

WHEN PRIMA DONNAS MEET! see page 36

Modern Screen

JULY
10
CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE

NEWSPAPER
JUN 17 1937
PERIODICAL DIVISION

MADELEINE
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-THE REBEL



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IRRESISTIBLE

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

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IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK

Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny but never a second for her tender gums



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that *dull, dingy, shadowed* smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the

care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her *tender, ailing gums*—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of “pink” upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"

When that warning tinge appears on your tooth brush—go at once to your dentist. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, “chewier” foods—and often the stimulating help

of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of “pink tooth brush.” Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually *firmer, sounder, healthier*.

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

LISTEN TO “Town Hall Tonight”—every Wednesday night, over N.B.C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.

Remember

a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



IPANA
Tooth Paste

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THEY'D ASK FOR BULBS THAT
STAY BRIGHTER
LONGER



PROTECT YOUR EYES *from* *beauty-marring "lines"*

Inferior light bulbs cheat you of light you pay for...tend to strain your eyes and create "lines" that may mar facial beauty.

Insist on G-E MAZDA lamps

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60-WATTS
AND SMALLER

**GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS**

G-E ALSO OFFERS A LAMP FOR
If you buy ten-cent lamps,
get the best. They're marked **GE 10¢**
and come in 7½, 15, 30 and 60-watts.

MODERN SCREEN

Regina Cannon . . . Editor
Abril Lamarque . . . Art Editor
Leo Townsend . Hollywood Editor

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MOVIE X-WORD
RIGHT RECIPES
LAST CALL
TALKIE TIPS
THE ANSWER MAN
FAN TALK
ENTER NOW!
LATEST GOSSIP

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He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!



Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!



Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937."



You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since "Mata Hari" and directed by the man who made it!



William *Luise*
POWELL • RAINER

The Emperor's Candlesticks

with **ROBERT YOUNG • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**
FRANK MORGAN • Henry Stephenson
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by **GEORGE FITZMAURICE** • Produced by **JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.**



Fuzzy Knight and
George Hayes open
for business...

CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT IT'S THE SNAPPIEST OLE SWING THRU THE LAND

Bob Burns and Martha Raye on
a cook's tour of melody land.



EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY MARTHA GETS CRAZIER



Here they are, folks, Martha Raye, the lass with the over-sized mouth and Bob (Bazooka) Burns, the gentleman from Van Buren, Arkansas, topping their laugh triumph in "Waikiki Wedding" with a laugh a minute hill-billy drayma, that'll have you in stitches . . . Terry Walker, lovely to look at lady of the networks, has the romance assignment with John Howard . . . and a bunch of the funniest lads who ever came down off the mountains add to the hysteria . . .

Rufe Davis and His White Mule
try a little hill-billy swing . . .

MOUNTAIN MUSIC?

MUSIC, AN' ITS ECHOIN'



John Howard and
Terry Walker sing
a few love notes...



Some hair raising
songs from a Real
Hill-Billy Band...



AND C-RAYE-ZIER

TONITE
AT THE OLD
OPRY HOUSE

Adolph Zukor presents

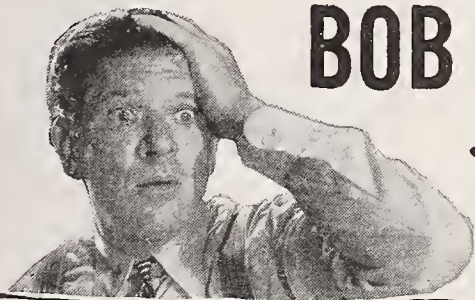
"MOUNTAIN MUSIC"

A Paramount Picture with

BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE

JOHN HOWARD • TERRY WALKER

Directed by Robert Florey



"I LOVE
YOUR LIPS!"



Exciting, Alluring...

of course men thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips! Men despise a "painted look". Tangee *isn't* paint...it's the *only* lipstick with the Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose, emphasizes your charm...Use Tangee Rouge for lovely color in cheeks.

USE TANGEE LIPSTICK every night before you go to bed. Its special cream base soothes and softens lips, gives them a beauty treatment while you sleep. Tangee won't rub off on bed linen. Awake with fresh alluring lips. Try Tangee, the 24-Hour way to loveliness. 39¢ and \$1.10. Or send coupon below for Miracle Make-Up Set.



PAINTED



TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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



"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

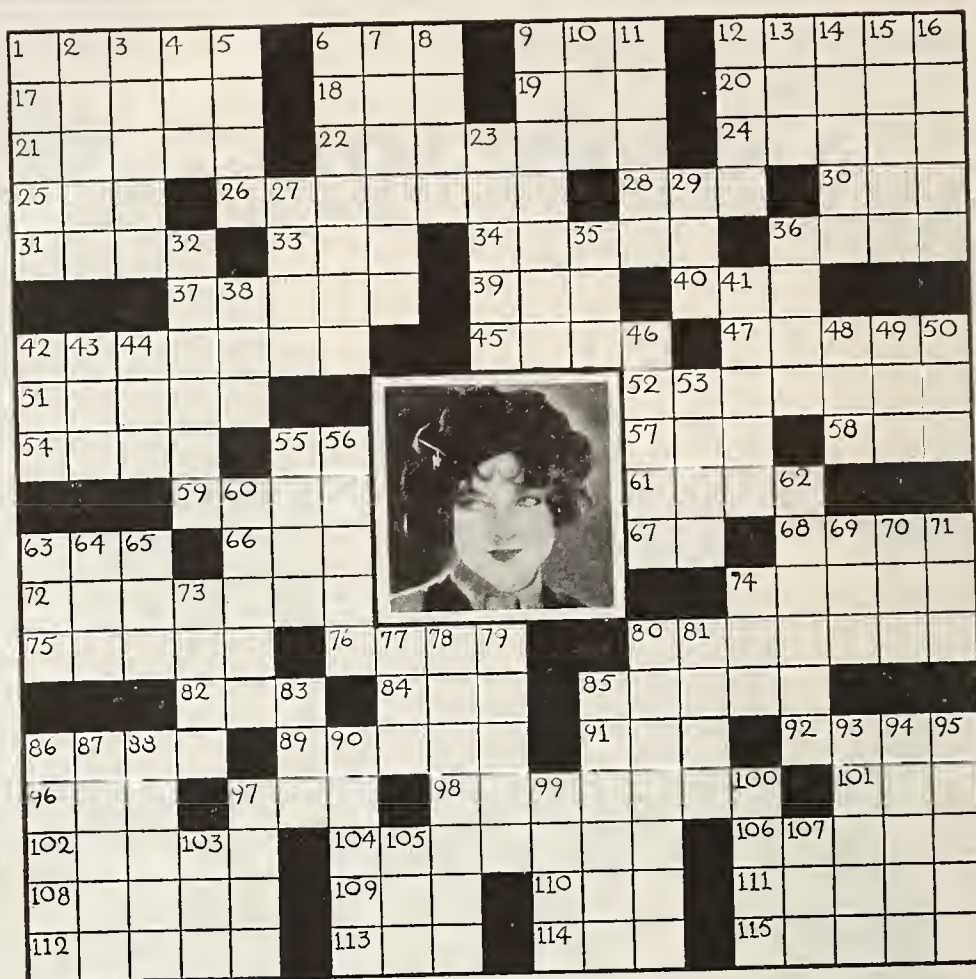
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light
Powder Desired ☐ Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ MM77

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 96

ACROSS

1. & 6. The actress featured in the puzzle
9. Pouch
12. Director of "Lost Horizon"
17. Drug from the poppy
18. Ginger Rogers' Ma, L - - -
19. M - - - played in "Eskimo"
20. Elaine was called John Barrymore's
21. Make a speech
22. Distended
24. Song-writing partner of Mack Gordon
25. " - - - urn of Peter Grimm"
26. His name was changed from Stevenson to its present form
28. Bridge-player Culbertson's first name
30. N - - -, star of "Nine Days a Queen"
31. Brother of Jacob
33. Unrefined metal
34. Zest
36. She appeared with Ralph Bellamy in "The Wedding Night"
37. Edward Arnold was a Forty - - - - in "Sutter's Gold"
39. Large Australian bird
40. Weight measure
42. Her first important role was in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
45. Her real name is June Vlasak
47. Star of "The Man Who Knew Too Much"
51. First name of star falsely rumored killed in Spain
52. " - - - - Love," Fox picture
54. Hollywood fashion expert. The first name is Dolly
55. Toward
57. First name of Bebe Daniels' husband

58. Tint
59. Gloria - - - -. You may remember her from "Bolero"
61. Mother of Helen of Troy
63. Mrs. Joel McCrea
66. Noah's houseboat
67. Mr. Wynn's first name
68. He was Lilyan Tashman's husband
72. Comic in "When You're in Love"
74. She gives George Burns his headaches
75. Basil Rathbone played the villain role in "Captain - - - -"
76. Rim
80. Young actor cast as Jean in "The Woman I Love." He was born in S. Africa
82. County in Nevada
84. Sphere
85. Too inquisitive: slang
86. Girl in "Waikiki Wedding"
89. Frogs
91. Single
92. Bird home
96. Mountain peak
97. First name of Freddie Bartholomew's father in "The Devil is a Sissy"
98. Comedian in "Top of the Town"
101. Pig pen
102. Son of Abraham
104. Insipidly
106. Rotating part of a machine
108. Audacity: slang
109. First name of juvenile in "Her Husband Lies"
110. Born
111. Star of "High, Wide and Handsome," first name
112. Scoff
113. Profound respect
114. "The Thundering H - - -"
115. Peels

PAGE

DOWN

1. Singing star whose married name is Mrs. Valentin Parera
2. Belgian battlefield of the World War
3. Lasso
4. Shelled fruit
5. She was recently divorced for the second time from Bruce Cabot
6. The husband of "My American Wife"
7. She was born Edna May Nutter
8. American University
9. Hard-glazed, yellow pottery of Japan
10. Strong beer
11. Military student
12. Virginia Cherrill's ex-hubby, first name
13. Exist
14. Turn in place
15. Old-English overseer
16. Niche in "Camille"
23. Actress with a celestial name
27. He's married to a young lady who used to be Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
29. Movie studio
32. Unfastens
35. Hot star
36. Stuck-up person
38. Indisposed
41. The screen's Chinese detective
42. " - - Parade," M-G-M picture
43. Make a mistake
44. Anger
46. Co-starred with the actress of the puzzle in an Irish film
48. Free of
49. First name of actor who played in "Bulldog Drummond Escapes"
50. Marl - - -, gal with the beautiful legs
53. He was the most handsome Indian in "The Last of the Mohicans"
55. Von S - - - berg, who discovered 50 down
56. He's happily married to Venita Varden
60. Big fat member of the team in "The Bohemian Girl"
62. Mrs. Robert Kent
63. Pat
64. Old long measure
65. Central American tree yielding oil: variant spelling
69. B - - - nd, comedienne
70. " - - ewolf of London"
71. "Journey's - - -"
73. Eternities
74. Yes
77. "First-Nighter" of radio fame—his first name
78. The lady in "Soldier and the Lady"
79. Rustic dancer, married to Winchell's ex-Girl Friday, now appearing in "Born to Dance"
80. Sweetened
81. Llam - - - y, temple in "Lost Horizon"
83. Epoch
85. Finer
86. He played Don Luis in "Anthony Adverse"
87. Supporting player in "The Plough and the Stars"
88. Extra
90. Page and Louise both have this first name
93. Groucho is a topnotch j - - - -
94. The father in "Alice Adams"
95. Rubber for auto wheels, as the British spell it
97. All cutting room equipment includes spl - - - - s
99. First name of the director of "The Ghost Goes West." His last name is - - - - Clair
100. Journey
103. Hail
105. Shirley Temple and Gary Cooper appeared in " - - - and Forever"
107. C - - -, first name of actress who played "Patty" in "Quality Street"

Now SHE HAS Glamour



...SCENTED WITH
GENUINE IMPORTED
French PERFUME



From Paris, where life is gay and glamorous--where women are fastidious and fascinating -- comes the exquisite perfume that gives to Djer-Kiss Talc its enchanting fragrance Here in America it is the daily choice of lovely women who have discovered its ability to enhance personal charm, with a haunting touch of magical allure.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

Buy Djer-Kiss Talc in
drug and department
stores at 25c and 75c.
New generous 10c size
in ten-cent stores.

When Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are "at home" to their pals, here's how they'll treat 'em

By Marjorie
Deen

There'll be nothing hit or miss about the buffet suppers served by the future Mrs. Gene Raymond. She will serve her informal meals from a comfortable table with plenty of candlelight, if you please!



A SIT-DOWN SUPPER

WHEN THE hit tune of the week is Mendelssohn's Wedding March; when the churches are bedecked with flowers, ferns and white satin ribbons; when the society magazines and newspaper columns are filled with photographs of young lovelies in trailing gowns and diaphanous lace and tulle veils, then we know it's summertime, the bride's season.

This year's most famous summer bride, of course, is Jeanette MacDonald. And certainly she will also be the loveliest we shall see for months to come! As I write this, her marriage to Gene Raymond, on the seventeenth of June, is only a little way off, and it is, of course, Hollywood's favorite topic of conversation. For everyone out here loves a wedding, particularly when the bride is beautiful, the groom handsome, and both are as unmistakably in love as are Jeanette and Gene.

I don't feel that I'm exaggerating one little bit when I declare that it's in the nature of a real scoop to be able to offer you, at this particular time, recipes and suggestions for informal entertaining given by the bride-to-be.

Yes, the future Mrs. Raymond was delighted to give MODERN SCREEN

readers directions for making some of her favorite dishes and also described at some length her idea of a perfectly grand way to give a supper party—one, that is, that will not be too taxing on the hostess yet a huge success in the eyes of the guests.

As usual I'm going to give you some of the recipes here and the others in the little leaflet that the coupon brings you free of charge. Of course, I shall also discuss these leaflet recipes with you later on so that you will know what you'll be getting if you go to the trouble of writing in for your copy. A small enough task, isn't it, when you consider that by writing in you can learn how to prepare the special dishes that have appeared most frequently when Jeanette entertained in her Hancock Park colonial house and that will continue to be featured when the Raymonds move into their new San Fernando home.

But I do want to reserve a major part of the space for the really worthwhile suggestions given by Miss MacDonald for Sit-Down Suppers.

"What!" you might well exclaim, "has the sit-down craze spread into the home?"

To which Jeanette would cheerfully reply, "If it hasn't already, then in my opinion it's high time it did!"

For fear that you might think of her as some militant feminist, which she most certainly is not, I asked her to explain in detail for my readers the stand she takes on Sit-Down Suppers.

"Well, you see," Jeanette assured me, green eyes sparkling with amusement, "I'm fully convinced from personal observation at recent Buffet Suppers we've attended, that few women and practically no men really enjoy giving an imitation of a circus juggler. You've seen them, too, I suppose, trying to find a corner to settle down in while balancing a well-filled plate, an overflowing glass and silverware! (Continued on page 70)

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

Please send me a free leaflet containing
Jeanette MacDonald's Informal Supper
Recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

A Straight Tip— and a Good One!



USE COSMETICS
ALL YOU LIKE!
BUT DON'T TAKE
CHANCES WITH
**COSMETIC
SKIN...**



**LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES
COSMETICS THOROUGHLY—
HAS AN ACTIVE LATHER THAT
PREVENTS CHOKED PORES.
I ALWAYS USE IT!**

JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR

HOLLYWOOD STARS can't afford to take chances with dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin! That's why 9 out of 10 of them use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap. It has an **ACTIVE** lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Keep *your* skin smooth and lovely with the same gentle care Joan Blondell uses. Before you put on fresh make-up, **ALWAYS** before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap.



Girls everywhere follow Hollywood's lead—use Lux Toilet Soap for a bath soap, too!



SMALL TOWN BOY

This domestic scene will probably wind up in a cozy spot in the good old family album. Here are Stu and June Erwin with little Billy and Judy.

SUCCESS WITHOUT glamor may seem like next to nothing to you, but to the thousands of Stuart Erwin fans it means a heck of a lot. True, if prizes were being given out to those who fill the bill for that certain glamorous something, Stuart probably wouldn't be in the running—that is, unless they were giving out a consolation prize!

For, according to the rules of male pulchritude, Stuart just doesn't get into the race. But when it comes to doing a hang-up job of personality plus entertainment, he steps right up to the head of the class. Not that he cares to be in on the class, because he already has what he wants from life—a home, his family and a darn good job.

"This acting is a business to me," Stu began, "and that's the way I handle it. It's no different than if I worked in a bank. Then I'd probably work from nine to five and catch the five-twenty home. As it is, I work all day and drive home instead. Just a home body, that's me—a small town boy."

After one look around, we thoroughly understand why Stu hurries home each night. There's a Mrs. Erwin, who is even more attractive than when she was June Collyer, once Hollywood's most promising ingenue. Though this would seem almost enough, there are two other darn good reasons for Stu to stick to the fireside—Stuart Jr., and little Judy.

June Collyer gave up the screen and her career to devote herself to making a marital success. This she has done in no uncertain way and is naturally as pleased as punch about it all.

"You see, after Stu and I were married," Mrs. Erwin explained, "I decided there needn't be more than one career

in the family, at least one professional career. So I quit pictures and have made Stu's career mine. It's so much safer and ever so much more fun this way."

Looking in on the Erwins, we could easily understand why it was fun for them both, and why in topsy-turvy Hollywood, where most marriages seem destined to go on the rocks, their life together is slated to survive. You see, the Erwins are an institution, and they are the only stockholders. —They don't give advice and, what's more important, they don't take it.

As to Erwin's histrionics, we can safely predict a long and prosperous future for him. Gifted with a sympathy-inducing physiognomy (face, to us) and a self-deprecatory style of acting, he is the typical small-town character in search of an author. There is a real homespun quality about Stu and, in a modest but highly efficient manner, he carries on much in the Will Rogers manner, which is traditional for portraying "just folks" on the screen.

Though youthful, Stuart Erwin seems the logical successor to the late Will Rogers and can fill his shoes as well as anyone could ever hope to do.

One thing above all else is true of Stuart Erwin. No matter what he does, he always does it well. Indeed, Stu does what he does better than anyone else. This is applicable to any and all exigencies confronting our hero, from movie acting to mixing a mean Martini! To be sure, his prowess at this last mentioned talent was aided and abetted by a little professional instruction and Mr. Erwin wasn't one bit reluctant to give credit where credit was due!

There have been a couple of (Continued on page 14)

**By Robert H.
McIlwaine**

Stuart Erwin "makes good" in the movies — and at home, too

RELIEF FOR YOUR FEET



CORNS, SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain; remove corns. Stop cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevent sore toes, blisters. Thin, soothing, healing.



CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, quickly relieve pain, safely remove hard, dead skin. Stop shoe pressure. Very soothing and healing.



BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for bunions relieve pain; stop shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing, safe, sure. Easy to apply.



SOFT CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for soft corns between toes, relieve pain instantly; take pressure off the sore spot; safely remove soft corns.



CORNS, CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy 2 drops relieves pain; quickly, safely loosens and removes hard or soft corns and callouses.



REMOVES CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly, safely remove corns. Instantly relieve pain; stop shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.



FOOT RELIEF
Dr. Scholl's Kurotex velvety-soft foot plaster relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots and prevents blisters. Cut to any size.



CROOKED HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. For men and women.



EASES FEET
Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots and preventing blisters. Cuts to any size.



BURNING FEET
Dr. Scholl's Pedicreme a soothing, healing, cooling vanishing cream for relieving tired, tender, aching or burning feet. Delightfully refreshing.



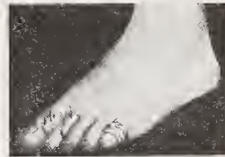
REMOVES CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve stops pain instantly and quickly, gently, safely loosens and removes old, hard corns.



SORE, TENDER HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions make walking a pleasure; help support arch. Sponge rubber, covered with leather.



RELIEVES SORE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieves tired, aching feet. Also recommended for bath in rheumatism, lumbago, gout. Softens water.



LAMB'S WOOL
Dr. Scholl's Lamb's Wool sterilized super-soft, for padding and separating the toes; relieves scalds and soft corns.



CORNS, BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions instantly relieve pain and stop shoe pressure on sore spot.



ITCHING FEET, TOES
Presto Athlete's Foot Remedy relieves itching feet and toes, kills fungi it comes in contact with. Aids in healing skin.

Don't suffer another day from your feet. No matter what common foot trouble you may have, you can now have **IMMEDIATE RELIEF** at very small cost. Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted foot specialist, has formulated a Foot Comfort Remedy for every foot ailment. They are made under his personal supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet. Go to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10c store *this week* and get the original Dr. Scholl's in the yellow package for quick, safe relief.

For **FREE BOOKLET** explaining the symptoms, causes and treatment of all foot trouble, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 247 W. Schiller St., Chicago.



TENDER FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, or perspiring feet. Soothing, healing, comforting to irritated skin. Eases new, tight shoes.



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves sore, feverish, chafed, swollen, aching, tender feet. Promotes foot health. Very soothing.



CLEANSSES FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation, promotes foot health.



FOOT LOTION
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion cools, soothes, invigorates tired, burning feet. Relieves soreness. Deodorizing, antiseptic.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week



—SHE'S A WILDCAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They're their own worst enemies!

Still, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted . . . popular, fresh-looking . . . *be sure that your bowels move regularly.* And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You'll feel *clean*. You'll feel more *alive*. And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. MM77, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

instances, however, when Mr. Erwin has not been able to come through with such flying colors. Notably among them was the business of that theatrical producer, years back, not letting him act in his plays.

"You know, that guy would let me stage manage all his shows, handle the money and the business, ferry the company up and down between Los Angeles and San Francisco, but he *wouldn't* let me play in them," Stu explained. "Nope, he said he didn't like my type of work and I should be kept behind the scenery and not in front where the cash customers could get a load of me. He stuck to his guns, too, and he never did let me play a single role the whole time I was with him!

"The funny part of it came when June and I ran into him some years later. It was at the preview of one of my pictures. He came over to us afterwards and said, 'Stu, I didn't think you had it in you. I want to apologize and take my hat off to you. You certainly did a fine job and I'm proud of you. If you ever want a job, let me know.'

"Well, we had a good laugh and we're great pals to this day. The real joke of it is that sometime I might take him up on it."

Having been under contract to one of the big studios for years, we were naturally interested to learn the reason for Stu's departure, for Erwin has certainly done nobly by all the roles he has been given to portray.

WELL, it may be like the other case of the producer who was my pal but just wouldn't let me act in his plays," Stu explained. "There's a producer at the studio who doesn't seem to like my work. He's a good friend, but every time I thought I was set in a role, I found I wasn't. So I went to the studio and we agreed quite amicably to disagree about signing another contract with them."

Stuart Erwin wasn't stepping around long, for he was lately nailed

to a nice contract at Grand National. Now he is on the same lot as his old friend, Jim Cagney, and is looking forward to some of the better breaks he is entitled to. Under his old contract, Stu was not allowed to make personal appearances nor do radio broadcasts, but under the new banner he has the privilege of doing both.

Suddenly there were some lusty shouts from another quarter of the Erwin apartment and, just as suddenly, the reasons for all the shoutin' appeared. Bill and Judy—the Erwin young hopefuls!

Bill was enthralled with New York, having just completed a tour of most of the park and all of the zoo.

In fact, he was so pleased with our city that at a word from us he was all for staying right here. When reminded that his mother and father were going back he said, "Oh, that's all right. I'll write to 'em on picture postals. And we can play policeman all the time. You know, I'm going to be police-on-a-horse when I grow up."

WE WERE all very properly impressed when we learned that Bill's hero was the cop on the corner who was mounted on a sleek horse which immediately took Stuart Jr., for a loss and captivated his fancy. It seems as though it was his first meeting with law on horseback, and now his mind is made up as to what the future holds for him in the way of a career.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin informed us that they were going to let the children pick their own vocations and if they followed in the footsteps of their father there would be no parental objections.

If there is one person Mrs. Erwin is proud of, it is her hubby and now that he is playing his first star role in "Small Town Boy," she is more pleased than ever.

And for us movie-goers, it means that our pet comedian, the homespun hero, can visit us again in bigger and better roles and who knows—maybe glamor will set in, too!



Slow talkin' Stuart Erwin, right, with Jean Muir and Chester Clute in "Dance, Charlie, Dance."

It's their Birthday.. *but Your Gift!*



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Mothers—ACCEPT THIS "DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

THE whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their *third* milestone—"bigger and better than ever"!

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift for *you*! Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! *Free* with each purchase of "Lysol"!

Dr. Dafoe talks to mothers on the radio (Columbia network) every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. This is the only book containing the important information he has broadcast, as well as many additional facts of fascinating interest to everyone. While these books last, your druggist is authorized to give one *free* to each purchaser of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Since the day the Quins were born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help keep their surroundings

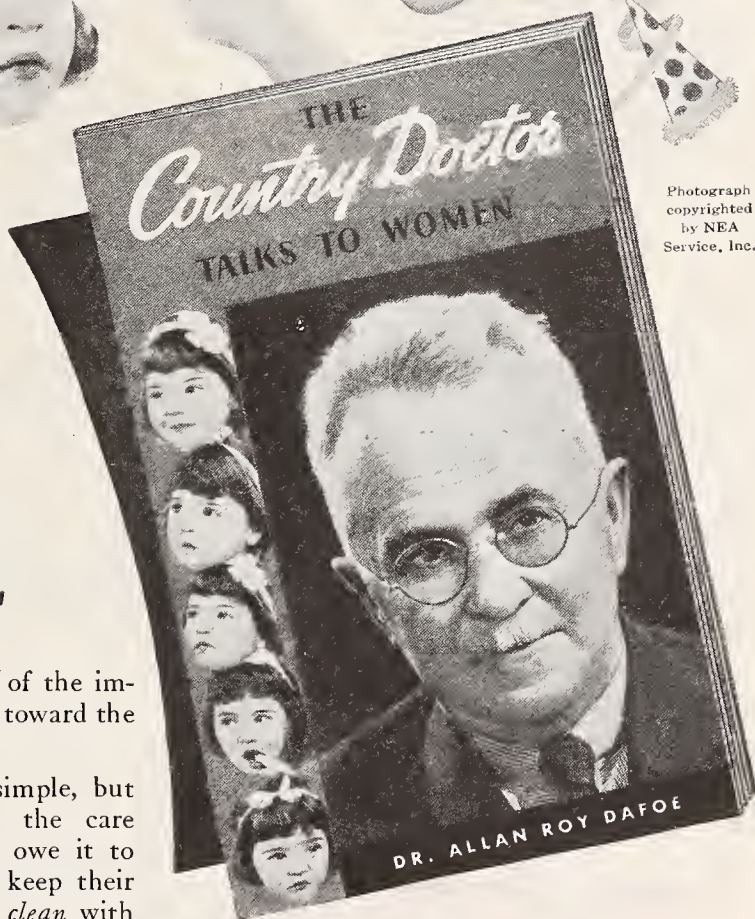
hygienically clean. . . one of the important measures directed toward the prevention of Infection.

Are you taking this simple, but scientific, precaution in the care of your *own* baby? You owe it to your family's welfare to keep their surroundings *hygienically clean* with "Lysol" disinfectant.

Use "Lysol" in *all* your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" *today* and ask your druggist for a *free* copy of Dr. Dafoe's valuable book!



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Disinfectant



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Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

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Name _____

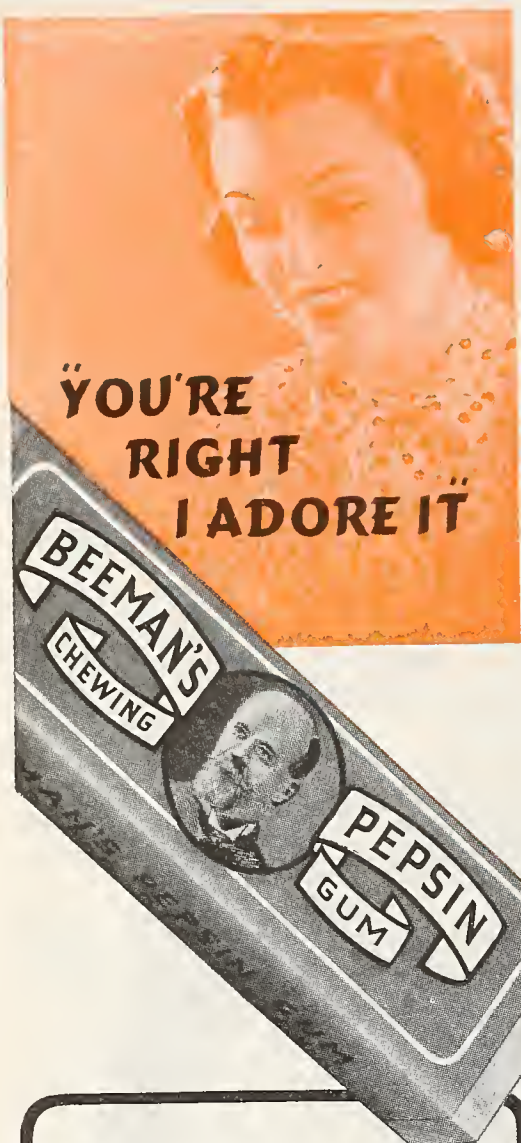
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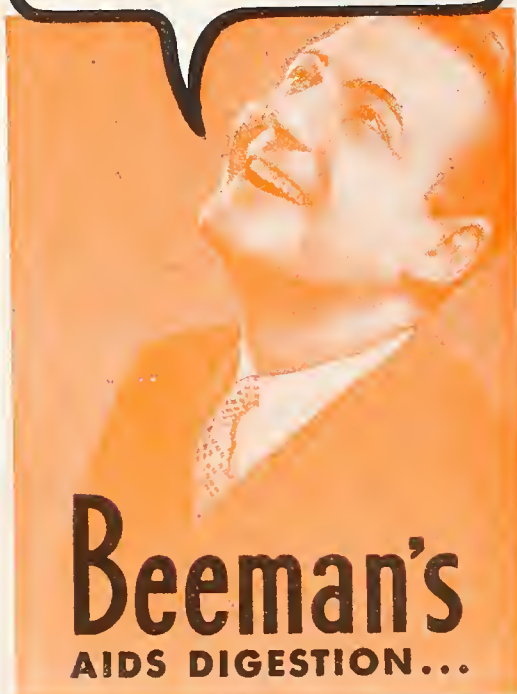
ALL ABOARD FOR HOLLYWOOD!

By Jack Smalley



**"YOU'RE
RIGHT
I ADORE IT"**

"So you've just discovered Beeman's? About time such a bright girl caught up with such a luscious flavor! As a discriminating person you've noticed that airtight package. It's important to those who appreciate fresh chewing gum. And Beeman's is the favorite among thinking people as a delicious aid to digestion."



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AIDS DIGESTION...

WILL YOU be sharing in the last-minute bustle and scurry, the frantic waving to friends down to wish you bon voyage? Will your heart beat faster to the conductor's "All aboard"?

The whush of steam, the barely perceptible start, the quick scanning of faces about you and the hasty glance at the printed list of passengers to see who the pretty girl in the next seat is—that's just the start of *Modern Screen's* tours to movieland.

Will you be part of this exciting picture?

THE BIG special trains are ready; reservations for hotels at the various stops en route have been made, the final touch given to the elaborate plans for your reception in the film capital, and soon we'll shove off across thousands of miles of entrancing country to see the stars, visit studios, enjoy parties at the homes of the celebrities, and be living that vacation to top all vacations, a visit to glamorous movieland.

This is your last call to join in the fun. Only a few reservations are open for the three big tours which will leave Chicago July 11, August 1, and August 15. And for the astonishingly low costs of the trip, you simply can't afford to miss the train.

Previous issues of *Modern Screen* have fully described the plans made for your enjoyment. We've told how we'll go by special train to Seattle, down the coast to Los Angeles and back

through Salt Lake City, all in two weeks, with a shorter trip of eleven days for those who are in a hurry.

AND THEN those carefree, exciting days in Hollywood! Leo Carrillo's Spanish fiesta, Glenda Farrell's Gold Diggers Party, the garden fete at Dick Arlen's; lunching and seeing pictures in the making at the new Universal Studios; dropping in at NBC Studios for a view of radioland, meeting the stars of your

Joan Bennett trips along Hollywood Boulevard on a shopping tour.



**Last call for
Modern Screen
vacationers to
see the stars**



favorite air program. All this is just a birds-eye view of the round of activities in the cinema city.

Every detail of these house parties of ours is covered in the beautifully illustrated booklet which is yours for the asking. In it you'll find photos of the hosts and hostesses, scenes at the studios, pictures of the parks where stop-overs will be made, and the complete itinerary as well as full schedule of costs. Send for your booklet today.

Here's one real-life movie in which you can play a part. All you need do is make up your mind that this year you owe it to yourself to enjoy the finest vacation that anyone could devise, and cast yourself for a leading role in the picture.

THE first trip out finds Leo Carrillo as host. And there is a man after your own heart. Leo has a gorgeous ranch near the ocean at Santa Monica, and we'll all drive down there for an old-fashioned Spanish barbecue and fiesta, with Leo to welcome us and with many of his pals in the movie colony to help make this a grand occasion.

Right now Leo Carrillo is making "Hotel Haywire" at Paramount, but he's not going to let that interfere with your having the time of your life at his party. As a matter of fact, the novel angle of your party has temperamental Leo steamed up full pressure. And that means plenty of fun ahead for all of you.

Glenda Farrell postcards from England, where she's seeing the Coronation and making a movie, that she'll be home in ample time to greet the tour leaving August 1, and Dick Arlen is counting the days till his Melting Pot Party, in honor of the shorter trip which leaves Chicago August 15. You can imagine that Glenda, ordinarily such an intriguing person, will be an out-and-out social lion with all the tall stories she'll be telling you about coronation goings-on.

No matter where you live you can easily join the house parties, either at Chicago or en route to Hollywood. Because we're traveling in groups by special trains, a trip that would be very expensive for a private enterprise becomes astonishingly inexpensive; as low as \$169.00 for the two-weeks' tour, or \$139.50 for the shorter trip.

If you wish to be sure of a reservation, enclose \$10.00 as deposit for each person in your party. If you are unable to make the trip, your deposit will be returned.

So it's all aboard for Hollywood. This is the last call. Are you with us?

Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Manager,
Modern Screen Tours to Hollywood,
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Please send me the free booklet describing MODERN SCREEN Tours to MovieLand.

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Tell me — honestly, now — what is your *real* opinion about all the many face powders you have tried? Have you ever truly found that one heaven-sent face powder which brings to life all the vivid, glowing, natural skin charm and loveliness that you have every right to expect?

You aren't to blame, really, if your search has failed. We have all had the same trying experience. Testing — choosing — never quite *sure* we were the lovely person we longed to be.

You — are the very problem modern cosmeticians studied year after year before LOVELY LADY was created. Millions of women go on switching face powders, grinding *hard-base*, sharp-flake powders into the skin, finally spoiling their natural skin beauty.

Now, — BALMITE the exquisite new *soft-blend* base — chosen for my LOVELY LADY Face Powder ends harsh over-powdered look caused by hard-base, sharp-flake powders. . . . Because of BALMITE all five exquisite *new* shades of LOVELY LADY *blend out* to cover *your every seasonal variation of complexion color*. Smooths away horrid lines that have made you look years older, brings out the flattering loveliness of your natural skin tone beauty.

Don't punish your complexion any longer! Sit down before your mirror — try all five *new* shades of my Face Powder. You'll see then, and only then, if you have been using the wrong face powder. You'll see instantly which one shade of LOVELY LADY makes you look youngest, loveliest. Just send the coupon — NOW and I'll send you generous vanity size samplers of all 5 new shades of my Face Powder by return mail — FREE.

Sincerely,

Lovely Lady

FREE

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Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

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ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



★★★★ A Star Is Born

Here is the most true-to-life story of Hollywood ever to reach the screen—a drama which combines all the humor and all the heartbreak of this fabulous village. In telling the tale of a small-town girl who makes good in pictures, "A Star Is Born" is comedy and tragedy rolled into one, and certainly one of the season's finest films.

Janet Gaynor is the young lady in quest of fame, and although she is befriended by a good-natured assistant director (Andy Devine), fortune never crosses her path until she meets a bibulous screen idol (Fredric March), who promptly makes her his leading lady. They fall in love and marry, and she skyrockets to fame while he slips slowly into oblivion. It's a story which has been lived over and over again in Hollywood, and there must have been more than one actor squirming in his seat at the preview.

Technicolor, which improves with each new film, is employed most effectively. Incidentally, it definitely enhances the beauty of Janet Gaynor, whose performance in the picture is a revelation. Fredric March is splendid as the alcoholic star; Adolphe Menjou is, as usual, faultless in the role of the producer; May Robson does a fine portrayal of Miss Gaynor's grandmother, and there is a swell performance of a cynical press-agent by Lionel Stander. Directed by William Wellman. —Selnick-International.



★★★ Night Must Fall

In England two years ago Robert Montgomery saw a play in which the central character was a psychopathic case, a combination of good-natured buffoon and cold-blooded killer. Bob, tired of portraying insipid playboys, persuaded M-G-M to purchase "Night Must Fall" for him. The result is a picture which will chill you with its brutality as easily as it amuses you with its cockney English humor. To steal a line of dialogue from one of the characters, "there's only one word for it—'grisly.'"

Shortly after the murder of a woman hotel guest, Montgomery, page boy at the place, is hired as a servant in the home of a crotchety old woman (Dame May Whitty) and her thrill-seeking niece (Rosalind Russell). Miss Russell realizes that Montgomery is the murderer, yet she is strangely drawn to him. Out of this situation emerges what will probably be recorded as the year's strangest drama.

It is a triumph for Montgomery, proving he is a skilled and sensitive performer. Rosalind Russell turns in a very believable portrayal of the inhibited young woman, and Dame May Whitty is superb. Alan Marshal does nicely as Miss Russell's intended groom. Directed by Richard Thorpe.—M-G-M.



★★★★ Shall We Dance?

Possessing all the chromium-plated virtues of its predecessors, this new Astaire-Rogers musical romp is a delightful affair which gives its two stars ample opportunity to display their well-known and highly specialized talents. The new dances continue to have that breath-taking quality about them which sets the Astaire-Rogers combination in a class by itself. The musical score by the Gershwin is excellent. Best numbers are "Shall We Dance?", "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Astaire is magnificent in a solo dance number done in the engine room of an ocean liner, to the accompaniment of the ship's machinery. Perhaps the most ingratiating of the dance numbers is a novelty on roller skates in which the two stars wind up on their respective faces.

"Shall We Dance?" is tops in the comedy department, with Astaire especially effective in the role of a phoney Russian ballet dancer. Miss Rogers, playing a musical comedy star, manages to look fancier than ever. Jerome Cowan supplies sophisticated comedy as Ginger's manager, and Edward Everett Horton is his customary self as Astaire's business department. Best comedy in the picture is furnished by Eric Blore as a hotel keeper. Harriet Hctor scores beautifully in a ballet number, and Ketti Gallian is sinister as the villainess. Directed by Mark Sandrich.—RKO.

By Leo Townsend

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ The Prince and the Pauper

When Mark Twain wrote his delightful fantasy of the pauper boy who suddenly found himself a prince, he probably had never heard of the Warner Brothers. However, if he were up and about today, he'd be grateful to them for translating his work into a completely enjoyable screen satire. He would also, no doubt, hand a palm to another set of brothers, the Mauch twins, who are so identical that even Henry VIII, father of one of them in the film, couldn't tell them apart.

Story tells of a son of the poor who inadvertently gets into the palace of Henry VIII. He meets young Prince Edward, and the two of them, in a spirit of fun, change clothes. When the prince wanders out into the courtyard, he is ejected by the guards and so, when Henry dies, the pauper finds himself about to be crowned king.

Montagu Love is a competent Henry, and Claude Rains is excellent as a scheming lord protector. Errol Flynn is properly swash-buckling as a soldier of fortune who aids in the cause of the young prince, and Henry Stephenson is fine as the Duke of Norfolk, and Barton MacLane does a good job as the thieving father of the young pauper. Directed by William Keighley.—*Warner Bros.*



★★★ Wake Up and Live

When 1937's musicals reach their judgment day, critics and audiences alike will probably agree that "Wake Up and Live" is the brightest and most enjoyable of the lot. If you're a reader of the public prints you no doubt know by now that it features Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie. Producer Darryl Zanuck's sagacity in capitalizing on their much-publicized "feud" is matched by his shrewdness in casting the pair in the roles they play every day.

Ben Bernie makes an admirable orchestra leader, and Winchell plays a newspaperman who looks and acts like newspapermen actually look and act. He doesn't wear his hat when he's working, he doesn't show up at the office drunk, nor does he win the most beautiful girl in the world in the last reel. Despite the novelty offered by the presence of Winchell and Bernie, the real stars of the picture are Jack Haley and Alice Faye. It is a pleasure to report that Haley's is one of the most hilarious performances we've seen on the screen. Alice Faye is both swell and elegant as the heroine of the piece. Ned Sparks and Patsy Kelly do a grand job with their comedy romance. Walter Catlett is excellent as a phoney agent, and Joan Davis is surprisingly funny in an adagio number. The best tunes are "Wake Up and Live" and "Never in a Million Years." Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★★ Woman Chases Man

Never let it be said that Samuel Goldwyn isn't thorough. When he makes a social document he generally makes it the most penetrating social document of the year, and when he decides on slapstick he goes the whole route and leaves no pie unthrown. Which is to say that "Woman Chases Man" is no social document. It has no message, and you'll probably forget what it was about a week after you've seen it. But while you're looking at it, you'll have a swell time.

Just to give you an idea, the story concerns a ne'er-do-well father (Charles Winninger) who is trying to blast a loan of \$100,000 from his conservative son (Joel McCrea). Miriam Hopkins gets into the picture on the old gent's side, and together they give poor Joel the works.

Miss Hopkins is swell in a grand-comedy role, and Charles Winninger is an able foil for her antics as the conniving father. Joel McCrea turns in a fine portrayal of their unfortunate victim, and there are good performances by Leona Maricle, as the "other woman" in the case, and Erik Rhodes, as Miss Maricle's lover. Broderick Crawford shows a grand-comedy flair as a phoney butler, and Ella Logan, as a maid, makes her small role outstanding. Directed by John Blystone.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

More Reviews on Page 102

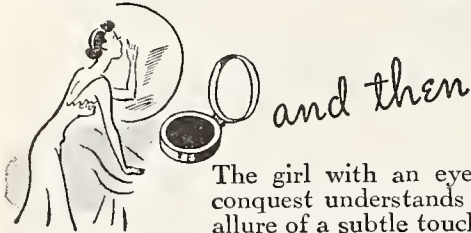
Movie tips which guide you to the best in entertainment



Don't be a Wash-out!



Never again should you come out of the surf looking less than lovely! (LASHTINT LIQUID MASCARA is the secret of summer sirens!) There'll be no more streaky cheeks or pale, sun-bleached lashes—this mascara is really water-proof! It never cracks or flakes, and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, brown, blue or green. \$1.



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"BAROMETER BEST POPULARITY CHECK"—Gene Autry

Gene Autry

Hello, Modern Screen Readers:

I can't think of a better way to thank you folks than to let you all know how very, very important I consider the Barometer standing your hundreds of requests have given me. Though frankly sceptical about most of these polls and barometers, I do have faith in yours. In the first place, it's on a six months' basis. That keeps it from being fickle and makes it tell a real substantial story. Then, too, I think it a grand idea to base ratings on the requests you folks send in for your favorites' life stories. That makes your results lots more trustworthy than standings based on a questionnaire. People give 'most any answer to a questionnaire, but, when they spend their precious time writing in for a life story, you can bet your boots they're really interested. It is because I am so completely convinced of the reliability of your Barometer that I esteem all the more deeply the position in it your requests have accorded me. So, once more, my thanks to all of you!

Most sincerely,

Gene Autry
Gene Autry



If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on Page 21, or, if that seems too much trouble, just write. Your request will be recorded whether you bother with the coupon or not. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.



GENE AUTRY (Last printed March, 1937. Total number of requests since then 1050.) Unglamorous is the word for Gene Autry. In fact, so unglamorous that in the history of Hollywood he has had but one serious rival. That was

Will Rogers. And Will was the only other chap so utterly likeable. Pretty hard, though to pin down just what it is that makes you an Autry fan. You couldn't mistake Gene's face for Bob Taylor's or his voice for Lawrence Tibbett's. He has, however, one salient virtue which he shares with no one else on the screen. When he sings, he does his level best to put his song over and not himself. There is no eyebrow "magic"; he doesn't try to "make" the women in the audience. He sings as a cowboy should—to no audience other than the plains, the stars, and the cattle.

Born in Tioga, Texas, Sept. 29, 1907, Gene was trained to two careers almost before graduating from rompers. His grandfather was pastor of a Baptist church, his father a rancher. In the church Gene sang hymns, on the ranch he rode. But when the boy had turned sixteen, it was neither to singing nor riding that he strayed. In typical ideal-

istic Autry fashion, he longed to try his hand at something novel, something that would speak to his imagination. He took up Morse code and for four years clicked out messages from one of Oklahoma's most deserted way-stations. It was in the lone railroad shanty, with its ancient, spattered coal stove, that Gene's voice was discovered. His talent scouts were the simple cowhands who gathered 'round the stove in the dead of winter to listen to the homely strains of Gene's own compositions.

It took these cowmen four years to convince Gene that he might be talented. He left for New York. To Nat Shilkret he sang one of Nat's own compositions, "Jenine, I Dream Too Much." Nat, flattered and amused by the youngster's politic selection, took him under his wing. He advised him to spend another year in Oklahoma, getting experience on local broadcasts and in local roadshows. It was a sound bit of advice. When Gene came back East, he was asked to make records for almost every existing record company, and soon after, he joined the National Barn Dance program over a nation-wide hook-up.

When, in 1931, the Barn Dance went on the road, the gang stopped a night in a sleepy little Missouri college town. Gene met a pretty girl. A year later the Barn Dance

followed the same itinerary. The girl, still in college, cut a few classes, became Mrs. Ina Mae Autry.

Meanwhile, Tex Ritter and Dick Foran were setting the style for singin' cowboys. To Republic officials, Gene Autry seemed the likely man to contend for the box-office laurels Tex and Dick had been dividing between them. Gene was hired, mounted on that noble horse, Champion (who, by the way, had been bred by the same trainer who had raised all Ken Maynard's horses). In the three years that have elapsed since the signing of his contract, Gene and Champion have left all the other cowboys trailing behind in their dust. "Git Along Little Dogies" is their newest screen venture.

BARBARA RUSSELL. Duluth, Minnesota: You can't see why it is that the girls in your sorority are all agreed that the Information Desk Barometer is a much better gauge of popularity than the poll your college paper runs? If you will give Gene Autry's letter to our readers a careful once-over, I think you'll find yourself on the same side of the fence as your sorority sisters. Coming from Gene, the arguments presented in the letter are doubly effective. Gene's been in pictures long enough to have a pretty good idea of what's what in this matter of popularity. When he singles out the Barometer for extra-special praise, I think all your friends who have helped build it up with their requests can consider themselves flattered.

GARY COOPER (Last printed June, 1936. Total number of requests since then 388.) People have stopped trying to talk sense to Gary Cooper. Back in the days of Clara Bow, when he was a movie extra, they told Gary there was no future in the extra racket. You might as well beat your head against a brick wall as to try and emerge from the ranks. But Gary didn't want advice. He preferred to run his head against a brick wall—and become a star.



Gary's mother is the first to admit that her son is a bit of a ne'er-do-well. She often wonders whether he has ever recovered from the quart of beer that Turkish laborers on his dad's Montana ranch tempted him with when he was a little tot of eight. Possibly to protect their adventurous child from friendly Turks, or possibly because Mrs. C. had relatives in England, the Coopers migrated to that country in 1914, when Gary was twelve, and remained there for three years. When Gary came back to Helena, Montana, his old pals were amused by his knee pants and Eton collar, charmed by his accent. They took him out behind the barn and thrashed him soundly—because you can't talk sense to that Cooper guy.

It was around this time that the U. S. A. declared war, and when Gary's brother enlisted, young Cooper was left with the job of delivering a thousand head of cattle to the Minneapolis stock yards. Acting as tour conductor for a thousand yawping steers proved less of a problem to Gary than getting through college. After a pessimistic three years' trial, and Gary confesses that what he was really trying for was not so much a degree as the consent of one of the co-eds to marry him, he gave it all up with a bang and took to drink. When he had quite drowned his sorrows and had tired of his cartoonist job on the Helena paper, he left for Hollywood.

After prancing through several extra roles on horseback—now a Texas bad man, (Continued on page 99)

The Half and Half

by

JANTZEN



GLORIA BREWSTER
20th Century-Fox Player
Half and Half (illustrated) \$4.95
Other Jantzen Creations
\$4.50 to \$10.95

Beauty with a French accent! This intriguing version of the half-skirt vogue—so important on the Continent—blends the sophisticated daring of a maillot with the modesty of a full-skirt suit. Very chic, very brief. The luxurious quick-drying wool basket-weave Kava Knit fabric provides sleek "girdle-fit" through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Wear the straps straight for sunning, crossed for swimming—quickly, easily changed. The high, separated bust-line is charmingly youthful. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

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Frank, lively letters from fans to interest everyone. Lucky winners get cash prizes, too

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

Your frank opinions on movie personalities and movies are important to the stars, producers and us. And writing us a letter is one way of telling the stars what you think of them. They're anxious to have your criticism and these columns are yours to tell your story. This is your chance to have your say and win some pin money, too. There are no rules; no deadlines. Send as many contributions as you like. Prizes: 1st prize, \$5; 2 second prizes of \$2 each; 6 prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

\$2.00 Prize Letter Adorable Shirley

May I come in? I'd like to tell the world through your column how much I love and adore my favorite movie star, Shirley Temple. I guess it's really some-



A Michigan contributor thinks she's hit on the secret of Dietrich's oh-so-dead pan.

thing more than just admiring her on the screen, 'cause I have a choking feeling around my heart when I see her. I love her like one little girl can love and adore another. You see I'm not really like other little girls my age, 'cause I have never walked or talked and I'm most ten years old. But when the lights go out in the theatre and Shirley dances and sings her way across the silver screen, I forget that I can't walk or talk. I dread to think of the day when Mother will no longer be able to carry me into the theatre to see my beloved Shirley.—Josephine O'Brien, Flint, Mich.



Who's in Power now, Taylor? Is Tyrone about to take your place as King of Feminine Hearts, Bob? What say, Fans?

\$5.00 Prize Letter To Simone's Defense

In these times of hard-boiled sophistication and cynical disregard for human personality, I suppose it is too much to expect people to display anything but crude ridicule or some eyebrow-lifting toward anyone of foreign origin whose ways are not parallel with ours, who cannot seem to fit into any of the pigeonholes of character which we have so neatly set up in our American "culture." No, such a person is temperamental, unjustifiable and just doesn't belong with us!

You see, I have recently seen "Seventh Heaven," and I felt that both the leading roles were well done. I didn't know anything about the personality of Simone Simon, except that she's French. Then, I happened to read the screen reviews—casual remarks about the "play-acting of the unpredictable Simon," "the baby-carriage French accent," and in MODERN SCREEN a comment about the "redundant French gal" doing a good turn for her stand-in (evidently a very surprising thing to some people) and letters bemoaning the existence of "Sea-moan" in screenland. And many more quips directed at the French girl, all giving the impression that here indeed was an impossible creature.

Now, may I ask all of these people just what kind of persons would they be if they were to be set down in some foreign country to carry on as best they could in competition with the best natives of their own profession? I pay tribute to little Simone for her pluck in keeping at it in spite of the bumps. Temperamental? Exasperating? Perhaps. But they are the only weapons she has found effective against a hostile environment—Herbert G. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.

*NOW—Amazing new
underarm creams!*
Which . . . for you?



-this one stops odor
FRESH NO. 1

- Formerly known to a discriminating few as simply Fresh, this cream deodorant is big news wherever it is tried.
- For Fresh No. 1 has no medicinal smell—nothing to identify it as a deodorant. Yet it positively eliminates underarm odor.
- And Fresh No. 1 is antiseptic... safe after shaving. Not gummy, greasy. So easy to use. Travel-size tube, 10c at variety stores. Large tube, 50c at toiletries counters.



*-this one stops
perspiration, too!*
FRESH NO. 2

- Brand-new! Fresh No. 2 is a vanishing cream, which dries quickly and stops perspiration for from 1 to 3 days. Eliminates odor, too. Greaseless, stainless.
- And how quickly it dries... how quickly you can go right on with your dressing! Once you've tried Fresh No. 2, you'll never use another non-perspirant. Travel-size jar, 10c at variety stores. Large tubes, 50c at toiletries counters.

THE PHARMA-CRAFT CORPORATION, INC.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

'N' M E

\$2.00 Prize Poem

My Favorites

The finest stars upon the screen,
The ones that I like best, I mean—
The grandest pair that I've seen yet,
Are Nelson Eddy and Jeanette.



A youthful prize winner begs
for a revival of silents. He's
never even seen Chaplin!

He's so handsome, tall and fair;
She's lovely, with her red-gold hair.
Their voices are so clear and sweet,
To hear them is a thrilling treat.

"Naughty Marietta" was so nice
That I just had to see it twice.
Sweet Mystery of Life, sung by Jeanette
And Nelson, too, was a grand duet.

The next I saw was "Rose Marie,"
The loveliest picture one could see.
The Indian Love Call I would fain
Hear sung by those song-birds again.

The picture that I now await,
Among the highest it will rate.
Is "Maytime!" And it's clear to see
How wonderful 'twill surely be.

The fourth success, if I'm not wrong,
They're blending next with beauteous song,
Jeanette and Nelson at their best,
In Metro's "Girl of the Golden West."—
Margaret Faller, Verona, N. J.

\$1.00 Prize Letter
In Rebellious Mood

I am a movie fan; there is no getting
around that statement. I can sit open-
mouthed through "Romeo and Juliet" and
heartily enjoy Mickey Mouse. I even saw
"The Great O'Malley." That proves how
good I am. But I have a kick coming.

I can put it down to something or other
when Simone Simon's hair has that glori-
ous sheen in "Seventh Heaven." It be-
speaks the best of care, although she is
next door to a beggar maid. That sort
of thing I can understand, but why do all
Indians have to say "Um" and "Heap

big?" Why do the majority of European
noblemen have to be fortune hunters and
cads? I have never met a titled person
and never expect to, but my intelligence
rebels at the same old story.

May I commend the powers-that-be for
the wonderful pictures we have been hav-
ing lately—"The Good Earth," "Camille,"
"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney?"—Billie
Stuart, Newark, N. J.

\$1.00 Prize Letter
Smileless Dietrich

Well, I went to see "The Garden of
Allah" and the color is perfectly beautiful.
It doesn't come up and poke its fingers
in your eyes, as earlier color films did.

But—Marlene Dietrich! Her sequences
seemed to be a series of rapidly changing
still photographs. She shows as much
animation as a turtle. I understand that
off-screen Miss Dietrich seldom smiles or
laughs because of the lines it causes about
the mouth and eyes. But does she have
to carry this pose before the cameras,
too? She is very lovely and is an ex-
cellent color subject, but gazing at a mask
does get rather tiring. If she would let
herself go and really emote instead of
posing for camera portraits, it might put
life into her voice, too. Just close your
eyes and listen to her for a let-down. Or
is she too subtle for me?—Julia Kurta,
Royal Oak, Mich.

\$1.00 Prize Letter
A Welcome To "Silents"

I am 22 years old and have only a faint
recollection of ever seeing movies of
(Continued on Page 100)

"Glare-Proof"

Now 3 Pond's "Sunlight" shades



Summer Brunette

Sunlight (LIGHT)

Sunlight (DARK)

to soften your face in blazing light . . .

Now *three* new "Sunlight" Shades—to flatter
you in hard sunlight.

Pond's "Sunlight" Shades are *new!* They catch
only the softer rays of the sun. Soften its hard,
unbecoming glare on your face. Completely
away from the old "dirty-looking" sun-tan pow-
ders. Try them at our expense.

Or, get a box yourself. If you do not find it
more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades,
send us back the box, and we will refund pur-
chase price plus postage. Low prices. Decorated
screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PG, Clinton, Conn. Please
rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades,
enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Sept. 1, 1937)



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City _____ State _____

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Pond's Extract Company

Kleinert's
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LAUNDERITE
DRESS WHILOS

25¢

Wash and Iron to Perfection

Kleinert's



WIN A FREE
Hollywood
Your Last Chance

[illegible]

24

TRIP TO

To enter this contest, fill in the chart with *full* names of your movie favorites, the first or last name beginning with the letters appearing on each line of the chart. The names selected can have *fewer* letters than squares, but *cannot* have more. Do not use the same name twice. Then, fill in the coupon beneath the chart, suggesting a name for this "Luxury Liner," which will carry our winners to Hollywood. For example, "Hollywood Cruiser," "Luxury Express."

RULES

1. Contestant must fill in the chart on Page 24, with the *full* names of the moving picture stars or featured players whose *first* or *last* names begin with the letters in the wards, NATIONAL TRAILWAYS. For example, the letter "N" may represent either Norma Shearer or Nolan, Daris. The names you select can have less letters than squares provided for in the chart; they should *not* have more. Leave one space between first and last names or last and first names. Don't use the same name twice.
2. In the space at the bottom of the chart, suggest a name for the special bus which will carry the winners to Hollywood.
3. The 20 trips will be awarded to the persons who submit the most complete chart and who, in the judges' opinion, give the best name for the bus.
4. If more than one entry is submitted, each must be presented on a separate chart.
5. Neatness and accuracy will count; elaborate entries will not receive preference in awarding the prizes.
6. The decision of the judges shall be final, and in case of ties, additional trips will be awarded.
7. Mail your entries to Modern Screen-National Trailways Contest, in care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight of June 30, 1937.
8. No employees of the Dell Publishing Co., or the National Trailways System, or their families may participate in this contest.



Janet Gaynor as she appears in "A Star is Born"

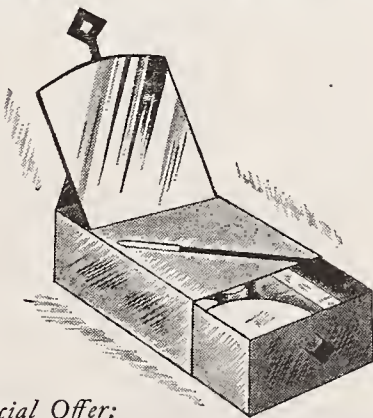
"It Could Happen to YOU!"

THE very heart and soul of Hollywood is spoken in those few words . . . words that have brought a thousand Cinderellas to Hollywood and made stars of them.

Elizabeth Arden has used her Screen and Stage Make-Up in David O. Selznick's revealing story of "A Star is Born" to dramatize truly the transformation of grey Esther Blodgett (Janet Gaynor) into glamorous Vicki Lester (Janet Gaynor).

Most Importantly

So successful have the stars found the new Elizabeth Arden Technicolor make-up for the screen that they have taken it up in private life, creating a vogue for the subtle coloring offered only by Elizabeth Arden.



Special Offer:

Buyers of any \$5 combination of Elizabeth Arden Screen and Stage Make-Up preparations will receive free one handsome, mirrored make-up kit as illustrated above, and similar to those used by Hollywood stars.

Every star . . . every movie fan . . . every woman who ever dreamed to possess glamour, may share in the discovery of Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden . . . that they may find, thrill and believe in their own beauty, and like the people of stage and screen, live the days and nights of their private lives in rich fulfillment.

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Foundations . . Nos. 1 to 10 (Screen);
1x to 20x (Stage) \$1.00
Lipsticks . . convenient swivel top . . \$1.00
Liners . . 1x to 15x (Screen and Stage) \$1.00
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1x to 16x (Stage) \$1.00
Remover . . (Screen and Stage) . . . \$1.00

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by

Elizabeth Arden

WHAT THEY WHISPER
TO EACH OTHER THEY
MEAN FOREVER!

Thrillingly these
real-life sweethearts
achieve their true great-
ness in the most impor-
tant story either one has
ever had . . . their fire
and power given full
scope for the first time!

*A love supremely
courageous and
unashamed . . . that
shook the nation in
its highest places
... that was fated
to happen!*

ROBERT TAYLOR • BARBARA STANWYCK

in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

with

VICTOR McLAGLEN

in his most powerful role

and

BRIAN DONLEVY • JOHN CARRADINE
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • ALAN DINEHART
SIG RUMANN • ROBERT McWADE
SIDNEY BLACKMER • FRANK CONROY

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

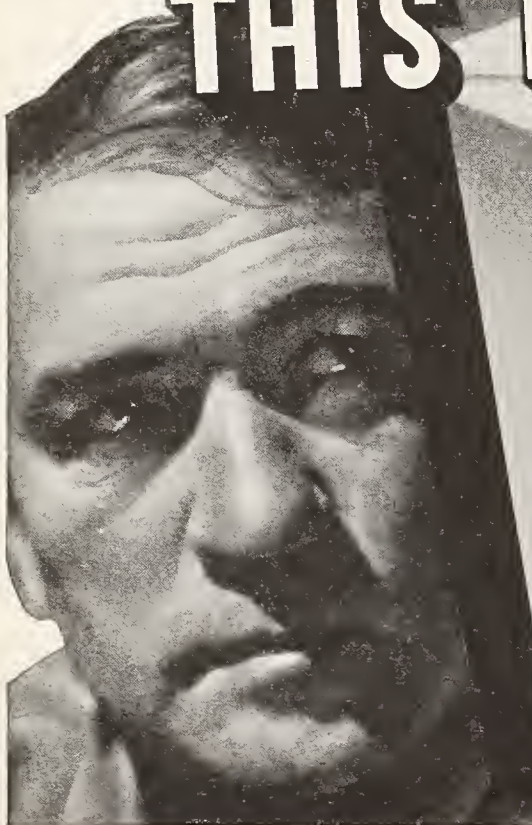
Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Gay songs...love songs...songs of emotion
by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel



20th Century-
Fox, maker of hits,
presents another of its
entertainment achieve-
ments . . . in the mood
of great romance . . .
with the thrill of
mighty drama!





Irene Dunne

Costume pictures were surely meant for southern belles like Irene Dunne. Isn't she somethin' in this frothy frock from "High, Wide and Handsome"? Pretty soon she'll move her make-up box over to Columbia for "The Awful Truth."

RAINER- *the* REBEL

Luise wouldn't give a dime for
glamor, but she'd spend a for-
tune fighting for happiness

By Ida Zeitlin

I SAT waiting in a publicity office something less than two years ago when a small dynamo in slacks and short-sleeved blouse blew in, dropped into a chair and began talking. I had never seen her before. I didn't know whether she was actress, visitor or scribbler. I *did* know—anyone would know the moment she entered a room—that here was an arresting personality.

The dynamic effect was produced not by sound and fury, but by a quicksilver vitality. Expression played over her vivid face like light and shadow over a stream—as changeably, as unconsciously, as agreeable to watch. Dark eyes under the windblown bob flashed and softened by turns. Her warmly tinted skin had a translucent quality. And though she was obviously a foreigner, her speech flowed vigorous and free. Never waiting to fumble for a word, she said what she had to say in a swift rush of language that was always graphic, if not always grammatical. Through sheer color and glow she took and held your attention.

"That's Luise Rainer, a European actress," I was told when she left.

"What? No mystery? No glamor? No airs and graces?"
"She's different."

I'd heard that often enough to be skeptical. Yet I'd seen for myself that her appearance and manner were different. You couldn't type her. You couldn't classify her. You couldn't say she was a second this-one or that-one or any other Hollywood star. She was like

Miss R. with her
playwright hubby,
Clifford Odets.



William Powell and Luise in
"The Emperor's Candlesticks."

no one you'd ever seen but herself. And for any self-consciousness or effort, however subtle, to make an impression, she might have been merely the stenographer next door.

As the piquant little companion of "Escapade," I saw her capture the public's imagination as she had captured mine. For her tender, tempestuous portrayal of Anna Held, she won the Academy Award. Who would have played O-lan if Rainer hadn't appeared on the scene I have no notion. It was Mr. Thalberg who chose her. Had he lived to see the finished performance, to see the child of "Escapade" submerge her youth and charm to become the stolid, deep-souled Chinese woman, he would have been content with his choice.

As she moved from triumph to triumph, Hollywood talked about her as Hollywood does. She didn't like interviews; therefore she was doing a Garbo. She preferred long walks with her dog to lunching at the Vendome; therefore she must be a poseur. Soon after she married Clifford Odets, the playwright, she went alone to New York.

"Why?" she was asked.

"Because every time I am free, I make a trip. Mr. Odets is not free. So I go alone." But the truth was too simple; therefore, "Ha-ha! Rainer's marriage is on the rocks."

After you've lived in Hollywood for a while, you don't believe all the tales you hear. They may or may not be true. Anything for a headline. Suppose you have to



"On the one side, I am strong," asserts Luise Rainer. "And on the other side, it hurts if people think bad about me. Isn't that id-yotic?"

retract your statement tomorrow. So much the better. Today's headline will sell, and so will tomorrow's retraction. I couldn't associate what I'd heard with that unknown girl in the publicity office whose every word and gesture had been spontaneous. Yet Hollywood has been known to crush spontaneity.

So, although I went to see Miss Rainer with an open mind, I couldn't help but wonder if Hollywood really had changed her!

"Please, you must first have your lunch," she said when I came to her dressing room. "If you try to make an interview at the same time, you will not enjoy your eating. Then I will give you what time you want." She went to the phone to order food. "Here is Luise Ryner—Ry-ner—" she repeated, and shot me a rueful glance. "I always mispronounce my name. They all say Ray-ner. So when I say Ry-ner, nobody knows who is there. But so long it has been Ryner, it is hard to change."

Over coffee and cigarettes—my coffee and cigarettes, since she took neither—and with Johnny, her beloved Scottië, sleeping at her feet, we "made the interview." She sat in the corner of a couch, laughing, wistful, excited by turns. Not only her lips but her hands and body spoke, and above all, her velvet-soft eyes that changed with every changing shade of feeling. And, though her English was vastly improved, she showed that same fine disregard of dictionary speech I had noted earlier, for the sake of vigorous, unimpaired expression.

"My rebel-ation," she said, "was from the beginning to

the end that I am what I am. But I cannot think of myself as a rebel because I do not fight to make others do what I wish but only to stay myself. And this is not to say I think I am God's wonder—please understand me well—but only that I cannot do what is for me not right and natural to do. It is far-est from my mind to hurt somebody else. It never came to my head till I heard someone say, 'This girl is a Frankenstein. She will spoil everything.'"

Her hands flew to her face, her eyes widened, recalling the shock of that moment. "I thought, 'Am I crazy? Are they crazy?' What can I spoil if I am true to myself? This I must be. Sometimes I may be convinced for a moment against myself. But before I know it, my own color comes through. Not that I will not do what for me is wrong. I cannot do it. Every person has inside of himself a judge," she tapped her forehead, "and for him this inside judge is the best.

"I will tell you something. What is the most important thing for a child?

(Continued on
page 78)

Here's the smile and profile the girls go for! Tyrone's next will be "Thin Ice," with Sonja.



NOT *too many* KISSES

IS TYRONE POWER in love? What does love mean to him? What have his romantic experiences been? How does he look at marriage, at women? What he's like, emotionally, has suddenly become of great concern. In his habit of half closing his eyes when he starts to smile there is—a provocative promise. This tall, dark newcomer, suddenly giving Robert Taylor a run for honors, has created a big stir in Hollywood, as he has with the public.

Girls have been drawn to him as automatically as he has been drawn to them. He is so vital. Women swear that his sense of humor—and his chuckle leaps into an infectious laughter—is the ultimate touch. He is, they vow, fervent, yet doesn't take himself "big."

I WAS over to his house the other day. In his own room, an extremely masculine haven at the garden end of the low, rambling white cottage in which he lives, there are a couple of vivid sketches splashing the walls. Several pictures of himself and Loretta Young, romantic "stills" from their latest teaming. Then atop a mahogany chest was an enlarged informal shot of himself with Sonja Henie. Queening it on his desk was a beautiful, silver-framed close-up of the blonde star. It is affectionately autographed to "Darling . . . With Love."

Everywhere he goes socially, the vivacious talented Sonja is on his arm. But does he actually want to get married so soon? If so, what was all that flurry about his stepping out with Loretta while the skating wonder was away on an exhibition tour? It is rumored that that brief interlude upset the Young-Eddie Sutherland understanding, that the report of those dates threw Sonja into a frenzy. For when news reached her that Tyrone and Loretta were happily partying at the Trocadero, she flew in from the East for a week's rest. Her studio gave her a luncheon, but it was plain that she hadn't made the continental dash simply for that. You've guessed the real magnet—Tyrone!

He is an amazing contradiction in person. Meet him briefly and he reminds you of the Buddy Rogers of years ago. Or of the Prince of Wales of yesteryear. He is completely attractive. Bring up stern reality and you'll be surprised. He not only has charm and tact; he has worked with his brain and with his hands. Although only twenty-three, he has encountered so many different kinds of people, and from them he has learned so many ways of life.

Tyrone's dominating characteristic is a remarkable sensitiveness. Now, of course, it is this innate sensitiveness

On or off the movie lot,
Romance is never far away
when Tyrone Power's near!

By Ben Maddox

which causes him to guess a girl's moods and easily fit in with them. He is obliging that way. He's an old-fashioned gallant, with 1937 ginger!

His most embarrassing moment with a member of the opposite sex came when he was but sixteen.

I MET a gorgeous girl at my mother's dramatic school," he confided. "We were living in Cincinnati then, Mother, my sister and myself. I ushered at the Orpheum and worked in a drug store after high school hours and I earned the money to buy my first Tux.

"I sorely needed one to escort such a vision to The Fortnightly. That was the society club and they were giving one of their dances when I fell so hard. She was blonde and had lovely long hair." Tyrone grinned at this description. He admitted then, "I can't resist hair that sweeps a girl's shoulders!

"I managed to borrow my uncle's car. It was huge—there was room enough in the back to put on a Shubert revue! Anyway, it helped me bolster up my pose as a nonchalant young man about town. When I parked in front of her apartment, I discovered the heater wasn't functioning. It was snowing like the devil and freezing cold. When we came out, the battery was too low to turn over the engine. I had to apologize and jump out in the slush and push.

"But finally I clambered in again and rolled up in front of the clubhouse as elegantly as I could. The pretentious doorman bent stiffly to open milady's door. At that moment the fellow in front of us backed up and my uncle's gleaming fenders folded right into the radiator. Tragedy! I wanly took the offender's name, checked the car, and somehow made the stairs. But when we had taken off our coats and were ready to step into the ballroom, I reached into my inner pocket—to pull out two blank pieces of cardboard. Later it developed that my cousin had borrowed my tickets to take his girl and had substituted those blanks. Have you ever had a cousin?

"Fortunately," he sighed, "we sighted some friends who knew we were supposed to attend the affair."

And once inside Tyrone had a whale of a good time. She was a divine dancer and he is very partial to girls who are smooth on a ballroom floor. He doesn't care to talk when the music's going dandy, incidentally. Girls who are continually dabbing on more make-up distress him and he dislikes the girl who invariably has to have two lights for her cigarette.

That blonde girl of the near- (Continued on page 76)



Sonja Henie seems to be Ty's favorite "stepping" partner. Will they marry soon? Now, what is your guess?



Loretta Young and Tyrone in a reel moment from "Cafe Metropole." He likes the gal in reel life, too.

SHE'D RATHER BE DEAD!

If you had beauty, fame and wealth, would you be willing to give them up? Miriam Hopkins would

By Gladys Hall

A sophisticate to her fingertips, Miriam Hopkins is no snob about the things she likes to do. She's a rabid "tourist" when it comes to traveling. She gapes and gawps and asks guides a million questions, even as you and I.





Miriam and Louis Hayward in the intriguingly-titled picture, "The Woman I Love."



These two, Anton Litvak and Miss H., are constant companions. Is it "lurve"?

IF THE time ever comes," Miriam said, "when I fail to enjoy the things I am doing, when I fail to get pleasure and satisfaction out of every minute of every day, I'd rather be dead.

"Only I wouldn't rather be dead," laughed Miriam, making one of her quick mental reverses, laughing the low, in-the-throat, velvet chuckle which is Miriam's. "That's a ridiculous thing for me to say because such a time couldn't come for me."

Miriam lay back on the oyster-white divan in her dressing-room suite, a small, compact electrically-charged young woman, her corn-silk hair vibrant, her forget-me-not blue eyes wide, as they are when she talks, her mind like a flashlight, a revolving flashlight taking in, with searching brilliance, all aspects of the passing parade. She said, "Such a thing couldn't happen to me. I'm too curious about everything and everyone. Life is too inexhaustible.

"Everything I do," continued Miriam happily, "turns into an adventure—even the littlest things like getting up in the morning, taking a cold shower, picnic luncheons, a new book to read in bed.

"I wish there were four or five of me to do all the things I want to do, meet all the people I want to meet, read all the books I want to read, make all the pictures I want to make, have all the houses I

want to have, live in all the cities and countries I want to live in, make come true all the dreams I have dreamed, and still dream and shall keep on dreaming. I get so impatient," said Miriam, "with my physical limitations."

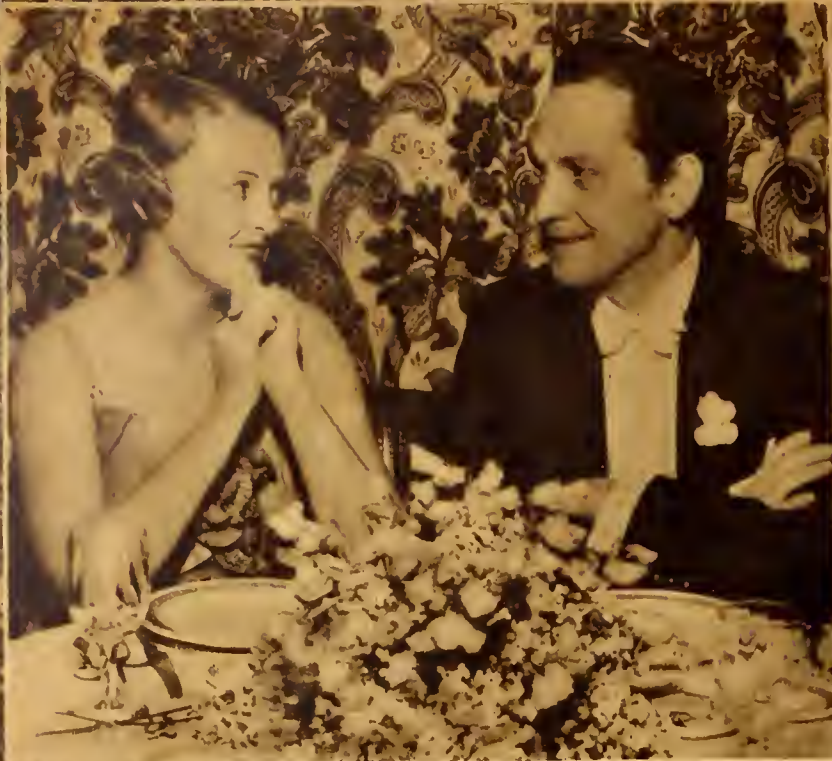
On the floor were samples of wall paper for small Michael's nursery in the John Gilbert house which Miriam has bought and is doing over.

"I bought it because it was a bargain," she explained, "and I adore bargains. If I buy a hat, and if it is reduced from \$25.00 to \$24.50, I wear it like a crown of triumph. I bought the house because it was a bargain, because its location is superb and mostly because I detest living in a leased house. I like the feeling of a home of my own."

Samples of door panellings were all over the floor. Harold Grieve, who is "doing the house," not for Miriam, but with her, brought them in. And with complete concentration, brushing away every other care, Miriam gave her soul to the problem. Should Michael's cupboards be papered with blue ships on a cream background or with red and blue ships on a pale gray background? Miriam got down on the floor, on her hands and knees. She weighted the samples down smooth and straight with books and vases. She studied them with a breathy absorption. Miriam always seems to be just a little out of breath. She weighed one against the other, asked advice of no one, made her decision, jumped up, brushing off her hands as if to say, "That's done—now what?"

There is not a detail in the John Gilbert house nor in any other house which Miriam buys, leases or lives in for forty-eight hours which she does not personally supervise. From tearing down the vaulted ceilings in the Gilbert house to matching samples of specially woven linens with specially hand-woven rugs, Miriam shops, selects and confers with her decorator. Every drape, every pot and pan, every scrap of linen, every detail down to the soap in the powder-room bears the mark of Miriam's taste and choosing.

"I adore houses," Miriam said, sinking (Continued on page 94)



Florence Eldridge, of stage fame, dines with Fred March, her film-famous hubby.



Olivia de Havilland and Fred in a sentimental scene from "Anthony Adverse."

THINKING THINGS

Fredric March admits he's afraid to tell what's on his mind—

EIGHT AND a half years in Hollywood," Fredric March said, "and I've been thinking things over, listing my assets and liabilities, holding up a damp forefinger to determine whither the wind listeth and why. And, I'm afraid to say what I'm thinking." Fred laughed a little, sitting there relaxed, on a divan in his dressing room, where he was "between work" in "The Buccaneer." "I all but cross my fingers," Fred said then, "look at the moon over my right shoulder, apologize to a comb if I drop one, when I realize how terribly lucky I have been and am. I must have some of the Chinese superstition bedded in the Bickel blood, that fear of speaking of one's own good fortune lest it may call down the wrath of some jealous gods.

"Perhaps," said Freddie, his gray eyes grave in the Palm Springs sun-tan of his indisputably handsome and thoughtful face, "perhaps that's why so few people ever do admit their own happiness. But I will admit mine;" here Fred crossed his fingers. "I have been astoundingly lucky. I have to pinch myself hard to make sure that I'm awake, not dreaming. And I'm grateful for everything.

By **Caroline**
S. Hoyt

"Not only because I have the things I always knew I wanted, but also because I have the things I didn't know I wanted. And most of all the things I haven't got and can still want.

"One of the grave dangers of Hollywood, especially if you are in the money, is the danger of satiety. The fear that the day may come when there'll be nothing left to want. As poor John Gilbert once said, 'What will there be left for me to want after I am forty?' Tommie Meighan, too, once warned me about that. When I first met him back East, he was awfully kind to me. I was nobody, and he was 'tops.' He made me feel like big pumpkins because he singled me out, took an interest in me.

"He said, 'Easy does it, kid. Be content to go slowly. Don't try to swallow the whole dinner in one course.' Although he was a comparatively young man, he'd made all the money he could use, had achieved stardom, tasted fame, travelled, bought homes. 'So now what?' he asked me.

"Well, I haven't reached the 'so now what' stage. For I haven't got everything I want. And the not having is, and thank God I have sense enough to know it, my most priceless possession. The only one, after all," smiled Freddie wisely, "that cannot be taken away from me.

"I could look back on these past eight years or so, sit out in a deck chair by my pool, let my mind linger luxuriously over my home and wife and children, our possessions, let my imagination dwell on some of the pictures I feel the greatest satisfaction in: 'Death Takes a Holiday,' 'A Star Is Born,' 'Anthony Adverse,' and let it go at that.

"I'll never 'let it go at that,'" said Freddie vigorously, "that's the best of it. And maybe, the best of me.

"I have got, so far as it is nowadays possible to get



You'll see Fred next with Janet Gaynor in "A Star is Born." It's in technicolor.

OVER

and then proceeds to do so

and keep—security. And security is what I have always wanted beyond and above all else. An heritage, no doubt, from my business-man father who knew the value of a dollar and the greater value of a dollar 'put away.'

"When I was a tiny chap of eight or nine," laughed Fred, "I can remember trotting down to the bank every week and depositing twenty-five to thirty-five cents of my fifty-cents-a-week allowance. 'Against a rainy day,' I said, aping my elders.

"I am afraid of rainy days," said Fred gravely, "not so much for myself as for Florence and the babies. Perhaps I should be colorful and say that my Art has given me my most profound satisfaction. But if it's truth you want and not trimmings, then I am forced to admit that my knowledge that Florence and the babies are as safe as I can make them is the most heart-warming satisfaction I have.

"Do you remember talking to me shortly before we took Penny?" asked Freddie with a look in his eyes that was nice to see. "I was skeptical about it, remember? Afraid, perhaps. I wanted to postpone it for a year or two. Still wishful that we might have sons and daughters of our own. Thinking it

(Continued on page 86)

Freddie asks two favors from the luck gods. Bet you can't guess what they are!





Grace Moore whispered into Lily Pons' ear. Lily laughed and replied in French. Could it have been about Lily's best beau?

By Nanette Kutner

Our reporter, having caught up with Lily Pons and Grace Moore at tea, gives you a first-hand account of what goes on

WHEN PRIMA



When prima donnas meet, what do they discuss—men, careers or clothes? Above, Nanette Kutner records the teatime talk of two of the world's most famous singers—Lily Pons and Grace Moore.

WHEN I suggested taking Lily Pons to tea with Grace Moore, a facetious friend asked who would act as referee.

Grace Moore laughed at this. "We're twentieth century prima donnas," she declared with pride. "True, there is a spirit of competition, but no jealousy."

Lily Pons averred, "In Paris—what jealousy! But not here."

Grace Moore said, "Lily and I are the best of friends."

And so, they agreed to meet. Lily Pons suggested we come to her apartment. Grace Moore wanted us at hers. Trying to be tactful, I insisted upon neutral ground—the Weylin Hotel in New York.

It was settled. And they came.

Lily Pons, a little uncertain, nervous, but utterly natural, arrived five minutes early. She spoke English, carefully dividing the syllables, accenting them charmingly in the wrong places.

"It is so secret, meeting here. Like ambassadeurs from foreign countries," she whispered.

AS THE waiter carried in the large snowy lined table, Lily looked dismayed and suggested he fetch another.

"Not such a beeg one with white *clothes* on it," she implored.

When asked what she cared to order, she took a glass of water.

"I drink twenty glasses a day. It is for health. I work so hard, five operas, twenty-four concerts, radio and pictures."

Her talk turned to the still absent Miss Moore.

"She is charming woman. I have not seen her since Hollywood. I went to her party there last September. I never accept parties, but to hers I go. Funny, she bought villa in Cannes where I come from, and I buy house in

America." There was a pause. "She is late. I scold her when she come."

Wearing a coat of satiny broadcloth, Grace Moore arrived a half hour later. If she planned an entrance, it was spoiled, for as she walked through the doorway, Lily Pons unexpectedly leaped from her chair, ran across the floor, threw her arms around Miss Moore, kissed her, and cried triumphantly, "I got here first."

Thus Miss Pons unwittingly stole the show. But not for long, not with Grace Moore standing, radiant as a Klieg light, in the center of that room. Grace Moore of the blonde hair and vivacious laughter, Grace Moore, our gay Irish-American lyric soprano, who stood waving her hands and talking—French!

SHE WAS being a woman of the world, a linguist—a prima donna. She was being it for all she was worth, and it was a good act, and she knew it. She was having a wonderful time.

She explained the outburst with, "After all, Lily isn't at home in English."

I asked her what she would like to order.

"Hungarian Baruck," calmly demanded Miss Moore. The waiter looked bewildered.

"Oh, you won't have it," she assured him, and turning to Lily, "You know how bad drinks are for us, but *this* one!" She threw a kiss towards the ceiling. "An apricot brandy, my dear. A few sips before you go on; it does wonders for the voice. Every singer should take it." Then, aside, "I just ordered that to have Lily ask what it was."

Round Two definitely went to Miss Moore.

Lily stared at her. "Blonde meets brunette," said she. Theirs is more than a surface (Continued on page 97)

DONNAS MEET!



An attractive little thing called a drawl was once Gail Patrick's chief drawback.



Guess what prevented George Raft from getting breaks? Producers didn't like his ears!

HOW TO STAY

You must have looks and talent, of course—but much more than

YOU'RE A foolish, stupid girl and you'll never make an actress. I don't know why the studio ever put you into this role."

The fourteen-year-old girl with the beautiful skin and the great blue eyes tried to keep back the tears.

For days it had been like this—with the director screaming at her. And she had thought when the studio put her into "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" that her great chance had come. Instead she had been subjected to the torment of being criticized mercilessly.

She crept into a corner, away from the eyes of the director and began to sob. But the kindly eyes of Lon Chaney found her. "Listen, child," he said, "stop crying. You're in the hardest game in the world. If they kick your heart around like a football, pick it up, brush it off and go on your way again."

The girl followed his advice and today you know her as Loretta Young. Her story illustrates what it takes to stay a star. Thousands of young people who have gone out to Hollywood and who have come back defeated have

looked about them at the Shearers, the Myrna Loys, the Jeanette MacDonalds, and have said, "What have they got that I haven't got? Why did they get to the top and stay there?"

Talented young people. Handsome young people. All crying out in bitter mutiny, "Why?"

What does it take to stay a star? Countless times you've been told that it takes great beauty and talent. But they're not enough—not nearly enough. More than anything else, it takes courage. The men and women who get anywhere in Hollywood have to go through their own private Gethsemanes.

Look at Ida Lupino. She is very young to have been called upon to fight fear and discouragement. But Hollywood spares no one.

She was brought from England to Hollywood to play an unsophisticated girl in a picture that was expected to be a sensation, "Alice in Wonderland." But in one of those typical movie upsets, the executives gave the role to another girl. Instead of turning her back and returning to



If it hadn't been for one man's advice, Loretta Young might not now be in movies.



Bing Crosby wouldn't take "no" for an answer, so the box-office says "yes" to him today.

A STAR

By Dora Albert

these are needed to keep a player on top of the movie heap

England, Ida did away with herself. Not literally, of course. She isn't the type to shoot herself, or jump off a cliff. But she decided that Hollywood had no use for another artless young thing when they grew as thick in Hollywood as berries in the field. So she did things. She changed her make-up, the way she did her hair. She turned sophisticated. Hollywood executives rubbed their eyes and gave her parts to play. Today, she'd laugh if you mentioned "Alice in Wonderland" to her. For "Alice" turned out to be a failure and the girl who played the part got nowhere.

Jean Hersholt has been in Hollywood for twenty-four years, longer than almost any other actor, so long that his own studio thought the public must be getting tired of him. It tossed him around like an old shoe. Finally another studio offered him the plum of the year, the role of Dr. Dafoe in "The Country Doctor."

Hersholt could hardly believe it. After all these years, to have a role like this. He made up his mind to play the part so that people would never forget it.

Then one day, while he was on location in Callander, he stepped into a crevice and fell. For several minutes he was unconscious. When he came to, he couldn't move and he thought his leg was broken. The newspapers that day carried scare headlines indicating that he might be crippled forever. Lying still and white in the hospital, he told his wife, who came to visit him, "Honey, keep your chin up. Don't you know that you mustn't believe everything the newspapers say?"

He lay in the hospital, his foot horribly twisted. At the end of three days, though he was still in great pain, he left the hospital and started to play his role as Dr. Dafoe. The first scene he was called upon to make was rolling with the Quintuplets on the floor. Over and over again they rolled, while every muscle in his leg tortured him; every time he moved he went through unbearable agony. Finally the part called for him to chuckle as he played with the Quints.

"I felt like getting up and screaming instead," confessed Jean Hersholt.

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Jean Parker's printed cotton play dress, with matching jacket, is an indispensable playtime item.



A backless frock of Navy linen goes to town with perfect aplomb, topped with a figured cotton jacket.



She wears a peasant dress instead of a beach coat—as contrast to the sophistication of her swim suit.

Help Yourself to

YOU ARE going to have a lot of fun this summer—if you have the right clothes. That's the way of this wicked world. People may love you for yourself alone, but somehow it never occurs to them until they see you in a knockout outfit. A gaily flowered, crisp cotton sports dress, such as the one Jean Parker is wearing, as she dangles its impertinent matching jacket in her hand, is practically guaranteed to make that exciting new man you just met decide that you're just the companion he needs at the tennis matches.

The suave, dark linen dress, with its dashing flowered jacket, will convince almost any man that he can get away from the office long enough to take you to luncheon. And as for the beach clothes she is wearing, you have no idea how many young men never discover that they can get away with the family car and take you exploring all the beaches and pools in the vicinity until they see you in such an outfit. That settles it. They just have to show you off to their friends and rivals.

Now, a lot of girls have foolish and stubborn pride about admitting the effect that wisely-chosen clothes have on

Fashion Flashes From New Films


SMARTEST outfit of shirt, shorts, and jigger jacket yet seen on screen, worn by Sally Eilers in "We Have Our Moments." They are made of blue and white striped bed ticking.

CLEVER use of beads as dress trimming shown by Ginger Rogers in "Shall We Dance?" Black sheer dress, shirred from neck to hip is fastened with zipper, ending at neck in cluster of white beads. Matching beads are wound around each wrist.

GRAY tailored suit worn by Doris Nolan in "As Good As Married" is far from severe when seen off-screen, for hat, gloves, and other accessories are rich shade of wine red.

AND IF you think that this season's hats are trying, just take a look at the ones Miriam Hopkins wears in the war-time picture, "The Woman I Love."

Jean Parker shows you how to dress economically for summer fun



Her sleek, figured white satin bathing suit accentuates Jean's figure's lithe lines.

jean peps up a classic white silk sports dress—a summer "must"—with a peasant bodice.

Style

their lives. They think it is kinda cute to play the merry madcap in a sweater and old slacks all the time. They want to believe that it is personality that counts, that men never notice what they are wearing, anyhow. Actresses know otherwise. They know that the girl who gets thrilling parts to play, in real life as well as films, is the girl who looks exciting.

They know that judicious use of brilliant colors in dresses makes a girl seem more alive, more vivid. They have discovered that there is nothing like a severely tailored dark dress to show off a slim, supple figure. And they have learned, too, the greatest secret of all—that clothes can bring

(Continued on page 89)



By
Ann Wills



CHARLIE CHAN AT THE

Warner (Chan) has a Chan-o-gram the tip of his tongue for every occasion. Olive and George Brasno are his listeners.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE-TRACK



First of all, is there anyone in the audience who doesn't know that Charlie Chan and Warner Oland are one and the same person? Okay. Then, here he is with Sam Flint in a recent Chan-er.

CHARLIE CHAN AT



Expert sleuthing in Shanghai, at the Race-track and even at the Opera, has nothing on the mysteries your favorite Chinese detective, Charlie Chan, unravels here about a certain Mr. Oland

I WENT to interview Warner Oland about Charlie Chan. I remained to interview Charlie Chan about Warner Oland. For, actually, the two men are one.

Mr. Oland admitted, with his shy, Chan-ish smile that playing the one part in so many pictures, for so many years, has so steeped him in the character that "not even my wife," smiled Mr. Oland, "can tell now whether she is married to Warner Oland, Dane, or Charlie Chan, Oriental."

When I arrived at the studio commissary to lunch with Mr. Oland, we ordered, with a sense of the fitness of things, Chicken Chow Mein, Mandarin and yellow tomato juice. And when I remarked, with an attempt at Oriental courtesy, that it was interesting to be talking to the creator of Charlie Chan, lo, it was Mr. Chan, himself, who rose from the table, made that well-known little bow from the waist, said sibilantly, "Thank you so much."

Mr. Oland is painfully shy about interviews. He says, "Don't talk too much. Words like sunbeams. The more they are condensed the deeper they burn." Warner Oland actually speaks in Chan-o-grams.

The result of this reticence is that no one knows anything about Warner Oland. It has been said that the Chan pictures make more money over a period of years than his studio's much touted super-super productions. But so

deep-rooted is Mr. Oland's conviction that people are not interested in him, personally, that it would be painful for him to talk glibly about himself.

There sat Charlie Chan, the ends of his eyebrows brushed up, the ends of his mustache brushed down—his only make-up for the role of Chan. For the eyes, the voice, the build, and the gentle courtesy of Warner Oland are the eyes, the voice, the build, and the soft, impersonal courtesy of Charlie Chan. Knowing that Oriental courtesy cannot refuse a gift, even the gift of words, I induced Charlie Chan to talk about Warner Oland.

MR. AND MRS. OLAND live very quietly on their ranch in the Carpenteria Valley near Santa Barbara, in a Cape Cod farmhouse type abode, facing the sea on one side, the Santa Barbara hills on the other. The furnishings are a fascinating and discriminating conglomeration of treasures from the travels of the Olands. The antique English oak table was purchased in London. There are candlesticks from Italy, rare porcelains, some Early American pieces, an English Sheraton desk—Mr. Oland's favorite chair—and an Early American needlepoint. Occasional touches of Chinese red flame in the English oak living-room.

One room, which started out to be a library, now houses Mr. Oland's ever-increasing collection of Chinese prints

and art objects. With this one exception, Mr. Oland does not go in for collecting. The two bedrooms are done very simply, one in green and lemon-yellow, the other in red and white. The servants' quarters are as cheerful as the rest of the house. And there are several portraits of Mr. Oland about the rooms, done by his artist wife.

There is a lovely rose garden. There are lemon groves, and avocados, limes and oranges, growing in abundance. Oland has an arrangement with one of the big fruit packing houses to tend his lemon groves and market the crops. He makes from sixty to eighty dollars a month on his

lemons, believe it or not.

Mr. and Mrs. Oland seldom go out socially, and they entertain very little. On Sundays when they are at home at the ranch, they have a few close friends in to spend the day with them. These often include Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, the Jean Hersholts, the Frank Lloyds, the Richard Arlens. Mr. Oland is a most casual host. He supplies his guests with bathing suits for a before-luncheon swim and after luncheon they will often play pinochle, poker or dominoes—never bridge.

But let Mr. Chan tell you about the Olands, in his own words. "Now and then he does some gardening himself. But he is an indolent fellow, this Oland," smiled Charlie. "He spends much time walking by the sea and in the hills. He calls this 'refreshing his soul.' He also sits before the fire, meditating and reading Chinese philosophies. As the years go by, he is becoming more and more steeped in Oriental literature and the ancient wisdoms. But he says, sadly, that not all his reading will 'capture the sea of literature in the thimble of man's brief span of time.'

"The marriage of the Olands is completely happy. The seed of their romance which was planted in the sound soil of mutual interests," said Charlie Chan, "has developed into the full flower of their marriage." Then he told the story of that romance from its beginning. They met in

New York when Mr. Oland was playing "Peer Gynt" at the old Keith and Proctor Theatre on 28th Street. Mrs. Oland, then Edith Gardener Shearn, well-known portrait painter, had written a one-act play, "The House of a Traitor," and was backstage arranging for its presentation.

The press agent of the theatre asked if she would like to meet Warner Oland whose perform-

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THE OPERA

Although Warner Oland receives many offers to play other Oriental characters, he invariably declines. If he can't play Charlie Chan, he won't play at all. Here he is with Nedda Harrigan.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS



Playing Charlie Chan's son is Keye Luke's chief mission in movie life. Here they are in their latest bit of joint detecting.

and CHARLIE CHAN AT THE INTERVIEWER'S

By Faith Service

SOLVING SOME

If Loretta Young can eat and stay slim, why can't you?



Yes, Simone Simon can pout and look cute, but don't you try it!

By Mary Marshall

THIS MONTH, ladies, the beauty seminar will be conducted in question and answer form. By this snappy and efficient means, I hope to clear up a lot of beauty troubles which have been bothering you and me. So—without more ado . . .

Question: Why do I gain weight, when I eat scarcely enough to keep a bird alive, and why does my friend stay thin when she eats like a horse?

Answer: There *is* a difference, to be sure, in the rate at which individuals assimilate food. The canary's rations on which you claim you subsist seem to go, full speed ahead, into fat—usually around the hips—whereas the potatoes and pie consumed by your girl friend don't do her a bit of damage. But please notice that I said "canary's rations which you *claim*, etc." I'm not doubting your honesty. You think you're being honest. But wait—are you? You may eat little in quantity, but howz about the nature of the food you eat? When you say you "had only a salad for lunch," did you have mayonnaise on the salad instead of a dressing compounded of very little olive oil (mineral oil would be better), lemon juice, salt and a little pepper?

You know what's right to eat as well as I do—



Loretta Young loves sweets and indulges in them without gaining an ounce. How does she do it?

BEAUTY PUZZLES

Here is the answer to this and 24 other exasperating "whys"



Dolores Del Rio may have to count her calories, but she keeps that streamline by constant care.



Bette Davis knows how to make large eyes look starry instead of starey.

or you should, by this time. All fruit juices and fruits except bananas. All vegetables, except corn, and go easy on the peas and beans. A baked potato or very little starch now and then. All roasted or broiled lean meats except pork. Also fowl and fish. And beverages without cream and sugar.

No trimmings on food—like sauces and stuff. No nibbling. Eat three light meals a day and don't get the snack habit. (That's put in especially for married women who "don't feel like eating anything alone"—so they have a cup of tea and a piece of cake, and what could be worse?) No hard liquor or beer. Don't go round saying you "have a thyroid condition" unless a doctor has told you so. That excuse has been worked to death.

Dolores Del Rio, up thar, puts on weight like a house afire if she doesn't watch out. Loretta Young, down thar, can't gain a pound without concerted effort. But Dolores sees to it that her luscious curves stay luscious and not lumpy, and Loretta, by constant attention to the cream soups and glasses of milk, stays slim like a willow and not skinny like a bean pole.

Question: If I'm fat (or thin) all over, what should I do—exercise or diet?

Answer: Diet for a spell, till you get somewhere near the weight (*Continued on page 91*)

CLAIRE TREVOR is the most surprised star in Hollywood today. The light-hearted lassie for whom life was all a game has turned into the darndest career woman. Yesterday's dabbings are over. The old carefree fun is laid away in lavender. Why, even love's blacklisted!

"Imagine it!" she exclaims. "Gone career-crazy. Me of all people. How do you figure that one out?"

And it all began as just another lark.

She grew up in Larchmont, a pleasant suburb of New York City, without the slightest fancy for fame. The only child of a Fifth Avenue merchant, Claire's one aim was to have as good a time as possible in as quick a time as possible.

Her present stern sticking to business, her conversion to the cause of serious self-improvement, is all the more remarkable remembering that she was such a belle.

As a high-school senior she was as peppy and irresponsible a gal as you could find. Popular, you bet. She had snapping brown eyes, blond hair and a trim figure. She danced well, dressed with chic and was more fun than half a dozen other seniors altogether.

So it wasn't astonishing that even before she graduated she became the ideal prom girl. The college boys she met, and she seemed to meet the most interesting ones, decided that. She was invited to the best house parties from Harvard to Annapolis, including Princeton, Dartmouth, West Point, and way points.

Her adamant stand against falling in love now is the result of falling in love twice before she hit Hollywood. The first time was when she was seventeen.

Claire was still a senior when her cousin who had just joined the Dekes at Colgate wrote that she was to come up for the fraternity formal as his roommate's date. Naturally she dreamt of a Robert Taylor. But when she and the

three other girls who went along with her for the auspicious week-end set foot upon the campus Claire had reasons to mentally moan. However, being ever polite, she bore up. When the dance was over and he was in the mood to spoon she drew the line though.

Saturday night, the remaining evening of that week-end, luck was with her. She went to another dance with

her unappealing escort and was cut in on by a genuine R. T. effect. Zing went the strings of her heart, and his, too. He said, "I must see you later. Can't you get rid of the fellow who brought you?" Claire, like any romantic girl in that predicament, whispered, "Of course!"

The minute the orchestra finished "Home Sweet Home," she had a headache. She was so sorry but she had to

retire right away. Cousin Frank's forlorn pal left her on the front doorstep of the house occupied by the visiting girls. Freshening her make-up, she tip-toed down the back stairs to the kitchen door, where he was waiting. With another couple they proceeded to go tobogganing in the moonlight. It was glorious. It was first love. When Claire returned home Sunday night she was in a daze.

But next day came a ten-page blast from her irate cousin. He'd heard about Claire slipping out on his roommate, then going tobogganing with the R. T. boy friend. The roommate had also heard about it, and was he on fire! "You'll never be asked to another prom," Cousin Frank underlined thrice. (She received five bids from Colgate the following year notwithstanding.)

She and the One Man corresponded. Her mother agreed that he should be invited down. Then the urge to move seized her parents and the house was in a mess. It was no time to intrigue a suitor. So in the confusion Claire somehow didn't answer his next letter and she never saw him again.

Keen as she was cute, Claire found lessons a snap. In fact, so much of a snap that she made a practice of not studying too hard. When she was ready for Vassar she learned she'd have to return to high school for a bit of brushing-up on certain credits.

"I decided that was too much trouble," she admits candidly. Tell Claire she has to do anything and

instinctively she doesn't want to—with a vengeance. The university polishing was speedily abandoned. Still, she had to go on to something. Public speaking had been her pet subject so it occurred to her that a dramatic academy might be jolly. Her parents sent her.

But Claire wasn't stirred by an overwhelming inner flame seeking self-expression (*Continued on page 80*)

A LARK THAT LASTED

You'll see Claire
Trevor in "One
Mile From
Heaven" next.



Claire was a hey-hey gal 'til Hollywood crossed her path

By George Benjamin



By the time you read this story, Gene and Jeanette may be Mister and Missus.



Gene's life is a series of cartoons—with most of the laughs on Raymond.

HIGHLIGHTING GENE

So Mr. Raymond won't talk?
Well, listen to this—and all
about himself, too

By Franc Dillon

BEFORE I interviewed Gene Raymond, I was warned not to question him about his romance and approaching marriage to Jeanette MacDonald. "He just won't talk about it, and if you so much as mention it to him, he freezes up," is what I heard from those in the know.

Oh yeah! Well, try talking to that lad five minutes about anything *but* his romance these days. It can't be done. Gene's too enthusiastically in love, too thrilled over the whole thing.

"I'm the happiest man alive," he exploded, and he looked it. Gene is a surprise to those who have seen him only on the screen, for he has a virility, an inner strength, which could almost be described as stern, and a vital personality that the camera seldom seems to catch. His shoulders are so broad that you have to look twice to see both of them, and his handshake so firm that you feel its effects for an hour afterward. Usually good-natured, he has a mind of his own which nothing can change when he thinks he is right. One of the points on which he is obdurate in his determination not to make a publicity stunt of his marriage.

FOR THAT reason and because they are both taking it so seriously, they have used good taste about the whole thing. Jeanette's mother announced the engagement at a tea last Spring, which Gene's mother attended. They set the date for their wedding—a church wedding—months in advance, believing that a long engagement would give them the opportunity to make sure they were making no mistake. They planned their honeymoon—not just a sleeper jump to Yuma, but a three months' trip to Honolulu and perhaps to the Orient.

They plan a home in San Fernando Valley, forty miles from Hollywood, which will necessitate a place in town where they can stay when they have early morning studio calls. But the place they call "home" will be just that, with all the trimmings. There will be kennels, stables, a tennis court, a swimming pool and a carefully planned garden.

The house itself will be a rambling, comfortable retreat. There will be a music room, of course, and, incidentally, Jeanette won't be the only musician in the family. Gene has composed several songs and wrote both words and music for "Will You?", one of the successful numbers in "The Smartest Girl In Town." He plays the piano very well, too, and hopes to compose a symphony when he has more leisure.

(Continued on page 81)

Offscreen, too, Margaret Lindsay is surrounded by an air of mystery. In other words—

Margaret's idea of fun is going 'round the world on a freighter!

She



KEEPS YOU GUESSING

SHE SEEMS like a girl fresh from finishing school, but she graduated six years ago. She's a lady with inhibitions, and not afraid to admit it. She believes that women can be good friends even when they're both Hollywood stars. She believes that men should be bosses after marriage, but you can't pin her down as Victorian. She's the girl in the snappiest evening gown, whom the fellows in the stag line fall all over each other to dance with. And she's pretty good at giving workable advice on how to break into the movies.

She's the girl in one of the mystery stories she plays in. She's a debunker. Before you meet her, you think she's going to be up-ity, that she's doing a Garbo on you.

Later she seems grandly human, intelligent and humorous, does Margaret Lindsay. You like her, even if she does keep you guessing!

On the way to her hotel suite, the elevator man asked sharply, "Are you sure you have an appointment with Miss Lindsay? Because I'm sure she isn't in to anyone."

Even when I'd reassured him, his eyes followed me suspiciously as I walked down the corridor toward her rooms.

Now as I rang the bell, I half expected a maid to appear and hand me a written announcement saying, "Margaret Lindsay doesn't live here any more."

But the door opened and a girl with frank hazel eyes and a low expressive voice said cordially, "I'm Margaret

By Mignon Rittenhouse

Lindsay. Won't you come in? I'm awfully sorry about that appointment. Please don't think I'm high-hat. The studio and I just seemed to miss connections. I've been so terribly rushed. You see, I'm on my vacation."

She wore a tailored Panama suit with a crisp brown linen blouse and nary a frill. She ushered me into a long feminine living room. Bright flowers everywhere—red tulips and yellow and blue-purple irises in colorful vases.

She had the same crisp incisive way you felt in "Green Light." But she seemed younger, with a fairer complexion than you'd think, judging from her pictures. More vital. Her personality did things to the room.

"I'm telephone operator, doorman et cetera today," she explained, as she curled up on one end of the sofa. "It's been like a madhouse here all afternoon."

The place didn't look like a madhouse. It looked smart, sophisticated and very bright. It looked as though Margaret Lindsay had gone around doing little things to it, changing the position of a chair or vase, rearranging the draperies to suit herself. It had the look of a room that a girl lived in, not one that she dropped into on a short vacation.

The telephone rang; Margaret darted off to answer it. She was back in a few seconds but not for long. The telephone rang again and again. Margaret was back and forth, back and forth. Janet (Continued on page 72)

YOU CAN *Tempt... Excite... Thrill*

and Still Be Refined...If You Use This Talc That's Perfumed with Blended Flowers

Ah-h-h!... what madness you can stir in the blood when you appeal to a man's sense of smell! Like the cave-man of old, seeking his mate among sweet flowers of the forest, a modern man is primitive, too.

His heart beats madly...he yearns for you... when you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's own flowers. Lander's Blended-Flower Talcs have this tempting, exciting perfume that men adore. Try the Lilacs and Roses Blend...dust your whole body with this exquisite powder... smell sweet all over!

Then, stand on your toes...stretch up, up... and whisper, "I'm utterly lovely—thrilling. I *can* win love." And you'll *feel* the power to go forth and conquer. Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does this for you and more...

It guards your refinement...makes a man long to protect you, because you're sweet as a flower. There may be fever in his kisses, but there'll be worship in his soul. He *knows* you're refined. Strong-scented talcums give the wrong idea. Play safe, get Lander's...perfumed with a blend of true flowers. Only 10c each at your 10c store.


SMELL SWEET
ALL OVER

LANDER'S BLENDED-FLOWER TALCS


LILACS AND ROSES · GARDENIA AND SWEET PEA · CARNATION AND LILY
OF THE VALLEY · LAVENDER AND PINE · ORCHID AND ORANGE BLOSSOM

SOLD ONLY
AT ALL
10c STORES





Young Howard is giving himself just six more months to make good in movies. And then?



After finishing "Lost Horizon," Johnny stepped right into "Let Them Live."

By Martha Kerr

John Howard's not afraid of poverty, heartbreak or death, but just the same—

HE'S A COWARD

ARE YOU a coward?" I asked.

John Howard laughed. It did seem a touch preposterous to ask such a question of a young man five-feet-ten in height, weighing 160 pounds, with bright blue eyes, brown hair, active and sound of mind and limb. Yet he answered my question promptly, quite without offense. He is enough of an intellectual—a Phi Beta Kappa from Western Reserve University—to be interested in any discussion which probes and analyzes human motives, even his own.

"Yes, I am a coward," he answered. "I'm afraid of being mediocre. I am terrified of being an inbetweenner. It is my bogie-man, my nightmare. I am terrified of being one of that legion listed 'and the cast also includes.' If I can't be a spectacular success, I prefer to be a spectacular failure. I would rather be a good, juicy melodramatic 'dreg of humanity' than a comfortable and unsung semi-nonnentity. There is something about walking the mid-stream of life, sitting at the 'second table,' which is sheer nightmare to me.

"I believe," laughed John Howard, "that this is my only cowardice.

"I've faced death on more than one occasion without flinching, so far as I know. I've faced blindness and

kept my chin up against impending darkness. I've faced poverty and have found that it holds no terrors for me. I've faced the loss of the career I hoped for and sustained the loss. I've faced love and the loss of love and have emerged with the break in my heart neatly mended and ready for the rebound. I've faced Hollywood," laughed John, "and that's no mean test of the temper of the steel.

"I faced the formidable cast of 'Lost Horizon' and if my bright, brave little spirit did quail a bit at that, it can doubtless be ascribed to my psychopathic fear of mediocrity again. The fear that, pitted against such experienced troupers as Ronald Colman, H. B. Warner, Isabel Jewell, Edward Everett Horton, Margo, and the others, little John would go down in oblivion.

"I was terrified all the more because I didn't for one minute believe in the character I was playing. The fellow was a fool. Whenever I had to cut loose and have a good bout of hysterics because I had to stay at Shangri-la I'd be thinking to myself, 'What an ass the fellow is. Who would want to leave a place like this?' So, I had the added difficulty of playing the character 'against the grain.' If I did it at all creditably—and I can see enough room for improvement to put me well in my place—it is all to my credit.

(Continued on page 85)

Only 22

BUT "ON THE SHELF"

BECAUSE OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!



PAUL EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE CORRECTS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing... gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. 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!"

Paul of Fifth Ave

**NOW NO MORE LONELY EVENINGS
...THANKS TO PALMOLIVE**



I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE PLENTY OF DATES, IF YOU'D JUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE THAT BEAUTY EXPERT EVERYONE IS RAVING ABOUT?



SHE CONSULTS FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT, PAUL OF FIFTH AVENUE

YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S DRY AND LIFELESS, AND COARSE TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR SOAP... USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE...



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

IT creeps up on you without warning... this heart-breaking "Middle-Age" Skin!

You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.

So right now is the time to watch out... to take this simple precaution advised by beauty experts.

Use Palmolive Soap regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming

dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, *young!*

Does the soap you are now 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 Soap is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients... soothing 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?

FREE! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN!

Beautifully colored cut-outs of the Quins, with dresses, coats—63 in all. A lovely picture of the Quins on cover... ideal for framing! Send 3 Palmolive Soap bands to Palmolive, Dept. M-151, Jersey City, N. J. (Offer expires July 15, 1937.)



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL
TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS
YOUNG AND LOVELY

If . . . YOU'RE YOUNG
 . . . YOU'RE SMART—you'll want to wear
GLAZO'S *"Misty" Tints*

SOUGHT-AFTER girls... gay young moderns who never let themselves or their escorts down in the matter of smartness...are climaxing their chic with Glazo's "Misty" nail polish shades.

Where else can you find colors so excitingly lovely?...the perfect accent to that ravishing new frock...the ultimate

in fingertip flattery! Beguiling as their names are Glazo's subtle, misty, smoky hues—Shell and Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red.

And Glazo, as good as it is beautiful, possesses all the virtues that smart young things demand...satin-smoothness on the nail...stern prejudices against peeling or

fading...the rare ability to stay smooth-flowing, usable to the last drop in that economical 20¢ bottle, or in the new and larger 25¢ size.

For a new kind of Social Security—the knowledge of your own loveliness—choose Glazo in clear shades or the sophisticated new "Misty" tints.



GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

*They're fashion's
 latest and loveliest
 Nail Polish Shades*




OLD ROSE *A subtle, smoky rose. Utterly feminine and flattering. Lovely with fashion's new "off-colors," with pastels...No chipping...No peeling.*



THISTLE *A new misty beige-rose. Perfect with sun-tanned or pale skin. Excellent for wear with gray, beige, green, brown...No chipping...No peeling.*



RUSSET *A misty red with subtle brown undertone. Becoming to almost every type of skin. Enchanting with light or dark colors...No chipping...No peeling.*



Off Their Guard

Rochelle Hudson performs this "handy" with the greatest of ease. If you don't think this slick trick is difficult, try it yourself sometime! But unless you're on the petite side—five feet four and tip the scales at about 100—the results are apt to be a mite disastrous.

Summer's the time for fun and Frank Muto candid-cameras the cinema girls and boys during their gayest moments



With not a care in the world and all done up in smart Jantzen beach regalia, Rochelle emerges from her cabaña with quoits and surfboard in tow. You guessed it—Mam'selle is out to do some fine and fancy playing!

When a gal has to work up an appetite 'fore she can start work in a new picture, that's news. Well, Rochelle wanted to be prepared for any emergency that might arise in making "She Had to Eat," thus all the activity!

That ball gets a mean send-off from the little lady. Powerful stuff for a mere bathing belle. Rochelle evidently thinks she's down at the Rose Bowl, competing with the collich boys.

Movie Mermaid

Rochelle Hudson casts herself as a sea nymph when the director isn't looking. Her location? Santa Monica



This business of sitting around on the beach, basking in the sun, a la typical bathing beauty, doesn't appeal to our little star. She dives right in and lets the nasty waves knock her down—that is, if they can.

The name of Rochelle's current heart throb is a deep, dark secret. But there is one, you can be sure, for when a gal starts drawing hearts in the sand, there's a gent lurking in the offing.

Four more quoits to go and everyone a guaranteed ringer. With a sure-fire aim like that, there's little wonder that Rochelle has made her mark in the movies — and we don't mean "X," either.



A gal's gotta keep busy



1—The days are never long enough for a regular kid like Jane Withers. She's up bright and early to do her sprint around the old cinder track. What pep! What form! What a gal!



2—This busy Miss spends part of each acting day in the studio schoolroom learning readin', ritin' and 'rithm'tic. And, naturally, she's a star pupil.



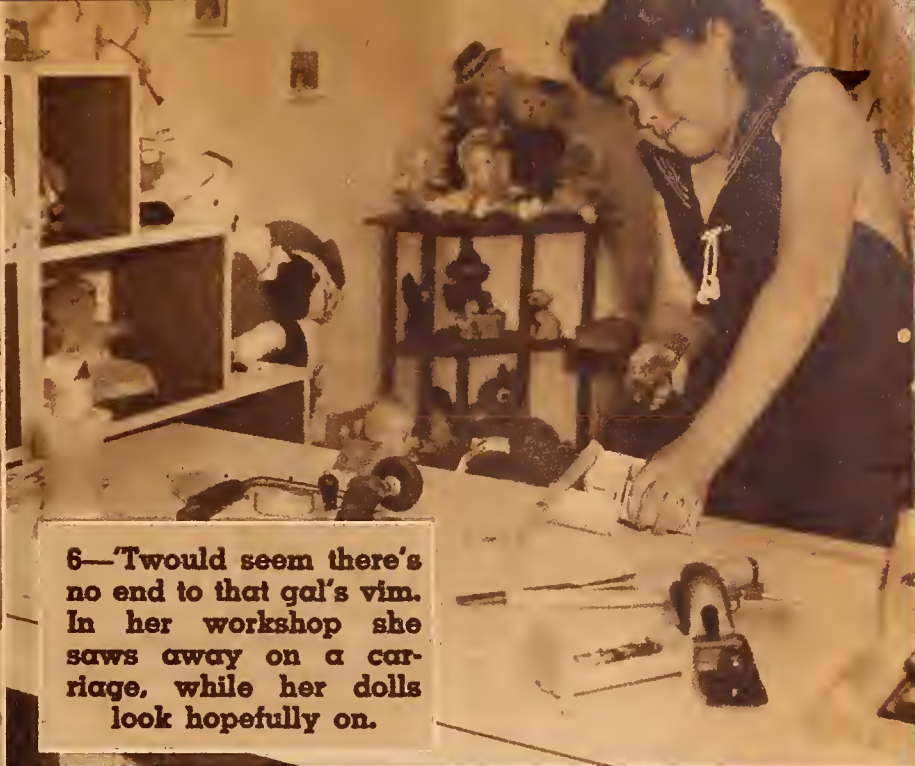
3—After "business hours," she takes up farmeretting. Here she is coaxing her chicks to eat out of her hand—as her fans are doing.



4—Two's a crowd on a motor bike built for one, but Jane's decided her pet dog needs an outing. The dog isn't so sure about it, though.



5—There's nothing young Miss Withers won't try once. Now she's lending a helping hand in building her new fish pond.



6—'Twould seem there's no end to that gal's vim. In her workshop she saws away on a carriage, while her dolls look hopefully on.



7—Next, she tries her hand in the culinary department. Won't Mother be surprised when she tastes the cake Jane's making?



8—Playtime's nearly over and she's only getting started on that new summer wardrobe for her dollies. The needle just won't stay threaded!



9—"Aw, shucks, can't I practice my scales some other time?" pouts Jane. But Mother thinks there's no time like the present.



10—Bedtime at last. Like lots of girls and boys, the Withers lass lingers on. How can a gal sleep with an unsolved mystery on the air?

To Market, To Market

A morning's bargain-hunt with Hollywood's loveliest bargain-cute Anita Louise



2

No one knows better than the Louise gal that an army marches on its stomach. But who ever heard of an army marching on a cup cake? Come, come, Anita, is that cricket?

Marketing's a lark for Anita Louise. "Yep," says she, "it's all in knowing how," as she makes the bananas look a pound or two lighter. Honor system, Anita! Besides, that scale trick is as old as the hills.





3



4

Anita grins—and bears three baskets. How about wearing that middle one on your head, peasant style? Or how about—aw heck, aren't there any gentlemen in the house?

"Oooh, what a cute lobster!" enthuses Miss Louise. And can you imagine what the lobster is mumbling into his antennae about cute blondes? Just another case of love at first sight.

And now for a bit of lightning calculation. If five red apples cost twelve cents, how much will the lamb chops come to if Jack Smart drops in for supper? "Gosh," complains Anita, "I can't do a thing without my slide rule."

Figures are figures, but Anita obviously hasn't figured on this. Must have been the caviar. She has a good mind to call the manager and tell him to keep his groceries. She'll economize by roughing it at the Trocadero.



6



22.62

7



Jean Hersholt and Heather Angel enjoy a private joke, while Pat O'Brien hides behind his wife's hoop-skirts. The "non-com-poop" on the right is Corp'ral Joe E. Brown.



Courtly "Diamond Jim" Arnold requests the pleasure of the next waltz with Elaine Barrie Barrymore.



"It's genu-wine," protests Frank McHugh, but Bob Young doesn't believe in leaving the shadow of a doubt.



A homey gang of Confederates gets together to sample "Rhett" Oakie's southern hospitality. The occasion is Jack's "Come with the Wind" party. Mr. and Mrs. Cagney both seem thrilled by the old plantation glamor, as do Dick and "Maw" Powell—Joan Blondell to you. The shy little gal in the middle is Mrs. Oakie.

Tom Brown, shooting iron and all, seems headed for the front, or is he merely warning the camera-man to wait till he gets his coat buttoned? At any rate, his girl friend, Natalie Draper, looks ship-shape to blaze away at any enemy shoulder-to-shoulder with her man.


*Come with
the wind*



Craig Reynolds and Pat Wilder play hookey from camera, cast and crew for a canoeing lark.



Craig has some ideas of his own and maybe he's not doing so badly, after all! We'll see.



Quick, Emily Post!
What does a guy do
in a case like this?
The purp's no help
a-tall.




picnic

Pat and Craig take off
for Romanceland—and
a hot dog with Java

There's no Johnny
Weissmuller, so Pat
steps charily as
Craig hangs onto her
for dear life.

2

3



That ole dabbil diet
plays second fiddle
when weenies and
cawfee are the
theme.

5

"Mister and Missus Masquerade

The Basil Rathbones Entertain

After eleven years of wedded life, the Basil Rathbones think it's high time to burn a little incense on the altars of the marriage gods—which accounts for this exquisite bride and groom shindig. Marlene Dietrich, left, plays the groom to Dolores del Rio's exotic Spanish bride.

Basil Rathbone, decked out in the medals of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, does a bit of lip service to his first lady—empress of his affections these past eleven years. A right long time to keep kisses as fresh as this on tap.





Says Charles Boyer to Mr. Baxter, left: "Ze señor is jesting? Thees reedulous costume!" Warner smiles sagely. He doesn't dare speak his mind about the Boyer get-up. Meanwhile, the brides, getting in the mood to love, honor, and obey, say nothing.

Maybe the turban doesn't make Lewis Milestone anything, but at least it "makes" Fay Wray. Don't look now, Lew, but that's your Missus in the white dress. Cesar Romero and David Niven haven't yet settled who's to wed the pert Scotch lass, Virginia Bruce.



Nothing superstitious about Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. They're masquerading as Romeo and Juliet—and everyone knows what happened to that unfortunate pair. But J. and G. are too busy with love to spare time for such trifles.

Just a couple of Tyrolese hill-billies are Myrna Loy, right, and Arthur Hornblow, but they know enough not to be alarmed by Freddie March's King Kong ensemble. On the level, Fred, are you sporting a white tie under the beaver?





Eleanore Whitney and June Lang (right) congratulate Paul Muni on winning the Academy Award.



Cecilia Parker and Johnny Downs trip the light fantastic at Anita Louise's party.

By Leo Townsend

They glamorize everything in Hollywood. The average discovery, for instance, is brought here, and the first thing she gets is a going-over treatment. They give her the works and when she comes out looking like everybody else, she's ready to go before the photographers to have her glamor recorded for the world. But the all-time high was reached by one studio a few weeks ago. They took a portrait sitting of Wafford, the pig.

The most popular gal in Culver City is Jean Harlow, and we'll fight the man who says she isn't, provided the weights are right. Day after she went to the hospital to have three wisdom teeth removed, the florist across the street from her home lot reported he dispatched an entire truckload of flowers to her. The floral donations were from studio pals—of which, as they say, Miss H. has more than anybody.

Flash: Jimmy Stewart retains his title of champion beau of Hollywood. The lanky Mr. S., long a favorite of the town's lovelier sex, definitely established his position last month when he was wined and dined by the models appearing in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938." A round dozen of the gals—a very round dozen of them—cooked the

dinner, with Jimmy as guest of honor. P. S. The champ ate a hearty meal.

At the Clover Club the other night, Lupe Velez dumped forty dollars in quarters in a slot machine, with no results. She went away for some change, and on the way back another gal stepped up to the machine, inserted a lone quarter and hit the jackpot. Lupe smacked the gal, but she immediately apologized. Probably thought she ought to hit something, after spending forty bucks.

A few days after the candid camera craze had set in in Hollywood, we donned our Inquiring Reporter costume and went about getting a few reactions. Bette Davis, we discovered, is fond of candid camera shots. She thinks they're cute. John Carradine is a candid fiend. He slinks along Hollywood Boulevard shooting facial expressions of unsuspecting strangers, hoping eventually to use them in screen characterizations. Clark Gable, on the other hand, isn't so sure. "They used to photograph our teeth," he says, "and now they take our tonsils."

Watched Marlene Dietrich on the set of "Angel" recently. Watching Dietrich this time was more fun than usual, for with

Summertime finds Hollywood hard at work and play, with our



GOOD



Charles Boyer takes time off from "Marie Walewska" to take Wifey Pat Paterson for a spin.



Bette Davis and Hubby "Ham" Nelson celebrate four years of marriage by dining out together.

Ernst Lubitsch directing, the reign of silence on her sets is over. Everybody relaxes and pretends that Miss Dietrich is just another ordinary mortal. Even Marlene seems to be pretending. Lubitsch rehearses a scene with Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas. While Lubitsch reads their parts, Marlene grabs a cigarette and lights it. Imagine—the most beautiful woman in the world, and she has to light her own cigarettes.

Jimmy Stewart is the happiest guy in town at the moment. Reason is that he's making "Vivacious Lady" with Ginger Rogers, his best gal. Those twelve "Vogues of 1938" models were a mere passing fancy; he's not going to marry them, even though they can cook. So now Jimmy spends his days emoting with Ginger and when evening comes he throws away the script and does his emoting on his own.

It's nice to be famous, but it isn't always fun. Take Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, for instance. For three Sundays in a row they took themselves out to a rodeo in San Fernando Valley and had a wonderful time. Then something happened; people heard about it, and the fourth Sunday found the place jammed with visitors. There wasn't a rodeo lover among them—they all came to see Lombard and Gable. So now Clark and Carole spend their Sundays at home.

They gave away another medal the other night. This time the award was sponsored by the newspaper critics of the country, and the recipients were, as usual, Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. The critical gentry held a banquet, and Producer Harry Cohn read a gracious presentation speech, but when it came time to hand Muni his medal no one could find it. After a few faces reddened Muni himself pulled the medal out of his pocket. "I took it before the banquet started," he said. "Thought it might save a few speeches."

It happened during the making of "Shall We Dance?" Fred Astaire, on roller skates, was posing for a series of pictures in the portrait gallery. He went through a number of intricate poses, balancing precariously on one wheel and then another. Winding up the series with an extra fancy pose, our hero skated off, and fell flat on his face.

Private life of an Academy Award Winner: A few days ago Luise Rainer's secretary strolled into one of the publicity offices at the studio and asked for copies of all the current movie magazines. The young lady in the office, who had no extra copies, informed the secretary she could get them all on the corner newsstand. "But," said the gal, "Miss Rainer wants them free."

sleuth reporter right in the thick of the hottest happenings

NEWS



The big news about Mae West at the moment is that last month she held up a bank. Our Mae held the bank up for an hour after closing time, and all she had to do was phone in and tell the boys she was coming up to see them. It seems Mae is one of the bank's most solvent patrons, so the entire staff waited until four o'clock, when Mae swished in accompanied by five ominous looking gentlemen who couldn't have been anything but bodyguards.



When they finished "Shall We Dance?" Gertrude Wellman, who has been script girl on all the Astaire-Rogers pictures, complained that her job was wearing her down. Typing gave her a headache, she said. Two days later Gertrude was around the lot

Leslie Howard and Robert Arnold beau Anita Louise.



Edward Arnold, Junior, breaks some good news to Dad.

George Murphy "cuts in" on Gregory La Cava and Doris Nolan.

showing off a new charm bracelet with two solid gold charms—a typewriter and a pill-box with two aspirin tablets. Miss W. would like it known that the gift was from Ginger Rogers, the working girl's friend.



An automobile concern still thinks the Marx Brothers are the goofiest trio in pictures. Harpo, Groucho and Chico signed testimonials for the firm, and each received a brand-new car. Next day they were called to the studio to pose for advertising pictures and all three of them showed up in elaborate sedans, much higher priced than

the car for which they had given their signed approval. It seems all three of them had traded in their free cars for the ultra-ultra brand.



His studio won't admit it, but the swell singing voice purported to be Jack Haley's in "Wake Up and Live" isn't really his. Jack sings, but his own voice is pitched higher than the crooning tones heard in the picture. In Palm Springs the day after the picture's preview, with the trade-paper reviewers raving over the Haley "voice," we overheard a lengthy conversation between Jack and his agent. It seems they wanted Jack to appear in a radio version of the picture. "I'll do it," wailed Jack, "but I can't sing."



Questions without Answers: What prominent male star, playing opposite a glamor girl several years his senior, is telling friends they're thinking of changing the title of their picture to "Boy Meets Grandmother"? Don't all talk at once, boys and girls!

And out at Hal Roach studios they're actually talking about the new Constance Bennett. The old one, it seems, has been traded in on a brand-new model, equipped with all the latest improvements, including smiles for the press and a fine cloak of graciousness. You'd never recognize the once-haughty Miss B., surrounded by the Our Gang moppets, but we saw her actually surrounded by them, and everyone seemed pretty happy about it. The Bennett favorite is freckle-faced Alfalfa Sweitzer, who is a constant visitor in her dressing room and who hopes one day to make her Mrs. Sweitzer.



Martha Raye vigorously denies that she's gone elegant since the money started rolling in. The story was around that she closed the set of "Mountain Music" to visitors. Martha's reason, she says, was that she was being tossed around in an adagio dance scene and she didn't want a lot of people watching her land on her anatomy. Touches of elegance, though, are reflected in a new town car, a chauffeur, and six fur coats.

(Continued on page 107)



THIS *Freshening Up*



DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

- The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."



Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."



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

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

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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HOT WEATHER HINT!

Serve Delicious, Nourishing Franco-American Spaghetti

Ready in a jiffy...costs less than 3¢ a portion

YOU can make your kitchen-work much easier this summer. Several times a week give your family delicious Franco-American Spaghetti. They'll love it! It's simply packed with nourishment—good for children and grown-ups, too, and it is the greatest little work-saver you ever saw. All you need to do is just heat it, and it's ready to eat.

Sometimes serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish. It makes a complete meal with perhaps a fresh green salad, milk, and a fruit dessert. Other times, use Franco-American Spaghetti to make your left-over meats into savory, delicious meals.

Please do not confuse Franco-American Spaghetti with ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is entirely different. That marvelous cheddar cheese and tomato sauce, with its eleven delicious ingredients, makes Franco-American what it is—a tasty, delicious dish, with a flavor all its own.

Franco-American is a real help to the budget, too. A can usually costs ten cents, so Franco-American costs less than 3 cents a portion. Why not give yourself a break this summer, and give your family a treat, too?

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND COUPON, PLEASE



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 67
Camden, New Jersey

Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

A Sit-Down Supper

(Continued from page 10)

"True," she continued, "a hostess with a long list of dinners that must be reciprocated and people who should be invited to the house, can dispose of many obligations in one social swoop by throwing a Buffet Supper, no matter how limited her facilities may be. I'll go even further and admit that they're generally jolly and friendly parties, too, because the very situation does away with all formality. But I still prefer to sit down comfortably at a charmingly set dinner table. And I'm sure if the matter were put to a vote the 'Ayes' would have it my way."

Then Jeanette went on to explain that she wouldn't for the world wish to sacrifice any of the air of happy informality "just because you're seated at your ease in the dining room instead of eating from the living-room mantel like a bad boy, or precariously holding your plate on one terror-stiffened knee or leaving rings on the shiny case of the grand piano!"

Jeanette has found a way to get around all this by giving the kind of Sit-Down Suppers we were just discussing. For these a limit of six is generally set for the participants, but no limit is placed on the pleasure given by these delightful informal feasts.

YOU, doubtless, will enjoy playing "Follow the Leader" with such a charming guide to show you the way. So here you have Jeanette's favorite supper menu as well as some of her prize recipes, a promise of still more recipes in the leaflet and a detailed description of how to plan and carry out just such a party as she recommends giving. One particularly nice feature of these Sit-Down Suppers is that they solve the problem of entertaining without a servant about as well as any way I've ever heard of.

Let's start off then with one of Jeanette's favorite menus. Then you can visualize the dinner better as we go about serving it.

(By the way the dishes followed by an asterisk are those which you'll find in this month's leaflet.)

MacDONALD MENU FOR A SIT-DOWN SUPPER

Hors d'Oeuvres and Canapés
Casserole of Sea Food, Catalina*
Baked Tomatoes en Surprise*
Mixed Salad Bowl
Home-made Bran Bread*
Crustless Apple Pie*
Demi-tasse

The first course is served in the living room, and what a charming room Jeanette's is with its Colonial furnishings and subdued coloring in autumn shades.

Here trays of assorted Hors d'Oeuvres and Canapés are passed with the cocktails. However, as Miss MacDonald herself does not care for alcoholic beverages she makes a point also of serving tomato juice cocktails for those who share her dislike for the other type. These are made with the usual popular tomato juice which is thoroughly chilled and highly seasoned with salt, pepper, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and a few drops of onion juice. The dainty little morsels of food that accompany the drinks are all of the type that can be eaten gracefully with the fingers, for remember, Jeanette is convinced that plates are even harder to balance than the national budget. Gay colored toothpicks and amusing, feathered "cocktail picks"

stuck into holders made especially for that purpose, impale some of the tiny treats, while rounded toast, salted crackers and special canapé crackers supply a variety of bases for the spreads. At the end of this article I shall give you several suggestions for first course foods of this type. Just now I want to move on into the dining room where the dinner itself awaits the guests.

Before doing so I'd like to point out to you that the hostess who has no maid can be getting the next course onto the table while the guests are enjoying the initial food offering in the living room. However, in order to be sure that all is going well during her necessary absence, the hostess should delegate to the host or some close woman friend the job of keeping the first course food in circulation. Jeanette's mother acts in this capacity for her, since even though there are plenty of servants, the young hostess likes to step into the dining room in advance of her guests to see that everything is ship-shape, and to light the tall candles which give such a flattering glow to the complexions of the ladies present.

The Sit-Down Supper is now on the table. And here lies the greatest charm of such a feast; it is served family style. That is, everything is placed on the table to be passed by those sitting around it. If there is a maid her sole duty then, during this course, would be to see that the water glasses are filled. In the maidless home even this can be taken care of by placing a water pitcher on the table and the hostess can thus be at her ease without having to jump up constantly.

THE main course menu for such a repast must not be too complicated, naturally. Another glance at Miss MacDonald's supper suggestions will give you an idea of what I mean. Here, for instance, you have a Casserole which gives you your main dish, a rich, creamy gravy and a flaky pastry-topping all in one. Sea food is the main ingredient of this prize concoction. Fortunately for the inland residents who read this, the fish recommended by Miss MacDonald are all of the sort that can be bought in cans or bottles. You'll like the combination of shrimp, salmon and lobster, I know, for it is colorful, unusual, tasty and, better still, far more economical than would be lobster alone. The recipe card also tells you how to make the pastry, which, cut into individual servings before being baked, gives this Casserole added distinction.

Accompanying this dish and also served by the hostess, are Tomatoes en Surprise. These are filled, baked and served in a way which is really as surprising as their name indicates. The addition of a home-made bread to the menu, in this case Bran Bread, is a delightful idea, one which I hope you'll be ambitious enough to try, too. I particularly like the recipe you'll find in the leaflet and I don't imagine you'll think it a bit hard to follow. How people do fall for home-made bread and what a reputation as a first-class cook you'll gain by being able to make it! So here's your chance.

The Mixed Salad Bowl which decorates the other end of the table should contain, according to Jeanette, plenty of lettuce—endive, watercress; raw vegetables, such as cabbage, grated carrots, chopped celery, sliced radishes and wafer-thin slices of cauliflower. Add to this thin Julienne

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says Bette Davis



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**Most hospitals rub their
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shreds of ham, chicken or swiss cheese.

"The dressing for this," Miss MacDonald explained, "is made of olive oil, lemon juice, salt, white pepper and a little onion juice or a suggestion of garlic; just a whiff, you understand, without which no salad abroad or in my home is considered complete."

So much for the main course, and now we come to a real MacDonald triumph. It's called Crustless Apple Pie, a name which doesn't begin to do it justice. This wasn't the first time I had heard of pies that had neither top nor bottom crust, but I never before had gotten hold of a good recipe to try out myself before passing it on for your approval. Well, gals, that situation is now a thing of the past, for this particular recipe of Jeanette's is a peach. The pie comes out of the oven with a caramelized top that beats any pie crust I ever tasted. It can be served hot or cold, with cream or without, and if that doesn't make you want to try it yourself, either you have no imagination or no appetite. I don't list skill as a requirement for true appreciation of this dessert because even the world's most hesitant cook need have no fear with this recipe. As for the brides, here's their chance to shine as chefs.

Dinner over, coffee is served in the livingroom with Jeanette presiding at the low coffee table. This always is followed by games for which everyone feels in fine fettle after their excellent, not-too-heavy meal.

Try it yourself sometime real soon. The recipes are ready to be sent out to all those requesting them. And by the time you start preparing them in your own home, the new bride who has shared some of her cooking secrets with you here will be serving similar Sit-Down Suppers to groups of friends who will be dropping

in to wish Jeanette and Gene "Long life and happiness"—as do we.

Hors d'Oeuvres Suggestions

Crisp potato chips topped with a dab of softened Roquefort cheese; tiny cocktail sausages and frankfurters on "picks"; olives wrapped in bacon and broiled radish roses, celery, curls, carrot strips; pickled onions and tiny green pickles; wafer-thin slices of dried beef wrapped around asparagus tips or filled with cream cheese, then rolled and skewered with a toothpick, etc.

Canapé Suggestions

Cut bread into many shapes, the more the merrier. Use cooky cutters, a sharp knife, and take especial pains, gals, for they must not be too large. Bread may then be toasted on one side, on both sides, or it can be sautéed in oil or butter, or fried in deep fat. Try 'em all, each gives a different texture. Spread these prepared pieces of bread with pâté-de-foie-gras or any of the various prepared cheese or fish spreads that are now sold in such variety.

Other favorite canapé toppings are salmon, caviar, anchovies, parsley butter, sliced or minced cucumbers, flaked crabmeat and so on. Garnishes, which add immeasurably to their appearance include such things as riced eggs, yolk or white; chopped chives, onions or parsley; paprika; watercress; sliced stuffed olives, pickles, radishes and hard-cooked eggs; circles and stars of pimiento and curlicues of cheese forced through a decorating tube after being softened to the right consistency, with mayonnaise or cream added. With these suggestions to start off with and Jeanette's favorite dishes to follow, the success of your Sit-Down Supper is virtually assured!

She Keeps You Guessing

(Continued from page 48)

Gaynor, who was also vacationing in town with her mother, was on the phone. Men friends called wanting to take her to plays, night clubs.

"But I'm leaving first thing tomorrow," she said when she returned the fourth or fifth time, "and I've seen just about everything. I've been to every night club and every restaurant in town. I've been in a Long Island blizzard. I've been to Virginia. I've even been to the zoo."

"Do you know what I'm going to do when I'm back working? Take a nice long vacation. I mean a restful one. Go to bed every night at seven. Not see anybody, or do anything after hours. Vacations are grand, especially when you only get one in four years, but—"

This time it was the doorbell.

"M'gosh!" exclaimed Margaret as she dashed away. "This is going to be hectic!" Her voice from the hall called back, "I've got some sparkling water here. How about a Scotch Valentine?"

"Swell," I returned.

"Let's make this a sparkling interview," she laughed.

"Sparkle away," I laughed back.

"I don't know how to," she said soberly, putting her glass down on the coffee table. "I mean, I'm not the kind of a girl who can pour out her love life while munching a sandwich with you in the studio commissary. I'm a girl with a lot of inhibitions."

"I tell you what," Margaret went on, her eyes facetious, "I'll ask a few questions my-

self. And answer them, too.

"Have you been to the Trocadero lately, Miss Lindsay?" asked Margaret. "And whom did you get yourself engaged to the last time you were there? You say you weren't there? Your picture was in the papers? It must have been your double? You say you're *not* married to Pat De Cicco, not even engaged to him anymore? That that was all washed up long ago? But I read about it in one of the columns. It said you were married. And a columnist's never wrong. You say that's what *he* says? What do you think about Hollywood? You don't think about it; you just live there!"

"Seriously," said Margaret coming out of her ventriloquist act, "my kid sister wants to crash the movies. She writes me about it at least five times a week. I'd like to advise her on how to go about it. But I don't know what the heck to tell her. Now, if there were stock companies around the country, I'd tell her to get into one of those first. It seems a shame they're out, don't you think? Where are actors and actresses going to get any real training? Maybe in WPA plays; I don't know where else."

YOU ought to know," I retorted.

"Wasn't it Margaret Kies of Dubuque, Iowa, who passed herself off as an English actress named Margaret Lindsay, and landed in Hollywood in the 'all-English' cast of 'Cavalcade'? Didn't Margaret Lindsay tell an actor-friend of hers to pose

*"The snapshot wouldn't
let me forget her"*



"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

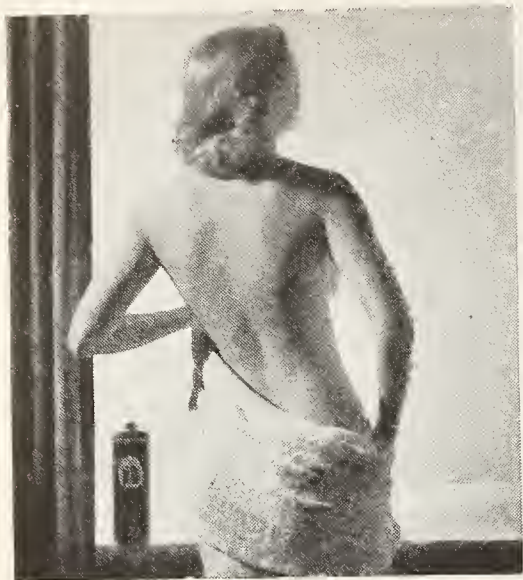
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as a Britisher, too, and land a nice fat contract?"

"Oh, you mean Robert Cummings," laughed Margaret. "Well, I'll tell you about that. I met him on the street one day. Robert was terribly blue. Just couldn't get a tumble from Broadway or Hollywood. Just another American actor without portfolio. I did tell him to go to England and pick up an accent as I'd done. I knew producers could always spot talent when it was farther away—especially talent with an accent. But I didn't think up that one. A smart press-agent told me about it in the first place."

"You worked it though."

"Yes, and so did Robert. I'm glad, for he's a grand guy. But I don't think it would work for my kid sister. The producers are all on to it now. The only way left to break in, I suppose, is to get a drag."

Margaret is a girl with a thousand faces; her expressions change with every shade of thought. Her movements are all quick, but never graceless. You know she learned about life from women—dignified, cultivated women—nuns and deans and dramatic teachers. Learned how to enter and leave a room. How to sit down and stand up. You know she brought her finishing-school manners and attitude toward the world right along with her to rough-and-ready Hollywood. They're as much a part of her as her fresh out-of-door complexion, her candid eyes and chic clothes. But you also know she picked up a few tricks elsewhere, that she's got what it takes to get along. She's got a chin, and she's going places with it!

Margaret was born in Dubuque, Iowa, on the Mississippi, and might be living there still if it hadn't been for that chin, plus her single-track mind.

THAT'S all I ever wanted to do—act," said Margaret. "I wonder if I ever will be as good as I used to dream I would be? I used to see myself on the New

York stage. I never thought of Hollywood then. I never wanted to be a great tragedienne. I wanted to do comedy. So now I'm in Hollywood doing mystery yarns. Isn't that life?"

She paused a moment before going on, "I want to get married some day, but not while I'm in pictures. I don't think marriage and careers mix, though some girls mix 'em successfully. I wonder if I'll marry an actor. God forbid. Well, most of the really attractive actors are already married, so I suppose that lets them out, for I'm not a home-wrecker. When I marry, it's got to stick. And the man will be boss in my home."

"Now that I'm talking about likes and dislikes, here are some more. I hate picture premieres and parades of all kinds. I don't like pomp and ceremony and that's funny, for I adore the theatre and exotic places. I like the simple and clean-cut in clothes and people, and here again I'm contradicting myself, for I also like them to have that certain something else, *savoir faire*, zip. I love sitting under a hot sun at the beach. I love to play golf. I love night clubs and cocktail parties. I detest subways; they stifle me. Even when I travel on a train, I get out at every stop for a few moments."

"And speaking of traveling, I want that terrifically! How I'd love to start out on a freighter with my own crowd. Stop at places along the way that suited my fancy. Live among the people and really get to know them as I did in England, not just dash through countries with a Baedeker in one hand. But that'll have to wait. Meanwhile, I've bought a home in Honolulu. My 'Castle in Spain.' It's next to Janet Gaynor's. Janet and I are grand friends, and I think we knock into a cocked hat the fixed belief that girl stars can't be friends because they're jealous of each other professionally. That's the bunk."

"Well," said Margaret, "I didn't sparkle much. Not even on a Scotch Valentine. We'll try rye the next time."

How to Stay a Star

(Continued from page 39)

BERT WHEELER once risked becoming permanently crippled, so that he might not lose his job. One night during a performance of "Ziegfeld's Follies," in which he was playing his first important stage role, he fell and broke his arm.

For a week he fumed in the hospital, until one day he heard the doctor tell Flo Ziegfeld not to keep Wheeler's job open for him, since it would be impossible for Bert to go back to work for six months.

"You've got to give your arm a chance to heal," the doctor told him.

That would have stopped almost anybody, but it didn't stop Bert.

Three days later, his arm still in a huge steel sling, he left the hospital. It was impossible for him to walk without someone walking in front of him and carrying the sling; and that was the way he walked into the Orthopedic Hospital in New York.

"I want to go back to work immediately," he told a specialist. The doctor warned Bert that since his arm was already set, it would be very painful and dangerous, but Bert insisted. The doctor broke the arm again, set it once more, and Bert went back to work that night.

That was the turning point in his career. From then on his stage work spurred stead-

ily upward and led finally to an offer from the movies.

THERE are many players who have fought less spectacular but no less real menaces to their careers than broken arms and necks. Take that simple, sinister little thing, a drawl; it can ever so subtly draw a silken cord around the neck of the most promising career.

That was the problem which faced three young players, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott. They were told by their studios that they would never get anywhere as long as they spoke with an accent. Gail and Randolph were Southerners; Frances Drake came from northern England.

But they wouldn't be licked! Gail went to Phyllis Laughton, a dramatic coach, and studied earnestly. Scott persuaded Sir Guy Standing to give him voice instruction. Frances Drake took Claudette Colbert as her model. All of them beat "dat ole debbil" drawl and won out in pictures.

Self-consciousness ruins the careers of many girls in pictures, and Bette Davis once told me that when she first went into the movies she had a terrific inferiority complex.

"But I learned," she said, "that if any-

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"I find Calox very satisfactory for keeping teeth in 'camera condition'—white, clear and sparkling."

Joan Bennett



JOAN BENNETT, co-starring with Warner Baxter in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938." Watch for this picture—the screen's first fun-and-fashion comedy in Technicolor—and see Joan's brilliant smile.

Brush your teeth as the movie stars do—Change to Calox!

A star's teeth are precious as jewels. Only a superb dentifrice gets the job of protecting and polishing them.

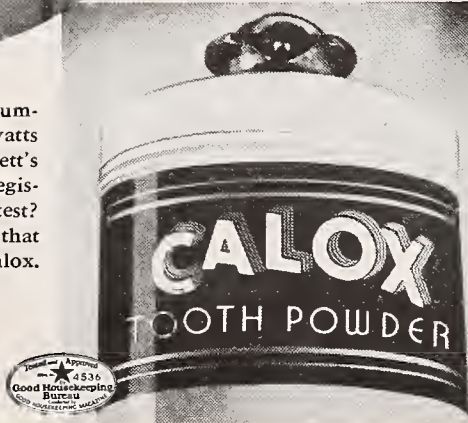
Many Hollywood stars—following the advice of dentists—have chosen powder for brushing their teeth. But not just *any* powder. The Hollywood choice is the *safer, softer* powder—Calox.

Take a cue from Hollywood. Decide to change to Calox—today. Then—watch ugly stains disappear. Watch Calox bring up a high mirror gloss on your teeth. Hollywood has no "patent" on beautiful teeth. You, too, can have ... teeth that shine like the stars'.

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of Women How To Combat
Dry, Rough Skin, Blackheads,
Premature Lines — Wrinkles

The most advanced beauty development to aid nature. Thousands praise it! Beauty specialists are writing about it! The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM, releases precious ingredients to specially combat Dryness, Roughness, Wrinkly Skin, Shiny Nose, Pimples, Blackheads and Enlarged Pores. Like nature's own oils, helps keep the skin soft, supple—more youthful looking. TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM melts and dissolves the dry, scaly, dead skin cells. Cleanses, Lubricates, Smooths and helps uncover new, live, fresh skin. By stimulating the under-skin, arousing oil glands, freeing clogged pores the cause of blackheads, shiny nose, dryness and premature wrinkling is combatted in nature's own way. That's why TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

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TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

one has an inferiority complex, the camera picks it up. Watching a picture, you can tell if the person who made it was embarrassed. On your first picture you're thinking, 'I hate my nose. I wish I could do something about it. Gosh, am I supposed to smile in this scene? I know I'll look as if I were simpering all over the screen.'

"I knew that I'd have to kid myself out of it. I'd get in front of the camera and tell myself, 'Go right ahead, Bette Davis. You're marvelous.' And gradually, assurance came to me."

If Bing Crosby hadn't been the sort who wouldn't take "no" for an answer, he wouldn't be a movie star today. For Bing Crosby was thrown out of the office of the first studio he ever worked for.

In those days, before he had achieved any real recognition, he was singing in a Los Angeles hotel, where Ray McCarey, a young director, discovered him. He persuaded Bing to make a picture with him at an independent studio. Unfortunately, the picture was nothing but a "quickie," made on an economy basis; the lighting, directing and acting were all bad.

When the picture was completed, the producer summoned both McCarey and Crosby into his office. He had a reel of the film on his desk.

"This picture is impossible," he yelled. "Whoever told you this young man was an actor? Or a singer? You're both fired."

When Bing walked out of that office, he felt like crawling in shame. He was afraid that he might meet some of his friends and that they might ask him what had become of his great screen opportunity.

Certainly it was Crosby's courage more than his ability that enabled him to succeed after this blow to his pride. He realized that the producer was partly right and that he could never hope to succeed until he had improved himself both as a singer and actor. And he labored ceaselessly to accomplish just that.

PERHAPS the hardest of all things to face is ridicule.

Before George Raft came to Hollywood, he had done many things in his adventurous career. At one time he was a prize fighter, and during a fight, the cartilage in one of his ears had been broken, affecting his good looks. When Raft began to be famous, people laughed at the disfigured ear. Leading men didn't have ears like that, they said.

Instead of departing from the town which mocked him, Raft faced the ridicule.

He consulted the best surgeon he could find, had an operation performed and returned to his career.

Then there is Jeanette MacDonald. When Jeanette was singled out by the great Herr Lubitsch for an important role in "The Love Parade," Jeanette played the role beautifully. She had every reason to believe that she was a success in it. Hadn't the director himself praised her in front of all the company?

The day after the picture opened in New York, she picked up the newspapers to read the reviews. The first one that she read said that the picture was an amusing comedy, but unfortunately the prima donna ruined it. "She has buck teeth, a scrawny neck, and looks simply terrible," jibed the critic.

At first Jeanette was furious. Buck teeth indeed! Jeanette has gorgeous, evenly spaced teeth.

But instead of running home humiliated, she went to see the picture again. And she saw what the critic had meant. In the picture she really looked as if she had buck teeth. Undoubtedly, this must have been caused by some mistake in her make-up. She went to see the cameraman and the make-up man, and begged them to devise some make-up which wouldn't give that horrible effect in the future. They did.

The next time she was in New York, the first person she looked up was that particular critic. Sitting back in his seat, he waited for an explosion.

"I want to thank you," were the first words Jeanette said. "If you hadn't told the world that I had buck teeth, I would never have discovered the fault in my make-up that caused my pictures to look that way, and I might have gone on forever, making the same mistake."

Even children in Hollywood have to learn how to "take it." There's Jane Withers. At one time, when Jane was scheduled to make personal appearances in Chicago, she ate something that disagreed with her and became quite ill. Her mother then volunteered to go to the manager of the theatre and explain to him that Jane was not feeling well and would not be able to make her scheduled appearance that night.

Jane was shocked by the suggestion. "Oh, no, Mother," she said. "We couldn't do that. I have to go on. I promised."

Yes, it takes personality and talent to become a Hollywood star. But to stay on top of the heap takes something else again—courage, then more courage.

Not Too Many Kisses

(Continued from page 31)

tragedy episode who was clever enough to be really feminine, stands out as the most interesting girl he knew in his high-school days. But there were others to come.

INSTEAD of going to college, Tyrone began an acting career by trouping with his father's illustrious Shakespearian group. Then he came to Hollywood, joined a stock company one of the studios was then experimenting with. Here he was thrown in with a young struggling Hollywood crowd and was for the time being wrapt up in seeking opportunity.

He lived in tiny apartments. He had no automobile, and every cent went for actual expenses and clothes he needed to make a decent appearance. Once in awhile he would double-date with some of the other

aspirants, go to a movie, for a drive to the beach, have a fleeting evening of casual fun. But resolutely, I remember, he tempered himself.

He got nowhere by avoiding kisses. The noble experiment was a frost. So Tyrone packed his suitcase and went to Santa Barbara to try acting with the community players.

It was there he met the second girl who mattered to him. She was the debutante daughter of well-to-do people in the plays at the Lobero Theatre. She dressed strikingly and Tyrone inevitably notices a woman's flair. She was all gay exuberance.

In high school he had worshiped at a shrine, almost. Here was a different sort of girl, a girl who subtly teased him into enjoying the moment. She had a dashing

roadster and she frequently invited Tyrone for week-ends on her family's ranch. His spirits rose. For a year he was in one show after another. But he had to go on, he couldn't settle down to a frivolous society whirl.

When he signed a movie contract he was sure he wouldn't seek another romance. At the studio he met Alice Faye and they went around for a month or so. It was just friendship. His meeting with Sonja Henie did lead to something, however.

"I'd only vaguely heard of Sonja," he confesses. "She was giving her Los Angeles skating exhibition and was lunching at the studio. I no sooner looked down into her merry blue eyes than I was—er, impressed!"

"She said, 'You are coming to see me tonight?' Not having planned to, I replied, 'I haven't been able to get a seat.' Sonja twinkled. She reached into her purse. 'Here are two tickets, and you must come back during intermission and say hello and to my house afterwards for a little party I am giving!'"

TYRONE had made an immediate impression upon the little Norwegian marvel. Sonja is only in her early twenties, as he is. But she has been feted by Europe.

As keen to success in Hollywood as she was to capture all the skating trophies, the bond which links these two is their skyrocketing simultaneously and their great wish to be accomplished as actors. At Sonja's spectacular all-white house that night after her tremendous acclaim for her skating, her attention was all on Tyrone. She wasn't glad that he'd invited a girl to go to her performance. Not at all. Tyrone still doesn't catch on. "Why did she give me two tickets then?" he wonders, reverting to naïvete. Sonja expected he'd throw one away and come alone!

She is accustomed to luxuries and he can't afford them. She spins around town in a big, all-white, streamlined motor, with red-leather upholstery. She will build a huge colonial home. Her picture salary is right at the very top, and whenever she skates she reaps thousands of dollars.

But Tyrone, who appreciates niceties, has had to skimp. And as soon as he was handed a raise he prudently mapped out a budget. His Uncle Frank, who isn't his uncle at all but a wise friend who's been the family lawyer for years, is investing for him so in the tomorrows there'll be interest coming in to live on. The one extravagance Tyrone's indulged in is a snappy roadster.

He was assigned that lead in "Lloyds" just as Sonja made her picture debut. After the cold mountains in which she grew up, the eternal sunshine of Hollywood is a brand-new treat for her. Tyrone has eagerly shown her California's charms. They swim and bicycle—her father was the fastest bicycle rider in the world—and most often they go dancing.

Sonja studied dancing between the ages of four and twenty; so she shines at the Trocadero and the Cocoanut Grove. But she doesn't want him to spend money on her. The evening of the day I was at Tyrone's last they were going to the movies.

They have so much in common besides their work. Both had Irish grandfathers, and both have inherited the quick wit of the Emerald Island. Both are impetuous, relying on hunches, and they have to control this impulsiveness. Tyrone has a stalwart appetite, and Sonja's daily workouts to remain in perfect trim keep her from having to diet. "I always seem to fall for hungry girls," he laughs.

Sonja has been most assiduously chaperoned, and it is only now, in Hollywood, that

she is experiencing American girls' independence. But Sonja has sensed that Tyrone doesn't especially care for overly-athletic women, so though she has broken more sport records than any other man or woman in athletic history she artfully ignores that side of herself when she is with him.

She has become, naturally, grace personified. Yet she is sweetly feminine—except when she's a trifle imperious. Yes, Sonja is imperious at times and that merely captivates Tyrone all the more. He couldn't be attracted to a woman with no fire.

I AM sure marriage is still the right thing," he has said to me emphatically. "I want to avoid the blunders which break up couples who start off so happily. For one thing, I do not believe in separations. Then I think, too, that a husband has to strive just as hard to make a marriage a success as the wife does.

"That's one important reason why I don't want to marry until I am older, until I have achieved permanence here. I couldn't find the time to be a very good husband now. To progress I have to be free to jump at chances. "Love," he added introspectively, "is a fundamental reply to something in me. It's a tremendous inspiration and influence."

His dates with Loretta Young were not a deliberate stepping out on Sonja. He and Loretta were each invited to dinner at the home of the vice-president of their studio. Each discovered the other was going alone. They were working together, and it struck them as silly to part only to meet an hour or two later. They went out again; Sonja was always skating, and Tyrone was lonely. Loretta, at a standstill in her romance with Director Eddie Sutherland—he has been previously married and her religion prohibits marriage with a divorced man—was in a quandary. Here was an amazingly refreshing newcomer who was temporarily minus his girl friend. She said yes when he asked her out, as what young lady wouldn't?

But Tyrone and Sonja are devoted to one another. She is filling a place no other girl could. She not only is a superb companion but she is going through the identical grooming, facing the same perplexities, learning what Hollywood is all about as an equally surprised overnight victor.

Perhaps you read a columnist's tale about Sonja having to stop telling Tyrone where she was going to open next when she was away on tour. Tyrone bought his first orchids when he proudly escorted her to the premiere of "Lloyds." Then, recollecting that the King of Norway always sent carnations and a personal telegram to Sonja when she had competed for her nation, he decided he should send orchids once a week, to remind her of him, as she skated in each Eastern city. His flowers were magnificent. Sonja guessed he couldn't afford the gesture and refused to say where her bookings were taking her. The columnist played up this intimate incident.

But here is the real topper to the story. Tyrone went downtown to his Uncle Frank's. The staid attorney was beaming. "This really is fine publicity for you, my boy, this account of you sending orchids!" Tyrone gasped, "Oh, you think so?" Uncle Frank expanded. "Yes," he declared authoritatively, "that press-agent yarn is worth a lot to you."

Tyrone pulled out the bill from the florist; the orchids had distinctly not been anticipated in his budget, and he owed for every one he'd ordered! "I trust, sir," said the new man of the moment with all the *savoir faire* he could muster, "that the gag is worth this much to you."

Uncle Frank looked at the bill and darn near fainted!



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Posed by
professional
model

Rainer, the Rebel

(Continued from page 29)

To have rest and quietness, isn't it so? I had not this. I had deep difficulties. I had shocks like war and shooting and revolution and inflation, things which every child is afraid of. For days our only safe place from airplane shooting was the cellar. I didn't dare to go from one room to the other because I was afraid to go alone over the floor. You know, this kind of thing can make you sick for your whole life long or it can make you strong, if you overcome it. What many other children have without question, I had to fight for, and this fight made me think and this fight brought me to the bad or good which is in me.

SO I am sixteen and I start out and I am full of ideals. Well, I tell you my life hasn't changed for a dime. In me the same thoughts and ideals live which then lived, and which I have built up in myself as long as I can think. I had to compromise, yes, and every compromise made me unhappy. But I have not compromised with myself. Only with the outside. The day I compromise with myself—"she leaned from her corner and a small fist struck her palm—"I guess I have to commit suicide. And this means never. Because," she said, with a kind of amused grimace, "I do not dream to commit suicide."

"Maybe," she continued more quietly, "this sounds high-hatted to say I am strong. I am not high-hatted. How is it possible that your hat grows high if you have your eyes open? Because there is always another thing to reach to and another thing, and when you have reached that, and when you have reached the highest height of an actress, there is always far, far above you an Einstein or a Toscanini. Why I am strong is very simple to explain. Because I know so strong what I want. And what is that? To make out of yourself the best what can be made of yourself in everything, in life as in work. And nobody else can tell you how to do that, isn't it so?"

Suddenly she laughed. "It is funny. On the one side, I say I am strong. On the other side I must admit, if you ask me, that it hurts me if people think bad about me. Isn't it id-yotic? Because everybody cannot think good. I know it. Yet everybody matters to me. Everybody in the whole world can hurt me. It is so easy for me to have an inferiority complex. If I have nine hundred and ninety-nine good notices and one bad one, you can be sure I have the bad one in my pocketbook. The good ones I overfly. (Ed. note:—skim through.) Mr. Odets always laughs about that. 'Why do you laugh?' I tell him. 'You love me. That is why you think everything is good I am doing. This man does not love me. So it must be something bad I am doing.'"

Then her face cleared. "The only thing I don't read, and what doesn't bother me is the gossip column. They can write about me what they want to. It doesn't matter. Once, yes, I did read. One day I saw my test. Somebody asked me, 'What do you think?' I said, 'All right.' Because that person on the screen is to me not me but an actress. Shall I say always she is bad because her name is Luise Rainer? Somebody heard it and wrote, 'Luise Rainer thinks she is kolossal.' I laugh because I know I do not think it. They say, 'She must be thirty.' I am not hurt, because to be thirty is first not a crime in America,

and anyway, this is something I know. I know I am not thirty. But I do not know, am I a good actress.

"Still, if something hurts me, I can bear it. Even if they would say, well, she's a rotten actress and if they would throw me out of the whole America, all right, they can do it, and surely I will not like it, but I will still go on being what I am. This is the real something, what is deep within me and what nobody can touch. I mustn't be an actress. Of course I love to act, but if they don't let me there are million things in life you can do and do good.

"This, that I am an actress, is something secondary to me. I was never longing for that which they call glamor. For glamor I don't give a dime. To be a human is so much more important. And that will come through if I make stitches in a cushion;" she seized one and thumped it, "or what my hands find to do," she cried, flinging it down again.

You couldn't have listened and remained unconvinced. These were no airy theories, whisked out at a moment's notice as a sop to publicity, but a philosophy painfully arrived at, intensely felt, solidly rooted. Nor was her object to convince me. What I believed was up to me. But "whatever you do, you must do it good," she had cried. So she was "doing good" the job she had undertaken of explaining herself. In fact, she was doing so nobly from my point of view that I couldn't help wondering about her rumored reluctance to grant interviews.

SHE answered that with the same willingness and clarity and candor she had shown throughout. "In my country," she said, "you work very hard, and you don't get so many rewards. People are not bowing—how do you say?—bowing? I thought always bow-ling! People are not bowing to you all the time. When I came here I was surprised. I didn't understand what are those interviews. For publicity, they told me, for advertising. So people will know you. But they will know me through my work, if they like it. If not, they don't care to know me. I don't want to make my way through that. I don't want a success that goes—swish!—up and then down. I want to find for myself what I am in this country, without publicity.

"That is why, in the beginning, when I was nobody in America, I do not give interviews. Today I allow myself to give a few. Because people have been so kind to like my work, I stand now on my feet here as an actress, and the rest is no more so important. Does it sound proud? It is then only the proudness of an honest shoe-man in his shoes.

"And still I think, if you do the best work you can and spend the other life you have left in not thinking about yourself, but taking new things into yourself, it is more important than any interview. My acting I give to who wants it. The rest I would give to my husband and those few who love me. This is three-quarters of myself, what I give to the fans. They should please leave me the last quarter." Her voice had turned almost pleading, her face very sweet and serious. Then a little coaxing smile flickered round her lips. "And they should please not be angry with me."

I asked what the Academy Award had meant to her. She raised her lashes and I caught a glint of mischief in her eyes. "I

am very thankful," she said. "For a couple of weeks I have no more my inferiority complex."

"You see," she said, "the last thing I did was this ugly little woman, O-lan. Beautiful inside, but ugly outside. Each time I look at myself I think, 'No man in the world could like you again.' So the complex becomes always more inferior. Then I was supposed to do this—'The Emperor's Candlesticks,' my next picture. William Powell got lost in the woods, nobody could find him, so I said, well, if he gets lost in the woods, I make a trip in my car." Gone was the serious mood of a moment ago. Now she was having fun.

"So I took my husband and we both went to see a piece of the country and we were very happy, and we saw the redwoods and Carmel and a piece of San Francisco, and we were lying in Santa Barbara on the beach—see, I am all sunburned. Then we came back late in the evening and my maid grabbed me. 'Miss Rainer, Miss Rainer, you are back. Mr. Mannix called, Mr. Mayer called, Mr. Capra called. They send the police behind you.' 'What's the matter?' I said. 'What can happen? They didn't start the picture yet.' 'I don't know what's the matter,' she told me, 'but the telephone doesn't stop.'

"Then again it rings, and a friend of us tells to Mr. Odets, 'Well, you better look out. The grapevine—' is there such a grapevine?—the grapevine says Luise probably gets the Award.' I say, 'It's nonsense.' Mr. Odets says, 'Well, darling, what do you want? Do you want to go to this banquet?' 'But I cannot go like that. I am burned with the sun. Look, I have a head like a balloon.'

"'You are beautiful,' he said. He is my husband, you must excuse him. 'You look so healthy,' he said. 'But I am afraid, I

am embarrassed.' 'They will think you are high-hatted.' So we chase down in a taxi. And I was afraid, and I was embarrassed, but deeply thankful, too, so I don't know how to look. But now when I see my little statue I say, 'Go away, complex. I don't give a dime for you.' Sometimes he goes, sometimes he stays," she shrugged.

I CLOSED my book. "You are finished? Then I must tell you one thing, and I want you to print it, because I come in many funny situations, especially lately, through certain circumstances. It is about politic." I pricked up my ears, beginning to realize that the "certain circumstances" had to do with her marriage. Because Odets' plays reveal him as an enlightened and compassionate thinker, in tune with his times, the undiscerning have tagged him radical.

"I never had anything to do with politic," said his wife, "and I don't dare to give any remark on politic because it would be id-y-otic, everything I say. But I do not believe in women having to do with politic. This I leave to my husband. I deeply believe that women should shut up in politic and better be womanly. I know that I make with this remark new enemies but I cannot help it. Maybe I am a rebel in this, too," she smiled, "that my husband's happiness means more to me than success. I am only happy if he is happy, and happiness and success—" her eyes looked off into space—"they haven't much to do with each other," she concluded gently.

My first impression of her innate simplicity, I knew now, was the true one, and her leap to the pinnacle of movie fame has changed her only in this—to intensify her appreciation of the genuine, her hatred of sham.

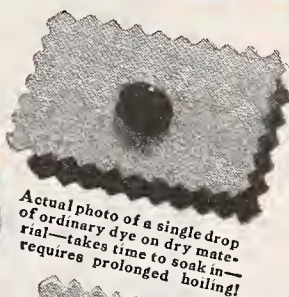
I had always thought of her as a gay



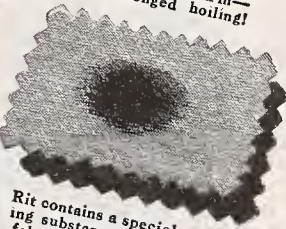
Shirley Temple flashes real dramatic talent in this "Wee Willie Winkie" sequence. But her fuzzy little pooch steals the scene.

and charming child, despite her perfect identification with the woman O-lan. Now I began to understand how she had been able to sink herself so completely in the role. I think it was because she understood O-lan with her heart, because she shares with her O-lan's essential grace. "To be human is so much more important," she had cried. Like O-lan, I think she knows how to be human and to be it "good."

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A Lark that Lasted

(Continued from page 46)

then. Rushing to so many football games and proms kept her from going profound over *The Drama*. She was gifted at drawing, so shortly she transferred to a Columbia University extension course in sketching.

HER twentieth birthday came, was celebrated and passed. Claire was restless. Art wasn't soul-gripping. Proms were no longer a passion. Quite accidentally she stumbled upon professional acting, through two chums; one was a girl who'd already played a few roles, the other, stage manager for Ethel Barrymore. Both of them vowed Claire ought to have a footlight future.

She went downtown one spring morning with the former girl friend, to make the rounds of the theatrical agents. Warned that novices wouldn't be considered, that the password was "past engagements," Claire promptly created a fine record. Her imagination has never done her wrong.

Finally her nerve was rewarded. She was waiting to give one of these free performances when she overheard a man say he was in from Michigan to hire an ingenue for his drama festival there. Claire hastily dropped her handkerchief and the conversation was on. Casually she disclosed that she herself was a superb Broadway ingenue. Between plays at the moment, don't you know? Go West? Well, that was something she'd never done!

She was prevailed upon to accept his offer and arrived in Ann Arbor to find herself billed in support of Margaret Anglin, the noted veteran actress.

But undaunted, she just went ahead and acted, and competently. When she reached home after this engagement she was prepared to snare more leads. Which she soon did. She went to St. Louis to be leading lady in the stock company there, opposite Lyle Talbot, an established favorite.

With summer, Claire went to Southampton and the fashionable playhouse there. She enacted four leads, and Broadway scouts were so attracted by her that in the autumn she was a main stem heroine for sure.

"The opening night of 'Whistling in the Dark' I got to the theatre at seven sharp," says Claire, who has no sense of time and is always late. "I was going calmly to put on my make-up and relax awhile." Telegrams and flowers poured in. She'd sent tickets to her relatives and friends; some sixty rooters were out front. "I had to stop and read every wire, sigh over every flower and examine every card. All of a sudden it was eight-fifteen, and I looked into the mirror. I screamed. I'd been dabbing on my make-up absent-mindedly, and I was a sight. Frantically I creamed it off and slapped on a new face. I had to snap myself together as I tore onto the stage!" After that Claire never arrived at the theatre until eight-fifteen.

A year in this one play and then another hit. And then love goaled her for the second time. "I was so preoccupied with him that I resented having to report to the theatre." She had cocktails before the show; there was supper and dancing afterwards. The glamor of sophisticated New York life got her. But although this was a much more mature romance, it wasn't to be, either.

FORTUNATELY, Hollywood grabbed her; this helped her forget. But Hollywood wasn't what she expected at all.

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SHAMPOO & RINSE

"When Mother and I started for California I thought we'd only be here six months. It was to be one more laughing adventure." Claire not only has become a permanent resident of the film capital with no desire to live elsewhere again, but she has been notably changed by pictures.

On her arrival, she was met at the station with instructions to hurry to the studio. While fitting her into outdoor garb, they passed on a few pointers on screen make-up. Her second day in Hollywood she was on a train for the great open spaces to be George O'Brien's sweetheart. They thrust her on a horse—she, who'd never so much as looked at one! But she rode the ranges because there was no choice. And she was such a gracious Western heroine that she was immediately assigned to the next O'Brien horse opera.

"I've grown to love my work," Claire avers. "I want to stay in Hollywood in the profession I know I prefer. I like the people here; they're so stimulating. Kind also. The breadth of the country out here has won me. I stumbled into the work I'm cut out for instead of the social life I anticipated. It's so gratifying."

She's lost interest in big parties. Claire doesn't care much about dancing any more. Rather, she chooses the latest movie so she may see what the other actresses are doing and profit thereby. She's been earnestly taking voice coaching and dancing lessons.

Fame was but one more fling when she gave it a tumble. But here is the lark that lasted.

Highlighting Gene

(Continued from page 47)

Another one of Gene's pastimes is drawing, and he often illustrates informal little notes to his friends with comical caricatures. He would like to be a good enough cartoonist to illustrate some of the highlights of his career and hang them where he could see them frequently and be reminded that he wasn't always a motion picture star.

One picture might show Gene on a train, deeply engrossed in a poker game and would remind him of a time he needed an overcoat but lacked the money to buy one. The \$65 he won took care of the bill.

Being in a sentimental frame of mind just now, his first cartoon would undoubtedly illustrate his introduction to Jeanette, which occurred on the doorstep of a friend's house when they arrived simultaneously to attend a party.

"I'm Gene Raymond, Miss MacDonald," Gene said politely, as they stood waiting for the door to be opened, but their hostess exclaimed: "How nice of you to come together!"

THE second picture of this series would no doubt chronicle their next meeting which, strangely enough, occurred on the doorstep of another friend's house where a breakfast party was in progress. Again they entered the house together and their friends jumped to the conclusion that they were "that way" about each other. No amount of denial on their part could convince their friends that their meetings had been accidental.

Almost unbelievably, they met the third time at the box office of a theatre where they had gone to attend a preview. Jeanette asked for her tickets, but through some error there were none for her. Gene then stepped up to the box office and was handed four tickets. Having but one guest,



● **"Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this? ... You can't change 'em? ... Say, that's tough!"**



● **"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"**



● **"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"**



● **"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth." ... Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs —Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!**

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he promptly offered Jeanette and her mother his extra tickets. They entered the theatre together and were photographed by every cameraman in town. They sat together and laughed at the strange series of coincidences.

"We'd better make it official," Gene whispered. "Will you have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

There might be another picture to end this series, showing them repeating their marriage vows at the wedding they plan on the 17th of June, 1937, just two years from the day of their first official "date."

In the romantic corner there would be a little picture illustrating one of Jeanette's April Fool jokes. When Gene was ringing her front doorbell, Jeanette ran out another door and climbed into the tonneau of his car. Her butler informed Gene he was to pick Miss MacDonald up at another address. A little puzzled, but still willing, he drove off. About a mile away, at a particularly dark spot in the road, he saw in his mirror a dark figure rising up behind him.

"I'm held up," he thought, and, quickly pulling over to the curb he stopped the car suddenly and prepared to give the intruder a good battle. With his fist upraised he was interrupted by Jeanette screaming: "Don't shoot! It's I!", and Gene nearly fainted at the thought of what one of his hard punches might have done to her.

IN a mood of boastfulness, he might draw a picture of the time he got the best of a motorcycle officer. Hurrying down the boulevard one Sunday morning late, as usual, Gene was stopped by a cop who was so obviously Irish you could almost see the shamrocks sticking out of his ears.

"Shure, and I'm late for mass, officer," Gene explained. To which the good-natured Irishman replied: "Be hurryin' along thin, me lad, and be shure you say a prayer fer me."

Of course, his art gallery would include some pictures illustrating his motor trip West and his introduction to Hollywood. It was while he was making a hit in "Young Sinners" in New York, that he signed a contract to come to Hollywood and make pictures.

"You can drive out, Gene," he was told. "But you *must* be in Hollywood two weeks from today."

Gene and his brother started off from New York in high spirits. Their first stop was in Chicago and there they had rather a hilarious time, staying two days longer than they had expected. From Chicago on, they began to run into detours, bad roads, mechanical troubles, and one delay followed another.

Arriving finally at the studio, he was received coldly by the clerk at the information desk. Did Gene have an appointment? What was his business with Mr. Young?

"I'm under contract here," Gene explained, whereupon the man cast his eye on his contract list and said "no."

"But I *am*. I just arrived from New York," Gene insisted. "Maybe you have my other name—Raymond Guion," he suggested, but a second perusal of the list only brought fourth another determined "no."

Gene decided that his tardiness had caused him to be fired, but finally persuaded the man at the desk to telephone Mr. Young's office. Mr. Young was out, but his secretary arranged a pass, and Gene was inside the studio. He almost ran to Mr. Young's office, where he cooled his heels for half an hour awaiting Young's return. Presently he came in and, looking very surprised at the sight of Gene, exclaimed: "Hello, Gene! What on earth

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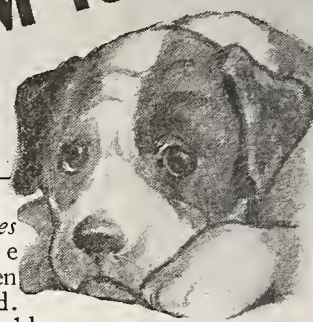
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are you doing in California?"

"That was deflating enough," Gene laughed, "but when he took me down to introduce me to B. P. Schulberg, that gentleman just looked at me and said: 'I thought you'd be a much older man.' And when he introduced me to Al Kaufman, production manager of the studio, Al remarked sourly: 'Didn't know you were blond.'"

HOWEVER, Gene was under contract, and for the next four months he waited around for an opportunity to work. Every week he collected a salary, but nothing was ever said about putting him in a picture. Then came an offer to return to Broadway, so Gene went to his employers and said: "I don't know whether you know it or not, but you've been paying me a lot of money that I haven't earned. You don't seem to need me around here; I have an offer to go back to the stage, and I'm leaving in three weeks for New York."

Never let it be said that an actor who is good enough for Broadway isn't good enough for Hollywood. Gene was put to work immediately.

He takes his career seriously, seriously enough so that he gave up a good contract and free-lanced for awhile because he didn't think the pictures he was making were doing him any good. He refused to play opposite a great star in an important production when, from every angle, it seemed a great opportunity for advancing his career. He didn't think it was the right role for him. Another time he refused an equally important picture because the producer insisted that he dye his hair.

Although firm in his beliefs, he never crosses bridges until he gets to them and doesn't worry over things to any great extent. Actually, he dislikes publicity.

"If I make good pictures, the publicity will take care of itself," he says. "I don't believe in saying just *anything* in order to get your name in the paper."

Publicity is Gene's biggest bugaboo, and his efforts at cartooning would include one to illustrate what he considers an all-time low in exploitation.

Picking up a magazine one day he saw a large picture of himself in which he was looking admiringly at a dish of some unrecognizable food. Under the picture was a caption reading: "Gene Raymond's favorite recipe for Crepes Suzette."

"Crepes Suzette!" Gene exploded. "And what, may I ask, is Crepes Suzette?"

Charlie Chan at the Interviewer's

(Continued from page 43)

ance was just over. Miss Shearn was shown his photograph, expressed interest, but did not have time to wait for an introduction. Just then Mr. Oland came in. He was presented to Miss Shearn. They talked, and it was as if they had known each other all their lives.

Someone who had joined in the conversation commented on Mr. Oland's "Peer Gynt" and that of Richard Mansfield. Mr. Oland's performance, she said, was old wine, Mr. Mansfield's, beer. Oland quietly replied, "I think it was wonderful of him to produce 'Peer Gynt' at all." Miss Shearn, impressed with the modesty of the man, wondered if she had met, at last, a man humble and sincere, who thought only in terms of art. She forgot her other appointments and remained to talk. She made arrangements to paint his portrait, the first

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of many. He went to her studio to watch rehearsals of her playlet. Within three weeks they were engaged to be married. "It is a marriage," said Charlie Chan, "which is enduring because it is joined by the treasures of the mind which neither rust nor corrupt. They are as much married in their tastes and interests as in their affections."

THEY do everything together. Mrs. Oland started to paint when she was twelve. She studied at the Smith College Art School, at the Art Students League in New York and later in Paris. She studied under such artists as William Chase and Robert Henri.

Mr. Oland also paints, though he speaks of his wife's painting, not of his own. He would, he confesses, rather have been a painter than anything else in the world, but he never had enough confidence in his ability. He never had lessons. He watches his wife paint and does landscapes himself. He says that his wife's work is "virile," while his is merely "lyrical." His favorite among his own paintings is one he did of Benedict Canyon, near Beverly Hills. He called it "Spring" and stood knee-deep in mud during a rain to get a certain landscape mood.

The Olands, jointly, translated the first eleven Strindberg plays ever translated and published in English.

The household of Mr. and Mrs. Oland consists of Preyedes Venedetti, the cook, and Preyedes' husband, who is the gardener. He did not know a weed from a geranium when he started, for his trade in Italy was that of a stone worker. There is also Milton Thorp, the chauffeur, who not only drives the Oland cars, but also answers all of Mr. Oland's correspondence, fan and personal mail.

"Perhaps the most important member of the Oland household," resumed Charlie Chan affectionately, "is Mrs. Oland's mother. Mrs. Shearn is over ninety and has the verve, the gaiety, and the vigor of a woman of forty. Mrs. Shearn maintains her own bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, visiting the Olands only upon occasion. She believes that mothers-in-law should not live 'with the young folks'—unlike the custom in my country," added Charlie Chan.

"There are no children in the Oland family. But there is Shaggedy Ann, a German Schnauzer given the Olands by Richard Arlen. And there are Shaggedy's children, Countess Julie, Mr. Chan, Princess Ming Lo Fun and Till Eulenspiegel, named for one of Mr. Oland's favorite Strauss tone-poems.

"A whimsical fellow, I am afraid, this Warner Oland," said Charlie Chan, "for he threatened, at first, to give all of the puppies away. Then he changed his mind as his affections were assailed and now, not only keeps all puppies but takes them with him on his travels and also to his various places of residence. They go along to their farmhouse in Southboro, Massachusetts, an old house built in the days of the Revolution, and to their 7,000-acre ranch on the wild Mexican island of Palmetto de la Virgin.

"Mr. Oland has some distressing little habits," Mr. Chan pursued, something like a gleam of satisfaction in his slightly slanted eyes. "He has a habit, for instance, of putting his lighted cigarettes—at all times he resembles a lighted chimney rather than a portly gentleman of some 200 pounds—on desks, tables, ancient books, choice prints. Accidents occur. I would like to tell him that he should pay attention to detail. Insignificant molehill sometimes more worthy of notice than conspicuous mountain. He does the same with wet

fountain pen. Mrs. Oland does not believe in Occidental wifely habit of nagging. As Oriental wife she bears and forbears; she permits him to blot and burn. One time he ruined his wife's costly white opera cloak. Several of their prized Sheraton chairs have been marred by such burns. On the other hand, he keeps very fine care of his clothes. He has neither a valet at home nor a dresser at the studio.

"Mr. Oland habitually brings his lunches to the studio—sandwiches and coffee, principally coffee, to which he is an addict. He brings his lunches in humble fashion, in a workman's metal container. And he brings them not because he cannot stand cafe cooking, but because he must concentrate, while working, on character of Chan. The only intrusion into this concentration is Shaggedy Ann.

"One afternoon Mr. Oland disappeared from the set. Great disturbance resulted. Scouts were dispatched. Calling All Cars was considered. It was found that Mr. Oland had rushed Shaggedy from his dressing room to the dog hospital, having found that a medicated flea bath was indicated.

MR. OLAND has a bland, calm manner. He moves slowly and with deliberation. His voice is pitched so low as to be, at times, inaudible. Inwardly, he is very nervous and tires easily. The only time he ever shows signs of nervousness is when someone stands in his line of vision off-stage while he is playing a scene. He takes his work very seriously. He takes Charlie Chan very, very seriously. One of his greatest regrets is that he never met Earl Derr Biggers, creator of Charlie Chan.

"He has played many Oriental characters prior to Chan. His first screen appearance was in support of Theda Bara in 'Jewels of the Madonna.' He played in 'Old San Francisco,' 'Chinatown Nights,' 'Heels of Chance,' 'The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu,' 'The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu' and many others. Then he began the Charlie Chan pictures and will make no others.

"Mr. Oland cannot live in Hollywood. He says that the vibrations would destroy him. When Mr. Oland is in Hollywood, he has rules for living there and for working in pictures. They are:

Don't alibi. Old excuse like ancient goat, has whiskers.

Face the facts. Dreams, like good liars, distort facts.

Be punctual. Cold omelette, like fish out of sea, does not improve with age.

Think things out. Hasty conclusions, like hind leg of mule, kick backward.

Don't hog the picture. One man cannot move mountain.

Lead the right sort of life. Talent without virtue like silver without a master.

Be determined. Oak tree do not fall with first stroke.

Invest wisely. Much wealth will not come if little does not go."

Mr. Oland is not, Mr. Chan said, greedy for money. He believes that much money, like much poverty, is much responsibility. He receives many offers to play other Oriental characters and invariably refuses. He was offered a fabulous sum for playing the general in "The General Died at Dawn" and declined the part. He makes his three Charlie Chans a year and will make no others.

"This is a saying of Mr. Oland," Charlie Chan added. "When he is told that he should make more money, work more often, strive for greater gains he always says, 'Naked I came into the world and naked I shall go out of it.'"

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He's a Coward

(Continued from page 50)

I'M not afraid of death. Once, a few short years ago, Mother, Dad and I were on a fishing trip that almost proved fatal. There are just the three of us, you know; I am an only child. And naturally we have been, and are, always together. We have a little house here in Hollywood now. Anyway, we were on this fishing trip late one afternoon when we came to a river that was in a state of flood. We started to cross the seemingly safe bridge. Midway across, the bridge cracked. Dad thought fast, reversed, backed the car swiftly to the high precipitous bank overhanging the river—but the engine stalled. There we were, imprisoned in that car, the slightest move on our parts almost certain to send the car hurtling down that drop of several hundred feet into the roaring torrent and sure death. We didn't dare to move or breathe. We didn't speak a single word. For some fifteen eternal minutes we hung there.

"In that fifteen minutes we made good acquaintance with the thought of death. I knew that, at any instant, life might be a thing of the past. And it wasn't fear I felt. To my own amazement it was, instead, a sort of deep curiosity. What would I find on the other side? I also had a weird sense of gratification that the three of us would be together in death, as we had been in life and that I would not be dying, dismally, in bed, with the measles or the mumps. There, again, you see my fear of the mediocre even in the teeth of death.

"At last, using the most infinite caution, Dad climbed out of the car. He found that it was being held there by the upthrust root of a tree. As lightly and swiftly as was humanly possible, Mother and I stepped out. We clung there to the bank and then, with the release of our weight, the car, soundlessly and instantly slid into the waters which closed over it.

"Another time," reminisced John, "I was hurled through the windshield of our car. My eyes were badly cut. For days they thought that I would never see again, and I faced the dark thought of being blind for life. My whole life had been filled with books. We'd never stayed in any one place long enough for me to make friends, or to join in the activities of the football field, or clubs. I'd done most of my living through books. My other hobbies were painting, piano and the theatre. A blind man would be in a bad way with painting, piano and the theatre as hobbies. I had no other interests. Still I was not afraid.

"I decided that if I were fated for blindness I would be one of the most extraordinary blind men in the world. I would be a male Helen Keller. Again, you see, the rebellion against mediocrity. So, when I was finally told that the eye injuries were, after all, curable, I was not conscious of any overwhelming relief.

"I've been in love. I had always thought that love was something to be afraid of. I'd never had any romances in college. For one reason because we moved around so much I never had time to strike any roots,

even romantically speaking. I fell in love out here in Hollywood, and I awoke one morning to find myself thinking in terms of marriage. Then I knew that I had not escaped. I expected to feel something approaching terror. I didn't.

"Now," said John quietly, "it's over. And the loss of love is something from which stronger men than I have quailed. Emotional anguish is harder to bear than physical pain. Well, it hurt. There were some bad hours. But I've lived through that, too. And I'll never be afraid of love, or the loss of love again. It hasn't embittered me. It hasn't made me cynical. I hope to fall in love again, to be married.

I'M not afraid of loss of my career, either. I've been through that. I studied, I planned, I hoped to become a professor of English. Then, after I graduated from Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, I found that there was not enough money to give me the post-graduate course I needed in order to be eligible, one day, for a chair at Harvard, Yale, or one of the ranking colleges. This meant, again, that I might become just another professor. I couldn't go that.

"A talent scout had approached me, on the campus, a few months prior to graduation. At that time, dangling my Phi Beta Kappa key, I had laughed at Hollywood. I hadn't been interested. What should I do there? Only when I knew that my whole planned career was not to be, did I wire the talent scout in Holly-



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I'M BROKE, SUE --STRANDED! I HAVEN'T WORKED SINCE THEY FIRED ME AND GAVE YOU MY JOB!

GAIL, I'M LEAVING TO BE MARRIED, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB BACK IF--WELL...WON'T YOU SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

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wood and ask him if I might reconsider. "I am in Hollywood, and I'm not at all afraid of losing out here. I know that there is no such money to be made elsewhere. I'm not keen for money. I do want to establish a substantial trust fund for Mother and Dad so that I can know that they are safe. After that, it doesn't much matter. I haven't luxurious tastes because I was brought up with simplicity. I was taught that the 'best things in life are free.' Woods and rivers, books and music, the heritage of all men, rich and poor. I had expected to be a professor with the full consciousness that an English prof does not correct his term papers in a limousine or on the edge of a blue-tiled swimming pool.

"Yes, I am inoculated against the major fears: death, poverty, loss of chosen career, loss of love, competition with my betters. I am afraid only of mediocrity. And because of that fear I shall give myself six more months in Hollywood. If, at the end of that time I haven't found myself or 'been found,' then I shall leave Hollywood and seek other fields to conquer.

"It's going to be a little difficult to find myself here in Hollywood because I don't seem to be any standard type. There is no pattern, cut and ready for me to wear. I don't think I'm enough like any other screen actor to be classified as 'another Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone,' or whatever. Not that I'd want to model after anyone, but it does make it easier to cast a man who fits into some category, I believe. I'll have to find my own niche, as others have done. Fred MacMurray, for instance.

"Fred and his wife are among my best friends in Hollywood, by the way. They're grand, regular people. I haven't many friends out here. I haven't been 'taken-up' by society. My name doesn't appear in the columns as 'among those present' at smart parties. I don't go Troc'ing. I don't belong to tennis clubs and beach clubs. And I don't care. But I do have a few close friends. I do go out on occasional dates with Ginger Rogers, Anne Shirley, Margo and a few others.

"I am not afraid of age. I want to grow older as rapidly as possible, for youth, in Hollywood, is a terrific liability. They don't believe out here that young people have any brains. Youth in Hollywood has only pictorial value. Young men must be leading men, juveniles. Young men must pose, simper, smirk, shake cocktails, say, 'I love you.' Don't I know? Didn't I smirk and simper and act young through 'Soak the Rich,' 'Valiant Is the Word for Carrie' and the others? They won't give youth a chance to be raw, ugly, wounded and violent.

"No, it isn't what I am doing that matters to me. It's the figure I cut in doing it. If I were in a bank, I must be the president or nothing. If I go to war, I must be an officer, not a private. If I am an actor I must be either a ranking character actor or, at least, star material. It is the whole law of my being."

Thinking Things Over

(Continued from page 35)

over now I know that we have a son and daughter of our own. And I can't be grateful enough to Florence for making me see it her way. I only wish we'd had the idea sooner.

I can't imagine now what the house would be like without children in it.



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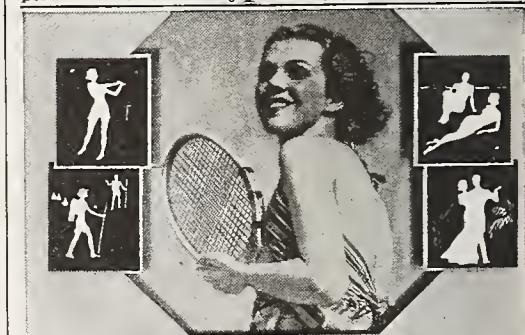
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Without Penny and Tony. I can't imagine what it would be to live without children's toys all around the place, children's parties, even children's problems—and there are plenty of those.

"I find myself feeling actually sorry for people without children. Even sorrier for people who have children and complain about how it's a wear and tear on their nerves; the business of measles and whooping cough and mumps, of having teeth straightened, and all of the bumps and bruises; the 'lap and heart trouble of having children at all,' my mother used to call it. It's life, isn't it? The famous man who once said, 'Why is it that we always come in the end to a little child?' was so darned right.

"When we have children, we are giving ourselves hostages to the future," said this star who will never be lonely. "For there is nothing more deplorable, more tragic than the actor or actress who, when the grease-paint wears off, the applause dies down, sits alone among a heap of dusty scrap-books, all his eggs in the one basket of his own fame, and that basket frayed or broken.

"There is nothing more pitiable than the sight of the actor or actress who, his or her day done, runs madly after the receding figure of Popularity.

"And thinking back, I can tell you that I couldn't possibly be fonder of children of our own than I am of Penny and Tony. There'd always be the fear," laughed Freddie, "that the terrible traits of some Aunt Lulu of Florence, or some Uncle Dodo of mine, or even some of my own traits which I admit I don't want perpetuated, would rear their ugly little heads in our offspring.

"We have no such fears. We have no inhibitions about our children. We can rave about their beauty, marvel at their cleverness, boast and brag about them to our hearts' content and no one can say, 'Well, they think they did pretty well, don't they?' It's very gratifying to watch Penny and Tony taking on some of the better characteristics of their proud parents, some of the habits of thought, the manners, the reactions we have tried to give them through environment. Penny, for instance, speaking with the lilt in Florence's voice.

"Of course, we'll tell them they're adopted when the time comes. We'll tell them in the way other parents who have adopted children have done. That other children just come to their parents, and their parents have to take them as they are, but that their mother and daddy adopted them, chose them from all the little boys and girls there are in the world just because they were Penny and Tony. We hope to make them proud of being adopted, able to feel secure about it.

"Whenever I possibly can, I give some happy significance to the word 'adoption.' For instance, last Easter I took Penny to buy some Easter bunnies. And when we found the ones we wanted the most I said to her, 'Shall we adopt them for our very own, Penny?'—thus stressing the meaning of the word 'adoption'—the love in it, you know.

AS I think back," smiled Freddie, "when I remember myself as I was ten years ago, I am amused. And a little sorry for that chap with the single-track mind, before all the warmth and varied interests had come into his life. Then my one and only idea was to win success in the theatre. Nothing else mattered. I wanted to crash the theatre. That wanting was all of me. Well, I didn't crash it. I did several plays, got good enough notices, saved a little more money each year, never quite making that crash. I never achieved



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THE STENOTYPE COMPANY

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what Florence achieved in the theatre, nor anywhere near it.

"So, when I came to Hollywood in 'The Royal Family of Broadway' and was offered a job in pictures, we decided to take it. We'd stay a little while, we said. The climate was pleasant. The experience would be valuable. The money was even pleasanter than the climate. I'd make some real money here and then we'd go back to the theatre again. I needed money. All actors need money. We are, by nature, luxury-loving brutes.

"Thinking it over," Freddie said thoughtfully, "perhaps the security bug has been the 'ole debbil sea' in my life. Perhaps actors shouldn't be too secure. It may not make us smug to feel that way, but it does tend to make us soft. Too many limousines, too many easy-to-get-into swimming pools. Palm Springs at hand if you feel too cold. Too much good food, good clothes.

"I love making pictures and I certainly don't despise movie gold—far from it. But too much gold from any source may harden the heart, insulate the spirit against the aches and pains and hurts that are good for it. It was a terrific temptation, you know, to stay tucked snugly into a contract and to re-sign when my contract had run its course and another was offered me. I fought the temptation, Florence helping me. I decided to freelance. And when I asked myself, 'Why do you want this kind of freedom?' the answer was, 'So I can be free for the theatre and the licking I never gave it.'

"So my thoughts lead me," smiled Fred, "to one of the two things I want and haven't got—a chance to crash the theatre. And that's what I'm going to try to do. Within the year, I hope. We're going back, Florence and I; Florence to the place she has already made for herself, I to the place I hope to make for myself. And I like the idea of reversing the usual procedure.

"It has been the custom, you know, for stage successes to come to movies and movie failures to go to the theatre. I want to go to the theatre when I am among the 'tops' in pictures, when I don't have to go. I don't want to go begging at the back door of the theatre when the front door of films begins to close on me.

"So, that is one thing I still want.

THE other," said this amazing Freddie, "is twins. Yes," grinned Freddie, "Florence and I would like to adopt twin boys. And very probably that's exactly what we will do. We may decide to wait until Penny and Tony are old enough to go with us and help us choose them. This, even more than the Easter bunnies, should prove to them what adoption really means, how much love goes into it.

"Thinking it all over," Fred said, "I realize how great, how immeasurable a part Florence has played in everything. She is never jealous. And I know well that the role of wife to a Hollywood actor is the most difficult role in the world. Especially for a woman who has been what Florence is in the theatre, and has given up her world for mine. At least temporarily. She has helped me keep my feet on the ground. She is not the kind, thank goodness, to gush over me.

"Sometimes I kid her and ask her why she doesn't throw her arms about me, give me some of the adulation to which a gent in the movies should feel entitled. And she always laughs and says, 'Because I don't fuss over you is one reason why you are still around.' And how right she is.

"I am grateful to her for the sacrifices she has made. I am grateful to her for helping me find other interests in life apart from scripts and sound stages—photography, which she encouraged; music, which

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful hackaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging hackaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

I knew very little about until she made me realize how little I did know; art, languages. She speaks French exquisitely. Penny is fast learning. I know that I must get busy and keep up with them.

"I am grateful to Hollywood, too, for many things besides security. For the friends we have made here, the Bob Montgomerys, Gloria Swanson, the Chester Morris, Marion Spitzer and Harlan Thompson, Bart Marshall—others.

"And," went on Fred thoughtfully, "it's a pet theory of mine that the reason so many of us do keep our feet on the ground, some common sense in our heads in spite of all the flattery and fulsome praise our celluloid images induce, is because so many of us are small-town boys. Take Gable, Gary Cooper, Bob Montgomery, Bob Taylor, Bing Crosby, any number of us—all small-town boys. Kids who were brought up without fuss and feathers, made to go to Sunday School, wash behind our ears, do chores, obey the Ten Commandments, to darn well know the difference between black and white, or else.

"Yep," mused Freddie, shaking hands in goodbye, "I'm the luckiest man alive. I've always been afraid to say that before. But I've said it now. I hope," he added under his breath, "that the gods who shape man's little destiny are bowling with thunderbolts or something and don't hear me."

I looked back as I stepped into the car. And there, sure 'nuff, was Freddie, fingers crossed, in the act of placating the greedy gods for the happiness he dared to confess; the good fortune he has earned—gratefully.

Help Yourself to Style

(Continued from page 41)

out the many moods of an impulsive and versatile individuality and save you from being always the tailored type, the fluffy type, the schoolgirl, or the siren.

New fashions for this summer are particularly exciting because they have all the contradictory traits of the ideal girl of 1937. They look alluring, frivolous and high-spirited and actually prove to be thrifty and durable. In their gay coloring and crisp daintiness there is no hint of their sturdy virtues, their resistance to stretching, spotting, and wrinkling. Just as you would never suspect to look at Jean Parker's exquisitely-thin arms and legs that they mask a steel-wire strength that makes it possible for her to swim confidently through the pounding waves of the Pacific.

Now, before you go out to buy your summer playtime wardrobe—whether it is to be one outfit or ten—I want you to ask yourself frankly just what sort of shopper you are. Do you dash into a store and buy something you just saw in the window because it is a color you like or the price you can afford to pay? Or do you do as Jean Parker does, study each purchase carefully and score it by points? Is it becoming; that is, does it do something definite for you spiritually, not just cover you up? Does it heighten your coloring or accent the best lines of your figure? Is it appropriate? Do many occasions crop up in your life when you need just such an outfit? Is it comfortable? You can't have poise without comfort, and poise is the essence of style. Are its details true to the newest fashion trends? Has the fabric been treated by the new processes that make it resistant to dust, perspiration, crumpling, wilt? Is it washable? Does it

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When you wear Duchess of Paris, you are truly "wrapped in fragrance" . . . these indescribably lovely odeurs surround you with an aura of charm. Each blended with the highest skill of the parfumeur's art . . . with restraint, with exquisite taste. In four elusive scents created to match your every mood.

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Duchess of
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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



offer marked contrast to the dresses you already have?

JEAN PARKER did not always have the lavish funds at her disposal that she has under her new contract with Columbia Pictures. But always, even in her days as a shy youngster down at M-G-M, she was not overlooked, even when Norma Shearer and Jean Harlow and other experienced fashion plates were nearby. Necessity had taught Jean how to shop cannily and thriftily. She knew that mistakes in a wardrobe were costly, not only in money but in wasted opportunity. Dresses that don't add some zip to your appearance are just like a great blanket of fog hiding your personality. But dresses that serve as an accent bring all sorts of invitations your way.

Now I am going to ask you to study carefully the pictures of Jean on pages 48 and 49 to see if you can figure out her exact reasons for selecting these summer outfits. Then come back and check your findings against what I have to tell you about them. You'll know then how to go about selecting your summer clothes.

First let's look at the figured cotton sports dress, because that is the type of dress that every girl needs in her summer wardrobe, whether she is staying in town or going to the country. The background is white for daintiness, and the leaf-figures are a fresh, clear red and yellow for gayety. Jean is inclined to be a shy, retiring girl, so she deliberately selects clothes that are striking in color, or fit, or novelty of style. The low-cut square neckline is an important style point. (If you have high-necked sports dresses left from last year you may want to cut them down just as the rest of us are doing.) The peasant-fashion tie belt emphasizes her slim hips, and the

fullness introduced in the skirt by inverted pleat front and back makes the skirt comfortably wide for tennis or golf. Of far greater importance than its size would suggest is the jacket that matches this dress. That trifle takes the dress into the dual-role class, makes it suitable for town as well as country or sports wear.

Her tiny hat that looks like a Dutch cap is crownless and is made of linen, so it can be washed daily, emerging fresh and clean as new. You will find these hats, in pique and novelty cottons, ridiculously cheap. Her shoes are the ever-popular brown leather and white buckskin spectator sports pumps. Girls who buy only one pair of summer shoes do well to select this model, as these shoes go well with all types of summer clothes except the dressiest chiffons.

Jean Parker enjoys wearing skittish novelty fashions, if they can be thriftily discarded when she tires of them. That is why she selected a simple white silk sports dress with a detachable bodice of peasant embroidery rather than one of the new peasant frocks. If the Tyrolean fashions run their course swiftly, as they threaten to do, she can just leave off the bodice. This is not an extravagant gesture, because she still has a distinguished white dress that can be enlivened with various colored scarfs, with one of the new basket-weave moire ribbon belts, or with the flowered jacket shown with her dark linen dress.

Note the tiny stand-up collar on this white dress, the puffed sleeves and the circular fullness of the snug-hipped skirt. Those are all featured in the newest fashions.

There are many sly reasons behind Jean's choice of the dark linen dress. When you have been wearing white and pastels continually, and everyone you know

is dressed in light, girlish colors, don't you long to show up in something suave and dark? So does Jean. Any director who harbors a notion that she is just a naïve and guileless ingenue is going to visualize her in more worldly roles when he sees her in this outfit. And if your friends are accustomed to pigeon-holing you as a jolly, open-faced playmate, you can jolt them into suspecting hidden depths, if you wear an artfully simple Navy, or mahogany, or black linen dress like this occasionally.

This dress, like the white one we just discussed, is a basic dress that is the delight of a girl dressing on a small budget, because it can look different every time you wear it, by merely adding a bright scarf, a jacket, a peasant bodice, or novelty belt. It is grand for motoring or train travel, because the linen is crease-resistant and smooth enough to repel dust.

THE trim jacket that she is wearing with this Navy linen dress is made of mated-lasse (we plain folks call it crinkly or blistered, cotton printed in red, yellow, blue, and green. Can't you just see how you'd practically live in such a jacket, wearing it with all your dresses?

Her Navy kid shoes, stitched in white, show you how heels are coming out in the open this summer in street shoes as well as in evening and beach sandals. They are so comfortable and cool, you will wonder why we never demanded them before.

We really should have started with the bathing suit, instead of ignoring it all the time, for it was her appearance in a bathing suit that launched Jean Parker into a film career. She posed for an Olympic Games poster, and as soon as M-G-M saw it, they sent for her.

The bathing suit she is wearing in the

WHY DID HE CALL ME "A COLD WEATHER GIRL"?



I HEARD JACK SAY I WAS A "COLD WEATHER GIRL" AND NO GOOD ON SUMMER PARTIES

I'M SORRY HE HURT YOU, ALICE...BUT YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL IN HOT WEATHER



I AM VERY CAREFUL! I BATHE EVERY SINGLE DAY

BUT ARE YOU USING LIFEBOUY? WE ALL NEED ITS VERY SPECIAL PROTECTION IN HOT WEATHER



LIFEBOUY CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAPS

IF IT REALLY STOPS "B.O." JANE, I'LL TRY IT!



WHAT GLORIOUS LATHER—I NEVER FELT SO THOROUGHLY CLEAN IN MY LIFE



LATER Alice enjoys lasting freshness

HOW DO YOU KEEP SO FRESH AND DAINTY IN ALL THIS HEAT?

CROSS MY HEART—JUST REGULAR LIFEBOUY BATHS!



AND YOUR SKIN'S SMOOTH AS CREAM

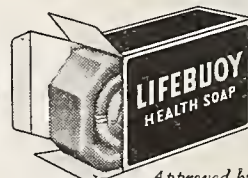
THAT COMES FROM USING LIFEBOUY, TOO!



LIFEBOUY freshens, clears, helps condition dull, tired skin... And it really flatters skin already lovely... For Lifebuoy is *mild!*—More than 20% milder by test than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

Do you know that more American women—men and children, too—use Lifebuoy for the bath than any other soap? It's a fact—revealed when 8 leading magazines questioned 120,000 women!

stops
'B.O.'



Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau

photograph on page 49 is of smart white satin, figured in sprays of California poppies. And let me warn you right now that only a girl of her gentle temperament and willowy figure could get away with a suit like that without looking downright brazen. Pastel colors are better for those less lithe and plain dark suits for those with bulges. (And shame on you if you bulge when our beauty expert, Mary Marshall, would be so glad to send you corrective exercises.)

These well-made suits give the figure firm support, and are so durable they will survive at least two summers of daily plunges through surf. They are comparatively inexpensive, and come in all colors and every style.

VARIETY is the spice of personality, so having played the siren in her bathing suit, Jean goes to the other extreme in selecting a beach wrap. Quaint and modest as can be is the wrap of blue cotton printed in white, made on the lines of a peasant dress. Don't you see what a dramatic build-up that is when she slips out of the picturesque wrap and emerges so woman-of-the-wordly in her swim suit?

Current fashions make it possible to play the drama the other way around if you want to. You can choose a stately wrap of gleaming white acetate jersey or fine white terrycloth tightly fitted through the hips and swirling into deep folds like the most glamorous evening wraps. Under that, for contrast, you would wear one of the dainty, full-skirted swim suits made like a little girl's pinafore.

These beach coats aren't a rash extravagance, even if your visits to the beach are rare, for you will wear one the year 'round at home as a lounging robe. They are quite inexpensive when made of chintz or paisley cotton.

You are going to be deeply grateful to Jean Parker, I know, when you go shopping and discover how much her advice has helped you.

Solving Some Beauty Problems

(Continued from page 45)

you wish to be. Then some exercises won't hurt.

Question: If I'm fat (or thin) in spots, what should I do?

Answer: Exercise for the fat. Diet, plus special exercise for the thin. By "special exercise," I mean stunts to smooth out any lumps and bulges that may appear as you gain weight.

Question: All kidding aside, can the bust be reduced?

Answer: You mustn't expect miracles, but you can do considerable to improve your appearance in this respect. A general reducing diet, if you're generally fat, will reduce the bust some. Buttermilk is a helpful bust reducer. Always wear a good uplift bras. And do deep breathing exercises for ten minutes every morning. Raise the arms in front to shoulder height, move them out to the sides and as far back as you can, meanwhile trying to feel a "lift" in the breast muscles.

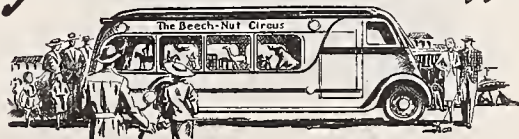
Dress devices to kid the public into thinking your figure to be better than it is, are as follows: Let your dresses fit easily—not form-fitting, nor yet so loose as to look old ladyish. Don't wear knit goods. Wear V-necks, long tunics. Don't go in for jabots and frills. Set your waistline a

"Always worth stopping for"

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A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM!

EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes *special* care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for *that* day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

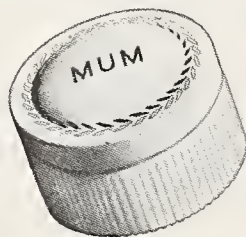
No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry—if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an *underarm victim*! Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.

Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

bit lower. Above all, don't slouch.

Question: Where should very short girls watch out for excess weight?

Answer: Besides the obvious stomach-and-hip area, the back and upper arms should be watched. Stretch—stretch—every morning. Make an exercise of stretching.

Question: What can (1) the very short girl do to look taller and (2) the very tall girl do to look shorter?

Answer: First place, the short girl can emulate Luise Rainer's walk and posture. To be pretty sure of good posture without thinking about yourself every minute, just get the habit of keeping your chest out. When the chest goes out, the shoulders go back, the tum just naturally *has* to be pulled in, and there you are. The short girl can wear the highest of heels, but she shouldn't wear the highest of hats nor high coiffures, because such ain't in keeping. Beltless, princess-style frocks are good. And though fashion says skirts are shorter, the petite lass might well keep her clothes ten or twelve inches from the ground, rather than fourteen.

The very tall girl, now, should also stand up to her full height, for slouching will only make her look slovenly. She should wear high heels when high heels are appropriate, for the little smitch taken off by low heels won't help her height enough to matter. A page-boy coiffure, if she can wear it, will flatten her down some. Two-color outfits, if she's slim, are swell—the dark frock, with the neutral or bright toned jacket. And big hats are just her dish.

Question: What make-up problem is illustrated by Simone Simon?

Answer: The problem of the heavy lower lip. Very cute on S. S., but unattractive on some girls because they erroneously try to make their mouths look smaller by not applying lipstick to that lower lip. Build up the upper lip a trifle to balance the cute pout, and see if you don't like yourself better.

Question: What make-up problem is illustrated by that ace actress, Bette Davis?

Answer: The problem of large eyes, light in color, which can so easily look starey, rather than starry. Eyebrows, in such a case, should be trained down, rather than up. They should be straight, rather than curved. And never pluck them too thin—but of course, you wouldn't do that, for it ain't fashionable no mo'.

Question: What make-up problem is illustrated by that lovely person, Myrna Loy?

Answer: The difficult problem of the red-head, who simply must get herself rouge and lipstick in the new rust tone, and not wear much of either. If she has the pink-and-white skin that so often goes with red hair, let her by all means wear a creamy, pinkish powder—more creamy than pinkish—and pay no attention to the folks who urge her to try a suntan shade to cover her freckles. Mascara should be brown—on the light side, rather than dark.

Question: What's a good make-up scheme for the girl with light hair and dark skin?

Answer: Golden shade of powder—one of the many suntan shades, darker than her skin rather than lighter. Very little face rouge and bright, bright lipstick, in a clear red. If her lashes and brows are naturally dark, no mascara at all. If not, brown mascara, not black.

Question: What's a good make-up scheme for the girl with dark hair and very fair skin?

Answer: Cream or ivory powder, no face rouge, bright lipstick. Black mascara, if she needs any at all.

Question: What should the woman with gray or white hair do about make-up?

Answer: A little rouge—delicate pink—

is essential to keep her from looking washed-out, no matter what her age. A little lipstick more pink or rose than red. If her lashes and brows are naturally dark, she should be a knockout. If they're not, a little dark brown mascara at night for young ladies who are "prematurely gray."

Question: Why, even on skins which are rather dry, does the nose shine?

Answer: There's an oily path, down the center of the forehead, over the nose and chin. The oil glands here work overtime. Even if your skin is dry, anoint the beak occasionally with a good astringent.

Question: What—and why—are blackheads and how to get rid of them?

Answer: The pesky curse to the human face known as the blackhead is a particle of natural oil, plus dirt, which makes an enlarged pore for itself, or settles in one already provided. Two cleansings with cold cream, plus a gentle washing with bland soap, plus the application of a warm towel to the face, will loosen these unattractive blights. When they're well loosened (and it may take a few treatments) rub gently, with a circular motion and a piece of tissue, over the affected area, to remove the blackheads. No pinching and gouging. Touch the spot afterwards with alcohol or astringent.

Question: What can be done about fingernails which break all the time?

Answer: Soak 'em in warm olive oil. Don't wear them longer than finger-tip length.

Question: What's the latest news in shades of nail polish?

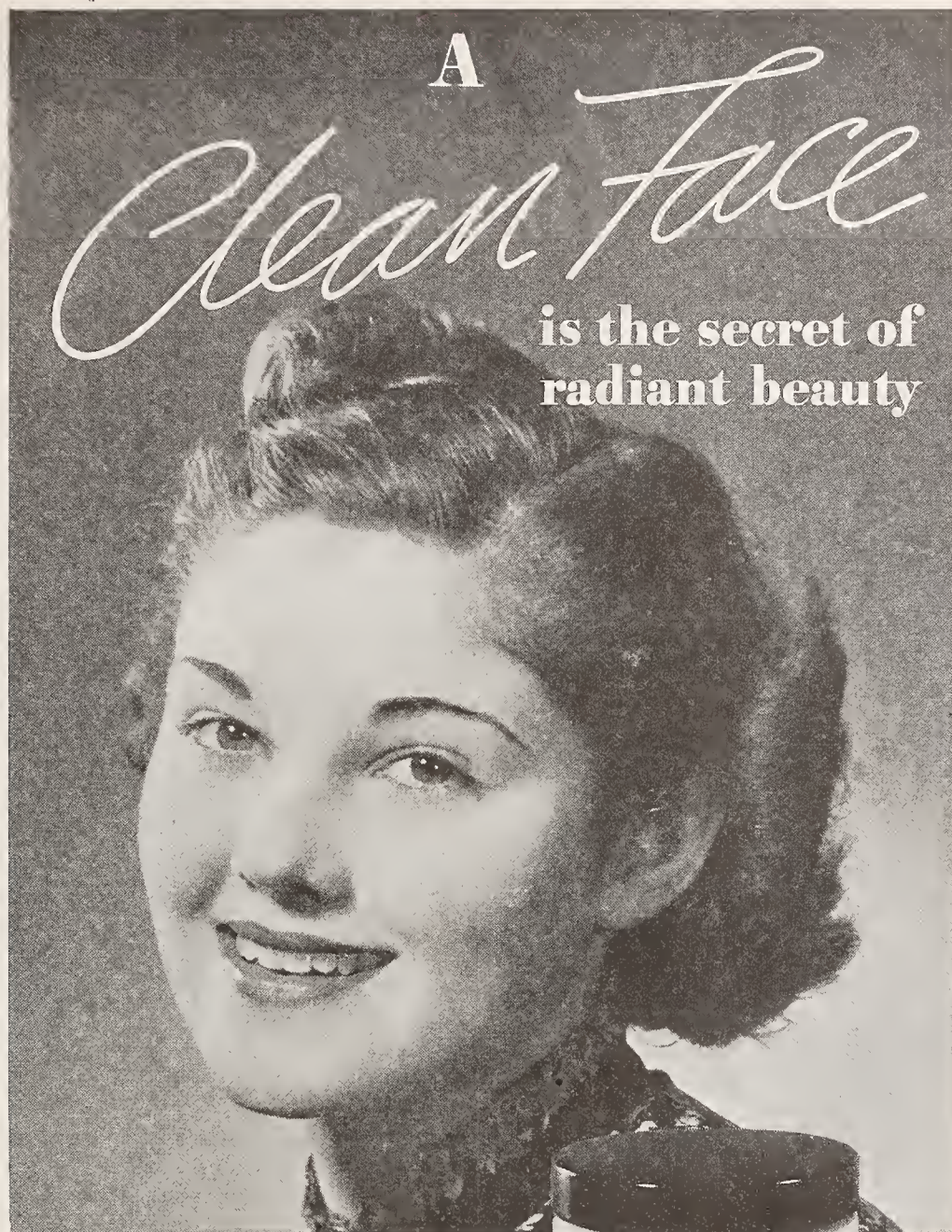
Answer: The latest news is that we're getting a little more sensible about same. For everyday doin's, we are wearing the lighter, smoky rust shades. These shades blend well with the riot of colors fashion decrees. They're chic, they're ladylike, and they're not so darn pale that they look washed-out and uninteresting. For gala occasions, there are bright and deep tones, but even these have an overlying smokiness.

Question: To what extent should one try to keep up with "fashions in faces" and hair-dos?

Answer: Only so far as you please and is becoming to you. Take the best of any new trend, and pay no attention to the freakish side of it. For instance: 'tis fashionable for eyebrows to be heavier and more natural, and I think that's fine. But if some dodo in Paris told us to wear colored wigs—green and purple and so on, as actually happened once, so 'elp me, though you young things won't remember that far back—well, one should say "phooey!" to that. Remember that it takes a lot of time and money to doll your face or your hair up in some artificial manner. Fashionable ladies with plenty of dough are the target for such decrees of fashion, and it keeps money in circulation and amuses the fashionable ladies. But you and me, toots, we can't afford the regular services of expensive beauty experts, and we only look tacky if we attempt highfalutin' beauty stunts on our own.

Question: What can be done to keep pretty blonde hair from turning darker as a girl gets on into the thirties?

Answer: Rinses. Heaps of warm olive oil. Daily massage. Daily brushing. Judicious sunning. A girl can do all these things for herself. Watch out for excess oiliness. And how about dyes and bleaches, you ask? If you must resort to such, go to the best beauty parlor you can find to have it done. To make a simple comparison: if you want to tint a slip, or old summer dress or something, you feel no tremors at doing that yourself, do you? But if you wish to have a lovely evening gown dyed, you send it out to the best cleaner and dyer in town, don't you? Treat



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QUEST

FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS



Use it with Kotex

your hair as well as you'd treat a dress.

Question: What can be done about (1) a large nose, (2) a double chin, (3) a receding chin and (4) heavy jaws?

Answer: (1) If it's flesh and cartilage that make your nose large, you can refine it with massage. Takes heaps of time and heaps of patience, but you'll get results. Powder your nose with powder a shade darker than you use on the rest of your face. (2) If you're on a general reducing diet, your double chin will come down along with the rest of you. A lifting massage will help, too. Very important, keep your head back and up, and the double chin won't seem nearly so dreadful. (3) You can sit with your chin in hand, pooshing and pooshing, and that will help. You can train yourself to keep your chin thrust forward a little, too. I know, on account of I did it. (4) Again, a general reducing diet will take down the lower part of the face. A rouge shadow, very cleverly applied on the lower part of the pan, will help kid the public.

Question: Do the various rather high-priced cosmetics called "tissue" this and "muscle" that, really do any good?

Answer: They help some. They don't do any harm, and they often do some good. If you can afford 'em, use 'em.

Question: Can I make my eyelashes grow?

Answer: Yes, a little. By constant application of a good eyelash grower, your lashes will thicken and perhaps increase in length. The grease, too, makes the lashes look more healthy and luxuriant than they may be in reality.

Question: How do some of the movie stars get that fascinating point in the hairline? You know, the hair is parted on the side, swept straight across the head, and right at the place where one would have a widow's peak if one were that lucky, there's a little point in the hairline that's not quite a wave.

Answer: If you think this would be becoming to you, see if the following method won't achieve it: part your hair where you want it parted. Now, right at the center front, where you want that point, comb the hair back just the least bit. Just as though you were going to comb your hair straight, slick back, then stop. Then bring the hair over from its side part as you want it. You'll have a sort of cowlick right at the center front. Sometimes, the judicious plucking of a few hairs will help to give the desired pointed

effect. Set the hair with lotion as you want it. Let it dry very well indeed and don't comb it out thoroughly—just sort of lift it a bit with the comb. It's pretty difficult to explain this on paper, but go ahead and experiment, and I think you'll understand better what I'm driving at.

Question: Do them there beautiful stars, with the gudgeous figures, wear girdles?

Answer: Yes, indeed. Even if they're streamlined to the hilt, they wear a wisp of a girdle—lastex pants, or a feather-weight step-in model—to give their gowns a beautiful smooth line. So, gentle reader, even if your figure is pretty durn good, wear a little something in the way of a foundation.

Question: Why, Miss Marshall, haven't you said anything about dry skins during all this tirade?

Answer: I'm coming to that. I gotta present for yuh, and it isn't a present for dry skins alone, either, though it's particularly good for dry skins. It's a lotion, of which I'm positively aching to send you a sample, and it's inexpensive to buy, non-sticky to use and serves a dozen purposes. It smooths your skin out quickly, if you're suffering from temporary roughness; it's a protection against sun and wind and "cloudy weather" burns—a blessing to be thankful for, now that summer is on our necks again. And it's a good make-up base. If you want to try it, fill in the coupon below and send it to me.

And remember that Mary Marshall is always at your service. I am only too eager to help you with your beauty problems. Just address your letter to Mary Marshall, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. That'll be all for now. Be seein' yuh next month.

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Modern Screen,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.**

Please send a *sample* of the lotion,
at absolutely no cost to me.

Name

Street Address

City State

She'd Rather Be Dead

(Continued from page 33)

back on the divan. "If I were not in pictures I'd be a real-estate woman, I'm sure. I love to look at houses, just go through them and snoop. I love to do them over. I always 'settle in,' make a home of any place where I happen to be staying, however transiently. If I stay in a hotel room overnight I order flowers, arrange my books on the tables, put out some framed photographs. My dressing room here, even my portable dressing room on the set, gets 'fixed.' Even though it may be only a bowl of flowers, or a picture of Michael, I want it to be homey, my own."

THERE is something extraordinarily rich and warm about Miriam. She talks like a character out of a book. A rapid talker, she is also a rapt listener. People come to her with their problems and their troubles. Ex-husband Austin Parker

brings to her all his plans, triumphs and fears, sure of the sympathy and understanding only Miriam can give.

In Miriam's dressing room every new book worth reading was spread over the tables; a victrola poured forth symphonies, jazz songs; favors for young Michael's fifth birthday party cluttered chairs and divans; scripts, costumes, long-distance calls from New York, maids, publicity men, retakes, fittings—all these things came in for their share of attention from Miriam. She was supposedly resting during her luncheon hour and the place was like a beehive at swarming time.

You might suppose that Miriam, socially-minded, popular and sought by so many of the eminent people of the world—Lady Mendhl, Gertrude Stein, the Duke and Duchess of Kent (she lunched with the Duchess at home and reports chops and

peas, much folksy talk of "where did you buy that frock?" and babies and servant problems); Mrs. Simpson (she has met Wally and reports her as a vivid, intensively vital personality, always eager to go places and do things, no sooner at one place than she is planning on going to the next) —yes, you might suppose that Miriam would take her work lightly, hold Hollywood casually, even with a touch of gay, amused condescension.

Miriam studies her scripts with the same quality of absorption with which she studies blue ships on a cream background.

Recently, while making "Woman Chases Man" (her fifth picture opposite Joel McCrea, incidentally), she did a scene where she had to appear a touch on the stiff side from champagne. The plain gingerale she was drinking on the set was hardly conducive to authentic champagne capers. It is against the Hopkins grain to fake anything. She never wears any make-up at home or on the street. So Miriam thought it over. One of her chief charms is that she doesn't send her lively mind down blazed trails of thought. She blazes her own trails and they are full of fascinating curlicues.

When you see her in this particular sequence you will find that she appears very champagne-caperish, indeed. What she did was this: she walked briskly onto the set a moment or two before Director John Blystone called "Cameras!" With her pulses racing from the rapid walk, she stopped, spun violently on her toes for fifty revolutions or so, and then, the sound stage reeling about her, she went into action before the cameras.

MIRIAM is also a realist. She may walk with kings (and Mrs. Simpson), but she never loses the "common touch." She may entertain the Maharajah of Indore in her drawing room, but she also knows full well what goes on in the kitchen, what the Maharajah is going to have to eat for dinner. She can discourse on world economics with economists, Chinese philosophy with a disciple of Lao Tse and infant feedings with any young mother.

She has an intense love of being in the center of things. When she was abroad last year, she saw to it that she was in Berlin on Hitler's birthday, in Venice at the close of the Ethiopian war to hear Mussolini broadcasting from Rome. Wherever history is being made, there Miriam would like to be. She flew over a great part of Europe on this last trip with a woman friend. When she settled in England to make a picture, she had her small son, Michael, brought over to her.

She said, "I intend to take Michael to England with me every time I go, and I'd like to go once a year to make a picture. I want him to be familiar with all of the historic spots of Europe. I want him to know languages. He had a French Mam'selle and speaks baby French right smartly. He came back from England with an English Nana and spoke so veddy, veddy British that I found myself asking him, 'What say?'"

Miriam is no snob about the things she does and likes to do. Sophisticated down to her tapering fingernails, she is quite honest when she says that she has more to learn than she will ever know. She isn't stuffy either about being a "tourist."

She says, "I am one of the best. I go to all the tourist spots. I visit the Tower of London and ask to be shown the exact spot where Mary, Queen of Scots, was executed—it was Mary, Queen of Scots, wasn't it? I stand in front of Buckingham Palace and get a thrill if the flag is up and I know that the King is 'in residence.' I gape and gawp and ask guides a million silly questions and learn a lot."

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COMFORTABLE
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I'VE FOUND YET!**



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She adores people. When she was in Versailles Lady Mendhl gave a party for her. In Paris she saw Gertrude Stein. Her friends are everywhere, in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. Her best friends in Hollywood are Edmund Goulding, Ex-hubby Austin Parker and Anton Litvak. "We are very good friends, Anton and I," Miriam told me, "but definitely there are no matrimonial plans."

I LIKE to have a great many people around me most of the time. There is no Garbo in me! I have never been bored with any human being. I have never met a dull person. Everyone has something to give if we care enough to drag it out. I talked to clerks in little drugstores all over Germany, to taxi drivers, concierges, shop girls, and policemen in Paris and learned a lot.

"I love luncheons and dinner parties, with plenty of good food and good talk. I love tennis parties, surprise parties, swimming parties and children's parties. I love Punch and Judy shows and word games."

She loves jokes, too. A few weeks ago she was lunching with Edmund Goulding, Anton Litvak and the Earl of Warwick, known as Michael Brooke in the movies. Austin Parker called to ask his ex-wife, who is also his best friend, whether he might borrow her car and man for the next day. His man, he said, was going to the dentist and would be off for the day. He needed the car and he needed a man to wake him in the morning, make his tea, shine his shoes, and so forth.

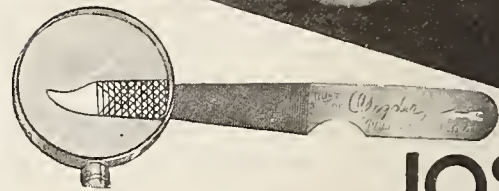
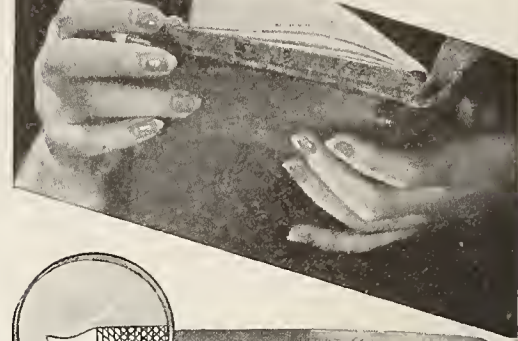
Overhearing the conversation, Edmund Goulding called out and offered to lend Austin Parker his man, an Englishman, who was very good, he said. The next day, promptly at eight o'clock, Austin Parker was awakened by Goulding's "man." The "man" made the morning tea, so bitter and so black that poor Parker gulped it unprotestingly only because he didn't want to be ungracious. His shoes were polished and the polish spilled into the shoes and on the floor. Two teacups and two vases were broken. When Parker left his house he was a nervous wreck; his suit was badly pressed; he was jerkily shaven and the car was driven with such speed that he was on the verge of collapse.

That noon he lunched with Miriam, Edmund Goulding, and Anton Litvak. Miriam said to him, "I'm sorry, Parker, but Edmund's man says he can't possibly stay the day with you. He says you are impossible, temperamental, sloppy, surly and hard to please." Austin Parker saw fifty-nine shades of red. He was just about to slip the last control when the "man" came in casually, took a place at the table, rubbed his hands together, gave an off-hand nod at Parker. Miriam said, "May I present the Earl of Warwick?" High, jocular and unrestrained was Miriam's laughter then.

Puzzle Solution

M	Y	R	N	A	L	O	Y	S	A	C	A	P	R	A
O	P	I	U	M	E	L	A	A	L	A	A	R	I	E
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R	E	T	S	T	E	V	E	N	S	E	L	Y	O	V
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N	I	N	E	R	E	M	U	T	O	N				
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S	H	E	A					L	E	D	A			
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A	L	B	E	R	N	I		A	L	L	E	N		
B	L	O	O	D	E	D	G	E	H	A	Y	W	A	R
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R	O	S	S	R	A	N	A	S	O	N	E	S	T	
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N	E	R	V	E										
S	N	E	E	R										
A	W	E												
E	R	D												
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Run-R-Stop does not harden nor wash out. Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores.

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RUN - R - STOP

When Prima Donnas Meet!

(Continued from page 37)

difference, more than Lily looking pale, Grace, glowing with buoyant health.

"How do you work so hard?" I asked.

"We are strong," said Grace.

"But not strong enough," added Lily, who is a simple person, and despite her exquisite clothes, remains the thrifty well-disciplined French woman, intensely in earnest, taking everything seriously. I don't think she has had much fun.

Grace Moore gives the impression of knowing her way around and wanting you to know that she knows.

"I have had a grand time." She draws the words, flaunts them. "Nobody can say I haven't lived! I could have got further, but I like to enjoy myself. And I'm not sorry."

She is on the defensive, this Grace Moore. Wary, quick thinking, there is little restful about her. She commands attention with the same knowing competence in which she pulled up her chair and took charge of our conversation. The parry of words is her stimulant. Under her armor of "my dears," of villas, of general braggadocio grows an honest lustiness. For this, she is likeable.

She smiled at Lily. "Our paths have always crossed," she said. "When I arrived in France to sing 'Boheme,' I was the artist receiving the fuss and ovations. Lily had just sung her first role in 'Lakme.'"

"She was the star," said Lily. "I was the debutante."

"Then, to show you what this business is," went on Grace, "one year later, Lily, the great French star, made her sensational debut at the Metropolitan."

"But we did not meet then," said Lily. "We met in 1931, when we both sang in 'Tales of 'offman.' I was the doll; Grace, the courtesan."

Miss Moore, trying a bit of Spanish on our cameraman, neglected to catch this remark.

"But tell me, Lily, how *are* you?" she asked, again concentrating on us.

"I have cold. Seven months I go without cold, now before I sing I get cold. I think it is hay fever."

"Hay fever!" laughed Grace. "How could you get hay fever?"

"From the air," said Lily.

"G'wan," said Grace, good-naturedly dropping her diction. "G'wan, Lily, it must be love."

AS if this were her cue, Grace Moore, up on all stock interview phrases, spoke her piece.

"I started romance at the Metropolitan," she said. "Until then nobody thought a prima donna could be happily married." Here she stopped to scream at the busy photographer. "Don't you print that picture! Tear it right up!"

Lily Pons, encouraged, asked him not to take her profile.

"Oh, you can take my profile," said Grace sweetly. Then back to love and to the marriage she so proudly wears.

"Everyone said I wouldn't make a go of it. I proved they were wrong. The other girls followed my example. Gladys Swarthout, now . . . Lily. I do not know whether *she* is married or not, but look what romance did for her!"

"Until a year and a half ago I was always alone," admitted Lily Pons. "When you are alone, you are lost. I sing, I go

Thirst!

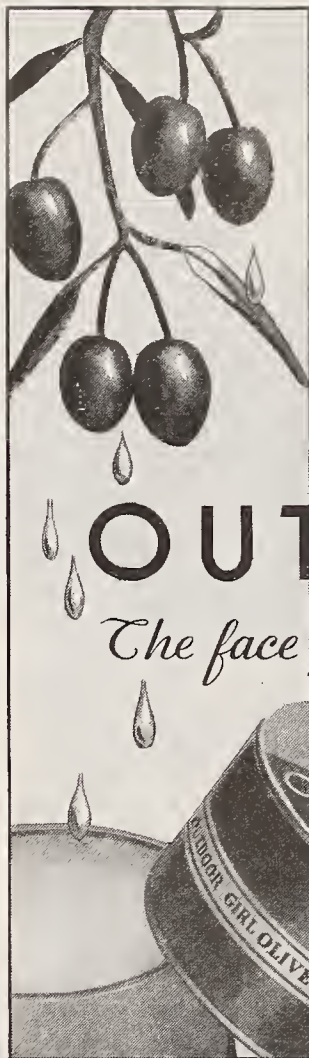


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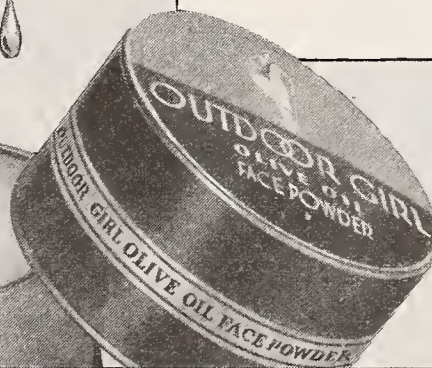
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home, I sleep. What good?"

"A woman must give love in order to get it back," volunteered Grace. "No career is worth loneliness. When I look around at the old stars, with their money gone, and nobody to care about them, I shudder. Was it Henry James or Barrie who said, 'I'm living my life now so I can have roses in my garden in December?' That's the way I feel."

"Her husband is charming man," said Lily.

"So is Andre Kostelanetz," returned Grace, complimenting Lily's suitor.

There was a deadlock.

I broke it by suggesting they question each other.

Grace started with, "Is it really true that you're going to retire in five years?"

"Yes, I quit, I mean it. I work and work, for what . . . for in-come tax! Better do four operas a year and not so much in-come tax!"

ANOTHER cue for Grace. "I was only saying to Beatrice Lillie last night, we don't seem to have fun any more. All we do is work for security." This failed to jibe with Miss Moore's previous line about living her life, but it fitted the moment.

She said rich people no longer cared about security because nothing, in these days, is certain, when Lily piped up with, "I have house in Connecticut. I build swimming pool. I go three days week. It is my health. I tell you, Grace, I am country woman."

Grace chuckled. "Have you chickens, Lily?"

"No . . . but I have deer."

"I'm country-minded, too. I'm importing chickens from France. Before leaving the coast I planted one hundred-and-forty-three grapevines on my California place. Besides, I have that villa at Cannes, and I'm

buying houses in Italy, England, Germany—all over. My pictures play on a percentage basis; I can't take money out of those countries, so I buy property."

"I take vacation," announced Miss Pons. "This summer I just do once week radio program."

"I'm taking a *real* vacation," said Miss Moore. "We've bought a yacht."

"Do you go to see each other's pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Lily. "Grace, I see 'When You're in Love' in Ottawa before my concert."

"What did you like best?" I asked.

Lily Pons did not hesitate. Bouncing in her chair she shouted, "'De Minnie De Moocher!'"

"That was the hardest thing I ever did," said Grace. "I was okay in my dressing room, but it was awful when I had to wriggle before all those people."

"And the sound track," added Lily. "The sound track, she make me jitters."

"Lily sang 'Minnie the Moocher,'" said Grace, "four years ago at a benefit with Helen Jepson and Gladys Swarthout."

"In pictures I am afraid," said Lily "Minnie, she not my style."

"What do you mean?" A determined note crept into Grace Moore's voice. "Your studio tried to buy it for you two years ago, but mine got it first!"

There was an awkward silence, graciously broken by Miss Moore who praised Lily's singing of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

"I think there is a place for opera on the screen," she said, off to another stock start. "'Love Me Tonight' started a cycle. It took the high-hat off opera."

"You cannot put a whole opera into pictures," declared Lily.

"I disagree with you," said Grace.

"But," argued Lily, "all women I sing are *cra-zy* women. Lucia, she *cra-zy*, every-

one she *cra-zy*!"

"Isn't she cute!" Grace Moore laughed appreciatively. "Lily's right. Her roles are different because she is a coloratura. However, I could do 'Louise.' Incidentally, my next picture will bring Wagner to the screen for the first time—'Lohengrin' and Elizabeth from 'Tannhauser.' I'm going to Vienna to study for it. The story is from the novel, 'Of Lena Geyer.'"

"Mine is 'Kiki,'" said Lily. "They have trouble with the writers."

"I want to ask Lily a question," said Grace, "but I don't want you to hear it."

SHE whispered into Lily's ear. Lily whispered back. When Grace heard the answer she uttered something in French. I did some rapid translating and made out the words, "I thought so." Thus, to my way of guessing, Miss Pons may be married to Andre Kostelanetz after all.

This terminated our meeting. On the way downstairs Lily told us she was leaving to do some singing in "Mees-ees-zepp-i."

"Don't come back with a southern accent," teased Grace, whose car was the first to drive in front of the door.

"I have a Nash," she explained. "I sing for them."

Lily, walking toward her car, remarked timidly, "I have a little Pack-urd."

"But they *gave* me mine!" sang out Miss Moore.

I watched them drive off into the distance.

Rushing to telephone the editor, I sighed with pride and relief at my achievement in bringing two famous prima donnas together. But, apparently, there is no rest for a weary reporter. All the editor said was, "Too bad you didn't get Gladys Swarthout in on it, too!"

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Information Desk

(Continued from page 21)

now a Roman legionnaire—his riding won him a lead in a Western two-reeler. A short while later, his work in "Wings" raised him to star status. For the next two years, Gary was the busiest man in Hollywood. Dividing his time between courting Mexican Lupe Velez and seventeen pictures for Paramount, he found himself on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Once again folks tried talking sense to him. What he needed was a good rest, and all that sort of thing. So Gary left on a six months' hunting safari through the African jungle, just missed getting gored by a rhino, and came back feeling fit as a fiddle. What he forgot was that Hollywood was as fine a hunting ground as the African jungle. Between Veronica Balfe, a young "huntress" from Park Avenue and a little fella called Cupid, Gary was snared. He proposed, and, of course, the lady accepted. Gary will be seen soon in "Souls at Sea," with George Raft and Frances Dee.

MILDRED KORMAN, Yonkers, New York: You bet following our Barometer is every bit as fascinating as horse-racing! In fact, from what I hear, a good many people are betting on the results. Frankly, I'd like to discourage the practice. Too much of a chance. You can't tell from one month to the next what a star's position will be. For instance, look how close to the top Flynn is in this issue. Well, from the way the requests have come in so far, it looks like Tyrone Power, sprinting up from fourth place, is going to weasel in ahead of Errol in the August Barometer. And little Deanna Durbin—but you'd better stop me. I can talk all night about this Barometer business. Besides, if you want the monthly lowdown on who the first ten are, as well as a few predictions concerning future issues' ratings, just write in. I'll

keep you, or anyone else interested, posted free of charge for the next six months.

DICK POWELL (Last printed November, 1936. Total number of requests since then 414.) All a practiced biographer wants is a very few clues about a man—trifles like wavy hair, a melodious voice, roguish eyes, a boyish smile—they do the trick. He'll reconstruct you a life story with no more evidence than that. That there will be lots of admiring girls is a safe bet, says he; plenty of trouble, too; and money, easy money; and no end of chances to go wrong.



Take Dick Powell. Girls? Oh, yes, they were crazy about him, and he loved it. Used to sing to them. One little girl (couldn't have been more than fifteen, 'cause Dick was only sixteen himself) told him he had just about the swellest voice she'd heard. That gave Dick big ideas. Money ideas. He got himself three jobs all at once. Sundays, he sang in the Presbyterian Church. Wednesdays he was a Scottish Rites-man. And every Friday night he donned a prayer shawl and did some heavy chanting in the Little Rock, Arkansas, Synagogue.

Dick was alternately a studious boy and a prankster. In grammar school he became a member of that august body known as the P. I. E. (perfect in everything). However, he ended his education in high school, or rather the school ended it for him. He and a group of his buddies "borrowed" a car to ride in an Armistice Day parade, and prankster Powell was summarily dismissed.

"Aha," says your biographer, "trouble!"

What did I tell you?" But Dick didn't know what trouble was until, some four years later, he met Mildred Maund. She was attending a P. I. E. dance, a strange girl from the South, and she swept him off his feet. Ignoring the fact that she had come with another escort, Dick took her home. He showed himself so perfect in everything that three months later Mildred eloped with him. At the time, Dick had a good job with the telephone company. But a sixty-dollar-a-week offer from one of the country's better orchestras stifled his ambitions along that line. Opportunities thrust themselves upon Dick after that initial break. At the end of little more than a year, he was commanding a salary of \$450 a week as master of ceremonies at one of Pittsburgh's largest theatres.

But ol' man trouble still had his number. Life for Dick had become synonymous with business, and his frail little wife from the South languished from inattention. The couple split up shortly before Dick was called out to Hollywood to take a tenor role in "Blessed Event." That was in 1932. Once again the biographer's guess comes true. Dick had gone wrong. But there's a rock foundation of good sense in Dick's make-up. He doesn't go wrong twice. Hollywood love affairs passed him lightly by, until he was sure he had found the real thing. His marriage to Joan Blondell is no kid marriage. It will last. His latest picture is "Singing Marine."

NANCY SQUIER, Chicago, Illinois: Whadaya mean, Joe Brown doesn't like parties? As a matter of fact he's nuts about them—especially costume parties. A short time ago, he attended four in a single week.

ANTHONY MARTIN (First printing; total number of requests 412.) It happened one

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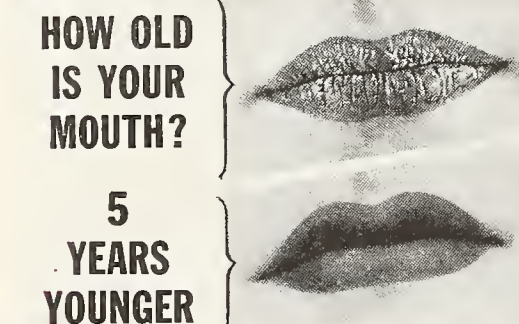
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night at the Trocadero. Dixie Dunbar had just finished her act. To the unbelievably rapid rhythms of Fats Waller's jazz piano, Tony Martin's heart kept time. He was about to do his first vocal solo, and Darryl Zanuck, puffing at one of his everlasting cigars, was in the audience. When Tony broke into the opening bars of "You Hit the Spot,"



Darryl put his cigar down, let it burn out. After the show, he went back to see Tony—and that was that. A few months later he made a hit in "Sing, Baby Sing."

Sounds ridiculously easy, but back of that evening's success story is a long tale of devotion to music. Tony's a California boy, born in Oakland, on a Christmas day. As far back as he can remember Tony has had musical aspirations. The band he organized in high school was so much in demand in 'Frisco theatres, that his mother began to wonder how Tony could be passing his studies. When she discovered he wasn't, she saw to it that the band was disbanded.

But "music wherever he goes" remained the Martin motto. It proved a most painful motto to the pious brothers at St. Mary's College. When they caught Tony jazzing up some of the hymns on the chapel organ, the good brothers agreed that Tony was carrying his musical devotions to excess and asked him to leave. To make up for the fact that he had left his four years in college incomplete, his life story now ran in cycles of four years. Four years after leaving St. Mary's he was given an M-G-M contract. For a time he remained on their payroll, but was given no roles. And then, after another four-year period, RKO signed him. This studio was every bit as blind as M-G-M. Tony was stalled with promises, but in six months not a single part was found for him. He got a release from his contract and was probably looking forward to another four years' Odyssey as band leader and singing troubadour, when that amazing Zanuck chap caught up with him.

At present writing Tony is unmarried. Whether his lovely sweetheart, Alice Faye, will let him suffer on much longer in that unblest state is one of Hollywood's burning questions. "Sing and Be Happy" is his latest picture.

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 23)

Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford, and other old-timers.

I have heard of these stars all my life and would enjoy seeing some of their pictures. Is there any good reason their old films cannot be shown in local theatres? I am sure an occasional silent would be appreciated.

I know there are a number of people my age who would enjoy seeing these players and I am sure there are many older people who would love to see once again such pictures as "The Sheik," "The Kid," "The Four Horsemen," "Beau Geste," etc.—Adele Fisher, Normal, Ill.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Justice for Small Towners

Do we, the people of the small town, get justice? I am speaking of the number of poor pictures we have to put up with. If the picture rated only one star in the leading magazine critics' polls, it is sure to be shown to us very shortly after it is released. But, behold, if it is a grand film, we may see it six months afterward. By that time the film is so blemished and worn and has been patched so much that it has lost all of its charm. We realize

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it costs more to rent the best pictures, especially while they are "new." Why couldn't the managers compromise and give us good shows that are between the poorest and the best? These could be purchased for about the same price that they pay for a six-months-old de luxe picture.—James T. Berryman, Orange, Va.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

A 13-Year-Old Speaks Up

We children of adolescent age aren't often heard from, but, after all, we have our ideas about motion pictures, too. We're not so young that the only thing we enjoy is a picture in which a child actor or actress is starred; often that type doesn't even win our favor one hundred per cent.

I want to say in behalf of myself, and I'm sure many other children between the ages of twelve to fifteen everywhere, that Deanna Durbin, for one, deserves orchids and orchids and orchids.

Besides having a golden voice that just thrills you right down to your toes, she's a great actress and rates above Garbo any day. Her role in "Three Smart Girls" was a good one to begin with, but the way she played it made it simply superb.

She isn't a goody-goody girl like Shirley Temple, nor a brat like Jane Withers. She's just—just Deanna Durbin and I predict a great future for her as far as we kids are concerned.—Betty Hindman, Springfield, Mo.

Who's America's Screen Idol, Movie Lover, Boy Friend, or what-have-you—Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power? The following letters seem to indicate that gals the country over have had a change of heart in recent months as to who is King? Your fellow fans and Between You 'n' Me would like to know how these two stars rate with YOU.—The Editor.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Blushingly Yours—

Why not give the Bob Taylor fans a break? Now, for instance, in that scene in "Personal Property" where the thrilling heart throb of millions of American women sat serenely in the bath tub. Just think how much nicer it would have been if Bob could have been taking a shower with that handsome head thrust out of the top of the curtains and his shapely (I hope) legs peeking at us from underneath.

I held my breath hoping he would show his legs at sometime or other, but, alas, he did not. I would like to know just why we are deprived of seeing these two very important features. Maybe it is for the best, though, as they might not be so perfect as he, and I never could love a man with bowed legs. I lost interest in Warren William after seeing him running around in a pair of shorts, and maybe it would be that way with Bob.

I will still continue to see all the Taylor pictures, hoping some day to see him in trunks.—Billie Leer, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Taylor, Beware!

Robert Taylor had better look to his laurels. A certain 20th Century-Fox actor is knocking on the gateway to a million feminine hearts which Taylor couldn't even get within speaking distance of. This actor has a certain boyish quality that stands out. He's good-looking enough to send women home dreaming about him, but he's not good-looking to the point of

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being beautiful.

I have been taking a private census lately for my own amusement, and out of nearly twenty girls I found only two who like Taylor better than this new rave. Four have never seen this new star and have other favorites. Nine prefer him to all others, even Taylor. His name is Tyrone Power.—Donna Mae Wirth, Portland, Oregon.

Ga-Ga Over Tyrone

Nowadays girls are always sighing and saying, "Oh, Robert Taylor, isn't he handsome or isn't he just too cute for words?" Bosh—I just cannot stand him. Does he have any acting ability, or roles in his pictures that would dirty up his pretty face? No! Can he make a speech in a film that will startle you beyond words? No!

Ah, but there is a young actor who has acting ability and personality with a capital P. He is not conceited and doesn't think all the girls are ga-ga over him. He sent shivers down my spine in his magnificent speech in "Lloyds of London." Please let's have more of Power and give our playboy, Taylor, a rest.—Sylvia Shaw, Dayton, Ohio.

Poor Bob!

I've heard so many people rave about film land's latest idol, Robert Taylor, that I felt compelled to venture my own humble opinion on this feminine heart throbber. Personally, I think he resembles a goo-goo eyed, washed-out mama's boy. I can't decide whether it's his too divine toothy smile or his immaculately groomed coiffure which has captivated so many gals' hearts. But whatever it is, I'll take vanilla. I hope I'm not too harsh on the poor guy.—Hortense Cupo, S. I., N. Y.

Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

★★★ Cafe Metropole

If you're in the mood for a slightly mad jamboree, then this is your dish. Your dish, so to speak, is concocted mainly of satire, but it's whipped up in a manner that won't strain your mentality, just in case you had a hard day at the office.

Loretta Young is the daughter of a wealthy American manufacturer, and Tyrone Power is a young gent from these shores who finds himself the author of a bad check for a gambling debt, owed to Victor, major-domo of the Café Metropole. To pay the debt, young Mr. Power, under Victor's direction, assumes the rôle of a Russian prince whose sole duty is to marry Miss Young and collect from papa. You know what happens, but everything is done in a fine comedy vein, and the thing winds up happily for everyone, including the audience.

Both Tyrone and Loretta turn in excellent performances, and there is an equally deft portrayal by Adolphe Menjou, as Victor. Gregory Ratoff is swell as an indignant waiter, and Charlie Winninger and Helen Westley add splendid comedy. Directed by E. H. Griffith.—20th Century-Fox.

★★ The Hit Parade

An ambitious effort in the screen musical field, this emerges, due to a faulty story, as no better than ordinary entertainment. Its main assets are the presence of Frances Langford and Phil Regan, both first-class vocalists, and Duke Ellington, who lifts the proceedings to a high point of enjoyment whenever he and his orchestra ap-

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pear on the screen.

As for the story, it's one of those things about a Park Avenue chanteuse who deserts her Broadway-trained agent for someone on her own level. The broken-hearted agent scouts around for a new singer and finds Frances Langford, whom he skyrockets to radio fame in spite of her prison record, which is revealed, of course, by the mean gal from the social register.

Phil Regan is a handsome and capable hero as the agent, and Miss Langford, photographed to advantage in most of the unreeling, lends her excellent chanting to several good numbers.

★★ Top of the Town

This musical is terrific, colossal, stupendous and not very amusing. Its sets are amazing combinations of chromium, cellophane and imagination. Their very size tends to dwarf the entertainment offered in front of them. In one scene, a huge mirrored floor makes it impossible to see the dancing feet of George Murphy and little Peggy Ryan, which is a pity, for both Mr. Murphy and Miss Ryan are experts. The picture consists of a series of good vaudeville acts without a plausible story to bind them together.

Doris Nolan, as a batty heiress, shows promise of a fine screen future, and George Murphy, who is an excellent dancer, gets the break he should have had long ago. The best breaks, however, are handed to Ella Logan and Gertrude Niesen. Miss Logan can sing and dance and has a swell sense of comedy. Miss Niesen, treated kindly by the camera, registers well in her song numbers. Hugh Herbert, given too much to do, overdoes it. The Three Sailors come through with several good routines. Eleven-year-old Peggy Ryan does a neat impersonation of Eleanor Powell, and Henry Armetta is splendid in a burlesque of a symphony orchestra conductor. Directed by Ralph Murphy.—*Universal*.

★★ The Woman I Love

Almost throttled by an obviously old-fashioned and routine story, this falls short of the splendid drama it might have been. It is difficult to understand why a studio will borrow two such expensive and expert players as Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins and put them into such threadbare surroundings.

Played against a background of the World War, "The Woman I Love" is a story of two men who love one woman. Miriam Hopkins, as the woman, is the central character. Wife of a lieutenant (Paul Muni) in the French Escadrille, she meets and falls in love with a young officer in Paris. When the young man goes to the front he is detailed to the squadron of the gal's husband. The two become fast friends and tell each other about the woman they love, not knowing they're speaking of the same young lady. The inevitable denouement arrives, according to schedule, but it will be no surprise to seasoned picturegoers. The film's assets, besides some fine air sequences, are splendid performances by Miss Hopkins, Mr. Muni and Louis Hayward in the principal roles. In the supporting cast, there is an admirable portrayal of Hayward's young brother by Wally Albright. Others outstanding are Colin Clive and Adrian Morris. Directed by Anatole Litvak.—*R.K.O.-Radio*.

★★ Let Them Live

Here is an exciting and well-made screen drama which contains a full measure of good performances despite the fact that the cast boasts no "names." Universal has



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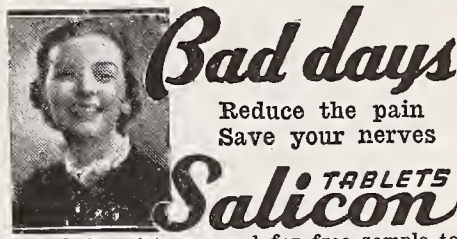
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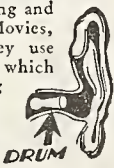
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BAUER & BLACK
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banded together a highly competent group of young people, and together with the veteran Edward Ellis, they turn in a brace of fine portrayals which help make this good entertainment for all audiences. Story revolves about a young interne in a big city hospital. The city is run by corrupt politicians who grab what they can while the poorer classes suffer in pestilence-ridden slums. Into the young doctor's campaign to free the city from its grip of vice is woven a number of highly dramatic sequences which carry the story on its way swiftly and with considerable punch.

John Howard is admirable as the young doctor, adding another good performance to his growing list. Robert Wilcox, a newcomer, is fine as a fellow interne. This young man has a definite screen future. Edward Ellis is an excellent political boss. Nan Grey and Judith Barrett are more than competent in the romance department. Directed by Harold Young.—*Universal*.

★★ Think Fast, Mr. Moto

If you don't find Mr. Moto one of the most fascinating gentlemen you've met up with in celluloid in sometime, then we're—well, surprised and even disappointed. For Mr. Moto is to the Japanese what Mr. Chan is to the Chinese—a charming example of the race and a crack sleuth. Peter Lorre is a happy choice for this character and makes enough of the role so that you will no doubt be looking for his future adventures. The plot gives Mr. Moto plenty of reason for thinking fast, between straightening out smugglers, spies, murderers and a couple of young people who are madly in love but badly in need of advice. On board a giant steamer, all these intrigues are given a background which helps to build up excitement and suspense. Sig Rumann as the chief meanie and John Rogers and Murray Kinnell as assistant meanies do a good job of it, while Virginia Field and Thomas Beck satisfactorily, if not brilliantly, provide the romantic interest. Directed by Norman Foster.—*20th Century-Fox*.

★★ Good Old Soak

Here we have that familiar small-town character. Clem Hawley, played by Wally Beery, who, though saturated with homebrew, still retains an untarnished heart of gold. It is a role well-suited to Wallace Beery, who plays it for every laugh and tear that could be squeezed out of it. A harmless, good-natured souse, he's a constant source of exasperation to his wife, Janet Beecher, and his children, Betty Furness and Eric Linden. Everybody in town agrees that Clem is utterly worthless, but that there's something about the guy you can't help liking. And Clem finally comes crashing through with an heroic gesture which saves his son from prison, his wife from dying of disgrace and his daughter's heart from breaking. It's a fine, melodramatic climax that should wring even the toughest heart.—*M-G-M*.

★★ Pick a Star

Even the appearance of Laurel and Hardy, Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley (he has a streamlined singing voice), Mischa Auer, plus other dependables, does not make it the swiftly-moving, smartly-paced musical that it should be. The fault seems to lie in the plot and its treatment. The whole thing is a hokum view of Hollywood's oft-told tale: the quest for fame.

Pat Kelly's sister, beauteous Rosina Lawrence, has film aspirations. She wins a phoney contest in her native Kansas, the promoter runs off with the money, which sends her garage-man admirer (Jack

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Haley) rushing to Hollywood to make her happy by snagging a film contract for her. Unsuccessful, he becomes a bus boy at a popular cinema night spot, hoping to contact a movie producer. Chance gives Patsy and her sister an opportunity to fly to Hollywood. It also serves to introduce Mischa Auer, playing a "ham" film Lothario and roasting the part to a delectable brown. Auer's work in the film is outstanding, although Laurel and Hardy, and the Kellys, add their hilarious moments, too. If you like slapstick overtones, you will probably like this.—*Hal Roach.*

★ Another Dawn

This opus is very brave, very British, and very dull. They've taken the age-old story of a woman torn between two men, one of whom is her husband, and they've neglected to give it a modern dress which might have covered its old and feeble bones. Story centers around one of those British army outposts at Dykat—good old Dykat—whose commandant, Ian Hunter, returns from a London furlough with a bride. The bride is Kay Francis, and she doesn't love her husband. She merely respects him, although she was decent enough to let him in on her feelings. There is, of course, the inevitable handsome young captain at the post. Errol Flynn is the dashing young man in the beautiful uniform, and Miss Francis immediately falls in love with him. From that moment on, the story drags along, while audiences sit back knowing that in the end Ian Hunter will follow the customary procedure and walk out of the picture, leaving the two lovers practically alone in the theatre.

Miss Francis manages to be quite effective in spite of her stilted dialogue and a couple of gowns in which she must have felt pretty silly. Ian Hunter is his usual capable self as the husband, and Errol Flynn is decorative as the young officer. Frieda Inescort is given nothing worthy of her talents. Directed by William Dieterle.—*Warner Bros.*

★★ As Good As Married

When a wealthy architect discovers he can save considerable money on his income tax by the simple process of getting married, he dictates a proposal to his secretary. The young lady accepts the business proposition, and the story gets under way. You know, of course, that the young lady has been in love with the handsome architect for some time, just as you know that eventually their strictly business arrangement will turn into romance. In spite of its rather obvious theme, this is amusing and entertaining mainly because it has been handled with a light touch and a sense of humor.

John Boles portrays the architect in an easy, gracious manner and shows improvement in his acting ability. Doris Nolan, while not at her best in light comedy, is attractive and completely believable as the secretary. Walter Pidgeon is excellent as a young man in love with Miss Nolan, and Tala Birell leers her way through the role of the villainess. Esther Ralston, looking young and beautiful, lends an expert touch to a role which should have been much bigger. Directed by Eddie Buzzell.—*Universal.*

★★ Dance, Charlie, Dance

This is the old George S. Kaufman play, "The Butter and Egg Man," slightly revised for screen purposes. With Stuart Erwin and Jean Muir in the leads, and the familiar Warner Brothers set of comedians in supporting roles, it is a light, wise-cracking comedy which should please audiences who don't demand too much subtlety in their screen entertainment.

The plot concerns a couple of Broad-

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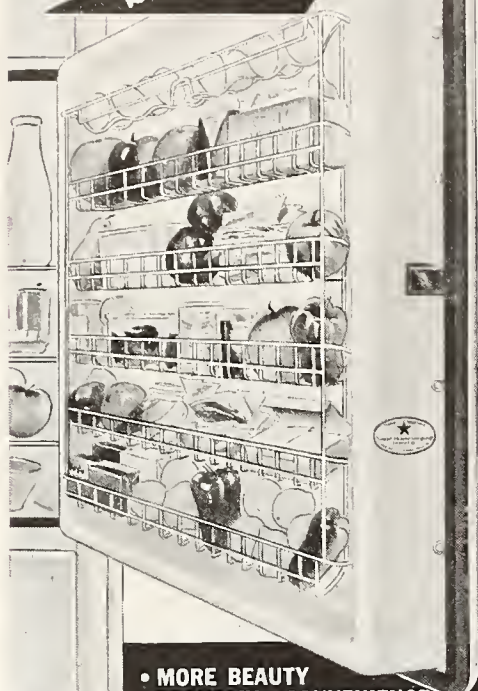
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way agents (Allen Jenkins and Charlie Foy), who have an alleged musical comedy on their hands and no money with which to produce it. A small-town gent with theatrical leanings (Stuart Erwin) takes over the show, and when "Dance, Charlie, Dance" emerges on Broadway, it's so bad it's an instant hit. Best performance in the picture is Stuart Erwin's portrayal of the ambitious young man from Athens, Illinois. Directed by Frank McDonald—*Warners*.

★★★ Make Way for Tomorrow

When Barkley and Lucy Cooper, after fifty years of married life, realize their home is about to be taken away from them, they call in their children and ask for help. The children, most of them married and with homes of their own, are no longer interested in the old people's problems, but after considerable wrangling they parcel their parents out—their father to one home and their mother to another. The two old people, after their years together, find a tragic unhappiness in their new life and in the realization that the years they sacrificed for their children were spent in vain.

That's the story, and it's told with such depth and feeling that most audiences will leave the theatre weeping. Its power lies in the fact that it is drawn from life itself, an honest portrait of many a family whose parents have grown too old. Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi make the old couple a tragic and lovable pair. Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter are outstanding as a son and daughter-in-law, and Barbara Read is splendid as a modern granddaughter. Directed by Leo McCarey.—*Paramount*.

★★ Internes Can't Take Money

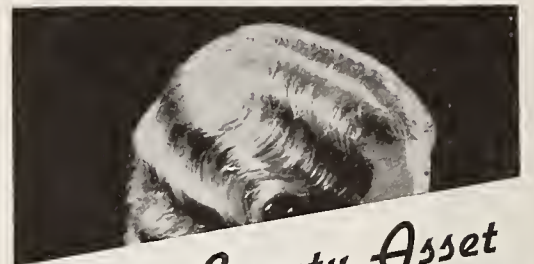
You won't want to miss this one, for the story is interesting from first to last; it is well cast, and the players give admirable accounts of themselves. In the leading roles are Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea, while the supporting players include Lloyd Nolan, Stanley Ridges, Lee Bowman, Barry Macollum and Nick Lucats.

McCrea is the young interne who has to turn down Gangster Nolan's thousand dollars in payment for an operation, since it is against the rules of the hospital to accept money. This is made doubly hard since Barbara Stanwyck, the girl Joel loves, needs just that amount so badly. Finally she resorts to stealing it from Nolan. The Stanwyck predicament is due to the fact that the underworld will only give her information C.O.D. concerning the whereabouts of her child. And thereby hangs the tale, for the aim of Barbara's existence, since serving a prison term, is to locate her missing child. Stanley Ridges, a big-shot racketeer, offers to lead her directly to the child for a thousand dollars—or else. It looks as if the latter were inevitable, and Barbara is just ready to take off with Ridges when one of the most dramatic rescues in celluloid is staged. Directed by Alfred Santell.—*Paramount*.

★★ Fifty Roads to Town

This is a delightful hour and a half in any theatre. It's one of those surprise pictures; you go in expecting an ordinary little comedy romance and discover you're witnessing a really hilarious piece of screen entertainment. The plot is one of those things you wouldn't believe if we told it to you, so we'll steer clear of it. You ought to know, however, that it co-stars Don Ameche and Ann Sothorn, and that these two young people are a romantic team who should be seen together often. Mr. Ameche is a young man who thinks he's being frantically pursued by a process server, and Miss Sothorn is convinced that Mr. Ameche is a gangster. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*20th Century-Fox*.

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Good News

(Continued from page 68)

Luise Rainer is the biggest problem yet to confront the studio prop men. It seems that Miss R. has an appetite that would put a whale's to shame and that even cardboard cookies have been known to disappear on a Rainer set. In a scene from "The Emperor's Candlesticks" the other day, the cameras were grinding away as the dignified butler passed a tray of hors-d'oeuvres to Luise and then to Bill Powell. Bill groped all over the tray, then cocked that famous eyebrow at his leading lady. "Certainly strange, isn't it?" agreed Luise, turning on one of those melting glances that win Academy Awards and irate directors.

■ ■ ■

Kay Francis is becoming pretty difficult these days, it seems. She's practically impossible to interview, and then when lined up refuses to talk on anything to do with her private life or personal views. "If I'm married," she snapped at an interviewer the other day, "that's my business, and I can't see how it could concern anyone else." Well, our guess is that it might concern Delmer Daves.

■ ■ ■

Joan Blondell had her small son, Norman Barnes, Jr., on the set the other day. He was riding a kiddie-kar made by Dick Powell and proudly announced that when he grew up he was going to be just like his daddy. "I'm going to be a carpenter," he said firmly. Norman has evidently overlooked the fact that Papa is a movie star of sorts.

■ ■ ■

Who Done It? Dept.: What well-known star, estranged from his wife, recently phoned her at her home and requested her not to divorce him? It isn't because he wants to go back to the wife—he's afraid if she divorces him he'll soon have a brand-new wife on his hands, and he's enjoying himself too much now in his married-but-single bliss.

■ ■ ■

Just heard that the real reason for Connie Bennett's change of tactics on the "Topper" set was a threatened spanking. When Connie came to work on the picture she approached Director Norman McLeod. "I guess you know my reputation," she said. "What are you going to do about it if I'm temperamental on this picture?" "I'll take you across my knee and paddle you," announced McLeod. "Okay," said La Bennett, "it's a date." And the word is that the Bennett posterior received nary a whack.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "New Faces of 1937" set, the comedians aren't having much fun. The reason being that Parkyakarkus doesn't like Milton Berle, Milton Berle doesn't like Parkyakarkus, Joe Penner doesn't like Milton and Milton isn't crazy about Joe. Parkyakarkus and Joe feel that they really shouldn't care for each other under the circumstances, but can't get over a sneaking liking for each other that they've had for some fifteen years.

As romantic as a Waltz, as exciting as a Swing Band—the gay bouquet fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume has a potent appeal to the masculine heart. It sets the senses awlirl, and swings hearts into harmonious rhythm. A touch on your throat, your lips, and your wrists, and you will swirl in a cloud of enchanting fragrance.

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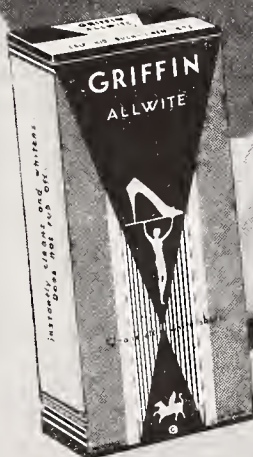


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DOLL BY LENCI



Don Ameche and his leadin' lady, Honore, step out at the Grove, too. Mrs. A.'s pretty enough to be his reel partner, but she'd rather play Mother to their two young heirs.



After deserting his screen fans for ages, Douglass Montgomery is back in the limelight, comforting Anne Shirley and her slightly bruised knee.



Bob Young and Missus sample the food at the Cocomanut Grove. Bob is Devoted Husband No. 1.

It's just recently that Ella Logan is beginning to look like a Promising Movie Star, as far as her wardrobe goes. For Ella wore the same suit every day for a month after arriving in town. Reason was that while in Chicago she had just accepted an offer to sing in a Florida night club, checked her trunks on the train, and was all ready to pull out when a wire came from movie moguls offering her a job here. Ella boarded a plane and headed west, while her wardrobe sped due south. Frantic wires after Ella finally collected herself were to no avail. The baggage had been mislaid, and it represented two thousand dollars worth of raiment that Ella had saved for years to buy. The day the studio signed her to a long-term contract with a fancy salary, the trunks arrived in all their pristine glory.

Marlene Dietrich's new dressing room is the last word in swank. All the walls and the ceiling are lined with mirrors; the furniture is white and silver, and the rugs white bear-skin. But despite all the grandeur, the lovely lady is unable to enjoy lunch in her fancy surroundings. It seems the food reflected in all those mirrors gives her indigestion.

Jackie Cooper and Judy Garland are at

the hand-holding-at-soda-fountain stage. Which accounts for the completely dejected look on the freckled countenance of Mickey Rooney. But Mickey pulled a fast one at the studio commissary the other day. Jackie and Judy were interrupted in their soulful gazes at each other over malted milks when Mickey passed the table and yelled, "Hi, you kids!" On his arm was Sophie Tucker.

Here's one for the Crosby fans. In Hong Kong they have just released "Rhythm on the Range." The reason for the delay is that the Chinese theatre managers aren't so dumb. They waited until the festive season when the Sacred Cow is highly regarded by the people. Then great signs went up on the principal theatre, announcing the picture, "Starring prize Hollywood bull with Bing Crosby."

The cast of "I Met Him in Paris" claims that Hollywood has it all over Idaho, where the company was on location for winter sports. We watched Claudette Colbert and Robert Young out on the movie lot having a fine time on a sleigh-ride. A platform was mounted on rubber wheels and on this Claudette and Bob were merrily bouncing up and down, while Bob cracked a couple of reins over some non-existent horses. And

from behind the camera, several prop men pelted the pair with great gobs of studio "snow," supposedly kicked up from the horses' hoofs. It all seemed like fun.

Francis Lederer arrived in town first, for his role in "Cape of Good Hope." It was just a matter of days until Margo planed in to start in a new film over on a rival lot. Asked about all those rumors concerning romance, Mr. L. just shakes his head and sighs, "Ah, if they were but true." You'd think that would get the gal, if nothing else could.

Habitues of the Brown Derby's Bamboo Room usually notice a certain chap who parks himself at the end of the bar every evening. The mysterious guy, it turns out, owns a health club, but he does all his business in the Bamboo Room. Which is why, on occasion, this or that actor wakes up of a fine morning and discovers he has purchased a full-fledged membership in the health club. Our friend won't be happy until he makes Hollywood the healthiest little community in the country.

Elegance Note: We have it, from sources occasionally considered unimpeachable, that Helen Vinson is not one to lag behind when it comes to the little things which make for luxurious living. "Miss Vinson," according to the sources, "has installed before each of the several shower rooms located throughout her palatial new home, an electric beam which automatically starts the thermostatically controlled shower release as one enters the cubicle and which also stops the flow upon leaving."

Fashion Parade of the month... JULY

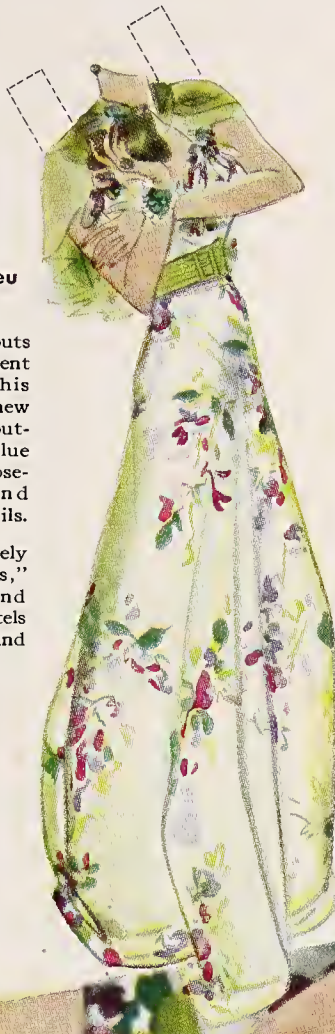
The New "Smoky" Nail Shades as Miss Nancy Harrar wears them



**Manoir Richelieu
Canada**

Nancy Harrar puts her tennis opponent very much off his game with her new above-the-knees outfit in 2 shades of blue accented with a rose-colored sash and Cutex Old Rose nails.

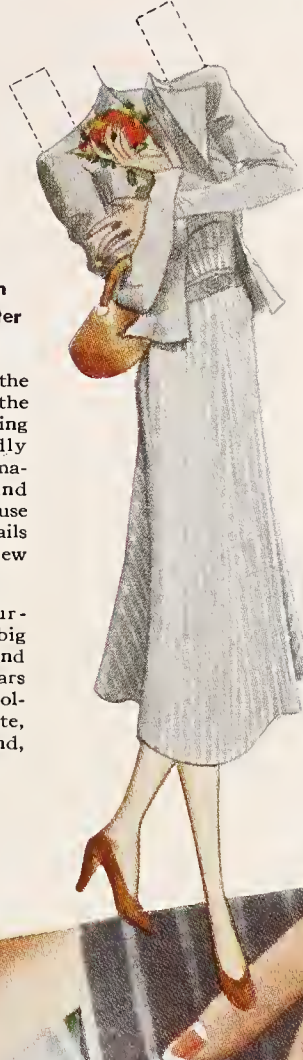
"Old Rose is lovely for blonde types," Nancy says, "and especially with pastels for both sports and evening."



**Rainbow Room
Rockefeller Center
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Nancy Harrar is the particular star of the evening in gleaming white satin boldly splashed with primavera bouquets and belted with chartreuse... worn with nails in the startling new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy finds Burgundy creates a big stir—it's so new and unusual. She wears this sophisticated color with black, white, wine, carnelian and, above all, blue.



En route to London

For tea with the Captain of the Aquitania—Nancy Harrar chooses distinguished gray and white sheer jersey with lovely dusky nails in Cutex Rust.

Nancy says Rust is gorgeous with green, beige and copper, as well as gray. "And it's absolutely the nail color when you're sun-tanned!"



Old Rose

Burgundy

Rust

NO GATHERING of the smart younger set is completely lovely without the willowy, blue-eyed Nancy Harrar—one of the outstanding New York debutantes of this last season.

Whether she's doing 18 holes of golf or playing Chopin for her friends, Nancy has the knack of making a charming color picture of herself.

Part of this glamour picture are her tapered musician's hands that she makes still more interesting with the new Cutex "smoky" polish shades. "Even the deep shades are soft and smoky," she says. "You can do a lot

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