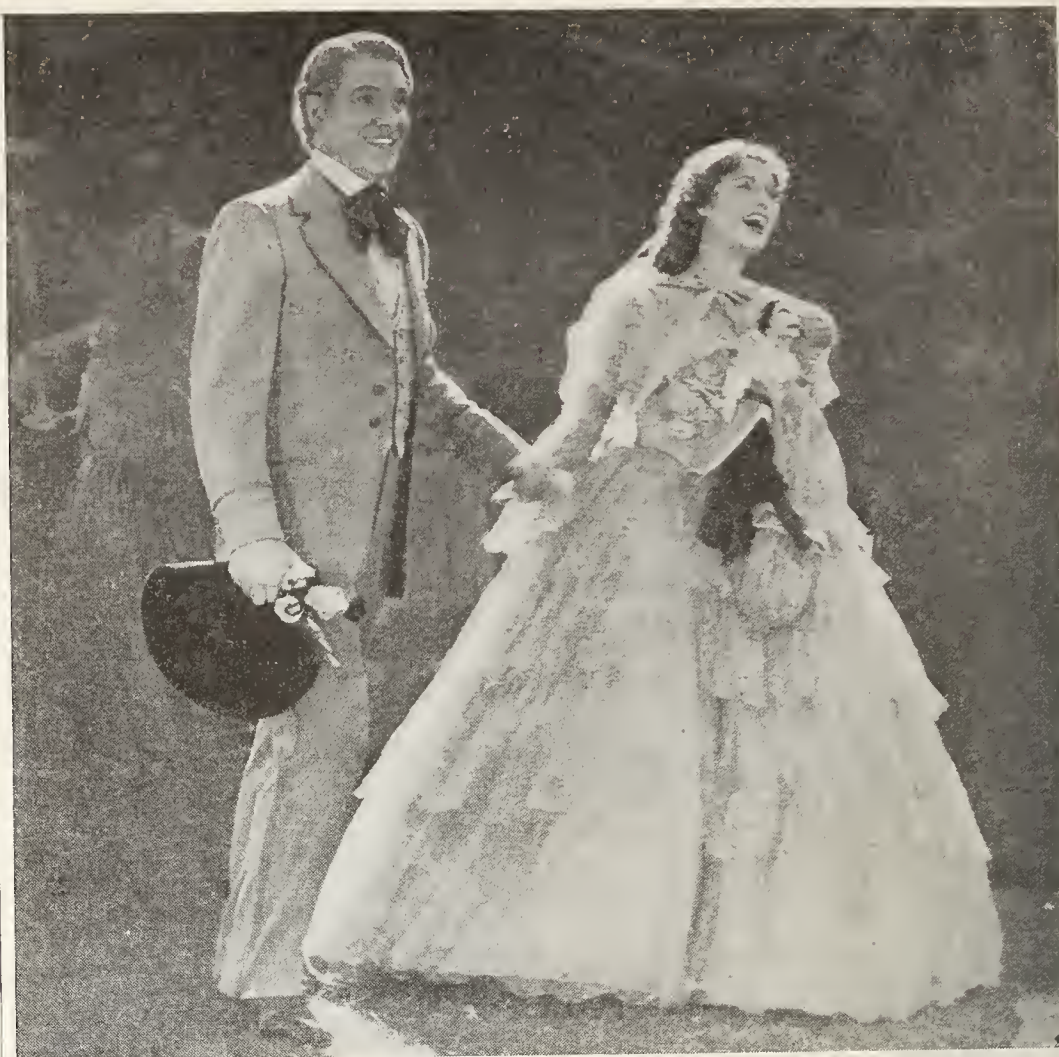
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Eddy-MacDonald fans! Here's a perfectly grand shot of your favorites from "Maytime." Nelson looks unusually handsome and Jeanette is charming in the costumes of the period.

me to Chicago to study. They sent not only me, but my mother and sister as well. They spared no expense and imposed no restrictions. I have repaid the financial debt in full. On the night I made my debut at the 'Met' I signed the check which cleared my monetary debt to them. But the debt of friendship, the debt I owe them for their belief in me, goes on my list of forever unpaid debts. One of the sisters passed away just before I went back to Kansas City to sing. This very morning a wire came telling me that the other sister is gone. So, tonight, I am trying to repay that debt a little in my thoughts, in my memory, in my heart. Even though they are gone, the debt remains. Perhaps I can repay it only by realizing that I never can, if you know what I mean."

A silence fell on the quiet room. The butler removed the tea things. Gladys rose and sat, curled on the fireside stool, her back to the flames.

She continued, "Oddly enough, the man who is now President of Paramount Pictures is my next creditor. He gave me my first job on any stage, in Chicago, in the movie houses of which he was the head. I acted, danced and sang. For years I was ashamed to talk about this, I think it was because my mother, a very strict churchgoer, felt that pictures, dancing, acting in a theatre were in the nature of a sin. At any rate, to Mr. Balaban, who has doubtless forgotten all about it, I owe my first job. I also owe to him the opportunity to take two days leave of absence so that I might go to Minneapolis and sing with the Minneapolis Symphony. His understanding the willingness to give an 'employee' a chance when that chance presented itself, was something to be thankful for.

"Don't forget Mr. Rider," reminded Frank.

"Oh, I won't. Mr. Rider knew everyone connected with music in Chicago, and he saw to it that I met them, too. He dragged me almost literally by the hair of my head, to the Chicago Auditorium, the 'Met' of Chicago, to have an audition. I protested every inch of the way. I still held fast to my vision of opera—some day. But that was still very far in my future, I thought. I didn't know one operatic role. Nevertheless, he took me. I sang arias. I was engaged. That summer I learned twenty-three operatic roles. So to Mr. Rider I owe the debt of making my vision not just a nebulous thing, but a definite one. He made me realize that there is no time like the present. His insistence that I have that audition actually opened the gates of opera for me.

DURING that first season in Chicago, I sang with Mary Garden and Chaliapin and, oh, the debts I owe to them! At that time I knew very little about dramatics. What with learning all my roles and rehearsing them and studying languages, I had no time to be coached in the acting end of it. And to Miss Garden I owe what I learned then. She took such an interest in me. She advised me to watch every rehearsal I was not in so that I might learn what not to do.

"The first stand-in part I ever had was for her. She was singing 'The Love of Three Kings.' There was a scene where the King had to lift her from a marble bench, dead, and carry her from the stage. She had to be limp, her hands flopping lifelessly. She wanted to see how a limp body would look. She asked me to do the role for her while she sat out front and

observed. I did it. To Mary Garden I owe the debt of thoroughness.

To the one and only Chaliapin, I owe the sense of responsibility, the debt," laughed Gladys Swarthout, "of being nervous every time I step onto the opera stage, the concert platform, a movie set or into a broadcasting station. You may say that this is a sorry debt and one not to be valued. Oh, no.

"You see, that first season in opera, in Chicago, I was never nervous on the stage. I sang more roles than anyone has ever sung in any one season, I believe. Not a tremor did I have. It was the casualness of youth, I suppose. It was a matter of where there was no sense there was no feeling. Whatever the reason, I had no sense of stage fright, no self-consciousness, no pit-of-the-stomach fear.

"One night when I was about to go on as Siebel with Chaliapin, in 'Faust.' I was standing by waiting for my cue when I saw Chaliapin pacing up and down, off-stage, shaking, his face green. I was afraid. I thought he had been taken ill. I asked someone what ailed him. I was told that was Chaliapin, that he was always nervous before he went on, so nervous that he shook, because he felt that he must sustain his previous attainments. He felt the full sense of that great responsibility. And I remember standing there, realizing that I was learning a new lesson. For there was the great Chaliapin, shaking, nervous lest he fail, and there was I, cool, casual, romping confidently onto the stage.

"From that night on, I have been nervous before every performance, of every kind, everywhere. I suffer stage fright. I suffer from a sense of responsibility, not so much to myself as to my cast, to my audiences. Chaliapin taught me that only out of pain can you give the best that

is in you.

"Do you see what I mean?" Gladys asked. "Do you see how little I am myself, alone? I am made up of component parts, each part given to me by the people who have been my donors. I am simply the sum total of the gifts they have given me."

WITH her eyes on the eyes of Frank Chapman, who gave her an affirmative nod, she continued, "I owe a debt I can never repay to the man who was my first husband. He was older than I and so very wise. I owe him a debt which can never be cancelled—not on this earth because he is gone. He gave me the gift of believing utterly in myself and in the gift he felt that I had to give to the world. No sacrifice was too great for him to make for that gift. I might easily, when I married, have given up my career. He would not let me do this. He gave me the humble conviction that my career was not a thing to be sold for gold, but a trust imposed upon me, a faith I must keep.

"I owe to Frank, perhaps more than anything else, the debt of knowing that the living of life is good—a life in which everything is shared. For we do share everything, our work, our ambitions, our plans and problems and even our innermost thoughts. Frank cured me of my inhibitions."

Frank, at this point, muttered something about a phone call which had to be made and departed. Gladys said, smiling, "He needn't be modest and retiring about it. It's all true. He gives me our home life which is peaceful, normal and organized. I can't imagine what it would be like to be alone, so absolutely are we together in everything. We work every morning from nine until twelve. An accompanist comes

in and we take turns in our practicing.

We lunch together and discuss our mornings' work, in detail. In the afternoons we play tennis or golf, ride, go shopping or just sit in the sun and talk. We never seem to tire of talking endlessly, together. We always go shopping together. I wouldn't dream of buying a frock or even a pair of gloves unless Frank were with me. I bought five hats, alone, sort of by accident, last week, and Frank sent every one of them back—but every one. We like the same people, have the same friends. We entertain at dinner and dine out. Usually with the Fredric Marches, Grace Moore and her husband, Rhea Gable, or the Bob Montgomerys.

"People argue about whether there is such a thing as the truly good life," said Gladys Swarthout with the happy smile of the woman who is content. "I owe Frank the debt of knowing that there is—because we live it together."

THERE are our friends in Hollywood. New friends who have become old friends already. Gloria Swanson, for instance, has been a friend. She has given us her sound knowledge of the business in all of its complicated phases. She has helped us work out our problems. She has introduced us to her friends who have become our friends also.

"I owe Marlene Dietrich a debt, too, for when we first went to Paramount she was friendly and welcoming. She was always popping in and out of our dressing-room with little gifts—flowers and home-made cakes she made herself. She went out of her way to make us feel at home."

"She often," contributed Frank, who had returned by this time, "would stand with me outside the door when Gladys was recording. I have seen her eyes fill with



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ASWELL TIME in the out of doors is no reason for a skin all scuffed and flaky looking for your swanky evening date.

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Mrs. William L. Mellon, Jr.

says: "After Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder goes on evenly and stays looking fresh. I use it overnight, too, after cleansing."

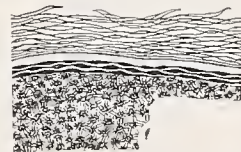
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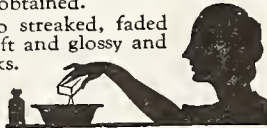
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



Stories about Jeanette MacDonald, Herbert Marshall and Kay Francis in our April issue.

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She lost 6 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips and 6 in. off bust. She lost avoidable reducible overweight and regularized elimination.

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tears as she said, "If only I could sing like that!"

"There is Jan Kiepura," grinned Frank. "Don't forget him. All right, I'll say it for you. Your only outburst of temperament was caused by him. You should really acknowledge that debt, you know."

"Oh," said Gladys, "perhaps we shouldn't—but you see, we'd been having such difficulties with 'Give Us This Night.' Kiepura kept going up on his lines and going up. We shot one scene sixty-four times and he went up every time. I was tired and I finally lost control. I stood there on the sound stage and for the first time in my life, I went prima-donnaish. I shouted, I'm afraid, and said that we were not children but adults who were getting good money for what we were doing and that it was up to us to do it and that if we

didn't I would walk off the stage and the scene would never be taken. The next take was a *take!*

"We owe Hollywood many debts, really. A debt of gratitude for the lovely home life it gives us, for me—" Gladys looked at Frank and laughed.

"Gladys means for the checks she receives," prompted Frank. "She still can't believe it's true. Each one is a new surprise to her."

"Do you wonder that I say I am in debt? Head over heels in debt? Do you wonder, now, that I asked a little help of you and of MODERN SCREEN in helping us to repay our debts which can never be cancelled while we are alive?"

Gladys Swarthout has paid her debts but she is lovelier because she doesn't know it.

A Schoolmarm Looks at Hollywood

(Continued from page 39)

and intrigue. I wanted to be a Mata Hari, if necessary. I wanted to be enmeshed in international conspiracies. If this did not work out, I wanted to be an actress. Either career seemed to me then, as now, the most colorful, most vital, most powerful life I could discover for myself.

"And power is what I want," said the beautiful Madeleine. "I wanted it then. I want it now. My ambition for power has never changed. I knew that I could never be content to be a wife and mother and nothing else. There are many women who are satisfied with wifehood and motherhood, and more power to them. But I am, whether fortunately or unfortunately, not made that way. I want children, of course, but I want my career, too.

"But my father's wish compelled me to continue my studies. He was a teacher of languages and his dearest dream was that I might win such scholastic honors that, eventually, I might attend the Sorbonne in Paris from which he had graduated."

Madeleine didn't attend the Sorbonne, but she was a precocious child and she did win an entrance to Birmingham University at an age when most girls are looking ahead to high school. After receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree from Birmingham, establishing a brilliant record in the study of French, and, more than incidentally, an equally brilliant record in university theatricals, she accepted a teaching position in a girls' seminary at Brighton.

"I kept my bargain with my father," Madeleine was saying, "to enter the field of pedagogy for a year. And, then, the year about up, and lacking as much as the seven dollars railway fare needed to take me to London, I answered an ad in a newspaper for a tutor and got the job. My pupils were the six children of a secondhand clothing dealer. My salary was three dollars and fifty cents a week. I worked just long enough to be able to get to London and to keep myself there for a few weeks.

"I went to London to be an actress. I went, also, to privations, discouragements, actual hunger. I know what it is to live on 'fish and chips.' I know what it is not even to have 'fish and chips.' I ate only when I couldn't stand the pangs of hunger any longer. When I was literally down to my last cent, I landed a small role in a play called, fittingly, 'The Lash,' which was being cast for a tour of the provinces. My salary was fifteen dollars a week.

When the company disbanded, after appearing in third-class theatres almost everywhere, I modeled hats while waiting for another stage job.

I TRAMPED the streets of London between hats. I made the rounds of agents and producers. I was too thinly clad. I was hungry. I was friendless. I looked as I look now, perhaps a bit spiritualized from lack of sustenance. No one cared. I didn't care either. I didn't care because I was living at the quick. Hunger and loneliness and fear and job hunting, even discouragement and despair, are basic emotions. They are the prods and pressures of necessity and necessity is life. I was far happier than I was in the days when I had had my snug little weekly salary at school, my board and keep.

"I want to live while I am alive," Madeleine told me. "I want to live dynamically, dangerously. I'd rather starve than stagnate."

"It was Seymour Hicks, the actor-producer, who finally gave me the job that started me. He coached me and gave me increasingly important roles in his touring company. When I had a bid to play opposite Robert Lorraine in London, he graciously gave me permission to accept the part. It was during rehearsals that, one of one hundred and fifty applicants, I made my first screen test and was chosen for the leading role in a screen drama called, 'Guns of Loos.' I next made 'The First Born,' directed by Myles Mandets. This was, undoubtedly, the real turning point of my career. Then the fan mail began to come in and the British fans became Carroll-conscious.

"I've never been hungry again," smiled Madeleine over her vegetable luncheon. "I did many stage plays. I made for the screen 'What Money Can Buy,' 'The Crooked Billet,' 'School for Scandal,' 'Young Woodley,' 'I Was a Spy,' 'The 39 Steps,' 'The Secret Agent,' and others. Then I came to Hollywood.

"If you really want to know what an ex-British school teacher thinks of Hollywood," smiled Madeleine, "it is that everything which has been said about it and a great deal which has been thought about it are false.

"Yes, the glamor of Hollywood has been stressed. One hears of the gay parties, gay people, vast and incredible sums of money, swimming pools, fantastic people living fantastic lives. Hollywood money. Hollywood hysteria. Hollywood madness.

But that is not Hollywood at all—not as a British school teacher sees it.

"I see Hollywood," said Madeleine trenchantly, "as the seat of great power. I see it as a power which might be used in almost any way, any direction. I see it as a mighty and muscular hand with ability to shape and guide and mediate peoples and problems and policies—everywhere. I see it as an influence, the substantial weight and strength of which has never been used or tried. I see Hollywood as a supreme world dictator, a dominant and controlling force.

"We, on the screen, have a far greater power, I think, than we have fully realized or half used."

"You mean," I said doubtfully, "political power?"

"It could be used for that," said Madeleine. "It could be used in almost any way we might choose to use it. Most of us have chosen to use it only in the emotional sense.

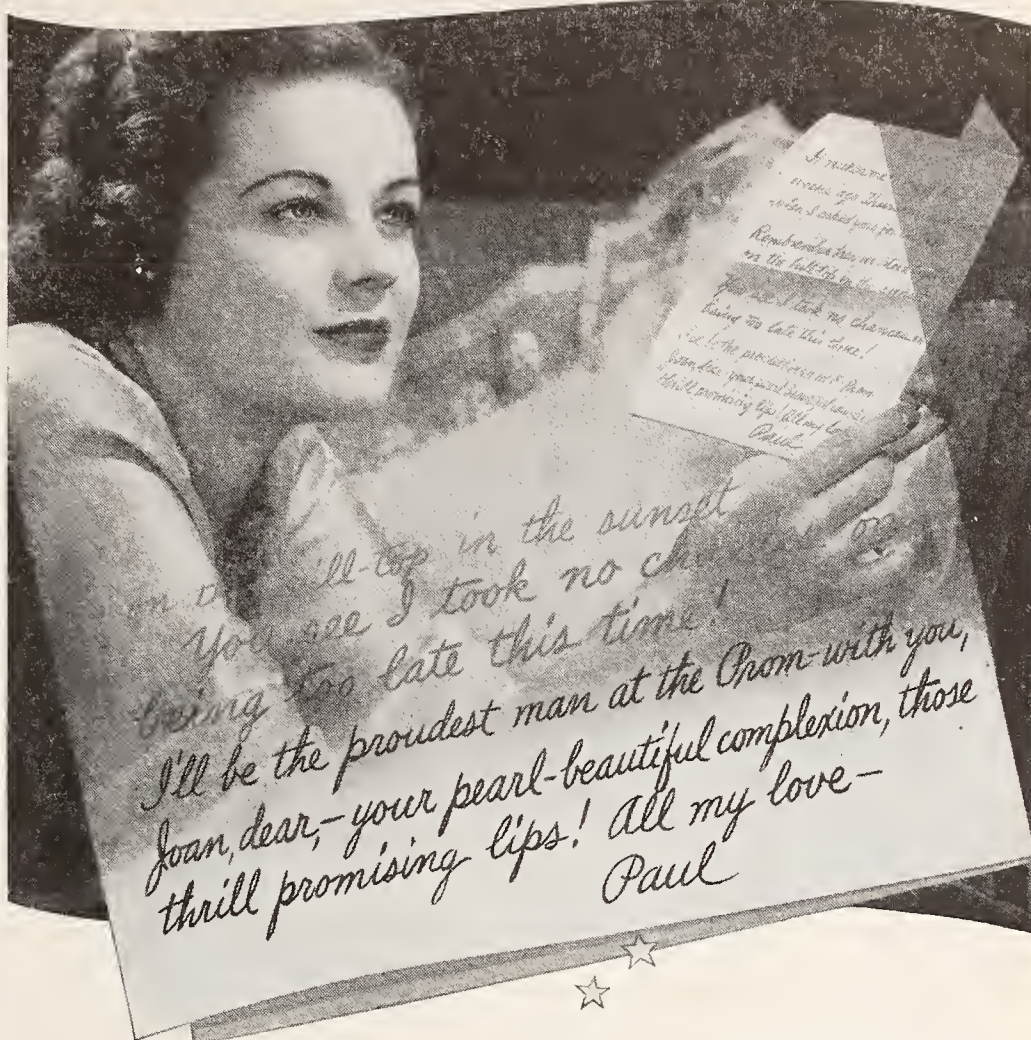
"When I was in England recently, I accepted an offer to tour and lecture in cinema theatres in Northern England. I spoke of political matters, of war and peace. The reaction which I got from that brief experience was fiercely illuminating. I got that reaction because I was Madeleine Carroll, screen actress, whom the power, prestige and the press of Hollywood had made an international figure. I could have stood, my whole life through, on school platforms and given my heart and brain away and never have achieved half of what I did achieve as Madeleine Carroll from Hollywood.

IT has often been a source of amazement to me that the fans do not resent us, especially after the recent difficult years when, impoverished, the world might well resent Hollywood and its denizens, their affluence, their luxuries, their opulent housing and gowning and furring and jewellery. But I am beginning to understand. They do not resent us because they feel that we belong to them. Our luxury is their luxury; they share it with us. Our loves are their loves. I am accessible to the millions of men who see me. To the millions of girls who see Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper they are their boy friends, too. They may, if they wish, be in their arms. They belong to them. One does not turn upon one's own. One rejoices and shares in the common fortune. "No," laughed Madeleine, "this school teacher cannot be prissy about Hollywood. This school teacher is not a bit ashamed of being a movie actress, she is proud of it. I boast about it. I feel not only its glory but its power.

"I find it a warm and generous place. In England, if a man, say, loses his job or if he produces a play and it is a failure, his friends will rally around him, stand him a drink, clap him on the shoulder, be comradely and helpful. But if that man gets a substantial raise, puts on a play that wows the town, his friends avoid him, look the other way, give hollow praise if at all.

"Hollywood is just the reverse. Hollywood helps, but it looks the other way when there is failure. Hollywood is the only place I know of which does not rejoice at failure. Hollywood is with you when you are successful, proud of your success.

"I see no petty jealousy in Hollywood. I have seen no back-biting, no mean rivalry, no knives hurled in the dark. Everyone seems to bask contentedly, even joyously, in the success of everyone else. Time and again I've heard one star say of another, 'His new picture is terrific—he's great in it!' No, I am sure, a Jean Harlow doesn't envy a Myrna Loy; a Myrna Loy doesn't resent the success of a Garbo. On the con-



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New flattering powder won't show—shades complement skin color. STAYS on longer. Rachelle, Creole, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large size 75c. Purse size 10c.



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Shimmering tantalizing reds. Indelible. Prevents chapping. Lasts through more kisses. Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry, Extra size 55c. Trial size 10c.



Natural Color Harmony
Rouge that gives charm of youth because it accents individual skin color. Peach-bloom, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large size 50c. Purse size 10c.

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☐ Dark
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☐ Medium
☐ Orange

Rouge
☐ Orange
☐ Poppy
☐ Raspberry
☐ Peachbloom

☐ HOLLYWOOD MASK
Powder
☐ Rachelle
☐ Creole
☐ Brunette
☐ Peach
☐ Natural
☐ Blanche
☐ Suntan

trary, each seems to bask in the sunlight of the other's place in the sun. There seems to be elbow room for everyone in Hollywood. And if there isn't room someone will graciously move over and make room.

"I have been asked," smiled Madeleine, "whether I really mean all the nice things I say about Hollywood or whether I say them 'for effect.' I do mean them. I have racked my brains to try to find some fault with it, some criticism that will add a dash of vinegar to the sugar.

I SEE no silly, conceited popinjays strutting about Hollywood. I see about me, everywhere, hard-working, earnest, intelligent young men and women, older men and women. All of them seem singularly unaware of their beauty, their fame, their glamor. They do not behave as 'professional charmers,' I think," laughed Madeleine, "that this can be explained by the fact that so many of them have arrived in Hollywood via a long and bitter route. They didn't suddenly, with a wave of the wand, become the Dietrichs and Colberts and Lombards of today. They aren't too vain of their beauty because they were beautiful, too, in the days when no one cared. No one was blinded by their beauty. It took Hollywood to frame them and hang them on the wall for all the world to see.

"I can't imagine complaining about anything in Hollywood. I have heard a few complaints because of being asked to be on the set at seven in the morning or after dinner at night, perhaps. What of it? I wouldn't complain if I were asked to be on the set at five in the morning and to do a little dusting while I waited. I'm getting paid, well paid for my work. Far too well paid to make any complaints of

any sort about anything.

"And Hollywood is so grateful. Hollywood bears out my mother's teaching that graciousness pays its dividends. Grateful because, they say, it is 'gracious' of me to be always on time, never to keep cast or director waiting, never to complain about long hours.

"I see Hollywood as a place generous in every respect. There are no rigid 'cliques' out here. Nor have I seen any of the 'wild parties,' the bawdy revels of which outsiders, at least in the past, heard so much and suspected so much more. If any such orgies do go on I have been rigorously excluded. And I don't think this is the case. If anything, the tempo is a bit unexciting. We all have charming homes and charming home lives, plenty of sun and sea and air and tennis and books and friends. At most of the parties to which I go we play Monopoly or word games, we sit and talk, we swim or play tennis.

SOME of us—and I am one—have to undergo long-distance marriages, which is unfortunate. I am peculiarly fortunate even in this in that I am married to the most understanding man in the world."

And I thought, then, of the romantic engagement of the lovely Madeleine Carroll and Captain Philip Astley. I thought of the marriage of the beautiful Madeleine and the dashing Captain, a marriage which took place at the Captain's villa on Lake Como, the moon of Italy rising on their nuptials. I thought of how Madeleine was presented at Court, and of the castle they have bought in Spain where they spend their leisure moments together.

"We have," Madeleine was saying, "rather a perfect marriage. When we were first married, you see, Philip made

me a most generous settlement—an extraordinary one, too, since it has no strings attached to it. It goes on for life, whether we are together or apart. And when I began to make money, not wishing to be outdone in the matter of the 'beau geste,' I had it so arranged that all of my money is paid over to Philip. I never even see my own checks. My manager gets them, sends them direct to Philip, and I live on the settlement my husband made me as I would do if I were nonprofessional. This saves us, I think, from the problem which wrecks so many professional marriages—the problem of the husband being submerged by his wife's financial supremacy. Philip has more money than I. My money is handled and invested by him. He explains what is done with it, though I never ask, of course, and that is that.

"Despite the inconvenience of our enforced separations, Philip wants me to keep on with my career. He knows me. He says to me frequently, 'With your vitality you must have something to do, something vitally interesting and your own. If you didn't, you might get into mischief. I would prefer you to have your career in which I, too, can take so keen an interest.'

"He knows," said Madeleine, "the child who wanted to be the torch!

"Even our separations," she said after a moment, "constitute more living than if we were sharing a flat, a house, an estate, drinking coffee together every morning, dining in or out every night. I am omnivorous when it comes to living keenly, sharply. I would rather be fiercely in pain than flatly at peace. I would rather know the suffering of love than the satiety of love. I am," smiled Madeleine, her gray eyes star sapphires with fire in their depths, "a Latin at heart, you see."

I said, "Yes, I see." But I didn't.

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DON'T YOU CARE DARLING — WE'LL SHOW THEM — EMMA TOLD ME TODAY YOU OUGHT TO EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY FOR THOSE PIMPLES. IT CLEARED BOB'S UP FINE — REMEMBER...



HE HASN'T ANY NOW, HAS HE? I'D BETTER START RIGHT OFF AND GET RID OF MINE!

LATER

— BUT DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT IT — THIS PARTY'S TO BE A BIG SURPRISE —

IT SOUNDS LIKE HEAPS OF FUN

MY BUT IT'S GRAND TO BE IN ON THINGS AGAIN



The Things They Want to Forget

(Continued from page 41)

hopeless. The people who were employing him told Bert they wouldn't keep him any longer. His studio told Bert that they wouldn't permit this man within their gates.

Bert gave his friend his fare to New York. His heart was chilled with sorrow as he did so. He was sure now that there was no hope for this man. Bert would like to forget that bitter failure of his, but there is nothing on earth that can wipe out the memory of the man whom he once called friend, and in whom he once believed.

GLENDa FARRELL also has her bitter memories, memories she finds it hard even to talk about. Many times love has failed her, but bitterest of all her memories is the time she failed love. There was a stage actor whom she loved in the days before she ever dreamed of Hollywood, and whom she foolishly cast out of her life.

She was such an idealistic person, this young Glenda. Too idealistic perhaps. She believed that people in love ought to have eyes for no one but each other. It was inconceivable to her that a man who loved one woman could be tempted by another.

When Jimmy (that wasn't his real name, of course) had to go out on a road tour, they promised each other that they would never "date" anyone else. Glenda kept that promise, preferring to sit at home twiddling her thumbs rather than break her word, for that would be betraying

their love for each other, she thought

While Jimmy was on the road, rumors began drifting back to Glenda. Rumors that Jimmy, her Jimmy, was being attentive to another girl in the company. Her head held high, Glenda laughed at those rumors. She couldn't and wouldn't believe them.

Then Jimmy came back, and eagerly asked permission to call on Glenda. While he sat in her room, trying to tell her how much he loved her, her phone rang. A shiver ran down her back as the voice of a strange woman asked for Jimmy.

Jimmy's voice was annoyed when he answered, "I can't speak to you," he told the girl impatiently. "I told you I couldn't see you in New York."

The woman's voice, warm and gushing, persisted. Jimmy hung up.

Then he turned to Glenda. Her eyes were darkened by a fleeting shadow, and her little pointed face was drawn with pain.

"Glenda," he said, "I swear this is the truth. I went out with her a few times on the road. I couldn't help it. I told her that it was you and only you I cared about."

He was evidently telling the truth, for other people in his company told Glenda the same story. It wasn't his fault really. And yet—

She refused to consider Jimmy as a suitor after that. With pretended light-heartedness she laughed at him, when he tried to make love to her. She closed that

chapter of her life forever, and never turned the page back upon that romance.

"Now I realize," she told me, "that I acted like an idealistic child, and that I gave up a romance that might have meant something for an ideal I had created out of thin air."

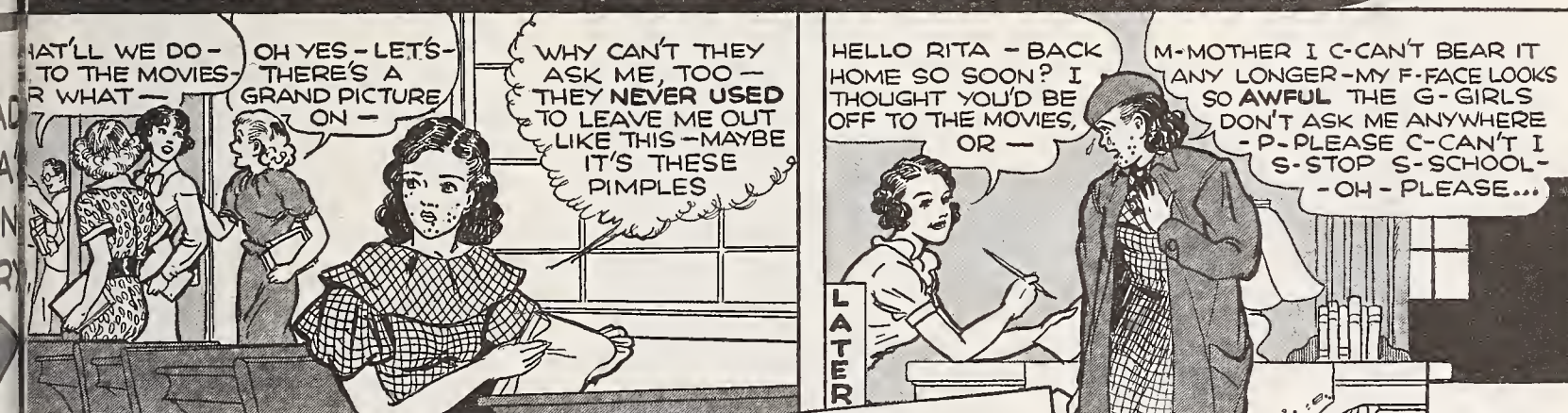
Bela Lugosi's is one of the saddest regrets of all.

"If I could forget just one thing," Bela Lugosi said—and I have never seen a man look as he looked at that moment, wild with regret and wretchedness—"I would try to forget the way I treated my mother. For ten years I never wrote her a line. I left Hungary filled with bitterness against my country. I was furious at the injustice I thought I had suffered. You see, I had had an important position there in the National Theatre. Then I helped the Revolutionists. They failed, and so, I was fired from my job as an actor. I should have reasoned that I had taken that chance and I should have taken my medicine like a man. But I didn't. When I left Hungary, I decided to turn my back forever upon my native country. I would have nothing further to do with it."

"Of course, I didn't deliberately decide never to write to my mother. But that made no difference. Intentions aren't what count in this world. I thought that in some vague, indefinite future I would write her of my life in this New World. But I kept on postponing that letter. It was never written."

"Ten years after I left Hungary, I re-

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I know how hard it is to have to go around with a pimply face. That's why I'm glad to have this chance to tell how wonderfully Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin. I wish every girl or boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann's Yeast like I did. I'm sure it would fix them up. Rita Koch

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AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

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Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!



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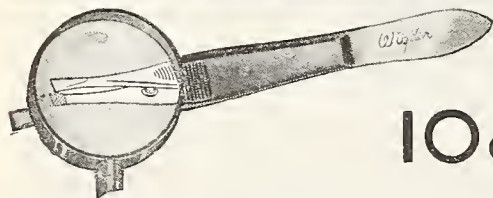


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ceived a letter from my sister. In it, she said simply, "Mother has just died. Her last words were, "Why doesn't Bela write? Why hasn't he ever written?"

"There were no reproaches in that letter. Only my mother's last words. They were enough. They have been branded on my heart ever since. I would forget them if I could, forget my own unintentional cruelty to her. But I know that I can never forget"

WARNER BAXTER would like to forget—and devotedly wishes his pals would forget—that he ever went in for producing shows when he was an enterprising eight-year-old in Columbus, Ohio. He says he will never hear the last of it—can't live it down! A pal of his went in for eating flies as a gag to thrill his playmates. Warner decided that since it was such an attraction for the kids in the neighborhood he would cash in on the stunt. So in the back yard of his mother's home on High Street, young Baxter made a tent of gunny sacks. He announced that he was putting on a show—admission one penny. Warner took in the cash and doubled as a barker. For one penny his "actor" would consume a fly; for two pennies he would nonchalantly devour an angle worm. Business was brisk until his mother learned what he was doing. The show folded, but the "advertising" by word of mouth has come on down through the years.

Janet Gaynor would like to forget how frightened she was when she performed on a trapeze for a scene in "Four Devils," a silent picture made years ago under the direction of the late Fred Murnau. She worked with Charles Morton, who was her leading man, at the top of a real circus tent and actually swung on the trapeze as she was supposed to do in her role of a circus acrobat. Suspended in the air between life and death, she felt chill horror grip her many times. It was a hazard any way one looked at it.

George Raft wants to forget the first picture he ever made in Hollywood. He played a very small role, a tough guy part, and following the preview he went home and actually packed his bags to beat it back to New York. He was that bad—as an actor. He doesn't even want to remember the name of the picture.

Gladys Swarthout would like to forget the time she appeared on the opening program of the San Diego Exposition. On a few hours' notice she was persuaded to sing over a radio hook-up following the dedication by President Roosevelt. She drove 130 miles through rain and had to walk half a mile from the exposition gate to the outdoor organ. The time was so limited that she could not rehearse with the organist. And five minutes before she was to sing, an attendant revealed that he had lost her copy of the music. She had to read the words over the organist's shoulder and the organ was so loud she could not hear her own voice.

IF I could forget anything I chose, I would like to forget the earthquake in Los Angeles," Edward Arnold told me. "I can still see that scene as clearly as if it were happening right now. I remember my wife was getting dinner ready. The house shook. Suddenly the lights went out. In the semi-darkness I caught a glimpse of my small daughter, the littlest of my children, running toward the kitchen door. Directly in front of her, a chandelier attached to the ceiling suddenly tumbled down.

"Her life was at stake! I started to warn her, but before I could say anything, the fixture had crashed to the floor, grazing the back of her neck. I rushed for-



Freddie Bartholomew and his pal, Mickey Rooney, between scenes of "Captains Courageous." They're wearing their fisherman's togs.

ward and gathered her into my arms. Miraculously, she was just slightly bruised, but I still shiver when I remember how close I came to losing my daughter."

If you knew Ann Sothorn well, you'd know that she has a strange morbid fear of fire. Naturally, most of us are afraid of this dangerous, elemental force, but with Ann this fear is almost an obsession. If she lights a match, her fingers tremble. If she sits beside a fireplace, she draws away a little, as though the fire on the hearth were a menace.

She is in the grip of this phobia because of an event that happened in her early childhood. When she was five years old, she and her mother were visiting her grandmother in the Middle West. While Ann was playing in the kitchen, she found some matches and lit one against her shoe, as she had occasionally seen her mother do. But something went wrong! Her shoe caught fire! The flames spread, enveloping her! She screamed. Her mother came in, grabbed her, rolled her in a rug. She tried to keep the fire from Ann's face, but it had already left its marks on her body.

For a month Ann lay in bed with her arms propped up. A month of horrible, enforced rest.

There are still scars on Ann's body, scars that fortunately do not show in the pictures she makes. But they are a constant reminder to Ann Sothorn of the thing she wants to forget.

Read—"Frances Langford, a Small-Town Girl on the Big Time" in April Modern Screen

There's a Mr. X in Sylvia's Life

(Continued from page 45)

period when the role of Juliet was an obsession and he was the willing, if awkward, Romeo emoting around Sylvia's kitchen while his bright-eyed cousin went into the lines of the historic heroine.

In the beginning, the four years difference in their ages made a wide span which was bridged as both grew older. She read the literature which interested the serious student and, while she had no official education and few contacts, she was a cultured person at sixteen because of her association with him and his work.

The fact that Sylvia Sidney became well known in the theatre at sixteen "without question turned her head," so her cousin says, but he adds quickly, "she arrived at early maturity and then got a true sense of values." He admits, too, that Sylvia's association with him and their complete interest in their work, to the exclusion of other activities, "spoiled her for young men" in that period of her life when young girls are usually intrigued with romance, college dances and parties.

That the efforts of these two toward successful futures were not in vain has been proven by the accomplishments of both. Not, however, that each has not had setbacks which might have defeated them if they had been of weaker stuff. There was the time when the young scientist's best friend, aside from Sylvia, died of the bite of a mad monkey before Mr. X had discovered a serum which could effect a cure. The loss left a mark on his life, but like his lovely cousin's experiences, it spurred him to such intensive research that he conquered the infection.

WHEN Sylvia went to Hollywood in 1928 with a successful record of stage roles behind her, she was so miscast and her possibilities so disregarded that she returned to Broadway embittered by her contact with the cinema world. She saw herself in one picture "Through Different Eyes," and became so terror-stricken with the screen figure of herself that she jumped her contract and took the first train out of California. She screened so badly that sometime later, when her mother was making purchases in a New York shop, another customer, hearing her name blurted out, "Oh, Miss Sidney, I saw you in your picture, but I think you look younger off the screen."

When Sylvia's mother was told she looked younger than the screen personality of her nineteen-year-old daughter, Sylvia thought it was time to say goodbye to that sort of medium. But she went back later to a series of successes that have made her one of the most important of the Hollywood stars.

Not that she has completely forgotten the theatre.

"I had planned to take a stage engagement this year," she explained, "but the producers have such good things lined up for me this year, I couldn't stay away from pictures now."

She can submerge herself completely in a role, while she is working, and then dismiss it from her thoughts, so that two weeks after she has completed a picture, she doesn't remember it at all. Nor is she an inveterate movie-goer. She has had trouble with her eyes, as she says, and waits until there is a picture which par-

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Shopping with Sue *Dinner Downtown*

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ticularly interests her before okaying it. The first view she had of "Fury," in which she made such a success with Spencer Tracy, was at a showing in London, long after it had been seen by her American fans. There's an advantage in being able to dismiss a role from her mind when she is through with it, because she has a fear of becoming a screen type or of being afflicted with a screen mannerism, a hangover from one production to the next.

Her face is tiny with its tilted nose and wide mouth and her eyes are strange, mellow, keenly alive eyes of an unusual hazel with a sizeable brown spot in the right one. She's five feet three when she wears shoes with the highest heels she can buy. Her figure, off the screen, is slight and graceful, and she weighs 104 pounds. It looks even less than that in the trim, dark, tailored suits and plain shirts she wears away from Hollywood. When she's willing to discuss any matter she talks frankly but, when the subject is not to her liking, she is either silent or deftly turns the conversation into other channels.

Sylvia loves the New York where she first met success. She eagerly had anticipated a ten-day holiday in Manhattan when she returned from England. But a few hours after her arrival, her boss asked her if she would take the next plane to Hollywood. She wanted at least a few days in the East and definitely she would not plane back, she told him. So, she stayed four days and went by train.

SYLVIA is off flying—but definitely. She used to commute by air across the continent frequently but she had so many forced landings, she claims, that the only thing that would get her up into the clouds again would be the necessity to

reach her mother in the quickest possible time.

"I flew to my own wedding and look what happened," Sylvia said with a rueful smile. The marital union of the star and Bennett Cerf, young New York publisher, was short-lived, ending after a brief trial when both discovered they couldn't make a go of it. The bridegroom maintained it was impossible for a man of his professional interests to remain successfully married to a Hollywood wife with a career.

The much-admired Miss Sidney is one star who ate her way to slimmess. The cameras used to do mean things to her figure, as she recalls—always made her look heavier than she was.

"When I saw myself on the screen I was disgusted," she said. An opinion no one else shared with her. However, it took an impacted wisdom tooth to accomplish her present enviable proportions. The tooth was so troublesome it necessitated an operation in Hollywood and, when the wound refused to heal, she hurried to New York specialists. They agreed she was in bad condition and the prescribed treatment was one to strike terror to the heart of any movie beauty. She had to stop work for three months and her daily menu was one that read as though it were intended for an emaciated creature who just couldn't gain a single pound. During the three months Sylvia relaxed at the beach, she ate three heavy meals a day with potatoes and cream and desserts, to say nothing of large glasses of fruit juice between meals. When friends saw what she consumed, they protested vehemently.

"You can't eat like that, Sylvia. You've got to make a picture soon and you'll weigh a ton." Sylvia had her misgivings, but she continued on the daily orgy. The miracle happened—she ate and ate but her

clothes continued to fit, and when her mother visited her as the vacation was drawing to a close, she exclaimed in amazement,

"Darling, you're much thinner!"

And indeed Sylvia appeared slimmer but the scales indicated that her weight hadn't dropped at all. What had happened was that the little flesh which had concentrated in a few places had been more evenly distributed and her figure photographs more attractively. Also, as she says, she felt like a million dollars, but she wouldn't recommend that regime to any other girl trying to slenderize. Not all of them have the stomach trouble which afflicted her.

The way that Sylvia Sidney has taken her life has been eminently satisfactory to her—no qualms about courses she has pursued and no regrets for the lesser things she has passed by. Her work is her all-absorbing interest and whatever else comes along must of necessity be a lesser attraction. She hasn't changed much since the early years when she and Mr. X mapped out their futures and gave all they had to the business of making dreams come true.

She still is intensely interested in his work, feels that if she were not an actress she would like to be a doctor. And Mr. X, happy in his chosen field and the fact that he was a principal factor in helping his cousin to fame, knows that if he couldn't be a scientist, he'd keep on trying anyway, because Sylvia's acting career is enough for two dreams that were shared.

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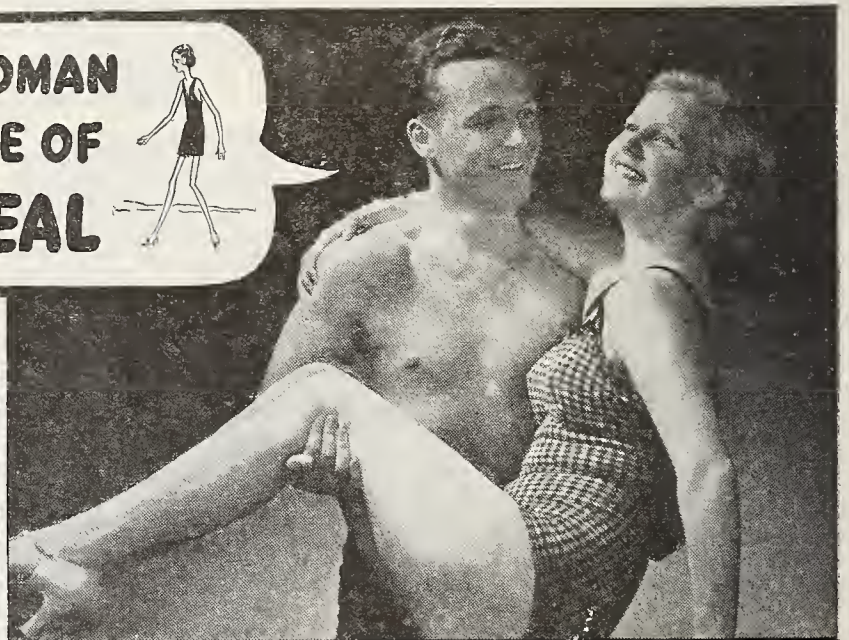


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HAS AN OUNCE OF
SEX APPEAL



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Not To Be Ignored

(Continued from page 42)

plenty, if I flopped. He stuck right by me, gave me a free hand, said I could do anything I wanted—while I was getting the freeze on all sides and he was taking a lot in the way of criticism. Yeah, man, do I love him!

"Well, to make a long story practically unbearable, the studio was all for tossing me out on my ear in the nearest alley, and I was getting ready to agree. Speaking of mental hazards—one of the best is to keep right on doing something everybody says is wrong."

Then the make-up man joined my side; that helped a lot when you consider what make-up can do for a pan like this. He was very kind and encouraging—kept saying 'just be yourself.' And Norman would add, 'That's a lot of self.'

"This business I do—there's no halfway about it. Either it is too perfectly stinking awful, or it gets over. You can't just be there. You have to let down your hair and tear up the scenery. So—I did. That contract I had dreamed about seemed to fade into the distance and the train whistle got louder."

YOU know that drunk scene in 'Rhythm'? Well, it's my own; I wrote it. I feel tender about it, like a relative. I used to say the 'Who do you think you are anyhow?' line when I was but a girl (I'm twenty now—cross my heart). I played it in lots of night clubs, with variations—sometimes getting paid, sometimes not. It went into the scene without a syllable

changed. Why, after all, at a time like that, should I get dignified or something?

"Then came the preview—came the dawn, came the millenium, came the Marines—it's all the same to me. Yeah, man, this is no time for false modesty. That was my moment and I loved it, I wouldn't kid you. The next day there were all the mysterious 'Theys' wreathed in smiles, saying, 'We are glad we were wrong for your sake—and ours.' And 'Will you please sign this five-year contract on the dotted line? Just make a mark if you can't write,' and 'What color do you want your dressing-room?' and 'Would you like to drive your car on the lot?' (me and Dietrich) and 'How will you have your eggs?'"

We met, the first time, over at Glenda Farrell's. Glenda's cousin and Martha's romance is Jerry Hopper; Jerry had the flu. He allowed as how he would like a cup of nice hot tea.

Martha shooed everybody out of the kitchen. "He's my Jerry and I want to make his tea. Poor darling!"

Enter Aunt Margaret to fill a hot water bottle for poor dear Jerry. "Heavens to Betsy!" shrieked Auntie, holding up the tea kettle. "It's full of tea!"

"Of course. Where else would you make tea?" spoke up Martha, calmly. "It was such a small package," she added, anxiously, "do you think it will be strong enough?" Just then the spoon Jerry was stirring with, melted.

As a cook, she's a grand comic. Not much else was revealed on that occasion,

except a few illuminating sidelights on the romance.

"At first," Martha said, "we didn't get along together. I saw Jerry at different places and in the music department at Paramount, where he works, but he just sort of didn't pay any attention to me. Well, I'm not the sort of a girl to be ignored. Anything but that. I had to ask him to take me out, and he got shy and said, 'Well, when do you want to go out?' So I said 'tonight.' It was already tonight. He said, 'I didn't get paid yet,' 'That's all right,' I said, 'I got money.' So we went out."

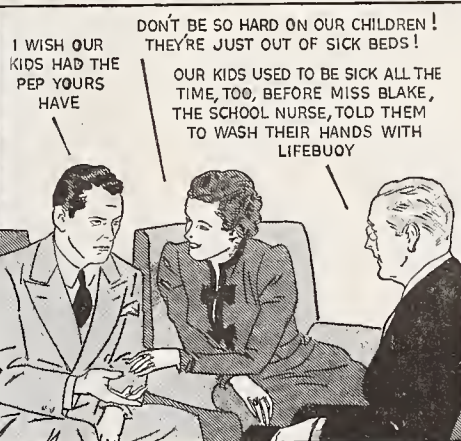
We bumped into her again at a place called the Palomar—a kind of a night club highly favored by the younger generation.

Near us was a table of high-school sheiks and their gals. We had just about ordered our lemonade when a very worldly gent, about fifteen, zoomed over and asked Martha to dance. Seems he saw her in a picture and figured he'd like to dance with her. He didn't ask how she felt about it.

They danced—if you could call it dancing. The boy hunched up his shoulders, got a good grip and off they went, collegiate as all-get-out. Then it got to the fancy stuff—they threw wing-dings all over the place and looked as if they were continuously knocking each other out.

Martha came back, gasping, and at that moment—very good timing—another lad appeared. He was all of sixteen. After all, she danced with one of the party, didn't

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JUST RUB IT ON

she? A girl couldn't play favorites.

The boys' girl friends sat there trying to look pleased about the whole thing. And Jerry, back at home base holding onto his dignity, not without a struggle, didn't get a dance all evening. Martha danced with the whole high school. She had a grand time. They asked her to join their basketball team. Said she'd consider it.

SHE loves to go out and have fun. An evening at home is her idea of a total loss. Really, it's rather refreshing after this recent cult of young lady actresses who love nothing better than an evening among their "book."

Martha got home at five A. M. the day she made her big scene in "Rhythm"—the scene which was to determine the fate of her picture career. She went to the studio at six—and done all right, as they say at Harvard. Heaven knows what would have happened had she gone to bed at ten P. M. Usually when an actress says, "I have a big scene to play tomorrow," you cross yourself and walk away on tip-toe.

She was on the stage at the age of three, that must account for the hours she keeps. Her parents were in vaudeville, and so was Martha for some years. She has performed in three plays and countless night clubs, including one (now closed) called the Southern Surf, referred to by Martha as the Scum and Scurf. Seems the entertainers seldom got paid.

She happened to mention it during lunch at the Paramount commissary one day. That's about all she had time to mention, because the table might as well have had a STOP sign on it. There arrived a bevy of pretty little blonde things from a musical number who fell upon Martha with glad cries. It seems they were in the "line" of a New York night club where Martha was the chief performer. When things got too bad, Martha moved in and bunked with them and it was all very cozy with a waiting list for the bath tub from here to there.

The bevy was scattered by an extra woman selling Christmas cards, followed by the handsome leading man who demanded how come Martha took advantage of his absence over the week-end to get engaged. (It was in the morning papers.) And if so, where was her ring? "I'll get it, don't push me," Martha advised, winding up her face and throwing the ring at him—a very good trick if you can do it, but one that takes talent.

Martha Raye was born in Butte, Montana, because her parents happened to be playing vaudeville there at the time. Though she was only a kid, she appeared in a vaudeville drama with her parents, and was a serious actress until the age of fourteen. At fourteen, she saw Mary Wigman dance, and it changed her whole life.

FASCINATED with admiration, Martha decided this was her real métier—she would be an exponent of the modern dance. She went to Harold Kreutzberg, foremost dancer of the Wigman school, and begged him to take her as a student. He agreed, if she would study with him for a year at the minimum. A year—goodness gracious, that was nothing. She would study forever. She was, even at that tender age, passionately moved by modern symphonic music.

Well, it appears that young Martha neglected to let her good parents in on this new ambition, and when she began practicing the angular, abrupt patterns of the modern school before her mirror, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Reed, her parents, were baffled, to put it mildly. Then they were amused in a nice way, but pretty soon their control gave out and they roared.

"I just didn't have the face or the figure



It didn't take long for the fans to fall for little Deanna Durbin whose golden voice is amazing for a fourteen-year-old. She has loads of charm and beauty to boot.

to go with it," Martha admits sadly, with a deep sigh. And that was how she discovered she was a comedienne.

The passion for music stayed with her, and it is no pose, as is the case with some of our leading stars—the girl has a collection of modern classical records that really is something. Martha goes on worshipping her own gods, willy-nilly. It is pretty much in contrast to the "yeah, man" girl who is the best whooper-upper in many a long dreary day. Heaven knows, she wouldn't care to have anyone get the idea she's a highbrow! Not that Martha is apologetic for loving good music—she just figures nobody will believe it anyway.

Aside from that, she goes to Italian redink joints for dinner and floors the waiters by speaking Italian. Same thing happens in Olvera Street with the Mexicans. In any group, she moves right in without wasting time on needless formalities. She calls Glenda's dignified, white-haired Aunt Margaret "Margie," and Aunt Margaret loves it. Glenda's dad, known as "Unk Nunkie," was having a bout with lumbago, but Martha told him he was sex-starved. He perked right up and began looking around.

Martha is allergic to cats and begins sneezing right away if she sits in a chair after one. (She sneezes often in Hollywood.) She is an even combination of Irish and Jewish, is a naive child in many respects, and she did not arrive in town with a contract under her belt. A few performances in a local night club fixed that. She is never sorry for herself—can have the world's worst cold and keep right on clowning.

She has a white car and a colored maid named Lulu—two of her life's ambitions lately realized. (Lulu taught her the truckin' step.) She has been engaged three times—but never in love before. And she can't cook—but who cares?

Scoreboard

(Continued from page 20)

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Pennies From Heaven (Columbia).....	2★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
The Petrified Forest (Warners).....	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M).....	3★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M).....	3½★
Pigskin Parade (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Plot Thickens (RKO-Radio).....	2★
*Plough and the Stars (RKO).....	2★
Polo Joe (Warners).....	2★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Postal Inspector (Universal).....	2★
The President's Mystery (Republic).....	2½★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount).....	3★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia).....	1★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners).....	2★
Rainbow on the River (RKO).....	3★
Ramona (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Red Wagon (Alliance).....	1½★
Rembrandt (London Film).....	4★
Reunion (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin).....	1★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount).....	3★
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 Bowl (Paramount).....	2★
San Francisco (M-G-M).....	4★
Second Wife (RKO).....	1½★
Secret Agent (GB).....	3★
Seven Sinners (GB).....	3★
Shakedown (Columbia).....	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Silly Billies (RKO).....	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National).....	3★
The Singing Kid (Warners).....	3★
*Sinner Take All (M-G-M).....	2★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Sitting on the Moon (Republic).....	1½★
Sky Parade (Paramount).....	2★
Small Town Girl (MGM).....	3★
Smart Blonde (Warners).....	1★
The Smartest Girl in Town (RKO).....	2★
Snowed Under (First National).....	2★
A Son Comes Home (Paramount).....	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Song of China (Douglas MacLeon).....	3★
Song of the Saddle (First National).....	2★
Sons O' Guns (Warners).....	3★
Special Investigator (RKO).....	2★
Speed (M-G-M).....	1½★
Spendthrift (Paramount).....	2★
Stage Struck (First National).....	2½★
Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
*Stolen Holiday (Warners).....	2★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners).....	4★
Stowaway (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal).....	2½★
Swing Time (RKO).....	4½★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M).....	2★
Tarzan Escapes (M-G-M).....	3★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
*That Girl from Paris (RKO-Radio).....	3★
The Texas Rangers (Paramount).....	3★
Theodora Goes Wild (Columbia).....	3★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn).....	4★
They Met in a Taxi (Columbia).....	2★
Things to Come (United Artists).....	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount).....	3★
36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Three Cheers for Love (Paramount).....	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M).....	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M).....	1★
Three Married Men (Paramount).....	3★
Three Men on a Horse (Warners).....	3★
Three on the Trail (Paramount).....	2½★
*Three Smart Girls (Universal).....	3★
Three Wise Guys (M-G-M).....	2½★
Ticket to Paradise (Republic).....	1★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....	3★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Times Square Playboy (Warners).....	1★
To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Tough Guy (M-G-M).....	2½★
Trailin' West (First National).....	1★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount).....	2½★
Trapped by Television (Columbia).....	2★
Trouble Ahead (Pathe).....	1½★
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★
Under Your Spell (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M).....	3★
Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount).....	2½★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners).....	2★
Walking on Air (RKO).....	2★
Wanted: Jane Turner (RKO).....	2★
Wanted Men (British & Dominion).....	1½★
Wedding Present (Paramount).....	2★
We're Only Human (RKO).....	2★
We Went to College (M-G-M).....	2★
We Who Are About to Die (RKO).....	3★
Whipsaw (M-G-M).....	2½★
The White Angel (First National).....	4★
White Fang (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
White Hunter (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
White Legion (Grand National).....	1½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners).....	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M).....	3★
Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO).....	1★
Winterset (RKO).....	4★
Without Orders (RKO).....	2★
The Witness Chair (RKO).....	2★
Wives Never Know (Paramount).....	2★
A Woman Rebels (RKO).....	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount).....	1½★
Yours for the Asking (Paramount).....	2★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

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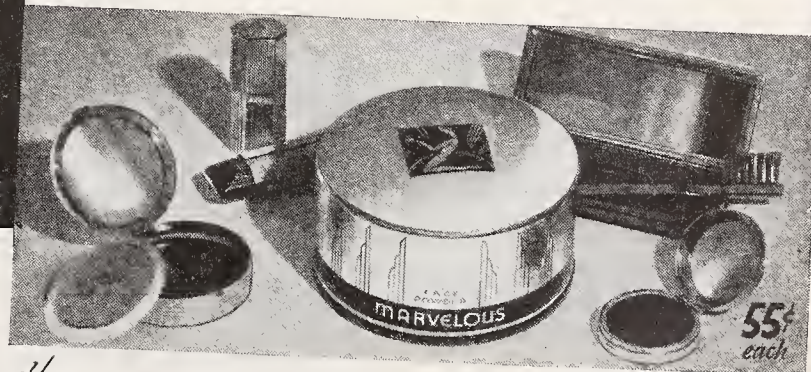
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Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 23)

To be frank, we fans were thoroughly disgusted with Dick's "Jerome Bonaparte," we despise mustaches, we abhor domestic complexes in our romantic cinema heroes, particularly crooners. We prefer sweet, refined little Ruby any time to the buxom, blasé Joanie as Dick's real sweetheart. We like Joan as the "Gold Digger" or "Three Men on a Horse" heroines, but please leave the shy violet dramatics to adorable Keeler.—Mrs. E. Franzen, Ursa, Ill.

Honorable Mention

Three Cheers for the Raye Gal

Oh, boy, what a star! Personality, ability, talent, they all spell just plain Martha Raye. I saw both "Rhythm on the Range," and "The Big Broadcast." After seeing her steal both shows, I'm convinced that she is one of the biggest finds of the year and absolutely the best comedienne of any year. Hold on to her, Hollywood, you've got something there.—Catherine Campbell, Evansville, Indiana.

Them's Fighting Words

Isn't it about time to call it quits for the Rogers-Astaire pictures? You find the same characters, the sameness in Miss Rogers' clothes, almost the same plot in every picture and the same sing-songish songs. "Roberta" wasn't bad because it had lively Irene Dunne in it, but to star Rogers and Astaire is a great mistake. Neither of them has a good voice, and Ginger goes through the same "hand movements" in all her dances, while Mr. Astaire can't compare with Charles Collins in grace, good looks, poise or dancing.

Please team Charles Collins and Jessie Matthews, Mr. Movie Producers.—Jane Brennan, Bloomfield, N. J.

Taylor Looks "Chopped Off"

The supposed idol of the hour is the one and only Robert Taylor, but if Taylor has set the world afire—I say, give me vanilla.

He has looks, if you like his type. His build is nothing to write home about because he looks "chopped off," and as for acting, anyone can do what he does. All that his roles call for is a handsome face.—Marianne Wood, Blackstone, Va.

What's Happened to Shirley?

After seeing "Dimples," my child disappointedly said, "Momie, that wasn't such a good Shirley Temple movie, was it? There were so many big people talking, and no ponies, or ducks, or dolls, or anything. She just danced and sang, and didn't play at all."

"Dimples" is an adult story, with adult characters and adult lines. Children understand little of the plot, and miss the usual childish delights. Imagine a Temple picture without a single animal, doll, toy or childish joke, with more tears than smiles!

Some of my little girl's happiest memories are the pony-in-bed scene, and Shirley's innocent "Oh, my goo'ness" of "Curly Top"; the birthday party, and apple-eating scenes with Lincoln in "The Littlest

Rebel"; the live dolls and happy night with the Italian family in "Poor Little Rich Girl."

Please give Shirley back to the children. She belongs to them, and, after all, grown-ups are children at heart.—Mrs. Clifford Holand, Forest Hills, N. Y.

Why Ballyhoo Stars' Private Lives?

I do honestly just adore MODERN SCREEN and wouldn't miss one issue of it for worlds—especially your little corner which follows through the whole magazine, depicting your originality, impartiality and humor.

There is one question which bothers me tremendously. Why is it that publicity agents play up so noisily the various changes that take place, from time to time, in a star's private life? After all, our interest in them is really impersonal—wholly focused on their ability to act, their beauty and poise on the screen. Why aren't they entitled to indulge in their own individual whims of character?

I, for one, think Jean Harlow is a marvellous actress, despite the fact that she prefers to live in a homey, comfortable house more adapted to her honey-colored locks rather than a huge white mansion suitable to her platinum crown. She is a clever actress, nevertheless. If Clark Gable dislikes to don his soup and fish and dashes impulsively to the old fishing hole, he is still the perfect screen lover.—Aileen Conlon, Ontario, Canada.

Bits From Your Letters

Although I am far away in Tasmania, I hear lots of talk about Robert Taylor. Every girl is just mad about him, and wouldn't mind if he played in every talkie. We never tire of seeing his handsome face. I think it's a shame he can't take a trip to our beautiful land.—Margaret Kinsella, Ulverstone, Tasmania. I wish Errol Flynn would relax and quit threatening to leave for Borneo—or else leave for Borneo.—D. H. Chapman, Los Angeles, Calif. Self-respecting persons have always resented portrayals on the screen of cads striking women. There's nothing very brave or he-mannish about slapping down someone who is defenseless. Even such a grand picture as "The General Died at Dawn" put Gary Cooper in the embarrassing situation of hitting a girl. It cheapened the character—and weakened him.—Phil Marden. Something should be done about putting Robert Taylor into a role such as was given him in "The Gorgeous Hussy." We've been worried and upset ever since. Also, putting so much history into the movies, just to satisfy complaints made by school teachers and old maids, is getting us down. It's getting so a girl can't even drown herself in a movie without being reminded of her history quiz the next day.—Lillian Merritt, Cincinnati, Ohio. Give me stars like Myrna Loy and Merle Oberon. There are so many blondes with large, dreamy grey eyes that it's quite a relief to see stars with a charm that doesn't only come from looks, but from a vague mysteriousness that seems to hold Myrna and Merle in its grip. I like naturalness.—Diana Richardson, Ontario, Canada.

Information Desk

(Continued from page 8)

The organization was large and stifling, cramped his style, was inclined to dictate. Since that time he has joined Grand National, which allows him to name his own terms. Cagney is married to Frances Vernon. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has flaming red hair, freckles in the summer, and alert brown eyes. His current picture is "Great Guy."

JEAN ARTHUR (First printing: total number of requests, 225.) They hid Jean Arthur's light under an apple pie, back in those early days of slapstick comedy. That it was extravagant to waste such beauty had not occurred to some director, with a genius for miscasting. So the girl who had



posed as a model for Howard Chandler Christy, languished year after year as the heroine of two-reel comedies and inconsequential Westerns. But the flame of Jean Arthur's ambition was not easily dimmed. To escape from the roles for which she had been typed, she decided to free lance, moved from one small independent company to the other, playing in anything and everything except Westerns and two-reel comedies. She broke the jinx. Paramount signed her, gave her big roles in productions such as "The Sins of the Fathers" with Emil Jannings and "The Canary Murder Case." Still Jean did not feel that her star had reached its ascendant. Obeying the axiom that movie stars are made not in Hollywood, but on Broadway, she left pictures. Once more Jean had made the correct choice. Broadway casting directors showed more discretion than had Hollywood. She was given one fine dramatic role after the other . . . proving that if she was to be typed at all, it was as a versatile performer equally at home in poignant drama and farcical comedy. With beauty alone, Jean might still be a model . . . with ambition alone she might still be a slapstick queen . . . but she had brains as well . . . and now, crowning her tactical efforts with success, Columbia awarded her a contract, made her a star. Her work in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" has done the rest, has elevated her to a position of equal footing with such glamorous stars as Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard. Jean Arthur is a New York girl. She was born October 17, 1908. She's of Norwegian descent, and as you would expect, has very blonde hair and eyes as blue as the fjords. She's slightly built, 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weighs only 110 pounds. Scheduled for her next picture is "History Is Made at Night."

GENE AUTRY (Last printed May 6, 1936.

Total number of requests since then 321.) Why "Singing Cowboy" Autry is by far the most popular of the Western stars is soon told. It has to do with Gene's genuineness . . . nothing synthetic about him . . . the personality isn't a mask which he removes as soon as the camera stops turning . . . he's neither a singer taught to ride badly nor a rider taught to sing badly. As a matter of fact, Gene would be hard put to tell you which of his two prime talents comes more naturally to him. Born, Sept. 29, 1907, in Tioga, Texas, heart of the cattle country, he rode before he walked. At the age of twelve he was bulldogging steers in the Achilles, Oklahoma, rodeo. Meanwhile singing in the choir of his grand-daddy's Baptist church had laid the foundations for a voice that is today more popular than Bing Crosby's. A restlessness bred of the open range prompted Gene to leave home at fourteen to seek his own fortune. For a year he traveled with a medicine show, singing and playing that steel guitar of his. Then at the end of the year, Gene began to feel that he was old enough to



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take a more serious view of life. So he settled down, this fifteen-year-old, and became telegraph operator in the railway station of one of Oklahoma's most desolate cattle towns. He took the work seriously, began to think of singing as a hobby... a bit frivolous at that. But a handsome offer from a Tulsa radio station soon cured the young sobersides of his telegraphic aspirations. From then on, Gene's story was not that of the struggling young artist, but rather of the successful entertainer who could choose his employment at his own terms. After several years in vaudeville and radio, during which he had been featured on such programs as the Alka-Seltzer Barn Dance, he was assigned to a Ken Maynard Western. His very first picture clicked in a big way, and he was immediately given star billing. Gene likes to give much of the credit to his horse, Champ, who is probably the best dressed horse in pictures. The total cost of his trappings runs well over the three thousand dollar mark. However, Gene can afford to be generous. He has a very remunerative hobby. He writes his own songs... words, music, 'n' everything, and the sales run up into the millions. Gene is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. You will see him next in "Old Corral" and "Roundup Time in Texas."

MRS. D. B. BARNES, Seattle, Washington—Chester Morris' next picture is "I Promise to Pay." If Chester looks a little overstuffed, don't blame it to a careless diet at home. It's all on account of what went on in filming one sequence of the picture. The poor fellow had to eat nine full-sized meals before the cameras in making a cafe scene! Swell for a starving man but not such fun for a well-fed one like Chet.

TYRONE POWER (First printing; total number of requests, 105.)

A month ago, before the release of "Lloyds of London," you didn't know who he was. Two years ago a Hollywood casting office refused him a seven-dollar-a-day extra job. And yet this charming boy, with the quizzical dark eyes, is an experienced trouper, a descendant of a long line of actors, and made his stage debut at the age of eight. Strictly speaking, Tyrone was not a stage child, in the sense of being a stepchild. He had a substantial home in Cincinnati, his birthplace, and as much education as he wanted. He didn't want college, preferring instead to join with his father in Fritz Leiber's Shakespearean company. A year or so later, after Tyrone senior's death, he joined Don Ameche in



Chicago radio programs. But Broadway is the Mecca of all young thespians, and Tyrone couldn't resist its magnetism for long. A three months siege at five dollars a week was relieved by an understudy role in a Katharine Cornell production. Tyrone remained under the aegis of Miss Cornell's group for two more productions, and it was his work in "St. Joan" which brought him to the attention of 20th Century-Fox. If you saw "Girls' Dormitory," you will remember him as Simone Simon's cousin. He next appeared as the fickle young count who breaks Loretta Young's heart in "Ladies in Love." And then, of course, "Lloyds of London," the turning point of his career. To date, he has been too busy getting to the top of the heap to take time out for love. So that gives all you girls an equal chance. His next picture is "Love Is News."

ANNE SHIRLEY (Last printed July, 1935.

Total number of requests since then, 201.) Anne Shirley is the exception proving the rule that good child actors make poor adult actors. Professional life commenced at the very immature age of fourteen months—as a department store model,



posing in swanky baby clothes. At the age of three, pretty little Dawn O'Day (the original moniker) had made her first picture, "The Miracle Child." Followed years when the baby bread winner and her mother felt the pinch of hardship. The family budget stalled at ten dollars a week... hardly an inspirational wage for a struggling artist with dependents. Despite the slender finances, Dawn managed to attend both professional school and regular school. What's more she graduated from high in 1933. RKO-Radio provided her with her first important ingenue role in "Finishing School." And then came the long deferred payment for the weary years of struggle... the lead in "Anne of Green Gables." The three-year-old star had become the sixteen-year-old star. It was at this time that the legal death of Dawn O'Day took place, and Anne Shirley was born... the latter, by the way, being the name of the character she had played in the "Green Gables" production. To round out the story of youth and beauty, we must have love. And Anne's romance with Owen Davis, Jr., fills the bill. Anne is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, has arresting hazel eyes and gorgeous titian colored hair. Her hobby, you might say, is to watch over the famous collection of dolls given her by stars with whom she worked as a child. Her latest film is "Make Way for a Lady" with Herbert Marshall.

Reviews

(Continued from page 61)

Loy and Asta, Mr. P. bobs up in the final scene with the answer. The co-stars are at their comic best, playing delightfully funny scenes as though they enjoyed them to the hilt. Notable in the cast are Jimmy Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Jessie Ralph, Elissa Landi, Teddy Hart and Sam Levene.

Preview Postscript

This marks the sixth celluloid matrimony of Myrna Loy and Bill Powell. Myrna and Bill were first wedded in "Monhottan Melodromo," but nobody cared particularly until "The Thin Man" came along. The resultant enthusiastic clamor is the reason for this film. It's directed by Woody Von Dyke again... Having been married to too many handsome men to count on one hand in reel life, Myrna put off the real thing until a few months ago. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer of pictures of Paramount, is new boss. And he claims Myrna is really like her Noro

in the "Thin Man" series. What's more, Myrna admits trying to be like her off-screen, too... Elissa Landi, Myrna and all the women on this picture had no time to waste on talk, bridge or tea between shots. They were busily at work on little things—crocheting, knitting and sewing a complete layette. After some days of aggravating silence, they finally broke down and admitted the new outfit was intended for Myrna's personal maid Thereso, who is expecting a baby in the near future... Following the completion of this picture, Bill Powell left for a rendezvous with his pals, Ronald Calman and Dick Borthelmiss. He met them some 150 miles out in the Pacific where they were fishing off the Borthelmiss yacht. A plane dropped their new guest at the door... Whether Elissa Landi is actually Mrs. Nino Martini these days is keeping Hollywood guessing. The two are constantly together, and the dork-eyed singer was a frequent visitor to the set.

★★★ That Girl From Paris (RKO-Radio)

Lily Pons' new picture is worth seeing just to hear—if you get what we mean. As a comedienne the diminutive star comes through in a big way, though responsibility for most of the laughs rests on the ample shoulders of Jack Oakie. Gene Raymond provides the heart interest and shares blonde honors with Lucille Ball, who is comely and capable in a minor role. Frank Jenks provides some excellent comedy, while Mischa Auer swipes every scene, as usual, when he comes within camera range. The story is a rather feeble one designed to get the most out of the able comedians and utilize Lily Pons' pert attractiveness and golden voice to best advantage. That the picture falls short of the mark in several instances isn't to be wondered at with such requirements. The plot has something to do with Lily leaving her wealthy groom flat at the altar and falling for Gene Raymond, a penniless orchestra leader. She decides to follow him to America and smuggles her way on board the ship where he and his orchestra, composed of Oakie, Jenks and Auer have a job. Familiarizing yourself with "That Girl From Paris" won't be time lost.

Preview Postscript

Chief fun-maker was Lily Pons herself. Everyone called her "Snooky." She had determined to learn ten more words of English every day from the people with whom she was working, but it soon turned out that everyone on the set was learning French from her instead. Appearing in a small role in this one is Lily's mother. She speaks no English, so she just went in front of the camera as part of the scenery and for the thrill of being a movie actress. Andre Kostelanetz, to whom it is rumored Miss Pons is married, had charge of all the recordings on the picture in which the star sang. And if you don't think that was a job, consider how Mr. K. managed this between Monday and Wednesday broadcasts for the Chesterfield Hour in New York City. He spent every week-end in Hollywood, and flew back and forth gaily between his various jobs. Kostelanetz had a small piano made to order for her birthday. It can fit into any nook or corner of her dressing-room or studio set. . . . Jack Oakie is soon to become a proud father. Venita Varden, Mrs. Oakie off-screen, has been resorting at Palm Springs and Jack was busily flying between Paramount and the desert spa to his wife. . . . That comedy dance of Lucille Ball's was anything but funny to her. She was laid up in bed for three days after the afternoon spent shooting the scene—because she really took everyone of those tumbles. Lucille is the girl who used to look at you from those cigarette ads. She landed the job of posing for the manufacturer after he had spotted her in the back row of Ziegfeld's "Ria Rita." Born in Montana in 1911, Lucille went to New York determined to be a great dramatic actress, and spent two years modelling clothes before she even landed her first job. After the ad modelling, though, she was contacted by a studio for a screen test, and made good.

★★★ Three Smart Girls (Universal)

This picture won't take you by surprise as it did the Hollywood preview audience, since by this time you've no doubt heard about Deanna Durbin. A Los Angeles school-girl, Deanna makes so promising a cinema debut here that she is undoubtedly slated for stardom in short order. Besides this attraction, there is good work by other members of the cast, including Bin-



Switching face powders may do you an injustice—Make you look years older than you really are!

How to find your most becoming face powder

By *Lady Esther*

Do you try one face powder this month and another the next? Do you choose face powder because this girl or that uses it? What may look good on one girl may look bad on another.

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nie Barnes, Alice Brady, Nan Grey, Barbara Read, Mischa Auer, and Ray Milland. The dialogue is exceptionally bright and the competent direction and acting has turned it into a screen-play that holds your unswerving interest. Determined that their mother and father shall not be divorced, the three sisters—Deanna, Nan Grey and Barbara Read—set out to thwart the fortune-hunting female who is after their father's heart and pocketbook. You will hardly find it in your heart, however, to blame Pater Charles Winninger when you see Binnie Barnes, the female under question, all done up in her new blonde hair. But with three such determined daughters, Mr. W. is finally persuaded to give up any notions he might have been entertaining. There are a couple of fresh young romances tucked in, and plenty of laughs, pathos and suspense for good measure.

Preview Postscript

The most important "prop" on this set was the portable dressing-room which had been turned into a schoolroom for the use of the three young girls in this picture, Deanna Durbin, Barbara Read and Nan Grey. Much to their disgust, they found that the California school laws are as strict with movie actresses as with any other girls under eighteen years of age. . . . Deanna Durbin is really a local product, having lived in Los Angeles from her first year. However, she was born in Winnipeg, Canada, fourteen years ago. Deanna can never complain about her thirteenth year being an unlucky one. Far in this period of life she became both a movie star and a prima donna on a national coast-to-coast hook-up and is now being considered for a Metropolitan debut. But you'd never think that all these things had happened to Deanna to look at her. She's quite unimpressed with herself—and hasn't even seen what she looks like on the screen. The studio didn't want her to see the "rushes," being afraid she might catch on how good she was. . . . Nan Grey simply hates movies, but loves working in them. This arises from the fact that her father is a motion picture projectionist back in Dallas, Texas, and Nan has been brought up on movies. Two years ago, when she was fourteen, Nan and her mother took a trip to the Coast to get away from pictures—and ended up by signing a contract for Nan. An agent had seen the girl while shopping and made arrangements for a screen test. She had four offers from different studios the next week. . . . Barbara Read was under contract at Columbia, but sat around waiting for something to happen. When nothing did after six months, she inquired about the reason. More experience, she was told, that's what's needed. Barbara marched out, with the remark, "Is that all?" Having friends living in Laguna Beach, some eighty miles away from Hollywood, she decided to visit them and get experience in the famous Little Theatre at Laguna. She got about ten years' acting experience in one year—playing in twenty-four different sketches and plays in that time. Fredric March brought Barbara to the attention of an actor's agent after admiring her performance while on a visit to Laguna.

★★★ Gold Diggers of 1937 (Warners)

The big news here is that they've discarded the ancient plot about the little chorus girl who gets her chance on the opening night of the big show after the leading lady gathers up her sequins and walks out of the part. This time things are concerned with a life insurance agency whose president is full of progress and epigrams. Dick Powell, the company's

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worst salesman, meets Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell at a convention—the gals are stranded chorus girls—and through them he signs an aging producer to a million-dollar policy. The producer's conniving assistants (Osgood Perkins and Charles D. Smith) hope to cash in when the old boy dies, so it becomes Mr. Powell's job to keep him hale and hearty. Anyway, there's a legitimate excuse for the customary big show and the usual extravagant and not so novel Busby Berkeley numbers. Dick Powell sings several pleasing songs. Glenda Farrell steals the female comedy honors, and in the men's department the laurel leaves go to Victor Moore, who makes the aged producer a very funny guy. There is first-rate tap dancing by Lee Dixon, and a fine satiric bit by William Davidson as head of the insurance company.

Preview Postscript

Dick Powell had to keep his hands in his pockets for three days on this picture. The reason being that one thumb was all bonded up due to his enthusiasm for amateur photography. While splicing film he cut the finger severely, then forgot to do anything about it except wind a handkerchief around it for a few hours. Blood-poisoning nearly got Mrs. Powell's new husband on that one . . . Work on this picture marked the beginning of Joan's sixth year for the Brothers Warner. She was rewarded with a really elegant portable dressing-room, furnished with the lost goss in chromium and ivory rodios, a gift from Dick, so she can listen to his broadcast while she's at the studio . . . Glenda Farrell's still going very steadily with Drew Ebersson, but voguer than ever about any matrimonial plans . . . Lee Dixon's practice room was known as "Dixon's

Nudist Colony." The dancer flatly refused to practice strenuously with any clothes on. So a special practice hall had to be assigned the new dancing star and while practicing with the chorus he had no less than four electric fans going for his exclusive use every minute. Dixon also holds the record for consumption of food on the lot—he ate eight meals a day, and snocks in between.

★★ Great Guy (Grand National)

There's much of the old Cagney wallop to this first picture he has made under the Grand National banner. Picking the story himself, Jimmy wisely followed the type of thing which has endeared him to his public. As Chief Deputy of the Department of Weights and Measures, James has a chance to wade right into all sorts of skulduggery. He mixes with a new racket, food dealers who are chiseling their customers by an elaborate system of phoney weights.

As Johnny Cave, ex-pugilist, he is deputized to get the higher-ups in control of the racket. Janet Henry (Mae Clarke), his girl-friend, who is trying to get him to save enough money for them to marry on, is secretary to one of the city's leading citizens. It doesn't take much film footage for Cagney to suspect Mae's boss of monkey-business in the food racket. Mae is indignant, pointing out that Canning for years has been one of the city's greatest philanthropists. When Cagney faces Canning down, the fun begins and he practically loses Mae and his own hide in the excitement.

It was a smart move to pick such an

unusual racket for the plot background because it sustains your interest through some rather elderly wisecracks and a few trite situations.

Cagney is swell and Mae Clarke plays up to him expertly. P. S. She doesn't get socked once! The supporting cast is well chosen. So all in all, it's a welcome return to the screen for Jimmy although not a spectacular one.

★ Crack-Up (20th Century-Fox)

Loaded to the hilt with intrigue, airplanes and international spies, this film will appeal to lovers of weird melodrama who aren't too particular about plots and plausibility. Its main asset is a fine portrayal by Peter Lorre in another of his horror roles. By day Mr. L. is a simple soul who wanders about a metropolitan airport apparently doing nothing but furtively blowing on a small tin horn. He is regarded as a harmless half-wit by the boys around the hangars, but in his own circle he is "The Chief," head of a spy ring. "The Chief" hopes to lay hands on the secret plans for a new type of transport plane—a set of plans considered highly desirable by an unnamed foreign nation. His progress in obtaining the papers will not be related here, but it may give you a clue or two to know that the rest of the cast includes a crooked aviator (Brian Donlevy), his young co-pilot (Thomas Beck), the plane's inventor (Ralph Morgan), and the sweet young thing (Helen Wood), who loves the honest young co-pilot. It's Peter Lorre's picture; the rest of the players have little chance to demonstrate their wares.

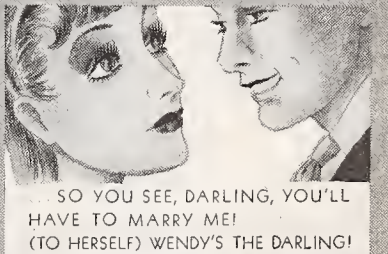
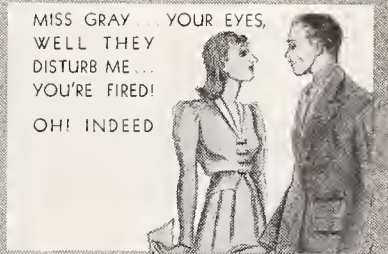


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★ The Great O'Malley (Warners)

Pat O'Brien again dons uniform and goes through his usual paces when thus outfitted. We've come to the conclusion that Pat's style is definitely cramped the minute he dons any kind of uniform, since he's always straining to live up to something or other and forgetting to be human. In this case he's living up to the ideals of the police department and making himself quite obnoxious. Duty is the rule by which he measures his life and for the next 15,000 feet of film, you're led to believe that this cop has no heart at all. But being movie-wise, you know that he'll break down before the final reel, so Ann Sheridan's coming into the picture is no surprise. Ann is a schoolmarm—and a warm-hearted one. Before she gets through with Pat she has him attending school-picnics and loving all the little children as much as the potato salad. Sybil Jason also helps with the break-down, being a little crippled girl, whose mother takes in laundry and whose daddy has been sent to jail by our Mr. O'Brien. Well, maybe we're short on heart ourselves, but this whole set-up left us cold.

★★ Banjo on My Knee (20th Century-Fox)

Life on the shantyboats, along the lower Mississippi, is taken apart and put together again with such humor in this one that the result is an entertaining film with more than its share of fun. Co-starring Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck, it gives both of them ample opportunity to display their special talents, even going so far as to allow Miss Stanwyck a song-and-dance number. When Barbara, a land girl, marries Joel, a river boy, there's an ominous feeling in the air that the thing won't go. Among the river characters who hope it will last are Buddy Ebsen, a droll sort of river rat, and Walter Brennan, Joel's father, who is anxious to become a grandfather. On the other side are Katherine De Mille, who would like Joel for herself, and Walter Catlett, a city slicker who's trying to lure Barbara to New Orleans. Sprightly dialogue and catchy music serve to make "Banjo on My Knee" worthy of your attention. Good songs are "Where the Lazy River Goes By" and "There's Something in the Air." There is also a swell rendition of "St. Louis Blues" by the Hall Johnson Choir. Walter Brennan steals the picture with a comedy character role which equals his Swan in "Come and Get It." Joel McCrea is completely believable as the river lad, and Barbara Stanwyck's work will add to her recently increasing popularity. Buddy Ebsen works in some nice comedy and a few fancy tap numbers, and there is some excellent singing by Tony Martin. On the whole, an enjoyable picture.

★★ God's Country and the Woman (Warners)

Warner Brothers have done themselves proud on this Technicolor picture. The story, with the big timber country of northern Washington as its setting, is admirably suited to the color medium. The vivid colors of northern streams, skies and vegetation blend well with the intense tones to which the color camera is still addicted. Though definite progress is being made with color photography, as proved by some scenic shots of breath-taking beauty in this film, there is still room for improvement in the photographing of

characters, since harsh skin tones make one so "color conscious" that story, action and characterization assume secondary importance. The plot here has to do with a flippant young man, George Brent, who goes North to work in a lumber camp which he owns. Not because he wants to, but because his brother, Robert Barrat, thinks this the last chance to make a man of him—George having spent all his time and most of his fortune on wine, women and singing for the past few years. Out where men are men and women are, too, as George points out on their introduction, he meets Beverly Roberts. Beverly runs a rival camp, and has lumber on her brain to the exclusion of all romance including heart-breaker Brent. The outdoors, however, in the next eight reels makes a man out of George and a woman out of Beverly, so everybody's happy. Good support is given the leading characters by Alan Hale, a warm-hearted lumberjack, Barton MacLane, the meanie who stirs up all the trouble, and Vic Potel among others. Comedy is nicely handled by El Brendel, Roscoe Ates and Billy Bevan.

★★★ Stowaway

(20th Century-Fox)

If you've thought Shirley Temple was slipping, you should see this and find out how wrong you can be. For she comes back in what is undoubtedly her most entertaining picture to date. This time you can enjoy not only a good story, but every minute of Shirley. The little gal is an orphan, and when she accidentally stows away on board a liner travelling the China Seas, the complications come thick and fast. One of them is that Robert Young, a millionaire playboy, wants to adopt her. But it seems that without a wife a man can't do things like this. So he convinces Alice Faye that she should marry him and obtain a divorce when the boat docks. Of course, they're madly in love, really, but the fact that Alice has a fiancé on board, to say nothing of her future mother-in-law, has prevented them from admitting anything more than their mutual adoration of Shirley. There's a grand wind-up in the divorce courts when their adopted daughter takes the witness stand and proves her parents are acting like spoiled children and shouldn't be granted a divorce. Robert Young and Alice Faye give thoroughly sympathetic characterizations. Helen Westley, representing the mother-in-law problem, is excellent, as is Arthur Treacher, who this time val-ets for Mr. Young.

★★ The Plough and the Stars

(RKO-Radio)

Add "The Plough and the Stars" to the recent deluge of films glorifying revolution in Ireland. This film, directed by John Ford, who made "The Informer," will be a distinct disappointment to most of his followers, for it lacks the vitality, the excitement and the fine performances which made "The Informer" one of the best pictures in the last several years. Barbara Stanwyck, in the role of the young wife who sees her dream of happiness shattered by the tragedy of the revolution, doesn't seem to be quite as inspired as usual in the part. Her acting is rather subdued throughout. Preston Foster's portrayal of the young husband is honest and sincere, but most of the high points of the picture are furnished by Barry Fitzgerald, of Dublin's Abbey Theatre Players. As a doddering but belligerent barfly, he brings to the screen a distinctly new type of comedy. Erin O'Brien-Moore is effective in a smaller role, and there are excellent bits by Una O'Connor and J. M. Kerrigan.



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★★★ **One in a Million**
(20th Century-Fox)

This serves to introduce Sonja Henie, Olympic skating champion, to the screen public. Although the skating sequences—of which the picture has several—are marvels of rhythm and grace, Miss Henie's assets aren't confined to the ice. She photographs beautifully, she possesses a fetching Scandinavian accent, and her acting is more than acceptable. All of which means the screen has a distinctive new star. Plot of the picture concerns an American girls' band which is stranded in Switzerland. The band's conductor, Adolphe Menjou, and his wife, Arline Judge, furnish a good share of the film's comedy, and the Ritz Brothers have several frenzied scenes which will convulse their fans. Best of their numbers is "The Horror Boys of Hollywood," in which they impersonate Karloff, Laughton and Lorre. Don Ameche, portraying an American newspaperman in love with Miss Henie, is sincere and believable in the romantic scenes and a bit uncomfortable when he's the wisecracking reporter. Jean Hersholt contributes his usual ingratiating performance as Miss Henie's father, Leah Ray offers several pleasant songs, and Ned Sparks adds his dead pan touch to the comedy department. Borah Minnevitich and his harmonica band furnish three or four diverting musical novelties.

★★★ **Lloyds of London**
(20th Century-Fox)

Waving the flag for England, at which Hollywood producers are so superior to their British cousins, reaches almost a new high in this very entertaining film, which toys sufficiently with history to bring romance into the insurance business and show how closely interwoven were the fates of England and Lloyds. Done in the "Cavalcade" manner, this picture, with the help of Mr. Zanuck's private historians, shows how a boyhood friendship eventually saves the English Navy from a bitter defeat at the hands of Napoleon. The boys are Jonathan Blake and Horatio Nelson. Jonathan Blake grows up to become the most powerful member of Lloyds' insurance syndicate, and Horatio emerges as Admiral Nelson, the British naval hero.

"Lloyds of London" is superior screen fare largely because of several highly dramatic incidents, although a good deal of its appeal is due to its excellent cast. Freddie Bartholomew and Douglas Scott, as the two young friends, make the picture's early scenes memorable, and Tyrone Power as the grown-up Jonathan Blake, has all the attributes of a new screen hero. George Sanders, imported from England, is admirable as the villain of the piece, and there are fine performances by Sir Guy Standing, J. M. Kerrigan and C. Aubrey Smith. Madeleine Carroll, in the feminine lead, is both beautiful and competent, although the work of Virginia Field, as an alehouse maid, has more warmth and fire.

★★ **Rainbow on the River**
(RKO-Radio)

Bobby Breen, the boy sensation of the air waves, casts his magic spell once more on the screen in a film so dripping in sentiment that it will no doubt send women weeping from all the theatres in the land. Little Bobby, who has the singing mannerisms of a latter-day Al Jolson, is cast as an orphaned son of the old South who is mothered by an aging Negro mammy. This, of course, gives him an opportunity

to display his mature vocal talents both in the cotton fields and in the local church where, as a choir boy, he furnishes the picture's high spot with his rendition of Schubert's "Ave Maria." It may not surprise you too much when the news comes that Bobby is really a member of a wealthy Northern family. When he is taken to New York he is, at first, not favorably received by his grumpy old grandmother (May Robson) and her scheming niece (Benita Hume). Seems Miss Robson's niece has a child of her own (Marilyn Knowlden), whom she hoped would eventually get the Robson fortune. Bobby's personality and his Harry Richman-like singing soon win the hearts of his grandmother and her comedy butler (Charlie Butterworth), and all ends as well as could be expected.

Critical comment on Master Breen is useless; either you like him or you despise him. May Robson comes through with her customary gruffness, Marilyn Knowlden is excellent as the spoiled brat and Charlie Butterworth lends humor to a thankless comedy role. Alan Mowbray is wasted in a small part.

★ White Hunter (20th Century-Fox)

Before a background of obviously studio-manufactured jungle, Warner Baxter struggles grimly and silently with the elements. The wind and the rain and the elephants aren't nearly as formidable as the story, so Mr. B., who handles the storms and the livestock with expected ease, goes down to defeat at the hands of an impossible script. Embittered because his diplomatic career in London had been ruined by enemies, Baxter has become a white hunter—a guide to African tourists. The monotony of guzzling liquor and gazing at the horizon is ended when he is accidentally engaged by the very person who caused all his trouble. From then on revenge is his motive, but revenge eventually dissolves into love because of his enemy's beautiful daughter, June Lang.

Miss Lang, you will recall, is the gal who went through the entire war in "Road to Glory" with nary a smudge on her pretty pan. This time she's smudged a bit, but she manages to look at all times as though she had just dropped into the jungle on her way home from the beauty parlor. Warner Baxter's portrayal is convincing, but he acts as though he knew the odds were against him. Gail Patrick is properly menacing as the wife of Baxter's nemesis, and Alison Skipworth tries in vain to lend comedy to the piece. Suggested new title, "June in Jungle Land."

★★ Stolen Holiday (Warners)

The Brothers Warner caution that all characters and events in Kay Francis' latest dramatic effort are "entirely fictional." Therefore, don't go comparing this film plot to the notorious swindling scandals that rocked France not long ago. It won't get you anywhere. The story won't either, for that matter, and merely serves as a platinum setting for the beautiful Miss Francis to display several coiffures, any number of fine gowns, and other properties exclusively hers. As a master swindler, Claude Rains dominates the cast in the part of the scoundrel, Orloff. Guilefully, he entangles Nicole Picot, a Paris mannequin (Kay Francis) in his affairs by making her an innocent accomplice to his first shady deal. In five years the arch-rogue is a millionaire; she becomes one of Paris' smartest couturiers. Their friendship, of course, is purely

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platonic. It isn't until Ian Hunter makes his appearance, struggling manfully to make the role of Diplomat Wayne credible, that Nicole knows Love. And then Love takes a terrible drubbing, as Orloff's financial kingdom topples; he forces Nicole into marriage to save himself. A convenient bullet solves Nicole's problem, but we're not going to tell you who gets the baby shrapnel. If you like lavish settings, fashion shows, Kay Francis in another sympathetic role tailored to her talents, you will see it anyway and find out for yourself. Alison Skipworth contributes necessary humor to the proceedings as Nicole's chaperone.

★ Champagne Waltz (Paramount)

"Champagne Waltz" is a disappointment. With a cast headed by Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray, and Jack Oakie one expects a gay and charming piece full of laughs and good music. The result, instead, is a rather dull, old-fashioned operetta which never lives up to the promise of its title. Theme of the story is the battle between waltz music and jazz. A descendant of Johann Strauss, Miss Swarthout and her grandfather operate a waltz palace in Vienna. Business is good until Jack Oakie opens an American swing palace featuring Fred MacMurray and his band. Miss Swarthout, unaware of MacMurray's identity, falls in love with him. It all ends up in a super-colossal night club in America featuring 200 musicians combining symphony and jazz—so terrific there's no room for customers. Miss Swarthout's lovely voice is not too well recorded, and her acting needs polishing. Fred MacMurray is acceptable as the American band leader, and Jack Oakie's comedy is the picture's greatest asset. Veloz and Yolanda perform several swell dance numbers, and Vivienne Osborne does nicely as a phoney Russian countess. One of the picture's minor mysteries is that Frank Forest, one of Hollywood's finest tenors, is not allowed to sing, while Fred MacMurray, who will never make the Met, has several vocal assignments.

★★ Sinner Take All (M-G-M)

A fast-moving, well-paced murder mystery, that remains completely baffling until the denouement. Or maybe you're smarter than we are. Anyway, the film is distinguished from its contemporaries in that the police inspector is *not* dumb; he's as smart as the bright crime reporter (Bruce Cabot), and sometimes a step ahead of him in finding the archfiend who is popping off the Lanpiers, one at a time. Apparently David is killed first, then brother Stephen; finally their millionaire poppa, Aaron (Charley Grapewin). This leaves daughter Lorraine (Margaret Lindsay) as the last of the Lanpiers. But David doesn't actually die in the plotted auto crack-up.



Out on the "Love Is News" set Loretta Young was just melting into the strong arms of Tyrone Power when a prop man rushed up and whispered something to her. "Whoops!" yelled Loretta, disappearing into her dressing-room and bringing forth a clothes basket full of candy boxes which she breathlessly distributed to everyone on the set. The reason: Loretta had just become an aunt. Sister Polly Ann, who is Mrs. J. Carter Hermann of Pasadena, had just given birth to J. Carter Hermann, Jr. "This is the second time for me," said Loretta, "but I can't seem to get used to it." Sally Blane's and Norman Foster's daughter, Gretchen, caused the commotion last time.



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He lives to be killed later, in what appears to be a suicide. (P. S. It isn't.) This gives you an idea of the devious windings of the really swell plot. Nicely blended with Manhattan night life and Park Avenue pomp, the Whitman Chambers novel has been given intelligent attention by M-G-M; outfitted with players who give gilt-edged performances. Outstanding, of course, is Joseph Calleia. So is the stage's Stanley Ridges. There is fine trouping by Edward Pawley, George Zucco, Vivienne Osborne, Theodore Von Eltz, with Eadie Adams torching "I'd Be Lost Without You." Bruce Cabot, paroled from gangster roles, justifies his release. If you are a celebrity-seeker, watch for Dorothy Kilgallen, heroine of the recent reporters' aerial race around the globe. She's a "sob-sister" in the film. It's still good entertainment.

★★ Mind Your Own Business (Paramount)

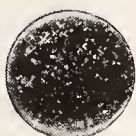
If you like Charlie Ruggles' absent-minded cut-ups, you will find this good entertainment. But we'd give you a gilt-edged guarantee that you won't have a dull moment watching this, anyhow. Alice Brady is the reason for such a seemingly rash statement. She is the Ruggles' better-half in this film, replacing Mary Boland—and doing a competent job of it. Charlie is just as devoted to Alice as he was to Mary, in spite of the grief she manages to cause him. Writer of a "Birds and Flowers" column in the local gazette, Ruggles has pursued the even tenor of his ways for some twenty years. But all is changed when he becomes ill, and the little woman takes over the column. Her style packs so much wallop that the townsfolk clamor for its continuance, with a consequence that poor Mr. R. has to turn to collecting gossip instead of posies to keep his readers satisfied. This winds up with gangsters gunning for him, kidnapping and plenty of excitement. Giving good characterizations, when the opportunity occasionally presents itself, are Lyle Talbot, Frankie Darro, Benny Baker, Gene Lockhart and Jack LaRue. But characterization, and even plot, fade into unimportance alongside a combination like the Ruggles-Brady one. They're the whole picture.

★★ College Holiday (Paramount)

Vaudeville de luxe is here offered for the price of a seat at the movies—loge or second balcony. To give you an idea, there are the following headliners: Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Martha Raye, Mary Boland, Ben Blue and Eleanor Whitney. They're all up to their familiar and inimitable tricks which, combined, almost disguise the fact that what's missing is a story. The situation against which their antics are staged is this: Mary Boland is backing the efforts of Etienne Girardot, a fiend for health, who has a high hope of establishing an institution where romance can be fostered on a strictly eugenic basis. For this noble purpose she loans him her hotel, which is failing miserably under the directorship of Jack Benny. Thinking Jack is a cultist like themselves, the two keep him on the staff after he has rounded up college boys and girls from all over the country to come and stage a show to put the business on its feet. And these specimens are the experimental material for eugenic love. Among those to arrive are Martha Raye, Eleanor Whitney, Johnny Downs, Nick Lucats, and Leif Erikson. Then there's Girardot's daughter, Aphrodysia, who is also Gracie Allen, scouting for her perfect mate. It's good entertainment.

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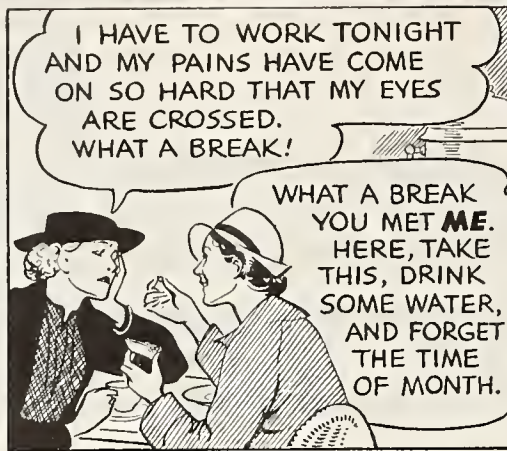
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Come to Our Filmland Fiesta!

(Continued from page 12)

with your film favorites and enjoying an experience that couldn't be duplicated.

Three delightful afternoon cocktail parties have been arranged. Let's describe one for you in detail—Leo Carrillo's Spanish Fiesta Party.

From the hotel we'll all get into cars and go through Beverly Hills where homes of the stars will be a point of interest, and on to where Santa Monica lazes by the blue Pacific. Here is a cool, green canyon, site of Leo Carrillo's ranch, most colorful and historic spot in California.

Señor Carrillo, in fiesta dress and surrounded by his pals in the colony, will give you a hearty welcome. The star of "Gay Desperado" in person! And can you ever forget him with Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever"?

No more hospitable host could be found for our guests, and his fiesta will be a highlight of the trip. Leo has invited his friends to meet you—Dolores Del Rio, his neighbor across the canyon, Clark Gable, Richard Dix, and a host of other interesting stars.

WHILE the barbecue sizzles Leo will show you his stables, his collection of birds, the deer in his zoo, his rambling hacienda above the creek. This will be a real fiesta with all the trimmings, so don't forget to bring your kodaks and snap the colorful scene. We'll take a group photo of the party with the stars, too, so each will have a picture.

Lack of space prevents our describing this month the rollicking Goldiggers Party at Glenda Farrell's, or the Melting Pot Party at Richard Arlen's Toluca Lake estate, or the list of stars you'll see, but these will be described in a later issue of MODERN SCREEN and also in the beautiful, illustrated booklet containing complete information which is yours for the mere asking.

Few people have a chance to see movies being made, but MODERN SCREEN's vacationers will, through the special courtesy of the new Universal Studios, enjoy this rare privilege. Universal, oldest and largest of the studios, will be official hosts to our tours. Here you'll see acre upon acre of tremendous sets that go back to the time of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," from Western villages where Buck Jones makes his thrilling Westerns, to the huge sets for Hollywood's biggest musical hit, "Top o' the Town," from the German village of "All Quiet on the Western Front" to the 1937 sequel, "The Road Back." Here Robert Taylor won fame in Irene Dunne's "Magnificent Obsession," Margaret Sullivan won stardom, and new stars are in the making every day. Deanna Durbin, the fourteen-year-old singer, is Universal's latest discovery. You'll meet the stars, see them make pictures.

Climaxing the Hollywood round of festivities will be a dinner dance at the Coconut Grove, for more than fifteen years the hub of Hollywood night life, famed throughout the world and as popular today as when Bing Crosby first crooned there and Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard won cups as the best dancers. Expensive even for a movie star, the Grove party costs nothing extra; just part of the many thrills planned for you. Many stars have been invited to this sparkling party; Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery, Joe Penner and

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Jack Oakie, Alice Faye, Astrid Allwyn, Gloria Stuart, Loretta Young, Lee Tracy—but the list is long and certainly you'll see many stars before this evening is ended! Jean Harlow was queen of our dinner dance last year, and, of course, we hope she can join us again. Fred Keating, that debonair star of "Devil on Horseback," and "Melody for Two," was master of ceremonies and will repeat his kind offices this year.

WITH this brief sketch of the Hollywood doings of the jolly party we must go on to other plans. Your home in Hollywood will be the Hotel Plaza, at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, the exact center of film land. Here's the home also of the famed Cinnabar, most gorgeous night spot in Hollywood, and here, too, will be Leo Carrillo's "Corral," an exact duplicate of a Mexican village erected at a cost of \$150,000, with singing señoritas, gay, colorful shops, and picturesque cabaleros.

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More Good News

(Continued from page 66)

Martha Raye is all set. Right now she has a swell contract at Paramount, a weekly radio spot and the most expensive looking wire-haired terrier in Hollywood. We asked her about the hound the other day and discovered it isn't so valuable as it looks. "I wanted the worst looking mutt I could find," said Martha. "So I picked out this one at the dog pound for a dollar. Then I took him home and had him washed, and he turned out to be a wire-haired. So now I'm afraid to wash him again—he might be a Scottie beneath it all."

Rumors have been floating about that all is not well between Isabel Jewell and her fiancé, Owen Crump. They must be nothing but rumors, however, for we've seen them out together three times within one recent week, and every time we talk to them they seem to be enjoying each other's company.

That fancy chin foliage for the extras on "Parnell" made a larger dent in the studio budget than the producers had planned. The initial cost of the beards was fairly nominal, but the fire department insisted that 12-inch cigarette holders be provided for each man. The production delays developed due to the fact that if the extras wanted to eat something besides whiskers for lunch they had to remove the vegetation. So rubber bags were provided for fifty men to allow them to tuck in the scenery and save studio time.

There's a soft heart behind the dead pan of Ned Sparks. Going into his apartment hotel one afternoon he saw one of the bellhops being carried past on a stretcher. The boy had had an acute appendicitis attack and was being rushed to the county hospital. Because Sparks happened to be there at the moment the boy was sent to Hollywood's most expensive hospital, with Ned's own doctor in attendance.

Here's a sample of Mary Pickford's philosophy, and perhaps it's a tip-off to why America's Sweetheart retains her youth. At the reception honoring her engagement to Buddy Rogers, someone asked her if she thought a difference in ages would stand in the way of a happy marriage. "No," said Mary. "because I firmly believe that in the sight of God we are all sixteen."

Lonely Hearts Division: Bob Taylor, lunching alone three days in a row at the Vine Street Brown Derby. (So you can't get a girl, eh, Taylor?) Gaping onlookers outside the restaurant who were curious enough to follow the shiny Taylor Packard discovered that it was visits to a Hollywood office building that caused the daily interim from his chores with M-G-M in Culver City.

Olivia de Havilland cried for a day and a half for scenes in "Call It a Day." In the middle of the second day's shooting the little lady's acting got the best of her and

she became hysterical. So the company called it a day while Olivia went home and got herself thoroughly cried out.

And probably the best Simone Simon story around Hollywood is the one about the chap who knew her so well he called her by her first name.

The record for speedy divorces probably belongs to Lola Lane. We talked to her out at Warners on the "Marked Woman" set and she told us she had left work that morning at nine-thirty for the divorce court and was back on the set at eleven. And the only difficulty she had was explaining to the judge that her studio make-up wasn't yellow jaundice. Incidentally, the Lane gal is making herself a screen comeback in this new Bette Davis picture, and she'll surprise



Famous as a skater, Sonja Henie makes her bow as a grand little actress in "One in a Million."

you with her swell singing voice—although it shouldn't be too much of a surprise, for her sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, are doing very well in the vocal department of Fred Waring's band.

Harry Albiez, prop man on Director W. S. Van Dyke's pictures for the last twelve years, makes the best coffee in Hollywood—according to Van Dyke. And Bill Powell and Myrna Loy agreed the first few mornings on the "After the Thin Man" set. Then one morning Bill arrived to find no coffee. "You've got to be a blonde to get anywhere with Albiez," explained Van Dyke. Seems the chorus girls in the picture had done away with the morning's coffee supply. So next day Powell appeared in a blonde wig and one of Myrna's gowns and headed the coffee line-up. P. S. He got the Java.

Remember William S. Hart? In his day he was the shootingest two-gun hero the West ever knew. When he whipped out his trusty six-shooters every villain in Hollywood automatically bit the dust, and there wasn't a cattle rustlin' galoot west of Paramount who didn't cringe at the very mention of his name. Well, he has just issued his annual denial that he's about to make a screen comeback. In these days of sound and Technicolor and gowns by Adrian there ain't much left of the old West—and besides, Buck Jones and George O'Brien have pretty well cleaned out the local supply of tarnation varmints.

Added Note on the Clark Gable beard situation: Shortly after the battle of the beaver between Gable and Director John Stahl was won by Mr. G. and it was decided he wouldn't wear a beard in "Parnell," a woman in Seattle wrote to Clark offering to send him a sheaf of her own hair which she would like to see glued to the Gable chin. Gable *still* won't wear a beard.

Running out of gas on a lonely road outside Hollywood, Hugh Herbert walked into a nearby gas station only to discover he had no money with him. Returning to the car, he tried to hail a ride, but without success. Just to kill time until something happened, he began reading through a pack of fan mail he had brought from the studio. The last letter, Mr. H. swears, contained a dime from a woman who wanted his picture at any price. With the dime he rushed back to the gas station and phoned Mrs. Herbert, who came to the rescue. P. S. The woman got her picture, with a letter explaining what the dime had done for her hero.

Gertrude Niesen, in case you didn't know, is an ardent devotee of deep sea fishing. So—a few Sundays ago we braved the briny with her and a party of twelve not-so-gay spirits who had staggered out of bed at six to partake of the sport. Practically the only one of the guests who had ever seen a fish outside the Brown Derby was Craig Reynolds, who brought along a complete set of fancy equipment and spent the day casting, with perfect technique, from all parts of the boat. And guess who didn't catch a thing?

Marlene Dietrich item: The glamorous Miss D., buying a few dozen hats in a London shop, happened to spot a toque of silver fox. "Quite effective," she murmured, tilting it over a famed eyebrow. Then, turning to the clerk, she said: "Will you call the International Fur Shop and ask them to send up a silver fox coat? I believe this hat really needs an extra touch." It's a nice whim, if you can afford it.

Economy, however, is not unknown to some of the Hollywood gentry. Elaine Barrie Barrymore has just announced that John's half-million-dollar yacht, The Infanta, can now be had for \$50,000. Reports are that Elaine prefers the land, and that John has decided they can have more fun on \$50,000 than they can on the yacht.

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