

Modern Screen

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

AUGUST

10

CENTS



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GABLE FEARS SHIRLEY TEMPLE!

FIND *Love's Blue Heaven*

Be Utterly Thrilling, Utterly Refined
and You'll Keep Him All Yours Forever

He'll love you, adore you and *worship* you, too, if you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's own flowers. It lured the cave-man pursuing his flower-decked mate... and it can weave a glamorous spell for *you*.

Let Lander's Blended-Flower Talc give you the rapturous daintiness, the flower-fresh sweetness that absolutely captivates a man. Try the Gardenia and Sweet Pea Blend. Every morning, dust your whole body with this exquisite powder... smell sweet all over! You feel glorified, inspired... you *know* you're divinely thrilling and that you *can* win love. Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does this for you and more...

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SOLD ONLY
AT ALL
10¢ STORES

RKO's NEW FACES

choose this

MAKE-UP

Blonde or Brunette! . . . here is a new make-up to accent the color attraction of your type. Note coupon for make-up test.

WHAT A THRILL to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. This is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Imagine how perfect it must be...each shade of powder, rouge and lipstick is actually created to beautify screen star types, so you know this make-up will be flattering to you.



Lip Make-Up Lasts for Hours

BECAUSE it's super-indelible...because it's moisture-proof, Max Factor's Lipstick will keep your lips the same lovely, alluring color for hours and hours. Yes, it's Hollywood's favorite lipstick because it will withstand every test...one dollar.

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"NEW FACES for 1937"

featuring

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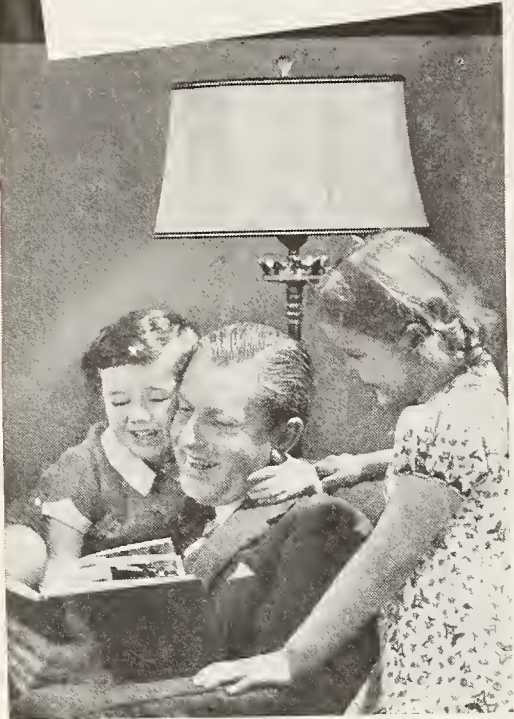
Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48 page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". FREE 24-8-32

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	

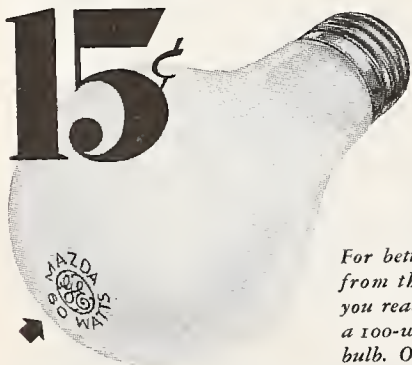
Protect
PRICELESS EYESIGHT
WITH
G-E MAZDA LAMPS



Eyestrain begins when children are even younger than those in this picture ...and it persists throughout life. On an average, only 3 out of 5 children reach college age with normal vision; and only 2 out of 5 reach forty with good eyesight.

Protect your family: 1. Have their eyes examined regularly, and corrected if necessary; 2. Give them plenty of good light. A very important step in securing good lighting is to use only good lamp bulbs. Insist on MAZDA lamps made by General Electric. Look for the G-E mark on the bulb and you will be sure to get lamps that do not waste electricity and that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER.

60-WATTS AND SMALLER



*For better light
from the lamp
you read by, try
a 100-watt G-E
bulb. Only 20c*

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

MODERN SCREEN

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BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

ELEANOR
Powell
ROBERT
Taylor

SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL
SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!



BUDDY EBSEN, and a cargo of cuties!
He's a scream!



JUDY GARLAND, the sensational little
hot-singing discovery!



GEORGE MURPHY, Eleanor's new
dancing partner!



SOPHIE TUCKER, the last of the red
hot mommas singing her famous songs!

Also in the Big Cast:

Binnie Barnes
Charles Igor Gorin
Raymond Walburn
Robert Benchley
Willie Howard
Charley Grapewin
Robert Wildhack
and hundreds more

Directed by

Roy Del Ruth

Produced by

Jack Cummings

Dance direction by

Dave Gould

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture

The mammoth M-G-M
musical that picks up
where "Great Ziegfeld"
and "Born to Dance" left
off! . . . Scores of stars!
Gigantic spectacle! Gor-
geous girls! Thrilling ro-
mance! Swingy tunes!...
It's M-G-M's gayest, star-
jammed entertainment!

BIG

SONG HITS

"Yours and Mine"
"I'm Feelin' Like a
Million"
"Sun Showers"
"Your Broadway
and My Broadway"
"Got a New Pair of
Shoes"
"Everybody Sings"
and others



Yes, the young woman on the left and the older one on the right are the same person — Beulah Bondi.

Miss Bondi should win the Academy Award for her portrayal of Grandma in "Make Way for Tomorrow."



STAGE STRUCK, as a rule, is the term applied to those numerous youngsters who are severely bitten by the acting bug. But here indeed is a rare exception. Here's an experienced woman who would rather act than get paid. Yes, Beulah Bondi is stage struck after twelve years! Now, when you find a famous actress of the theatre, and the screen's most prolific portrayer of older women, stage struck, it's high time to wonder what it's all about.

To begin, Beulah Bondi is a young and extremely attractive woman. This may be news to her audience, for she has become famous for her character portrayals of women of sixty and over. She is one of the foremost exponents of charm, possessing the perquisites that are commonly considered to determine woman's power to attract. She is chic, without being obvious, delightfully refreshing and intelligent, with a wit and humor that would cause any man to be hard put to it to recall that she portrays grandmothers in most of her work before the camera. She is equally at home before the camera or behind the footlights.

"You know, I think the question that everyone, with few exceptions, has asked me is, 'Do you like the stage or the movies better?' Well, they might just as well ask whether I prefer cocoanut pie or turtle soup! They're just as different and just about as hard to compare as the stage and pictures.

"Of course, in my opinion, pictures—that is the technique—is far more difficult. In my twelve years of stage experience, I never had to work as hard to create the illusion of old age as I have in the last two characters I played for the screen. You know, on the stage, you have the benefit of lights and the set is at a distance from the audience, which helps immensely. With the screen, it's quite another matter, as the camera brings you uncompromisingly before your audience in close-up.

"It was very difficult for me to adjust myself to the movies. In fact, I've only recently become accustomed to them, and that, after three years of intensive study. Before I went to the Coast, I was scared half to death, but now I adore it, every bit of it, even to the outdoor life. I've become quite mad about the desert and spend every not-working minute off on a ranch.

"You know, I guess I love acting better than anything else. In my early days in the theatre, I used to think,

'If they would only pay me when I'm *not* working, they could have my salary when I'm acting.' The time I'm completely happy is when I'm doing a good day's work at the studio."

HOWEVER, let us pause to observe that *these* days if Miss Bondi were to be paid only when she isn't working, she couldn't be too happy, for Beulah Bondi has made seventeen pictures in the short while she has been in California and, if reports from her studio are accurate, she'll have very few spare moments in the future.

When asked how she went about the job of creating these realistic old ladies like Mrs. Andrew Jackson in "The Gorgeous Hussy" and Grandma in "Make Way for Tomorrow," she smiled and, with a twinkle in her eye said, "Truthfully, it's mostly imagination, although I do some research, too.

First of all, there's one's voice. It must be old. An old voice is usually toneless. It's like a leaf. When a leaf is young, it's fresh and green and as it ages it loses color and gradually dries up. It's pretty much the same with people. They just relax and the diaphragm rests, too, the result being that old people speak on one key or in a monotone.

"I learned—speaking still of Mrs. Jackson—that there are different types of accents in the South. I had never known a woman from the hill country, so I had to use my imagination to 'get hold of' Andy's wife. Once I had her, I never let go of her until the last

retakes were made, because it's much harder to get back into a character than it is to create one in the beginning.

"You know, since I was a girl I've been playing older parts even when I began in stock. I remember a time when we were playing an engagement in Indianapolis. I was quite young but was, as usual, doing an old lady. It was a dreadfully hot summer and one day the local paper remarked, 'The extreme heat we are having is very trying on the cast, particularly to the old character woman.' I was in my twenties at the time and it tickled me to death, because I knew then that I was convincing and there is nothing that makes me happier than to do a good job."

In case you don't know, and you should, Beulah Bondi was almost winner of the Academy Award for the best characterization in 1936.

STAGE STRUCK

By Robert H.
McIlwaine

Meet Beulah Bondi,

First Character Lady

of Filmland

Most interesting of all was Miss Bondi's characterization of Lucy Cooper, the seventy-year-old grandmother in "Make Way for Tomorrow." And it's our guess that she will get the Academy Award for it—so we go on record with our crystal ball and present the winner for 1937!

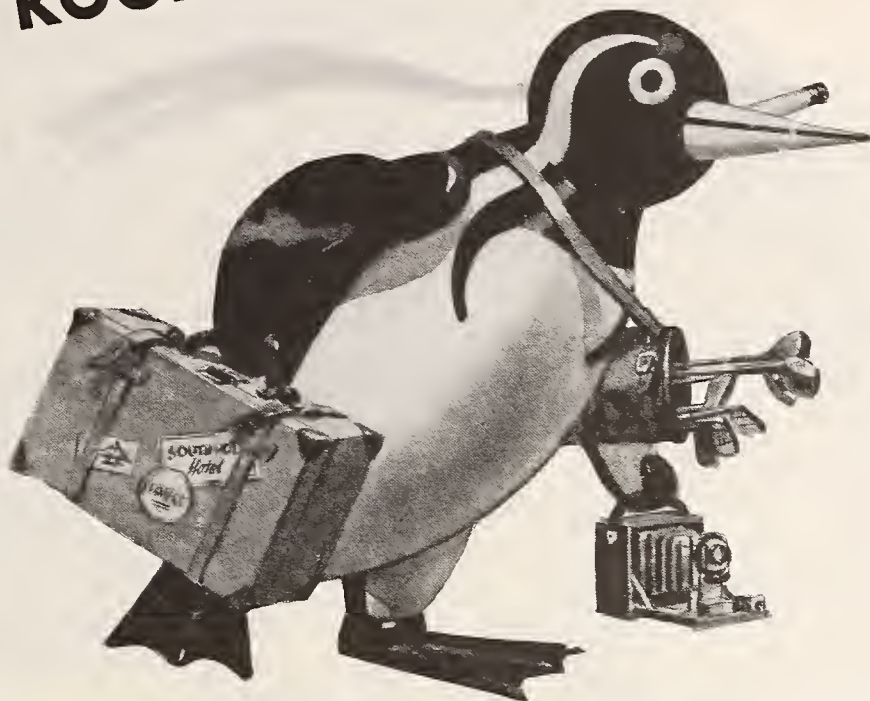
"It was grand playing Grandma Cooper," remarked Miss Bondi. "Victor Moore is sweet to work with and everyone in the picture was so co-operative. It was my first chance at seeing how I could do an older part that ran through the entire picture and it took a lot of work. I never sleep much when I'm working and I think on 'Make Way for Tomorrow,' I slept even less.

"It was quite difficult for me to 'get hold of' Lucy Cooper and it was necessary for me stay in character all the time so as not to lose her for a moment. The hard part was that after I had gotten her down pretty well, I had to accustom myself to her moods and mode of living. She was a woman who had been married for fifty years, if you remember. That's where my imagination came in again, because I've *never* been married.

"The only difficult time I had during the picture was when two of my big scenes fell on the same day—the telephone scene and the one where I find the letter from the Old Ladies Home and have to tell my son that I want to go there. We did the telephone scene first and then began with the other. First, we did it from the angle that I was completely crushed. Then the director made it from the other extreme—that I was resigned and self-pitying. When this was finished, he asked me to strike a happy medium, which was the most difficult and was finally used.

"After that, I was anxious for a vacation but now that I'm away, I'm longing to get back to work! You see, I'm just as crazy to act as I was the first day I walked on a stage!"

GIVE YOUR THROAT
A KOOL VACATION!



LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of KOOLS' fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) *Your* throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of KOOLS today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

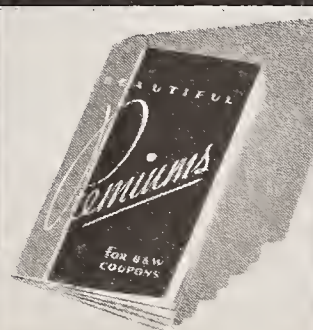
TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orch. & Morton Lowe,
NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Oneida Community Par Plate Silver
Tray, 475 coupons; 2-qt. Pitcher, 600



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page
B & W premium booklet, No. 14



Oneida Community Par Plate Silver
Gravy Boat and Tray . . . 375 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Fred MacM. satisfies a he-man appetite in the commissary between scenes of "Exclusive."



By
Marjorie Deen

THE SUMMER season always seems to cause a renewed interest in one of our favorite national pastimes. No, I don't mean baseball, I mean dieting! Come hot weather, every place you go women are discussing weight charts instead of food charts, and they no longer count the costs, but the calories!

I'd be the last one to criticize an interest in acquiring or keeping a trim and becoming-in-a-bathing-suit figure, but I'd like to remind those of you who have a man in the family to cater to that, though women must diet, men must eat! And eat they will, regardless of calendar and weather—a fact which was brought home to me forcefully the other day while lunching with Fred MacMurray in the studio commissary.

In spite of the heat, there was Fred ordering what would be described as a substantial meal any day of the year, while as a midsummer repast it would be considered bounteous. As a result, my interest in culinary matters returned with a bang, for which I was duly thankful, since I had almost begun to think that food was only one of those things you did without, to prove your strength of character.

FARE ENOUGH! SAYS FRED

MacMurray likes hearty
meals whatever the season

EAT A square meal in summer? Dreadful! Obey that impulse and have dessert? Why, it just isn't being done. Oh, no? Well, just try and put that over on a man and see how far you get. It didn't take Mr. Fred MacMurray five minutes to convince me that a woman is indeed wise who gives as much thought to her summer menus as she does to those of other seasons of the year. For even though she herself may choose the "salad season" in which to diet, the man of the house still has a right to expect the hearty meals made necessary by his usual business and increased sports activities.

There's a deal of difference between hearty meals and heavy meals, as Fred pointed out, fearful that I'd make the mistake of recommending the sort of menu that neither he nor anyone else in his right senses would attempt when the days are hot and sultry. So, to make sure that I would not give MODERN SCREEN readers the wrong impression, Fred and I went over some of his food preferences in the all too short hour allowed him for lunch between scenes of "Exclusive," in which he is co-starring with Frances Farmer.

The really enlightening results of our little cooking confab appear not only in the following paragraphs, but also in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet, in recipe form. The coupon on page 9 will bring you a copy of our attractive leaflet absolutely free. For the benefit of those who have never sent for our recipe folders before, let me say that as a reward for the small amount of effort expended, you receive home-kitchen tested recipes for the food favorites of your screen favorites. (Fred MacMurray's this month, for instance.) Time and temperature requirements are given, too. And if you want advance proof of how easy these recipes are to follow, just try the Bran Buttermilk Biscuit recipe given at the end of this article.

But I'm getting a bit ahead of myself. Let's see what you can learn from Fred on the subject of summer menus.

IN THE first place, every meal should have one substantial dish. Does that mean no salads, you may be wondering? Indeed not, for Fred is very fond of them. But they must be filling, something to sink your teeth into. Cole Slaw, Bavarian, for instance, served with rye bread,



cheese and a few slices of cold meat, accompanied by a tall glass of cold beer . . . now there's a meal that would appeal to every man almost without exception. Well, you can serve just such a meal almost any day now, by sending for the leaflet which contains the recipe for that very special salad and for a cold meat idea as well.

This meat recipe should be welcome, too, for men want meat in summer as well as winter. Not hot stews, perhaps, swimming in too-rich, too-hot gravy, but some meat that can be sliced and served cold with an appetite-stimulating accompaniment of spicy mustard and crunchy pickles. In this particular case the meat recommended by Fred is Spiced Ham Loaf; easily cooked, highly seasoned and equally good hot or cold.

By the way, there's another Fred MacMurray favorite salad in the leaflet. It's Bermuda Onion Salad and a particular pet with Fred. They've actually found favor in my eyes, too, since I tried fixing them according to Fred's directions, which makes them decidedly milder. That's quite a concession on my part, so don't you turn up your nose haughtily, milady, until you've tried them.

"How about potatoes in summer?" was the next question I put to my luncheon companion. "Must you always have them for dinner?" I insisted upon knowing.

"Not necessarily," was the answer. However, Fred went on to admit a liking for at least one starchy food
(Continued on page 66)

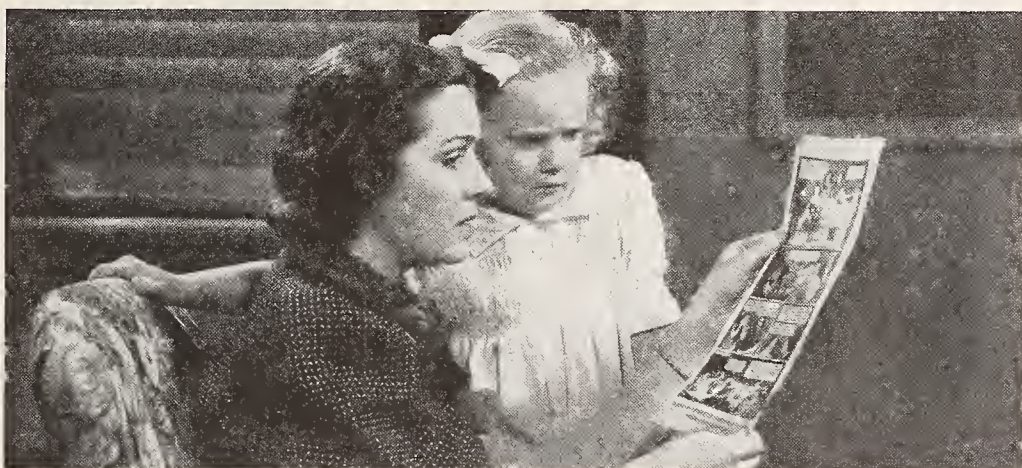
"It was worse than a slap in the face"



A few weeks ago, my little Ann came running home crying as if her heart would break. She said her playmates had been making fun of her clothes.



When the poor kid turned around, I almost dropped. Somebody had pinned one of your ads about tattle-tale gray on the back of her dress.



It was worse than a slap in the face. Where did those youngsters get the idea? Had they heard their mothers criticizing my washes? I felt like tearing that ad to bits. But luckily, I read it instead and found how the best housekeepers get tattle-tale gray in their clothes if they use a soap that leaves dirt behind.



So right away quick I changed to Fels-Naptha Soap — and am I GLAD! How those gentle suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustle out every speck of dirt! My clothes lost that horrid tattle-tale gray in no time! So I made a big freezer-full of ice cream and gave those kids a "thank-you" party.

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

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

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

Please send me a free leaflet containing
Fred MacMurray's favorite recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

"I WANT
AN ANSWER
YES OR NO?"

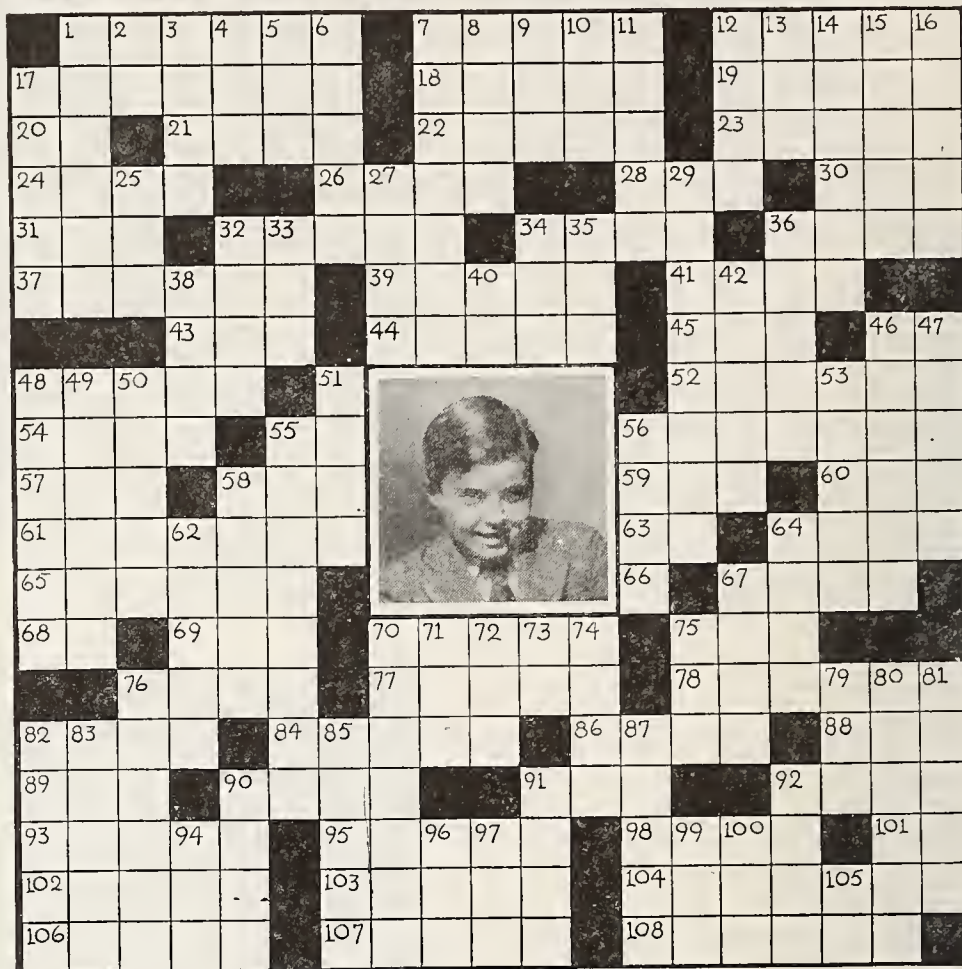


"It's yes, of course!
You know I go for this
Beeman's flavor. I like the
neat and nifty airtight
package that keeps it so
absolutely fresh-tasting.
And of course every-
body knows Beeman's is
good for digestion."



Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 99

ACROSS

1. & 7. The lad in the middle square
12. Self-esteem
17. She was the leading Capulet in "Romeo and Juliet"
18. Conscious of
19. Lubricated
20. Toward
21. She helps you "Wake Up and Live"
22. Before his screen debut, he was called "The Singing Cop"
23. She scored in "Top of the Town"
24. Leave out
26. - - - - ie is the first name. She's a full-fledged Marquise
28. Famous dispatch
30. First name of comedienne whose name sounds like "Universal"
31. One of the "Three Smart Girls," first name, - - -
32. Strip of wood
34. Actor wed to Rita Kaufman
36. She's divorced from Bruce Cabot
37. Experiments
39. Homer's story of the Trojan War
41. Comedienne whose mouth-size rivals Joe E. Brown's
43. Constrictor snake
44. He always plays the same Chinese character
45. Mistake
46. Father
48. The master-mind behind Georgie Porgie
51. Tenth letter of the alphabet
52. Give greater depth
54. He played a pilot in "Flying Hostess"
55. River in Italy
56. Prejudicing
57. Self
58. River in Switzerland

59. Possessive
60. Northerly compass point
61. Kings and such
63. State next to Maine: abbr.
64. Part of the foot
65. Knot or rounded lump
66. String of a violin
67. Billie - - - - ud
68. D - - ny, British actor
69. - - - ry Walker, Paramount ingenue
70. His real name is Ralf Zink; his first name's Donald
75. Writing tool
76. - - - - t, first name Paramount director
77. He and June Collyer have two children
78. The Russian who wrote and acted in "Cafe Metropole"
82. First name of actor accused of being pixilated in one picture
84. Moroni - - - - . Can you remember him from "The Farmer in the Dell?"
86. Pastoral scene or poem
88. Make love
89. Vase
90. A group regarded as an individual
91. - - - nky, of Our Gang fame
92. Interviewer for MODERN SCREEN
93. Severe colic
95. A covering for the hand
98. A horse of a - - - - color
101. Bachelor of Arts degree: abbr.
102. Lady Patricia in "Thunder in the City"
103. Girl friend of boy in the puzzle
104. Systematized course of living
106. "----- Madame," Elissa Landi starred in this
107. Chinook chieftains
108. Makes a speech

PAGE

DOWN

1. First name of beloved actor who died last year
2. You
3. Star whose disfigured ear almost kept him out of pictures
4. Myrna Loy plays N--- in the "Thin Man" series
5. One of Napoleon's marshals
6. Build
7. A Clark Gable role
8. ---, first name of actor once rumored engaged to Anne Shirley
9. "Covered --- on"
10. Period
11. Renovate
12. Petite movie prima donna
13. Cedric Gibbons is the second husband of Del ---
14. Enlighten
15. The blonde you've admired in the "Jones Family" series
16. Possessive form of first name of M-G-M's sniffing character actress
17. He plays Inspector Donahue in "The 13th Chair"
25. The "outs" envy them
27. The gentleman in the puzzle was born in this state
29. Burgess ---, in "Winter-set"
32. Married to Bebe Daniels
33. Man's name
34. O---, a Chinese character Luise Rainer played
35. Queer
36. Separated from Ginger Rogers
38. A rollicking flicker, "Cain and M---"
40. Iowa: abbr.
42. Zones
46. Comic with a duck
47. Slang term for someone who backs a show
48. His first name's Brian; he hails from England
49. Lake formed by mouth of a river
50. He's Mildred Davis' husband
51. Oberon in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
53. Griever
55. Her hubby is Charles Boyer
56. First name of a crooner
58. Poker-faced comedian of radio, stage and screen
62. The cowboy who leads Modern Screen's Barometer
64. Girl in "Murder Goes to College"
67. He was the little minister in picture by that name
70. Actress in "Cafe Metropole"
71. Source of metal
72. Possess
73. Twofold
74. Clip
75. Snoop
76. Boy actor in "Reunion"
79. Be in debt
80. Heather Angel's husband
81. Humphrey Bogart's pal in "Black Legion"
82. Steer
83. Happily married to Jobyna Ralston
85. Klieg ---
87. Frankie ---, youthful actor
90. Employer
91. Observes
92. Weave with needles
94. Western Indian
96. Single
97. Contend with
99. Above: poetic
100. Turkish official
105. Last word in title of Modern Screen's readers' department



*Little Peggy cut her thumb,
the thumb began to swell,
And it was nearly seven weeks
before her thumb got well!*

Avoid Infection! Always apply an antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and dress with a bandage as clean as your own doctor would use.

All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized"—Cotton, Gauze and Bandages—are sterilized not only in the making. They are sterilized again after they are packaged.

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REVIEWS • A TOUR



★★★ This Is My Affair

Based on a dramatic incident alleged to have occurred during the administration of President McKinley, this picture emerges as a lively and colorful highlight on the period in America when gals had hips and guys knew it. The story is concerned with a gang of bank robbers, whose activities so upset McKinley that he details a young naval lieutenant to become a member of the mob and find out the name of the man higher up who seems to guide their plunderings. The young man is Robert Taylor, who succeeds not only in getting into the gang headed by Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, but in falling in love with Donlevy's sister, Barbara Stanwyck, a singer in her brother's "elite" beer hall. From this point on, effective drama is interspersed with rousing old-time vaudeville numbers in a manner that should please all types of audiences.

Robert Taylor turns in one of his finest performances, McLaglen and Donlevy are excellent as the villains, and Miss Stanwyck makes the most of her limited acting talent. Sidney Blackmer gives an astonishingly real portrayal of Theodore Roosevelt, and Frank Conroy is first-rate as President McKinley. In other supporting roles, J. C. Nugent, John Carradine, Douglas Fowley and Alan Dinehart are outstanding. Directed by William A. Seiter.—20th Century-Fox.



★★★ Kid Galahad

A rip-snorting, tough-guy melodrama, it's a story of the prize ring, and it's the best fight picture since Max Baer punched Primo Carnera for Myrna Loy in "The Prize-Fighter and the Lady."

All the elements of the Warner rough-and-ready epics are here: the rival managers who are also rival mob leaders, the clean young kid who gets into the fight racket, the worldly moll who falls for the kid but who knows he'll never love her, and so on and so on. The producers have taken these elements and built them into a picture which is fast, human and exciting. The prize-fight scenes themselves are excellent, and the young hero, for a change, actually looks at home in the ring. He is Wayne Morris, an athletic blond young man with a shy smile which will no doubt win him considerable favor with the ladies.

Eddie Robinson and Humphrey Bogart are the rival managers, and these two fine actors do their side-of-the-mouth stuff in the manner which has already put them in a class by themselves. Bette Davis plays the tough moll with all her expected skill. Jane Bryan continues to be one of the screen's most capable young ingenues, and Harry Carey is competent as Robinson's assistant. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—Warner Bros.



★★ There Goes My Girl

Perhaps one day the movies will make newspaper pictures in which the principals actually behave like newspaper people. Perhaps when they do, of course, no one will come to see them. At any rate, "There Goes My Girl" offers, among other things, a portrait of a newspaper gal who seems to write all her stories in her own luxurious apartment.

While we're about it, we may as well nominate Ann Sothorn for "best-dressed reporter in the world," for she runs through a series of gowns that would make Kay Francis rush for the nearest journalism school. Getting back to the picture, it follows the goofy farce formula which seems to be so much in vogue these days. Miss Sothorn and Gene Raymond are—surprise!—reporters on rival newspapers, and they are prevented from entering holy wedlock by Miss Sothorn's managing editor, who goes to some pretty tiresome lengths to keep his star reporter from becoming Mrs. Raymond.

Ann Sothorn does well with her assignment, but Gene Raymond is not at his best in this sort of thing. Frank Jenks gets laughs as a typical movie reporter, Joan Woodbury furnishes an attractive Spanish dance, and there are good performances by Marla Shelton, Bradley Page and Richard Lane. Directed by Ben Holmes.—RKO-Radio.

Movie Scoreboard on Page 68

By Leo Townsend

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

★★★★ I Met Him in Paris

Here is a completely delightful piece of screen entertainment which you can bracket among such top-flight romantic comedies as "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." It is full of swell dialogue, bright comedy and nice people, and it will be liked immensely by all types of audiences.

Devotees of Claudette Colbert will be happy to know that their favorite turns in one of her most charming performances in the role of an American designer who goes to Paris for a bit of fresh air before returning to marry her rather dull fiancé. In Paris she encounters Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas, a pair of upstanding Americans who immediately fall in love with her. Young wants to take her to Switzerland, so Mr. D. goes along as sort of a semi-chaperon. The snow scenes are hilariously funny, and the plight of the inept Bob Young on skis is something to behold. The picture drifts merrily back to Paris, where three of Miss Colbert's suitors get together and gang up on her.

Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young, in the male leads, are perfectly at home in their sophisticated comedy roles and Lee Bowman makes an auspicious screen debut as the staid fiancé. Mona Barrie is effective in a supporting role. For an evening of riotous fun, try "I Met Him in Paris." Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—Paramount.

★★★ They Gave Him a Gun

When Franchot Tone, as a timid young farmer lad, is drafted into the army, he faints during his first bayonet practice. Spencer Tracy, a tough mugg from the city, prevents him from deserting, and tells him one man with a gun is more powerful than a hundred without one. The advice sinks in, and Tone goes to war and becomes a malicious killer, drunk with the power his gun gives him. At the front they both fall in love with a nurse (Gladys George), who marries Tone after she believes Tracy has been killed in action. Tracy turns up on Armistice Day, and the three of them return to America, Tracy to his old job of carnival barking and Tone, still a slave to his gun, becomes a minor racketeer. The tragedy of his existence is brought into relief to point out the tragedy of war. By showing the effect of a gun on the life of one man, this film is a bitter denunciation of war, which should prove more effective than a hundred thousand peace pamphlets.

Despite the fact one has a feeling it could have been much better, "They Gave Him a Gun" is still one of the most courageous pictures of the year. It is easily Franchot Tone's best picture performance, and Spencer Tracy, always excellent, adds another superb portrayal to his growing list. Gladys George again proves that the screen is indebted to the stage for one of the finest actresses seen in years. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—M-G-M.

★★ Hotel Haywire

An out-and-out farce which fits admirably under its goofy title, this little number offers no excuse for itself other than the fact that it's funny. Mixed up in it are a fake astrologer, a practical joker, who gets the tables turned on himself, an indignant wife and the inevitable pair of young lovers.

It all revolves about Lynne Overman, a respectable dentist who is given to perpetrating practical jokes on his friends. One night one of the worms turns, and Overman returns from a poker party with a pair of silk undies tucked in his pocket. Indignant wife (Spring Byington) goes to Leo Carrillo, an astrologer who hands out phoney advice. Embarrassed hubby tries the same procedure, and the result is a series of near-slapstick comedy sequences which manage to be funny in spite of the fact that they can hardly be termed subtle.

Although Leo Carrillo turns in his usual expert performance as the mystic, it is Lynne Overman who garners most of the picture's laughs. It's the type of comedy role in which he excels, and he makes every line count. Spring Byington is effective as the wife, and Collette Lyons gets laughs as a phoney detective. Others in the cast are Benny Baker, Porter Hall, Mary Carlisle, John Patterson, George Barbier and Terry Ray. Directed by George Archainbaud.—Paramount.

More Reviews on Page 92

What to see when you're movie shopping these summer days

JEAN Parker

TESTS 2 TALCUMS



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In keeping with its long established tradition of service, your Information Desk is inaugurating a new feature. Clip the coupon on this page, enclose five cents, and the Desk mails you a magnificent chart, complete with heights, weights, ages, birthplaces, real names, marriages, and children of every important star in Hollywood. Don't send any money in excess of your five cents. The Information Desk will defray all postage costs. To top the bill, the Desk plans to issue once every six months (starting January issue) an exquisite portrait of whichever star your requests have established as Barometer Leader over that period of time. Ensure getting a picture of your favorite by sending in requests galore . . . with or without coupons . . . each request counts.

TYRONE POWER (last printed March, 1937. Total number of requests since then, 761.) Tyrone is one of nature's experiments in genius. It took a century to produce him. His father was a great actor, his grandfather was a great actor, and his great-grandfather, the original Tyrone, was a great actor. And now, Tyrone, with the aid of modern science, which spreads his stunning likeness all over the civilized globe, is rapidly proving himself the strongest branch of the family tree.



Give nature most of the credit, but reserve just a little for Tyrone, Sr., the great-souled father whose son was the apple of his eye. Let Tyrone tell you about the idyllic summer he spent with his dad, gliding down the tortuous path of a little crystal stream in Quebec, forgetting to paddle his canoe, as he recited Shakespeare, with Father Power making him repeat each line till perfect.

A pretty picture, but life had ugly, tragic pictures in store for the young Cincinnati boy. The father whom he loved was not to be with him much longer after that summer. When Tyrone and his dad entrained for Hollywood, where Power, Sr., was to do the title role in "The Miracle Man," it was the last ride they were ever to take together. On the set, in the arms of his son, the good man passed away. And with the passing away of his father, passed away Tyrone's chance to break into pictures.

For a while he lingered around Hollywood, too numbed by the tragedy to think of the future. Finally, after many months of indecision, he pushed off for Chicago, where he had the good fortune to land a job on the "Grand Hotel" radio program, which featured Don Ameche. After a two months' run in a Chicago play, Tyrone felt that he had sufficient experience to try Broadway.

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 this page, or, if that's too much trouble, just drop us a card. If you want the Information Desk's indispensable vital statistics chart, enclose five cents with your coupon. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

The experience he had, but not quite the necessary bank-balance. There were anguishing months when he subsisted on five dollars a week, a proud boy, forced to patch his own threadbare clothes and live on coffee-pot rations, while he made his weary rounds of the disinterested producers. It was Katharine Cornell who discovered the young man. Tyrone played in two or three productions with her.

The name Cornell attracts Hollywood producers like flies. Hollywood attracts handsome young actors like flies. And so, before very long, Miss Cornell's company was on the market for a new juvenile, and Tyrone had signed a 20th Century-Fox contract. He was 22 then. Now he is 23 and a star. Very precocious in everything except self-esteem. That explains why the Sonja Henie and the Loretta Youngs of Hollywood flock about him, though there are those doubting Thomases who claim that the chiseled Gaelic poetry of his face, his raven black hair and his alert brown eyes are the real attraction. His next starring role is "Thin Ice," with Sonja Henie.

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BEWARE, YOUNG WOMEN! Unscrupulous flatterers of any hand are Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty" shades. Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red...these Complimentary Colors have a way with them...a way of adding new beauty to your manicure—and your pedicure.



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But flattery from Glazo means honest admiration from beaux and escorts. So why resist its blandishments? You'll never suspect how fascinating your fingertips can be until Glazo's misty, smoky shades persuade you. That's why smart girls everywhere are losing their hearts and pledging their hands to Glazo.

A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—satin-smooth on the nail, for several extra days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-fast" friend, whose charm doesn't fade, whose flattery doesn't grow a bit "thick" with lingering in the bottle. And one that, at 25 cents, has a care for your pocketbook.

SCREEN'S NEW FAN CLUB DIRECTORY: A surprisingly large proportion of the mail addressed both to this Desk and to Between You 'n' Me is from young folks who'd like to join a fan club for a certain star, but don't know if such a club exists or whether it has any branches in their neighborhood. The Information Desk has already taken steps to put an end to that situation. We're plugging busily away at a Fan Club Directory which is going to list the name and address of every last club in the country. We'll then be able to provide a service that can find fan clubs for the fans and fans for the fan clubs. All in all, a magnificent service for any genuinely ambitious club. But we can't succeed without your help. Send us the name of your club, tell us all about your branches, and, most important, let us have your address.

DON AMECHE (Last printed January 1937. Total number of requests since then, 778.) You've probably read in a dozen different places that Amici (Don's family name before it was "Americanized") means "friends." Or maybe you know Italian. But what you didn't know is that Don's name has been a symbol for the life he has lived—a life activated by the friends who did him services. Don undoubtedly inherits his faculty for making friends from his dad. Ameche the first, a Kenosha, Wisconsin, saloon-keeper, had so darned many cronies that he had to open three saloons to accommodate them all.



Don's first good friends were the four universities who refused to consider him seriously as a student. Had he graduated from any of the four, he might have become a lawyer, and that would have been a fine how-do-you-do. It was at Marquette University that he met Father Sheehy, the man who got him interested in dramatics—and in Honore Prendergast. Honore is the blonde girl to whom Don is now married. At that time, however, Don was much more impressed with dramatics than with Honore.

On Thanksgiving Day of the year 1928, a friend learned that the leading man of the local stock company had been badly smashed up in an auto crash. He recommended Don as a substitute. Don was given exactly four hours to learn a part he had never seen before. That night he made his first professional appearance.

Going to New York, he landed a Broadway job in three days, through a young actor he met on a bus. And when things fell off a bit in New York, and Don, just a trifle blue, lugged his suitcase back to good old Kenosha, another pal helped him pull through. Through Bernardine Flynn, who had known him in his stock days, he was auditioned for the "Empire Builders" program and went on the air in the fall of 1930.

Of all his friends, Don is probably most grateful to the chap who called him up one night about five years ago to ask him if he wanted a date. "Who is she?" Don wanted to know. "Don't think you know her. She's from some hick town back in Wisconsin." "Wisconsin?" Don's curiosity was piqued. "Yeah, Wisconsin. And her name's something like Pendergrass, or something. Blonde." "I'll be right over," yelled Don. Within two months, Father Sheehy, the guardian angel of their match, had married the couple. Since then they have had two sons, Donnie and Ronnie.

It was a foregone conclusion that so popular a radio figure as Don should end up in that actors' happy hunting ground, located in Hollywood. A little over a year ago, 20th Century-Fox cast him in "The Sins of Man." Don is now engaged in the business of making friends wholesale, and if his dad had a saloon in every town in Wisconsin, there still wouldn't be room for all the staunch "amici" his screen personality has won him. Don't miss "Love Under Fire."

JOSEPHINE DUNNE, St. Joseph, Mo.: You complain about the fact that Bob Taylor is losing ground in our Barometer. "So unfair," you say. But what are you doing to help Bob? You send me one measly

(Continued on page 67)

A CLEAN FACE

*is the Secret of
Radiant Beauty*



See how your skin responds
to the invigorating action of
this new cream *it contains
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Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is thorough cleansing. It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold... a substance with the remarkable power of freeing skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more thorough cleanser but also tones and invigorates the skin tissues.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—\$1.00.

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BETWEEN YOU

Lucky winners get cash prizes for frank letters about the stars. Read what they say



The studio ain't doin' right
by Jean Muir, so one earnest
contributor is rarin' to fight.

\$5.00 Prize Letter A Fan Watches a Star

Recently I had a front row balcony seat at the fights, and I not only got a splendid view of the contestants, but I had a perfect view of Bob Taylor. I was there to see two men fight it out, but when I spotted Mr. T., I watched only the high spots of the bout.

When the lights went out he was just as human as the rest of us; by that I mean that he didn't peer about to see who was there and just which exit he could take in order to meet the most likely autograph seekers. (I have seen some of them do it.) And when the lights were on, he was attention itself to—yes, you have guessed it—Barbara Stanwyck. Not in a showy way, but just as though he were any eligible and susceptible young bachelor taking any young and lovely lady out on a date.

After the bout I stood up and watched him, and he glanced up in my direction. When he saw me staring (and I was) he smiled, nodded, and then gently took Miss Stanwyck's arm to help her through the crowd.

When you watch a star under such conditions and discover such totally satisfying results, you have the real answer to a real test—a perfectly swell fellow with a perfectly swell future.—Angela McCormick Scellars, Los Angeles, Calif.

\$2.00 Prize Letter Gentleman Does Not Prefer Blondes

Vanity is part of woman's nature and is accepted as a matter-of-course; but the crass vanity of most of the female movie stars detracts most viciously from whatever talent as actresses they have.

No matter what the type of character portrayed, be it scrubwoman, a street-

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

Boost your favorites! Writing a letter to Between You 'n' Me is one way of doing it. The stars are anxious to know just what you think of them, and these columns are yours to register your opinions. So, let's have frank comments on the players and movies. By the way, if you must say it with a poem, that's all right, too. There are no rules; no deadlines. Prizes: 1st prize, \$5; 2 second prizes of \$2 each; 6 prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

walker, gun-moll, farm drudge, the story apparently must be so arranged to give the actress a chance to doll up and charm her public by her dazzling appearance.

The eternal, wearisome bleach-blonde is a natural result of this unfortunate vanity. In every age portrayed on the screen, from childhood to dotage, and in every type of character from kitchen drudge to princess,



Gene Autry is so-o-o popular
with the kiddies, too, ac-
cording to a young mother.

the glistening blonde and the permanent wave are there in all their deadliness to play havoc with realism. What a delightful relief it is to see a character with hair-colored hair once in awhile.

Some day, maybe, the light-headed gals will be relegated to light-headed roles where they belong. Then the screen will attract more Bergners, Garbos and Rainers.—George Gordon, Rahway, N. J.

\$2.00 Prize Letter Spellbound

When you're at school, trying to eke out an existence on a minute allowance, money

'n' me

wasted on a poor movie is positively tragic. It was with clammy palms and a sinking sensation that I decided last month to spend my last forty cents on an historical movie, with a new young actor in it who meant nothing to me.

However, I emerged from "Lloyds of



Movie heroes wake up looking dishevelled? Nope, it couldn't happen in pictures.

London" in a state of ecstasy. I loathe historical films, but it would take a heart

of stone to resist the thrilling flavor of adventure which overhung Lloyd's Coffee House. English actresses leave me cold, but Madeleine Carroll's sheer loveliness left me speechless and green with envy. Unknown young heroes are usually the collar-ad type, with flashy smiles and pretty features, but Tyrone Power's superb "Jonathan" and particularly, Mr. Power himself, wove a spell around me that I am still trying to break.—Jean Rearick, Wellesley, Mass.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

"Uncle Don" Gene Autry

Gene Autry is the one and only screen player who makes Western pictures at all endurable for me. His wonderful voice, naturalness and clean good looks are so refreshing that I don't dread a Western film anymore.

Perhaps you wonder why I attended a theatre where a Western picture was showing if I didn't like them. The reason is two youngsters who do like them and, as they are still too small to go alone, Mother naturally had to go along. I used to dread those pictures with their impossible plots, their wild shooting, using so many bullets and never hitting the broad side of a barn, until Gene's pictures came to this small town a year ago.

Now, I look forward to them as eagerly as the children do. His pictures have helped me more than I can say—to teach my children good sportsmanship, fair play and clean living, and I only wish I could thank him. My small son almost worships Gene Autry. All I need do is to ask him if he thinks Gene Autry would do this or that, and he is never in doubt about the right or wrong of an act.—Myrta Belland, Everett, Wash.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

In a Dangerous Mood

Watch out, I'm in a dangerous mood. Yes, sir, I've had nails for breakfast and I'm getting ready for a luncheon of hot rivets! Why am I so irate? Well, if you thought a studio wasn't doing right by your little Nell, wouldn't you raise the roof, too? You're dern tootin'. And that's what I'm hot about! They're not doing right by my gal, Jean Muir. What the heck, ain't she the best dern little actress in Hollywood? And that studio of hers sure ain't giving her much chance to show her wares.—Thomas Nathan Pappas, Memphis, Tenn.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Real Guy

On a recent trip to California, we were staying at a Palm Springs hotel right next-door to Warner Baxter. We happened to see Warner and his lovely wife coming out of the hotel dining-room and went up to them. He was so gracious—signed autographs and asked us to join his little group, which included Marian Nixon. We declined, but appreciated the invitation so much. His hearty handshake is something one never forgets.

Next evening we were passing by as he came out again, and he spotted us and waved "Hello." When I told him he had been my favorite for over ten years, he said, "Please write to 20th Century-Fox. I'd love to hear from you," and it seemed sincere. However, when we passed through Hollywood, he was away on a fishing trip, and so we missed the pleasure of seeing him or his studio.—Catherine Thompson, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

(Continued on page 70)



Glare-Proof!

Flatter you in hard, blazing light

Now 3 "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette

Sunlight (LIGHT)

Sunlight (DARK)

Pond's new "Sunlight" Shades catch only the softer rays of the sun... *flatter* your face, soften its look in the hardest glare! Three glorifying shades completely away from the old sun-tan powders—Try them at our expense.

Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase 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. MS-PH, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush me, free, Pond's new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
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GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by **TAY GARNETT**
Associate Producer **Nunnally Johnson**

Based on a Novel by **George S. King**
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20th Century-Fox Sets the
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for GREAT Entertainment! You loved — you
cheered — "On the Avenue",
"Wake Up and Live", "Cafe
Metropole", "This is My
Affair". Now expect even
greater thrills from even
greater hits!

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CAROLE LOMBARD

"Sophisticated Lady" may be Carole's theme song on the set, but off-screen she's the peppiest gal at the party—perhaps a hang-over from her good, old slapstick days.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



JAMES CAGNEY

With a new contract tucked securely in his pocket, James Cagney is set to start "Something to Sing About," as a singer and hooper, with nary a "sock" up his sleeve.

Photo by Jose Reyes



VIRGINIA BRUCE

A Glamor Girl if ever there was one, this Virginia Bruce. Kent Taylor falls for her charms in "When Love Is Young," and in real life David Niven topples.

Photo by Ray Jones



MICHAEL WHALEN

He's a Celt from Pennsylvania. Name? Michael Whalen. Romantic? Now what do *you* think? And a bachelor to boot, girls! His next is "Wee Willie Winkie," with that charmer, Shirley Temple.

Photo by Frank Powolny



DEANNA DURBIN

"Three Smart Girls" brought Deanna Durbin film fame in one installment. Now her studio has big plans for their little singing wonder. She'll be the star of "100 Men and a Girl" soon.

Photo by Ray Jones

Would you believe
that a big he-man is
scared of a mop of curls
and a dimple? Yes,
and he admits it

By Ida Zeitlin

"You can take a poke
at Bob Taylor," says
Clark good-humored-
ly, "but what on earth
can you do about Shir-
ley Temple?"



GABLE IS AFRAID OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE!

SOMEONE WAS congratulating Clark Gable on having made second place among the ten ranking box-office stars.

"No. 1 next year, Clark," prophesied his well-wisher.

A grin spread over his face, a grin so wide and sunny that you would have supposed it to be in pleasure at the compliment implied. But no—"Don't fool yourself," said Gable. "No. 3 maybe, or 13, or 33. Not No. 1. Not while that blonde menace, Miss Temple, is doing her stuff."

"So Shirley's the big bad wolf," gibed a friend. "You're afraid of Shirley Temple."

"Sure I'm afraid of Shirley Temple," he agreed solemnly. "She haunts me. I can see her sitting up there, shaking her curls and twinkling her eyes at me. I can almost hear her: 'Hey, man down there, come on up and catch me.' But I'm not playing tag with Shirley. I know my place. And mighty grateful that it's even second."

Considering his terror of the blonde threat, he was looking remarkably carefree and content. As he talked, twirling a small object on his watch-chain, the smile that came and went on his lips rarely left his eyes. He seemed, in a word, to be enjoying the pastime of kidding himself. And the deeper he plunged into his theme, the more chuckles he found there.

One of the trade magazines, for example, had come 'round for an ad.

"Why should I put in an ad about myself?" he inquired.

"Well, good Lord, man, why not? You're top ranking star—below Shirley Temple."

"In other words," he said, pouncing triumphantly on the loophole, "I'm tops, except that I'm not." And then he

turned plaintive. "Isn't it bad enough to be pushed around by an eight-year-old without shouting it from the house-tops? You want me to call attention to the fact that a pint-size youngster has me stopped? There she stands, three foot something or other, and holds the fort. You can't crawl 'round her, and you can't climb over her. If it were Bob Taylor now, you could at least take a poke at him. Not that it would do any good, but just for the hell of it. But Shirley, what could you do with *her*? She'd lift those lashes and smile that smile, and she'd have you licked, same as the rest of 'em. 'Take it away, lady, it's all yours,' that's what you'd say, knowing darn well you weren't giving her a thing she didn't have snug and tidy in her pocket already."

Having thus ingeniously routed the ad man, he proceeded to answer a question he's often been asked.

"Sure I'd play with Shirley if I got the chance. A man doesn't shy off just because he's scared. I might shake and shiver, but I'd face the music and go down with my boots on. Make no mistake about that. I'd go down all right. Even a *good* actor like Frank Morgan had to stay on his toes every minute he was playing with her. She's not just a cute youngster," and here he turned serious. "If it were just that, there'd be plenty of other cute youngsters to take her place. Well, can you figure anybody taking Shirley's place? People on the set have told me how she handles herself, how she never blows up, how she's got the technique of her job at her little finger tips. I'd probably find myself rehearsing in front of a mirror, trying to keep up with her. I'd probably learn (*Continued on page 75*)

By simply existing, this charmer, Loretta, mows men down. But so far the "hunters" haven't got her. What's the reason?



**I'M NOT
MARRIED
BECAUSE**

**Loretta Young, with beauty,
fame and fortune, tells you
why she's without a husband**

A GIRL stood at the side of a ship, gloved hands resting on the rail. A puff of air touched the cape of her cinnamon-brown costume, turning it gently back to reveal a gay Paisley lining that matched the colors appliquéd on the shoulders. Her face was framed in a turban-like head-dress of the same material, the scarf under her chin fastened at either side to a double-corded band that fitted over the crown of her head.

It was a striking costume, but once your eyes turned to the girl's face, you forgot what she was wearing. Looking at it, you felt stealing over you that sense of perfect contentment stirred by the sight of any perfect object. There was nothing you would have changed in



A tense moment from "Love Under Fire," with Don Ameche, left. And right, a romantic scene with Tyrone Power, from "Cafe Metropole."

By

Caroline S. Hoyt

that cream-skinned oval with its straight nose and full, sweet mouth and wide-spaced, dreaming gray eyes that seemed to hold all the serenity of the sea she was supposed to be gazing at. But the sea wasn't there, and the ship was moored to a set, and the puff of air was stirred by a wind-machine. Only Loretta Young was real.

"Cut!" called the director, and her quiet face broke into laughter. Don Ameche and Borrah Minnevit, romantic and comedy leads in "Love Under Fire," had placed themselves safely outside the camera's range but within Loretta's, and were cutting fantastic grimaces at each other in some remarkable game of their own.

"You idiots!" she cried. They faced about, approached at a smart trot and stood before her, features contorted. She considered them both. "Borrah gets the award," she decided. "Sorry, Don, but you shouldn't compete with your betters. He's got the funnier face, to begin with."

Gay or tranquil, she remained utterly lovely, utterly desirable. And the question I'd come to ask her took on a more personal significance. It was no longer just a job, but something I wanted explained to myself. Here was a girl who, by simply existing, must mow men down. Every turn of her head, every change of expression spelled enchantment to the senses. How had she escaped the hunters? Why wasn't she married?

It wasn't an easy question to ask, but once it was out, she made the rest easy. A moment's reflection, then she nodded her head. "Yes, I think I can talk about that." Having agreed, there was no backing and filling. What she wanted to say, she said in straightforward fashion, without flustered reserves or coy hesitations. What she didn't want to say she kept to herself. She made it easy, too, because she's intelligent. She doesn't babble. She

doesn't dish out hokey that she learned from a copy-book or thinks may sound well in a magazine. At one time and another she has searched her own mind, learned to know herself, to be honest with herself. She'll give you the honest fruit of that self-knowledge or she'll give you nothing.

"The whole thing can be summed up in a sentence," she said slowly. "I don't want to marry—I won't marry—till I meet the man I feel I can't live without."

"I'm a normal girl. I've fallen in love. If it were just a question of that, I'd have married long before now. But falling in love isn't the whole of marriage. And with me marriage has got to be for life. I can't say, 'I've made a mistake. Divorce!' My ethics, my religion, my whole outlook forbid it. When I marry, I've got to stay married. I have no choice."

With the headress removed, her face looked lovelier than ever in its natural frame of soft brown hair. The eyes she lifted to mine had a little smile in them, but it wasn't a merry smile.

"I know what you're thinking, what anyone would be thinking at this point. About my first marriage. You see, I wasn't married to Grant Withers in the Church. It was a civil marriage and, therefore, to the Church, no marriage at all."

She paused for a moment, putting her thoughts in order; then she went on. "I don't want you to misunderstand what I'm going to tell you now. I wouldn't for the world say a word to hurt my former husband, and the whole thing isn't too easy to explain. But if I'd had to marry Grant within the Church, I might not have done it. Not that I didn't love him. I did. Not that he wasn't marvelous to me. He was. (Continued on page 78)



Upon finishing "Shall We Dance" (right), Ginger Rogers makes good her threat to try drama again. "Stage Door" will be the film.



SONG AND DANCE MAN

By Gladys Hall

So you won't talk, Mister Astaire?
Well, there are those who will
and, what's more, do—about you

Will Harriet Hctor replace Ginger as Astaire's dancing partner? Your reception of her in "Shall We Dance" and "Damsel in Distress" will undoubtedly tell.





FRED ASTAIRE is the most honest actor in Hollywood!" That's what the men who work with him—publicity men, cameramen, directors, prop men—say. And they, surely, are in a position to know. When I asked what exactly they meant by "honest," they related two anecdotes which illustrate the integrity of the man, even in matters which any other actor would consider inconsequential. Here they are:

A few days ago some informal pictures were being made of Astaire. It was suggested that he be photographed with his secretary. "But," Mr. Astaire pointed out, "my secretary isn't here. He's at home." That didn't matter, said the publicity men; they'd just use one of the boys on the set, caption the picture, "Fred Astaire and his secretary," and who would know the difference? No one. And no one would have known the difference, of course. Ah, but Mr. Astaire would have known. And he didn't make the picture. He will not "cheat" even in details.

Another time he was being interviewed. He was asked to name his favorite dish. He said noodle soup. His interrogator raised pained eyebrows and suggested that it would read better if Mr. Astaire were to say something fancier. But Astaire repeated, with that unfailing honesty of his, which does not know how to dress itself in little painted lies, "But noodle soup is my favorite dish."

THE ONLY song and dance which Fred Astaire cannot give you is a song and dance about himself. Honesty is the best policy, there's no denying that. But for purposes of interviewing it's about as helpful and comfortable as an icy shower in a sub-zero climate, sand down your back, a nail in your shoe or a leaking hot water bottle in bed.

Not that Mr. Astaire isn't all he seems to be on the screen. He is. His grace, his courtesy, his charming diffidence are not assumed along with the greasepaint. They are the inherent qualities of the man. But when

you begin, matter-of-factly, to question him about his wife, his son, his home, his personal friends, the brand of toothpaste he uses, his secret sorrow, if any—any of the topics which actors from Valentino to Freddie Bartholomew have enlarged upon so verbosely and obligingly—well, you meet Astaire all right. You meet—a stare.

Fred Astaire doesn't know how to talk about himself. This is the crux of the reason why Astaire will not give folksy, intimate interviews. It isn't that he won't talk; it's that he can't. He is much too well-bred to be deliberately unobliging about anything, particularly to a lady. He said to me, half a dozen times during the three hours I spent on the set of "Shall We Dance," "I wish I could be of more help to you." He meant it, too. He has never "gone Hollywood" in the art of making glib self-revelations, confessions, chummy confidences for the public prints.

EVERY MAN on the set, from prop-man to director, calls Fred Astaire "Fred" or "Freddy." There is absolutely nothing high-brow about Fred. He isn't aloof. He isn't painfully aristocratic, despising to soil his hands in the ink-pots of the hoi-polloi.

I was reminded of the time, a number of months ago, when Adele Astaire (Lady Cavendish) was visiting in Hollywood. Acquaintances Lady-Cavendished her all over the place. It was "Lady Cavendish this" and "Lady Cavendish that" until, at last, Adele stopped all the bowing and scraping by saying, with a hearty laugh, "Not Lady Cavendish, please—Delly-Welly to you!"

Fred himself told me that one of the most interesting times he has had in pictures was when they went to the railroad yards on location for "Swing Time." He said, "I had a swell time chatting with box-car tourists. Some people would call them 'bums.' They didn't strike me that way. Most of them were intelligent chaps, good stuff in them. Down on their luck, in some cases, or inoculated with an incurable (Continued on page 82)



Here is a celebrity's typical routine

SO YOU'D LIKE TO BE A STAR?

By Faith Service

Myrna Loy shows you what is
back of Hollywood's glamor front



6 A.M. The world's asleep, with only a rooster and Miss Movie Star to greet Old Sol.



Bosses to left of her, bosses to right of her. What can a poor gal do but take it?



The first hundred fittings may be hardest, but the hundred and first is no cinch, either.



Her working days are appointment-bound. At last a vacation? No! She's hauled back for retakes.



Even that lettuce leaf, she so carelessly ate for lunch, shows up on the fiendish scales.



MYRNA LOY was, ostensibly, talking to me. At least I was the only person in her suite at the hotel where she and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, were living while they awaited the completion of their new home in Cold Water Canyon, Beverly Hills.

Yes, Myrna seemed to be talking to me. Actually, she was talking to you, Mary, to you, Sue, to all of you little Marys and Sues and Sarahs who wish you could be movie stars, who see them through rainbow-colored glasses—immune from the pains and problems of the workaday world.

"If they only knew," sighed Myrna. She stood there, guileless of make-up, looking very unstarrish and young-wifely, serving me and herself bread with lime marmalade and tea.

"Girls write me," Myrna explained, "like this: 'Day after day I have to sit at my typewriter. I am a secretary. My boss is a hard taskmaster. I have to do everything perfectly, or else. All I can do is take orders and like it. But you lead a

glamorous life. You're paid for being made love to. Do you wonder that I envy you, who can be your own boss?'

"I'd like to tell that girl," said Myrna emphatically, "I'd like to tell her in good plain English that I am not my own boss. I'd like to tell her that I serve not one boss but several million. For my boss is—the Public. My boss is that very girl who writes me herself and thousands like her. It is the Public that first hired me, and it is the Public that can fire me. The Public criticizes me, praises me, reprimands me. If you've got any sound sense and adaptability, you can manage to please one boss. But millions! And after the Public there is the producer, the supervisor, the director, the script writer, publicity department, cameramen, sound men. I am not my own boss, girls. I am top-heavy with bosses.

"Then there are the girls who write me like this: 'I work in a store, selling lingerie. I go to work at nine A. M. If I'm late, if I stay out a day with a cold, there is the deuce and all to pay. At five-thirty



"You go to such glorious parties. You're paid for being made love to. You don't have to punch a time-clock. Do you wonder that we envy you?" girls write to Myrna.

Above, Myrna Loy with Hubby Arthur Hornblow and, below, with Clark Gable in "Parnell."

I have to punch the clock and go home. How would you like a life like that—you who can loll in the sun, plunge into swimming pools, lunch at places like the Brown Derby, the Vendome and other spots I've read about?"

"I'd like to tell such young ladies," said Myrna grimly, "that my work is nine parts drudgery and one part thrill and glamor. There is nothing I know of that is quite so exhausting as working under hot lights. It is tiresome, undoubtedly, to stand behind a counter all day or sit at a typewriter pounding the keys, but at least these girls don't have millions of watts pouring into their faces.

"I'm going to tell Sue and Sarah just exactly what I have to do to earn the glamorous reward of being a

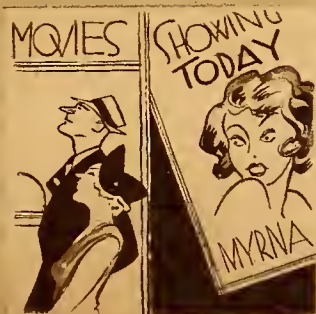
moom pitcher star. The behind-the-scenes fact, not fairy-tale publicity. Let's take 'Parnell,' my latest picture, and do a case history on that.

"Well, weeks before the actual shooting began, there were the preparations. I read twenty books on Parnell and his times. I conferred with the son of Kitty and Willie O'Shea. I wear fifteen costumes in the role of Kitty O'Shea. That meant the making of innumerable sketches by Adrian, over which he and I conferred for hours. Materials were tried and approved or rejected. There were one hundred and fifty fittings. There were the hats, hundreds of hats. There was the jewelry. That had to be just right, not only for the period, but also for me. There were the shoes. I had to practice standing

and walking. Kitty O'Shea didn't stand or walk as does the girl of today.

"When we began to work I got up at six every morning, as I always do when in production. It takes from two to three hours to dress, get to the studio, have my hair dampened and waved every single morning, get into make-up and costumes. I make myself up. I can't stand having anyone fussing over me. It took me twenty minutes to get into each gown I wore. And then the set and work. Comes lunch hour. But, my dear good women, no Vendoming, no Derbying for little Myrna. No. Lunch served in my dressing-room, eaten from a tray and, usually, an interview or a conference with the director or lines to be learned (Continued on page 77)

So what? A newer star appears, and to you, Fickle Public, our heroine becomes—the Forgotten Face.



9:30 P. M. You think she's set to go Trocing. Well, here's the real end of a movie star's perfect day.



Some fun, eh? Back to your typewriters!

HE WANTS TO BE ALONE

Bill Powell, eligible bachelor, becomes Hollywood hermit!

DEAR BILL POWELL:

Won't you please stop being a hermit for one evening and come to the party that we're giving on the fifth? It will be informal, and you will know everyone there. We have invited Jean. Couldn't both of you arrange to arrive at seven, before the others appear? It's been ages since we've seen you socially!

Love from——

That was the note the producer's wife penned. This was the reply she received:

Dear ——

I am flattered, as usual, to be asked to one of your festive gatherings. But, as usual, I must extend my regrets—and for the same old reason. I am afraid to accept.

If I should attend, I should be running the risk of alienating the affections of a number of other people whose invitations I have not accepted. Having persisted so long in being a hermit, it looks as if I am fated to continue.

Sincerely,
Bill

The producer's wife, reading Bill's note aloud to her husband, said, "This is the third time in a year that Bill Powell has dodged one of my parties. He's the most disillusioning man I've ever known!

A man-about-town who always stays home. What's the matter with him, anyway? He wasn't always like this. What's changed him? Is he trying to become a man of mystery? Is he tired of seeing people? Is he bored with life?"

"Why," asked her husband, "don't you ask him?"

The lady lacked the courage. So I asked

him for her. A reporter dares enter territory where producers' wives fear to tread.

I found Bill on the sidelines of "The Emperor's Candlesticks" set, regaling Luise Rainer with a story. It hardly looked as if, on the set, Bill persisted in being a hermit.

Luise was called off the set. Bill was left alone, alone and vulnerable. Before he could escape, I was upon him. He was taken unawares. But did he show it? Not Bill! With all the cordiality at his command, and that's considerable, he shook hands. He insisted on my having a chair, while he insisted on standing.

"I can think of answers faster on my feet," he said. "An old carry-over from my school days. 'Twas a rare teacher who could pin a crime on me, if I had a chance to scramble to my feet before she reached for my ear."

I TOLD him that I had searched him out to solve a mystery even more baffling than anything Nick Charles was ever called on to explain.

On the screen, he is the epitome of the man who gets out and around. Off the screen, he is the Invisible Man. Why is this so?

"I want," he said, with elaborate airiness, "to be alone."

"Absolutely alone?"

"Well, reasonably alone."

"You have no ambitions to be aloof?"

"None whatsoever. Just alone. That's all."

"You aren't bored with life?"

"No."

"Or tired of seeing people?"

"No."

"Your arteries aren't hardening prematurely?"

"They're as soft as jelly."

Bill sighed, beginning to wear under my restless grilling.

"You're sure you want my story?"

My answer was the one you would have given.

"I'm not sure I can tell it as it should be told," he said. "I haven't interviewed W. Powell on this particular subject yet, myself. I haven't exactly *thought* myself into privacy. It's just grown on me, like hair.

"I suppose it could be traced, indirectly, to the roles I've played. It's been my fortune, the past few years, to play a succession of clever fellows, all a bit on the smooth side. Nick Charles, for example.

"Now, there was an amusing fellow, the kind of fellow you'd like to have around. I enjoyed being around him, myself. He was eccentric, but witty and debonair. Or,

By James
Reid



Filming of "The Emperor's Candlesticks" permits Bill to be "alone" with Luise Rainer.

if you like, a word that I loathe. 'suave.' But he has been a bit of trouble, too. You see, he looks like *me*. And, because of that, there are actually people who think I'm Nick, or vice versa. Hundreds of them, thousands of them.

"You should have a look at some of the fan mail. Some letters have even warned me that I'm in danger of losing Myrna's love, shaking so many cocktails. You see, they don't know William Powell. They know only that fellow on the screen. They don't suspect that I'm practically a teetotaler, that is, compared with Nick. They don't suspect that Myrna Loy really is married to someone else.

"It's flabbergasting when you first discover that, in trying to make a character natural, you've given people the idea that you're really playing yourself.

"Then, next, you discover that people expect you to exhibit those same characteristics when they encounter you in person. If you don't, they say that your directors must be geniuses, to get you to do those things on the screen. And if you do exhibit them, then you've taken to acting twenty-four hours a day, off-screen and on. (Continued on page 86)

Bill has his private reasons for demanding privacy. C'mon, eavesdrop with us and get in on the low-down.



THE INSIDE STORY

Joan Bennett was once Hollywood's outstanding example of a two-career girl. That's over! Below is a recent picture of the Markey family. Left to right, Gene, Melinda, Joan and Diana.



FROM THE beginning, on March 16, 1932, until the end, on April 29, 1937, one adjective was used to describe the marriage of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. The adjective was "ideal." Even the headline that heralded their parting read, "Rift Climaxes Ideal Screen Marriage."

That headline appeared with an unexpectedness and suddenness that stunned all except those close to Joan and Gene. Those close to them were prepared.

But for five years, as far as the outside world was concerned, there was nothing to hint that the marriage of the Markeys was not everything that it appeared to be.

Until very near the end, no gossip marred the illusion. There were no hints of quarrels, no intimations even of the usual temperamental differences of the usual husband and wife. They were not exactly labeled as recluses, but everyone was convinced that they preferred their own home life to Hollywood party life. There were no outward symptoms of restlessness or discontent or incompatibility. There was no more doubt of their love for each other than there was of their love for their children—Diana, Joan's child by her first marriage, whose name

OF JOAN'S DIVORCE

Here are the real facts behind the break-up of this once happy marriage

By George
Benjamin



Joan heads a cast of "pretties" in one of the big musicals of the year, "Vogues of 1938."

had been legally changed to Markey, and the baby, Melinda.

Whenever Joan gave an interview, she did something that few actresses (thinking of their box-office appeal) had the courage to do. She talked of her husband and her children. There was something infinitely appealing about Joan, the glamorous young movie modern, also being Joan, the girl-wife and girl-mother. She became Hollywood's most radiant example of a two-career girl. Her happiness became legend.

Now, suddenly, the legend has exploded. Joan and Gene have rung down the curtain on the saga of love, in the middle of the second act. The show won't go on. They feel that they can't give convincing performances any longer. They are "incompatible."

Incompatibility is Hollywood's most popular, most polite and least convincing explanation for divorce. In the case of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, it satisfies no one.

Joan may owe the public a fuller explanation, after all those interviews stressing her happiness; but she will give none.

The real explanation is so simple—yet so blunt, so difficult to make. . . .

It does not strictly follow the familiar Hollywood pattern. Joan's marriage has not conflicted with her career. If anything, her marriage to Gene, the dramatist, has made her a better actress.

It is not a case of wife becoming more important than husband. Gene has never suffered the title "Mr. Bennett." He has never earned less than Joan. He has never ranked lower in the Hollywood scheme of things. Today he is a producer—and, as such, controls the destinies of stars.

Neither is it a case of violent clash of temperaments. The Bennetts—Joan included—have earned a reputation for being unpredictable, but Gene's mordant sense of humor has never allowed temperament to be one of his weaknesses.

The explanation is, simply and bluntly, that Joan—who is said never to have been really in love with Gene, as he has been in love with her—has found someone else. The "someone else" is a big name in moviedom.

Ironically, it seems as if Joan Bennett has not really been in love with either of the men she has married.

The first time, that she repeated a bride's responses, Joan thought she was in love. She was sixteen at the time. She had a lonely, (Continued on page 84)



Garbo, Grande Dame of the Cinema, once spent her days making gents back in Sweden handsome!



Bette Davis met the stony stares of many a casting director before she finally clicked.

... DON'T LET IT

By Mary Marshall

STRUGGLE AS I do to keep any top-lofty, preachy element out of these articles, I often feel, upon rereading my printed words in a nice, fresh issue, that I haven't succeeded too well. Here we sit, we beauteh scriveners, in our fine, comfortable offices, at our fine, comfortable typewriters, and run off at the mouth about how easy it is to be beautiful.

It's oh, so easy—for the girl who makes twelve dollars a week and out of that must pay rent, board and all the rest of it. Oh, so easy—for the girl who must turn over a huge slice of her earnings to the old folks at home. Oh, so easy—for the woman with five children and no help, for the folks who live on farms and rise at dawn and work like sixty all day. They should find it quite simple to take twenty minutes out now and then to do some exercises or manicure their nails. Yes. Well, I know. Some of you may well think I have my nerve with me to talk to you about "being faithful to your beauty routines."

This article is an effort to take such people into con-

sideration. Even if you're handicapped by money, time or trouble (a lack of the first two, and an over-abundance of the third), please don't let it get you down!

Now, so help me, this isn't publicity drivel, but the solemn truth. The four girls on these two pages had their share of woe in the early days, but something—determination or a driving ambition—kept their spirits up. But I don't wish to speak about them right this minute. After all, it's you I care about. Let's go into a ways-and-means huddle and see what can be done to get around financial beauty problems.

First place, don't fall for the bargains on the drugstore counter. You know—the come-ons which bid you buy a box of such-and-such powder for a dollar, and they'll throw in a dollar-size jar of something else which you don't exactly want. Pare your cosmetic needs down to a minimum. Buy what you need in the standard-size jars, and use things sparingly.

For instance: you can get a large jar of a good cold cream for under a dollar. A huge box of cleansing tissues for thirty-one cents. The cold cream will last at least six months. A good economy trick is to use your lipstick

Even if you're handicapped by lack of money or time, movie



Appearing in a club while teaching dancing to hopefuls was Eleanor Powell's daily routine way back when.



Pleasing the patrons of a shoe store was no fun, according to Janet Gaynor.

GET YOU DOWN!

as face rouge—very little of it, of course, and carefully blended in. You get a perfect match this way, too. A good box of powder—you can get many brands under a dollar and if you're a little stingy with it (as one can be with powder), it will last nearly a year.

If your eyes need mascara, buy the ten-cent size. You need a deodorant—price, something under fifty cents. This isn't a vital necessity—that is, you can live without it—but it's next most important, and that's a hand lotion of some kind, which will also serve as a powder base. Heavens, I don't know when I bought my last large bottle of hand lotion. I have to have my hands in water quite a bit and use the lotion after every washing. It seems to last forever.

There, my darlings, are the average necessities, plus a brush and a comb, a nail file, an orange stick and some hairpins and bobbie pins. The trouble with so many of us is that we clutter up the bathroom shelf and the dressing table with things we don't need and seldom use, after the first fine flare of experimentation. Some of these things are all very good, and some of them are out and out rubbish, but the point is that we waste our money on

them because they're cheap or kind of cute, and then we haven't the dough to pay for something we really need.

As you are able to add to your cosmetic store, I'd say that cosmetic necessities come in this order: manicure tools and preparations, a wave lotion, if you need it, a good tissue cream for dry skin, or a good astringent for oily skin, depending on your skin type. Then maybe a body brush, preferably of the long-handled variety—not only because it gets your back good and clean, but because, used "all over," it does such wonders for your circulation and makes you feel as though you'd just had a high-priced massage at some high-priced salon. It doesn't pay to buy cheap brushes, though—remember that. They get spongy and useless after one or two scrubblings. Then you might break down and buy some inexpensive, delicately scented bath salts or bath powder.

Oh, you can cut the corners in so many ways. You can make yourself a shampoo out of good white soap. Less troublesome and more pleasant if you can buy a prepared shampoo product, but I'm just telling you what you can do. If you must watch every penny, your cold cream must serve as a manicure preparation. (Continued on page 80)

stars know that here is the solution to your beauty problems

A MAN IN LOVE

By Martha Kerr

**Francis Lederer discusses
Margo, his present love, and
his affection for the women
who have figured in his past**



"If any man can be sure he's in love, I'm that man," says Lederer, speaking of Margo.

MARGO," SAID the man who is in love with her, "has that rarest of all qualities in a human being, the quality of absolute, how shall I say it, absolute purity. It is a quality that impresses you with the divinity of human nature."

The man in love is Francis Lederer. The debonair Francis Lederer of so many gay roles. Lederer, the sleek sophisticate, the idol of two continents. The tall, dark intellectual, emotional, and yet earthly Czecho-Slovakian to whom women of all nations have given their favors.

"I first saw Margo," Francis was saying, "in 'Crime Without Passion.' And instantly she came on the screen, I knew that here was someone completely alone and apart. She does not say words as other people say them. Her emotions she expresses so entirely in her own way. Of pure Spanish blood, she was brought up here in Hollywood by her grandmother. It a little explains Margo that she was reared by a lady very old and very wise. She was unhappy when she was first here as a child," said Francis, "because she did not speak as other children, because she was affectionate and showed her feelings. She was laughed at. And so she has what you call 'conformed' outwardly. She will kid with you, be very regular and standard at first. Then, because that is Margo, that sense of her as something rare, something very pure and very naïve comes through."

I said to this tall, slender young man, "How do you know that this is love? What test do you apply to make sure that it will last—forever?"

"If anyone can be sure," Francis said, "I should be that one. I have known so many women. Not only the exciting women of my own profession, in all countries, but also women in diplomatic circles, in society, in all the walks

of life. I have seen, I have tasted so much of life, it sometimes does not seem possible. There are so many extremes of living and of loving for me to weigh, one against the other. For prior to my stage and screen experiences, the frothy life of Vienna and Berlin, Paris and London, there is my background as a child.

AT HOME, in Prague, my mother and father were divorced when we were very young, my two brothers and I. I stayed with my father; my brothers went with my mother. My father, grandmother and aunt reared me. They were stern folk, very severe. My discipline was rigid and without imagination. They did the best they knew how. It was the worst for me—save for one thing. It did give me an austerity of viewpoint which, in my later worlds, stood me in firm stead. It did toughen my morale. It did make my discriminations fast to their moorings. I was not, for instance, allowed to read anything but my textbooks. No poetry, mythology, fairy tales. I used to secrete such books, read them as I walked to and from school, hide them as I reached my house. I did not go to parties. I was unused to pleasure. When I finally did break away from that life I was shy, inhibited, frightened by the warm, luxurious and loving world. Even the first things I did on the stage were timid, unassertive things.

"I am the man born of that child. I believe that we are, all of us, the children of our childish selves. For instance, when I was about ten, I attended a temperance lecture at school. My instructor showed us the brains and bodies of human beings who were the victims of alcohol and nicotine. I resolved then that I would never smoke or drink—I never have.

(Continued on page 90)

IT'S A great system Barbara Stanwyck has. She makes someone else do it—and like it. Breathes there a man with soul so dead who wouldn't like to do things for Barbara!

Vital energy fairly tingles to the ends of her red mop of hair. She has to be active all the time. So Barbara figures, quite neatly, that others must be happiest when they are busy. It works. It even works with her gentleman friend. And there's a tip for you, Mary. Give him a paintbrush or a hammer when he comes calling. He'll have such a good time you can't lose him. If he doesn't, you don't want him anyway.

As you may have heard rumored about, there is a lad in Barbara's life by the name of Taylor, Robert Taylor, Bob for short. He may be the most handsome dream-man on the screen to you, but he's also a darn good fence-painter, and that carries a lot of weight with the lady. Clark Gable paints a mean fence, too. So do the Marx Brothers. Not to mention Carole Lombard and the Missus Marx. Leave it to Barbara to discover what a lot of hidden talent there is around town.

Barbara and Mrs. Zeppo (Marian) Marx have bought an estate, consisting of 130 acres, out in the San Fernando Valley, where they are preparing to breed and raise the finest Kentucky - strain race horses. Marian is an expert horsewoman. She has handled her own spirited animals in horse shows all over the country.

Well, to get back to the Stan-Marx ranch, the stables and paddocks are being built first, which is the way persons who love horses do things; and after awhile Barbara and Marian will get around to a pair of farmhouses to bed themselves down in, and tie on the nosebag. Barbara is planning an Irish farmhouse, all except the mud roof which might leak during one of these good old tropical California saturations. Marian's will be an American farmhouse. They are going up on two hillcrests near each other, facing a magnificent view of the entire valley.

While the stables are being built, the Kentucky babies are boarding in Pomona, and naturally Barbara and Marian are pretty anxious to get them in their own home. Possibly rising at four-thirty in order to arrive at Pomona at six and see them work out every morning has something

to do with it. Anyway, they put in the rest of the day, when Barbara isn't making a picture, at the valley ranch.

The paddock fence went up—five miles of fence—and not a painter in sight. So much construction is going on in this valley, you can't get a painter for love or money. That statement will have to be amended; it turned out that Barbara landed a group of rare painters, but not for money. We assume they did it for love, since five miles is an awful lot of fence.

Very off-hand, one Saturday, she called up Bob, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard and several others, and in the most hospitable manner she invited them to come out and see the ranch on Sunday.

"Of course," explained Barbara (but not to them), "there was absolutely nothing to see but fence."

They arrived at one o'clock, and after a decent interval to let them sort of get a breath, Marian gave them the old Huckleberry Finn build-up. Naïvely, little Miss Stanwyck plucked a paint brush out of thin air. Same for Mrs. Zeppo. Cans of paint appeared mysteriously. They began painting—you know, as if it were all a lark and such fun, and look at what you are missing.

THERE'S something hypnotic about painting," is Barbara's version. "You see someone waving a brush, and pretty soon you want to be painting, too."

And pretty soon, all of five minutes later, Bob said, "Here, let me do that for you." Sort of as if it were a big, noble, generous impulse and he couldn't bear to see the little woman slaving that way over a hot stove, when all the time he was just dying to paint.

Miraculously, paint brushes and paint appeared all over the place. Women and children were practically trampled in the stampede. And as if such eager enthusiasm

for her deep-dyed plot were not enough, Mrs. Simon Legree Stanwyck thought up another one. If she started them side by side, they might chatter on the company's time. So she placed them half a mile apart. Are there no limits to this charming creature's bold cunning? She even named it a "paddock party."

By the end of the first quarter, there were a few grumbles and faint cries of dismay (Continued on page 74)

SHE HAS A SYSTEM

By Ruth Rankin



Barbara has a knack of picking the picture plums. "Stella Dallas" is the latest on her imposing list.

When Barbara Stanwyck plans an informal party, beware! There's apt to be method in her madness



Unpretentious dotted Swiss is Anita Louise's wise choice for summer evenings.



Bands of colored stitching are the only ornament on Anita's dress of white shantung.

CLOTHES GIVE YOU THE BREAKS

when you—not what you wear—are most important

WHENEVER I think of Anita Louise, I recall that delirious broadcast of a picture premiere where a fashion expert had been detailed to describe the stars' gowns for the listening audience.

Terse and accurate, she gave a perfect pattern in words of Marlene's mysterious floating chiffons, of the tiers of fringe that made a dance of Ginger Rogers' every move. As star after star walked by, the fashion commentator reported wide-shouldered, slim-hipped ermine jackets, taffeta panniers, circular flounces of Spanish lace on regal satin. And then Anita Louise approached and the fashion expert went into a daze. "She is exquisite, she is like an April breeze—" or words to that effect. "But tell what she is wearing," the gruff stage whisper of the announcer ordered.

"Her dress is the yellow of Jersey cream, and it looks as if it were poured on her. It is perfectly simple and, oh, she looks so utterly right," the fashion reporter burst out. An accurate description as far

By Ann Wills

as it went, but hardly definite enough to guide eager fingers miles away in making a copy.

And I am willing to bet you that it would be equally futile to

try to describe any of the clothes in Anita Louise's private wardrobe. The girl has an uncanny knack of always dominating her clothes. Don't think that that just happens because she is an extraordinarily beautiful girl with a willowy figure and a radiant, freshly-tubbed look that makes her seem fresh as mint. It is the result of knowing her own type and selecting her clothes accordingly.

Let others crave the honors for originality in dress. Let them be the first (and the last for all she cares) to wear hats like vegetable baskets brimming over with carrots and tomatoes. Let someone else be the first to think of putting the family crest on slipper buckles. Let them go about swathed in the mysterious chiffons of an E. Phillips Oppenheim adventuress. Anita Louise knows she is not the type, and what is more important, she does not want to be. While others make (Continued on page 72)

(Left) Indispensable for summer in town is a two-piece dress of dark sheer like this one of Anita's.



(Right) A blouse of fine brown lace gives distinction to this simple beige crepe suit.

HIS COLUMBUS COMPLEX



After years of butting—on the screen, of course—Blore turns hotel manager in "Shall We Dance" with Ginger Rogers.

By Virginia T. Lane

HE'S THE man with the beak, Eric Blore. A bally Briton. An ex-balloonic with a batty right eye that won't behave. It gets you. When he rolls it, it rolls you in the aisles. But don't get him wrong. He's a clown with a Columbus complex.

Eric Blore's search for adventure has never ended. It never will. Under that comic front beats a heart that taps to thrill-time. And it's led him into many a strange by-way. Up mountains, across seven seas, from facing footlights to Minnie guns.

Blore was not overly fond of Minnie. He still maintains the English war office gave him the air on purpose. They put him in the Balloon Service. It was kind of a jumping job. You wore a parachute and jumped for your life. But Blore fooled 'em. He got so he could hear an enemy plane when it took off from the ground. Then it was a simple matter of ordering his balloon pulled down before the German showed up. But one time he forgot to listen. A Prussian pilot sneaked up in the clouds over him, and his own side opened up a barrage of anti-aircraft fire from below. A warmish situation. And right in the middle of it his ground phone rang. Would he be the guest of the South Staffordshire regiment at dinner that evening and afterwards give a concert party?

"I can't say with any certainty," said Blore. "Right now," ducking another bullet. "the odds are distinctly long!"

In the end the score was: no hits and one run (by the enemy plane). So Blore gave the concert. Between shots he'd written a skit called "The Disorderly Room," which later was to run for seven years on the stage. At the time, however, all he wanted was a laugh-getter for the Tommies. That was his work, entertaining the infantry at night and observing from the air (*Continued on page 88*)

The Duke of Windsor played a dramatic part in Eric Blore's life!

Like good old Chris, Eric is ever out for adventure.



Swimming is the favorite sport
of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her debut in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed (right) at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"



*These distinguished women
also prefer
Camel's mild, delicate taste:*

MISS JOAN BELMONT, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

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Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand




For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels

BOY GETS GIRL

Eleanor Powell, first lady of the tap, is teamed with America's first gentleman of heart-throbs, Robert Taylor, in "Broadway Melody of 1938." In this opus of twinkling tunes and gay romance, the ardent Taylor both sings and dances. Line forms on the right, girls!



OFF THEIR GUARD



A movie star has no privacy at all, what with our Frank Muto totin' his camera all around Hollywood! However, Anita Louise seems to enjoy being "caught" informally.

Here are 16 exclusive candid picture pages of your favorites



5 19

1. One day, twenty-three years ago, the stork worked in eight-hour shifts, lugging three baby stars to their mamas. It's a pipe for the baker who only has to bake one cake for the Lang-Power-Faye party.



3. Sonja Henie, queen of the rink, is in a melting mood, for Birthday-Boy Tyrone is the one who's cutting the ice.



4. Kissing Tyrone before the cameras is routine business for Sonja. That doesn't prevent her from thinking, "Ain't routine grand!" Tyrone seconds the emotion.

HAPPY



2. Here are the party-ers celebrating at the Hawaiian Paradise. Around the cakes are Vic Orsatti and his June, Tyrone and his Sonja Henie, Tony Martin and his Alice, and Jimmy Ritz. Jim had better mind his antics!



5. Tony Martin sends Alice Faye his greetings via a tender kiss. Alice, touched by the sentiment, thanks him with an equally tender return message.



6. Whoever controls the Vic Orsatti-June Lang romance switch has the dial on full-speed ahead. Maybe, by the time you read this, they'll be Mister and Missus.

BIRTHDAY TO YOU2



The game's about to start, and Errol shakes his opponent's hand. Don't be deceived by the velvet clasp. There's iron in that thar forearm.



And now he swings into action. They say in Hollywood he's even better at tennis than he is at reporting a Spanish war.

MOVIELAND'S net

Errol Flynn wins his spurs in tennis—with the elusive Margaret



Our cameraman "catches" Margaret unawares.



She's Mrs. Leland Heyward off-screen, y'know—



—and is out on the coast awaiting an heir.



Here's how! With a flying Flynn tackle, Errol moves in on the ball, and it doesn't stand a chance of dodging his racket.



To the victor belongs a shower, followed by a right brisk rub-down. Now isn't he a Poifect Specimen!

CHAMP

Sullavan to spur him on



Too late, Peggy tries to duck our camera sleuth.

Our shoeless hero explains, while dressing, all about that net attack of his. It's done with a racket, he says, and has nothing to do with war. And speaking of war, the rumor of his being sniped at in Spain was pretty embarrassing! Just the same, the Flynn boy'd rather serve cannon balls on the court than take 'em in battle.





Her crown of orchids aflutter, Sonja Henie readies face and figure for the Big Moment.



Introducing the Big Moment. Tyrone Power wishes Sonja happy landings, or, no landings.



Roses from the royal box. Boss, Zanuck, congratulates Sonja.



... AT THE

The ice may be cold, but none of the



Wrapped magnificently in fox, Joan Bennett's set to face the rigors of a Polar Palace freeze all by her lonesome. Yep, since separating from Gene Markey, Joan's been going places alone—and liking it.

POLAR PALACE

assembled film folk fears a frost when Sonja Henie does her stuff



Ask Kay Francis and Marlene Dietrich whether they think the depression's over. By pooling their pennies, they've just managed to afford this nifty box. And all for the love of Sonja!



If gentlemen prefer blondes, what do blondes prefer? Dark, curly-locked Gilbert Roland is the answer, and Connie Bennett is the blonde. Mrs. Fairbanks admires the couple; Doug, the view.



Claudette Colbert arrives—still a bit sore from her own skating spills in "I Met Him in Paris"—and anxious to see what the Henie girl has that she hasn't got.



Glasses or no, Joan B. looks the camera in the eye. And who's the pretty girl at your side, Warner? "That's no pretty girl," protests Baxter. "That's my niece."



How to get into this anyway! Page Orry-Kelly. He made it.



Gosh, something's up! Joan starts to wrestle with a hook.



There are those who'd call this an intimate shot. We're one of them.



Enter Help with a needle and thread. Now Joan's getting somewhere.

The dress is the thing! And so, our peepin' pitcher man catches Joan Blondell (above) practically set for a scene in "Angle Shooter." However, as you know, there's many a slip—especially when a star's good Gal Friday is off to lunch.

PEEKIN' AT JOAN



Well, Joan figures, even though the work's on the studio's time, it's on her feet!



Now for a fresh start. Everybody's happy but Pat O'Brien, who's been waiting ages.

Spanky (Our Gang) MacFarland runs the gamut of emotions in true star fashion





1. Their pockets jingling with nickels, Hollywood's two princes set forth on a pauper's spree. First stop, Ocean City.



2. Off to a racing start, and, believe it or not, the Mauches never had a lesson in their whole lives.

THE PRINCE AND THE

Bobby and Billy Mauch park their make-up kits for the time

5. It's even odds on the Mauches as these identical twins do their level best not to shoot identical scores.



6. The wages of skill is dolls, and the twins seem highly pleased with the present rate of payment.





3. With Ma at home doing the mending, the boys go on a diet strike. And who'll ever know the difference?



4. But here's a chap whose business it is to know the difference. Looks bad, boys! Better shell out the old hush money.

PAUPER TAKE A HOLIDAY

being and head for the wide open merry-g'rounds of Ocean City

7. The boys, used to baiting their movie hooks with charm, try their luck with worms for a change.



8. True children of the cinema, Bill and Bob have hired all the extras in the sea for the filming of this mob scene.



GONE WITH THE-JOB

Tch, tch, Honey, Sheila Barrett would like to play Scarlett!

When Sheila Barrett, famous impersonator, learned that just about everybody was up for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind," she decided to tackle Director George Cukor (right) for the job. And, to make it tough for him, she pictured the heroine as movie stars would portray her.

Howz about (1) Simone Simon of Paris and California—pout and all—skipping through the cotton fields jest a-tryin' an' a-tryin' to get her man? Or, (2) Honey Chile Garbo, of the Camellias, who tanks she gets Rhett. Or, (3) that south'n belle, Zasu Pitts, who'd just love to win her man in the movies—or anybody else's? And then, (4) "I'm Scollitt—oi-yoi!" Yep, Fannie Brice!

Can y' imagine? Mr. Cukor turned Miss Barrett down—impersonations 'n all! Does the gentleman know what he wants?







A bevy of Hollywood beauts at the MacDonald shower. (L. to R.) Inez Courtney, Irene Dunne, Irene Hervey, Jeanette MacDonald, Shirley Ross, Mary Brian and Anita Louise.

Just because she likes swing music, a lot of rumors have been popping up about Jean Harlow. She enjoys a hot trumpet and Bill Powell doesn't, so she's been dropping in on one of Hollywood's better known swing salons with Don Friede, her literary agent. (Miss H., as you know, has written a book. It may not hurt the sale of "Gone With the Wind," but still it's a book, and a couple of studios are dickering for it.) To the tune of "Basin Street Blues" Jean dreams her dreams and perhaps whips up an outline for her next novel. At any rate, she must have won her point, for one evening we dropped into the swing palace and found her there with a gent who couldn't have been anyone but Bill Powell.



Jean and Bill, incidentally, celebrated their third anniversary last month. It was the third anniversary of the day they first went out together, and three years of keeping steady company is something of a record in Hollywood. Personal to Miss H.: Why don't you two get married?



Papa Bing Crosby took four-year-old Gary Evan Crosby on the "Souls At Sea" set the other day to meet another famous Gary—a Mr. Cooper. "My!" said Mr. C. "What a fine little man. What's your name?" "Gary Crosby," replied our little man. "And who were you named after?" continued Cooper. "After you," responded young Mr. Crosby. "That's fine," said Gary. "And what does your daddy call you?" "Bucket Pants," said our hero.



Explicit directions found in a movie scenario the other day: "A long shot of the boy and the girl, followed by a close-up. He takes her in his arms. They kiss—as long as the Hays office will allow."



Gene Autry almost lost his horse, Champion, during a recent per-

sonal appearance tour. It was in a small-town theatre, where Gene and Champion were letting the patrons see them in the flesh. Following their act, Gene removed his make-up and sought out Champion, but his screen pal was missing. Since it's pretty hard to lose a horse in a theatre, our hero decided to search the place before he looked elsewhere. Well, they finally found Champion out on the stage, watching the feature picture. Asked for a comment later, Champion stated he prefers high comedy to drama, although a good musical is not to be neighed at.



Bing Crosby has gone in for horse-racing in a wholesale manner. On July first he opened his new track at Delmar, where, according to the advertisements, "the turf meets the surf." It's all very fine, except that Mr. C. is afraid that if his own horses win at his own track—well, what would you think?



Garbo has gone democratic on us. For years the Silent One clung to a dressing-room in her studio's old dressing-room building, even after the rest of the high-priced gals on the lot had been moved into newer and fancier quarters. A couple of months ago, however, she suddenly packed up and moved into the new building. So now she has a dressing-room done up in red and white, and her two closest neighbors are the noisiest gals on the lot. They're Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow, and they're noisiest because they both have phonographs which they keep constantly employed when they're around. We wouldn't be surprised, one of these days, to see the new Garbo come trucking out of her dressing-room to the tune of one of the Harlow swing records.



On the "Saratoga" set, watching Jean Harlow and Clark Gable emote, the onlookers snicker when Gable does an impromptu imitation of the Harlow walk. Sitting on the sidelines, Peggy, Jean's hairdresser, is wearing that super-colossal star sapphire

Summertime means romancetime and partytime in Hollywood

GOOD NEWS



Madeleine Carroll and Eddie Sutherland—all dressed up for "A Star is Born" preview.

After all these months, the Lombard-Gable romance still rolls merrily along.


ring. The scene is shot and lunch is called. Before she leaves for the commissary Peggy slips the ring off her finger and hands it to Jean, but Jean returns it. "Wear it to lunch, Peggy," she says. "Maybe you'll do yourself some good." So Peggy rushes off to startle her friends, and Jean turns to us. "I'll bet you didn't know," she says, "that we're going steady."

There's a young man who has a fine long-term contract, all as a result of the work he did in a picture in which nobody saw him. He is Buddy Clark, and the long-term contract came after the swell singing job he did for Jack Haley in "Wake Up And Live." The picture, as you know, turned out swell, and Jack Haley was so good that the studio promptly signed up Buddy Clark.

The Gable-Lombard romance rolls merrily along, and after all these months they're still one of the town's happiest pairs. A gal must be in love when she'll give up a day for a busman's holiday to watch the gentleman friend work. Carole spent a day on the "Saratoga" set recently, giving the critical eye to the Gable emoting. The word is that she highly approves.

On the "Double or Nothing" set, all is confusion. For two hours Andy Devine has been trying to toss a marshmallow into Martha Raye's mouth. The marshmallow is supposed to be a golf ball, so don't tell anyone. You'd think with such a target Andy would have no trouble at all, but, for some reason or other, every time he hits the mark, the marshmallow bounces out. "I can get it in the trap," he finally wails, "but she won't spring it."

By Leo Townsend



Adolphe Menjou escorted the Missus, Verree Teasdale, to the preview of "Captains Courageous."

On "That Certain Woman" set, they were doing a scene in which Henry Fonda sees his son for the first time. The boy was being played by four-year-old Billy Johnson. The scene had been rehearsed many times with Fonda grabbing the boy to his breast and murmuring, "My son, my son!" But just before the final take, the director who I am?" "Why not say, 'Do you know who I am?' as you grab him," he told Henry. Cameras went into action, lights turned on and they were ready for the take. Fonda grabbed the boy in his arms and said, "Do you know who I am?" "Sure," said Billy, "you're Henry Fonda, ain'tcha?"

A Damon and Pythias pair these days are none other than Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. For a couple of years the two have been polite toward one another, but seemed to have no desire to become old pals. But the Screen Actors' Guild has brought them together, for Clark is an ardent member of the organization, and when Bob broke down and joined forces the other day, he suddenly became Taylor's most ardent fan.


The latest young-men-about-town who have had to install private phone numbers are Billy and Bobby Mauch. Believe it or not, the twelve-year-old Mauches are so besieged by the girls that they can hardly call their lives their own any more. On that recent trip they took, the boys were met at every station by crowds of high-school girls clamoring for at least one autograph.

No star in Hollywood is watched over with such great care as Sonja Henie. Her health, her looks and her valuable limbs are the constant concern of a corps of people who travel everywhere with her—even to the corner drug-store for a chocolate soda. And they all were on the verge of nervous prostration when Sonja made her last appearance in the L. A. Polar Palace. For she had been at the polo matches the day preceding, and had caught a cold—after some fifteen years on ice!


And Edward Arnold has been having a terrible time. He was so afraid of the picket lines around the studio during the recent strike that he wouldn't go home until after dark. Sat in his dressing-room every evening, biting his nails and waiting for the shadows to fall over the studio gates, before he'd get in his car and brave departure.

Outside Garbo's dressing-room, there was noticed every morning a blanket on the ground and a blonde stretched out in sun suit soaking up some vitamin D. That is, when anyone bothered to notice, for everyone thought it was Garbo's stand-in. The day the news leaked out that it was really the Original, a crowd gathered at the fence, hoping to get a glimpse of the mystery woman. On the dot of eleven, just as the sun hit the blanket, the door of the dressing-room opened and a blonde in a sun suit appeared. But this time it was Garbo's stand-in—with the real article thoroughly enjoying the joke through the window shutter.


(Continued on page 96)



Also present were Charles Boyer and Wifey Pat Paterson, another happily married pair.



The Gary Coopers acted as chaperons of the beautiful Dolores Del Rio that night. Their heir is due soon.



Freddie Bartholomew, who's very much part of the "Captains" picture, arrived with Aunt Cissy.



Glamour Girls

GO IN FOR LUXABLES

Ida Lupino tells you why

"MEN LIKE LUXABLES!" declares Ida Lupino. "There's something appealing about handbox freshness that few men can resist. It's no trick to have things always spick-and-span—a swish through Lux and they're lovely as new!"

Leading Hollywood studios insist on this safe care for all delicate washables. "Lux protects colors," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director at Paramount. "We're convinced it makes fabrics last longer."

Lux has none of the harmful alkali many ordinary soaps have. It eliminates cake-soap rubbing, too, that may fade colors or damage threads. Remember, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

- On a vacation from "Artists and Models," her new picture for Paramount, Ida Lupino wears Hollywood's beloved slacks. Crisply tailored Lux-ables fit perfectly into any vacation plans from Maine to California.

- White organdy, fresh as a sprig of mint, was made for heart throbs. Lux care will keep *your* feminine washables romantically lovely all summer long.



Specified

**IN THE LEADING
HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS**



Don't Let
Dry Dead Skin
 Make You A Wall Flower

*Here's the Amazing Beauty
 Cream That's Thrilling
 Entire America -*



Give Your
 Skin These
 Thrilling
 New Beauty
 Benefits
 To Help
 Nature
 Restore
 Smooth
 Younger
 Looking
 Skin.



Professionally posed

Romance Dates Fun—to enjoy them you must have skin beauty. At last a way has been found to help nature restore soft, smoother, younger looking skin. The most advanced beauty development known to the cosmetic art to aid nature uncover new, live, fresh, cleaner skin. Beauty editors and specialists are writing about it! Thousands praise it! Now you can let these precious ingredients work for you.

Try This Guaranteed 3 DAY TEST

**That Is Showing Thousands
 of Girls How To Combat
 Dry, Rough Skin, Shiny Nose,
 Blackheads, Premature Lines.**

The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM (Triple-Whip), releases precious ingredients to specially combat Dryness, Roughness, Shiny Nose, Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, and fight tragic Wrinkles—Tired Lines. Like nature's own oils helps keep the skin soft and supple. TAYTON'S CREAM (Triple-Whip) quickly melts and dissolves the dry, scaly, dead cells. Cleanses, Lubricates, Smooths. New, live, younger looking skin appears. By stimulating the under-skin, arousing oil glands, freeing clogged pores the cause of blackheads, shiny nose, dryness and prematurely wrinkling is combated in nature's own way. That's why TAYTON'S CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST

Use TAYTON'S CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night cream for 3 days. It must make your skin softer, smoother, look younger and satisfy completely, or your money will be refunded. Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM in 10c and 25c sizes at 10c stores, or larger 50c and \$1.00 sizes at drug and department stores. If your dealer can not supply you do not accept a substitute, but speak to the manager and insist he order for you from his headquarters or wholesaler.

AT DRUG, DEP'T AND 10c STORES

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

SUMMER SMARTNESS FROM HOOKS OR NEEDLES



6075—Just as cool as surf spray and wonderfully chic is this bell-stitch knit of new nubby celanese.

6072—The rippled collar adds feminine grace to this sleek dress, crocheted of lustrous crepe.

Choose your weapons and win that beau with a new frock

CRISP AS lettuce are these two smart midsummer outfits; the one on the left for those who knit, the one on the right for those who crochet. Either can be made at moderate cost, because we send you the easily-followed directions free.

The thick-and-thin crash-like yarn from which the bell-stitch knit frock is made is fashion's newest favorite. The two-toned crocheted outfit is particularly striking when made in the Paris-sponsored combination of black skirt with jacket of turquoise blue. And think how useful that black skirt is going to be through Fall!



ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN,
 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for 6075.....
 crochet directions for 6072.....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Name.....

Street.....

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

(Check one or both patterns and please print name and address)

"This was the snapshot that brought us together"



"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

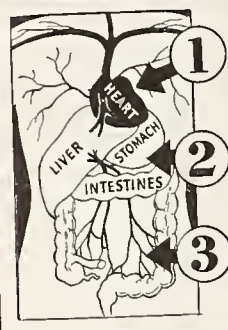
*The snapshots you'll
want Tomorrow
—you must take
Today*

● By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



**THIS NEW 3-WAY
TREATMENT HAS PUT
ON SOLID POUNDS
FOR THOUSANDS OF
SKINNY
PEOPLE**



Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

QUICK GAINS of 10 TO 25 LBS. REPORTED WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

Now thousands of skinny, rundown men and women can say good-bye to bony angles and unsightly hollows that rob them of natural attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, hosts of people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh—in just a few weeks!

Why it builds up so quick

Doctors now know that the real reason why many do not gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now scientists have discovered that one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B is English ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported English ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny" wornout persons who need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day watch fat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new "3-way" Ironized Yeast tablets just a few weeks and watch the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 38, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models



**By Jack
Smalley**

Dick Arlen's
planning a garden
party for
our vacationers.

HOLLYWOOD'S CALLING

FROM CHICAGO to Hollywood and back in ten days—that's the speedy vacation tour sponsored by Modern Screen, which leaves Chicago August 15. Only a few reservations remain, so this is your last call for "All Aboard!"

Richard Arlen will be host for this merry junket to the land of the movies. A big garden party at his Toluca Lake home to meet the stars, in person, will feature this streamlined visit to Hollywood.

Although this is a shorter vacation than the two-weeks' trips, described in previous issues of Modern Screen, leaving July 11 and August 1, it has the same four-day schedule of Hollywood events.

Here's the schedule for those

who must plan a brief trip this year, and there's a full portion of excitement packed into every minute:

Sunday, August 15, leave Chicago at 10:20.

Monday, travel through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico.

Tuesday, stop off at Grand Canyon, dinner at Bright Angel Camp.

Wednesday, arrive in Los Angeles, first trip through Beverly Hills.

Thursday, out to Universal Studios to see movies in the making, luncheon on the lot.

Richard Arlen's "Melting Pot" party at his home.

Friday, individual explorations. (Cont'd on page 67)

**This ten day vacation trip offers you
a chance to visit the movie stars**



WHY NOT MAKE IT A Complete VACATION?

GOING traveling in New England? Week-ending? Vacationing? Then why not leave care behind and relax in air-conditioned comfort—in a New Haven streamlined coach or luxurious Pullman?

You'll travel faster, safer, of course, and happier. And save money, as well—for train fares are lower this summer. They actually are less than you pay for traffic-ridden highway travel. If you're pleasure-bound, make your pleasure complete. Sink into a comfortable seat. Dine as you travel, leisurely and well. Chat, or read or rest. And arrive refreshed and happy.

The train's the thing, this season. And New Haven train travel rates high among the splendid service offered by most American railroads in 1937.

Write to Room 596, South Station, Boston, for your copy of illustrated, informative booklet—"SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND RESORTS—and How to Get There."

Work—Dine
or Relax
as you

GO BY TRAIN
to New England



THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD

HEAT IS NO
HEALTH HAZARD
WHEN TOILETS
ARE CLEANED
WITH

Sani-Flush



BEWARE of a soiled toilet. Hot weather increases the danger. Germs breed faster. Odors become more noticeable. Keep the bowl sparkling clean. Purify the hidden trap. Use Sani-Flush.

The scientific formula for Sani-Flush was developed especially to do this job better. Sani-Flush cleans toilets without unpleasant scouring. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush. Stains vanish. Odors are banished. Germs are killed. The porcelain becomes white as snow. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

... Read all about Hollywood's Singing Cinderella—**DEANNA DURBIN**—in September Modern Screen

NEW KIND OF SEAL
FOR JAMS.. JELLIES.. ETC.



JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in $\frac{1}{2}$ the usual time, at $\frac{1}{2}$ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10¢ for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1272 Exeter St., Cincinnati, O.

AT YOUR
5c and 10c STORE,
GROCERY and
NEIGHBOR-
HOOD STORE

"Fare Enough!" says Fred

(Continued from page 9)

at a meal. In his opinion, though, rice, noodles and spaghetti can substitute for potatoes with excellent results.

An excellent example of a tasty spaghetti combination is the one you'll find among the MacMurray favorites. Actually, it's just a rich meaty sauce that you pour over your favorite brand of canned spaghetti. Baked and served in a casserole, it supplies a one-dish-meal suggestion that you'll doubtless have often, once you've tried it.

Now at last we come to desserts. I found that he and I share the opinion that, with most men, the success of a meal often is judged entirely by the quality of the sweet with which that meal ends! Give a man a rich cake and a cup of clear, steaming coffee, and chances are he'll overlook any other shortcomings the meal may have had.

You don't like to bake in hot weather, though, do you? Well, cheer up, there's an easy way around that difficulty—one which is daily becoming more popular, judging by the requests we keep receiving for "something new in Ice Box Cakes."

These, as you know, can be made with homemade sponge cake, if you're really ambitious, but are just as successful when packaged sponge cakes or lady fingers are used. So don't fail to fix up the very dressy Alaska Ice Box Cake favorite of Fred MacMurray's. (You'll find it pictured on this page.) It's one that he never fails to order when it appears on the menu at the commissary. The chef gave me the recipe, which makes it possible for me to offer it to you. Even though you'll find the recipe in the leaflet, I do want to take time out to describe it for you here before taking up still another "sweet" subject.

This cake, you see, deserves an extra word or two because it's pretty special and decidedly unusual. As the name suggests, it is first cousin to a Baked Alaska—that very dressy ice cream dessert with which hostesses in the Gay Nineties used to mystify and amaze their guests. Only in this instance you don't have to fuss around with melting ice cream. You simply start off by making a very grand, very rich Ice Box Cake, according to the recipe on one of this month's cards. It can be made up a couple of days ahead of the moment of serving it, if you choose. Tucked away into the cold interior of a good refrigerator, you can rest assured that it's both safe and handy whatever the weather.

This particular cake calls for six egg yolks, which, you might think, would leave you with six whites to be disposed of. Not at all; you just save them in a covered container in the refrigerator until almost time for the dessert course. Then you whip and sweeten them, according to directions given in the recipe, spread them over your icy-cold cake and—here's the trick—bake them quickly to form a hot meringue topping. Serve at once to the admiring "ohs" and "ahs" of the diners, particularly the masculine contingent.

That about finishes what I have to say here about recipes in the Fred MacMurray leaflet. The rest is up to you. You can have your copy by asking; you can follow the recipes with the greatest ease; best of all you can serve to the Fred MacMurray of your own heart and household the same substantial summer fare recommended by this popular favorite.

There's still room to add a couple of words about two favorites that men

always enjoy, biscuits and shortcakes. You see, I belong to the school that believes a shortcake should really be a short biscuit liberally covered with sweetened fruit and topped with whipped cream. Them as wants a real cake as a base can have it, but I join the men in clamoring for biscuits every time.

You can use your own favorite biscuit recipe for the type of shortcake just recommended, adding a little sugar and considerably more shortening. For a welcome change, try the Bran Buttermilk Biscuits given here. They're marvelous for shortcake and shouldn't be overlooked either when you're seeking something new in the hot bread line. I suggest, however, if you plan to use the recipe to make biscuits rather than shortcake, that you omit the sugar and use only one quarter of a cup of shortening instead of the third of a cup specified here. Be sure, for shortcake purposes, to follow the directions given below, on cutting out and baking, as I think they provide the quickest and easiest shortcake-making procedure I've ever used.

BRAN BUTTERMILK BISCUITS FOR SHORTCAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup all-bran
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup buttermilk *
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter or other shortening

Soak all-bran in buttermilk while combining rest of ingredients. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt and sugar. Cut in butter until mixture is like coarse meal. Add soaked all-bran. Stir in with a fork until dough will follow fork around bowl. Toss onto floured board, and knead lightly with floured fingers, for a few seconds. Roll out or pat to half-inch thickness. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place one half of biscuits on lightly greased baking sheet. Spread the top of each of these biscuits with softened butter. Place second biscuit on top of each. Brush top biscuit with milk. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) to a golden brown—about 12 minutes. Spread sweetened berries (or sliced peaches or sliced bananas) between the biscuit halves and heaped over the top. Add whipped cream, sweetened to taste, garnish with whole berries and serve while biscuits are still hot.

*Sour cream may be used instead of buttermilk with excellent results.



Courtesy Servel-Electrolux

The recipe for this Fred MacMurray favorite—a delicious Ice Box Cake—is yours for the asking.

Hollywood's Calling

(Continued from page 64)

Saturday evening, leave on return trip.
Sunday, Aug. 22, arrive in San Francisco, spend day, enjoying sights, looking at the new bridge.

Monday, en route through Nevada and Utah.

Tuesday, stop in the Colorado Rockies, dinner at Troutdale, famous resort.

Wednesday, arrive at Chicago 7:50 P. M.

ON this party, Richard Arlen, Columbia star, and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, will open the gates to their lovely estate in the Valley to entertain us.

So bring your kodaks and autograph books, because you'll meet dozens of stars. In addition to the big party at Dick's home, we'll visit NBC Studios, see pictures in the making at Universal, go sightseeing through Beverly Hills and enjoy all the thousands of delights that make California the world's playground.

The cost of this trip is amazingly low—only \$139.50. You can't afford to pass up this opportunity to see Hollywood as a privileged guest, rather than as a tourist. Write or wire today for a big, illustrated folder, describing the tour, or better yet, fill out the coupon below and be sure of a reservation aboard the special train to Hollywood.

Reservation Blank

Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr.
Room 1804, 360 N. Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please reserve, in my name, the sleeping car accommodations marked "X" aboard the MODERN SCREEN Tours to Hollywood.

10½ Day Tour

- ☐ Lower berth for one person
☐ Lower berth for two persons
☐ Upper berth for one person

I am enclosing \$10 for each person in my party, as a deposit to hold my reservation.

Name.....

Address.....

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

(\$139.50 for upper berth or for each of two persons in lower berth, \$10 additional for one person in lower berth.)

Information Desk

(Continued from page 15)

Little coupon requesting his life-story. Meanwhile, Flynn and Power fans from all over the U. S. and Canada have been banding together and literally flooding this office with ten and fifteen cards at a time. A group of friends gets together; each one invests part of his savings in a penny postcard; each one scribbles down the group-favorite's name; and then it's up to me to record the requests. If you Taylor fans would show the same competitive spirit, Bob's Barometer rating wouldn't be sinking at such a sickening pace.

SIMONE SIMON (Last printed February, 1937. Total number of requests since then, 457.) There's a campaign on foot to white-wash Simone Simon. She's not really tem-

(Continued on page 69)



KEEP OUT OF THAT HOT KITCHEN!

Serve the Delicious Spaghetti that makes quick Summer Meals Possible

BUT be sure it's Franco-American Spaghetti you use. There is a real difference between Franco-American and ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Well, there ought to be! First, in taste! There are eleven savory ingredients in that world-famous cheese-and-tomato sauce—there's no imitating that! Second, in nourishment. The selected top quality durum wheat that Franco-American is made from—rich in proteins and carbohydrates—there's no improving on that! Franco-American is an appetizing, delicious food that saves you money. It usually costs

only ten cents a can—three cents a portion!

When a hot day comes along and you dread cooking—DON'T! Just serve that delicious Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish—with a crisp green salad, milk, and fruit. It's on the table in no time. And your family will say: "Gee, this is swell, Mother!" Or if you've leftovers you want to use up, Franco-American's rare and tasty flavor makes a dish of leftover meat taste like the proud creation of a French chef. Serve Franco-American!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO., Dept. 68,
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)

Address

City



Only ENDURA
HAS BEEN PROVEN
BY MORE THAN
150,000 Women

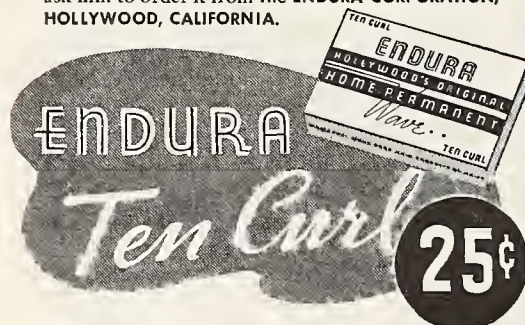


PERMANENT WAVE YOUR
HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME
**ENDURA GIVES YOU TEN
WINSOME CURLS FOR 25c**

Endura permanent waves those unruly end and side curls and makes your present permanent last twice as long. Endura is so easy to use, so inexpensive, so certain. Without machines, heat or electricity you can permanent wave your unruly curls at home while you work or read or even sleep; it's no trouble at all. More than 150,000 women have changed to this modern way to lovely, lasting waves.

A COMPLETE PERMANENT \$1.00
The large-size Endura gives you 50 curlers. Everything you need for a complete home permanent.

Endura is featured at drug, department and 5 and 10c stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, ask him to order it from The ENDURA CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.



**Learn
PHOTOGRAPHY
at Home**

Splendid opportunities. Prepare in spare time. Easy plan. No previous experience needed, common school education sufficient. Send for free booklet "Opportunities in Photography", particulars and requirements. American School of Photography Dept. 236C 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

You Get this Magic
FACIAL BRUSH

with every
bowl of



Sevilo
OLIVE OIL
Cream
25c Complete

This unique brush will give you the grandest facial you ever had. Just slip it over two fingers and scoop up the desired amount of Sevilo Cream. Its 250 flexible "fingers" will work the cream into your pores, bring out the dirt, give your face a thorough massage. You'll love this new thrilling, economical way of applying Sevilo Cleansing Cream.

Sevilo Cream is ideal for a facial—blended with pure imported olive oil, it cleanses, soothes, refreshes. No powder-base cream is needed with Sevilo. Opal bowl holds enough cream for 15 to 20 facials. Empty bowl is adorable for jewels or powder.

Brush and cream complete, 25c. Buy at the better 5c and 10c stores, or mail 25c direct to:

LEON SEVILO, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
V3

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General Rating

Accused (United Artists)	2★
The Accusing Finger (Paramount)	1½★
After the Thin Man (M-G-M)	3★
Another Dawn (Warners)	1★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star is Born (United Artists)	4★
As You Like It (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Banjo on My Knee (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
Beloved Enemy (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
The Beloved Vagabond (Columbia)	1½★
Beware of Ladies (Republic)	1½★
Black Legion (Warners)	3½★
*Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Borderland (Paramount)	2★
Breeding Home (Universal)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)	2★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Camille (M-G-M)	4★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Career Woman (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Champagne Waltz (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
China Passage (RKO)	2★
Clarence (Paramount)	1★
College Holiday (Paramount)	2★
Counterfeit (Columbia)	2★
Crack-Up (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Crime Nobody Saw (Paramount)	1★
Criminal Lawyer (RKO)	2½★
*Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
Dangerous Number (M-G-M)	2★
*The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil's Playground (Columbia)	2★
A Doctor's Diary (Paramount)	2★
*Don't Pull Your Punches (Warners)	1★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
Espionage (M-G-M)	2★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2½★
*Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Fire Over England (London Film)	3★
The Garden of Allah (Selznick International)	3★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girl Overboard (Universal)	2★
*The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
*Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
God's Country and the Woman (Warners)	2★
*The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
Gold Diggers of 1937 (Warners)	3★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Spook (M-G-M)	2½★
Great Guy (Grand National)	3★
The Great O'Malley (Warners)	2★
Green Light (First Nat'l)	2½★
Head Over Heels in Love (GB)	2★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
History Is Made at Night (Walter Wanger)	3★
*The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
*Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Holy Terror (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
House of Secrets (Chesterfield)	1½★
*I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	4★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
*I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
*Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
John Mead's Woman (Paramount)	2½★
*Kid Galahad (Warners)	3★
*Kidnapped in Shanghai (Republic)	2★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
King of Hockey (Warners)	1★
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)	3★
Legion of Terror (Columbia)	1½★
*Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maid of Salem (Paramount)	3★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
A Man Betrayed (Republic)	2★
Man of Affairs (GB)	2½★
*The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
Man of the People (M-G-M)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
*Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
Men Are Not Gods (United Artists)	2★

Picture and Producer

General Rating

*Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
*The Mighty Treve (Universal)	1★
*Mind Your Own Business (Paramount)	2★
More Than a Secretary (Columbia)	2★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
*Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Mysterious Crossing (Universal)	1½★
Nancy Steele Is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	3★
*Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Night Waitress (RKO)	2★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1★
One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
Outcasts of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Park Avenue Logger (RKO)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Penrod and Sam (Warners)	2★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
*Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Plainsman (Paramount)	4★
The Plot Thickens (RKO)	2★
The Plough and the Stars (RKO)	3★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
*Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racing Lady (RKO)	2★
Rainbow on the River (RKO)	3★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Rembrandt (London Film)	4★
Romance and Riches (Grand National)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance (RKO)	3★
*She's Dangerous (Universal)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
Sinner Take All (M-G-M)	2½★
*Slim (Warners)	2★
Smart Blonde (Warners)	1★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
*Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Step Lively Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Stolen Holiday (Warners)	2½★
Stowaway (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
Swing Time (RKO)	4★
That Girl From Paris (RKO)	3★
That I May Live (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
*There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
*Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
*This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Three Smart Girls (Universal)	3½★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Two in a Crowd (Universal)	1★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under Cover of Night (M-G-M)	2★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Walking On Air (RKO)	2★
Wanted: Jane Turner (RKO)	2★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
We're on the Jury (RKO)	2★
We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
When Love Is Young (Universal)	3★
When's Your Birthday? (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Woman Alone (GB)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
Woman in Distress (Columbia)	1½★
Woman Wise (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Women of Glamour (Columbia)	2★
You Only Live Once (United Artists)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

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

peramental, say the campaigners; nope, everything she does is as reasonable as a geometry book. Sure, and if Simone were left to herself, she'd wear high-button shoes and join the nearest Bible society.



Take it from me—it ain't so! Simone wasn't born in Marseilles and raised in Madagascar for nothing. She comes to Hollywood from another world, a world of intense contrasts, strong passions, the makings of temperament. She carries that world in her soul. And you can't whitewash a soul.

She has worked hard, but hasn't ever planned. What you sow has nothing to do with what you reap, is her credo, and she sticks to it. You can't blame her. For instance, in all the twenty-three years of her life, she never had twenty-three seconds' dramatic training. That didn't prevent her from becoming a star in a day because some director liked the shape of her mouth.

When she came to Hollywood early last Fall, she was cold-shouldered. Hollywood felt that it had outgrown temperament. Simone sulked. But when "Girls' Dormitory" was released, the boys and girls wanted to play with her, and Simone trotted out the old smile, the dimple in her right cheek went into action, and she was happy. She likes Hollywood and will like it, just so long as it continues to provide her with world-beating playmates like George Gershwin, Jimmie Stewart, William Wyler, to mention a few of the chaps who've dated her. Yes, she likes Hollywood—and she likes men. Men, too, have a sneaking admiration for this puckish, 5 foot 4 inches tall, blue-eyed little girl. That makes her what we fonney Americans call "beeg box-offees." And that reminds me; you'll soon be standing on line for tickets to "Danger—Love at Work."

GENE RAYMOND (Last printed August 1936. Total number of requests since then, 462.) Gene Raymond is that confirmed bachelor who just got married. It seems that when you're built like a Greek god, with crisp platinum locks and dancing blue eyes, you can give romance the run-around just so long and no longer. Gene should know. He wore a bullet-proof vest against Cupid's arrows and maidens' glances—and look what happened to him. He always had a different alibi on tap for the interviewers. Even when Jeanette MacDonald came along, Gene wasn't swept off his too solid feet—not until she convinced him of the truth of his self-created myth of bachelorhood. Jeanette had to prove it was all a hoax.



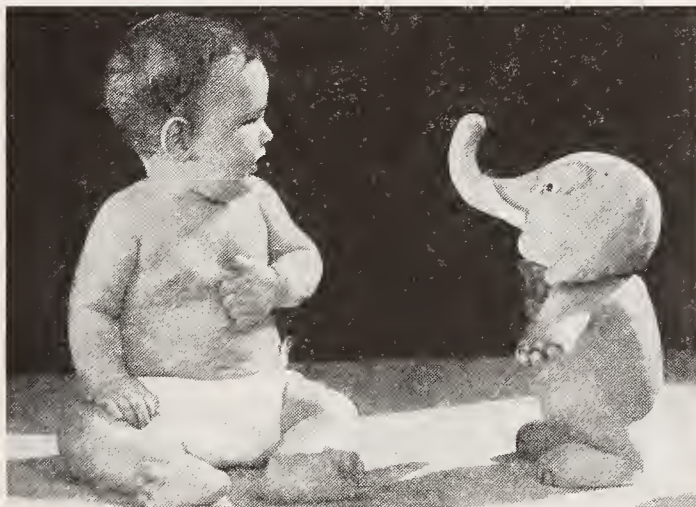
Not that Gene was ever girl-shy. As a boy, he went to school with Marguerite Churchill and Helen Chandler. It was a Professional Children's School, and Gene learned all the funny things actors learn. How to do a brogue, ride a horse, sing and fence, and occasionally there'd be a call for acting. It was in the latter part of his curriculum that little Raymond Guion (the French Huguenot name with which Gene was christened) excelled. And, every now and then, he'd play hooky from school and sneak in a few stage appearances. In 1913, at five, he wowed his public in a small way in a production of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

His first big-time wowing assignment was in "Young Sinners." That was in 1929. The show stayed on the boards for two years. Raymond played the role of a chap called Gene Gibson. When the show was over, and he was called to Hollywood, he hurriedly took the Gene from the Gibson, added the Raymond of his own name, and so the star you know today was born.

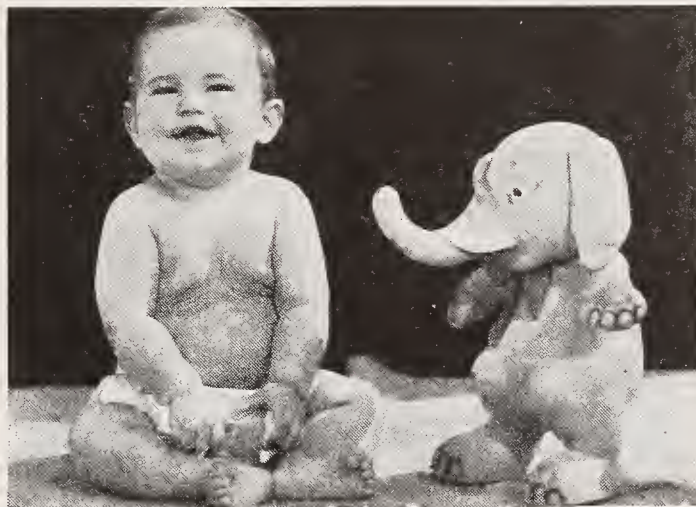
Just born, though. He had to take care of growing up all by himself. Paramount refused to cast him in anything but weakling roles—Milquetoasts of every description. At the close of his first contract, Gene said nix on a renewal and went free-lance. Since then he's made a big name for himself in the light comedy field. His next is "There Goes My Girl," with Ann Sothorn.



● *"Excuse me for getting personal—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say... It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?"*



● *"You don't tell me!... You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on... Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy!... Well, I must say you've got something there!"*



● *"Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder... no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"*



● *"Take one feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!" Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root... Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.*

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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Alluring FRAGRANCE . . .



In Paris, the woman of glamour turns instinctively to Djer-Kiss to increase her charm . . . To her cousins in America this precious French perfume is now available in Djer-Kiss Talc. To make yourself fascinating, use this exquisite Djer-Kiss Talc, every day.

In drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.



Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 17)

\$1.00 Prize Letter Found: A Second Valentino

When Rudolph Valentino passed on ten years ago, romance went with him. When he was living, the world seemed such a wonderful place to be in. I saw "The Son of the Sheik" eleven times. I think more of him today than the day he died.

Until recently I rebelled against the thought of anyone taking his place. But now I feel that Don Ameche is the only logical person to carry on where he left off. I'm sure Rudy is looking down from Heaven and agreeing with me.

I will live for the day when I can go to the theatre and see Don Ameche in "The Sheik," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and all the other films that Rudy made worth while. —Mrs. Edith Conklin, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

\$1.00 Prize Poem To Henry Wilcoxon

If Egypt's Queen bent her proud knee
And gave her heart to Antony—
If Berengaria did cling
To Richard, the Crusading King—
If then two Queens can thus be won,
Oh, what a man is Wilcoxon!

A wrestler, diver, painter, he,
This son of British sovereignty;
A banker, schemer, athlete: See
The President's great Mystery.
A hero with virility,
Wilcoxon, here's success to thee!

Though gay, gallant and debonair,
Brave Duncan lost his Alice fair.
But, Henry, don't be in despair,
You would have won had I been there!
And now I'm waiting patiently,
To see you soon in "Souls at Sea."
—Joan Randall, Hartford, Conn.

\$1.00 Prize Letter One More Dig

Cartoons have been drawn, articles have been written and comedians have ribbed the subject of the manner in which film stars sleep—that is, on the screen. But it's always worth one more dig.

I sigh with envy when I see one of our cinema lovelies waking up in the bright sunshine—not in the cold gray dawn, the blankets and sheets all smooth and even—not twisted and wrinkled, her hair smooth and perfectly in place—not snarled from sleeping on it the wrong way.

Have we not an actor or an actress who can wake up slowly and painfully to untangle himself and stagger into the shower and come out with his eyes still half shut? All the time we're watching this picturization of one of our vaguest pipe dreams, we're thinking how hard it's going to be to have to get up at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. —Margaret Hansen, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nelson Eddy's Childhood

According to articles I've read recently, "Nelson Eddy has had no childhood; he has never been young." Really?

As one who has known the Eddy family for years, I want to say that Nelson had a childhood that might well be the envy of a great many children. He had devoted parents, grandparents and great grand-

parents. When very young, he spent much of his time on the large farm of his great grandparents in Acusnet, Mass. He never had to spend a summer in the hot city, for his parents always took him to the shore.

It has also been said that his father moved about from place to place, so that Nelson had no home. His father has always been a hard working man. When Nelson was young, Mr. Eddy worked nights, aside from his regular job, that his family might have extra luxuries. For the past 22 years, Mr. Eddy has worked for the U. S. Government at the U. S. Naval Torpedo Station at Newport.

If Nelson had not had this normal childhood, he would not be able to hold down a three-man job as he is doing today.—A Family Friend, Providence, R. I.

A Discovery

No reason for writing this, except the right of every normal woman to complain.



Whoops! A prankish breeze nearly causes cute little Juanita Quigley to lose her top-piece. Don't you love the handbag clutched firmly and the amused expression?

You see, we've been spoiled because of such stimulating movies as "Mr. Deeds," "Come and Get It," "Theodora Goes Wild," "Great Ziegfeld" and "Camille," to name but a few. Give us a couple of poor or even slightly mediocre pictures, and we make the startling discovery that most movies are awful! It's all the fault of the producers really for giving us films that are remarkable when they can't hope to continue with the same formula.—Mrs. H. S. Bailey, Hampton, Virginia.

Speaking of Voices

It seems to me that an actress should have a voice far better than that of an ordinary person. And a starring actress should have an even finer voice.

I saw Ruby Keeler in "Ready, Willing and Able." During certain scenes her voice was so weak and slow that the audience started stamping their feet. She makes one feel like going up there to help her talk. She sounds so helpless and hopeless. Why doesn't she put some pep into her voice? She doesn't seem to have any spunk or vitality. Of course it isn't necessary to do a Martha Raye, but I wish she'd show more life.—Jane Stephens, Chicago, Ill.

Hangover

Last night I saw "Maytime" and this morning I have a hangover. The glorious voices of MacDonald and Eddy stay with me. I could go on offering adjectives indefinitely, but instead I want to state that I and the rest of the audience, from all indications, were in great danger of getting off to a bad start. I sat, suffering and sympathizing with my comrades in distress, whose moans were breaking my heart. Then and there I decided to

do my duty as a citizen and write to you. Please, why must our beautiful young heroines change to cane-thumping old ladies before our very eyes? It isn't right and we don't like it. Let us admire our truly old ladies but no more grey hair and wrinkles for the younger stars if you would spare our illusions.—Alice R. Langton, Rushville, Pa.

Goodness, Gracious

Surely everyone likes to see new personalities on the screen, but I'm sure no one anticipated anything quite like Martha Raye. She must have looked up humor in the wrong dictionary, for her chatter certainly isn't comedy. I have recently seen "Hideaway Girl" and previous to that "College Holiday," and in my estimation Miss Raye contributed nothing to either picture. She has no figure, and her singing is worse than her jokes; in fact she has nothing outstanding except a big mouth and surely we don't want to pay to see that.—Grace Meyers, Valley Stream, N. Y.

Indifferent to Barbara

Barbara Stanwyck doesn't seem to inspire either admiration or active dislike. And that's really the way I feel about her, utterly indifferent, so long as I don't have to see her ruin an otherwise good picture. But I do hate to see anyone who is no better an actress than Miss S. rate the publicity and important productions she does.

Actually, she can play but one role, and that goes for whether she is chorus girl, society girl or anything else; whatever she is, she is always loud-mouthed and coarse. For my part, her hard-boiled, tough manner gets on my nerves. If she were beau-

tiful, one wouldn't mind, but her plain face is too much.—Mrs. H. Bowers, Dallas, Texas.

Kingfish, No. 1

No wonder the movie-world pays tribute to that Great God, Publicity, Movie's Kingfish Number One. Why not? He took a pretty boy from little Pomona, carefully shook the hayseed from his hair, sent him to a tailor and then gagged gossip writers with those too, too precious personal items and that special-made-to-order romance. You bet the public read about him. They had to—or stop reading.—Florence Ridge, Canton, Ohio.

Watch Your Kisses, Bob

I did not like the way Bob Taylor kissed Greta Garbo in "Camille." It was an insult to her. I like the way he kisses Barbara Stanwyck much better. I suppose it's because he puts more feeling into his kisses to Barbara.—Janice Love, Bronx, N. Y.

Taylor Champion

I'm sick and tired of the abuse Bob Taylor has suffered of late. In my opinion, the letters sent in branding him as a movie lover with no claim to acting come from young Misses who feel that they are obtaining originality when they spurn the obvious popularity of a new screen rave. It happened to Gable, now Taylor, and Tyrone Power will probably be next.

Why, anybody with half an eye should realize that the final scene in "Camille" was the undisputed result of magnificent acting on the part of Taylor as well as Garbo.—E. G. Grandis, Brooklyn, N. Y.



WOMAN HATER?

THAT'S WHAT MEN THOUGHT
—BUT GIRLS KNEW BETTER!...



WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY, SIS, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? IS HE A WOMAN-HATER, OR --

WOMAN-HATER NOTHING! GUY LIKES THE GIRLS, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!



HER BROTHER TAKES A HAND

SIS IS A SWELL GIRL... FUSSY ABOUT THINGS LIKE BAD BREATH, OF COURSE. SHE SAYS HER DENTIST TOLD HER--

IS THAT A HINT FOR ME?



GUY TAKES THE HINT

YES, GUY, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOU AND SIS, GUY. GOOD LUCK!

THANKS! I OWE ALL MY GOOD LUCK TO YOU... AND TO COLGATE'S!

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



20¢ LARGE SIZE

35¢ GIANT SIZE

OVER TWICE AS MUCH



COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of Approval



WHAT AN AMAZING *Improvement*
Maybelline DOES MAKE!

*B*OTH the same person — you'd hardly believe it, would you? A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara make all the difference in the beauty-world. Pale, scanty, unattractive lashes—or the long, dark, luxuriant fringe that invites romance—let your mirror help you choose.

No longer need you risk the bold, artificial look of lumpy, gummy mascaras, when you can so easily have the *natural* appearance of beautiful dark lashes with Maybelline Mascara. Either the popular Cream-form or famous Solid-form lasts all day—and through the romantic hours of evening. Tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Obtainable at your favorite cosmetic counter. Try Maybelline — and see why 11,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer it.

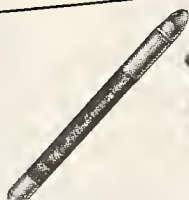
Try Maybelline's exquisite, creamy Eye Shadow. Blend a delicate harmonizing shade on your lids—to accent the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Form your brows into swift curving lines of beauty—with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of the world's largest selling eye beauty aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Introduce yourself to thrilling new loveliness — insist on Maybelline!



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.



Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.



Maybelline's world-famous economical Solid-form Mascara, in beautiful gold metal vanity. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Clothes Give You the Breaks

(Continued from page 41)

a frantic and often ludicrous effort to look exotic or glamorous or merely different, her aim is to look suitably dressed. Always, above all else, she looks well bred. Just between you and me, it comes naturally to this Warner favorite, but that is no reason why some of us more brash and impulsive and gadget-loving gals shouldn't deliberately try to acquire some of her delicacy.

*L*ET'S take a look at the clothes she is wearing in the pictures on Pages 40 and 41 and see if we can't discover what it is that gives distinction to her very simple clothes—the sort that you can find in your local stores, if you will just insist to the saleswoman that you would rather give the effect of a single glowing pearl than that of a three-alarm fire. Tell her you think it would be rather nice and terribly original to dress like a lady. It is the most daring form of originality these days.

First, let's analyze the dark, sheer, two-piece frock, because that is the sort of dress that every girl needs in her summer wardrobe, unless she is spending her entire time at the beach or in the mountains. If you are living in town, it's practically indispensable, because it looks so cool and suave. It is non-crushable and won't wilt.

You have probably seen some hundreds of two-piece dark sheer dresses in the past two summers, but this doesn't look like the others, does it? The blouse is shorter, the tiny round buttons are a pleasant change from big, fancy ones, but it is the collar that really does the trick. The collar is of stiffened faille in summer-sky blue, shaped like big flower petals.

Incidentally, a dress like this is very effective in black or in that very dark walnut brown, or even in Dubonnet red if you are so subdued in coloring that you need the build-up of deep colors in clothes. Anita Louise wears it in Navy blue, which is not only the ideal choice for her, but is usually the best choice for either blondes or brunettes, if they are blue-eyed.

All of her accessories are plain dark blue, you notice. Not a trace of fancy stitching on hat, handbag, shoes, or gloves. The effect is to concentrate every bit of attention on the one bit of trimming that relieves the inky darkness of the outfit. And that bit of color, you will notice, comes just where it frames her face. When Anita wears this dress, no one's attention will waver even momentarily from the most important part of the costume, which is the girl in the dress.

I know you are impatient to get on to the evening dress, because it is just the sort of fragile, floating creation that can make you the undisputed belle of the country club or resort hotel dance. And I bet you have caught on already to the repetition of Anita's trimming-at-the-neck trick. That soft, fluffy collar is formed of white organdie roses massed together.

Anita likes Navy blue for summer evening dresses. They are charming for a girl of her coloring. She keeps her ivory-like skin and glossy spun-gold hair in spite of the California sun. If you are the outdoor type and get a glorious tan in summer, dark evening dresses are not so good. They make your skin look dingy. Oyster white or the new lime green or canary yellow or the very palest of blue or pink will set off your glowing com-

plexion better.

Because summer entertaining is usually unpretentious, Anita thinks it more suitable to wear a dress made of crisp cotton fabric than the more sumptuous organzas or tulle. Dotted Swiss is ideal, because it is firm enough to be fitted in sculptured lines, soft enough to be gathered very full without looking bulky and yet filmy enough to float enchantingly when strolling or dancing.

I DON'T believe that Anita ever sat down and figured out a deft psychology of clothes. Ask her to talk about clothes and she looks at you all dewy-eyed and surprised and a little bit ashamed, as if she were letting you down. Hesitantly, she will tell you that she just wears what she likes. Lucky girl to be born with such unerring taste.

Probably you have noticed that lately there has developed a change in public taste. Out of the pandemonium of swing music, breakneck sports and continuous wisecracks, a vast public is beginning to turn toward gentleness and tenderness and delicacy. The brash hoyden is headed for the role of comic relief only. The tremendous success of "A Star Is Born" is attributed to the compassionate consideration of the leading characters for each other, and many people look on it as an indication that we are all going to stop pretending to be hard and make it smart to be softies.

Fashions in dress follow swiftly on the heels of other trends, and soft prettiness is due to supplant tailored sleekness and boxy lines. In that case, Anita Louise, who doesn't pay much attention to fads and fancies, will find that while others have been racing to keep up with fashion, fashion has been catching up with her.

The white shantung dress she is wearing is typical of the newest fashion trend. Instead of boxy lines, kick pleats, and widened shoulders, it has a more dainty air. The skirt is full, but plain. Incidentally, Anita doesn't refer to this as a tennis dress, or a spectator sports dress, or anything of the sort. She calls it a house dress. It is what she actually likes to wear around home. Slacks, pajamas, culottes are all right for those who like them, but Anita isn't the athletic type or the languorous type. Her hours at home are spent practicing on her harp, and I feel sure she could never approach her stately instrument without feeling hilariously incongruous if she were wearing slacks.

In many offices throughout the country, the old rule of wearing dark clothes even in midsummer has been discarded amid cheers, and many a girl now goes to work wearing a simple white dress. This one would be entirely suitable, as it doesn't make the wearer look as if she were headed for the golf links or the beach and just wandered into an office by mistake. Shantung is the ideal material for such a dress, for it won't wrinkle and it is dust-resistant. It looks unrumpled and fresh even after being shoved through crowds in subways and buses.

Although Anita has twice visited Paris, she likes American-made clothes best, because they are so practical. When she is shopping for clothes, she always thinks of the occasions for which she wants them. She doesn't just buy a strictly-tailored suit because store advertising proclaims that tailored suits are the current vogue. She buys clothes that are comfortable and suitable for her to wear as she drives to and from the studios, goes to a preview, or lunches with friends at one of Hollywood's favorite restaurants.

Restaurant-lunching is one of the occasions for which the dress designers



NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

You've never known anything like the new Odorono Ice! It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on . . . and presto! It's gone! And both dampness and odor are gone, too!



*Trade Mark
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

*** ODO-RO-NO ICE**
NON-GREASY

In two seconds your clothes are safe, your mind at rest about perspiration embarrassment for 1 to 3 days. No ruined dresses, no extra cleaners' bills. Get some! Work this miracle for yourself.

Odorono Ice has no strange odor to turn musty after a while. There's only the clean, fresh smell of alcohol that evaporates completely the minute it's on. It's so pleasant, so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant.

Don't mess about with smelly, greasy, ineffective creams another day. Save your clothes, your time, your temper with this newest scientific advance in deodorants.

The wonderful new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Buy a jar tomorrow!

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-E-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

**NOW LITTLE JOAN
IS NEVER ALONE**



use **Hush**
and be **Sure**

It's true, isn't it, that the popular person is the one who is always fresh and dainty, so play safe against Body Odors by daily use of HUSH! Instant protection from perspiration odors is yours with HUSH—use it any time, it is harmless to fabrics and imparts a soothing coolness to the skin. . . . Use it Daily

4 TYPES
CREAM LIQUID
POWDER STICK



10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite
toilet goods counter
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

**QUICKLY
CLEARS
THE SKIN
of
PIMPLES**

Say Satisfied Users of



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CREAM
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All Drug Counters • 20c Sizes at 10-cent Stores
FOR FREE SAMPLE NAC POWDER
Rachelle ☐ Natural ☐ Write Today to—
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How Old is Your Mouth?



5 Years Younger

• Help your lips to look 5 years younger—with Cutex Lipstick! Its special oil helps keep them smoother, more alluring. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby.

CUTEX
Lipstick **50¢**



have let us down pretty badly ever since the vogue for sports clothes swept the country. Between flowered chiffons which are apt to look pretty tacky, and trim little crepe suits which seem a little subdued for a party, there just isn't anything. Anita Louise has solved the problem of how to get a touch of elegance into a simple daytime crepe frock, though. She wears an exquisite soft brown lace blouse, a rippling ruffle down the front, with a bolero-jacketed beige crepe suit. With this she is wearing dark brown gloves and carrying a brown bag. Her hat is of brown taffeta stitched in beige.

We haven't said a word about shoes, but wouldn't you know that she would select the classic pumps that go so well with everything? The only burst of flippancy she indulges in is her choice of cut-out sandals to wear with her house dress. And those are on the conservative side.

Because Anita ignores all the exaggerated lines and gadgets of swiftly-passing fashions and consistently dresses in clothes that are simple, supple and dainty, one always remembers her softly-glowing beauty, not what she was wearing. Her choice of clothes would not be right for a girl of neutral coloring, a girl who was dashing and reckless and flamboyant, or the sleek, sophisticated type. They are utterly right for her, and if you have golden hair and creamy skin and blue eyes like hers, if you have a willowy figure and gentle manner, if you have natural delicacy of temperament, you can make the devastating impression on people that she does by following her lead in selecting clothes. Even the girls who shouldn't wear her type of clothes can learn a lot from her.

The secret of being effectively dressed is this: Know yourself, then be yourself.

She Has a System

(Continued from page 39)

from the Lombard—if your imagination will embrace a faint cry from Miss Lombard. But la Stanwyck fixed that all up, too. She kept score in her little red book. Everyone who does a stint on the ranch gets a lunch checked up against the future.

It works in Pomona, too. "Howz about watching the horses race tomorrow morning?" invites the seductive voice of Barbara. "I'd love it," says Bob and half a dozen others. Even when she springs that four-thirty A. M. on them, they still fall for it.

So they had a lot of fun, watching the education of these beautiful spirited babies since they arrived in blankets from Kentucky. At first the stable boys walked them around the track gently. Next came the ceremony of saddling them. Now the horses have a workout each morning. They bolt and run the wrong way at first, all over the field.

Barbara is right up there in her favorite spot on the stable roof, enjoying the show. But she hops down when the horses are brought in. A little job of Huckleberry Finning is waiting for her.

You walk a hot horse until he cools off, a man to a horse.

"Here's a horse for you, Bob. One for you, Clark." They must be walked for half an hour at a slow pace, and they don't always like it much. They want to run. The horses do—not Bob and Clark. They would probably just as soon be back home in bed. Instead, much to their surprise, they are out in Pomona at what amounts to dawn, saying, "Whoa, horsie!" and getting a pair of sore hands hanging onto a gee-gee who wants to go the other way.

YOUNG Dion, Barbara's son, going on five, is the inspiration for the ranch and horses. Barbara feels that this is a very important and formative time in his life, and that he has been too much with women in her manless household. He is now in the fireman stage, ready to graduate into a cowboy any minute. A hearty, handsome little golden-head, Barbara's plans are pretty much governed by Dion.

Way back last Thanksgiving, Barbara pulled a Huck Finn that was one for the book. Did little Babs clutter up her culinary department with a big Thanksgiving dinner and invite all the folks in to be stuffed? She's done that for many a year, but this year she had a better idea. She suggested, within hearing of the right ears,

how it would be just lovely to have a barbecue out at the new ranch, if only they had something to have a barbecue with. Which gave Carole Lombard the perfect opportunity to fling one of her epic shindigs. She sent out a crew to build a barbecue pit with all the fixings. When the party arrived everything was complete. even to the Roman couches.

"First time I ever ate Thanksgiving dinner lying on my stomach," Barbara says, "but it turns out to be the ideal way to cope with a barbecued steak."

AFTER the steaks and baked potatoes, etc., the party all fell asleep in the sun, which was surely different from the conventional turkey-at-home where you are perishing to go off and lie down awhile. but there are too many visiting relatives around. Don't you think someone ought to organize a campaign for naps-after-Thanksgiving-dinner? Let's see now, who'll make the speeches? How about Barbara?

Her very best Huckleberry Finn is the way she does about marriage. She just sits back and smiles and lets the newspapers do it for her!

"Sure, they get you in love, engaged, and married. You don't have to do a thing about it yourself," Barbara smiles. "Just appear in public twice with the same man, and everything is eggs in the coffee."

"After you saw your engagement announced in the public prints, without knowing about it yourself, how did you feel next time you saw Bob?"

"You feel like a darn fool, to tell the truth," Barbara said. "It's terribly embarrassing. You think, does he expect me to expect him to make good on it, and you wonder if he's figuring the same way. At first you feel self-conscious and embarrassed, then the only way out is to laugh it off. Fortunately, Bob and I both have a sense of humor. We are very frank and kid each other about it, which is the only out."

"And so?"

"Absolutely nothing definite. We have no plans and no intentions. Just having fun."

"If you go out and get married before this story appears, I'm going to be vexed with you," I said sternly. But not too sternly, because if Barbara wants to change her mind in favor of a grand old institution like marriage, I'm all for it. Especially if she happens to marry Bob.

Gable Is Afraid of Shirley Temple

(Continued from page 25)

plenty from her, too. I have—from all the women I've worked with—Loy, Garbo, Shearer, Lombard, top-notchers, the lot of 'em. Be kind of fun, at that, to go to school to No. 1.

"Of course," he went on, still gravely, though the twinkle had reappeared in his eyes, "Miss Temple has two strikes on me from the start. I'm big, and she's little, and who wants to look at a lunk like me when he can look at Shirley? I'm dark and she's fair, and the gentlemen still prefer blondes. The ladies?" He thought fast. "Well, show me any lady in the land who could resist Shirley." He seemed pleased at getting out of that one.

"How about dimples?" I inquired, though fearfully. "You're even there."

"When you say that, smile," he warned me. "She's got what belongs to her. I've got what doesn't. The very word wrecks a man. What guy wants to go around with a hole in his face? But Shirley—" He forgot for a moment his role of indignant plaintiff. "Those two little stars chasing themselves 'round her mouth. Cute as the devil, aren't they?" And his smile was like the smile he turned on Claudette Colbert, after she had sobbed herself to sleep behind the walls of Jericho.

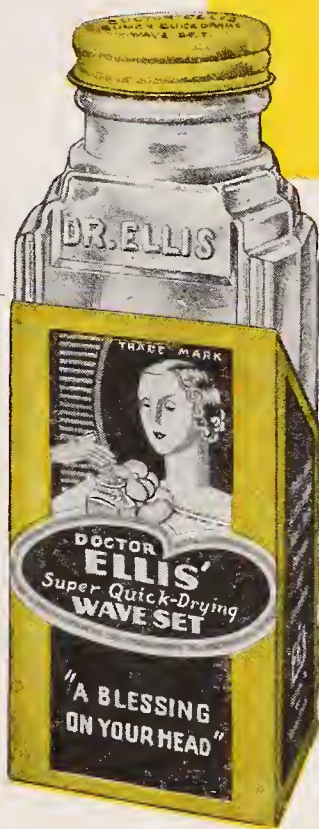
"Then," he went on, returning to character, "there's the great ear problem. Now I've never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Temple's ears, though I go to all her pictures. The only time I ever saw her in person was at the Academy Award Dinner last year. She's a beautiful baby and kind-looking, and if I'd asked her politely for a peek at her ears, she might have shown them to me. But to tell you the truth, it never occurred to me. If I'd known this story was coming up, I'd have made a point of it.

"ANYWAY, they're probably small and shell-pink, like the rest of her. But suppose, for the sake of argument, they weren't. Suppose, for the sake of argument, they were something like mine. Would anybody know it? Would they stand naked and free to the wind, like some I could mention? No. She's got a head of golden curls to hide 'em under. She doesn't *have* to hide 'em, mind you, but she's got the curls just the same. Mine ought to be hidden, and I haven't got the curls. Not that I want 'em, heaven forbid. But the least they could do is send me up on a picture to Alaska, where I could wear earlaps—and do some big game hunting at the same time," he added as an afterthought.

"And Alaska reminds me of beards. When we started 'Parnell' there was some talk of a beard. We compromised on sideburns. With Shirley, the question would never come up. If it did, she'd laugh and stick it on and think it was some fine new kind of game she was playing. What's more, she'd look just as sweet with that face of hers poking out over it. Well, the beard would look just as funny on me, but the face would take punishment. And then there's clothes. Put Shirley in a frilly dress, and she looks grand. Put her in overalls and she looks just as grand. Put me in a frilly dress, and see how I look. I just don't have the range," he grinned.

"Finally, there's this all-important question of time. Movie stars don't generally last more than five years, so you're told. Well, that's where Miss Shirley has it all over the rest of us. And I'm not

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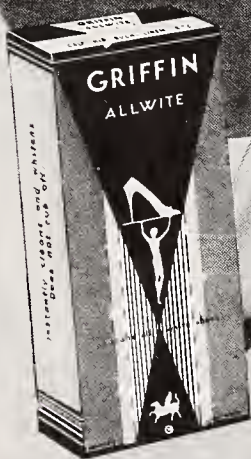
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kidding this time. That baby's twined herself so fast around people's heartstrings, that I don't believe they could get along without her. They'll want to keep right on seeing her, same as their own kids. They'll want to know what happens to her from one year to the next. They'll want to watch her growing from a little girl to a bigger girl. They'll be interested in every stage, when she ties back that mop of curls with a ribbon; when she begins to lengthen out like a long-legged colt; when she goes in for roller-skating and bicycles; when she starts being interested in boys and goes to her first party in her first party dress; when she graduates from school; and then when she really grows up and falls in love.

"Sure, they'll only see it on the screen, but they can imagine her doing the same things in her own life. There'll be all that change, all that variety, while the rest of us stay the same, except that we get a little older each year. People get tired of seeing the same faces all the time. I know I do. But I've got a hunch they won't get tired of Shirley, because they've adopted her. She belongs to them.

"I can see it going on and on forever, till she's playing grandmother parts, with her white hair still curly and the dimples still chasing each other 'round her mouth. And the fans still loving her.

"Nope," he concluded, folding his hands behind his head. "I'm not in her class. Not the grandmother type," he amended, with a flash of white teeth. "So the smart thing for me is to get out before I've tumbled so far that Shirley won't even think I'm worth haunting any more. That's just what I intend to do in four years, when my contract is out. By that time it'll be a relief to all concerned.

"I'd like enough money for security and not a penny more. Five hundred a month will do. I wouldn't cross the street to make more, if I had that much. Then I want to travel while I'm still young enough to enjoy it. I want to see all there is in this world to see. I want to go on that big game hunt in Alaska and to Africa on another, where I'll only have No. 1 lions to wrestle with instead of No. 1 movie stars. I don't want to wait till I've reached the age when I can't lie down on the ground without getting lumbago. I don't want to wait till doctors start telling me: 'Better not fly, old man. Your heart won't stand it.' I'm going while I can do all the things I want to do as I want to do 'em.

"Then, if I still feel that way, I'll build a little house here in California. I don't want estates with stables and pools and tennis courts. It's not what I've ever been used to, and I don't like it. Just a small house where I don't have to have a flock of strange servants walking around all hours of the day and night, or a lot of rooms that nobody uses.

"But plenty of ground where I can keep animals. Two hundred acres, maybe. And I don't have to live in San Fernando Valley, where they soak you six hundred an acre for land. Drive out from Hollywood an hour or two, and you can get it for twenty-five or fifty. I'd like to combine the back-ground and atmosphere of a ranch with a New England landscape, with lots of trees and grassy meadows and a stream.

THE house could be almost anything that was practical and comfortable. Only not Spanish; I don't like Spanish architecture. Early American, maybe; and one story. I don't go for two-story houses. And not to run over ten thousand dollars. I'd have gas and electricity and all those things put in. I don't care for the fancy stuff, but I do like a certain amount of comfort. "There'd be one big living-room, probably running the entire length of the house,

with a huge fireplace at one end, the kind you could get a good big log into. I might almost make it a combination living-room, dining-room and playroom." He was warming to his theme now, as the house grew under his eyes, eager as a boy's. "You could sort of whisk the dining-room away, when you'd finished eating, like those fellows in the fairy tales. I'd do the whole room in knotty pine, with a ceiling of big timbers, and, instead of board floors, I'd have this tile you can throw rag rugs down on. So if you're out riding, you can come in with mud on your feet, and so can your dogs, and you don't have to worry about what'll happen to the Oriental carpets. Just run a mop over it, and there you are.

"I'd like plenty of gay color around, but none of this wild stuff—what do they call it? Surrealist? Can you make head or tail of it? No? Me, too. Oh, and brass; I like brass bright and shining by the fireplace and anywhere else I can stick it.

"Not over three bedrooms; a couple for my friends, because the latchstring would always be out. Not too big a kitchen; and a cellar under the whole house, where I could store things like potatoes and apples. Bathrooms are the one thing I might go haywire on. Probably spend more money on them than the rest of the house put together. I hate a shower that sprays out a measly trickle or two and stops. I want them full, with lots of pressure behind them, so they make you sting.

"Then I'd have a little cottage on the grounds for the help, man and wife, if I could get 'em. When I'm in a house, especially a house that's small, I like to be able to close the door and know that I'm the one in it. I *hate*," he said with an almost fierce intensity, "the sense of people pussyfooting around.

ANIMALS? First of all, two or three horses. I'd want to take care of them myself, and I couldn't take care of more than that many. Probably a cow, because I like the milk. No, I wouldn't milk her myself," he laughed. "Not that I don't know how. But I wouldn't want to tie myself down to a cow. When milking time comes, you've got to be right there. And there were too many times I had to go home from school to do that very thing, when I wanted to be playing baseball.

"Let's see, what else? Chickens, for eating. Oh, yes, and a cat," he said suddenly, with the air of being slightly startled at himself. "You know, I used to think I didn't like cats. Well, the fellow at the stable where I keep my horse has one running around. I was amazed when I saw how he jumps over this guy's arm and comes running like a dog when he whistles. I've kind of fallen for that cat. He knows me now, and we get along fine. Yes, decidedly I want a cat. And dogs, of course, plenty of 'em, all kinds, any kind, mutts and near-mutts and maybe a snob or two, provided they don't stick up their noses at the others.

"Will I miss the movies? Well, you see, I'm just a farmer at heart. I'll be building fences, pruning trees, making improvements, working out my horses. I'll be too busy to miss anything—even Shirley.

"Maybe some day," a quizzical blue gleam shot from under his black lashes, and the hole in his face deepened, "when I'm rubbing down Southern Son, a little lady with fly-away golden curls and a frilly dress'll pass by. Maybe my horse'll be curious enough to want to know who she is. Maybe she'll be fourteen or eighteen or twenty-one. That won't make any difference. I can still tell him: 'That's the little lady who once kept your old man hopping. That's Shirley Temple, No. 1 actress in the movies.'"

So You'd Like to Be a Star?

(Continued from page 31)

or a photographic sitting to be okayed.

AND these things must be done. We can't go temperamental, either, and scratch the paper off the walls or slam down our make-up boxes and take off. You, Sarah, can tell your boss off, slam down your desk or bolt of ribbon. You shouldn't, but you can. If you do, what happens? At the worst, you may get fired. That may be pretty bad but, at least, only your boss and the office force and a few of your friends need know about it. If I should get fired, the whole world and every producer in the industry would know about it.

"It would be blazoned in the headlines. The Finger would be on me. At the worst, your huff would be put down to a scrap with your boy friend, and a casual 'what's eating her?' would be the end of it. But I would be branded as hard to handle. You may be able to pound the keys or sell merchandise with frazzled nerves, but you can't go before the camera that way. The camera catches everything.

"Perhaps a great many of you girls feel abused when your boss asks you to rewrite a letter. Perhaps you groan when you make a typographical error, have to take the sheet out of the machine and start all over again. I can feel for you, but I doubt that you have ever felt for me. For we, in pictures, 'take the sheet out of the machine and start all over again' ten, sometimes twenty times, before we complete a 'take.' Perhaps we fumble a line, perhaps someone sneezes or a bumble bee buzzes in, and then we have to do the whole scene over again. Perhaps it is the biggest love scene in the picture, a death-bed scene, something that makes far greater emotional demands than rewriting a letter. Whatever happens, I have to wear a bright, brave smile and pretend it doesn't matter.

"I just don't dare have a cold in the head. I have to be far more careful of myself than I would be, left to my own devices. After all, a gal from Montana isn't exactly a hot-house plant. I'm a pretty sturdy specimen. But I have to behave, most of the time, like a fragile orchid. For if I should catch cold, get a dose of sunburn or contract a nice dose of poison oak—well, if anything happens to me while I'm working, it isn't only my face that burns. It would cost the studio thousands of dollars while I held up production. It might keep hundreds of people, extras and so on, out of work. I'm not my own man, girls. I daren't take chances with Myrna Loy, for she isn't my property.

"Other girls," Myrna went on warmly, "write me like this: They say, 'What is there for me to do after hours? My boy friend and I may have dinner together or go dancing. Or my girl chums will come over and we'll talk about our boy friends or, if we are engaged, our coming marriages. But our parties, Myrna, would seem tame to a girl like you. You go to such glorious ones, don't you?'"

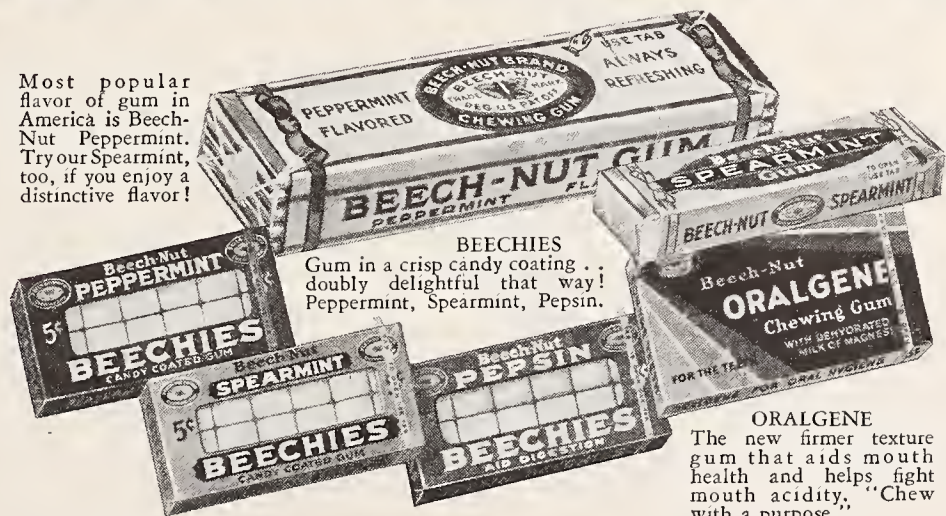
"Hah!" said Myrna, "I'd give away two years of my life to be able to get together with girl friends and talk about my marriage and new house which are, naturally, the most thrilling topics in my life. If I could be the plain Myrna Williams I am at heart, instead of forever figuring out what Myrna Loy dare and dare not say,



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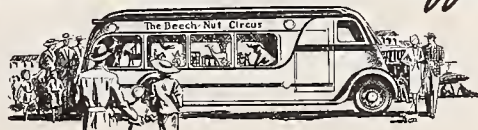
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I'd talk about Arthur and our romance and marriage and new home. I want to, right now. I can't. It wouldn't be in good taste. It might sound like bragging, in public, about private matters. The studio mightn't like it. It would also be offensive to Arthur, who doesn't wish to be included in my publicity. So, I can't have any of the he-sez-to-me and-I-sez-to-him chummy sort of talk that other girls can. You think that's fun? It isn't.

"I have to be self-conscious most of the time. The most normal, insignificant move I make may be magnified in the public prints tomorrow. As when, recently, I was knitting booties for my maid's expected baby and read everywhere that I was not knitting booties for my maid's baby—ah, no. Well, it happens that I was knitting them for my maid. You'd think I'd know better by this time than to be seen manufacturing 'little garments' in public. But I haven't learned yet.

WHEN I go home at night I can't have the fun of dining out or dancing or going to a show with my husband. We do all of our socializing over the week-end. Other nights, I'm too tired to know for sure whether I'm Myrna Loy, Mrs. Arthur Hornblow or Kitty O'Shea. I'm not much good as a wife, a hostess, a goer-outer. I just stumble into bed if, by some miracle, I don't have to memorize lines for the next day's takes. Fortunately for me," Myrna said, "Arthur takes the greatest possible interest in my work. He certainly doesn't want me to give up my career. And he understands perfectly the demands made upon me, which is the only way in which marriage to a screen player is even possible.

"I'm not interested in clothes as other girls are and should be. In fact, I hate clothes. I'm dressed up to the nines all day and every day on the set, every detail perfect, every hair in place, a mirror poked under my nose every time I turn around. I'm tired of looking my best. I loathe the very mention of shopping. I feel ill when

anyone mentions fittings. There's nothing I'd like better than to slip into something loose, whether it fits or not, and relax. I can't. That's one reason why we built our home in the comparative wildness and isolation of Cold Water Canyon, so that I can wear slacks and shuffle about in slippers.

"I can't go anywhere when I'm working. Too tired even to go to a neighborhood movie or to the corner drugstore for a soda. I couldn't go even that far without looking 'right,' you see. Not because of any personal vanity, but because the studio has spent millions of dollars on the personality known as Myrna Loy. And I can't let the studio down by slipping off my expensive mask of glamor. I've got to be, on all public occasions, the personality they sell at the box office.

"It's a shaky business, too. A good break is likely to get you in, in the first place. And a bad break is just as likely to get you out. And if you're out, you're out. Then there is always someone coming along from the outside, someone newer, more colorful, more talented. Or you may have two bad pictures, fail to get the right material, and you're gone with the wind.

"If I had the money you make!" girls write. Yes, for a limited time. On the premise, too, that the more you make the less you can keep. And also, what good is money unless you can spend it? And if I hate clothes, prefer to hike rather than roll about in cars, can't entertain much because of being too tired, can't get away from the studio to make trips, have to guard my home and possessions as though I were ashamed of them—well, so what?"

Myrna rose and walked to the windows, looking down on the Hollywood which she, a schoolgirl from Montana, has so triumphantly conquered. She turned to face me; her mouth was smiling. But there was something deeper than laughter in her eyes.

She said, "It's nine parts drudgery and fear and heartache to one part thrill and glamor. It's all the things I've said it is, and more. And I love it—I love it."

I'm Not Married Because—

(Continued from page 27)

I was only seventeen, and I thought marriage would be a step into paradise. But even at seventeen, if I'd had to say to myself, 'This is forever. Are you sure?' I might have given myself time to realize that I wasn't sure and saved us all a lot of heartache."

She was speaking slowly, choosing her words, intent on presenting the facts in their true light, a light that reveals not heroes and villains, but the blundering humans most of us are.

YET I'm glad we married. Or perhaps I should put it this way. I'm sorry to have made my mother unhappy and Grant unhappy. But I'm glad for the lessons I learned—that marriage doesn't just work of its own accord, that it's got to be made to work. All humans are selfish, and we in this business are probably more selfish than most. We're pampered and fussed over. At first we're grateful, and then we begin to accept these things as our right. 'Why should I stand this, and why should I stand that?' we say and take that attitude with us into marriage. Of course it's ruinous. Of course you've got to give and take.

"Well, Grant and I may have hurt each other—not may have, we did—but only through youth and inexperience, not through ill will. There's no bitterness in

my memories, and I hope and believe he would say the same. But if I hadn't learned about marriage through that one, I might have stepped blindly into another that would have been bitter. Which is why I'm glad. It may be a selfish reason, but there it is. An actress friend of mine who waited till she was almost thirty to marry, once said to me, 'I waited because I wanted to be sure of what I was getting into. If I had to do it again, I'd do the same thing. And I'd train any children of mine to do the same thing. The only one important thing when you marry is to be sure he's the man you want to live with for the rest of your life.' That's what I didn't realize at seventeen. Now I do. And now I'll wait till I am sure."

A little relieved at having finished with that, she reached for a cigarette, then somewhat inexplicably murmured, "Salamander," and folded her hands demurely in her lap. I followed her warning eye to where a blue-uniformed guard had strolled on the scene. "No smoking," she explained. The guard smiled like a father and went his way. Miss Young stuck the cigarette back into its pack. "Be a good girl, Loretta," she admonished herself. "Don't betray that trusting grin. Anyway, wait until the effect's worn off."

I asked her if she carried in her mind

any picture of the man she might one day marry. The answer came promptly, as if it were a matter she'd given thought to.

"Not a picture, no; but two things he's got to have. Moral courage and breeding. I can't stand a leaner. I don't want my husband to be my baby, too. Oh, in little ways, yes, but not in the essentials. If there's any leaning to be done, I'm old-fashioned enough to think the woman should do it. I'm no clinging vine. I'm used to being independent. I'm not one to hang fondly on a man and get a thrill out of being a slave to petty authority: 'Darling, you smoke too many cigarettes,' and so on. But I want to know that if I do feel like leaning all over him, I can, and he'll stand firm. Any woman wants that. She may love the other kind in a pitying way. But I want to love my husband plain, without pity, without feeling I have to apologize for him, even to myself—least of all to myself.

"And by breeding I don't mean a line of aristocrats behind him. There's a breeding of the heart, an instinctive good taste that aristocrats sometimes don't have and hod-carriers do. It includes a certain fastidiousness of mind and body. I don't like dirty finger-nails and uncouth language. He's got to be literate. I don't care whether he's a college graduate or not. He's got to love education for its own sake—not for the sake of some letters after his name, but because it opens new worlds and trains you to make the best of what you've been born with.

I HOPE I'm not sounding smug, making demands, as if I were a paragon of all the virtues myself. After all, they're not unreasonable demands, are they?" she pleaded with comic wistfulness. "Character and a certain degree of culture? And perhaps I can redeem myself by stopping there. The rest doesn't matter. I don't care what he looks like. Handsome or ugly, it's all the same to me. Of course, I'd be pleased if he weren't a Dracula. I'd be pleased if he were beautifully attentive and considerate and thoughtful of me. But if he weren't, I'd soothe my vanity by putting it down to absent-mindedness. Sometimes I think I'd like him to be in the motion picture business, and sometimes I hope to heaven he knows nothing about it.

"I'd be pleased, too, if his tastes were something like mine. For instance, I adore dancing. I studied it for eight years, and it's a passion with me. Well, when Albertina Rasch gives a recital at the Bowl, I'd like him to enjoy it with me. But if he'd rather go to the Stadium for the fights, that would be all right, too. When we got home, he could tell me who knocked out whom. And I could give him an imitation of one of the Rasch girls dancing. That would probably amuse him.

"Money? Yes. Frankly, money is important. But only to this extent—that he should be able to make enough to keep his own self-respect. A million dollars has no attraction for me. The more money you have, the more you worry about it. I've got enough for myself. But for his own sake, I shouldn't want to marry a man who would have to take from me. If he were out of luck, I'd give with both hands. But however generously you give, taking humiliates a man—makes him feel inferior—which must never be. It's fatal to any marriage." Her kindling eyes softened as she said more quietly, "I couldn't bear to see my husband anything but proud."

Then again she sought relief in lightness. "I forgot," she smiled. "There's one more must. He must not be a practical joker. I can't stand a man who thinks it's funny to embarrass people—to electrify a chair, for instance, and then go haw-haw-hawing all over the place, as if he'd done something really noteworthy. I always feel like bash-



"You have an enemy —a beautiful blonde IT'S YOURSELF!"

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. *It's you, yourself, my dear!*"

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself*. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.*

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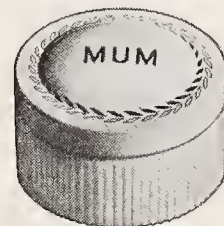
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ing him one," said the fragile-looking Loretta and eyed the slender hands in her lap as if to weigh their possible bashing power.

"And when I marry my non-practical joker," she went on, "I think I'd like to retire. I don't know, mind you, whether I will or not. I may feel quite differently about it tomorrow, and I've lived long enough to discover that keeping a flexible mind saves you a lot of self-torment. But if I feel as I feel now, I'd like to retire. Not because I believe marriage and a career won't mix. That's a subject I have no theories on. Whether they'll mix or not depends on the individual. But for myself, I'm inclined toward a normal home life, children and the rest of it. I'd like to run my house, work in my garden, be there when my husband comes home at night, look after my babies myself.

THERE'S always the danger, of course, that I'd miss the excitement and stimulation of this business. I've been in it for eleven years. I know how it's crept into my blood, become part of me. I know it would be hard to give up. If my husband were connected with pictures and came home and talked about them, I'd probably quiver like an old firehorse to get back. If he weren't connected with pictures, I'd feel cut off from all that's been most colorful in my life. Still," she said, thoughtfully, "I do see the danger, so I might be able to avoid it.

"Because—and in relation to anything else I've said, you'd have to print this in letters a mile high—the only real happiness I've ever got out of life is contact with the people I love. Nothing else matters. Not money, not clothes, not looks, not being flattered and run after. All that's pleasant, but empty. If you had it all and lost your family and friends, it would just be a heap of nothing that would sicken you. Loving your own and being loved by them is the only happiness there is. If I know anything in this world, I know that. So it seems reasonable to suppose that a husband and children you loved more than anyone else

would manage to compensate for the lost thrill of work that you love. After all, you can't love work as you love people.

"I've got a fair notion of how I'd feel about my own children, because I adore my niece and nephew so. D'you mind if I turn into a doting aunt? Try and stop me," she laughed. "James Carter Herrmann is only four months old and mostly sleeps. But Gretchen, my namesake, is all of ten months. I generally stop by from the studio to call on her. She's rather a high-strung baby, not especially calm except with her father and mother and nurse.

"Well, Sally and I look quite a bit alike, and the other day she mistook me for her mother. She cooed and gurgled, and she has a trick—when you stick your lips out at her, like this, she sticks her own right back—and she patted my face with those little hands of hers. If there's any lovelier feeling in the world, I haven't met it. I tell you I had the most wonderful time of my life. I try to get there every day now before Sally comes home, so the baby'll make the same mistake. Low trick to play on your own sister, isn't it? But she doesn't mind.

"She said to me the other day, 'Gretch, there's nothing like it. To feel the absolute dependence of that little creature on you. To know you're the one person in the world she trusts instinctively, turns to for everything. To feel her hands clinging to you. I can't describe what it does to you—makes you humble and strong and reverent all at once, so your heart almost bursts, and you want to get down and pray that you'll never fail her. I don't want to get maudlin over it,' Sally told me, 'and I've had thrills before. But this kind of quiet thrill it tops them all.'"

Her long, lovely hands, on which a blue sapphire gleamed, were lying in her lap again. Her gray eyes were serene, as when they'd been gazing out toward an imaginary sea. Serene, but illumined with such tenderness that she might have posed for a young madonna as she said, "That's a thrill I hope life isn't going to cheat me of."

Don't Let It Get You Down

(Continued from page 37)

Rub a little into the cuticle and push back with the orange stick. Vaseline is better. If your family uses olive oil in cooking, there's nothing better than a little warm olive oil for both the dear old nails and the dear old scalp—before the shampoo. I admit, it doesn't smell very nice, and the prepared business sold on the drug-store counter is much nicer to use, but never mind.

Olive oil, vaseline or castor oil will groom and thicken your lashes and eyebrows. And there's the starch manufacturer who puts out the customary household starch in a lightly perfumed modification—cheap as can be and so nice that many women who could afford something more elegant prefer it to bath salts.

CLEANLINESS is a big problem when one is good and gol-dinged poor, and I hope I'm not treading on any sensitive toes when I say this. But I know. I know the problem of none-too-plentiful hot water, and how in the heck can a person get a good bath without hot water? Many is the household where the gas and oil bill must be watched like a hawk. Well, darlings, one can, by golly, gradually accustom oneself to bathing in cold water, and that sounds pretty heroic, but it can be done.

And you can remember that, though it's lovely and luxurious to sit in a tub way up to your ears, you can get just as clean in half a tubful.

Then, too, there's the dress cleaning problem. That's why I advise you to put a good deodorant way up on your necessity list. And, for heavy dresses—anything made of wool, and sweaters, of course—pay out a quarter for a pair of arm shields. Print dresses that may run, if you perspire, should be protected with shields, too. Learn to use a cleaning fluid successfully, and get small spots out as quickly as you can. Here's a trick if you get grease on a dress: take your powder puff and slap powder onto the spot, right away. Leave the powder on for, say an hour, maybe—to absorb the grease, and then brush gently. You'd be surprised how many times I've used that emergency method and saved a cleaning bill. And here's a trick for your good woolen things—your heavy coat and your good tweed skirt. Hang them out in the rain. That's what I said. But remember, I said *good* things. Cheap stuff would shrink. But there's nothing softer than rain water, as you may have heard. And if a garment is just generally dusty and non-fresh, but not spotted, a day out on the line in a mild rain will clean it beauti-

fully. You'll have to remove any fur or trimming, of course.

Here I've switched from the beauty theme to the clothes theme, but it's all part of the same problem, anyway. However, to return to other handicaps to the business of being beautiful . . .

There is the handicap of too little time, as well as the handicap of too little money. Too much work, too many responsibilities. The handicap, also, of a rather blah state of health, you know the feeling. You're not actually sick enough to go to bed, but you're not well enough to be much use. You manage to pull yourself together to do absolutely necessary things, but beyond that you say phooey.

There is the handicap of disapproval and ridicule . . . haven't I seen this with my own eyes in families where daughter is honestly making an effort to improve face and figure, while the entire family sneers or scolds. Mother says, "Now, all this dieting nonsense is ridiculous. Eat those potatoes, Miss Prissy!" Pop says, "Always fussing in front of the mirror!" There is often a younger brother to make everything just dandy, who says "Ooooh, my, it's Jean Harlow we have with us! Or is it Garbo you think you look like with them eyebrows? Nuts!" Yeah, it's kinda tough.

For the blah state of health, I have to fall back on the old advice about diet. Fruits, vegetables, lean meats; raw vegetables, especially raw cabbage and raw carrots. Nine times out of ten, constipation is at the root of this evil. Fight it intelligently. Take a mild saline laxative, and visit your doctor, if the condition persists. Take time for daily attention to this problem, and let household or other interference wait, by heck.

Also, for that rather pepleless feeling, try salt baths or salt rubs, or both. Take a handful of common salt and moisten it, then rub your body with it, or simply toss it into the tub. Remember that a shower is invigorating, and tub baths are apt to be enervating; if you're mixed up on the meaning of those words, the first means swell for you, and the second means lousy for anybody lacking in pep. If you haven't a shower, you can order an attachable one from a mail-order house or buy parts in the five and dime store.

For the very busy girl or woman, the only way to handle the beauty problem is to plan ahead and plan intelligently. With a bunch of kids and a house to tend, you must set aside time to beautify yourself as systematically as you set aside a day for washing and ironing. With a job that keeps you stepping every minute of the day, I well know that at the end of that day you want one of two things: to fall into bed without so much as washing your face, or a date that will make you forget your weariness and the pressure of your responsibilities.

However, you can set aside, say, Thursday night, for shampooing, a thorough manicure, and odds and ends of sewing for yourself. You can take time for a beauty bath, a really luxurious soaking. While you're soaking, your face should be smeared with cream. You can wrap your fingernails in olive-oil soaked cotton and let them beautify while you loll in the tub. One night—out of seven—into bed early, feeling relaxed and beautified, with, maybe, a thin film of the cream still on your face; with, maybe, your freshly shampooed hair set with lotion and bobby pins and protected by one of those ten-cent silk mesh caps; with, maybe, your poor tired feet anointed with foot balm and raised up on a small pillow; with, in short, whatever particular beauty treatment you need.

Returning to what I said about disapproval and ridicule, I get many letters which say, "My mother won't let me diet.



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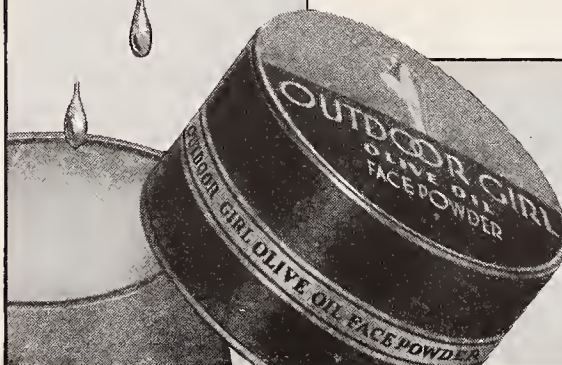
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What should I do?" Blessed if I know how to answer them. If daughter has been going in for some screwy diet scheme, which doesn't give her enough to eat, I can't blame mama. But if mama raises the roof over daughter passing up the bread and potatoes, when daughter weighs a hundred and sixty, I can't blame daughter. I do feel that both mothers and daughters can be intelligent about this thing. After all, a sensible diet gives anybody enough to eat. If necessary, go to a doctor and get his O. K. on what you want to eat.

At the beginning of this article there are pictures of four people who have overcome all sorts of handicaps. I thought of Janet Gaynor's early days when I saw her in "A Star Is Born." Janet worked in a shoe store—a dreary, tiring job. She has never been particularly strong. I don't mean that she's suffering from any mysterious ailment, but you have only to look at her tiny body to understand that she's not made for wearisome physical effort.

In those early days, Janet's biggest trouble was eating. She didn't care a great deal about food. But she wanted to be a movie star some day—just like Esther Victoria Blodgett in "A Star Is Born"—and she forced herself to keep her skin clear and fresh and her small frame rounded, by sensible eating. Oh, to be sure, she had next door to no money, but good cream soups come in cans, for ten or twelve cents a can; a bottle of milk doesn't cost very much; if one hasn't the facilities for cooking fresh vegetables, the canned ones are excellent. Janet remembered these things and didn't fall into the working girl's villainous habit of snatching a quick bite in a drugstore, temporarily filling but lacking in nourishment.

It's strange to think of the aloof Garbo being up against it for the necessities of this world. But Sweden, even though a neutral country during the war, nevertheless felt the international pinch that seizes upon money, food and jobs in such times. Greta Garbo counted herself right lucky to get a job in a barber shop, lathering faces! Dreary, menial work that, for the woman who is now the world's Number One Siren. She didn't, when the first break came, suddenly leap into world acclaim, as the meagre information on her sometimes leads us to believe. She took any job that came along. One of her early movie ventures took her to Istanbul on a salary one needed a magnifying glass to see. When she came over here with Mauritz Stiller, it was a wild gamble. Perhaps you remember early pictures of Miss Garbo. The teeth that had to be straightened. The good, solid one hundred and forty-five pounds that covered her bones. Oh, yes, Miss Garbo has had a handicap or two to hurdle in her life.

Bette Davis and her mother and sister came down to New York from Boston. Bette and sister were going on the stage. The three of them took one room; they

couldn't afford more. Mrs. Davis slept on two chairs, with suitcases placed between. Her girls slept in the one bed. It was they who needed the good night's rest, so that they'd be rested for tomorrow's job-hunting. Bette would boil a saucepan of water over a Sterno flame and then carefully steam the creases out of her good skirt. She had one pair of nice-looking pumps. She kept them shined and crackless by smearing them with cold cream and polishing them with plenty of elbow grease and an old cloth. She had long golden-brown hair in those days, and she gave it one hundred strokes with the brush before piling into bed.

Eleanor Powell's mother took a job as a waitress so that she might pay for ballet lessons for her daughter. Some famous dancer had said that Eleanor had a great deal of talent, but that a thorough training in ballet was essential to all dancers, no matter whether they wanted to toe dance, tap or truck. So Eleanor, who was pretty tired from dancing twice nightly in an Atlantic City club, would faithfully get up early and practice the twirls and leaps that, today, make her body as graceful as her feet are swift.

With the stars as your models, why don't you decide right now to do something about your figures? You can loll on the beach in those oh-so-revealing clingy bathing suits this summer with 'nary a worry, if you'll get to work immediately. Send for my completely revised set of exercises for reducing the waist, stomach, hips, thigh, bust and legs. However, if yours is the building-up problem, I'll send you exercises for putting on weight. Also, many of you have been complaining of oily skin, acne, blackheads and large pores; others have the dry-skin bugaboo to combat. I have marvelous skin treatments, which are yours for the asking, to take care of every one of these problems. If you want these bulletins, please fill out the coupon below, checking the desired items, and mail it to Mary Marshall, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Write to me for any other personal beauty information, too.

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Song and Dance Man

(Continued from page 29)

wanderlust. One young fellow talked to me for an hour. He was headed back to Pittsburgh, his home town. The only thing that stopped me from paging the city and asking someone to look him up and say hello and welcome home for me was that his name was 'John Smith.' They might have called the wrong chap."

Most of us, Fred Astaire said, have known days when luck wasn't exactly spelled "limousine." There was the time when he and Adele were in vaudeville, play-

ing in Lafayette, Indiana. "One of the other acts on the bill," he said, "was a dog act. Adele and I were really the star act. But the dogs couldn't climb a ladder, so we had to climb the ladder to get to our dressing-room. The dogs got the star dressing-room!"

There was the time, too, though he didn't tell me this one—Ginger Rogers did—when he was refused admittance to the public ballroom at Santa Catalina Island. As a rule he doesn't care much for ballroom

dancing, but being on the Island he wanted to see the big dance hall. He was dressed in sports clothes and the management refused him admittance because he was not wearing a necktie. Instead of announcing himself as the great Astaire, bringing the gray hair of the manager in shame and terror to the dust, he said nothing at all, went back to his hotel quietly, put on a tie and returned to the dance hall.

Fred Astaire simply doesn't play the Hollywood game. He doesn't play politics. He doesn't entertain the "right people," producers, directors, members of the Press unless they are his friends. And when they are his personal friends, he doesn't talk about them for publication. He said, "It might sound as though I were trying to get publicity out of my friends' names."

He drives about town, to and from the studio, in a station wagon. He drives himself. He eats lunch in his dressing-room. Sometimes Mrs. Astaire joins him there for lunch, other times it's a member of the publicity department or his director.

When he built his new home in Beverly Hills, he did not build a palace-sized place. It is a comfortable home with comfortable rooms, not museum-like. "They are rooms we can live in and talk in without using megaphones."

The servants in the Astaire menage are needed for everything they do. They do not crawl out from under rugs or dangle from the chandeliers, rendering superfluous services. Mr. Astaire likes to swim, so he has a swimming pool. He likes to play tennis, so he has a tennis court. Usable things. Fred doesn't "train" in the technical sense of the word. He keeps in condition all the year around by swimming and playing tennis, eating in moderation, never dieting, smoking very seldom.

He isn't superior about Hollywood. On the contrary, he said, "I have no desire to leave Hollywood or to go back to the stage. I don't think I ever will. Nor have I any desire to play 'Hamlet.' I am completely content to do what I am doing and to do it as perfectly as I can."

THERE is none of the artistic temperament in Fred Astaire—at least none of the brand which expresses itself in flare-ups, rages, walk-outs, strange disappearances. If he believes in the importance of an issue, he will go to bat about it. A few months ago he went into a clinch with his bosses about the number of pictures he should make a year. The studio wanted him to make more pictures. Astaire wanted to do fewer pictures, not because of the hard work more films would involve, but because he believed that too much of him would wear the public interest thin. His greatest gratification was not that he won his point, but that the studio saw his point, agreed with him, conceded that he was right and said so.

He never loses his temper on the set with anyone except himself. I witnessed such an occurrence only recently. Fred and Ginger were doing a song number for the fifteenth time. Everything was going smoothly, camera, sound, lights. And then Fred blew a line. He snapped his fingers, which was illustrative of his impatience with himself, and then he began all over again. If the cameraman flukes after he has done a difficult routine, if any other member of the cast misses a step or goes up on a line, the Astaire surface is smooth, unruffled, smiling.

He can't "make things up" about himself, his work, his life. He cannot pose or pretend. These are elements which were simply left out of him.

The young man who works most closely with Fred Astaire explained this, "Sure most actors talk about themselves, but Mr. Astaire is not 'most actors.' He isn't like

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the rest of them. I was an actor myself once, and I know the breed. Many of them are of the 'dese, dose and dem' variety. Not Mr. Astaire. He never really rubbed elbows with his fellow actors. When he began, at the age of eight, his mother and Adele were with him every minute. The very instant they came off the stage, she was there to take them off with her. He was never one of the gang. And there isn't a finer man living. I," said this earnest young man, "would give up my job for him if he wanted me to. There isn't anything I wouldn't do, gladly, for Mr. Astaire."

HE was only a little shaver of eight when he first went on the road, into the grind of vaudeville. He never played marbles, baseball or football, went on picnics, climbed trees like other little lads. Perhaps that wistful look in the Astaire eyes, that something plaintive in his laugh, may be the residue of a longing for things he never had.

"When I was a kid," Fred said, "I was mad about baseball. I wanted to see all of the games. The nearest I came to baseball was collecting the little books about it the other kids collected, too. I didn't have time, you see."

"I would have liked to go further in school. I couldn't do two jobs then. I can't do two jobs now."

"I wish I had been able to study music. It's an ambition of mine to write a real hit

song some day, a tune everyone will be playing and humming. The songs I have written, and had published, weren't so hot," Fred said, with that rueful smile of his. "My favorite among 'em was 'Not My Girl,' but Adele thought 'Blue Without You' and 'Tapping the Tune' the best of the lot."

"I always liked to play the piano. I still do. When Adele and I were in vaudeville, a musician who knew my weakness would occasionally let me fill in for him while a picture was showing. I'd sit down there in the pit and have a whale of a time banging out martial airs while the cavalry rode to the rescue, or playing soft moonlight-and-roses melodies while the hero made love to the heroine. I'm sure I played Irving Berlin songs. If anyone had prophesied then that the time would come when I'd be dancing on the screen to Berlin tunes, I would have thought the prophet mad."

When I asked him to explain why he can't talk about himself, he said, "But I have. I've told everything there is to tell—where I was born, when and why I first went on the stage, my theories of the dance and how I came into pictures—everything."

He honestly believes that he has. He believes that his work is all that is of interest to anyone. The only song and dance which Fred Astaire can never give is a song and dance about himself. He's one of Hollywood's most unique citizen.

The Inside Story of Joan's Divorce

(Continued from page 35)

uneventful, self-conscious childhood. From the cradle forward, she had led a wall-flower existence, subdued by the glamor of two older sisters. At long last, she had been sent away to school. And there, she had ceased to be neglected on the sidelines. People noticed her, liked her. One boy—his name was John Fox—said that he loved her.

All of her life she had had one recurring daydream of an escape from loneliness. A daydream of meeting someone who would understand her instinctively, without words—love her—want to be always with her.

With all the headlong impetuosity of sixteen, she told herself that John Fox was that someone. He told her that he loved her and would always love her. She told herself that the attraction that he had for her was not girlish infatuation; it was love. They eloped.

HER surprised family talked of an annulment action; after all, Joan was under age. Her mother finally decided against any interference. Joan's life was her own, and Adrienne Morrison Bennett trusted her to make the most of it. Perhaps the marriage would last; perhaps it wouldn't. But Joan had the right, her mother decided, to find out for herself.

Joan soon discovered that what she had thought was love was, instead, a delusion. She hoped that the coming of a baby might change all that. Countless babies, countless times before, had brought happiness to couples who had not been particularly happy. That was another self-delusion. Motherhood gave Joan only mother-love.

By the time she was eighteen, she had been a wife, a mother and a divorcee. She had made a mistake which could be charged off to youthful inexperience. All right, she had admitted her mistake, but

she would not ask anyone else to pay for it. She wanted no alimony for herself. And she would not ask her own family to support her.

Joan had not been trained for any career except that of a society girl. But acting was in her blood. That was one thing at which she might be able to earn a living and insure small Diana's future, if she tried hard enough.

"Trying hard enough" absorbed her completely for the next three years. Her life revolved around her career and her child.

She established herself as an actress. Her income passed the point where worry about Diana's future was necessary. Joan relaxed. She began to notice the life about her. She began to go out, meet people, join in parties. Then the unexpected happened. She fell in love. Head over heels in love.

All except those who knew Joan in those days have forgotten that—or never heard of it. Yet, more than anything else, it explains why the Markey-Bennett marriage was destined, eventually, to founder—even if no one else ever happened along.

This love was not a case of self-hypnosis. It was the real thing. Joan had never known before what love was like. Now she learned, for the first time, how quickly and quietly and surely it can pick you up, lift you to the clouds, dazzle you with the shining brightness of the world, then shake you into a forgetfulness of self so completely that you are conscious only of your heart, which alternately aches with loneliness and pounds with joy.

And Joan Bennett found that kind of love, only to lose it.

She became one side of a dramatic triangle. The other two sides were John Considine, forging ahead as a young producer, and Carmen Pantages, beautiful

brunette daughter of the theatre magnate, Alexander Pantages.

It was no secret to those close to Joan that she was unmistakably in love. It was no secret to those close to Carmen that she was just as unmistakably in love. No one knew which Considine favored. He was attentive to both. No one had dared to prophesy which girl he might marry—when his engagement to Carmen was announced.

Joan took it very hard—so hard that friends worried about her health. Then, suddenly, she had reason again to be happy. The Considine-Pantages engagement was broken. John was attentive to Joan again. But only briefly. Only a few weeks after their public cancellation of all wedding plans, John and Carmen were quietly married.

At the time, Joan was in a hospital with a broken hip—an injury incurred in a fall from a horse during the making of a movie scene. There were rumors that her screen career was over, that she would never walk again. And her friends were convinced that Joan cared little whether the rumors might be true or not. Life hardly seemed worth the living.

ONE day, a friend calling on her in an effort to cheer her up, brought along a friend of his, whom he introduced as "Gene Markey, the writer." Gene entertained her; she liked him. He more than reciprocated.

The next day, she received a little note from him, which read, "Dear Miss Bennett—When you are feeling better, I hope you will allow me to call."

She laid it away with other get-well notes and might have forgotten about it completely, if she had not received constant memoranda in the form of flowers. And when she was finally discharged from the hospital, he was one of the first to call on her. He became one of her constant callers. He was unmistakably in love.

When she could walk well enough again to get about a little, Joan wanted to do just one thing: go away, take a long trip, escape from the scene of her heartache.

She sailed for New York. Gene saw her to the boat—to give her a going-away message that he loved her.

During the long, lonely voyage to New York, she was deluged with radiograms from Gene. When she arrived in New York, she received daily phone calls from him, amusing wires, flowers. He wanted Joan to marry him.

She married Gene on the rebound from a broken romance.

Joan had not known, when she married the first time, what love was. She did know when she married the second time. So perhaps she deserves condemnation for marrying a second time, with that knowledge; perhaps not. You or I might have done as she did, in her place. Joan, after all, was honestly convinced that if she ever could fall in love again, Gene Markey was likely to be the man.

The ironic part of it was that Joan, who had loved someone who did not love her in return, was now in the position of being more loved than loving. The tragic part of it was that, to Gene, their union was not an affectionate companionship which might become something greater. To him, it was already love.

Joan tried to repay him for his devotion. She hoped, as in her first marriage, that the coming of a baby might give her something that was lacking in her life. Something intangible, indescribable, important. She interrupted her career to bear Gene a child.

The years passed. Joan knew fame and wealth and popularity. She had a beauti-

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ful home. She had two lovely children. She had a husband who was brilliant, fascinating, devoted. She had every outward reason to be happy. But always, despite all that she said in her interviews and tried to believe herself, something was missing from her happiness. In her heart of hearts, she did not have the love that every woman lives to have.

The day Joan Bennett admitted that to herself, that day she knew that her marriage would not endure. It could not.

THE Markeys have moved in one of the most exclusive social Hollywood circles. And so, the Markey-Bennett divorce will split that tight little circle wide apart. For, two of the members of that little group have discovered that they should be married to each other. They are in love. It is late for them to make such a discovery. But, perhaps, not too late. The pity of it is that, in clearing the way to their own happiness, they have to hurt someone else.

But—if they cannot be happy except with each other—what other recourse is there? They have tried to convince themselves that this is not love; that their

futures are with their present mates. The efforts have failed. The announcement of Joan's divorce has been on the way for at least six months. Those close to the inner circle have seen it coming.

Gene has taken it very hard. Last Valentine's Day, he sent Joan a heart-breaking Valentine, written by himself, and saying that once she had loved him, and now she didn't and why couldn't they be happy as they had once been happy?

That Valentine arrived too late. Joan's efforts to be happy except with the man she loved had already failed.

What brought the actual announcement of Joan's divorce plans? There was no final dramatic scene. There was only an accumulation of small irritations on both sides—irritations extending over a period of months, mounting to a point where "incompatibility" did describe their disharmony. Until finally Joan—always a realist—asked herself, "What's the use of our even pretending to be happy any longer?" She called her lawyer and told her press-agent to release the news to the papers.

That is the inside story of Joan Bennett's divorce.

He Wants to Be Alone

(Continued from page 33)

"One time I was invited to a 'small dinner party.' Only a horde of fifty people finally showed up. During the course of the party, the hostess said coyly, 'When are you going to say something funny, Mr. Powell?' Then she turned to the rest of the table and said in her quaint falsetto scream, 'I've heard that Mr. Powell saves all his bon mots for the screen; but who believes such a thing?'"

"That," Bill cocked one eyebrow eloquently, "goes to show you what can happen, if you try to be yourself and go out in public, too."

BILL paused, considered a moment. Then he continued: "Of course, if you don't go out, you run another kind of risk. People misunderstand your motives."

"Cultivate solitude and quiet and a few sincere friends, rather than mob merriment, noise and thousands of nodding acquaintances, and you're called a hermit. They suspect you of having a grudge against the world, or going high-hat, or being afraid your 'art' will be contaminated by contact with the common herd."

"So far as I know, I haven't been accused of that yet. That's where Nick Charles and 'My Man Godfrey' and some of the other boys have done me a good turn. No one would accuse them of being stuck-up. So I'm not accused."

"But people do wonder why I spend so much time by myself. They can't understand it. Here you are, wondering yourself."

"It's all very simple. Painfully simple. It all comes down to this: More actors have been ruined by the cry, 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' than by all the poor roles in the world. The charity lists are full of them."

"You can live on hey-hey for awhile, but it's a diet that tears you down, instead of building you up. I know; I've had a try at it. We all have a try at it when we first feel our oats and are showing off a bit."

"On one of those 'mornings after,' you awake with a cracking head and an ache to get away from it all. It's inevitable. You ask yourself how many real friends

you have among all the good-time Charlies. You wonder if you haven't had a one-sided education, concentrating on parties and night-clubs. You wonder if you aren't missing something. You wonder if there isn't something in books, fine music, outdoor life, travel."

"In short, you grow up. You go into solitary confinement, just for a change and find it the least confining life you've ever known."

Bill paused, grinned, said, "A serious guy, this Powell!" His mood changed, and again he was light.

"Then there's another thing. I have an uncontrollable urge for old clothes. That's what wearing so many dress suits has done to me. 'Comfort at any price' has become my private-life motto."

"Some tailoring connoisseurs, again confusing me with my screen characters, have nominated me as 'one of the best-dressed men in Hollywood.' It only proves they don't know me. A 'best-dressed man' should be sartorially perfect every hour of the twenty-four—which I'm not."

"My favorite evening garb, alone at home, is attire that looks like something out of the Salvation Army's old-clothes bins, or else a dressing gown and shorts. That's one reason, too, why I never eat in the studio commissary, never give luncheon interviews. Eating in my dressing-room, I can take off my clothes and be comfortable. And have another look at the script."

VISITORS to sets, watching William Powell at work, invariably comment on his delivery of lines, his sureness, his naturalness, his perfect timing. There is an explanation for that, too, which is tied up directly with his hermit existence.

"As an actor, I'm no genius," he told me. "I can't glance over some lines just before going into a scene and then say them smoothly, with every nuance of inflection they ought to have. No. I have to work for my living."

"I have to memorize my lines the night before, when I have time to try out how they should be delivered. I try 'em one way, then another, until I hit upon the

most effective way. Maybe I'm too damned conscientious; but that's the way I have to work.

"Doing that takes a large part of any evening. But it has its compensations the next day. I'm not tense when I get on a set, all tied up in knots, worried about my lines. I know 'em. I'm sure of the way to say 'em. I can relax. I can be effortless, natural. Maybe I'm wrong, but I don't think that can help showing in the finished picture."

He's far from wrong. But still you wonder why he lives so completely alone. Why doesn't he live with Bill, Jr., his fast-growing son by his long-ago first wife? They're famous pals.

"Every other week-end, I spend with Bill, Jr.," he said. "My father and mother are usually along. It's a regular family reunion."

"He's a great boy—and all-boy. He goes to a private school here on the Coast and spends his summers at camp and rates high with the other fellows for what he is, not for what his father may be. I want to keep things that way."

"I'd like to have him with me. But I can't do that and expect him to have a normal life. The spotlight would be on him. And the spotlight isn't good for any growing boy, no matter whose son he is."

ASK Bill what truth there is in the persistent rumors of a near-future marriage, and he shrugs his shoulders non-committally.

A few years ago, he built one of the show-places of Southern California. Into it went every known comfort device and glamorous decoration. In fact, he had the help of Jean Harlow in the decoration, a circumstance that provoked surmises that he and Jean were about to marry and that Bill was about to forsake forever his non-party existence. But, to the best of anyone's knowledge, both still are single. Bill still is dodging parties. And the house is no longer his.

"I'll never own property again," he told me. "There's too much grief connected with it."

"I didn't build that house for myself. Heaven forbid! I couldn't have used all those rooms in fifty years. The real reason I built it was because I didn't know what else to do with my money. If you remember, the dollar was sinking to nothing, banks were closing, even gilt-edged bonds were a gamble. So I put what I had into this house, in the hope of retrieving it, maybe even making something when things picked up."

"When I finally got rid of it a few months ago, I took another big house in part-payment. Now I'm rid of that, too, and leasing a smaller place in Bel-Air. My worries as a man of property are over."

He won't talk about Jean, or about women in general. He won't talk about any of his close friends. The reason: "Back in the early days, I gave an interview in which I made some remark about actors in general. A friend of mine took it as a personal affront. He hasn't spoken to me since."

Neither will Jean talk about Bill. But intimate friends of both, not so reticent, say, "They're very fond of each other. Very. There probably isn't a more companionable couple in Hollywood today. They're both lonely people who have discovered that, together, they aren't lonely; they have a million laughs together. But it's companionship, not love. That breathless, eager note just isn't there—yet."

That may explain Bill's persistent bachelorhood.

Before he started "The Emperor's Candlesticks," there were rumors that

"What has happened to us, Dear?"

Why are we Drifting Apart?"



How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect—a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness—had made her almost repulsive to him?

IF UNHAPPY COUPLES would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife would be surprised to learn why her husband's love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal daintiness.

A wholesome method of feminine hygiene is important not only for your own sense of personal cleanliness and comfort. It is often still more important for the sensibilities of your husband. For no man's love can long survive neglect of this obligation that marriage brings to every woman. Many doctors recommend "Lysol" disinfectant as a cleanly aid in feminine hygiene, as a means of assuring freshness and daintiness.

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he not only wanted to be alone, but wanted a fight with his studio. A widely read columnist hinted that he was hiding out in the desert, rebelling against the role of Baron Volenski.

Bill laughed about that. "Somebody was trying hard to start a fight between the studio and me. It was too bad, really, that we had to spoil the fun. You see, the studio knew why I went to the desert, and it wasn't for the rumored reason.

"I went for a bit of convalescence. I had the flu, and it left me with a whisper instead of a voice. And I was giving this eye a rest." He exhibited an optic that, on close examination, was inflamed. "It's still giving me trouble. Last Fall, the eyeball was sunburned. The immediate result was a flaking. And ever since, there has been a burning sensation, particularly after a siege in front of the lights. It's nothing serious, but it's annoying. After this picture, I'm planning to go East for some special treatment.

"From there, if the doctor says okay, I'm hoping to go on over to England for

a picture. I can use a little travel, a change of scenery.

"My contract is up for renewal after this picture, and I'm hoping to settle for two pictures a year, one here and one, perhaps, in England. Anything I make over two pictures goes to the tax collector, anyway. Also, I've a hunch that with fewer pictures, the public won't weary of this physiognomy so soon. I still want to be around, years hence.

"How do I explain my 'recent success?' My friend, I've tried for years to figure out why I've been treated so handsomely by the public, and it still has me puzzled.

"I'm doing the best I can, but I'm afraid I'm not quite as good as I'm supposed to be. God knows there are other actors who are better-looking, and better actors than I am. It all seems to simmer down to the idea that luck has a great deal to do with success. Luck—and a little privacy, a chance to keep your head, time to study your work.

"That's another reason why I want to be alone. To sort of preserve my luck."

His Columbus Complex

(Continued from page 42)

all day. His training had begun at an early age.

At the Mills School, Finchley (the same type of school that later was to be made famous in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips"), they said that young Blore was a problem. A laughing problem. He could make the funniest face of any undergrad. But there's a pay-off even to making funny faces. Lately, when it was suggested to his home studio that they buy "Mr. Chips" from a rival company and give him the title role, he had to object. He'd have given that batty right eye of his to do the role, but he had to turn it down because an audience expects to laugh when they see him. And he couldn't have them laughing at Mr. Chips.

NONE of the Blores was professional. "But they should have been," he says staunchly. "My grandmother could throw better hysterics than I've ever seen on the stage. One always rushed around for brandy and fresh air."

Henry Blore had been an honor student in classics at Trinity College, Dublin, and today is a member of the Board of Education in London. When his son, Eric, determined on a stage career at seventeen, he fulminated violently. The earth, in the immediate vicinity of their ancestral house, rocked. Grandmother Blore had hysterics. Eric brought her the brandy but refused to budge from his decision. They're not budgers, these Blores. Father and son did, however, reach an agreement. If Eric promised to take the Civil Service examinations, Blore *pere* would give him a roof over his head in necessity, providing that Harry Pelissier said the boy had a "demn speck of talent." Pelissier, one of the leading actors of England at the time, heard Eric, assured his father he had considerably more in the way of talent than a "demn speck," and Eric took the exams. To his lifelong amazement and consternation, he passed.

"There's a future in Civil Service," his father pointed out.

"Yes," said Eric dismally, "a pension at ninety."

He went into an insurance office, but his heart was around the corner at Blackmore's theatrical agency. He followed his heart. Already he had made his profes-

sional debut at a stag party in a Fleet Street hotel. The fire of enthusiasm remained, but his money did not.

He was rattling his last lonely shilling when Kismet, the soothsayer, walked into the agency. Kismet with an astrakhan collar on his coat and an enormous gold band on his finger with the raised lettering, *Che sarà sarà* (What will be, will be). This indeed was Fate! And the gentleman was looking for a secretary to accompany him to the Alps. Young Mr. Blore accepted with haste, and just as hastily regretted his decision. Kismet had a sudden premonition, warning him that a trip to Switzerland would spell disaster.

SO Eric came back to London, back to warming a seat at Blackmore's. Young Mr. Blore looked askance at the next astrakhan collared coat that walked in. But this time G. P. Huntley, Sr., England's foremost comedian, was in it. It seemed he was taking his company of "The Merry-makers" on a year's tour of Australia and South Africa. He had a spot for young Mr. Blore.

Huntley not only taught the boy the fine art of comedy, but he taught him how to take it on the chin after traveling thirteen thousand miles to make an appearance—only to get the "bird" on opening night. That's what happened to "The Merry-makers" in Melbourne. They had to rewrite the show to fit the local brand of humor.

After that, success crowned their efforts. By the time Blore returned to England he was an established character in the theatre. He was just clicking neatly when war clamped down on Europe. Here was adventure on a gigantic scale.

They made him a lieutenant. They gave him a gun. His first job was to teach men the delicate feat of "shouldering arms." (Remember that scene in "Sons O' Guns" where he put Joe E. Brown through a musketry drill? That was apple pie for Eric. History repeated itself.) He discovered his platoon remembered the system better if they rhymed it. And what a shock the Colonel got when he heard those rookies chanting:

"I start on the cocking piece and I don't care a damn,
I work in conjunction with the long

and short cam!"

The Blore battle methods undoubtedly were unique. Many a time you can win with a laugh what you can't with a bullet and he was fully aware of it. When transferred to the Balloon Service, he formed a group called the Balloonatics that kept the 38th Infantry in stitches and his batman kept Blore in stitches. This batman, Fleming, had been head butler for the Earl of Cambridge. He had a personal acquaintance with most of the leading family skeletons in and out of England and a fusty sense of humor. "The Kaiser, 'e's not so bad, sir. But the Crown Prince—now there, sir, is a man I could 'ardly like!" Fussy chap, Fleming.

It may or may not be singular that after the war Blore's chief success in America came from his interpretation of butler roles. And many a mannerism, he'll tell you, is Fleming-ized!

He further immortalized his batman by writing a skit around him. That was after the message came. The two of them, you see, had been slithering in the mud of front-line trenches for a couple of thousand years or so when a dispatch rider arrived with it. "Lieut. Blore," it read, "will report at headquarters forthwith." That was all. The batman raised an eyebrow hopefully. "I don't know what it means," said Blore, "but we're leaving and it's in the right direction."

At headquarters a brigadier-general gave him the orders. Two staff colonels conducted him personally to the Chateau Querrieu. Blore's job henceforth was to provide laughter for a hundred thousand men. He had become concert party director for the Division. It was a short time later that he wrote "The Admirable Fleming." Subsequently it ran two years in London. And there at the Chateau they put it on for the Prince of Wales. The

**CASH PRIZES FOR
YOUR LETTERS
to BETWEEN YOU 'n' Me
Details on Page 16**

Prince (the Duke of Windsor to us), oddly enough, was to play a strangely dramatic part in Blore's life.

ON a leave in London Eric had dropped in on Leslie Howard's show, "Under Cover." There was an exquisite girl in the cast, Violet Winter. An introduction was arranged. He saw her home. In truth, he saw her every day of his leave after that. The day he had to return to the front there was a heavy fog. Silently for awhile, they groped through the mist. Then, "I'm going to marry you, aren't I?" Maybe it was the fog that got in his throat as he waited for her answer. She smiled. "I think so," she said.

They were married on his next trip home in 1917. The war ended in 1918. Blore had just given an entertainment for the young Prince. The brigadier-general was still laughing. "You'll be the last of this division to be demobilized, Blore. I can't afford to lose you!"

Blore's expression changed. "I'm sorry about that, sir, because my wife is very ill. I'd hoped to be mustered out soon."

The Prince looked over at the general. "I think that shall be done, sir, don't you?" A royal command, gently put. The following Wednesday Eric was back in

England. Even so, it was too late. His wife had died three hours before he landed.

Life lost a good bit of its zest after that. They had to lock him in his room to make him write. Even the stage lost flavor. One evening he was sitting in the Green Room Club pretty much fed up with everything when Gilbert Miller came in. "What about taking me to America, old man?"

"Okay," said the producer. And that's the way it came about that a month later Eric Blore was playing on Broadway in "Little Miss Bluebeard."

"There's adventure in the air here," he says. "Anything can happen and everything does!"

For example, the time the movie mogul, Lou Brock, spotted him doing a superb butling job in "The Gay Divorcee," with Fred Astaire. "If you want to come to Hollywood just wire me," said Lou.

It was as easy as that, and in the two and a half years he's been here, Eric has played in twenty-eight pictures, mostly butler roles. Lately he's graduated to a hotel manager in "Shall We Dance." He never goes to see his pictures unless somebody tells him they're terrible. Then he hurries over to see what's wrong.

His professed passion is golf, but the only one he's ever been able to beat is his nine-year-old son. And that, he points out, was simply because the boy started with the assumption that the more strokes you took, the better you were.

In 1926 Blore married a member of his company, Clara Mackin. Eric, Jr. is their one heir.

Only once in America has Blore played a serious role; that was in the Theatre Guild production of "Roar China." He infinitely prefers making people roar. He's funny that way.



OH, JANE,
I CAN'T GO. MY
SKIN'S SO ROUGH
FROM RIDING IN
THE RUMBLE SEAT
THAT I'M A SIGHT

DON'T BE SILLY!
I KNOW A
SPECIAL CREAM
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A Man in Love

(Continued from page 38)



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... An inside story about
ELEANOR POWELL
in September MODERN SCREEN

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NEW

TOILET WATERS

BY

Ronni

"I am a man born of the child who knew the stern, almost monastic, repressions of a home where love manifested itself only in stern prohibitions, icy restrictions. But I am also the product of the man who has met women of all nations, kinds and callings. I have known women of genius, women of color and fire, women of sacrifice and stone, women who were flowers, and women who labored in the fields.

"And always I have hoped, dreamed that one day I might meet the woman for whom I could feel a love that would endure, a love of my mind for her mind as well as my body for her body. A man looks on a woman and feels a beautiful emotion surging through him. He wants to hold fast to it, never let himself grow out of it. Whether this ideal state of affairs can ever occur, I cannot say. But certainly I have always thought and believed that the mutual development of a man and a woman, growing closer together through all the years of their lives, is the only completely satisfying human relationship."

Francis was seated behind his business-like desk, in a high-backed chair, in his Hollywood Boulevard offices. Here the business called Francis Lederer is transacted. As he spoke, he fixed me with his dark, intensely living and so often burning eyes fed by so many differing flames. Intellectual flames of the philosophy student; zealous flames of the peace advocate who gives of his time and money unsparringly that the world may be saved from war; devotional flames of the man who is in love with Margo.

He was saying, "I have, also, the background of one who—how shall I say this—one who believes in women." When Francis is uncertain of the exact word he wants to use, he takes a dictionary from his desk and consults it. "A woman," he said, "has been responsible for every progressive step I have ever made in my career. I have no throne," laughed Francis, "but if I had, there would be many women behind it.

MAY I tell you about them? There was, first of all, Elsa Wohlgemuth of the Vienna Theatre. Ah," breathed Francis, "she was magnificent; at least six feet tall, with an incredible carriage, a face so noble, a voice rich and deep and moving. You can imagine what she must have seemed to a little actor like me, just four months on the stage, playing small parts in a little stock company in Bruenn, Czecho-Slovakia. In those days, in Europe, a great artist did not bring her cast with her when she toured small cities. She selected her play, then rehearsed with the local stock company of whatever town or city she happened to visit on tour. So I knew that Elsa Wohlgemuth was coming to Bruenn. For days in advance I was cold and hot, running chills and fevers of anticipation. We rehearsed the morning of her arrival. Oh, that arrival! There is nothing like it over here. They are so revered over there, the great artists of the stage. They mingle with the court, with royalty.

"So, then, we rehearsed, and that night we played together. And I, I played the lover of Elsa Wohlgemuth. She was so tall," smiled Francis, "and I not so tall as I am now. And when I clasped her in amorous embrace I had to embrace her about the—shall we say the stomach?

In my zeal to make the lovely embrace as fervent as I felt it, I ripped my costume badly down the back. That was in the last act. Worse yet," laughed Francis, whose sense of humor plays impudent music across the more sombre keys of his mind, "in the very last scene, I was supposed to stab myself. Such was my excess of emotion that I actually did stab myself here, in the chest. As the curtain rang down, I stood wounded and bleeding and unconscious of the wound.

"But here is the climax. You will be disappointed. Elsa Wohlgemuth did not address one word to me the entire time she was there. I did not know what her opinion of me was, or whether she so much as gave me a thought. And then, two days after she had gone, a letter came to me. It was from the great Burg Theatre in Vienna. It advised me that upon the warm personal recommendation of Elsa Wohlgemuth, they were inviting me to have an audition preliminary to offering me a contract. I passed the audition creditably. I could not accept the contract because the management in Bruenn would not release me.

"Of course I was in love with Elsa Wohlgemuth," smiled Francis, "but only as in a dream we may love Venus. And she was the first to make me know that a woman may hold out her hand to help and yet withhold her heart.

SOME while later, when I played in Breslau, Germany, Kaethe Dorsch came to town. I played, then, the sergeant in the play, 'Rain.' Kaethe was the idol of the German theatre, even as Elsa of the Austrian. And just as Elsa had not spoken to me, so Kaethe did not even bother to hold out the tips of her lovely fingers in greeting. Her only words to me were these, 'When does your contract with this theatre expire?' A few days after her departure I got, by express, a letter from one of the biggest theatres in Berlin. Kaethe Dorsch had been talking about me, and the theatre was interested. Thus, a second time, a woman's hand, untouched by mine, was held out to help me on my way.

"In Berlin, I was playing in a French comedy, when I was told that Henny Porten, the idol of the German screen, was in a box in the theatre. Henny was the Mary Pickford, the Garbo, the Helen Hayes, all combined, of the German screen. She was beautiful, with hair of gold, and flesh of snow and moonlight. As an adolescent, I had written in my diary that some day I should like to play in a picture with Henny Porten. Three nights after the night of her presence in the theatre, I received a call from her office. I went there. They made, then and there, photographic tests of me for a part opposite Henny Porten. I had done only extra work in pictures before this. She had seen me only in comedy; French light. And they put me, immediately, into the dramatic lead opposite her. Again," laughed Francis, "I regret to tell you that our fingers never touched, save on the stage. We had no rendezvous. She was happily married. Her husband was a great physician. She gave me another lesson in the fact that beautiful women can be beautifully impersonal.

"In those days in Berlin I was making pictures by day, working on the stage at night. One such night Elisabeth Bergner was in the audience. She saw the

play. She went directly to Max Reinhardt and told him of what he already knew, that she had searched Europe for just the right Romeo to play opposite the Juliet she longed to do. I was, she told him, the Romeo she sought. And, so, I played Romeo to Bergner's Juliet. On the opening night," Francis' eyes shone, mischievously pleased with the tapestry he was weaving for me, each thread supplied by a woman's hand, "Lillian Gish was present. Immediately afterwards, United Artists called me and asked me to come to Hollywood to play opposite Miss Gish in a Max Reinhardt production. I came to Hollywood. Unforeseen events made the projected play unfeasible. But there I was; and here I am.

"And so you see," Francis said, "I have been brought to Hollywood by a chain of women's hands. Beautiful women, talented women—to these I owe everything that I am. Always they have made the way smoother for me. Is it not strange? Is it not remarkable? And if," his eyes held, now, a naughty look, "if I must regret that they, who were so beautiful, so kind, so generous, were also impersonal, I must also reverence them for believing in a man, helping him and loving him not at all!

"To find real love, however, has always been my goal. Always I have hoped to find the woman with whom there would be that mutual development, growing together, knowing one another down to the roots of our beings. And when I do find such a woman, I shall not count it an end but a beginning, the first stage of a process of growth. Nor is it always possible, or even necessary to be continually together," Francis said. "I would not ask a woman to give up her career for me, to stay at home, to be idle of her work. What more right would I have than *she* would have to ask me to give up my career so that I could always be around, in our home, on the sets with her?

"I am very grateful to women," Francis said, seeming to make a courtly little bow, "I am grateful to women who are magnificent when they love and to women who can be equally magnificent and generous when they do not love."



Margaret Tallichet American-Airlined it back to little ole New York after her screen debut in "Prisoner of Zenda."

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Urge publishing it.
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The Checkup

The Letter

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was changed
to give this
Good News
to Certain
People

"I HAD A sister-in-law who was so nervous, in fact for years, she would say, I am so nervous my body itches all over and she at times would embarrass me as she was always either scratching her foot or her arm or her leg, and I said really you should see a doctor as you make me so nervous you don't sit still a minute.

She finally decided on seeing one of the best doctors in Chicago (I could give you his name at any time) and after he examined her he found nothing wrong. Just told her to rest more and take things calmly. He said, have you ever used Linit. She said, well, I don't do my own washing. He said, No, I mean for the Bath. She said, No. So he said, now I want you to buy it, and use $\frac{1}{2}$ a box in your bath every morning and see what fine results you gain from it.

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Reviews

(Continued from page 13)

★★ Slim

Power linemen working for electric companies are a hardy crew of steel-nerved gypsies who wander from job to job, spend all their money on liquor and women and don't give a volt for a lily-livered sissy who intimates he'd just as soon be in some other field of endeavor. At least, that's the message one gathers from "Slim," a treatise on the care and upbringing of these strange characters. The Warner Brothers, with their flair for he-man drama; manage to give "Slim" a goodly quota of excitement, especially in the scenes where the linemen are repairing power lines during a blizzard.

The cast is headed by Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda and Margaret Lindsay. Miss Lindsay, a nurse in a Chicago hospital, is O'Brien's girl, but she wants him to quit his dangerous profession and settle down. This sort of talk is poison to Lineman O'Brien and almost unbelievable to Henry Fonda, a country lad who, by becoming a lineman, has reached his life's goal. An accident on the power lines conveniently does away with Pat O'Brien, leaving the expected combination of Fonda and Lindsay to carry on.

O'Brien, in a role less noisy than he usually draws, handles it capably. Henry Fonda, whose specialty seems to be rustic young gents, turns in a good performance, and Margaret Lindsay is acceptable as the heroine. Stuart Erwin furnishes rather long-winded comedy, and J. Farrell MacDonald and Craig Reynolds head the supporting cast. Directed by Ray Enright.—Warner Bros.

★★ Hollywood Cowboy

George O'Brien again proves that he has something besides a mass of muscle. O'Brien is a Hollywood movie actor here who makes wild and woolly pictures of life in the wide open spaces. The plot thickens when he takes an actual trip into a section of God's country which is not on the movie lot and proves to a gang of roughnecks that his punch is as efficacious in the jaw as in celluloid. The meanies are a new type to hoss operas, being a gang who are bent on getting money from cattle owners through a phoney insurance racket. When the ranchers object, they find their herds scattered to the four winds and the four corners of Wyoming. This is done by the unique method of airplanes which swoop down long enough to create havoc on the plains, then are lost to sight behind them thar hills. George gets out a pursuit plane and manages not only to round up the blackguards and the cattle but also to provide as thrilling a chase as we've seen in any picture, bar none. George isn't doing this only for the course of justice, but for Cecilia Parker, who is the latest recruit to the ranks of fair lassies for whom he has fought the good fight and won. Directed by Ewing Scott.—RKO-Radio.

★★ The Go-Getter

You should set aside an evening for "The Go-Getter" if for no other reason than to see one of the best performances of the year—that of Charles Winninger as "Cappy Ricks." If you don't enjoy meeting up with "Cappy" in celluloid and relish every minute of his cussedness and loveableness, then we're—well, we're disappointed in you.

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The story is not outstanding but succeeds in keeping one's interest through the final reel by a constant series of mix-ups—humorous, sentimental and adventurous. George Brent is the "Go Getter" of the title role. He is a young man who will let neither heaven nor high water stand in the way of his getting what he wants out of this old world—and particularly out of "Cappy." The fact that both men are as stubborn as old mules and the fact that one is her father and the other her fiancé, gives Anita Louise very few calm moments. But everybody finally loves everybody in the end, and you'll probably leave the theatre in the same dangerous frame of mind. Directed by Busby Berkeley.—Warner Bros.

★★ The Thirteenth Chair

"The Thirteenth Chair" is brought to the screen without losing out on a single one of those chills for which the play was famous on the stage. This is due not only to an excellent cast and to a carefully constructed script, which doesn't miss a trick, but to an unusually clever idea of throwing the screen into murky darkness for the climaxing scenes of suspense. Only the eerie voice of the medium and the moans of departed spirits are offered for your entertainment at this time. When the lights go up, you will undoubtedly be surprised to find only one more corpse on the screen and everyone around you seemingly conscious.

Outstanding among the players is Dame May Whitty as the medium. Lewis Stone gives an admirable account of himself again as the detective, and Madge Evans and Elissa Landi offer intelligent and highly decorative portrayals. Others in the cast are Thomas Beck, Henry Daniell, Heather Thatcher, Janet Beecher and

Ralph Forbes. You'll miss a night's sleep, but still we suggest that you don't miss this picture. Directed by George B. Seitz. —M-G-M.

★★ The Man in Blue

This picture is a surprise package, for considering the cast, comprised almost entirely of unfamiliar names, you wouldn't expect too much. It offers a carefully thought out crime problem, an interesting plot and good characterizations by everyone in the cast.

The story concerns Edward Ellis, a policeman, who adopts the small son, Billie Burrud, of a man he has had to kill in self-protection. The deepest affection grows up between the two, and all would have gone along smoothly—between Ellis' good influence, that of Alma Kruger, his foster-mother, and that of Nan Grey, the girl with whom he falls in love—but a bad influence enters the picture. Richard Carle, the boy's uncle, gets him involved in a bank robbery, which results in a prison term. The prison scenes with their attendant study of prisoners' psychology are very interesting, with Ralph Morgan, one of the inmates, giving an excellent performance.

Richard Wilcox, the adopted boy grown-up, shows promise of better things to come through his capable handling of this role. Edward Ellis is the highlight of the picture, though Nan Grey, Miss Kruger, Aggie Herring and Billie Burrud give commendable accounts of themselves. Directed by Milton Carruth.—Universal.

★ Night of Mystery

"Night of Misery" would have been our choice for a title in this case though we've been known to be wrong. Anyhow, you'll probably agree that this whodunit is pretty

hard to endure through the final reel. And all this in spite of the script being taken from an S. S. Van Dine chiller. But dialogue, plot and characterization have been overdrawn to the point of ludicrousness in too many instances for comfort. You even get to the point where you don't care much who the next corpse will turn out to be. A few members of the cast really try to be worthy of the celluloid expended on them, but on the whole the assembled players leave much to be desired.

Roscoe Karns is the most familiar-to-fans player, and he conducts himself creditably throughout, as do Elizabeth Patterson and Grant Richards. Richards, a newcomer to the screen, brings sincerity and charm to the role of Philo Vance. Others in the cast are Harvey Stephens, Helen Burgess, Terry Ray, and James Bush. Directed by E. A. Dupont.—Paramount.

★ Michael O'Halloran

Better bring along the hankies, towels, broad shoulders or whatever you cry onto when you see this, for it's a tear-jerker par excellence, being one of Gene Stratton-Porter's brain-waves, but unfortunately not one of the Grade A numbers. The story's too obvious sentimentality is rescued to some degree by the capable performances of Wynne Gibson, Warren Hull, Robert Greig and Jackie Moran, all of whom bring sincerity to their roles. Jackie Moran has the title role, that of the twelve-year-old Michael, who goes Pollyanna one better in spreading happiness hither, thither and yon. An orphan, he is taken into the home of Wynne Gibson, a stony-hearted woman with ulterior motives. She adopts Michael and his little crippled sister (Charlene Wyatt) for no

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other reason than to get revenge on her husband, Sidney Blackmer, who has wearied of Wynne and taken off with their two children. This action, incidentally, was approved by the courts, until Wynne's strategic move of adopting orphans and calling in the newspaper reporters to tell the world about her soft heart. It's all pretty complicated for awhile, but by the last reel everything's just lovely, young Michael having done his work by now and fixed it up so that everyone just loves everyone. Directed by Karl Brown.—*Republic*.

★ Turn Off the Moon

Struggling against a weak and hackneyed script, the cast evidently decided to give up, during the middle of the proceedings and just go along for the ride. The picture suffers from an acute attack of anacmia from which it never recovers.

"Turn off the Moon" is romance in a department store. Charlie Ruggles, head of the institution, wants to marry his secretary, Marjorie Gateson, but he can't propose until the stars are right. His astrologer finally informs him that he will meet a young couple, but until they fall in love, he cannot propose. The young couple turns out to be Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney, and Ruggles' attempts to get them together will interest only those audiences who are killing time waiting for the other picture on the double bill. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—*Paramount*.

★★ The Girl Said No

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, whose operettas of many long years ago are still as modern as tomorrow's musical comedies, lend their magic words and music to the screen and thereby save a puny little picture from oblivion. What the picture would have been without them is horrible to contemplate. But the inclusion of several of the lilting Gilbert and Sullivan tunes makes the picture something worth seeing.

The story itself is concerned mainly with a trio of race-track bookies and a taxi dance hall girl. When one of the bookies is taken to the financial cleaners by the gal, he sets out to execute a unique revenge by promising to put her in a Broadway show provided she hands over the money to finance her training. A troupe of old Gilbert and Sullivan players is to comprise the show, and it is by this device that the delightful music becomes the picture's main attraction.

Selections from "The Mikado," "Pinafore," and "Pirates of Penzance" are handled expertly by William Danforth, Vera Ross, Frank Moulan and Vivian Hart, all of whom are members of New York's Gilbert and Sullivan company. In the plot department, the cast includes Irene Hervey, who does a first-rate job as the dance hall gal, Robert Armstrong, Paula Stone and Gwili Andre. Directed by Andrew Stone.—*Grand National*.

★★ Behind the Headlines

This is strictly melodrama, but two rapid-fire performances by Lee Tracy and Diana Gibson, in the leads, give it credence and a pace which makes it well worth a visit. The story concerns the rivalry between a radio newscaster and a girl reporter. The radio news dispenser, played by Tracy, scoops newspapers by means of a portable broadcasting set which enables him to furnish on-the-spot reports of news events. There is also a gang of thieves attempting to loot the U. S. Treasury of a shipment of gold, and Tracy and the gal and the portable radio play a major part in rounding up the mob and saving the gold for good old Uncle Sam.

Lee Tracy delivers another of his dynamic reporters in his own expert manner, and it is to his credit that he always manages to keep his reporters looking like reporters. Diana Gibson, a newcomer, is a surprise in the role of the girl. Donald Meek is good as the leader of the gang, and smaller roles are effectively played by Philip Huston, Paul Guilfoyle and Tom Kennedy. Directed by Richard Rosson.—*RKO-Radio*.

★★ Meet the Missus

A gentle comedy which has its amusing moments, this will appeal to the family trade and to those who have come to admire the antics of Victor Moore and Helen Broderick. Playing one of those "timid soul" characters which he does so well, Mr. Moore furnishes most of the picture's better moments. As Otis Foster, a small town barber, he finds himself doing most of the housework due to the fact that Mrs. F. (Miss Broderick) spends all her time working on contests. The plot begins rolling when the Happy Noodle Company selects Miss Broderick as Mrs. Midwest and offers her a trip to Atlantic City to compete for the dubious honor of becoming Mrs. America. Best fun in the film is furnished by the discontented husbands, who suddenly assert themselves and stage an undress parade before the shocked wives and the horror-stricken Happy Noodle executives. Biggest laugh comes when Victor Moore resists all efforts to tear him away from a radio microphone, where he is defiantly shouting to the world that he hates Happy Noodles. Directed by Joe Santley.—*RKO-Radio*.

★ Border Cafe

This is strictly an old-fashioned West-

ern, with standard equipment. There's the hero, a ne'er-do-well son of a senator, who has come West to rehabilitate himself; the heroine, who dances at a Texas bordertown cafe; and the villain, an Eastern gangster who has come to the pure and honest West to muscle in on the cattle-rustling racket.

John Beal is completely miscast as the young man, but he does his capable best to keep the role from falling apart. It is the work of Armida, the little Mexican dancer, who plays the gal of the piece, which gives this film any claim at all to your attention. She can hardly be called a newcomer to the screen, since she played with John Barrymore over five years ago, but she has been away from pictures so long, it is a pleasant surprise to see her again. J. Carroll Naish, as the gangster, is properly menacing, and good old Harry Carey is appealing as Beal's ranch partner. Directed by Lew Landers.—*RKO-Radio*.

★ Oh, Doctor!

Even if you're an Edward Everett Horton addict, you'll find this picture a bit hard to take. Horton is as amusing as ever, but he hasn't a good enough story or cast to support his antics. Complications arise so thick and fast in the first few reels that there is little time for comedy, but the wind-up of the picture furnishes plenty of the old-school gags in a manner which should keep audiences in good humor. Horton, determined to win the girl, Donrue Leighton, away from athletic William Hall, goes in for all kinds of hair-raising feats. Having spent a lifetime carefully guarding his heart from any excitement, he throws discretion aside and takes to high-diving, scaling skyscrapers and other such bizarre forms of relaxation.—*Universal*.

★★ Dreaming Lips

"Dreaming Lips" is provocative of two strong conclusions. It proves that someone has a nasty grudge against Elisabeth Bergner, the star. And it proves that if the eternal triangle is to be made the subject for significant drama, it must at least be padded here and there with a curve. Far beneath Miss Bergner's talents, a few more pictures of this calibre will be sufficient to finish her off as a screen actress.

The story is concerned with a doting husband (Romney Brent) and his doting wife (Elisabeth Bergner). The husband dotes on his wife, and the wife dotes on her husband's best friend, a renowned concert violinist (Raymond Massey). Massey at first does his best to repulse Bergner's vigorous coquetries, but inevitably comes under the spell of her dreaming lips. Meanwhile, Brent, a ridiculously unsuspecting husband, falls desperately ill. Elisabeth, who, believe it or not, has a heart, nurses him day and night. During his illness she discovers his complete devotion to her. She realizes that to leave him for another would be to kill him. She also realizes that to stay with him would be to kill Massey. So she and the author take the easiest way out, and Bergner jumps into the Thames. No one knows what happened to the author.

Despite the fact that the picture is an obvious case of three actors in search of something to act about, they handle in fine style the bits of thespian straw that they are allowed to clutch at. Bergner is still the profound, exciting child of "Escape Me Never." Massey is perfect in the rather restrained role of the impresario, and Romney Brent, playing a ridiculous role, is admirably ridiculous. Directed by Paul Czinner.—*United Artists*.

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Good News

(Continued from page 60)

When Henry Wilcoxon was in Egypt making "Jericho" for a British film company, he was royally entertained by Sheik Ahmed Ben Akha, a wealthy son of the sands. In return for his courtesy, Wilcoxon gave the sheik a role in the picture. Ahmed decided to make pictures his career, so Wilcoxon put him under personal contract and announced that his charge was available. He received two offers before discovering that the sheik would not, due to immigration laws, be allowed to transport his twenty-six wives either to England or America. Since it was beneath his dignity to show up with only one wife, Ahmed Ben Akha remains in Cairo, his contracts cancelled.

Young Love in Bloom: Remember when you were a boy—provided you ever were a boy—and you proudly showed off your brand-new bike to the most beautiful ten-year-old woman in the world? We saw something like that recently, but because it was in Hollywood, it was a brand-new roadster instead of a bicycle. The proud owner was Mickey Rooney, and the little lady being impressed was Judy Garland. "Why, Mickey," she exclaimed, "it's lovely!" As, indeed, it was.

Hollywood is a city of heartbreaks, a continued story of courage and determination. What we mean is that two years ago, at the age of three, Baby LeRoy retired from the screen. Everyone said he was through—they said he couldn't turn it on any more. Today, with a glint of youth in his eye despite his five years, Baby LeRoy is Coming Back. You'll see him in RKO's "Junior G-Men." And he denies that he's playing a character role.

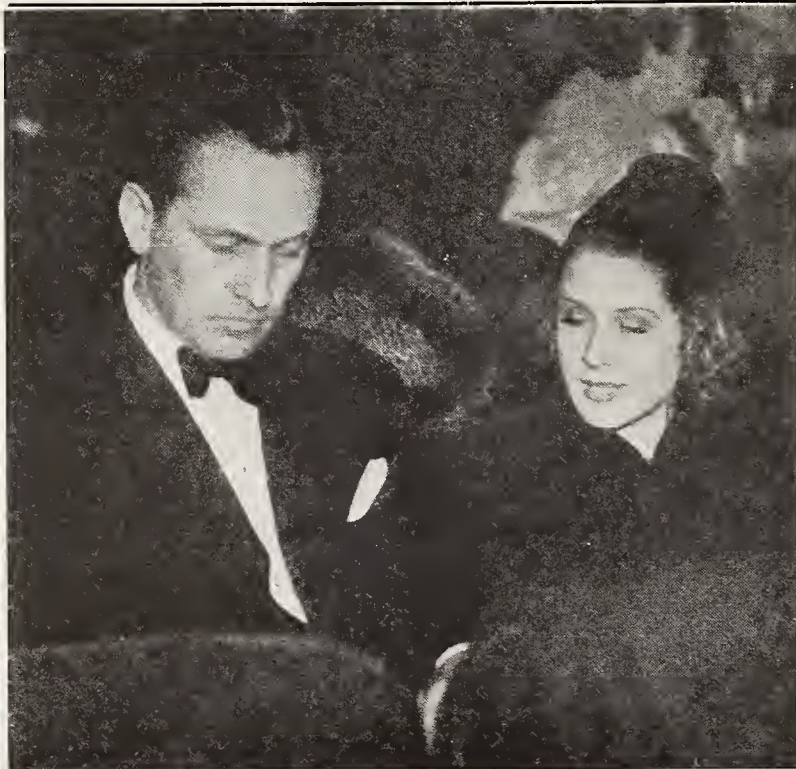
Sylvia Sidney used to think Hollywood was a great place to work, but she wouldn't visit the place if you gave it to her. After every picture, little Miss Sidney hopped right back to New York to await the call for

her next epic. But this summer, at least, things are changed. She's leased a home in Palos Verdes, overlooking the Pacific, where she's living with her mother, who is her house-guest for the summer.

After bringing the much-publicized Gypsy Rose Lee to Hollywood for a screen career, her sponsors suddenly decided to change her name. The studio, it seems, fears that the public will associate Miss Lee with her specialty, the gentle art of removing one's garments before an audience. So in her first picture, "You Can't Have Everything," she'll be fully clothed and in her right name, which is Louise Hovick. Of course, her appearance in the picture will be a swell novelty. It offers her devoted followers their first opportunity to see how she looks with her things on.

The fans are still doing mob scenes for Bob Taylor. At the preview of "This is My Affair," Mr. T. arrived in yesterday's beard and one of those turtle-neck sweaters Clark Gable used to wear. He also brought a Miss Stanwyck. The two of them made their way into the theatre without too much difficulty, but getting out was something else again. On their first try they were thrown for a ten-yard loss by a cluster of admirers, so they retreated to the theatre lobby. After a fifteen-minute consultation, they decided the only way to get home was to face the situation, so they marched out into the arms of the mob.

Things we'd like to see: Beulah Bondi in almost anything . . . a role that Spencer Tracy couldn't handle . . . more pictures with Claudette Colbert in them . . . less ballyhoo about the unknown southern girl who will play Scarlett O'Hara, especially when the unknown southern girl will probably turn out to be Miriam Hopkins . . . an "ideal" Hollywood marriage which lasts over five years . . . the match going out on Bill Powell in one of those elegant cigarette-lighting scenes



The opening of "Tovarich" in Hollywood marked one of the rare occasions on which Norma Shearer, shown with Fredric March, has appeared in public lately.

... Anita Louise swinging out with "Dinah" on her harp.

Orders have been issued at her studio to make Simone Simon a glamor girl once more. She was glamorous, you recall, when she was first imported from France. Then the studio decided to make hers a simple child-like charm; so she played Diane in "Seventh Heaven." Now she's a wicked woman once more, and so in her next picture they're giving her thousands—well, millions, if we must be exact—of costume changes. And if she isn't glamorous this time, the prediction for her is a long boat trip—back to France.

Perhaps the fact that he was soon to be a bridegroom accounts for it, but anyway, Gene Raymond left his car at a garage recently for minor repairs, and the garage-man furnished him with a substitute car to use until the Raymond chariot was ready. Gene drove the new car to the studio, worked all day and returned to the parking lot in the evening to drive home. Suddenly, he remembered he couldn't remember what kind of car he was driving. The parking attendant couldn't help him out, so Gene finally phoned the garage. They sent a man over to locate the car for the blushing groom-to-be.

One of the nicest guys in town is Tyrone Power, according to the men who work around the sets at his studio. One of the reasons is that Tyrone spends several nights every month "out with the boys"—prop-men and guys in the technical departments, visiting a bowling alley.

Jimmy Stewart is the unluckiest lad in the world. After spending weeks convincing his bosses that they should loan him to a rival company to play opposite his best gal, Ginger Rogers, in "Vivacious Lady," the great day arrived, and he went merrily to work. Two days later they hauled him to the hospital with a bad case of arthritis. Result: the picture cancelled, and young Mr. S. confined to a hospital room for two months.

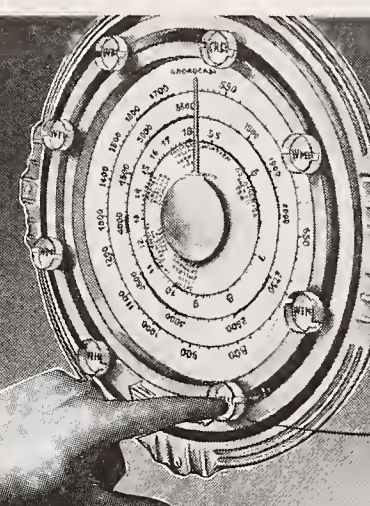
A gentleman in Newark, who evidently doesn't get out much, just wrote Jimmy Dunn a letter commending him on his work in "Bad Girl." "Bad Girl" was made in 1931, but for some reason or other our friend had just seen it. He said it was a great picture and predicts stardom for Dunn within three months. Wait'll he sees Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow."

When Travis Banton, Paramount's fashion designer, is in the mood to create, he simply can't be stopped. We saw him in the Brown Derby Bamboo Room the other day, sipping a cocktail and talking with friends. Suddenly the urge came upon him; a new gown for Lombard or someone was about to be dreamed up. So he ordered a tablecloth from his waiter and promptly started sketching. So if you see Miss L. adorned in a tablecloth in her next picture, you'll know where she got it.

A few days after filing her divorce suit, Joan Bennett came down with chicken-pox. There doesn't seem to be any connection between the two—she probably would have had chicken-pox anyway. Since the disease is contagious only to people who haven't already had it, Miss B. spent her confinement period calling her friends, trying to drum up a few visitors. So if you've had chicken-pox, give her a ring.

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When you see Paul Muni in "The Life of Emile Zola," it may interest you to know that he played the entire picture in reverse. It seems that Zola in his declining years was plumper than he was as a young man, so, striving for realism, Muni put on weight and played the last scenes first, then went through the picture by a process of gradual reducing. For instance, we were on the set the day they buried him. Two weeks later he died.



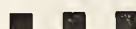
Marlene Dietrich really likes to act. On the "Angel" set one afternoon she was playing a particular scene which she liked immensely. After running through it nine or ten times she announced she was ready to have the scene recorded for posterity. But Director Ernst Lubitsch was nowhere about. It seems he had been satisfied with the scene the first time Marlene played it, so he ordered the boys to print it, and calmly went home for the day.



While the "High, Wide and Handsome" company was on location, they were shooting a scene on a hill. The director called down to the crew below, "Hey! Will some one send up a hamburger right away?" A couple of prop-men obliged by getting a hamburger—including some mildewed hay and onions a little the worse for wear, and sent it up to the director, carefully wrapped in cellophane. But their wide grins changed to looks of horror when the director handed the package to Irene Dunne. She unwrapped it, looked it over, then megaphoned to the boys, "Another hamburger—without trimmings!"



Most interesting triangle in town is the Rochelle Hudson—Lew Ayres—Eleanore Whitney one. While Johnny Downs was in Honolulu, Eleanore suddenly took up with Lew in a big way. When Johnny returned, however, Rochelle became Lew's steady date for two weeks. Then he and Eleanore went back together again. The least the two could have done, seems to us, is to have introduced Rochelle and Johnny.



On the "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" set, the script called for a strawberry festival to be staged. The director was baffled. What was a strawberry festival? Jane Wyman happened on the set about that time and admitted she knew all about them—having been brought up in a midwestern town that doted on such celebrations. But would she tell? No, except for a price. So the studio had to pay Jane \$25 as technical adviser on strawberry festivals—and give her all the props for jam.



Shirley Temple's eighth was really a happy birthday. For one thing, Mrs. Gertrude Temple was home from the hospital for the first time—after a long illness. And for another, she received—among hundreds of other gifts—an honest-to-goodness orchid from her best beau. He's still James Dunn—after all these years that have elapsed since they discovered they were that-way about each other, in one of la Temple's first pictures.



Katherine DeMille took a vacation, but she didn't take it easy. She went to a Victorville desert-ranch for a month, and took along a masseuse, whose job it was to pound off twenty pounds from the DeMille silhouette. "I'm sick and tired of just being fit for Papa's spectacle pictures," said Katherine in explanation.

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Did you know that Fred and Lillian MacMurray have a new home? Well, they have, and the other day someone was discussing it with the master of the house. Someone asked what type of architecture the new home featured. Our hero replied, "American Colonial. Anyway, that's what Lillian says."

Cary Grant was all a-dither when he received an invitation to join Connie Bennett in her dressing-room for tea. Such intimacy deserved something special in the line of clothes, so Cary sent his stand-in speeding into town to bring out his most dazzling sports coat and a favorite scarf to knot carelessly at his neck. Feeling much more up to the occasion, then, Cary headed for Connie's bungalow. Connie herself opened the door—very alluring in a white satin dressing-robe, but her throaty-voiced greeting was completely drowned out. For the entire "Our Gang" was there in person, hard at work on ice cream and cake. Cary did get a cup of tea, though.

The first day's shooting on any picture is always somewhat of a commotion. On the set of "One Hundred Men and a Girl," the new Deanna Durbin picture, one of the assistant directors was trying to get the cast sorted out into a semblance of order, for a musical shot. He got about twenty men rounded up in the orchestra pit, then spotted Leopold Stokowski in a corner of the set. "Are you a musician?" he yelled. "If so, come on over here so we can get going."

Jean Parker and her husband, George MacDonald, have decided that long distance marriage isn't all it's cracked up to be. So George has given up that New York job and come back to Jean and Hollywood. At a dinner party the other night, the MacDonalds had inveigled a change in chairs and were blissfully holding hands between every course from then on.

Lionel Stander has taken exercise so seriously that he's completely exhausted these days. After his stand-in, an ex-boxer, hinted that Mr. S. was slightly going to waist, he decided to get going on the daily dozen. So the next day he and the stand-in spent shopping for gym equipment, with the result that Lionel was totally exhausted. The next day they spent putting up the paraphernalia in the Stander basement, and Lionel was completely worn out. He had just enough energy left the third day to take down all the equipment by himself and send it back to the store before his stand-in appeared for the workout.

Puzzle Solution

T	Y	R	O	N	E	P	O	W	E	R	D	R	I	D	E
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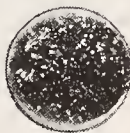


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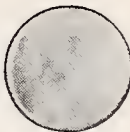
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There is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that ordinary shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Try it today! Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair

Fitch's

TRADE MARK

Dandruff Remover Shampoo



THE F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES, IOWA . . . TORONTO, CAN.



Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, 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 your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME..



BETTY
BURGESS
Imperial
Pictures



HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS

Summertime! Outdoor time! Play in sun and wind and water. Wonderful days...but cruel to curls. Lucky, isn't it, that Hollywood Curlers can repair the damage so quickly. Roll your hair for a little while on Hollywood Curlers and there you have...beauty restored! At Malibu Beach and Palm Springs, where picture people play, a "first aid" supply of Hollywood Curlers is in every dressing room. Get your emergency supply for summer needs NOW.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS



The Taylor-Stanwyck romance is still at the will-they-or-won't-they-marry stage, with the answer not in sight.

Seen on the "Marie Walewska" lot: At 8:30 A. M., a slouching figure in dungarees, an old grey topcoat and a cap, enters the women's dressing-room building. At 9, out comes a gorgeous creature in costume headed for the set. Both of these people, as you've probably guessed, are Garbo. The mannish garb she wears for her early morning walks near her home in Brentwood—because she thinks people won't recognize her. If Miss G. really wants to disguise herself, she should saunter out one morning in crinoline.

Note to W. S. Van Dyke III: You must be a pretty important guy. Your old man, at least, must think

so. As soon as you were born, not too many months ago, he wanted everyone to know that you and he were separate identities. His pictures, which used to be directed by plain old W. S. Van Dyke, are now whipped together by W. S. Van Dyke II. Next time you see him tell him not to go so fancy on us. The Van Dyke II isn't necessary, unless he believes it keeps people from thinking you directed those pictures.

Poetic paragraph from the publicity mills: "Music floats in on the summer night from the moonlighted veranda on which Marlene Dietrich sits playing.

"And what is the lovely Marlene playing—the harp, the guitar, the pianoforte, or some such storied instrument? Ah, no! Marlene is coaxing a bewitching refrain from the musical saw." Come up and see us some evening, Marlene—and bring your saw.

Garbo, incidentally, was not at all pleased with things in "Marie Walewska." Reason was that most of the attention on the set was devoted to her leading man, Charles Boyer, who portrayed Napoleon Bonaparte. Seems there were three specially hired Napoleon experts on the set throughout the picture, and before each scene they went into conference to decide what Napoleon would have done under the circumstances. Rumors are that on more than one occasion Garbo could have told Napoleon exactly what to do.

Perspiration may be the result of honest toil to some of youse guys, but in Hollywood it's not that at all. It's two parts witch hazel, one part mineral oil and one part



In a quick Mexican ceremony, George Brent wed Constance Worth, the Australian actress.

After keeping us in suspense, Vic Orsatti and June Lang met at the altar last month.

glycerine. That's the word direct from the fortress of Samuel Goldwyn, where they're making "Stella Dallas" and doing a lot of perspiring, too. It seems that the old-fashioned—or honest—variety of perspiration, despite its virtues, doesn't photograph; hence canned perspiration is the machine world's latest triumph over man.

Chalk up another score for "The Cradle" in Evanston. For the past several years picture people shopping for babies have patronized "The Cradle." The latest was Irene Dunne, and now she's so pleased with her little daughter she plans a trip back. Irene's next, she says, will be a boy.



BANISH "False-Face" Powder

DON'T HIDE THE LOVELINESS OF YOUR NATURAL SKIN-TONE BEAUTY—

Dear Madam:

"False-face!"—your powder may scream out if you chose it a month ago or chose it to suit you in a certain light. "She belongs in the circus!"—friends may whisper behind your back—all because your skin is a vastly different color in sunlight than in the shade. It's still another color in yellow or blue nightlights. Winter's blasts, summer's infrared rays, diet and general health all change your skin color constantly.

But if you tried to escape that "false-face" powdery look by buying enough HARD-BASE shades to keep up with all your changing skin colors, you'd be spanking your face with a dozen different shades every month.

How Can "Balmite" Help You?

No beauty counselor could give you more sincere advice than this:—"Never choose a HARD-BASE powder. Choose only a SOFT-BASE powder. "BALMITE" is the sensational new SOFT-BASE in Lovely Lady Face Powder. So no matter which shade of Lovely Lady you choose, "BALMITE" blends out your shade to meet every variation of light and of your own skin color.

Compare—see if your present powder adds dreadful years. Test all five skin-keyed

shades of Lovely Lady. See which *one* shade is the shade you can depend on in *any* light, in *any* season—which SOFT BASE "BALMITE" shade reveals you at your loveliest.

"Types" and "Name-Shades" Cause Confusion

Avoid the risk of choosing powder by "name-shades" such as "Brunette", as these "Brunette" shades are not all uniform in color. And often a "Brunette" type needs a "Blonde" shade, and a "Blonde" type a "Brunette" shade. With all this confusion it's no wonder people might think of your face powder as your "false-face."

Don't "Mask" Your Natural Charm

Don't "mask" your face any longer with a HARD-BASE face powder that "matches" your skin in one light and may give you a "false-face" in another light. Send for all five FREE shades of Lovely Lady Face Powder containing "BALMITE"—my SOFT-BLEND BASE that brings out so gloriously and dependably the natural skin color beauty and charm that is *yours alone*.

Sincerely, *Lovely Lady*



LOVELY LADY is equal to face powders costing you five times as much—is smoother, softer than softest down. . . . Waterproof . . . Non-allergic . . . Grit-free . . . Ends chalky "false-face" look—color completely covers each tiny particle of powder, not just *one side* as in ordinary face powders. "Balmite" brings out the loveliest of your *natural* skin tone colors. Actually clings until you remove it.

FREE

LOVELY LADY,
603 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

87

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.

Name

Street

City State

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

Constance Bennett

**says: "My throat
appreciates Luckies"**

"When Americans gather in Paris, Cannes or Elstree, the first question is often: 'Who's got a Lucky?' Here and abroad I prefer Luckies because my work demands that my throat be in good condition, and a light smoke helps keep it up to par. I was 'converted' to Luckies five years ago by their flavor, but found that my throat appreciates a light smoke."

Constance Bennett

STARRING IN HAL ROACH—MGM FEATURE COMEDY "TOPPER"

Notice how many professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, statesmen, etc., smoke Luckies. See how many leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera prefer them. Their voices are their fortunes. Doesn't it follow

that, if Luckies are gentle on their sensitive throats, they will be gentle on your throat, too? You will appreciate the throat protection of a light smoke free of certain irritants expelled by the exclusive "Toasting" Process.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH



The Finest Tobaccos—
"The Cream of the Crop"