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Modern Screen

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MAGAZINE



BETTE
DAVIS

JACKIE COOGAN'S
OWN STORY

"I WANT MY MONEY!"

JUL 16 1938
PERIODICAL DIVISION

When the Music throbs with Love

...BE SURE

**You are Alluring and
Refined with Lander's
Blended-Flower Talc**

Put yourself in this picture. Dancing with the one man in the world... to music that throbs with love... he will hold you tighter and steal a kiss — if you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's flowers.

And Lander's Blended-Flower Talc will give you this tempting, exciting perfume that absolutely captivates a man. Try the Gardenia and Sweet Pea Blend. It's a glorious combination — the voluptuous perfume of gardenias and the languorous, romantic perfume of sweet peas!

And these two exotic perfumes are blended in such exquisitely fine, soft talc! For Lander's Blended-Flower Talc spreads on your skin like a caress. Every morning, dust your whole body with this luxurious talc... smell sweet all over... feel flower-fresh, glorified, inspired!

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... and more! It guards your refinement. When a man takes you in his arms, you're sweet as a flower... and he *knows* you are refined. There may be madness in his heart but there'll be worship in his soul. His love for you is sacred... and he longs to make you his wife to protect and adore forever. Get Lander's Blended-Flower Talc today. The large can only 10¢ at your 10¢ store.



LANDER'S BLENDED FLOWER TALCS

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

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THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS... "DARLING"



No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

SHE MEETS NICE MEN—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. It isn't as if she weren't pretty enough—or easy to talk to. And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe each day?

Foolish Carol! Like so many girls, she trusts her bath alone to keep her sweet! She fails to realize that baths take care only of *past* perspiration...that they can't prevent odor *to come*...that underarms must have *special* care.

Smart girls, *popular* girls, use Mum. Mum is a gentle, pleasant cream that prevents underarm odor before it ever

starts. With Mum you never, never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! A half minute is enough to smooth Mum into each underarm.

MUM IS SAFE! Gentle Mum is actually soothing to the skin—you can use it imme-

diately after shaving the underarms. And Mum is harmless to every kind of fabric.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or a full evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM
—Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's safe, sure. No worries, when you use Mum this way, too!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Eleanor Fisher
"Miss Typical America"
appearing in
Paramount's
"True Confession"

Glamour
WITH
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

GLAMOUR!—elusive enchantment—did you know that "your eyes have it" more than any other feature? Don't let it slumber there—touch Maybelline Mascara to those neglected lashes with a few simple upward strokes of the dainty Maybelline brush. Deepen the mascara at the outer edges to make your eyes appear larger, farther apart, more expressive. Then see what long, dark, silky, luxuriant lashes you have. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

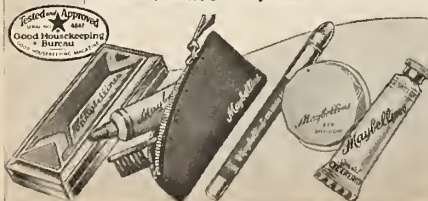
● Next—eyebrows. They hold the secret to your individual expression and charm. So be sure you accent them—use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

● Then—a bit of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow on your upper lids—blend it from the center outwards toward your temples for the most delightful effect.

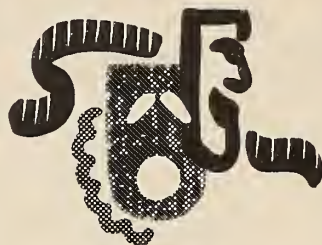
● At night—gently smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive, tender skin around your eyes. It will help ward off those persistent little crow's feet and eye wrinkles that mar one's beauty.

● Discriminating women all over the world rely on these exquisite Maybelline aids to glamour. You, too, will be delighted with the added charm, beauty and expression they will give you.

● Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity . . . 75c. Refills . . . 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case . . . 75c. Both come in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye-brow Pencil, in Black, Brown, Blue (blue used as eye-liner), Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. Insist on Maybelline!



Modern Screen



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BOB TAYLOR

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YOU WERE SWELL IN YANK AT OXFORD
GIVE US SOME MORE OF THAT SAME
KIND OF ACTION, ROMANCE, AND FUN!
YOUR FANS

...and his fans get their kind of picture!

THE CROWD ROARS

Edward with Frank
ARNOLD • MORGAN
Maureen William
O'SULLIVAN • GARGAN
LIONEL STANDER • JANE WYMAN



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist



MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★★ Vivacious Lady

"Vivacious Lady" is Ginger Rogers' first solo starring picture. She sings one song, and the little dancing she does is incidental to the plot, all of which gives her an opportunity to prove she can carry a picture on her dramatics alone. And "Vivacious Lady" is one of the most enjoyable films of the season. Intelligently written and directed, and played with quiet humor, it is a definite improvement over the recent barrage of screwball comedies.

Story has Jimmy Stewart, an associate professor at a small college where his father is president, going to New York and returning with a Broadway song-and-dance girl as his wife. He is forced to conceal the marriage until he can win over his parents and pacify the home-town girl to whom he has been engaged. It's a mighty task, but Stewart, with the aid of a bibulous cousin (Jimmy Ellison) manages to make the proceedings highly entertaining. Miss Rogers and Stewart play their roles expertly, both of them turning in their best screen performances. Acting honors go to Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn, who play Stewart's parents. Funniest scene in the picture has Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Ellison teaching Miss Bondi the Big Apple. The supporting cast is excellent. George Stevens directed.—RKO-Radio.



★★★★ Holiday

"Holiday," one of the memorable films of the early days of talking pictures, returns in a streamlined 1938 version and scores a solid hit. Starring Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant, this new treatment of Philip Barry's play compares favorably to the earlier version, and can stand on its own merits as first-rate film entertainment.

Audiences who recall the Ann Harding "Holiday" will find this one slow in spots because of the familiarity of the story. However, it has all the power and punch of the original, plus a brace of top-notch performances. Cary Grant is splendid as Johnny Case, the young man about to marry into the wealthy Seton family. His role takes him away from his usual screwball comedy antics and definitely establishes him as one of Hollywood's leading male players. Katharine Hepburn, as the renegade Linda Seton, slaps back at her detractors with the best performance she's given since "Bill of Divorcement." Doris Nolan plays the haughty Julia Seton with a finesse she has never before shown in her screen career. In the role of the drunken, defeatist brother, Lew Ayres makes a brilliant screen comeback and almost steals the picture. George Cukor directed.—Columbia.



★★★ Three Comrades

An honest translation of Erich Maria Remarque's story of Germany after the World War, "Three Comrades" is stirring screen fare. Rich in social consciousness, tragic and bitter in theme, it is one of those rare pictures you can feel as well as see. As adult entertainment, it is one of the most satisfying pictures of the year.

The three comrades—Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young—are discharged from the German army at the conclusion of the war. They have no place in post-war society, for their only taste of life has been at the battlefield. Disillusioned by attempts to adjust themselves to their new world, they set up an auto repair shop and resign themselves to their fate. A pitifully tragic love story is introduced when Taylor marries Margaret Sullivan, a young woman from whom the war has taken her money and health. Soon Young dies from a storm trooper's bullet and Miss Sullivan is claimed by tuberculosis, leaving the two remaining comrades trudging off into nowhere, with the rumblings of a new war already in their ears. Margaret Sullivan's performance is brilliant and marks a welcome return to the screen for this fine actress. All of the men are excellent, with Franchot Tone's portrayal the best of the three. Frank Borzage directed.—M-G-M.

TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Alexander's Ragtime Band

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Don Ameche are listed as the stars of this "super-colossal" musical show, but the real hero is Irving Berlin. A cavalcade of his songs, from "Alexander's Ragtime Band" up to the present time, high-lights the picture and is responsible for almost every one of the film's better moments. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is first rate entertainment. The fact that it could have been better is probably unimportant. There is still the feeling, however, that the story gets in the way of Berlin's grand music.

There are too many good things in the film to list them all here. Musical numbers done most effectively are "This Is the Life," sung by Wally Vernon, "Everybody's Doin' It" (Vernon and Dixie Dunbar), "That International Rag" (Jack Haley, Alice Faye and Chick Chandler) and Berlin's new hit tune, "Now it Can Be Told." Performances by the three principals are routine, and in addition there is the disturbing thought that while the picture covers a period of over twenty years, none of the stars ages more than ten minutes. In the supporting cast, Jack Haley, Wally Vernon, Eddie Collins, Paul Hurst and Ethel Merman all furnish bright moments. Henry King directed.—20th Century-Fox.



★★★ White Banners

Here is a great audience picture, full of the platitudes and the philosophies of Lloyd Douglas, whose two previous film stories, "Magnificent Obsession" and "Green Light," have brought joy and happiness to millions, including their respective producers. Anyone who enjoyed those two films will find "White Banners" just as good, and perhaps a little better, since its performances are all top-notch in such expert hands as those of Claude Rains, Fay Bainter, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper.

Mr. Douglas preaches a sort of reverse Dale Carnegie Technique. Where Mr. Carnegie tells his followers that a dominant personality is a winning one, Mr. Douglas mildly insists that the meek will inherit the earth, or a reasonably accurate facsimile. As is his custom, Mr. Douglas projects his philosophy through the medium of one of the characters. In this case it is Fay Bainter, who wanders into the household and the lives of Claude Rains and his family and remains to show them the light.

All the principals perform expertly, with honors going to Miss Bainter and Mr. Rains. Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, who were kids last time we saw them, carry on a puppy love affair with proper earnestness and a dignity befitting their years. Directed by Edmund Goulding.—Warner Brothers.



★★ Yellow Jack

Sidney Howard's drama of the fight against yellow fever during the Spanish-American War, which ran as a play on Broadway several seasons ago, comes to the screen as an interesting, if not too exciting, chronicle of the heroism and eventual victory of a group of men who volunteered their lives to aid in the advance of medical science.

The film is almost a photographed stage play, for it employs only two or three sets. It is concerned entirely with the fight to discover a cure for the dreaded yellow fever, a fact which sometimes tends to make it slow and tedious. It is, however, a valiant effort to turn out serious drama, and as such it deserves praise.

Robert Montgomery has another opportunity to deviate from his usual assignments, and in the role of the Irish sergeant in charge of the volunteer squad he assumes a brogue and manages, after a dubious start, to make you believe sincerely in the character he plays. Virginia Bruce has little to do, in the feminine lead, but her performance is satisfactory. The entire cast is good. Directed by George Seitz.—M-G-M.

More Reviews on page 84

Pick your pictures by our reviews and you will enjoy them so much more

MODERN SCREEN

TOGETHER

again!

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero"... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!



Warner Bros. Present
BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK'S



Starring

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

JAMES

PAT

CAGNEY *and* O'BRIEN

WITH

MARIE WILSON RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK MCHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK



MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE



Joe and his pretty missus tear
off a tune.

A TRAGEDIAN'S ambition is invariably to play comedy, and the clown always has a burning desire to do Hamlet. Life's real tragedy seems to be that us mortals are never satisfied when we do a good job. Oh, no, there's always just the thing, we think, we're best suited for, to be accomplished somewhere in the future.

Joe Penner, however, is the exception that proves the rule. A veritable Pagliacci, he goes to work when the camera grinds and makes us laugh no matter how many nip-ups that heart o' his is doing. However, Penner does not want to play tragedy. In fact, he knows his forte, is comedy, even though it's on the hokum side.

"I'm strictly a Chaplin comedian," Joe began in a whisper. "The difference is that Chaplin doesn't work with his voice, and I talk. But, no cracks about the way I'm talking now! You see, I've been under the weather for a few days. I took Red Sharkey and some of his friends to the ball game the other day and of course it would rain. My box was in the open so we had to scamper to the grandstand. The result was that when I got the kids under shelter there wasn't room for me, so I sat on a damp cement step. Well, I've been in bed for the past two days, and I've got to leave for the coast tomorrow. With my first day taken up with a business conference at the office here, and the next two in bed, about the only thing I've seen of New York is that ball game that did me in. Oh, yes, the setting is all right if you've got to stay. (Continued on page 84)

DUAL PERSONALITY

BY MACK HUGHES

**A laugh-getter on the screen, a
worrier, off, Joe, of the Park Avenue
Penners, is ever the philosopher**

Mr. P. takes everything big—
including his ice cream!





TWO LANES TO FOLLOW

Priscilla and Rosemary Lane enjoy some pineapple treats.

WITH SUMMER at hand you'll be glad to hear that pineapple—most cooling and taste-tempting of fruits—engages our attention. It also interests Priscilla and Rosemary Lane in our illustration, which shows these two charming members of that delightful Lane "foursome" of sisters, lunching in the studio Green Room.

Their choice of foods is no surprise. In fact we could all profit by following their example frequently. Especially during the hot weather, for I can think of no dishes more zestful, more welcome on a warm summer day, than those which feature perennially popular pineapple in any one of the many styles in which it is canned.

This golden fruit certainly can boast not only of its ability to travel along in fine fettle on its own merits, but also of its happy faculty of combining so beautifully with other foods. With diverse fruits in beverages and other summertime treats, for instance; with salad greens; in gelatin and milk desserts; with cream and cottage cheese, etc. Also, its unmistakable and welcome flavor adds greatly to the appeal of seasonable sherbets and ice creams.

Excellent examples of pineapple dishes at their best are those that Priscilla and Rosemary were so obviously enjoying when we calmly interrupted their midday repast to take pictures! Priscilla—like so many Hollywood beauties—was "watching her calories" (without in any way cutting down on her food enjoyment) by eating a most appetizing yet thinning summer salad. This consisted of a slice of canned pineapple topped with a generous mound of cottage cheese. Surrounding this luscious combination were thin slices of peaches which had been dipped in pineapple juice to retard discoloration. (Remember this one!) Generous wedges of lemon were served with this salad, in lieu of a

dressing. However, for those less concerned about their "figgers" a mayonnaise or even a French dressing could be used.

As a welcome change, and as an even more partified version of this well-liked cheese-pineapple combination, you can have the "Bridge Party Salad" pictured here.

Rosemary's choice—and a mighty refreshing one, too—had both an intriguing "title" and "make-up." "Coupe Hawaiian" it was called, and I insisted then and there upon knowing how it was made. You, too, after trying it, will agree with Shakespeare's statement that "Rosemary's for remembrance!"

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Courtesy Dole

This Bridge Party Salad is as good as it looks!

BRIDGE PARTY SALAD

- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- 1 (14 oz.) can pineapple "gems"
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound cottage cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery
- Maraschino cherries for garnishing

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water. Drain pineapple, reserving the fruit. Add enough water to pineapple liquid to make $\frac{3}{4}$ cup juice in all. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat, add soaked gelatin; stir until dissolved. Mash cheese through a food mill or sieve; add salt, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Beat until blended; add to hot gelatin mixture. Chill. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream, celery and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of the pineapple gems. Turn into individual molds. Chill in refrigerator until firm. To serve: Place remaining gems on large serving dish. Unmold and arrange gelatin salad around them (see illustration). Decorate each serving with sliced maraschino cherries. Garnish platter with salad greens (lettuce, romaine, endive or watercress). Pass mayonnaise, which has been

And you won't go far wrong when those peppy Lane gals lead the way to

thinned to the desired consistency with cream or a little pineapple juice.

PINEAPPLE CREAM SHERBET (for Coupe Hawaiian)

- 1 (no. 2) can crushed pineapple
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup powdered sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 2 teaspoons gelatin
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
- 2 egg whites, beaten stiff
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt

Drain pineapple, reserving fruit. Combine pineapple juice with the powdered sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the water, in a saucepan. Boil slowly for 10 minutes; remove from heat. Meanwhile soak gelatin in remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water for 5 minutes, then dissolve in the hot pineapple liquid. Add pineapple pulp and lemon juice. Cool. Place in freezing tray and freeze until consistency of mayonnaise. Whip cream, gradually adding the granulated sugar. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff. Combine beaten egg whites and cream. Remove slightly frozen pineapple mixture from freezing tray to an ice-cold bowl and beat with a rotary beater until it is full of air bubbles. Fold in cream and egg white mixture, gently but thoroughly. Return to freezing tray and finish freezing.

COUPE HAWAIIAN

- 1 (no. 2 Tall) can pineapple "spears"
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 peach, fresh or canned, sliced thin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced berries
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 small bottle maraschino cherries
- whipped cream, sherbet

Drain pineapple, reserving fruit. To pineapple juice add lemon juice and sugar. Boil together 7 minutes. Chill. In each of 4 tall dessert glasses place 3 pineapple "spears" standing upright around the edge of the glass. Combine sliced peach, berries and the tablespoon of sugar. Sprinkle with the juice drained from maraschino cherries. Place an equal amount of this fruit mixture in bottom of each dessert glass. Place in refrigerator until serving time. Fill glasses three-quarters full with Pineapple Cream Sherbet. Pour over each serving a little of the chilled pineapple syrup. Top with whipped cream, garnish with maraschino cherries and serve immediately.

In Hollywood, as elsewhere, iced fruit beverages receive their share of attention as a change from the usual iced tea or coffee. The following is an excellent example, and incorporates a sugar syrup suggestion that you will want to remember.

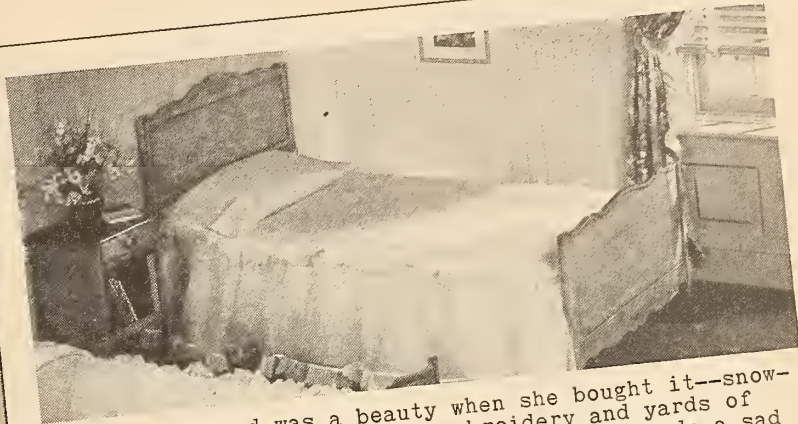
PINK PINEAPPLEADE

- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups pineapple juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup raspberry juice (drained from canned raspberries)
- 2 cups cold water
- juice of 2 lemons
- fresh mint

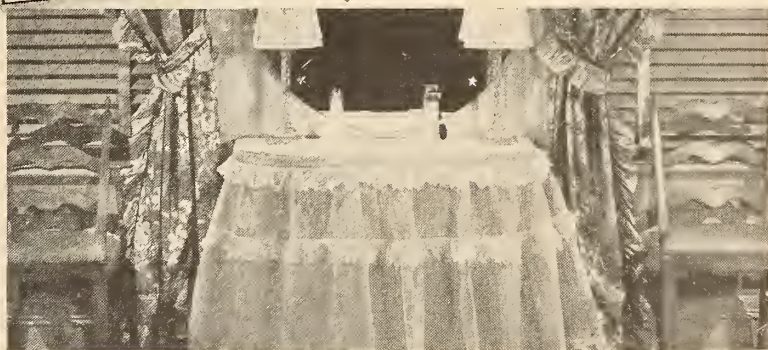
Make sugar syrup by combining boiling water with the sugar and boiling together for 5 minutes. Pour into a jar, cover and keep in refrigerator for sweetening this and other cold drinks—without leaving a wasteful deposit of sugar in the bottom of the glass. Combine pineapple juice and raspberry juice. Add cold water and lemon juice. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup (approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup). Chill. To serve: Place a sprig of mint and ice cubes in each glass before pouring in beverage. (Gingerale ice cubes are a delicious addition.)

cool summer tempters!

Three mistakes ...in the bride's house!



The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it—snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap—and left it full of tattle-tale gray.



Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her—"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"



Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too—and all the bride's wash—until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer golden soap and lots of naptha, that stuck-fast dirt had to let go! Now the bride's washes sparkle like snow! And everybody raves about her home!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines!
Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

THE LIPS MEN LOVE TO KISS



—are soft...natural!

Men detest that ugly "painted look". Only Tangee can give your lips this lovely natural glow—it's the only lipstick with the famous Tangee color-change principle.

Orange in the stick, Tangee actually changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose—exactly your shade whether you're a blonde, brunette or red head. Won't smear or leave red marks on teeth or handkerchiefs. Special cream base keeps it on...hours longer. Get Tangee. 39¢ and \$1.10. Try Tangee Rouge and Powder, too, for a natural matched make-up.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

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Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.



Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

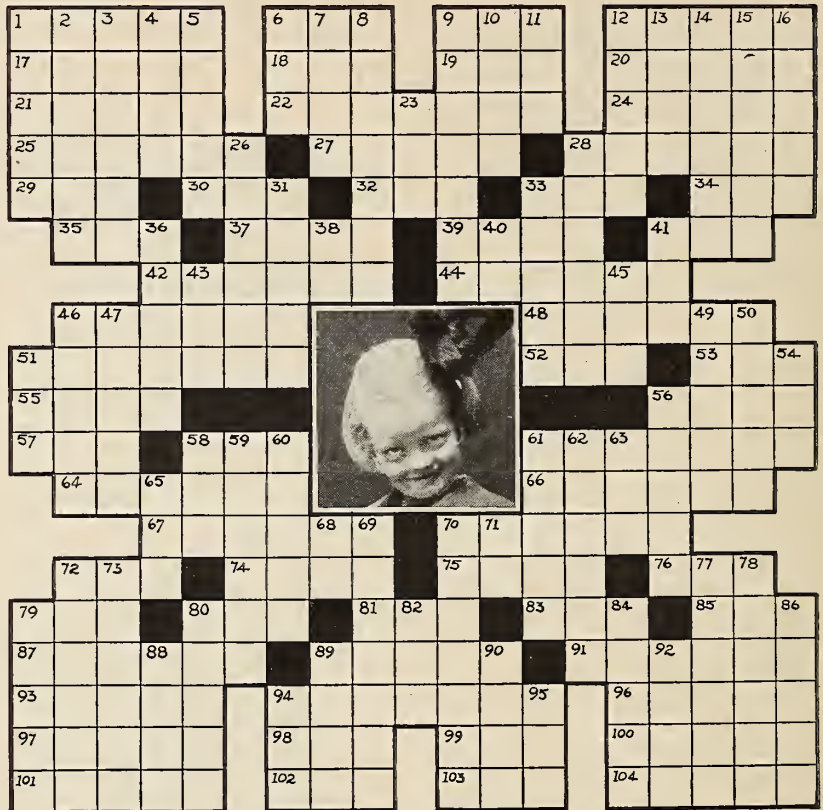
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Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test. Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel Powder Desired

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City _____ State _____ MM88

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 75

ACROSS

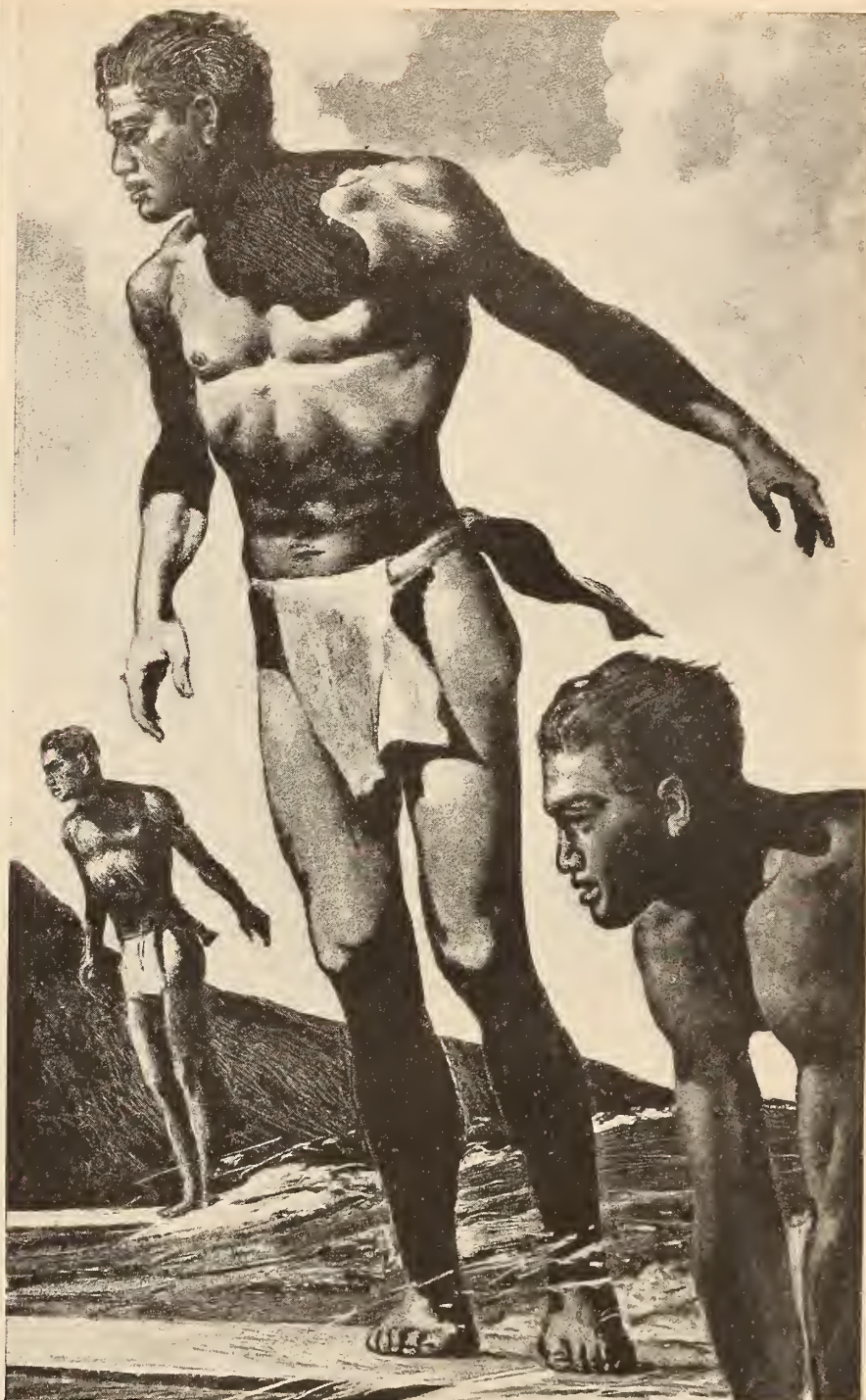
1. First name of star pictured
6. "Gift of ---"
9. Middle
12. Last name of 1 across
17. Star of "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
18. Past
19. Hail!
20. Open to view
21. Princess de Lamballe in "Marie Antoinette"
22. Fonda's wife in 70 down
24. What film stunt men require
25. That which is retained
27. Odeum
28. Beatrice Harris in "Men Are Such Fools"
29. Ilona Ma --- y
30. Color
32. Madge in "Little Miss Thoroughbred"
33. Veterinary: coll.
34. "Dead ---"
35. Prefix meaning three
37. Reverberated
39. Heroine of "Law of the Plains"
41. Limb
42. Male star of "You and Me"
44. Hillbilly comedienne in "Thrill of a Lifetime"
46. Mrs. Dan Topping, Jr.
48. James Flowers in "Hunted Men"
51. Made love

52. K --- i Gallian
53. Me --- Oberon
55. The Ordinal
56. Vat for storing green fodder
57. Falsehood
58. Lowing of a cow
61. Our star was in "That --- Wo-man"
64. Massachusetts city of our star's birth
66. Pungent garden vegetables
67. Nora in "King of the Newsboys"
70. Opera star in "The Goldwyn Follies"
72. "--- Stop New York"
74. --- Ann Borg
75. Mrs. Charles Laughton's first name
76. Compass point
79. Wallace B --- y
80. "The --- of Madelon Claudet"
81. Ricardo Cor ---
83. Greek letter
85. Make a choice: rare
87. Joan Blondell's sister
89. --- Morley
91. More weird
93. Pertaining to the largest continent
94. Beat soundly
96. The Princess in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"
97. Evade
98. B --- ta Granville
99. --- le Gallienne
100. Roman highways
101. Dirks
102. Consumed
103. Deposit
104. Mandingo palm nuts

PAGE

DOWN

1. Wild animals
2. Marco Polo's companion in that film
3. More hackneyed
4. Transport
5. South African antelope
6. Girl: slang
7. Premium paid for exchange of one currency for another
8. Our star was in "Of Human -----"
9. Pertaining to Freemasons
10. His last name is Lebedeff
11. 16th century ruler of Tunis
12. Hero of "Knight Without Armor"
13. Assert
14. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou
15. Norma Shearer's late husband
16. Spirited horse
23. Cave
26. Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette"
28. Become: obs.
31. Having organs of hearing
33. Comedian Barnett's first name
36. Eskimo dwelling
38. No good: abbr.
40. Egyptian sun god
41. Laboratory: coll.
43. German article
45. Large vessel
46. Month of our star's birth
47. Contest of horsemanship
49. Hero in "Merrily We Live"
50. Heroine of "The Lady in the Morgue"
51. Producer Lesser's first name
54. Age
56. Judge Hardy
58. --- vyn Douglas
59. Maid Marian in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
60. Douglas in "Kidnapped"
61. Growth of small trees
62. Ensiform
63. "Rose of the --- Grande"
65. Pale
68. An alleged force
69. First name of Mrs. Kalmus of Technicolor
70. Our star's most recent film
71. Ole in "Little Miss Broadway"
72. Our star's married name
73. Alloy resembling gold
77. An evening party
78. Genus of spiders
79. Interjections
80. Trigonometrical functions
82. Epoch
84. Shield
86. Lock of hair
88. "The ---- of Paris"
89. Marty Weston in "Mr. Moto Takes a Chance"
90. Star of "The Girl Was Young"
92. Our star's real first name
94. Large snake
95. Hero in "Her Jungle Love"



Riding Waikiki Waves

• Lithograph by ROBERT RIGGS

Truly Hawaiian

A thrill from Hawaii is Dole Pineapple Juice. Pure, natural, unsweetened—its exciting flavor is ideally protected by the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packaging Process.

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Do You Dream of a KNIGHT OF ROMANCE?



FAIR DAMSELS knew that the bravest knight could be a willing slave to an alluring perfume...



MODERN ROMANCE follows the same rules. The girl who clothes herself in the magic fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc has her gallant knight always at her beck and call.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"



—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. D, New York.

... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

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



You ask the questions—we'll answer them



NELSON EDDY: A glance at the barometer that tops this page will tell you without further ado why this blonde giant rates a word from this department right here and now. So here are the statistics. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence,

Rhode Island, June 29, 1901. Among his ancestors were President Martin Van Buren, and Caroline Kendrick (his grandmother, and a famous singer of her day.) Both his father and mother were also excellent singers, and young Nelson made his vocal debut early as a boy soprano for All Saint's and Grace Churches in Providence. He was educated at Rhode Island Normal School. For five years he was a reporter and copy reader on Philadelphia newspapers. Later he wrote advertising for two large agencies. He studied with several Philadelphia teachers, and learned operatic arias from phonograph records. His first stage appearance was in 1922. He made his New York debut in 1924 as "Pagliacci." Several years later he sang at a concert in Los Angeles, and made such a brilliant success that within a week he was signed to a long-term motion picture contract. Nelson Eddy's first movie was with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady." But picture success came slowly at first. It was two years after "Dancing Lady" that the "right" picture came along. Then, opposite Jeanette MacDonald, he was given the male lead in "Naughty Marietta," and practically overnight he became a screen sensation. There followed "Rose Marie," "Maytime," "Rosalia," and "Girl of the Golden West." His next pictures will be "Balalaika," and "Adventure for Three." Nelson Eddy is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy-three pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. His favorite sports are swimming, riding and tennis. Eddy sings thirty-two operatic roles. Besides English he sings in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He prefers Wagnerian opera. He has made many successful national concert tours, has appeared as guest soloist with several choral organizations, and has been in Europe three times where he was invited to sing in opera, though he never accepted. His fans hope he'll stay right here for a long time to come.



GRACE MOORE: This golden voiced, golden haired, vivacious lady of a dozen different careers believes that every one should hitch his wagon to a star, then reach for it through personal effort. She evidently practises what she preaches too.

for we can't think of anyone who has achieved outstanding success in so many

varied fields. She is not only a grand opera prima donna, a musical comedy star, a concert singer and a radio entertainer; she is also a perfect cook, expert sportswoman, a charming hostess, a happy wife, and the idol of countless thousands of admirers from kings and queens to the humblest of us movie-goers. Born in Jellico, Tennessee, December 5, 1901, she was one of five children, and originally wanted to be a missionary to China. But while in school at Ward Belmont in Nashville, she heard Mary Garden sing, and immediately changed her ambitions. She persuaded her parents to send her to a music school near Washington, D. C., but they still disapproved of her operatic ambitions, so she ran away to New York. She lived in Greenwich Village, and for six months Grace Moore sang in a restaurant for her suppers. Then she lost her voice and had to rest for six more months before it returned. After that she sang in musical comedy to get money to study opera, and in 1928 she made her Metropolitan Opera debut in "La Boheme." She sang there for three seasons, then tried her hand at the movies. Her first two pictures flopped, partly because sound recording devices were imperfect, partly because she herself probably wasn't ready for pictures.

HUNDREDS OF ADDRESSES FOR A STAMPED ENVELOPE!

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking. So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, naming the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing addresses. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

So she continued to study and sing. In 1931, in Cannes, France, she married Valentin Parera, the Ronald Colman of Spain, with whom she is still very much in love. In 1934 Grace Moore returned to Hollywood to make the picture "One Night of Love." This time it was a complete and glorious success, and the four pictures which followed have added to her tremendous popularity. These were "Love Me Forever," "The King Steps Out," "When You're in Love" and "I'll Take Romance." Grace Moore collects prize cooking recipes, etchings and prints. She loves emeralds and is interested in public events. She swims and rides expertly. She also plays a good game of poker, but doesn't drink or smoke. She adores riding on Fifth Avenue buses, and still considers a chocolate ice cream soda a grand way to make "whoopie." She once was selected by the late Florenz Ziegfeld as one of the ten most beautiful women in the world, and by a famous international photographer as one of the thirteen supreme beauties. Miss Moore's superb voice, and her great charm, born of radiant health and inspired vitality, have made her one of the screen's truly great personalities.

GENE AUTRY: 'Tis said that this public cowboy number one recently received 40,000 fan letters in one month, and by the number of inquiries directed to this desk we aren't surprised. Gene himself just can't figure out all this popularity.



"Maybe it's 'Champ' they like instead of me," he suggests modestly. ("Champ" is his thoroughbred black and white Oklahoma horse.) But our guess is that his popularity has something to do with his good humored, unaffected charm, and that mellow tenor voice of his. Gene Autry is his real name, and he was born in Tioga, Texas, September 29, 1908. He is five feet, ten and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds, has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. His parents still live on a cattle ranch in Oklahoma. His father is a minister in the little town of Ravina. Gene has been warbling ever since he can remember. He started out by singing in the choir of his grandfather's Baptist church. When he was fourteen he bought a steel guitar and learned to accompany himself. At eighteen Gene became a railroad telegraph operator, and together with Jimmy Long, another singing railroad, he wrote "Silver Haired Daddy of Mine," one of the most popular songs of its kind. Since then he has written both words and music for over two hundred cowboy and hillbilly ditties. His voice has been recorded by practically every big recording company, and since 1930 he has sung on many big radio programs. Since he began making pictures in 1934 he has starred in some thirty popular "Westerns." He is happily married and lives on a ranch in San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood. His hobby is raising and training thoroughbred Western horses. "Champion," his favorite mount, is considered one of the finest horses in pictures. "Champ's" saddle, bridle and breast-piece are trimmed with sterling silver. Gene's own cowboy raiment is elaborate and authentic, because, as Gene says, when he appears in public, "the kids expect you to look like a cowboy, and you can't let them down." Gene Autry's next two pictures will be "Gold Mine in the Sky" and "Old Faithful."

(Continued on page 96)

**INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

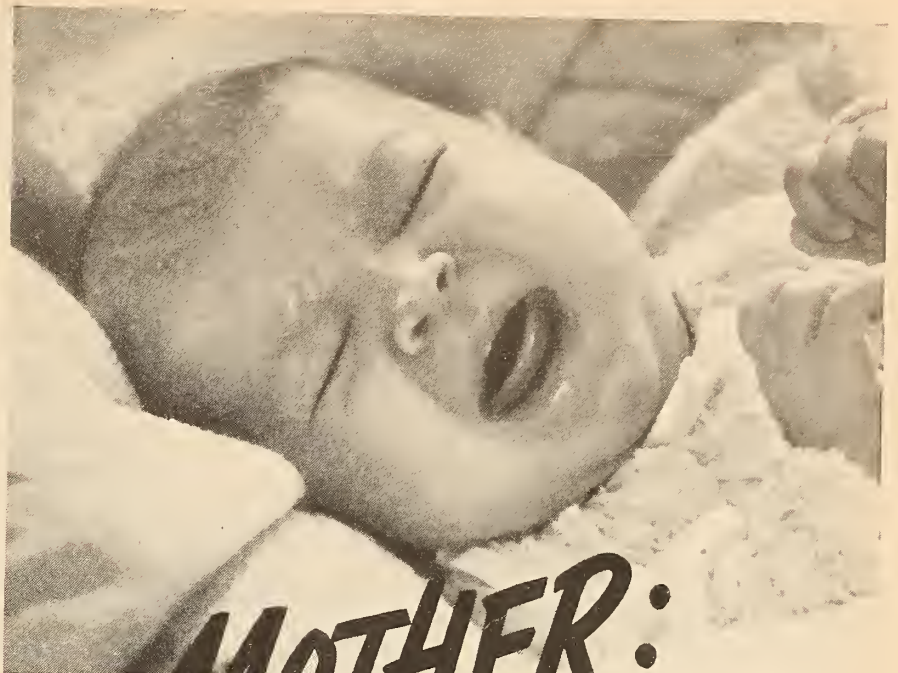
Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name

Street

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

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, age, and birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.



MOTHER:

When your baby is suffering KNOW what to do!

DON'T be *helpless* when an emergency arises! Every mother should *know* what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will *escape* emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's new book—*free* with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, *free*! Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafoe's book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe's Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections.

Do you know how to... Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of "Lysol", for a limited time.



Used in the care of the
Quintuplets since the day
they were born...

Lysol
Disinfectant

If your drug store cannot supply you—
mail this to

LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 8-M.S.
(Enclose "Lysol" carton front. Dr. Dafoe's
book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name

Address.....

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BETWEEN YOU'N'ME



RINSE OFF UNWANTED HAIR

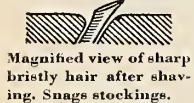
This Quick, Easy Way!

Legs are in the spotlight! And men just won't forgive the girl whose legs bristle with untidy hair. So—whether at the beach or clad in sheer silk stockings—be sure your legs are smooth and feminine!

Just spread NEET (like a cold cream in texture) on unwanted hair. Then rinse off with water. That's *all!* NEET removes all hair... leaves your skin satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

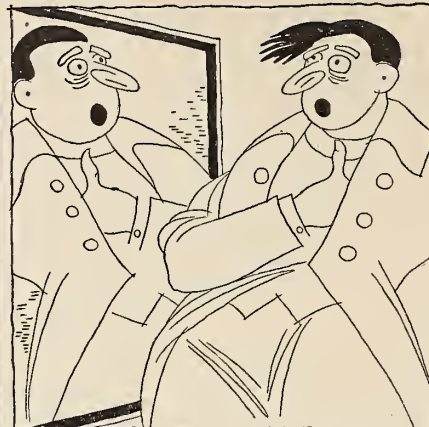
Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving.



There is no razor stubble to snag your stockings and cause runs—and no danger of cuts—when you use the safe and convenient NEET way.

Beach wear, shorter skirts and summer dresses call for smoother, hair-free arms and legs. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it today. At drug and dept. stores. Generous 10¢ size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair



A fan from Detroit declares that Napoleon's hair did a flip-flop act in "Conquest."

\$5.00 Prize Poem

Ode to Jean Harlow

As falls the fragment of some bright star
Into the night, where all was dark before,
A brilliant flash attracting fans afar,
Seen but a short time, to be seen no more,
So, on the screen, this lovely lady bold
Outlined a course before she fell.
Turning a silver star to one of gold,
A star to be remembered long and well.
What matters that her bright career was brief

And vanished swiftly in eternal night?
In such a fall there is no cause for grief,
For stars like these leave paths of brilliant light.

She spread the glory of her short-lived fame

And added lustre to a much loved name.
—Opal Wadman, Dublin, Ind.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

Youth Speaks

Why not have more movies with youthful appeal in them? It seems that the stars between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five are doomed to destruction. Every picture is made either for juveniles or adults. We of the younger generation want to see pictures that depict our own everyday experiences. We aren't interested in torrid love scenes; we want good, clean, wholesome, realistic pictures.

How about some high school and college pictures? And then, for pity's sakes, don't star Fredric March or Clark Gable as a couple of all American full-backs. While I consider them superior stars, I believe there is a limit to all good things. Give the stars like Frankie Darro a chance. For years I've waited for his stardom, and I know he's just as good as the other box office attractions. He looks, acts, talks like and is the ideal American youth. Let's have more of his pictures. Give the younger generation a chance. Up with Darro and Youth!

—Lavergne Gebhardt, Chicago, Ill.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

Middle Age Jitters

Ever since those two pixilated sisters made their hilarious hit in "Mr. Deeds," the movies have been pushing middle age

around, and I protest. I haven't seen a picture in a long time now that didn't cause some individual of middle age, either a man or woman, to appear as a complete nitwit. When not cast as simpletons or morons they're malicious and meddlesome. In real life if all people between forty-five and sixty acted as they're made to on the screen—well, just try and imagine the world!

There is but one middle-aged person left with a shred of dignity—the banker. Is this significant? Somehow or other, our movie bankers are still depicted as people with sufficient brains and common sense to guard our money.

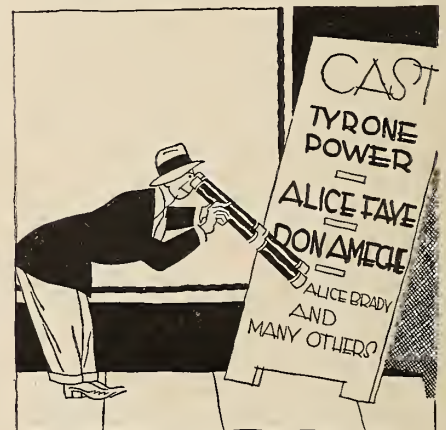
Let me assure producers that for one giddy matron like Billie Burke or Alice Brady we've got ninety-nine mothers of gracious manners, dignity, and charm. But in films all mothers are dames with muscle-bound brains and cigarette jitters. How about that realism which Hollywood boasts?

—J. W. Bayne, Vancouver, Canada.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Hurrah For Ma O'Leary

To our city came the picture "In Old Chicago," and, so help me, you couldn't see the name of Alice Brady on the billing with a pair of high-powered binoculars. Yet Miss Brady dominated the entire production and was the one player over which everyone enthused. Without her the picture would have been just another insipid historical romance, pepped up at the finish by a snappy fire sequence.



Another fan resents having to look with binoculars for the name of a picture's real star.

With Miss Brady, however, it became a splendidly human story, infused with the heroic personality of a wife and mother of the fine pioneer type that made America what it is today. Her glowing ideals made Molly O'Leary a sturdy heroine who couldn't be corrupted by easy money and smooth politics, and whose courage and spirit survived a holocaust. If Miss Brady isn't the Star of "In Old Chicago," I'm a cross-eyed pelican.

—Winnifred Davies, Vancouver, Can.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

An Explanation's Due

Napoleon's hair did a flip-flop in "Conquest!" Came the last scene. Napoleon's

Write us your frank opinions about anything concerning the movies. You may win a cash prize!

hair, one of his most distinguishing features, was combed forward in a point. All through the picture it had been thus.

The scene shifted for an instant to the Countess, then back to Napoleon. His hair! An instant before, it was short and lay toward the front. Now it had grown an inch or more and was combed back! The scene shifted again and Napoleon arose and turned, and lo! his hair was back to its original length and pointing forward again.

I gritted my teeth. Darn the producer, anyway. Why did he want to spoil my picture like that? I sat there foaming around the gills. Instead of feeling the sad farewell of those two great lovers, I was gnashing my teeth in anger. How could Napoleon be so romantic while his hair was doing flip-flops?

Then I began to doubt. Had I really seen Napoleon's hair cut capers, or did I just think I had? I determined to stay and see "Conquest" over again. I did. Then, as the last scenes began, I sat waiting breathlessly, tensely, and hopefully. But it was no use. Napoleon's hair again grew and swapped directions. My fond hopes were dashed to the ground and my evening was definitely ruined. Oh, Napoleon, Napoleon, why did you do it?

—S. J. Underwood, Detroit, Mich.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Bigger Roles For Nolan

May I say just a word for a grand actor whose name is Lloyd Nolan? Real-

izing that every picture must have a good supporting cast in order to be a good picture, I still wonder why producers pay extraordinary sums of money to bring fine actors from leading roles on Broadway to second leads and mediocre parts in Hollywood.

In 1932 or 1933 Lloyd Nolan was playing the lead in "One Sunday Afternoon" on Broadway, and playing it very well too, according to the reviews. Now, in Hollywood, he has been relegated to playing secondary parts; the villain and bad man or once in a while a detective. While I will gladly admit that each part he has played on the screen has been played so well that you feel after seeing it that no one else could possibly have taken that role, I am afraid that continued casting in such parts will send him out of pictures.

He is young and good looking, and if he could play leading roles on Broadway, why not in Hollywood? He has a sense of humor and definite dramatic ability and I, for one, would like to see him in bigger and better parts.

—Jean E. Kreps, Evansville, Ind.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Praises For Bette

The plaudits that have rained down on Bette Davis for her brilliant acting in "It's Love I'm After," and "Jezebel" have been well deserved.

Bette Davis is Hollywood's most outstanding younger actress. She has not only

(Continued on page 97)



WRITE A LETTER—

WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES



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

Pond's "Sunlight" shades reflect only the sun's softer rays—flatter you in glaring light!

"GLARE-PROOF" powder flatters your skin in the hardest light

STRONG sunlight is hard on your looks. It sharpens every little fault . . . and casts dark, unbecoming shadows where it is not lighting up your weak points.

But you can make that hard, bright light actually flattering to you! Pond's "Sunlight" Powder shades are "glare-proof"! They reflect only the softer rays of the sun. Give a clear glow to your tan!

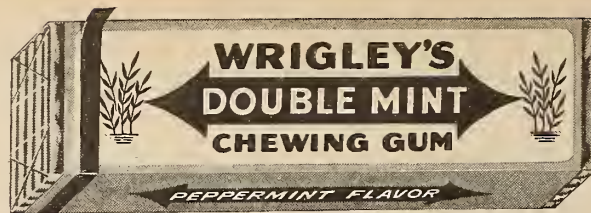
Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Flattering to any shade of tan. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 9MS PV
Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Oct. 1, 1938)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you
cool and doubly lovely



The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed — whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is *smile plus style* that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left* — adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. *SO*, you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.



Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely SONJA HENIE whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by DOUBLE MINT gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write DOUBLE MINT Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



NORMA SHEARER



CARY GRANT



GINGER ROGERS



ROBERT TAYLOR



HOPE HAMPTON



RICHARD GREENE



ANDREA LEEDS



Today our glamor girl would rather ride a hoss than be a hostess.



Carole and Clark Gable used to brighten the night spots, but no more!

What's become of the good

WHERE, OH where, has the Carole of yesterday gone? Lombard, the actress, is more predominant on the screen than ever before, but the Carole of the press gatherings, the portrait galleries, the Venice Pier, the Carole who was Hollywood's favorite Party Girl—what has happened to her? Days past you never had to look twice to find her. In headlines, at preview microphones, in most anyone's front parlor. She was always there, and conspicuously.

But now Carole is the needle in the Hollywood haystack, and press, public and photographers all find her hard to track down. What's happened to that good scout who was always available for a laugh, a picture, a gag or a cocktail? That's what everyone is asking now. And not only us get-arounds in Hollywood, but fans write and want to know, too. "What about Carole? Why no interviews? Has she gone high hat? Where is she? What is she doing?"

Well, here it is finally, not the awful truth, but the very acceptable truth which explains briefly, but conclusively, all those harassing questions. Carole, as you shall soon see, is, in many ways, still the old Carole, only, whereas she used to be "anybody's copy," the Carole of today is strictly "not for publication." And that brings us to the first "why" of the story.

For the answer to that most repeated question of why this sudden desire for personal oblivion and Garboian solitude we must first *cherchez l'homme*, because there is usually a man behind most female plots, though the reverse has been more often publicized. And in this case we don't have to look very far, for he is usually right there by her side, a certain Mr. Gable. Gable is responsible for at least eighty per cent of her withdrawals from fanfare, and his responsibility may even be divided into two parts:

forty per cent direct influence, forty indirect. Let's take the indirect first, because at the moment it seems to be the most prevailing. When you ask Carole why she has suddenly adopted this words-off and camera-away policy as far as Clark is concerned, she just closes her lips tight, and for the moment you think she isn't going to answer you at all. Then the old Carole smile shimmers through and she says, not harshly, but gently, "Well, considering everything, wouldn't you?"

And because we, eventually, saw what she meant, and saw that she was right, we redirect the question to you. In other words, we'll try to squeeze you into her shoes (size four and a half A) and then you'll see it, too. So now, let's suppose.

You are a famous movie star. You meet and fall in love with another movie star. You begin going places together. The world takes you up, plasters you all over its pages. Glamorous couple, so delightfully suited to each other. Real love at last. And the inevitable speculation—how soon will you say "I do?" In the meantime the world forgets that there is still such a little thing as the movie man's wife (oh, isn't he divorced yet?) to be reckoned with.

You haven't forgotten though. There is talk about a property settlement—that seems to be holding up the parade to the altar, by detour of the divorce courts, but how can that drag out so long? You know that the other woman is a fine woman, beloved by all who know her, but you also know that love turns funny tricks sometimes. If she loves him enough there may be jealousy, for jealousy is the first flower of heartbreak, and jealousy often produces a little bud of its own, a not so fragrant one, a bud with thorns—or as (*Continued on page 80*)



Scout?

by
Katharine Hartley

**She used to be the life
of the party, but now
she's the needle in the
Hollywood haystack**

Once upon a time
Carole Lombard took
great pride in being
dubbed Moviedom's
most dazzling
damsel.



"Why Should by Gladys Hall

"Ty" wishes he were at least triplets to get around everywhere he's invited.

I ASKED Tyrone, "Are you going to get married?"

"No," said Tyrone, "why should I?"

This revelation, this good news of 1938, burst upon a waiting world just the other day, while Tyrone and I were lunching together on the studio lot. I arrived first, and waited for him, as what member of my sex wouldn't? Tyrone, commonly and affectionately called "Ty," dashed in breathlessly, peeling off a dinner jacket, and shrugging into a sports coat as he advanced. "Lightning change act?" I queried. "I wish I were three people!" he laughed. I seconded the motion. One of Tyrone is, obviously, not enough. Ask Mr. Zanuck. Ask his fans. Ask the girls. If only his family name had been Dionne now.

Still breathless, he declared that he didn't feel like eating, then proceeded to order a man-sized beef stew, and a beaker of buttermilk. Ty had been to the dentist's that morning, had just come off the set of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and was on his way to the desert for a three weeks' vacation before starting in "Suez." No wonder he felt it would come in handy to be like the amazing little

amoeba, capable of endless dividings and subdividings.

It was then that I asked him, "Are you going to get married?" And it was then that Tyrone came back at me with, "Why should I?" He added, "Can you think of ten good reasons why I should?"

I told him that, without thinking, I could give him ten excellent reasons why he should not, why it seemed absurd for him even to consider it. At his age, with all that he is doing, and still has to do, with the world an open treasure chest, his for the reach of a finger, why should he marry? Of course, if he fell hopelessly in love, really hopelessly, so that love and a marriage license were one and indivisible, why, then . . .

Tyrone laughed. I needn't go on, he said. He'd thought it all out for himself. For one thing, he doesn't believe that any normal, up and doing young man, in these days of getting around a lot, and meeting all kinds of people, falls in love only once, or even only twice. He knows better. He illustrated by showing me an amusing cartoon recently published in one of the sophisticated "slick"



I Marry ?

Tyrone Power, who has fame and fortune, puts this personal question up to you

Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor were as inseparable as ham and eggs. What happened?

magazines. The gist of it was that a Freshman says, "Mary is the only girl, the most wonderful in the world;" a Sophomore says, "Mary is the most wonderful girl in the world;" a Junior says, "Mary is a wonderful girl" and a Senior says, "The girl's name was Mary!"

"You're apt to fall in love a good many more times, aren't you?" I asked. "Both in and out?"

"Of course," smiled Tyrone.

So now you know.

I asked Tyrone the pertinent (and impertinent) question, "Are you going to get married?" because he is twenty-three, because he is a treat to the eyes, and because he is one of the pathetically few young eligibles left in man-starved Hollywood. I asked him because he "went with" Sonja Henie, and "goes with" Janet Gaynor, and incorrigibly match-making Hollywood has rumored and rumored and rumored that, first with Sonja, and then with Janet, Tyrone would soon be "twoing" it. Hollywood is probably the only place in the world where a boy and a girl cannot go out together, have fun together, even

be romantic together without every one shouting the Mendelssohn wedding march.

The real facts of the matter are that Sonja and Tyrone were mutually attracted, of course. Why not? They had a lot of fun together, a lot in common, but they were never matrimonially inclined, either one of them. And when they realized that their fans were believing all of the publicity, were taking their "romance" much more seriously than they themselves were taking it, they decided to stop seeing each other, and put an end to rumors which were not fair to either their fans or to themselves.

Janet and Tyrone are good friends, too. Naturally there is an attraction between them. There usually is an attraction between any young man and young woman who are together a lot, but not an attraction which is likely to lead to the altar. Certainly not now. Not yet. Nor ever, I'd prophesy. Tyrone looks and acts quite heart-whole, quite fancy free. I think that all of the rumors have been magnifications, intensifications of the same old story which we inevitably (*Continued on page 98*)



14 K

"The reason my romances break up," sadly states Merle, "is because I'm jealous." Now — that's being candid for you!

She Wants to be Married

Yes, Merle Oberon frankly admits the altar is her goal

DO YOU want to get married?" I asked Merle Oberon. I was never any good at beating around the bush.

"Well, I'd like to *be* married, but I'm in no hurry to *get* married," she answered.

There's a difference: Between the passive, ladylike verb "to be" and the active, aggressive verb "to get" lies the story of wisdom which the lovely Britisher has gleaned in recent years from recent romances—her own and others'.

She regards the married state as the goal of every sane and normal woman. But, like the man who preferred the old-fashioned buggy to the aeroplane, she is in no rush. She's biding her time. We think her last romance, her gossiped-about romance with David Niven was marking time. Pleasantly, but not seriously. There is no romance at present. There are beaux, but no lover. In her middle twenties, she has passed the stage when girls fall in love with love. She is waiting to fall in love with a man.

When she first went out to Hollywood a few years ago—young, beautiful, luscious, with the romantic background of a youth which had taken her around the world—all the men who threw themselves at her feet kind of swept her off her feet, but only temporarily. It was wonderful to have one's phone ringing constantly, to have roses and orchids continually arriving. To be sure, being beautiful, Merle had always received plenty of male attention, but here was Big Time attention, from gents with famous names. But now—she wants something else.

She definitely does not want a marriage that is merely a stopover between Yuma and Reno. She doesn't hold with the Hollywood theory on marriage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." We had the feeling, while talking with her, that she regards her career as a very nice job, but only a job. She would want to keep her job after marriage—she said so—but she would not wish to become so bound around with it that, shortly after her wedding date, you'd be reading in the papers: "Marriage Conflicts with Career, says Merle Oberon." She says she doesn't see why there should be such a conflict, if both parties use their common sense. Adjustments will have

to be made, yes; intelligent planning will be necessary to smooth out inevitable difficulties which must come up when the little woman works and, like as not, drags down a salary twice as big as hubby's.

IT'S ALL very well, of course, to say 'I'll do this, and I'll not do that,' she told me. "The fact remains that we don't know what we'll do under circumstances we haven't yet experienced. I only know what I think I'll do, and what I shall try to do. When I get married, I want to stay in pictures. But I don't want to make more than two pictures a year. You've got to be good to do that, and I hope to be that good. I want them to be good pictures, and while I'm working in them I shall work just as hard as I possibly can. I love working in pictures. Every day I regard myself as a very lucky girl for landing in a medium which rewards a reasonable outlay of hard work with fame and glory—and such attractive cheques. All this is very pleasant, and I shan't want to give it up.

"We don't exactly choose the men with whom we'll fall in love, to be certain, but I doubt if I could fall for the old-fashioned sort who pounds the table and states that no wife of his shall be a breadwinner—or even a mink-coat winner. I'm sure I don't see why my future husband shouldn't be proud of me for my little spot of glory in the sun, delight in my triumphs, be pleased as punch that other people admire me. Well, at any rate, I hope it will be like that."

"What do you want from marriage—and your man?" I asked.

"A lot—from both," she answered.

Well, then, of course, that led to the old, old question of whether a wife is right in demanding absolute, unswerving fidelity from her husband. How did she feel about that—would she feel that everything was over if her husband was temporarily and, let us say, casually,
(Continued on page 76)

by Mary Mayes



"With a wife like Louise—loving, confident and always proud of me—I just have to make good," says Spencer Tracy very earnestly.

**Because She
Loved Him
So Much**

**by
Kay Frings**

EXCEPT FOR the faith and foresight of one Louise Treadwell Tracy, Spencer Tracy would not be a movie star today.

Yet today, or at least not so many todays ago, Spencer has been awarded one of the greatest tributes the people of the screen world have to give. And never was an award made more fittingly, or with a more poignant story behind it. Spencer was ill in the hospital, unable to attend the famous yearly banquet at the Biltmore Bowl, and so it happened that it was Mrs. Tracy who reached with trembling hands to receive the gold statuette presented by The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best actor performance of 1937.

Not until the actual moment of the presentation did anyone know who had won the award. Still Mrs. Tracy, with the innate sense of premonition

If it weren't for the



Spencer and Louise Tracy, to whom he gives his affection and all the credit for his success.



Susy snaps a candid picture of her famous daddy.

that has guided Spencer all through his career, must have felt something. She is not a woman to go to banquets just for the fun of it, especially not when her husband is ill in the hospital and she must leave her two children, Johnny and Susy, at home alone. But on that evening she did go, and in a very strange and dramatic way.

Unaccustomed to the Hollywood way of party-going, always arriving late, she was the first guest there. There she stood, alone in that vast ballroom where thirteen hundred people were presently to gather, no one to greet her, no friends with whom to chat. But she was not embarrassed or upset. She was buoyed by the love and confidence she has borne for fourteen years.

In that overwhelming emptiness, she moved simply about the tables, found her place and sat down. There she was sitting, a silent, thoughtful figure, when the first photographer found her. He grabbed a picture, one of the most significant pictures that has ever been taken. Empty rows of chairs stretching endlessly on either side of her, Mrs. Tracy sat alone, hands quietly folded, a soft smile on

her lips. So they found her, the wife of Spencer Tracy, quietly waiting for the event of events, the event which would symbolize success in their chosen lives.

Eventually she was called downstairs where a pre-official ceremony of the presentation would be held for the benefit of the newsreel and radio, and there she received the news. It was typical of her that she did not stand around to be congratulated and fawned over, but that her first thought was for a telephone, and Spencer. He answered from his bedside and she told him, "Darling, you won it!" That was all she said, but his answer was more emotional. To say that sobs of joy came chokingly from his lips may not sound quite in the Tracy character—the hard-boiled Portuguese fisherman of "Captains Courageous," on which he won the award—but he did cry, and those sobs were very expressive of his feelings at that moment.

Ill and harassed, just over an operation, sobs of gratitude and relief came all too quickly, and it was some little while before Mrs. Tracy could help him compose himself. Calm, courage and steadiness—these have been her gifts to him for many years, and she gave freely of them again in that moment. "One thing I'm glad of, Louise," he said finally, "I'm glad I'm not there, because it's right you should receive the award, and not me. It was all your doing anyway."

Mrs. Tracy's speech later, at the banquet, has since become the most

talked of speech in Hollywood, not because of any aptness or cuteness, but because of its overwhelming simplicity. Reluctantly she stepped into the spotlight, with genuine humility she faced the microphone. "I thank you," she said, "for Spencer, Johnny, Susy and myself." It was a brief message, a simple one. But it put a lump in thirteen hundred throats.

Louise Tracy has always had a lot of empty chairs to the right and the left of her in her life, and always she has sat in the midst of them, confident and sure, not of herself, but of her husband and his right to become a great actor. Those empty chairs were theatre seats, when Louise sat in the midst of them during rehearsals, watching her husband struggle with his career on the stage before her.

It was a struggle, not only from the bread and butter point of view, but because Spencer has always been beset with melancholy and moroseness. One minute he can be gay and full of delightful madneses, as they'll tell you around the sets today; the next you'll see him sad and long-faced, some evil banshee working its dark magic in his brain. It's all part of his Irish temperament perhaps, and another part of it, too, is his nervousness and restlessness.

To be a man with moods—that has always been the bad luck in his life. But he has had good luck, too, in having a wife who knows how to get him over those moods, and that good luck has made up for all the rest. Today she is not the movie wife who dogs her husband's steps on the set. She has never been on a Tracy set, but she is there in spirit just as she was there actually in the old days, "out front" where he could call to her when he (Continued on page 88)

grace and grit of his wife, Spencer Tracy might be driving a bus today

Luise Rainer shows no
interest in Life's Little
Luxuries. Her surround-
ings are simple.

Meet the Clifford Odets.
"Cliff and I," says Luise
sagely, "are civilized
people."



Rugged Individualist

by James Reid



Luise and Robert Young go sentimental in "The Toy Wife."

Luise tackles her movies and her marriage with originality

FOR A YEAR and a half, Luise Rainer has been married. Yet she still is the most singular girl in Hollywood. You never will mistake Luise for anyone else, even at first glance.

There is something "different" about her small, oval face; something difficult to define. It is not a trick of make-up or hair-dress. (Off the screen, she wears no make-up, and is indifferent about her hair.) The "difference" is an inner quality—a strange, intense sensitiveness.

Once you see her face, you don't forget it. Just as, once you hear her low, throaty, expressive voice with its trace of accent, you do not forget that, either. She is individual.

Yet—when you see her on the screen, you do not think of her in terms of Luise Rainer. You accept her as the wistful Viennese of "Escapade," or as temperamental Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," or as inarticulate O-lan in "The Good Earth," or as rebellious Frou-Frou in "The Toy Wife." Always she is human and real and understandable. But never twice is she the same. Never once does she play herself.

Everybody knows what she is like as an actress. (Hasn't she won two Academy Awards in her three years in Hollywood?) But very few people know what she is like as a person. All that Hollywood knows is that she leads an exceptional existence—especially for a star.

She shows no interest whatsoever in Life's Little Luxuries. She has neither a house, a swimming pool, nor a retinue of deferential vassals. Her private life is private—and simple. She lives in an apartment too small to accommodate even one


full-time servant. A colored woman comes in, afterwards, to clean and to cook dinner, and then leaves. The rest of the time, Luise is alone, unless her playwright-husband, Clifford Odets, is in Hollywood. She never shows up glamorously at parties or premieres, even "the right ones." When she is working, Hollywood never sees her. She never goes out socially. When she isn't working, Hollywood doesn't see her, either. She is away somewhere, goodness knows where. Between pictures, she just vanishes.

No director or fellow-player has ever called her "difficult to work with." Yet there are constant rumors of her battling with her studio over scheduled roles. She is head over heels in love with her husband, and her husband is head over heels in love with Luise. No one who has ever seen them together can doubt that. Yet, a large part of the time, they live a continent apart. This is definitely baffling.

In short, she is something more than a movie star. Something more, even, than a winner of two Academy Awards. Something more than the brilliant actress-wife of a brilliant playwright. She is also an individualist.

If Luise were anyone else, you might cynically suppose that all this is an act, all part of a careful campaign to be "different." But, Luise being Luise, you cannot suppose any such thing. She is too forthright a person, too honest, too natural. Poseurs study their every action and word in advance. Luise is nothing if not impulsive.

Consider, for example, her decision to fly to New York on a few hours' notice after finishing (Continued on page 73)



**John Barrymore combines the
manners of Hamlet, the madness
of Mercutio, and the unpredict-
able qualities of a baddie
partially reformed**

**To Be or
Not To Be**

John often goes home from the studio with his grease paint on, and experts aver that he wears the same grease paint back in the morning.

by Caroline S. Hoyt

TFOR A LONG time now, pens have been dipped in heart's blood for writing about John Barrymore. Strings on tear ducts have been tugged and tugged, and the story has reached a new sentimental high, all about a man's reform, and the miracle that love has worked in his life. We have all been led to believe that the man is no longer what he was. Gone his showmanship, his Rabelaisian humor, his abounding extravagances (not only of yachts and cars, but of pranks and moods), and forever relegated to the past his brilliant nonsensities. A new picture is painted: a Barrymore walking in sobriety, cloaked drearily in dignity. But all this is absurd. Very definite and delightful remnants of the man who has fascinated the public for years still remain, and don't let any one tell you otherwise.

True, John Barrymore's marriage is a success. True also, he no longer misbehaves in the old bottle way. But that he is a bore, in the way that most reformed men are bores, all peaches and cream, that is impossible to John Barrymore. He's still the old John, in the most delightful ways. There is still his great fund of stories, his capacity for outlandishness, his vacillations from moments of rage to those of the most devastating sweetness, and there is still his keen showmanship. He is still standing in the center of the stage, with the gleaming spotlight turned full on him, and he is still claiming "To be or not to be." In other words, John is still carrying on in the old Barrymore tradition. And those who like their heroes to carry on all shout a Halleluiah!

THERE WAS, for example, that incident recently when John, Elaine, and Elaine's mother were all having dinner downtown in a Los Angeles restaurant. An hour hence they were to appear on a national radio program, and there wasn't much time to dawdle over coffee. Then, as they were leaving the restaurant, hurrying to their car, John suddenly stood still, stared dramatically at a little hunchback who was selling newspapers on the corner, then quickly bounded toward him. That memory of his, which is a card index file for everything that happened in the before-yesterday past, but which is strangely incompetent when yesterday's events need to be recalled, had suddenly offered up a buried treasure. In one great leap John was at the little man's side, clutching him around the shoulders, calling him loudly by name, delving at once into "the old days" when these two had worked in the same picture together.

To say that it was a meeting of old friends doesn't do the scene justice. It was a show, the noisiest, most ecstatic meeting that had ever been witnessed there on one of the town's busiest four corners. Forgotten were Elaine and Mrs. Jacobs, who looked at their watches anxiously, and whose hurry-persuasions were completely drowned out by the noisy excitement. Ignored were the dozens of people who began to gather around. A police-

man edged in, and soon John was telling him about it too. They hadn't seen each other for years, and here was "one of the greatest little fellows who had ever lived," and the precious minutes flew. Finally Elaine tugged at the policeman's coat, and the policeman tugged at John's, "The lady says you will have to hurry."

Finally they dragged him off, the policeman clearing the way, leaving the hunchback a little flabbergasted by it all. At the radio station John told the doorman about it. In front of the microphone, just before he went on, he told the announcer about it. Three days later he was still talking about "the greatest little fellow on earth." It was only a meeting between two old friends, but it had all the qualities of a great play scene, and there had been crowds, too, to give it applause. His abundance of emotional energy, his extravagant use of voice, words and gestures had turned it into something which the strollers of downtown Los Angeles on that particular evening will never forget. No, reformed or not reformed, John does not go around meeting old friends, and saying, "How are you, old man?" and letting it go at that.

John still has his moments of ill humor, but, as in the old days, they have their (*Continued on page 90*)



Everywhere that John Barrymore goes, Elaine is sure to be, with Ma Jacobs bringing up the not-too-distant rear.

Bubbling Billie

I SAT in Billie Burke's drawing room while her secretary, a plain, middle-aged woman with a sweet smile, bustled around the room. Every few minutes the phone would ring, and the maid would rush in and say to the secretary, "Miss D—, the phone is ringing."

She couldn't hear it. "Poor Miss D—," Billie sighed later, "she was with Mr. Ziegfeld for twenty years, and so many people kept shouting at her that she has grown hard of hearing."

Even before Billie Burke came in, I marveled at how, in the few days she had been in this hotel, her personality seemed to have pervaded the room. It was easily the most feminine room I have ever seen, with its flowered chintz draperies, white lamps with dainty flower designs, and vases filled with jonquils, tulips and lilacs, spilling their fragrance everywhere. There are nearly always three or four vases of flowers in every star's room, but I counted ten in Billie Burke's.

Her secretary stooped to pick up a petal that had fallen to the floor. "Every time I do this," she said, "I remember 'Craig's Wife,' the woman who would have no flowers around because the petals fell off and marred the perfection of her rooms. In that picture Miss Burke portrayed Mrs. Craig's neighbor, who had a beautiful flower garden, and was always trying to give some of her flowers away to the neighbors. That's just the sort of thing Miss Burke would do, too."

Suddenly the door flew open, and a slim young per-

son cascaded into the room. There was such youth and impetuosity in her movements that I thought, "This must be Billie Burke's daughter, Patricia." I caught a glimpse of red-gold hair and a tiny jacketed figure. Then she fairly flew to a closet. A moment later she sank down on the rose-colored couch.

"I'm so sorry to be late," she said breathlessly. "I had no idea what time it was."

This was Billie Burke!

Billie Burke is one of the most feminine stars I have ever met. Even in the tailored suit she wore, she looked as frilly and frivolous as a lace handkerchief. She wore a strand of pearls around her neck, and a miniature of Patricia as a baby, which seemed to say, "See, I am not ashamed of being sentimental."

"You manage to look about twenty years old," I sighed. "How do you do it?"

"Oh, but I don't," she said, and smiled that shy smile that made her the idol of matinee girls twenty-five years ago.

"To keep young," Billie continued, "live normally and don't mind getting old. Never think about the fact that some day you are going to look old—and it will never happen to you. Keep your body limber, and don't let yourself get old under the knees. Walk every day, keep your tummy in, your posture right, your muscles taut. I always exercise in the morning for twenty minutes, and take cold showers and salt rubs.



Billie Burke and Brian Aherne kept the audience in constant gaiety in "Merrily We Live."



"Patricia is her own mistress," says Billie of her talented daughter.

by
Dora Albert

**Underneath those frills and
foibles, there beats a big,
bright brain**

Sometimes women let themselves get fat, and when you're fat, you're poisoned, and must try twice as hard to reduce, for the poison in your body makes you lazy."

There is something amazing in the way Billie Burke's career has gone on and on. A generation ago, when candies and hats and coiffures were being named after her, the word "Billieburkishness" was coined to express her peculiar charm. Twenty years ago an interviewer wrote, "Billieburkishness" signifies demure sauciness, immature coquetry, irresistible grace, fatal wounds inflicted by angel eyes."

WHEN THIS sheltered girl fell in love with Florenz Ziegfeld, known for his gay recklessness, everyone felt sorry for Billie Burke. Fearing that marriage would ruin her career, the theatrical producer for whom she worked did everything he could to end the romance, even to the point of confiscating Flo's letters to Billie. But Ziegfeld simply hired Victor Kraly, the manager of Billie's show, to manage a show for him, and persuaded Victor to smuggle his letters to Billie. Then he and Billie would meet secretly. When interviewers questioned her, she would say, "I have no intention of marrying Mr. Ziegfeld or anyone else, although Mr. Ziegfeld is a very charming man." One hectic April day they were married.

All Broadway predicted that the marriage would never last. If Anna Held, famed on two continents for her provocative manner, her large limpid eyes, and her glorious figure, had not been able to hold Florenz Ziegfeld, what chance did this naive girl have?

"Never pursue a man," Billie says. "Always let him pursue you. And never let him be too sure of you. For eighteen years I held the most difficult man in the world." It was not a boast. It was a simple statement of fact.

"The open hand is the only way to hold a man. I think the most stultifying thing in the world is (Continued on page 83)

"A woman is smart to play dumb," Billie Burke confides.





Edgar Bergen hasn't come as close to marriage as Charlie has!



"Well, mow me down, if Andrea Leeds hasn't fallen for me!"

Girls seldom get the idea that Charlie's crushes

EDGAR BERGEN may have less on top of his head than Charlie McCarthy, but he has more inside it. And, despite the fact that recession has hit his hairline, you can still call Edgar handsome. Handsomer than Charlie, certainly. Yet, to hear Edgar tell it, he hasn't come half as close to marriage as Charlie has.

"He's the one who mows 'em down," Edgar says, wryly. "I get the left-over glances. I'm sort of tolerated, as a friend of Charlie's."

Practically from the beginning, it has been that way. Time after time, Charlie has kept girls from taking Edgar seriously—when Charlie has given him a chance to meet them. Year after year, Charlie has reduced Edgar's possible love-life to splinters.

There was that pretty history teacher in high school, for example. Edgar was inclined to be enamored of her. But he never would have passed history, never would have graduated, never would have become what he is today, if she hadn't met Charlie. Edgar himself hadn't known Charlie very long at that time. He didn't sense Charlie's potentialities. He didn't realize that women

could fall in love with dummies. Even wooden dummies. He got around to that discovery later. At the moment, he was absorbed only with the discovery that he could "throw" his voice.

"I didn't know I could until I had unconsciously done it. I didn't get the idea from an ad, or a book, or even an urge. I stumbled into it. You know the funny yells that kids have, cat-calling to each other. Well, one day I was calling to one of my classmates in the school corridor. He looked for me in the opposite direction. I thought it was because of the echoes in the hall. But the same thing happened other places. After a while, I began to think that maybe I had something.

"One night, at home, I was studying. To keep myself amused, I was imitating an old man in the distance, calling. My mother was in the next room. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer. She went to the door, to see where the old man might be, and what ailed him.

"That decided me. I invested in the 'Wizards' Manual—or How to Be a Magician, a Hypnotist and a Ventriloquist.' All for twenty-five cents. I was about thirteen or

Splintered

by James Reid



Bergen feels that it's much better
to be Charlie's friend than not.

might really be Bergen's!

fourteen. Anyway, too young to wonder how a girl could ever sit on my lap, with a dummy there. If I'd thought of that angle, I suppose I'd have planned to take care of it with hypnotism."

Also, if he hadn't acquired Charlie, he might never have had to endure romantic frustration. Any other dummy might have been persuaded to hide in a suitcase after working hours, and give Edgar a chance to put across his own personality. But not Charlie.

"My first dummy was an ordinary papier-maché one. He was like a million other dummies, and that gave him a negative personality, to begin with. On top of that, he was blackface—and I wasn't so good at colored dialect. Between his blank face and my hammy dialect, people watched me, instead of him. They never seemed to get the idea that *he* was supposed to be talking.

"So I went down to an old woodcarver and told him I wanted a dummy that was 'different.' I wanted one with character in his face. One that looked wide-awake. One that looked as if he could talk by himself.

"I took along some sketches (Continued on page 81)



Romance



Cute Marjorie Weaver feels her net profit will be high when she goes fishing for long hours under the summer sun.

When aplayin' she does go, Arleen Whelan, right, wears wool, for she realizes it is cooler than you'd think.



Believe it or not, there are ways and means of getting the best of a high temperature

by
Mary Marshall

THERE ARE those who love hot weather and those who hate hot weather, but the fact remains that, with the exception of a fortunate few who own slices of mountain tops, we all have to cope with hot weather problems in one way or another. The girls who simply adore the heat, my dear, are apt to go to extremes in taking advantage of summer's health-giving and beauty-giving properties; and those who hate heat with an unholy hate are apt to sit down limply and give up all effort to feel good and look nice until

comes the first of October. There is a happy medium, and there are ways and means of getting the best of a high temperature. Give me your attention and I'll tell you a few things.

The psychological effect of looking nice is wunnerful. "Oh, how cool you look!" Do folks say that to you? Cool, and fresh, and fragrant—that's summer sex appeal. Well, begin from the skin out. Take

luke-cold baths and showers. Put a pine essence, which has some zing to it, into your tub. Blot yourself dry, don't rub. My pet lazy stunt is to let myself evaporate—takes a little time, but mmm, it does feel good. Then pat on cologne or toilet water instead of using a bath powder, which is inclined to roll up into heating and chafing particles when it's been on a little while. Use a

Everything's Under the Sun



A permanent with a soft wave like Anita Louise's is most comforting on hot days.

Olivia De Havilland basks with the greatest of ease.

deodorant which tends to stop perspiration.

Wear a shirt or chemise under your girdle. And *don't* leave off that girdle if you need one, and practically everybody does, even the thin gals. The idea of the shirt is—well, haven't you all gone thru the business of tugging on a girdle after a shower, and getting hot and cross all over again? Remember that cotton is a darn sight cooler than silk, and that old things are cooler than new things. I buy gent's cheap woven undershirts to wear under everything that isn't transparent. You can find cotton pants and

slips if you shop around for them. Pack away your lace-trimmed lingerie for winter. Sitting on a lace-trimmed pantie and getting stencilled does not make for that fresh and cool appearance.

I don't need to remind you of the value of washable things over clothing that must be dry cleaned. But there, too, I should give a thought to the gal who must work in an office except for that cherished two weeks' vacation. She is faced with choosing between a laundry bill that staggers, or standing over the ironing board. In which case, may I remind her of the blessing of seersucker? And howz about a thin dark or printed suit, with which thin, inexpensive blouses can be worn? Alpaca is nice

and cool, too. Save your white linen or sharkskin suit for gala occasions and make up your mind that you can squeeze only two wearings out of it at the outside, and then it's off to the laundry. White suits look cool, but they ain't. And may I remind you that wool is a heap cooler than it's given credit for being? This is a tip passed along by Arleen Whelan who practically lives all summer in short-sleeved wool tops, plus shorts, slacks or skirts, as occasions demand.

Do you dote upon going without stockings whenever you can? Okay, but kindly wear something between your feet and your shoes. Thin wool, again, is best. Do you want to know (Continued on page 10)



What Makes

A Man Fall

In Love ?

Interest, but not aggressiveness, wins men like Gene Raymond, left. Appearance and disposition count a lot with Dick Powell.

**Five Hollywood heroes
list the wiles that
snare the unfair sex**

by Lillian Genn

WHAT MAKES a man fall in love? What particular appeal makes a woman attractive to him? What qualities capture his heart?

Many a girl with charm, looks, and intelligence never succeeds in winning a Prince Charming, and would give a pretty penny to know why she fails.

We thought it would be interesting to have the men themselves shed some light on the subject, so we hunted down five of Hollywood's most attractive males, and put the problem to them. What advice could they give a girl who would find love, and, through it, happiness? Also what might she unconsciously do that would chill love?

The first object of our research was the idol-of-the-hour, Robert Taylor. He thinks that the answer to a girl's chance at romance lies in her general genius for making herself attractive.

"I don't mean by that physical attractiveness. I am taking it for granted that she has made herself as lovely as possible, and that she dresses smartly," he explained

as he relaxed his stalwart six feet in an easy chair.

"What I mean is that she should cultivate the qualities which make people vote her a 'grand person.' Geniality, tact, and poise are far more powerful drawing cards than a pretty face.

"I believe that nothing is so effective as the vivid and radiant quality which is reflected through a good disposition. Men don't enjoy the company of a girl who is pessimistic, or cynical, or who complains.

"She must acquire confidence, if she doesn't already possess it. Without the feeling that she's equal to any situation, and has something to offer, the girl probably wouldn't be able to do anything about it if romance did come her way. Her frame of mind has a great deal to do with how she impresses others.

"She should be friendly. Let her go out of her way to be nice to people, to meet them more than 'half way.' She should give of her time and energy to help them, and to understand them.



Wayne Morris likes intelligence, sophistication and a sense of humor.

James Stewart, right, looks for naturalness and companionship in his girls.



"The greatest single reason why many girls are lonely and don't win their Prince Charming, is because they don't try to understand other human beings. Their point of view is out of joint with their fellows', and they are unwilling to admit it or believe it.

"When a girl takes an interest in people, and her sympathies expand, she plants the seed of popularity. She finds that people begin to be interested in her.

"In the story books, the girl who found her Prince Charming was always feminine. The same thing is quite true in real life. This doesn't mean that a girl should be a clinging vine. But it is fatal for her to toss away her greatest charm.

"I think, too, that very often a girl would be lots more attractive to men if she didn't try so hard to be. If she could just forget whether her nose was shiny, and not bring out the compact and lipstick every five minutes, it would make a man feel more at ease.

"If I ever marry, I'll take my wife on a camping trip with me for about two weeks out of every year," said Bob, shrewdly. "She won't have any occasion for make-up and will have to be as nature made her. It will do her no end of good."

WE NEXT asked the enormously attractive Dick Powell for his opinions on the subject. He depreciated his abilities as a love-expert, but after a little urging, he broke down and gave us some valuable pointers.

"If a girl isn't getting the right sort of breaks from Cupid, I don't think it's anything to develop an inferiority complex about. No, finding your true love is largely a matter of luck. If you don't believe me, just take a look at all the plain girls and homely men who have done all right for themselves," beamed Dick.

"But such a girl certainly ought to walk firmly up to a mirror, take a good long look at herself—in a bright

light and say, 'What's wrong with me?' Perhaps she'll find some little matter of make-up, hair comb, or dress that needs changing. More probably, she'll notice some little detail she's been missing, such as a discontented droop to her mouth, or an unfriendly expression about the eyes, that's been making all the difference in the world."

Then Dick disclosed what he believed to be the most potent secret of all in this extremely interesting business of romance: Don't be obvious.

"A girl who makes her intent to charm too evident, sets the tide of popularity flowing away from instead of toward her. Give the poor male his rightful chance to exert his own powers of fascination. The one thing he'll run from quicker than anything else is even the faintest suggestion of a trap to catch him off guard. He must be free from that suspicion.

"To try to attack man's psychological fortress with the weapons of 'See-how-charming-I-am' is fatal from the first onslaught.

"Be charming, but let him find out for himself just how charming you are," smiled Dick. "He'll do it, never fear! But he'll do it a whole lot faster and more surely if you leave your signboards at home."

Many a man, according to James Stewart, falls in love with a woman just because of her smile.

"A woman's smile can change her entire face," explained this likable young man, in that slow drawl of his. "So much so, that I really believe it is in a smile that a woman is or is not charming. Women who haven't beauty, have supplied themselves with magnetism, and have added to the attractiveness of their personality, merely by knowing how and when to smile.

"The faculty of knowing what to say and when to say it is second only to the ability to say nothing at the right time. This is very important," stressed young Stewart. "Ask any man, and, if he's (Continued on page 95)



"Yes, I've certainly been affected by success," confides Ray Milland.

Ray's conceited, extravagant, important—and admits it—but he's way up there just the same, and here are the real reasons

RAY MILLAND strode into the studio café.

He was late, an unpardonable sin with him. "I can't stand anyone who's late," he declared emphatically, and waved impatiently for a waitress. "There's no excuse for it!" Definite he was, just like that. He does nothing by halves.

There didn't seem to be a waitress—things like this happen even to movie stars! So he groaned and, momentarily stalled, presented his own alibi. "We had a party last night and one of our guests went home leaving his car behind him. He came for it this noon and apologized for an hour. I couldn't stop him!" Apologies, you gather, must be brief to win Ray. He can get a point immediately, and prolonging the obvious is the fastest way to bore him.

A fleeting year ago this dark and handsome fellow who looks like Prince Charming and is, literally, more fascinating than that legendary gent, was merely a promising leading man. Now, however, his rating is entirely different. His charm packed so undeniable a punch that, at last, he has been rewarded. Having proved he has what it takes, he is busily heroing in million-dollar supers, his studio's best efforts. He is, finally, an important one.

So now, you fans are clamoring for an up-to-the-minute memo on Milland. What's happened to him, as a person, while he's been making all this progress professionally? Has becoming a big shot changed him? Is he happier be-

decked with his Hollywood halo? Is his personal life the life of Riley, now that he's "arrived?" In short, what is success doing to him?

"When I woke up this morning," said Ray, despairing of ever catching a waitress' eye, "I had an impulse to pack a suitcase and head straight for Switzerland. It's too late for the skiing, but at least I could see St. Moritz, and feel its spell again. This afternoon's airliner east would be the thing. I like to get places in a hurry. I'd take the Normandie for the Atlantic."

"A nice steak, Mr. Milland?" chirruped the blonde delaying the lunch.

"I could pack in five minutes!" retorted Ray. "All right, steak—before I starve to death."

He is, he asserted, a very impatient fellow. "You can have excitement if

you go after it," Ray informed me. You can mix with glamorous people if you want to. I speak from experience. I hate to be stuck with mediocrity. It isn't necessary. One of the advantages of success is that you can be more honest as to how you feel. You can speak your mind more freely. I'll admit that certain behavior antagonizes me. I am bored to the extreme by people who try for an effect. I can sense sham instantly. In fact, I can see through people, even tell their next move. That's why I have only three close friends. I'm not being inconsistent, either. Being cosmopolitan isn't a sham when in your heart you want to escape from the ordinary."

A film idol rarely admits to (Continued on page 80)

by
Ben Maddox



by Robert McIlwaine

Glenda may not practice what she preaches, but she has the idea!

GET IT while you can, and all you can!" Glenda Farrell speaking, and as the screen's ace portrayer of gold-diggers, she should know the answers! "Never try to save a man's money for him, or you'll get it in the neck. I know, for that's what happens to me. The best plan is to spend till it hurts. But—never let it hurt you! The more you make a man spend, the more he will earn for you to spend."

The ironic part of it is that vivacious Glenda, on the screen, can take a guy for his last match box. But in real life, she can't get today's cocktail—yep, it may be cocktails, but they're on Miss F! However, yesterday's beau is today's friend with Glenda. So—

"I'm Irish and romantic, so I just can't seem to use my head. That's why I end up saving some man's money and a blonde cutie spends it for him. I don't go to the Troc or the races! Oh no, I even wait for movies to come to neighborhood houses where it's a quarter instead of fifty cents. But, along comes a brainless wonder and she's at the races, the Troc and all the swank previews.

"I invariably pick the wrong man. Do you know, for two long years I went with one lad and saved his pennies. He was struggling to get ahead and I was in love. My first thought wasn't where we would go. Never! How could we spend an inexpensive evening? We dined in, listened to the radio and on rare occasions (after pay day) went to the neighborhood movie. I was looking out for *his* future!

"And what happened to yours truly? Got it right in the neck! A contract player from another lot, more lush than flush, saw this swell accumulating bankroll and decided to adopt it. You can bet there are no quiet evenings by the fire for him now. Oh no, it's the races and a new club each night. She has to be seen! Not me! That air around Santa Anita way might give me a cold!

"I stood this just as long as I could and pushed off for New York. It worked. Yes, it's my turn now! Why, I've broken five dates in a row with him, and I'm thoroughly enjoying it, too. A lot of people would think I'm an awful lot in love to take the trouble to break those dates—and maybe an awful lot of people are right.

THE SAME thing, figuratively, goes for the studio. I work like a Trojan, think I'm doing a good job and when I expect a raise, what do I get? 'Everyone's letting players go, so take this or else.' Well, I took the 'or else' and it turned out to be pretty darn good. It was in the nature of a mild triumph when I went to another studio, getting as much for three days work as I had gotten for three months. The picture wasn't very good, but they knew I was in demand. Then along came an offer for as much money for two pictures as my home studio offered me for four. Well, they finally came to giving me as much for three as I was offered for the two. You know where my old studio's got me? I've been with them so long I wouldn't be happy anywhere else. So I'm going back home and do Torchy Blanes again and I'll love it."

Glenda is residing in that California town boasting as its mayor none other than Hugh Herbert. And, Miss F. is the Mayor's favorite citizen. Maybe it's only an idea, but we'll bet leading citizens of Studio City will be gathering out Farrell way once her chintzes are hung and that old Sheffield feels at home. (Continued on page 75)

Get It
While You
Can, Gals!

"I help a man save
his money so he can
spend it on a cutie."
opines Miss F.

IT'S FASHIONABLE TO BE *Feminine*

THE CURRENT cinema clearly indicates the trend for feminine furbelows, and both male and female juries unanimously convict them of charm, allure and flattery. Don't go overboard with ruffles, however, for a truly smart get-up is never fussy. Rustle delicately, and ruffle with discretion. Be as girlish as you like, but don't let your clothes give the impression that you've dressed in a high wind.

Virginia Bruce, in "The First Hundred Years" has a series of business frocks which illustrate the point neatly—with one sartorial exception to prove the rule.

There are delicate touches of frou-frou, but "touches," remember. One slim black coat dress has wide revers of stiffened white piqué. A soft chiffon ruffle outlines the neckline close to the throat, relieving what might otherwise have been too-tailored severity. It blends the clinging vine with efficiency, something all business girls could use to advantage. A soft bosomed black frock, fitted through waist and hips, has a huge rhinestone clip as sole decoration. This is worn with a tiny cone hat,

erupting at the top in small curled ostrich tips. Another cone crowned hat has a heart shaped brim, and accompanies a waist-length silver fox cape.

In one of designer Dolly Tree's costumes for Virginia Bruce her imagination goes a bit out of bounds. Her travelling outfit is no help, either to Miss Bruce's face or figure. The jacket is too long for symmetry, and the suit's lines are destroyed by too much swirl of material, and burden of wide fluffy fur collar. This is a lesson to tuck away for future reference. However slim you may be, silhouette is sacrificed when a swing skirt is combined with swing jacket or tunic. There are too many lines

by Marian Squire



In "Four Men and a Prayer" Loretta Young, left, wears a dramatic evening gown of white chantilly lace with sequins. Irene Dunne's broad-shouldered white bengaline coat tops a pencil slim black crepe skirt and a jabot blouse of rich silver lamé.



**The stars show you how to combine
glamor with smartness in new
costumes for morning, noon and night**



going in too many directions. It's all right to maintain the pencil line in both, but a wide skirt required a fitted jacket—and vice versa. Miss Bruce is further handicapped in this sequence, by a bonnet whose brim shoots out in front, with a crown that projects rearward, in a flat line across the top. A novelty, no doubt, but most unbecoming.

Miss Tree redeems herself, however, with two beautifully simple evening gowns whose interest centers in accessories. Quite similar, both have Grecian ancestry, carried out in soft white material. In one, small rhinestone birds perch on the shoulder, where the wide folds of the bodice are tightly shirred—an intriguing touch you might remember as a builder-upper for any evening gown of your own that has lost its appeal. Even the "five and dimes" now abound with butterflys, bugs, and other interesting clips which add a dash to your shoulder straps.

The second "formal" is in the same spirit, with yards and yards of skirt clinging to the figure when not in motion. Variation is in the bodice. One shoulder strap lies flat, and the other is a twisted (*Continued on page 79*)

The elegant simplicity of shimmering gold lamé fashions another of Loretta Young's long-sleeved dinner gowns in "Four Men and a Prayer." Irene Dunne's clothes in "Joy of Living" prove the bolero to be universally becoming and always popular.





by
George Benjamin

**She may only be
eleven, but little
Withers can troupe
with the best of 'em**

Calamity Jane

DESPITE OPINION in some certain quarters, Jane Withers is not a precocious little girl. She is not, offscreen, the young Indian she portrays when the cameras are grinding. To be sure, she is as bright and noisy as Fourth of July, but there the "brat" in young lady Withers ends. No, Janey is not a problem child. She is not, her mother tells you, a wonder child either. She is just a normal, healthy youngster with an abundance of talent and pep.

When it comes to mimicry, she has a parrot backed off the boards. Her imitations are devastating. One of them was so penetrating that it was deleted from her personal appearance tour by request—the request of an executive in her organization. No tribute for

accuracy could be higher, you're bound to agree.

Jane is an indefatigable worker. She will give full measure on whatever the script calls for—and the script usually has a way of calling for taking a header down a flight of stairs or a sock on the jaw or an equally strenuous bit of business which requires liniment and bandages once the scene is shot to satisfaction. Since calamities invariably punctuate the Withers' pictures, the young star has come to be known as Calamity Jane. She doesn't mind it at all. In fact, the appellation sort of gives her an added importance and lustre.

Jane will never have to learn how to win friends etc., etc. She knows instinc- (*Continued on page 97*)

COOGAN PARENTS
CALLED TO COURT

JACKIE AND HIS BRIDE TELL ALL

Here, at last, are the inside facts of the Coogan story told to you by those who really know it—the Coogans!

by Coogan

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from Safety Vault

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Jackie Coogan

Halts Eviction

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A poignant scene from
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Coogan 'Only Assets \$600,000' (INS).—Jackie Coogan, "The Kid" of silent movies, who hoped to wrest something like \$1,000,000 from his mother and stepfather, today said the fortune he planned to turn over to Jackie at Los Angeles, April 25. Coogan's attorney found documentary evidence in the records of Jackie Coogan Productions, Inc., he said today, that the former child star had planned to turn over to Jackie at Los Angeles, April 25. Coogan's attorney found documentary evidence in the records of Jackie Coogan Productions, Inc., he said today, that the former child star had planned to turn over to Jackie at Los Angeles, April 25. Coogan's attorney found documentary evidence in the records of Jackie Coogan Productions, Inc., he said today, that the former child star had planned to turn over to Jackie at Los Angeles, April 25.

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I WANT MY MONEY

BY JACKIE COOGAN



I'M BROKE.

For most of my childhood years I worked—hard work, too—and I have nothing to show for it. Acting before the cameras means unceasing concentration, a constant grind. Most men have their fortunes made, their careers behind them, after as many years of labor. I have little or nothing. I shall have to begin all over again . . . at twenty-three.

This wasn't what my father, a real pal, intended. He always had my best interests at heart. I know that sounds trite as I say it, but it is what he used to tell me time and again—and after all, he would have had no motive in lying. He knew that I would always share

Jackie, looking pretty slick with a "topper" and walking stick.

Charlie Chaplin and Jackie—fast friends since "The Kid."



Kid's \$4,000,000 Just Imagined, Parents' Reply

LOS ANGELES, May 13.—The \$4,000,000 which Jackie Coogan earned as a motion picture star before he grew up is being paid to him by his mother and stepfather.

Fields

have a fortune when he had the age of 21?" "Definitely, no." "Did Mr. Coogan ever in a promise? A. Never in my life, and I don't think he will."

is \$4,000,000
 k to \$535,000

Keeps Coogan

The child star of more than a decade ago gives the inside, intimate facts of his quest for justice in the courts

everything I had with my dad, that I would never let him down. I had a right to expect as much of him. He wouldn't have failed me. When I was a kid—"The Kid," as they called me in the picture of that name, produced and starred in by Mr. Chaplin—Dad used to say, "Come on, Jackie, let's get going. The \$4,000 you earn this week is yours." For years he put me on a petty allowance of six dollars and twenty-five cents a week, reminding me, "You're going to be a rich man when you grow up. I want you to learn the value of money. I don't want you to be like most of the other Hollywood actors who leave the screen broke and disheartened."

But all that I earned in those years has been taken from me. It is in the hands of my mother, Mrs. Bernstein, and my stepfather, Arthur L. Bernstein. (My mother claims now that I knew all along that none of the millions I earned belonged to me. In her court deposition she stated that she never intended that I should have any portion of them.)

What was that income? When I was six, income taxes of \$53,000, a year were paid for me. When I was thirteen, my father bought a number of lots in the Wilshire-Fairfax section of Los Angeles. That is the swank residential part of town. The lots cost a great deal of money; they are worth nearly a million dollars today. Dad—and I offer this as typical proof of the unselfishness of his attitude—placed the check for the property in my hands, so that I might turn it over to the seller. "Here, Jackie—it's your land. You pay for it," he said.

Those lots have since been sold. A year or so later, Dad purchased a business block for \$300,000. And much earlier he had bought at least \$500,000 worth of other real estate. Then there were the oil wells at Huntington Beach—still producing so far as I know. In January, 1923, seven companies were competing for my services. Mr. Joseph Schenck of Metro outbid the others. I received a \$500,000 bonus on a contract which called for four pictures at a sixty-four cut. Dad was to be paid sixty per cent of the net—for me. I remember that we signed with Mr. Schenck instead of with Mr. Sol Lesser, who had helped further my career, because Mr. Lesser was unwilling to let Dad act in a supervisory capacity over my productions, whereas Mr. Schenck had agreed. Dad was also given a salary (Continued on page 92)



Jackie's favorite and most recent portrait of himself. Here he greets Betty Grable at the airport.



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Jackie Tells of Fight In Home

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19 (UP).—The movie fortune which
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 earnings amounted to \$1,300,000
 Jackie Coogan to-
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Orbids Eviction of Family
halts Seizure of Cars
and Mansion
Receiver

HOLLYWOOD, April 21 (U. P.).—Jackie Coogan today prevented his mother, Mrs. Lillian Coogan, and her husband, L. Bernstein, from being evicted from the mansion they bought with money he earned as a movie star. He made his gesture amid reports that his mother, Mrs. Lillian Coogan, and her husband, L. Bernstein, for an amount of \$4,000,000, had refused to pay the \$4,000,000 he did because he was a bad boy—he was a bad boy.

Jackie Accepts Mother's Challenge, but He Can't Remember Anything Serious.

HOLLYWOOD, April 19 (U. P.).—Jackie Coogan expressed willingness today to accept his mother's invitation and state the nature of the "particularly bad thing" he did when he was 20 years old.

Unfortunately, he continued, he couldn't remember ever having been "particularly bad." In his adolescent years, he said, he hadn't been exactly a perfect boy, but he had been "just kid stuff."

Bernstein, a dapper little man, tried to comfort his wife. He testified in the case of Ruben.

...had refused to pay the \$4,000,000 he did because he was a bad boy—he was a bad boy.

...as opposed as Jackie any part earned, will give soon as Jackie's questioning Mrs. Coogan today.

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Coogans May Buy
Hollywood Hears Rumor
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HOLLYWOOD, April 21 (U. P.).—

JACKIE SHOULD HAVE



Before the young Coogans took out their marriage license, Jackie's mother warned Betty that he was a poor boy.

"When we were married, Mr. Bernstein, Jackie's stepfather, didn't even come into the church. He stood outside."

OF COURSE Jackie should have his money. Not only because he worked eighteen years for it, worked his whole childhood away, and earned it, but also because he's the kind of a boy who lives the Golden Rule, who always gives other people their just dues, and more.

I don't mean that Jack is generous only with money. Goodness knows he hasn't had much of that. I mean that he gives everything in kindness, and thoughtfulness and consideration. I never knew a boy so sweet to his mother as Jackie was. He always called her "Moodie dear." He was always affectionate with her, or tried to be. And his affection was never returned. People who have known him all his life tell me this.

Jackie is the most unselfish person I ever knew. And because he is that way it never occurs to him that others won't be the same. Any other boy would have realized that something was very

wrong when his estate, the trust fund he, and everyone else, believed was there for him, was not turned over to him on his twenty-first birthday. Instead, he was given a "present" of a thousand dollars. And even that had a string to it. He would be given this gift, he was told, on condition that he sign certain papers which, it turns out, signed away just about everything he had. He signed them. It's hard to believe, but he did, because he is, or was, entirely without suspicion. It just wasn't in Jackie to believe that a fellow's mother would keep from him what was his. He trusted his mother. And even now though he is sensitive enough to realize that this is a bitter thing he has had to face and to do, even now he isn't bitter about it. He realizes that it had to be done, but he says, "I'd rather not talk about it."

I know Jackie well enough to swear that if he

Mrs. Jackie Coogan tells you the intimate details that led to

IS 'KID'
\$3,000,000
Admits
Wild Oat

GELES, April 20 (AP).—
Coogan, highest-salaried
of the silent movies, was
today by his mother,
that he earned \$4,000,000
he reached legal age two
ago.
Bernstein, resisting her son's
or an accounting of his estate
ground no such estate exist
an affidavit stating Jackie
ings amounted to only \$1,300,000
he contends that whatever mon
and property remain are hers un
the California law that gives
minor's salary to his parents.

Jackie Coogan
Halts Eviction
Of His Mother

Press Agent Quits Coogan Case
Hired Saturday by Mrs. Bernstein
Needs Help Badly.

COOGAN PAID
CALLED TO COURT
and Stepfather to
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been earned by
thirteen-year-old Robert
in a film in 1931.
is living with his mother
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HIS MONEY

BY BETTY GRABLE



"After our marriage, Jackie realized that he had responsibilities to meet and not one cent to meet them with."

"Jackie has never lived on my money. He had an orchestra before we were married, and saved from that."

family had handed his estate over to him on his twenty-first birthday, or at any time thereafter, he would have more than provided for them for the rest of their lives. He would have done everything in the world for his little brother Robert. Jackie feels simply terrible about Robert, worse about him than about anything or anyone else. He would love to be able to take Robert and keep him with us. He wants Robert to understand why this had to be done, and is so afraid he'll be given the wrong impression, for Robert is only thirteen and too young to grasp the whole situation. Jack is really suffering over Robert.

If Jack has any fault at all it is that he isn't aggressive enough. Perhaps he had to "give out" so much when he was a child that a lot of it was taken out of him. I only know he hates to fight, detests arguments or friction of any kind. I can't

have an argument with Jack, because he won't argue, that's all. He gets up and goes away and stays away until any possibility of an argument has blown over. Then he comes back and acts as if nothing has happened. He never would have taken the stand if it weren't that when we were married he realized he had responsibilities to meet and not one cent to meet them with. With all that he had earned, with a childhood of work behind him, with all the talk of the trust fund created for him, the "Millionaire Kid" didn't have enough to take me out dancing, let alone get married.

It's all the more shameful because Jack is so unselfish and self-sacrificing. As his wife, I know. He "does unto others" in every little way he can think of. He always brings me my breakfast in bed, on a tray. When it is our maid's night off, it is Jackie who gets the (Continued on page 93)

her husband's predicament and the reasons for his suit against his mother

Jackie, Mother Would Go
"Through Fire and Water"

By the Associated Press.
HOLLYWOOD, April 23.—Jackie Coogan's mother, stating, "I'd go through fire and water for the boy," given permission today to alter mend the cross

explain the guardianship. She and her deceased husband filed in 1923 in which they cleared their intent to

Mrs. Coogan Offers to Share Money, but Jackie Refuses Settlement Move—Old Fans Aid His Fight

While Jackie Coogan ignored a his old film fans loaded court fight to recover United States

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Mr. Guffey
committee o
Mr. Jones
to a C. J.
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keep it all. In reti money, she said she mother love, a comfort and a good education. Coogan's petition es earnings as \$4,000,000, got nothing, and asked and an injunction pri mother and her husb stein, from disposing of Mr. Gannon, commen proposed bill, said: "Ca has fallen down inexcus viding safety to the amassed by minors. Ed dians must be appoint courts to safeguard th under mandatory law."

Says He Earned \$ Mrs. Bernstein's affida reply to her son's said

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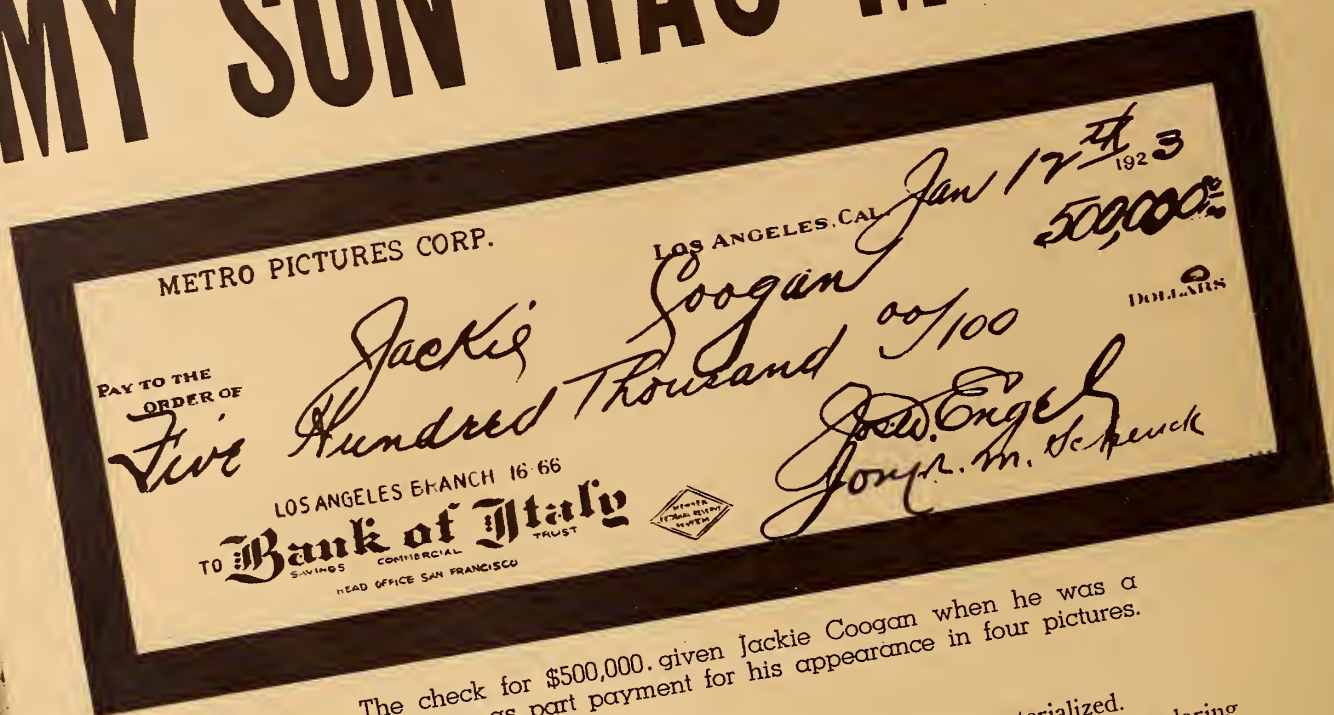
"MY SON HAS MONEY,"

Keeps His Milk To Save Boy Coogan's Sobs Mother 'Pained' By Coogan's Suit

HOLLYWOOD, April 12 (UP).—Mrs. Lillian C. Bernstein, mother of Jackie Coogan, and her second husband were indignant today that Jackie had sued for the \$4,000,000.

With his Step-Kin His

suit was filed. Through her attorney that she be given amend the deposition gave Monday in which Jackie was a "bad" she had never share of.



The check for \$500,000. given Jackie Coogan when he was a child star as part payment for his appearance in four pictures.

BY RUTH RENICK

JACKIE COOGAN Charges Mother Deprives Him Of \$3,000,000. Earnings! That screaming headline in a Los Angeles newspaper recently, struck me squarely between the eyes.

Dazedly, I read the story, the strange, and somehow sad and almost incredible tale of the lawsuit brought by Jackie, "The Kid" of tender memory, a grown man, now, against his mother, Mrs. Lillian Coogan Bernstein, demanding an accounting of the \$3,000,000. he earned as a child star.

I reeled from that news as I had from another story, a few years ago, the story of the automobile accident in which Jack Coogan, Sr., was killed.

I lost a friend the day Jackie Coogan's father died. That kindly, understanding Irishman, with the Celtic gift for making other people's burdens his own, was one of the most genuine persons I have met in my two decades in Hollywood.

But, of course, my loss was as nothing compared to Jackie's. His father was truly his best friend. They were pals in the most profound sense of the word. And if Jack Coogan, Sr., had lived, I know that this ugly matter figuring so sensationally in the public prints never would

have—never could have materialized. It was only natural, when I read that glaring headline about Jackie's lawsuit against his mother and her husband, Arthur Bernstein, one-time general manager of Jackie Coogan Productions, that I should dwell, in memory, on a May day in 1923, when Jackie Coogan was a wistful, happy-but-pensive boy of eight. It was then that Jack Coogan, Sr., with a note of unwonted seriousness in his voice, said to me, "Ruth, Jackie never will have to worry about his financial future. He's going to have all the things I didn't have when I was a kid. I had to hustle out and sell papers when I was his age. And when I was older, I had to eke out a living as a vaudeville hoofer. "Well, those are hardships Jackie will never know. And I'll tell you why. Because I'm going to see to it, through ironclad investment of his earnings, that my boy will receive from me exactly \$1,000,000. on his twenty-first birthday. Yes, indeed. "And later, he will get as much more as there is to get. His mother and I don't want to grow rich at Jackie's expense. What we want to do, on the other hand, is to conserve, and, if possible, increase, the money he makes, taking for ourselves only enough to assure comfort."

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Enjoins Former Boy
in Star's Mother and
His Suit

COOGAN GOT LO...
MOTHER'S ANSWER
HOLLYWOOD, May 13 (P).—Mrs.
Lillian Coogan Bernstein notified
the court today that she had given

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Jack Coogan, Sr. confided to "The Kid's" leading woman, and revealed his plans for Jackie's financially secure future



Ruth Renick, Jackie's leading woman, and Jack Coogan, Sr.'s confidante.



Nobody could possibly doubt that the young Coogans are very happy.

LILLIAN COOGAN—Jackie's mother—a plump, easygoing woman, sat beside Jack Coogan and nodded assent. I was to have other conversations with Jackie's father about Jackie's future, but that was the first. This is how it came about.

After Jackie's magnificent success with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid," the picture which started him tugging on the heartstrings of the world, Coogan, Senior, a good business man, realized that in the person of that lovable boy there was a real gold mine.

So, the Jackie Coogan Productions came into being. A contract was signed with the old Metro Company. Jack Coogan sought a suitable, heart-warming story for the first production under that then colossal agreement.

He found that story in Mary Roberts Rinehart's charming chronicle, "Long Live the King." He wanted a leading woman, and I was chosen for the part of Princess Hedwig. I was in New York at the time, and received word from Jack Coogan to hurry back to Hollywood. Jackie himself had had a hand in selecting me for Princess Hedwig.

"It seems," his father told me, "that Jackie is a fan of yours. He saw you with Douglas Fairbanks in 'The Mollycoddle,' and insists that you play the part."

So Jackie and I went to work. In the cast, I remember, were Alan Hale, Rosemary Theby, Vera

Lewis and Robert Brower. The director was Victor Schertzinger, whose name then, as now, was one to conjure with in Hollywood. One day we worked on one of the most spectacular sets ever constructed in Hollywood up to that time, the Laponian castle. Jackie, as the boy king, proudly reviewed his gorgeously-uniformed troops. As he faced the cameras, there was a gallant smile on his appealing face.

Truly, it was a brave smile. For Jackie's feet hurt. His shiny, patent leather boots were too tight for him, and he confided to me, "They're killin' me, but I won't say anything about it. I don't want to hold up the production."

Jackie's proudest possessions at that time were a handful of bright marbles which Charlie Chaplin had given him. During a long interval, when camera angles were being changed, he tugged at his mother's dress and begged,

"Mother, won't you play marbles with me?"

Busy, Mrs. Coogan said, in a manner not unkindly, "No, Jackie, Mother hasn't time now."

The youngster hobbled in those torturing boots across the courtyard to his father.

"Daddy," he pleaded, "won't you play with me?"

"Can't do it now, Jackie," Coogan told him briskly. "You'll have to find someone else."

(Continued on page 78)

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Coogan's Trust Story
(Special to The News)
April 22.—Jackie Coogan's fight for \$4-
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 NO FUTURE MONEY...
 HOLLYWOOD, April...
 Shirley Temple will not...
 to court when she comes...
 a child movie star...
 Neither will Deanna...
 Mickey...
 Coogan...
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 other Offers 'Kid' Share of His Cash

HOLLYWOOD, May 3 (UP).—Mrs. Lillian Coogan Bernstein, vanquished in her first court encounter with her son, Jackie Coogan, tonight offered to give him a "reasonable settlement," if he will give up his share of his childhood screen earnings as a "reasonable settlement."

Whose Is Money
 Film Total

WHERE IS THEIR



Bobby Breen's sister is seeing that he will receive half his money when he is twenty-one and half nine years later.



The \$500,000 Shirley Temple is said to receive a year is put in trust both by her father and her studio.



Deanna Durbin's fortune is put in a trust fund payable when Deanna reaches maturity. Judy Garland, right, endorses her checks to her mother who safeguards the money for her.

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April 22 (AP).—
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1. Q. When did you first go before the camera?
A. In Salt Lake City, when I was four weeks old. Mother held me and I was quite unhappy about the whole thing.

2. Q. Didn't you ever have your picture taken alone?
A. I was four when I posed for my first solo starring picture. Everyone says I don't look a day over three in this one.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW

in which the lovely Loretta Young delves into the old family album



5. Q. Have you ever been married? **A.** Yes, when I was seventeen and to Grant Withers. It didn't "take" however, and we were divorced a year later.

6. Q. Have you ever posed for "leg art"? **A.** Digging through the files, the only answer I can find is this little number. It was taken just four years ago.



3

3. Q. Were you considered a "party girl" in your youth? **A.** Indeed! I'm the one with the smile at the left, and the young ladies on either side of me are my cousins. It was their joint birthday.



4

4. Q. What about your picture debut? **A.** I worked in pictures for two days when I was five. At fourteen, I got my first big part—the lead with Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

7. Q. Is there a man in your life? **A.** Haven't a single one at the moment. I've been out a few times recently with David Niven, and I've gone to a party or two with Cesar Romero.

8. Q. What are you doing now? **A.** I'm working in "Suez" with Tyrone Power. I'm playing the Empress Eugenie, and I'm also discovering she did something besides wear those funny little hats.



7



8

It looks like Richard Greene still cuts plenty of ice with that little queen of the silver blades, Sonja Henie.

Right, Walter Wanger definitely prefers blondes—like Joan Bennett, but Reginald Gardiner votes Hedy La Mar!

Who's the pretty girl, George? "That's no..." etc., says Mr. Murphy a bit blithely. "That's my wife."

Lovely Norma Shearer and her good friend, Merle Oberon, acquired by Jimmy Stewart and Doug Fairbanks.

GOOD NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Come on behind the Hollywood scene with our intrepid reporter, who sees all, hears all and—tells all

Clark Gable has a chance to become a Flathead! The Flatheads (with an "I," please) are a tribe of Indians living on a reservation in Montana, and they have offered to make Gable a chief if he wants to come and settle down with them. Among the attractions offered are plenty of hunting, life in the open, and good fishing. But Gable turned them down. You can't have Carole Lombard and be a Flathead, too, or something like that.

Want to know what a star keeps on her dressing-room table? We made a list the other day, on the set of "Always Goodbye," of the items we saw on the table in Barbara Stanwyck's dressing room. Here's the inventory: a hair brush, a copy of "Remembering Laughter," a pack of cigarettes, two sticks of gum, a picture of her son, a box of matches, a towel, a box of hairpins and the top of a cold cream jar.

They were telling stories about John Barrymore the other day. The one we liked best was this: In New York, about ten years ago, Barrymore was visiting friends in an unfamiliar part of town. He suddenly decided he wanted a haircut, even though he feared the barbers in the neighborhood were the type who didn't spare the shears. Wandering around, he found a small shop, majestically beckoned to the head barber, and said: "Sir, I want a haircut. And I want such a haircut that only you and I will know I've had a haircut."

Latest of the Barrymore stories happened on the set of "Spawn of the North," his current picture. Players were seated at a table, and Barrymore was preparing a "Coffee Royale," for which a spoonful of sugar and brandy is lighted and poured into the coffee. Benzine was being used instead of brandy, because it would make a brighter flame. A match was applied to the benzine, and the sudden burst of flame startled everyone but Barrymore, who gazed at it fondly. "Ah," he said, "The nectar of my youth!"

Talking to May Robson on the set of "Sister Act," we asked her what kind of a part she had. "It's what we used to call a 'Come along, Jessie' role on the stage," said Miss Robson. "There were hundreds of plays where one of the featured characters announced she was about to leave, walked to the door and said, 'Come along, Jessie.' Well, I'm Jessie in this one."

Miss Robson also told us a story about her one and only airplane flight—a twenty minute trip from Paris to London. She was accompanied by her niece, a companion, some smelling salts and a crucifix which a friend had given her. After the plane took off, she shut

her eyes and alternately kissed the crucifix and sniffed the smelling salts. After ten minutes her companions started nudging her, but she refused to open her eyes until the plane landed—when she discovered she'd spent the entire trip smelling the crucifix and kissing the smelling salts!

Talked to John Payne on the set of "Garden of the Moon." He has worked at several studios, but he's getting his first real break in this picture, in which he plays the male lead. "I'm not sore at the other studios," he said. "I got something from each of them." What he got, he told us, was a pair of bedroom slippers from one wardrobe department, shorts from another, and three shirts from still another.

Edward G. Robinson did a "Little Caesar" in person the other day when a gal driver creased one of his tenders. He was using a lot of his favorite film dialogue on the frightened young lady when his young son, Manny, broke in with, "I think you ought to be arrested, lady." Papa tried to shush him, but it was no use. "I'll arrest you myself," said Manny, "see my badge?" He whipped out a tin policeman's badge, and Robinson laughed, and the young lady sped on her way.

Herbert Marshall and Virginia Bruce were the center of attraction on the set of "One Woman's Answer." It was late afternoon, and there had been many takes of the same scene. Virginia is in bed, and Marshall, her husband, comes in, sits on the bed and talks to her. After several more takes, the scene is okayed, and Virginia crawls out from under the covers. "Boy, am I tired!" she says to no one in particular. "I've been in this darn bed all day!"

Do you know about Shirley Temple's new hobby? Her mother knows about it, but there's nothing much she can do to stop it. Seems when there's no one around the house Shirley picks a number at random out of the phone book and enjoys a long talk with a total stranger. The only hitch in her fun is that when she tells people it's Shirley Temple she sometimes gets very strange—and unconventional—answers.

On the "Valley of the Giants" set, Wayne Morris and a gang of huskies were doing a mob fight scene

At the director's order, the boys all leaped into action, and fists flew all over the set. When the scene ended, Morris pulled himself out of the center of the mêlée, looked around and said, "Did I hit anybody?"

Bob Taylor probably gets more gifts from fans than any star in the business. He'd have a house full if he kept them all, but most of them are donated to local charities. For instance, in the past six months he has received sixteen sweaters. A woman in Albany, N. Y., has knitted nine for him in the past two years. Men's sportswear manufacturers send him hundreds of items, hoping he'll wear them in his pictures. And since he bought a ranch, he's received a shipment of alfalfa seed from Nebraska. He skipped charity on this gift, and planted the seed.

Marion Davies, they say, hasn't been on speaking terms with Norma Shearer since Marion's recent birthday party for William Randolph Hearst. Guests were asked to come as American colonials, and Norma added a touch of surprise to the occasion when she came in her "Marie Antoinette" costume, accompanied by sixteen ladies-in-waiting. Since "Marie Antoinette" was the picture Marion wanted very much to make, you can imagine the chilly reception Miss Shearer received.

Flash! Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, in their new pictures, "wear bathing suits for the first time in their screen careers. In "Three Comrades" Mr. T. swims intentionally for the first time (remember his ducking in "A Yank at Oxford?") and Miss Stanwyck appears in a bathing suit in "Always Goodbye," marking her screen debut as a bathing beauty. There's no particular significance in this news—we just wanted you to know.

Any of you girls know a sure way to put on a little weight? If you do, Jimmy

Stewart would be glad to get the recipe, for all the methods he's tried so far have failed. He's six feet two and a half inches tall, and he would like to add about thirty pounds to his present weight of one hundred and fifty-five.

Most of the locals who attend previews go hoping they're going to see a swell picture—and sometimes they do. But when the picture's a flop they sit silently through it and suffer along until the lights go up. Joan Crawford, on the other hand, takes no chances. She brings her knitting. If the picture is good she watches it. If it's bad she knits. Producers are beginning to regard her as a modern day Madame De Farge, her busy needles clicking out doom for their epics.

Add a new name to your list of Hollywood men-about-town. The latest entry is Mickey Rooney, who has just acquired a

swank apartment at the Montecito—and a valet! Young Mr. R., according to reports, out-Powells William when he turns his roadster over to the uniformed doorman and makes his entrance.

Hollywood incidentals: When Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward dine out, he reads a newspaper throughout the entire meal, and she doesn't mind. . . . Dorothy Comingore, the eighteen-year-old actress discovered by Charlie Chaplin, is now under contract to one of the studios. . . . Tom Beck owns one hundred and twelve trees. He keeps them all in nurseries, because he hasn't any land to plant them on.

Imagine the lovely Loretta Young hanging a haymaker on anyone? Neither could Loretta—but that's what the script called for. So Fidel La Barba, former flyweight champ, was called in to give her the low-down on knockouts. "Sure, I see," said



Frank Morgan, above, looks more distinguished every day. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie do all right by themselves, too.



Just a cool million in talent, personality and umph—Myrna Loy, Bob Taylor and Clark Gable—or do you know them?

If you're married to a lovely like Virginia Bruce, right, you can't be camera shy, so J. Walter Ruben takes it all in stride.

That luscious Hedy La Marr gets around, and no wonder. Reggie Gardiner and Dick Barthelmess are the lucky lads.



alley and complains that being the dream of a sub-deb is certainly confining.

We were talking to Ruby Keeler on the set of "Mother Carey's Chickens" and asked how she felt about being back at work. "Just scared to death," said Ruby. This role, incidentally, is her first picture in over fourteen months, her first costume picture and the first role in which she doesn't dance a step.

Luise Rainer might have been put down as one of the most opinionated stars in town when she first came to Hollywood. She would not dress, even under the studio's direct threats, in anything but slacks. But now there's a sudden change of heart. You couldn't hire her at any sum to put on slacks—Mama and Papa Rainer are in town.

Loretta, after Fidel's first demonstration. "Not so complicated, is it?" She took a big swing at her instructor, missed by some ten inches and ended up with a thud on the floor. "Not so complicated, maybe, but rough," she admitted ruefully.

We even asked Pat why he raises dahlias and his reply covers the subject very simply. He said, "Because I like to raise dahlias."

Neatest trick of the month was staged by a theatre owner in San Diego, California. During the run of "Kentucky Moonshine," anyone who came to the theatre barefoot got in free!

In a court action over an automobile accident in London last year, Merle Oberon was given a \$25,000. judgment. The court found Merle's own chauffeur responsible for the accident, and ordered him to pay the \$25,000. Miss Oberon laughed it off, for both she and the chauffeur knew he didn't have the money. After her return to this country, though, she received a cable from her London solicitors. It seems that in London all chauffeurs must be bonded before they can obtain drivers' licenses, and the insurance company handling the bond will pay Merle the \$25,000.

We've been trying for an hour to make an item out of the fact that Pat O'Brien raises dahlias, and we're ready to give up.

Newest twosome around town is Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres. Had their first date together the other evening—dined and went roller skating. The Gaynor-Power romance is definitely on the wane, and Tyrone is concentrating his attentions on a bit player at his own studio.

Jackie Moran's beginning to have girl trouble. All of which is very funny to everyone but Jackie. The girls from Hollywood High, near where Jackie lives, have taken to standing around his house and waiting for him to show up on his way to the studio, to his lessons or to the corner for a coke. Now he's taken to using the back

On the "Too Hot to Handle" set the other day, Clark Gable had to take a nose-dive into a mud puddle. There were elaborate rehearsals so the "take" would be good the first time he really dived in. Everything was in readiness. Clark took a deep breath and dived in head first, and Walter Pidgeon got so excited that he blew up in his lines. They had to postpone the next take until the following day, in order to rehabilitate the Gable wardrobe.

Donnie Donahue out on the "Mother Carey's Chickens" set is proving too precocious for everyone's comfort. At first afraid the three-year-old Donnie wouldn't be able to grasp the meaning of his own role, the cast now finds that he's getting everyone else's down pat, besides. The other day, Ralph Morgan slipped up in a line, but covered it so quickly that it would have been a take except for Donnie's piping up: "Spoilt again, Mr. Morgan."



Eddie (Little Caesar) Robinson stole forty winks on us here, but the "little woman" stayed as fresh as a daisy.



Loretta Young's swell sister, Sally Blane, steps out with her handsome hubby, Norman Foster.

The newest wrinkle of the movie stars seems to be taking a Hollywood wardrobe to Paris. Dannielle Darrieux, when she left for France, had seven trunks full of clothes—and all from local shops, except for those copied from her clothes in "The Rage of Paris" and designed by Vera West. And Marlene Dietrich, believe it or not, isn't planning to purchase a stitch in Paris on this trip. She loaded up with gowns here and bought some thirty hats just before boarding the boat in New York.

On the "Letter of Introduction" set, we watched actresses acting as actresses. It was a stage scene with Kathleen Howard, Doris Lloyd and Andrea Leeds. Director Stahl was buzzing around like a nervous bumble-bee and giving everyone the jitters. Both Miss Howard and Miss Lloyd blew up once or twice, and only Andrea Leeds kept her composure and her lines intact. They're calling it the "Letter of Introduc-shhhh-un" set around the studio, because everyone's walking around on tiptoes.

The table was bending under birthday cakes the other night at the Café LaMaze. Tony Martin had taken Alice Faye there to celebrate her birthday and there ran into Janet Gaynor giving Tyrone Power a tête-à-tête celebration in honor of his. They joined parties and three-tiered cakes.

They're calling Bing Crosby the "rain-maker" down at Rancho Santa Fe, California. For every time in the past several years that Bing's staged a golf tournament there, the skies have opened and the deluge has fallen.

Frank Morgan owes his reputation to Clark Gable since a broadcast a few weeks ago. Morgan had lapsed into a coma, entirely missing his cue, when Clark gave him such a violent nudge in the ribs that

he jumped some three feet, then caught himself up and went into the dialogue, looking pretty sheepish.

In case you missed it on the financial page, Jane Withers' weekly allowance has hit a new high—five bucks a week. "I'm going to try to spend it wisely," Jane told her mother, "though some of my extravagances have me frankly worried." Mrs. Withers' worst fears were confirmed a few days later when the trainer of "Darwin," the chimpanzee being used on "The Three



Myrna Loy's the perfect off-screen wife, too, according to Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

"Blind Mice" set, called her up. He wondered if she approved of her daughter's deal on Darwin. Jane was purchasing him on the installment plan, one dollar down and fifty cents every Monday.

Alan Dwan, on the "Suez" picture just celebrated his thirtieth year of directing—and Loretta Young and Tyrone Power presented him with a fancy plaque. Dwan started out making pictures for the "Flying A" company way back when. They made three a week—with Wallace Reid the star and an extremely slim and youthful Eugene Pallette as the juvenile.

Studio call sheets, which announce the daily working schedule of pictures, sometimes make good items. For instance, one studio sheet recently read, "Weather permitting, if sun shining, no clouds, and not too windy—on location. Leave studio at six a.m. In event of bad weather, stage eight—dust storm."

Item on the universal appeal of Bobby Breen: Discussing young master Breen's radio popularity, Eddie Cantor said, "The Irish think he's Irish, the Jews think he's Jewish, and when he sings 'La Donna Mobile' the Italians go crazy!"

They hung a "For Men Only" sign on stage twelve at one of the studios, so we went in to investigate. The set was full of guys with cauliflower ears, and in the foreground a husky gent was playing a tune on a punching bag. A closer look revealed that the husky gent was Bob Taylor, and the punching bag routine was part of his new picture, "Give and Take," in which he plays a prizefighter. Taylor, who's been taking boxing lessons for this role, was actually doing a first-class job on the punching bag. He's glad they're casting him in strictly he-man roles, but he denies they're grooming him for a new Tarzan series.

"LUX was my stand-by at college"

says Andrea Leeds—

"still is, now that I'm in pictures. It's so important for daintiness."

A college moving picture won this dainty star a contract with Samuel Goldwyn! She's charming—here's one of her secrets . . .

"I Luxed all my own things at college—even sweaters," she says. "It saved a lot on upkeep. And when I visited my family in Mexico, I'd take Lux along with me. It saved my stockings and lingerie from ruin!"

Smart young girls keep personal things dainty the way famous movie stars do—with Lux. Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor, yet keeps colors and fabrics new looking longer. Lux has no harmful alkali—safe in water, safe in Lux!

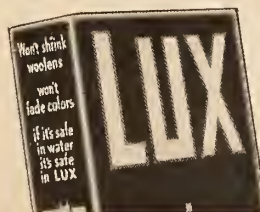
Andrea feels it's part of her job always to "look like a million dollars."
"So I stick to Lux," she says.
"It's wonderful for colors!"



The appealing daintiness of this lovely co-ed has already won her millions of fans. Don't miss her in the new Universal picture, "Letter of Introduction."



"At school, I always 'kept up' with the movie stars. When I found they used Lux—nothing else for me! I was thrilled at how Lux cut down stocking runs!"



Leading Hollywood Studios

specify Lux in their wardrobe departments to keep costumes and all washable properties fresh and sparkling. It insures daintiness—saves dollars on upkeep, their wardrobe directors tell you.

for daintiness . . .

HEAD OF THE CLASS



SO THAT you wouldn't have to bend over a hot stove this summer, skilled Franco-American chefs spent many long hours cooking to just the right delicate consistency delicious strands of Franco-American Spaghetti.

So that you wouldn't have to bother getting together and cooking all the ingredients for a delicious sauce, Franco-American chefs have turned out a sauce for you which is simply a marvel.

So why do hot summer hours of work when this has already been done for you? Especially when you can get this most delicious prepared spaghetti for so little—it costs only ten cents for a big 15¾-ounce can—enough for 3 portions.

Husbands and children who have once tasted Franco-American get pretty picky when you try to feed them any other prepared spaghetti. Franco-American is grand for children's lunches—hot and nourishing and tempting—and on the table in a jiffy. It combines wonderfully with left-overs, thanks to that marvelous sauce. It's always a hit for Sunday night supper. It's a life-saver when people drop in unexpectedly and it's marvelous for outings and picnics. Let Franco-American help keep you cool and rested this summer! Better lay in a few cans right now!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

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



CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 68
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



No. 2637—Above, the "triplet set," first choice of smart school girls.

No. 1323—Colorful sweater in four-tone stripe to go with your skirts.

SMART for the classroom, indispensable as your fountain pen, are these two new designs to send you off to school in style in September and keep you at the head of your class all year. Never done any knitting? Then start on this three-piece suit, elementary as ABC! Paris says raglan sleeves, collarless, high necklines, fitted waists. They're all here in the "triplet set." There's good news for real knitting fans in the knitted sweater, for it has the new four-tone stripe, colorful and flattering, to blend in with all your skirts. Make the suit in a rich brown, evergreen, or deep plum, the sweater in a combination of bright autumn woodland shades. Send in today for your free instructions.

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for No. 2637

Knitting directions for No. 1323

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name

Address

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

Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.





"I'd get snapshots of every boy I really liked"

says **DOROTHY DIX**, famous adviser on life and marriage



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

"I CAN'T see why girls don't use more system in their search for the one-and-only man. Every big business uses system, and love-and-marriage is the biggest, most important of all . . .

"When you meet a boy you like, get some snapshots of him. Keep these. Save the snapshots of all the boys you like. Then, when a newcomer appears and tries to rush you off your feet, look at the snapshots of the others . . .

"Nothing awakens memories like a snapshot. As you see the faces of good old Tom, good old Dick and good old Harry, you may find that one of

them really means more to you than your new friend. If so—you're saved from making the wrong choice in the most important decision of your life!"

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

WHEN YOUR FEET HURT YOU HURT ALL OVER!



Dr. Scholl's Gives You Quick, Safe Relief

Hardly a single part of your body escapes the ill-effects of painful feet. *They make you hurt all over.* Relief can be yours at very small cost—for there is a Dr. Scholl's Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for every foot trouble—made under the personal supervision of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the famous foot authority. Sold by Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ Stores everywhere.

CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and remove corns. Thin, soothing, healing. End cause—shoe friction and pressure—prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and tender spots.



CALLUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain quickly, safely loosen and remove the hard, dead skin. Stop pressure on the sore spot; soothe and heal.



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, give instant relief to tender or enlarged joints; remove shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing.



SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for corns between toes, relieve pain in one minute; take pressure off the sore spot; quickly, safely remove soft corns.



ACHING, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is a soothing application for tired, aching feet, muscular soreness, tenderness and burning sensation caused by exertion and fatigue. Analgesic and counter-irritant.



EASES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, a velvety-soft, cushioning plaster; relieves corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots; prevents blisters. Flesh color. Easily cut to any size or shape.



TENDER FEET

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



Dr. Scholl's

FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES
REMEDIES—PADS—PLASTERS—ARCH SUPPORTS

Mail Coupon in Envelope or Paste on Penny Postcard
FREE Foot Book, also sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns. Address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Name _____

Address _____

(12)

EVERYTHING'S UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from page 43)

something? Wool socks, worn consistently, will help to banish corns, callouses and other superficial foot ailments. Or you can wear those separate foot things to be had in every department store. If your feet swell in hot weather, stay away from pumps and high heels, and immerse the tootsies every day in cold water, into which you have thrown a handful of table salt. Use a foot powder every day, and a foot balm or ointment every once in a while.

Going from your feet to your heads in my usual abrupt fashion, I trust you have your summer permanents already. No? Well, then, unless you're handy at fixing your hair yourself, just grit your teeth and devote an afternoon soon to getting the best, the most expert, and the most becoming permanent you can afford. A *simple* one, please—like Anita Louise's soft wave. Not too long, hanging around in the back of your neck and driving you crazy. The up-on-the-head arrangements look mighty pretty and cool, and if your hair is "adaptable" and you are skillful at keeping it in order, go ahead and have one of the simpler up-swept coiffures. Otherwise, an easy nape-of-the-neck curl. Sun in moderation is a wonderful hair tonic, so shampoo your locks yourself and dry them outdoors, brushing while they dry. It would be nice if you could keep your hair pretty dry while swimming, but don't let it spoil your fun. Rinse your hair, though, in clear water after the swim, and once every couple of weeks, do the necessary business with olive oil or a good oily tonic. Not a very attractive idea, but it will pay dividends at the end of the summer.

AND now, dears, your faces, and the cosmetic problem. How can a gal add a spot of glamor to her personality when powder runs right off as fast as it's put on? Well, now . . . have you a nice bottle of astringent in your ice box? That's a very good idea. Pat it on, ice cold, with cotton, and don't be stingy with it. Fan your face for a few minutes afterwards. If your skin is nice and clear, for daytime, you can go powderless, wearing lipstick by all means, and eye make-up if you need it.

A great aid to summer-time allure is a good foundation cream. In a shade a little darker than your skin. Get a good one—there are several on the market. Last summer I laid a buck and a half on the line for a container two-by-four-by-one inch, and it lasted me thru the season. This little gift of the cosmetic industry serves many purposes. It gives powder and rouge a firm staying basis, for one thing. You should use cream rouge with it. Used alone, with no powder and bright lipstick and the least touch of eye make-up, it gives excellent protection from too much sun, looks elegant and natural at the same time. It gives a little shine to the face, very fetching on certain occasions, and very much in the Hollywood manner. The movie stars go in a great deal for this type of make-up. And worth noting: for those summer snapshots of you and the boy friend on the beach at Little Codfish Cake by the Sea, your face will come out ever so much prettier for a little shine.

Use these foundation creams sparingly, and blend the cream down into your neck. When applying the cream, have the hair bound up in a towel or something, for these creams do *not* enhance the beauty of the hair. Let the cream "set" a few minutes—it goes down into the skin and does it good, too—and then blot very lightly with tissue. If you're going to put

powder on over it, press the powder gently onto your face after the cream has set, and remove excess powder with clean cotton or brush. The powder will stay on very well, in spite of the heat.

AN indispensable, as well as an inexpensive, aid to summer comfort and summer good looks is the compact freshener-upper, to be carried in the purse. When you have taken a long motor ride to the friend's place in the country and, frankly, look like heck upon arrival, and do not wish to be considered a very vain and fussy person because you take hours to "fix up"; when you must work in a city office and have a devil of a time keeping your face on during the hot, perspiring day; when you go dancing on a summer evening and do not wish to get all drippy after one turn around the floor—on any number of occasions, in fact, these clean, refreshing little gadgets will do wonders for you. You can't miss 'em, even if I can't offer you their trade name. Cheap and handy—on drugstore, five and dime, or department store counters.

Ah, me, I suppose I should mention that problem that is always with us: namely, to tan or not to tan. Also how much to tan. Seems to me we should all have acquired some sense about it by this time. And I think most of us have. Well, then, the sensible and chic thing to do nowadays is to get a suntan only if it's extremely becoming; to get it slowly, by the two-minute-a-day-on-up exposure method; not to get as bronze as an Indian in any case, but only a nice feminine, golden shade.

If your skin fries to a crisp in the sun, if you freckle horribly along with the tanning process, and if you are the type who tans very, very quickly—if you are any of these three types—stay out of the sun when it is broiling hot. And wear sun-protection creams, big hats, goggles, and other protective coverings when you must be in the sun. Pink and white skins are again fashionable. The "new" make-ups tend toward shades of red which have a lot of mauve and blue casts in them, and these very chic and alluring shades in rouge and lipstick look like the old Ned with very tan skins.

Another point—a strong tanning is bad for most skins. It *has* been for most skins all these years that copper-colored pelts have been fashionable. It makes the skin leathery in texture and, come winter, it is impossible to get rid of the spotty, dirty look which an extreme coat of tan leaves behind. Out in Hollywood, the stars are taking sun baths very, very cautiously. Why? Because Technicolor will have no truck with a dark coat of tan. Bottles of sunproof oil, cream and lotion adorn the dressing tables of cinemaland, and the cinema belles go down to the sea in big hats and terry-cloth cover-ups.

There's a minor summer phobia of the younger fry I want to bring up. I've had letters about it in the past, and I remember when I was very young (gawsh, what a memory!) how I used to lie awake nights wondering what I could do to prevent the boy friend from finding out that I had freckles on my arms. Of course, you thin-skinned lassies who freckle should endeavor not to add to the permanent freckles with temporary freckles. There are those two kinds, you know. The permanent ones, acquired in childhood, likely, stay on your skin in varying shades of intensity all your life. With each summer's sun, you can get a crop of temporary

About face!



That battle-ax expression is more often caused by nervous tension than by temper! There are unnecessary tension-makers in every busy day that can steal your youth and charm! Learn to recognize them—discover how to correct them. You can out-wit those beauty robbers . . . if you'll be on your guard!



By their frantic frowns—you can spot women who are always late . . . always hurrying! Avoid that rushing habit if you value your good looks!



A new wrinkle has been put in many a pretty face by shoes that pinch, a too-tight girdle, or shoulder-straps that bind! Comfort is important to beauty!



That martyr look often comes from a sanitary napkin that rubs and chafes! But—there's a downy-soft napkin that doesn't chafe. It's Modess . . . and it's made differently from ordinary napkins.



Worry furrows that come from fear of an embarrassing accident are unnecessary, too. Insist on Modess . . . for Modess has a special moisture-resistant backing that will end that worry.



See the difference! Cut a Modess pad in two and look at the filler! It's fluffy and soft . . . different from pads made of close-packed layers. It's this fluffy filler that makes Modess so comfortable.



Test it! Remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and drop water on it. See for yourself that not a drop "strikes through." Think what this special kind of protection means to you!



Beauty secret worth trying! You can look younger and prettier (and keep your looks longer) if you'll get rid of unnecessary tension, discomfort, and worry! Modess can help you do this on days when nerves are particularly tense . . . and endurance lower. Get Modess today and experience the comfort and peace of mind this *different* kind of napkin brings. Modess costs no more than other nationally known napkins.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

freckles, and if you are very susceptible to this freckling business you should stock up with a good freckle cream and further hoodwink Old Sol with a good protection cream. A few freckles, in my opinion, are never unattractive. Men do not consider them unattractive, either. Not that one wants to be absolutely peppered with 'em. And try to protect the back of your neck, if you can. That's one place where the large, splotchy freckles are apt to come.

AND now I must say a few words about eating and exercising and dieting and not dieting, dreary as those topics may seem at this time of the year. Summer is the season to be moderate. I'm sure I don't need to tell you not to eat too much. I may need to tell some of you not to eat too little. You all need breakfast, lunch and dinner, according to your diet routine and your figure problems. Beware that oft repeated saying, "It's too hot to eat." Don't go thru the dog days on sandwiches, stingy salads and glasses of iced tea. You may cut almost all sweets, starches and fats out of your diet if you like, and if you are overweight. But proteins you need, for in proteins there is strength.

Proteins, dears, are contained in meat, fish and eggs. In the summer time, there is a tendency to cut down too far on meat. Cut down on it some—yes—for it's a chore to cook it and too much isn't necessary. But you should have a liberal serving of lean meat daily—or fish or chicken—and even the fat girls should go in for an egg a couple of times a week. I know I've said before in these articles that, in extreme cases of overweight, sometimes it's a good idea to cut out meat from the diet entirely. I'm not contradicting myself. Remember, I said "extreme cases of overweight," and even then, meat should be eliminated from

the diet only for a short while. Generally speaking, fat or thin, we all need a daily serving of some sort of meat.

For other diet advice, you know as well as I do that leafy green vegetables, fresh green salads, tomatoes, fresh fruit, tomato juice, fruit juice and milk are the foods to choose from for the bulk of your eating. Beware of the snack habit—eat at meal-times, and you fat girls try to acquire that ability to get up from the table just a little bit hungry. Thin girls, drink plenty of milk, go in luxuriously for ice cream if you like it, and have a malted milk in mid-morning or mid-afternoon if you can—especially if you're a summer office slave. Delicious ice box desserts are blurred over the radio constantly and adorn the women's pages of the newspapers, and no doubt our own Modern Hostess can tell you a thing or two about 'em, also. Fine for thin girls, when not too rich and gooey. Fat girls, stick to gelatine desserts, water ices, and fresh fruits—plenty of the latter—and watch your complexions bloom while your figures slim.

It's *not* too hot to exercise! You'll feel ever so much better if you stick to an exercise routine, even if you do per-sweat a little while exercising. Don't kid yourself, however, that, if you perspire a great deal, you're losing tons in the process. You do lose in the sweating—yeah—but you put that weight right back on again with your next drink of water. Just go on exercising moderately, systematically and faithfully—but never strenuously. Summer sports—swimming and tennis and all—will keep a figure trim, but not necessarily reduce it. Swimming will develop a thin girl—legs and chest particularly—but won't reduce a fat girl a particle.

Next on the list of summer beauty aids is the special sample offer I have for you

this month. Just fill out the coupon with your name and address and begin watching for this grand gift in the mail. It is a combination sample offer that includes a special formula cream and a new "light-proof" face powder. The cream has a "reversible action" that cleans the pores, softens the skin and furnishes a powder base every time you use it. When you smooth the cream over your skin, it seems to disappear. Then, as you massage gently, the action is reversed—the cream reappears loaded with impurities and dirt from the pore openings. The cream is wax-free. The face powder that you will also receive in this free offer claims two new discoveries to eliminate the problem of shiny skin. It is light-proof and moisture-proof.

Next month I'll be back at the same old stand with a little article about extra beauty for fall and winter. When you return to school or the office, or when you go back to the home town, or everybody else comes back to the home town, I want you all to be groomed and ready for heaps of dates and scores of boy friends so watch for it. I'll be seeing yuh!

Mary Marshall
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free combination sample offer of cream and face powder.

Name

Address

City State



YOU'RE KIDDING! A GIRL OF MY AGE COULDN'T GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

... BUT HOW WRONG SHE WAS

NO WONDER JIM KEEPS BREAKING DATES! YOU'VE LET YOUR COMPLEXION GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING. I'M SURE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE?

BUT I DON'T SEE HOW PALMOLIVE COULD MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE!

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

It wasn't long until...

OH, JIM... I'D LOVE TO GO! I'LL BE READY AT EIGHT!

THANKS, PALMOLIVE, FOR HELPING ME GET RID OF THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

I'M TAKING NO MORE CHANCES! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

PALMOLIVE



RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST

(Continued from page 35)

"The Toy Wife"—to see her husband, to see spring in Manhattan, to see two or three plays. She not only had the impulse. She also carried it out.

She flew, despite a weather report of bumpy air, despite studio objections, despite an expectation that she would find a wire waiting for her in New York, telling her, "Return immediately."

She flew despite the fact that her husband has a horror of airplanes, and won't fly, himself. If this isn't individuality, then crabapples grow on gooseberry bushes.

Two days after her short, sudden visit to New York—she was there only three days when the studio recalled her—I saw Luise. Knowing Clifford Odets' aversion to air travel, I wondered (out loud) how he had faced the idea of Mrs. Clifford Odets' flying, when even the studio found objections.

The answer was simple, so far as Luise was concerned. She wouldn't object to his smoking a pipe on the grounds that, if she smoked a pipe, she would become violently ill.

"We are civilized people," she said simply, as if that explained everything. And perhaps it did.

I had just puffed to the topmost tier of a modernistic apartment building stacked against a hillside in Westwood, to find her in slacks in a living room whose walls were mostly windows, with a large view of sky, white houses on distant knobby hills ("like Egypt," Luise said), and, far away, the Sierra Madre Mountains. Even when she is on the ground, Luise likes altitude. And, in this small apartment, she has altitude.

SHE lazily considered some billowy white clouds scudding across the blue sky. Perhaps they inspired sharp memories of her own recent flight. Abruptly, impulsively, she said, "Oh, I had such a goot time in New York! You cannot think what it is like, spring in New York. Every day, Cliff and I went walking in the Park. The young ducklings bobbing in the water, the young blossoms on the trees, the bright green grass. Everything, everything said, 'Winter is past. Life begins again!' Sometimes, I feel I get more out of these so-brief trips than if I stayed for long times. I get the whipped cream of everything. I crowd so much into so little time."

I asked her if she often indulged these mad impulses, like flying to New York for three days, or (as once happened) fourteen hours.

"Mad impulses?" she repeated, puzzled. "I don't think they're mad. Do you know how many times I have flown across America? Thirty times! If I can go, I should go. That is terribly natural."

"I don't like staying in Hollywood if I am not working. I have to get away. Life is so full of great, wonderful things, of more things than moving pictures. I fill myself up with this new freedom and other things, with new thoughts, new experiences, new sights, new people. Before I was married, I went away, went exploring. I must admit even if I hadn't Cliff in New York, still I would go there many times."

She smiled persuasively, as if I must understand. She explained, "For every role I would like to be a new person. And so I try to renew myself between every role. My way is to travel."

"Always, it has been like this. I don't believe that this is restlessness. It is much more a yearning to take in new things, to learn. In Europe, even when I didn't have much money, still I went on trips. I would rather save my money to travel than to eat. I wanted to go to far away places, where I knew no one, and no one knew me, to be a

THIS NEW GREASELESS
ODORONO ICE
IS SIMPLY A DELIGHT
TO USE



YES—AND IT KEEPS
YOUR UNDERARM
ABSOLUTELY DRY AND
IT LASTS AS LONG
AS 3 DAYS



NEW ICE DEODORANT

is cooling, vanishes completely,
checks perspiration instantly

HERE'S the last word in underarm daintiness made to order for busy, fastidious moderns! The new Odorono ICE meets *all* the requirements . . . quick application, greaseless, cooling, *checks perspiration!*

Based on an entirely new principle—this new ICE deodorant disappears as you put it on. Leaves your underarm cool and refreshed, yet checks perspiration

instantly! You can forget about offending odors and embarrassing stains for as much as three whole days. Use Odorono ICE according to directions on the label of the jar.

Protect your feminine charm—the friendships that are your natural right! Get a jar of Odorono ICE today! Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

"SAFE—cuts down clothing damage, when carefully used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-E-8*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 427, Montreal)

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



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

*
ODO-RO-NO ICE
COOLING — NON-GREASY

stranger among strangers, study new people. I would rather see, watch and meet people than read books. I can learn more from them, watching their faces, their gestures, hearing them talk. People fascinate me. All kinds of people, the big and little ones, the grown up ones, and the ones who never grow up.

"Here in Hollywood I seldom go out. If I do, people often look at me as if they expect something, I don't know what. It does harm to me inside. I must admit I hate people staring at me. It gives me a very lonely feeling."

YET she cultivates aloneness. Consider this modernistic eyrie of an apartment. When her husband is not in Hollywood, she lives here alone except for a part-time servant. She must like to be alone.

"I do," Luise admitted, candidly. "I would lie if I do not say so. When I am working, I need to be alone. A character is not created in front of a camera. A character is created, first, in the mind. I must be alone, to think things clearly, to see what I must do to make a character live and breathe. I like to be alone with her, until I am part of her, and she is part of me."

Moodily, she watched the scudding clouds a moment.

"When I am sad, I like to be alone, also. Do you know what it is like to be sick to your soul, so sick that you become sick physically?" she asked. "I found out last year. When I first came to Hollywood, I had one great wish: to become a very good actress. Still I have that wish. But now I feel that I will never get it here."

"I did not feel so at first, in 'Escapade,' or in 'The Great Ziegfeld,' or even in 'The Good Earth.' No one could ask more opportunity than those. I was grateful. I tried to show it. I worked, worked so hard. I

begged for more opportunity like those. And what happened? They wanted me to do pictures with stories that were weak, and roles I could not believe in. One was a gangster picture. If I had done that, I probably would have no audience left by now."

"The studio was asking, 'Will this role harm her?' not, 'Will this role do her very good?' I was sick. The only cure for my sickness was to change everything. I had so tremendous a feeling of being crushed, chained, helpless, with no chance to show what I could do. I was to be made to fit a pattern. I had to be free. I am passionate about freedom. When I saw I couldn't go on in my work, I wrote five letters, asking for my release from pictures. I wanted to go back to the stage. But they didn't let me go. Then I fought to change my contract. Finally, at least I got permission to spend every year a few months on the stage. I will be here six months. The other six months I will be free for the stage."

"I was so happy after they change my contract—so happy, so interested in my work, so glad when I win the second Academy Award. 'Now I will mean more to the studio,' I said. That was what the Award meant most to me. But a few weeks later, everything was the same again. I feel that the improvement of my work means nothing to the studio."

"Maybe I should feel, 'If I make money, what should I care?' But I can't. Sometimes I wish I could. But I don't have an urge for money. I do have an urge to do creative work. I have never fought with them over money. Only work. But isn't it terrible that one has to fight to do good work!"

"Why, *why*? I'm young, I'm not ugly, I'm eager to do good work, so able to do good work, if only I have the chance. Why must I beg them to have trust in me, as they de-

mand that I have trust in them?"

"I have nothing against Hollywood, nothing against pictures. On the contrary, I think they are the biggest medium any actress can have. The whole world is her audience. I would be a fool not to recognize that. And I want to work in pictures so badly, give pictures the best that is in me. But I don't feel that I can function right in pictures, and it is sad if a person can't fulfill herself in what she wants to do, and has to seek other outlets."

"All the time now I think of fall, of going back to the stage. This should not be. One should not live in the future. One should live in the present. But if I live in the present, and take serious the work I am here to do, I'd feel so unhappy, I would beat my head against the walls. I have to live in the future."

AM I always true to myself? Yes! It is my greatest fault, and my greatest asset. It makes my biggest enemies, and my biggest friends."

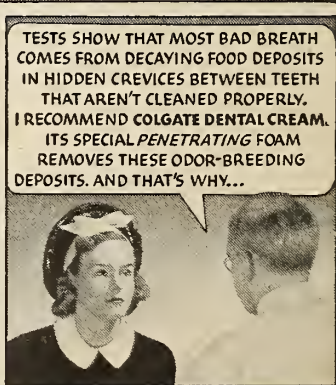
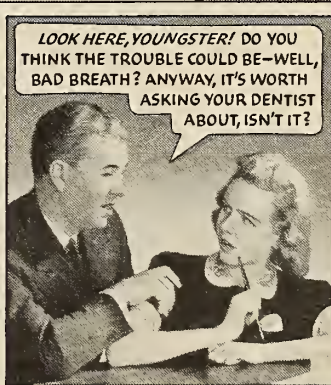
For a moment, Luise was silent. Then suddenly, spontaneously, she said, "Have I sound as if I think of nothing but my work? It is the very outlet of my being. Yes. But I am not blind. It is not the most important thing in life. I would hang my career on a nail, the second my husband asked me."

Her smile was back now. "If that is the right thing to say, I don't know, but it is true. Rumors that Cliff and I are parting because we work so far apart? They do not bother me. Cliff and I know better!"


I had gone to Luise Rainer, expecting a temperamental close-up of Hollywood's finest actress. But, somehow, I came away with an impression, instead, of a human being, a very civilized human being, very much in love, but also very much an individualist, because she is an idealist.



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GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

2273
Good Housekeeping Bureau

GET IT WHILE YOU CAN, GIRLS

(Continued from page 47)

In case you don't know, and you certainly should, Miss Farrell is a gal with a brain. She may play, and convincingly, those dizzy dames on the screen, but once the grease paint is off, she's out of character and is herself again. While in New York, she spent her few short days, not only shopping and seeing all the good plays, but looking to her radio future.

For, as she said, "You know, I want to do radio and be so good that they will want me even if I don't continue in pictures. I know I can last in radio—at least until television.

"Another little matter which caused a slight altercation was the studio's wanting me to play the mother of a nineteen-year-old girl. I don't mind being a mother, but I feel that if, as they said, I'm to be a young Gertrude Lawrence, then I want to be a young woman for at least a couple more years, and not become old immediately. I'm a mother, you know, but my son's not nineteen. I expect to grow old, but not before my time."

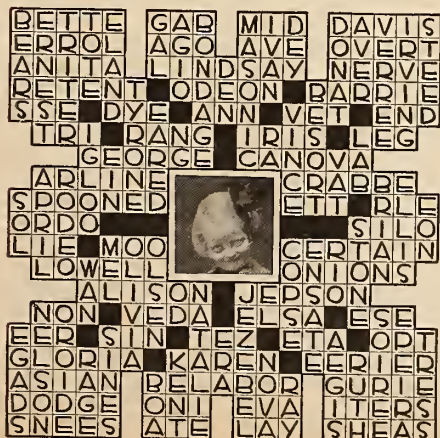
On her return, Miss Farrell goes into the Torchy Blane series, in which she became so successful recently. However, she has quite a trip mapped out for herself en route.

"I'm going directly to Oklahoma for a little hunting. I love to shoot, but imagine me bagging a buffalo! That's just what I'm to do! It's all arranged. Besides owning half the state of Oklahoma, my friends have a game preserve. It seems Elliot Roosevelt shot the first buffalo of the season and when I get there I'm to shoot the second. It's nice publicity anyway, and they're mounting the head and skin for my lodge in Arrowhead. They'll fly it out to me along with the meat.

"You know, everyone has an idea that buffalo is becoming extinct, or do you care? As a matter of fact, they have to kill off a certain number each year so they won't overrun the place. I guess that's why I'm to be honored by bagging the second of the season. Anyway, it'll make a good barbecue, although I'm not so keen about either buffalo or venison. I'll take a hamburger any time.

"To get back to where we started—all I have to say in parting is, 'Get all you can while you can, because if you don't some acquisitive amateur will!' I think I've learned a lesson in love! And, those boys out west had better look to their laurels—and bankrolls—they're meeting a new Farrell, and a smartie this time!"

Solution to Puzzle on page 12



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are here
again*

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THAT STAYS WONDERSOFT**

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★ Kotex stays Wondersoft—
for it's cushioned in cotton.

★ Kotex can be worn on either
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and be Sure

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CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.
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POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.



25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

SHE WANTS TO BE MARRIED

(Continued from page 31)

unfaithful? At first Merle answered, "Oh, I should be so terribly, terribly hurt! I really do think I should feel that everything was over." And then she thought a moment, and said, "I don't know—it would depend on how much I really loved him. If I really and truly loved him, I believe I should try to shut my eyes and pretend that nothing had happened. If I was sure that he really and truly loved me, and that this thing which had happened was a madness of the moment, I should try to make every effort to hold us together. I hope I'd do that. It would be the right thing to do, wouldn't it? But when one is hurt—even if only the vanity is hurt—it doesn't make a great deal of difference when you're suffering, does it? There is another angle to that, too—the man's angle. I saw a play while I was abroad which made a wonderful impression on me..."

SHE went on to tell briefly about this play, which she had seen in Paris. "Un Homme Comme Les Autres"—"A Man Like Any Other." The husband, an incorrigible philanderer. The wife, idealistically in love with him, very innocent, very true. A gay party, attended by a baker's dozen of beautiful and glamorous women, each one a cooperative leading lady in the husband's *affaires du coeur*—rough translation, "bedroom farce." In a fine burst of emotion, the husband tells the wife all about his extra-marital episodes. He insists he truly loves his wife, but confesses that he is incapable of fidelity. The wife is heartbroken—tears stream down her face. What shall she do, what shall she do? The rest of the play tells what she does do, and it all ends very unhappily, but that is beside our point.

"The fool, the stupid, blundering, selfish male fool!" cried Merle, her big dark eyes flashing. "I suppose it made such an impression on me because it was so finely acted. But I also felt that it had so much in it of real life. Why couldn't he have kept silent? Why couldn't he have fought his weakness himself? Why did he have to tell his wife this sob story, this true confession? What is it in men which makes them want to spill over like that, putting the burden of forgiveness on women?"

"Then you wouldn't want your husband to be so all-fired truthful that it would make life uncomfortable?"

"That's right. Somewhere or other, I read about a man who persisted in regarding the world as a sort of 'moral gymnasium.' He would do his average, human number of sinful and hurtful actions and then, not caring so much about repairing the damage he had done, but rather seeking to exonerate himself, he would figuratively beat his chest and tear his hair—delighting in a maudlin recital of his misdeeds. I think that's weak and wrong and wicked. Where love is concerned, especially. Men are different animals from women, we might as well admit it. A man will be fleetingly intrigued by a lovely face or an alluring figure. It isn't always flattering, but there you are. If—I say if—these attractions are a thing of the moment, the least he can do is keep quiet about them. And when I become a wife, I hope I will bring enough good sense and sophistication to my marriage to pretend not to 'notice anything'—enough strength to kill petty jealousy.

"Mind you—if anything important and real should come between my love and me,

I should want him to tell me about it. Quickly and honestly. And I hope I should be intelligent and decent about it and say, 'Well, my dear, there it is, and thank you for telling me.' Then I should go into my room and cry into my pillow, but I pray to heaven the pillow would be the only witness to any scenes I might make. Oh, dear—I sound too, too utterly brave and wonderful, don't I? I'd probably throw chairs and lamps, and behave like a perfect vixen. But I *hope* I wouldn't, and I'd honestly try to be decent."

"What kept you from marrying the very first object of your affections?" we inquired nosily.

"I was lucky," she answered and giggled—the famous Oberon giggle, admired on two continents.

"And since then?"

"My luck has held."

"What has usually been the reason for the break-up of your romances?"

"My jealousy," she answered honestly. "I'm jealous. Everybody who is capable of loving is capable of jealousy. But we women should try to stifle petty jealousy, as I said, and your humble servant thinks she has learned a thing or two."

"Well, what are you waiting for now? What kind of a man do you want?"

"Can't tell. But I'll know him when I see him." Her eyes were dreamy. Then they stopped being dreamy, and twinkled. "I say, I hope I don't wait too long. I'd be frightfully disconcerted if I remained Merle Oberon, spinster, all my life."

I HAD a quick, incongruous picture of the slim and lovely person sitting opposite me in the heavenly white satin housecoat—very tailored, and fitting perfectly, and probably quite expensive—an utterly incongruous picture of spectacles and knitting and cat and parrot. It was my turn to giggle.

"What's the joke?"

"I can see you looking under the bed for burglars already," I said.

"I hope he's a good-looking burglar."

"Oh, he's the spit and image of Robert Taylor. And he's never too truthful. When he winks at blondes, he always pretends he's got something in his eye."

"Now you're pulling my leg," she said.

She feels rather "half way between," generally speaking. Half way between England's and Hollywood's studios. Half way between the successful "Divorce of Lady X" and the almost-sure-to-be-successful "Graustark," with Gary Cooper. Half way between Technicolor and black and white, which reminds us of the Oberon hair. It's half way between, too. She was sick about it, and with quite un-starlike candor, confessed that she had had to dye for her art, to pull a very old gag. In Technicolor, it seems, her dark hair with the lovely red lights in it had been too dark—had cast shadows on her pretty face. They tried wigs. Wigs looked all wrong, somehow. I asked about this new gold powder that some stars use when they want to highlight their locks.

"I'm always the one that some perfectly wonderful discovery won't work on," she declared bitterly. "It seems that that new gold powder is only practical for (a) light brownettes and (b) every other type except me. Me, I'm too brunette. So—" with a philosophical sigh—"I dyed the hair, and now I'm letting it grow out."

And Merle is "half way between" in another sense, too. She is half way between the gay, exciting romances which inevitably

come a-paying tribute to her dark beauty, her very appealing femininity—half way between all that, which she enjoys no end, and the more real happiness which she feels sure she'll find soon. An enduring love, a love that will be more than a quick flame that bursts up and dies down, but which will have the element of fire in it, nevertheless—that's what she wants.

"You want quite a lot," I said. "You want to continue with your career. You want just such and such a man, and no substitute. And a real marriage, not just a legalized romance."

"And children," she added. "You forgot children."

"You hadn't said anything about children."

"I know—because it always sounds so silly and cheap and everything when an actress says how she adores the dear little babies. But I, can't help how it sounds. I want two—two at least."

"That's quite a lot for any woman to manage. Career, children, home, husband."

"Quite. But I have told you I expect a lot from marriage, and from the man I marry. I didn't tell you that I also expect to give a lot to marriage and the man I marry."

BUT wait . . . this having children . . . it's a hazardous undertaking for a screen star."

"It has been done, hasn't it?"

"Yes, but the instances where a star has had babies, kept her home and husband, and managed a successful career, too—they're very rare, Miss Oberon, very rare."

"I don't care," stoutly. "If it has been done—and it has—then I can do it, too. And I shall. Why should it be so hazardous?"

"Well, for one obvious reason, there's your figure. A slim figure—part of your stock in trade."

"Look at my friend Norma Shearer. Then there's Marlene, Joan Bennett, and Virginia Bruce. And Gloria Swanson, whose star is in an eclipse today, though why it should be, I don't know, for she looks as lovely as ever, and why one of those idiotic producers don't do something about her I don't know. And she never did better work than she did right before and after the first two children arrived."

"Well, there's the time all that takes. And for an actress to be off the screen for any length of time is supposed to be dangerous."

"I told you I shall only want to make two pictures a year when I'm an old married lady. And I'm working hard toward that desirable two-good-pictures-a-year goal."

She is, too. She attends strictly to business. That's one reason she's had no time for romance lately. She made two pictures in England. Came hurriedly to New York. Went on to Hollywood to do "Graustark" and another as yet untitled film there. In New York, she attended necessary parties, luncheons, and did interviews. She was never too busy to see any reporter. No fuss. No temperament. As a matter of fact, there is never any temperament as it is generally understood. She has never thrown a shoe at a maid, prop man, hairdresser, nor even sassed a director. When she has a scrap in her system, she marches right into the producer's office and has her scrap with 'im as can take it. When she's nervous and tired, she takes it out in giggling.

"This giggle has seen me through many a trying situation," she said. "Let's hope I don't up and marry a man who can't abide a giggler."

Don't give it another thought, Merle. He'll adore you, giggle and all. And he's a lucky chap, whoever he may be.

SWING TO

Youth



Scintillating **MARY RUSSELL** of cinema fame suggests — "... use Marchand's as I do to make your hair a radiant blonde shade and protect its loveliness."

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Don't Let Time Darken Your Hair

Tantalizing highlights and sunny tints in your hair mean youth. It's easy to keep that attractive "joy of living" look. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash restores the natural radiant shades of your hair that were yours when you were a little girl. This natural loveliness is easy to acquire at home. Marchand's is a scientific preparation designed solely to lighten and beautify all shades of hair...important and true—it will not interfere with permanents.

New Beauty for Brunettes. Brunettes everywhere are finding new lustre and light in their hair through use of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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MARCHAND'S GOLDEN
HAIR WASH
AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

"MY SON HAS MONEY"

(Continued from page 57)



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HOT weather helps to breed germs in toilets. Don't risk insanitation. SANI-FLUSH was originated to clean toilets. And you don't have to rub and scrub, either.

Just sprinkle a little of this odorless powder in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. SANI-FLUSH removes stains. It purifies the hidden trap that no other method can reach. It banishes the cause of toilet odors. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.



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CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING



Blondes! — Avoid Sun "Tarnished" Hair

A vacation's no fun without a good coat of tan. But don't let your hair get that dried-out, "tarnished" look from salt water and excessive exposure to sun. Because most shampoos are too drying, some 987 beauty editors suggest Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo. It is easier to use than ordinary shampoos. Admiracion cleanses each hair fibre... but it does not rob hair and scalp of the essential natural oils that keep your hair healthy. Come back home with that burnished beauty look in your hair... use Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo. Sold with a money-back guarantee. For a trial sample send three 3-cent stamps—Dept. 21, Admiracion, Harrison, N. J.

And Jackie came to me. I'll never forget the look in those child-eyes, with the tears perilously near, as he said,

"Nobody wants to play with me, Miss Ruth. Will you?"

"Of course I will, Jackie," I said.

He ran and got a pillow for me, and placed it in the dusty courtyard so that I might sit down without ruining my coronation gown. And there we sat, shooting agates and "commies" until the director called Jackie. Then Jackie's father called and asked me to chat with him and his wife on the porch of their bungalow on the lot.

"I've been watching you two, Ruth," Coogan said. "You're just like a couple of kids. You don't act any more like a grown-up than Jackie does."

His Irish eyes misted a bit I thought.

"Sometimes," he went on, "I feel badly when I think that Jackie is missing the regular boyhood he should have. But I'm going to see to it that it's made up to him in other ways."

IT was then that he told me of his plan to make Jackie's future as secure as it could possibly be made.

"Already," Jack Coogan said, "my son is rich. He'll never have to worry. When he's grown up, and ready to marry, he'll have a million dollars as a bulwark. As long as I live, he'll have nothing to worry about."

"As long as I live!"

Afterward, I thought there must have been a somber prophecy in those words.

"It is my dream," Jackie's father told me, "that Jackie and I will be partners, always. I feel that we are partners, now, Jackie and his mother and me, all for one and one for all."

"I want to do what's best for him, and, with God's help, I will. You know, Ruth, Chaplin is very anxious to make another picture with Jackie, just now. Charlie has offered me a lot of money. But I've turned it down. It's Jackie's own future I'm thinking of, and I believe I can do better by that future this way."

"What are you going to do?" I asked him. "Create a trust fund for Jackie?"

"Yes," he said, meditatively, "Lillian and I are going to put his money in trust for him so that while he is young, his earnings will continue to draw interest for the future."

"Yes," I volunteered, "old man Interest works day and night." And even while he sleeps, I thought, as I watched the little fellow rehearsing his scene like a veteran, even though his boots were too tight.

"We will always look after Jackie's interests," beamed Lillian Coogan as she gazed upon the huge diamond that Jack had just given her.

"And there is one thing more I am going to do. I want to keep Jackie Coogan Productions alive. Then, you see, if Jackie, after he's been to college, and married, and is ready to settle down, wants to go into the production end of the business on his own, he can do so."

We talked often along similar lines while "Long Live the King" was being filmed. During the three months we were on that picture, I formed an affection for Jackie Coogan which made him as close to me as though he were my younger brother. And, of course, I didn't feel any the less kindly toward Jackie when, very gravely, he presented me with a miniature chair he had made for me in his own workshop, and said, "Miss Ruth, I want you to have this chair because you're my favorite leading lady."

Even at that time, Arthur Bernstein, the man who later was to become Jackie Coogan's stepfather, was an important member of the Coogan menage. He had drifted into the organization casually enough, and very quickly had won the confidence of both Mr. and Mrs. Coogan. They decided to make Mr. Bernstein general manager of the Coogan Productions. I do not recall that Jackie ever showed much affection for Bernstein, but that, of course, was natural, since he was so close to his own father.

I have often thought what a poignant situation existed between father and son, loving each other so deeply, yet, somehow, kept apart by the strangeness of circumstances.

Jack Coogan, Sr. was working so hard to build a fortune through his son for his son, that he had no time for those informal father-and-son relationships that dads and boys in ordinary walks of life may have. And Jackie, of course, was, as an international idol, denied all the joys of boyhood.

I believe that in the close companionship that was theirs in later years, both of them were trying to make up for the denials of the past. Jack and Jackie, in the few years preceding Jack's death, were more like chums than anything else. And the instant that Jackie, as a pre-adolescent lad, retired from the screen, his father began devoting himself wholeheartedly to seeing to it that Jackie got all the things he had missed during his interlude of fame and hard work before the cameras.

A FEW years ago, I formed a corporation and organized a repertory theater in Los Angeles. I was very anxious to produce the English success, "Young Woodley," on the Los Angeles stage, and Jackie, then a tall, handsome lad in his teens, seemed ideal for the title role. But Jack, senior vetoed the idea.

"No, Ruth," he said. "Not now. Jackie's doing what I want him to do. He's a student at Santa Clara College, and he's having the time of his life. I don't care if you could pay him \$10,000 a week. He has all the money he'll ever need."

"I wouldn't want him to miss even one week of his life at college. When he's twenty-one, he'll be a free agent, with money to do with as he pleases. I, personally, am going to turn over that million to him."

I saw Jackie, not long after that, with a merry-making throng of college kids, dining and dancing in San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel, celebrating a football victory. He was, indeed, having the time of his life.

Then came the day when I read of Jack Coogan's death in an auto crash. I knew what the tragedy must have meant to Jackie. I knew it even more vividly, when, a week after his father's funeral, I saw Jackie at the studio.

Man-tall, broad-shouldered, he had the same wistful look in his eyes that he had when he made millions laugh and cry in "The Kid" and his other successes. I groped for words with which to tell him how deeply I sympathized with him. He looked at me strangely, and said:

"Nobody knows how I feel unless they know how it feels to lose your best friend."

Yes, Jackie Coogan lost his best friend when Jack Coogan catapulted from a speeding automobile as it overturned in a terrible twist of Fate.

If Jack Coogan were alive today, there would have been no sensational headlines. But the channels of life are devious, indeed, as Jackie Coogan has discovered.

IT'S FASHIONABLE TO BE FEMININE

(Continued from page 49)

roll of the same material as the gown. A black picture gown has a "poured-in" basque, and its skirt sweeps the floor in regal folds. Her favored birds, this time in the form of flat clips, alight on either side of the deep scalloped neck line.

Binnie Barnes, in the same picture, plays a lady bent on acquiring all available men. To assist in this enterprise, she wears two slinky black cocktail gowns, almost identical in cut. Both are siren effects, exposing a considerable portion of Miss Barnes' northerly regions. Bodices are extremely low, and cut straight across, with narrow shoulder straps. On one, the straps are single, and a short necklace gives the glitter touch. The other has double straps, joining at the shoulder, and separated at the bottom with huge rhinestone clips. A flowing cape, fashioned entirely of black sequins accompanies this gown.

As Loretta Young goes on a Continental tour in "Four Men and a Prayer," her wardrobe is adjusted to all climates from furs in London, to tropical selections for South America.

Miss Young is one of the most veil-conscious of Hollywood stars, having been in the vanguard with the sweeping waist-length showers of veiling. In this picture, Royer gives the veil a novel treatment. It serves as flattery without getting underfoot. On a small roll brim sailor, white veiling is caught in a huge chou in front, and falls down the back to the waist. This is worn with a trim black suit and a bit of lamé vest showing. Hats of the haywire school, you will notice, are always accompanied by

the simplest of frocks—otherwise there's a rummage sale effect.

A casual wool frock has a tiny beret with an enormous silk flower perched directly in front.

A most attractive summer outfit is an all white tailored suit worn with a draped Roman striped turban, the Roman stripes repeated in gloves and slippers. This is an indication that the turban will take its place in summer life, and good news for out-doorsey girls who can't keep their hair perfectly groomed while vacationing.

ANOTHER of Loretta's simple sports frocks is topped by a becoming small hat shaped exactly like half of a cantaloup, made of white crepe.

Three evening gowns are outstanding. Two are black, and one white. One has long sheer sleeves and an enormously full skirt patterned in sequin flowers. The other black combines coy exposure with modesty. It has a long slim skirt, swirling at the ankles. The top is backless and practically frontless, draped with a long sheer scarf of matching chiffon.

Most dramatic of the evening things is a white gown with a Grecian flavor. Its skirt falls in graceful folds. The bodice consists of two wide bands, fastened at the waist, and intricately draped and twisted across the back to end in a rolled belt.

For chillier climes, Loretta wears a princess coat with a huge face-framing fur collar which continues in wide revers to the hem. Her tiny hat consists of three fur pom poms. Sounds like a lot of stuff, but Miss

Young has the "slimth" and grace to handle it.

Irene Dunne has a series of brilliant costume changes in "Joy of Living." As Miss Dunne is supposed to be a most successful actress, designers Halloch and Edward Stephenson were allowed to go to town on her wardrobe. The "stage" costume for her first song is a period eye-filler. There is a minimum of bodice, with a huge silver lamé hoop skirt bordered in white fur, and a white fur scarf draped across the top.

She leaves the theatre in a gown fashioned of silver sequins and topped by a full length white fur wrap. Since she is only going home, there is no particular reason for the sartorial hoop-la, except to look showy while being besieged for autographs, in the picture.

Miss Dunne's street clothes leave no doubt that the bolero is a very definite part of feminine America's wardrobe. It's a touch too universally becoming to be soon discarded.

One deceptively simple black frock has a flattering bolero, made entirely of narrow white fringe. Another trim bolero suit is brightened by a sequin vest. A black coachman coat has leopard fur revers and leopard gauntlets on black gloves. A fan-shaped fur collar rising high in the back makes a show piece of another plain tailored coat.

To follow fashion dictates according to current films (and you can't have a better guide, followed with discretion) ruffle and swing for daytime, glitter, slink or be bouffant for evening, and wear boleros for everything from beach to ballroom.



Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run.")

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MEMO ON MILLAND

(Continued from page 46)

faults. I decided to test Ray, take him up on his statement that success enables him to be more frank.

"All right, name one of your pet peeves," I challenged.

He didn't squirm out of it.

"For one thing," said Ray, "I don't like to go to parties where everything's planned. You can't relax if you have to pitch into every game, and can't choose what you want to do. When I entertain, my company can fold up in easy chairs with newspapers, if they want to. I don't herd people. Anyway, my home isn't a Hollywood mansion. We've just built it, but we've remembered the future. It's modest enough so that when my day in pictures is done we can still afford to live in it. It's compact enough so that my wife and I can eventually take care of it by ourselves."

RAY as conservative as that? Then, indeed, he has been changed by success! He has always lived to the hilt. He has been extravagant, and impractical, and a daredevil if ever there was one. Opportunities and invitations had always rained upon him, and so why shouldn't he be gay?

"Yes," he confessed, "I have been affected by my recent success. I've settled down, to an extent. I used to contend I couldn't save. I realize now that I owe it to my wife to provide security for her. I have been so broke that I've had to eat at drug stores, on credit, for months. I didn't mind so much. But I don't want that ever to happen to her. So I am starting to save for the future."

"But," he added quickly, "I haven't changed at heart. I still enjoy being extravagant. I buy cheap cars instead of the best now, but I don't like them as well! I attempt to keep to a budget, but it's no fun! On the surface, during this past year, I have altered considerably. I'm more business-like. I conform to Hollywood traditions as much as I can. I try to play ball as it's supposed to be done here. And I've had to pay for my advancing."

"It isn't the work I begrudge. I didn't begin to be any good on the screen until I stopped kidding myself, of course. Originally I got into pictures by just being on the spot when someone was wanted. I imagined all I had to do was to shave and be photographed. Then I suddenly heard my voice. It was horrible! I'd been inflicting that chatter! I couldn't afford any dramatic coaching, so I dove into reading Shakespeare—whom I'd blithely passed by heretofore. I had been rattling on at break-neck speed. I read aloud to myself for hours, for months, until I could express myself better. I still have to deliberately think of my voice when I enter each scene."

"This past year I've worked so steadily I haven't been able to do many of the things I like. There's your answer. You trade success for satisfaction of your whims. I have to live on a schedule now. I have to—or should—think of every move I make, before I make it, weigh every remark. This caution is an essential, they tell me. I have never been tied down before. It's foreign to me. I don't like it. I'm not free any more." He winked at the waitress, returned from distant shores to minister to us. Surprised at his more cheerful mood, she straightway forgave him for having been impatient. Women forgive Ray anything.

Debonaire and clever, he loves the brilliance of the world's smartest cities. He has known Paris and Rome and London, can guide you to the only hotel worthwhile in Budapest, and the perfect resort on the

Riviera. He has laughed and loved and adventured until these exciting tendencies are his dominating traits.

But in Hollywood there is, despite the illusion of a fast tempo, no such life as Ray has led. For awhile he believed he could go on the same way. He wouldn't suppress his innate instincts. He learned that he'd have to concentrate, deny himself. He learned that pictures are, primarily, a business. So he had to become fairly practical. For his crack at success, as the world describes it, he has made a determined campaign to comply with what, to his nature, are strange rules.

"It's not for the money, though I like money so I can live spontaneously well. I'm squelching a lot of my habits so that I can deserve acting success. I want to earn some honor in my profession. When I walk down the street I want people to say, 'There's Ray Milland.'" I don't want them to add, 'He's in the movies,' as though I were merely a freak. I want them to say, 'He's a good actor!' I realize that acting is the only job I can make good at. I'm in no way equipped for anything else. So far I think I've done a lot of filling-in, as it were. Now I'm tackling these real roles with a vow to make the Academy Award come within reach!

"If I should fail as an actor I'd have no self-respect left. So success, even on such stern terms, is what means most to me now. Even," he laughed, "if once in a while I still get the old urge to go after adventure, as I've had it today. I think I can become a good actor. I'm very adaptable. Furthermore, I'm quite sophisticated. I don't mean that I favor carousing or blockheaded behavior. I mean that I have been lots of places, have done most everything, and, consequently, am very tolerant. I have a mellow outlook towards the troubles of others. I can understand the reasons behind their moves. There aren't many real sophisticates. Paul Bern was the most sophisticated person I ever met in Hollywood. He had such an understanding of everything which goes to make up life. Don't," he warned, "confuse sophistication with being blasé. I hate blasé people!"

"I AM still romantic. I have pipe dreams about saving the country. I'm extravagant, but in a new way. Now it's with my time. Often when I come home at night I'll watch the sunset for forty-five minutes, when there are a million Hollywood duties I ought to be attending to. So-called inconsequential things like that have always intrigued me!"

"I still read a great deal, and my taste is quite varied. I like astronomy, love to ponder on the composition and possibilities of the planets. My favorite book now is one on plant life as it's supposed to be on the moon. It's keen. Besides that, right now I'm wading through twenty-four volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica!"

"I am not glib, but I can be sold because I hate to hurt anyone's feelings. I hate to demand, to take advantage of another's situation. I'm only blunt when I know it won't harm others."

Ray Milland enjoys all artistic triumphs. Until Hollywood he was exceptionally athletic, crazy about all sports, and pretty good at them. He still has the urge, but no time to relax leisurely. He misses that too.

He says that he is not easy to get along with, that he has "a flair for moodiness," and also a bad temper—which he knows how to use. All right, a man as magnetic as Ray Milland has a right to explode once in a while! Most people find him a very exciting fellow.

SPLINTERED ROMANCE

(Continued from page 41)

I had made, to show him exactly what I wanted. The sketches were of an Irish kid I knew in school, a newsboy. I wanted Charlie to be the same kind of kid—always cocky, always baiting somebody, and always covering his tracks by being whimsical. He was always fighting with himself. In spite of the mean things he'd do, his goodness was forever cropping out. And that's how Charlie turned out to be. He hasn't changed a bit since the first day I knew him. Even his voice is the same.

NOT that he's completely the same Charlie he was then. He's worn out hands and bodies and clothes. But his head's still the same. I've had six woodcarvers and a modeler try to make me a duplicate—just in case anything ever happened to Charlie. Anything like termites or a fire, say. They've got the shape and the form and the color of his head. But they can't get that spark of life, that soul.

"Whatever that Certain Something is—maybe it's sex appeal—it made him a social success right from the beginning. People reacted to Charlie. They kept their eyes on him. I was just 'the guy with Charlie McCarthy.' That was the smart thing to do—fade into the background. The better I could create the illusion that Charlie was alive, and doing his own talking, the better the act would be."

But when that started happening, Edgar's life stopped being the same.

"I had never been 'one of the gang.' Other kids had never exactly accepted me as one of them. I was eccentric—unpre-

dictable. For one thing, I was always drawing. And now it was even worse. I had a dummy I could make 'talk.'

"In school I had my mind on other things, things like the 'Wizards' Manual,' ideas for gags. I got such low marks that I had to build up a defense mechanism. I used to say to myself, 'Look at Thomas Edison. He wasn't bright in school, either.' I just got by until I ran into history. I was flunking that—flunking right out of school—when my teacher saw Charlie.

"There was an entertainment at school. They asked me to appear. I put on a little act about Charlie skipping school. The principal's name was Ralph Brown. I warned Charlie that, if he didn't watch his step, he'd end up in Mr. Brown's office, on the carpet. 'Brown's office?' Charlie asked. 'Ralph Brown's office,' I said, severely. 'Oh, you mean Ralphie,' Charlie chortled. 'You call him Ralphie?' I demanded. 'Ralphie—Brownie—what difference does it make? We're like that.' He raved on, to my embarrassment, about how 'palsie-walsie' he and 'Ralphie' were. Finally, I thought he ought to know that Mr. Brown was sitting right in the front row. 'Aw, who you trying to scare?' he chirped. But he looked at the front row. 'Oh, my God!' he said and fell over backward.

"Even Brown laughed. And my history teacher—who had always thought of me as a dummy—marvelled at Charlie. After seeing Charlie, she never called on me again, and she saw to it that I passed history

without trying the final examination. That was Charlie's first triumph. His kidding that principal, and getting away with it, was the first tip-off that he could do daring things that I couldn't do, myself.

"I had my quota of suppressed desires. And, between you and me, that's one reason for Charlie's success. He's spent most of his life helping me get rid of suppressed desires. Like talking back to big, tough guys. And heckling my betters. And flirting with pretty girls.

"Charlie always was a ladies' man. I wanted to be, but couldn't, because I didn't have the nerve. But Charlie wasn't troubled with bashfulness. At first sight, he could flatter a pretty girl brazenly. If I'd tried the same thing, I'd have been hauled off to court as a masher—and got thirty extra days if I'd said it was 'all in fun.'

THE funny thing was, girls never seemed to get the idea that these sudden crushes of Charlie's might really be sudden crushes of mine. They always acted as if he was talking for himself. If I ever did get acquainted with a girl without any help from Charlie, she wasn't happy until she had met him. And once Charlie had told her what he thought of her—well, anything I myself could find nerve to say was pretty tame. That happened all through high school and college. It still happens."

Edgar went to Northwestern University, famous for its beautiful co-eds. If he had had half of Charlie's flair for blarney, he would have been the Don Juan of the campus. As it was, practically the only

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(left) In tennis frock
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dainty hand he could hold, and call his, was Charlie's. He didn't hold Charlie's hand from choice. Ah, no. There was a bit of necessity attached to it. He was working his way through college by appearing at entertainments with Charlie on his lap.

"Charlie didn't give me many chances to have dates. When I wasn't studying, I was working. And when I wasn't doing either, I had to be rehearsing. There are three things that make you a ventriloquist. First, an unusual formation of the roof of your mouth. Then a little manipulation of your tongue against the back of your upper teeth. And practise. You can never stop practising.

AFTER college, Charlie made it even more impossible for romance to come into my life. He took me over a lyceum circuit up in the Dakotas and Minnesota and Northern Michigan, in a series of one-night stands—in an act that consisted of ventriloquism, magic, quick sketching and, once in a while, hypnotism.

"My first appearance was in the town of Velma, South Dakota. My audience was mostly Indians in blankets. They never moved a muscle all during my act. It was like playing to a rock-pile. I played town after town with two hundred population. When I hit a town with five hundred population, I felt as if I was in the Big Time. A fine chance for romance I had!

"If I wanted companionship evenings, I had Charlie or the owner of the hotel. I spent an evening once with a hotel owner who told me the world was flat. He knew. He'd traveled. Another time I pulled into a hamlet where I was going to put on my act in a church. The preacher told me beforehand he didn't know whether anybody would turn out. People might be afraid the church would fall in, with me performing magic there, toying with the supernatural, as it were. About thirty people finally showed up—all in the back of the church. They were afraid to come up front.

"After that I played the hill country of Tennessee and Kentucky, where hill-billies would come to the shows carrying rifles, and the rifles had nicks in them. I wasn't able to fall in love with anybody on that trip, either.

"It was on that trip I nearly lost Charlie. The Chautauqua tent caught fire, but I got there just in time. I lost everything else, but I saved Charlie. And Charlie's been saving me ever since. We do a scene like that in this new picture, 'Letter of Introduction.' Only this time it's a theatrical boarding house that catches on fire.

"I often wonder what would have happened to me, if I hadn't managed to save Charlie that day. No other dummy would have been the same. I'd probably never have gone on with ventriloquism. I might even have quit show business. I might even have married.

"I went into vaudeville after that. I started in a tough section of Chicago, in a theatre where the audience heckled every performer who stepped on the stage. Some loud-mouthed so-and-so kept giving me the works. Finally, Charlie piped up, 'Hold on now—one dummy at a time.' That squelched the so-and-so. It was the first time Charlie ever squelched anybody except me. That gave him ideas. He'll tackle anybody now.

"Vaudeville was tough. I was in it for three years and I know. Romance was impossible. I never met any girls but showgirls. And what showgirl could get excited about a dummy's assistant, in a ventriloquist act, that 'went on' right after the animal act or the acrobats? What future did I have?

"I didn't really have a chance to fall in

love till I was in the Big Time, and could afford to expand the act, and have a girl in it. I worked up a skit about a tonsil operation—with Charlie the patient, me the doctor, and a girl the nurse. I played it for years. During that time, I had three different girls in the act. Two of them worked in it for three years each. And I fell in love with all of them, in turn. And each of them married somebody else (before long).

"One of them married a stock broker, another a lawyer, and the third one married a doctor. Oh, yes, they had good taste. But so did I. They were beautiful girls, all three of them. I lost the last one when vaudeville started dying, and there was a stock market crash on top of that. I not only didn't have a future, I didn't have a dime. My presents couldn't compete with the presents the doctor sent around. But the worst part was—I couldn't say anything. The doctor was a swell fellow. I still think so. I don't dare go through the city where they live, without stopping off to see them."

Losing the girl, he lost all interest in trying to keep the act going. He stopped kidding himself that movies and radio weren't killing vaudeville. He went into night-club work. He and Charlie put on top hats, white ties and tails, and went sophisticated. ("The depression was the best thing that ever happened to us," he says.)

Night-clubs led to radio, and radio led to movies. Now he's so busy that he has no time for romance. At the moment, he is working eight hours a day in pictures, two evenings a week at the Cocoanut Grove, and doing a weekly radio program, for which he has to write all his material. The rest of the time he has to look over contracts for new Charlie McCarthy products, dictate letters to his secretary, give interviews, talk to publicity men, eat and sleep. He says, whimsically, of his lack of free time, "The nicest thing about being famous is that now somebody will listen to me."

SOMEWHERE, now, there must be some girl who will eagerly listen to him—when he has time to talk. But Edgar isn't so sure. He still thinks there are very few girls who would be interested in him.

"Charlie seems to rate with all kinds of girls. As for myself, if I rate at all, it's with girls of an intellectual type. It has to be that way—some girl who's smart enough to know I don't want to sit and listen to her rave about Charlie. Some girl who's smart enough to talk about ancient Aztec civilization, or the rate of rainfall in Tibet—anything, anything except Charlie.

"I like intelligent women. When a girl reaches thirty-five she has to have something besides a face that once was pretty, and a figure that once was trim. If she hasn't anything but a make-up box, a diet and a patter to rely on, she'll be fighting a losing battle from thirty-five on. If she has brains, she's in the running as much as ever.

"I don't know about Charlie—but that's the kind of girl I like. Not too beautiful, but easy to look at. A girl with the courage to be herself, who takes time to think, and can express herself. A girl like Andrea Leeds. She's the perfect example of the type I mean."

Now, there have been romance rumors about Andrea Leeds, and none of them has mentioned Edgar Bergen. I asked Charlie McCarthy if there might be an unsuspected romance here. Frankly, Charlie was surprised and disconcerted. "Well, mow me down!" he gasped, and I was left to wonder.

Could Bergen have a secret from that splinter of a McCarthy?

BUBBLING BILLIE

(Continued from page 39)

for a woman to act as if she owns a man, as if she can order him about, tell him what to do and what not to do. You can never hold a man by trying to possess him, by dogging his every movement, by questioning him about where he has gone and whom he has seen. If a man has done something you don't like, if you suspect him of being infatuated with another woman, don't make a scene about it."

"That must take a terrific amount of self-control," I said.

"I know," Billie Burke sighed.

"Men, you know, are like little boys," Billie said. "When they've done something that will hurt you, they brace themselves and fight back if you begin to hammer at them, but, if you say nothing, they become ashamed of themselves, if you give them time."

When Flo Ziegfeld died a few years ago, leaving Billie penniless, there were few who didn't pity Billie and ask, "What will she do now?"

Flo Ziegfeld's wife. A helpless woman who depended completely upon Flo's kindness and his strength. That was the picture she had allowed the world to see, knowing that her seeming weakness was the source of Flo's greatest strength, that it was the thought of the helplessness of his tiny, auburn-haired wife that gave him the courage to go on when things looked blackest.

TODAY Billy Burke has proven how idiotic was that picture of herself as a clinging vine, for she is more successful than ever, and goes into one picture after

another, playing all kinds of roles, from the twittry, nit-wit, chattering, hopelessly dumb mother in "Merrily We Live," to the bossy, possessive woman who tries to dictate every moment of her husband's life in "Topper" and its sequel, "Topper Takes a Trip." But no matter what type of woman she plays, there is never any maliciousness in the portraits, but always a sort of tender, gay humor.

I asked what she thought of the type of woman she plays—whether such women get more or less out of life than the smart ones. Her hand fluttered to her throat and briefly touched the miniature of Patricia as a baby.

"Oh, they get more, much more out of life. Often they're not as dumb as we think, for they don't take on the worries that other people do. They don't want to be bothered with bothersome things. Men look upon them as children, baby them a lot and usually encourage them. In some ways they make more desirable wives than obviously clever women, for they don't try to run their husbands."

"When I began to play scatter-brained women, I hated it, for I was afraid that I would have to play women who were cruel and selfish, women who sacrificed their families to their own whims. But I loved playing the type of scatter-brain I had to portray in 'Everybody Sing' and 'Merrily We Live,' for those women were essentially kind-hearted. Both pictures were made at the same time, and it was fun trying to show two different kinds of women with the same type of mind. I've known women of

this type and liked them a lot."

"Don't such women," I asked, "bring a great deal of woe to their families?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Burke, "they usually bring happiness. In fact, the smarter women are, the dumber they'll play, if they're really clever. It takes a doubly clever woman to hide her cleverness. Look at Eleanor Roosevelt, for example. She is a brilliant woman who manages to conceal the fact that she is so clever."

"Eleanor Roosevelt!" I exclaimed. "I can't think of her that way. It seems to me she's such a super-woman."

"That's your reaction to her," Billie explained, "but it's not her reaction to herself. When you hear her talk you realize that she doesn't think of herself as outstandingly clever, that she doesn't feel she knows it all, but that she is just going around trying to help people with their problems. And she never interferes in President Roosevelt's business. She sees to it that he is the head of the house."

I asked Billie Burke what she considers her own greatest faults.

"I'm a little vague," she said, "I'm not apt to act on my first instinct, which is usually the right one, and I worry Patricia too much and try to force my ideas on her before she is ready for them."

At one time Billie hoped that her daughter, who is now twenty-one, would be interested in the stage, and even wrote an article in which she answered those people who asked her if she would let her daughter go

(Continued on page 96)

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

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Blonde Haired Girls!

Get Back the Lovely, Radiant Lightness of Childhood

Try this fascinating new shampoo, which in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, leaves your hair lighter and lovelier. Safely, too. A single wash with this amazing, new-type shampoo—called New Blondex—instantly removes the dull, dingy, oil and dust laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse colored and "old" looking. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, the glorious radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Start Blondex today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.



New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

★★ Crime School

This is a compact, rapidly-paced picture which pulls few punches, and which should interest and entertain any audience. Main reason is that the "Dead End" kids moved to the Warner lot in a body for this production, and the tough, glib-tongued characters they've already established remain as true to life and almost as forceful as they were in "Dead End."

The picture hits at the reform school system in no uncertain terms, blaming their mismanagement on the brutality and cruelty of the men in charge of them. When the gang of kids is sent up to the school this type of warden is in charge. His methods are compared to the more human treatment administered by Humphrey Bogart, who succeeds him and sincerely tries to teach his charges how to become good citizens.

There's plenty of excitement in "Crime School," and a brace of good performances by the kids—Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall, Leo Gorcey, Bernard Punsley and Gabriel Dell—as well as outstanding work by Humphrey Bogart and a newcomer, Gale Page, in the romantic leads. Directed by Lew Seiler.—Warner Brothers.

★★ Coconut Grove

You'll probably gather from the title that this is a story of the well-known dine-and-dance room in Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel. It's a "Band makes good" tale, with Fred MacMurray as the band leader whose goal is the Grove, where he hopes to start himself and his orchestra on the road to fame.

"Coconut Grove" is spotty—entertaining in some sequences and dull in others—and adds up to average entertainment. It has good music and some pleasant performances, but it has nothing to rank it with the year's top musicals.

DUAL PERSONALITY

(Continued from page 9)

in. It's a cozy little place, my suite! Doesn't that sound elegant?"

As a matter of fact it didn't sound nearly as ostentatious as it looked to an outsider—what with a living room, sun room and terrace high up in one of the swankier hotels. You see, the Park Avenue Penners are living on Fifth! It was plain to see the Penners were in the chips. We leveled a stern gaze on Mrs. P.'s son Joseph and inquired just why he had been so disloyal as to abandon his celebrated duck once it had skyrocketed him to fame and fortune.

"It's like this. You see, I'd used 'wanna buy a duck,' 'You nasty man,' and 'Don't ever do that' so long that people were beginning to hate me for it. For instance, when I played Newark in the dead of winter, they were lined up for a block. Imagine taking your four kids to Jersey on a snowy day to see Joe Penner when you could be nice and comfortable at home. I broke records, but not because the old man wanted to be there! Oh no, it was because Junior had to see Penner.

"One fellow did have four kids in line, but no sooner did he get them all in one spot than Junior would run back and forth looking for Penner. When his Dad called him, all he got was, 'Oh, you nasty man!' At one

Romance is built around MacMurray and Harriet Hilliard, tutor for his adopted boy (Billy Lee). The three of them, with the rest of the troupe, trek across country in a trailer, and eventually land at the Grove. Among the performers are the Yacht Club Boys, who contribute several of their typical song numbers, Ben Blue and Eve Arden, who furnish a very funny Russian dance, Rufe Davis, the rural comic, and Harry Owens, the band leader and song writer. MacMurray's performance is up to his standard, and Miss Hilliard does well with a pair of songs. Directed by Al Santell.—Paramount.

★★ Kentucky Moonshine

The raucous Ritzes are at it again—and this time, happily, with more to do. In a picture full of insane situations, the brothers top their own record for lunacy.

The story, while well constructed and original, is incidental. It concerns the efforts of the Ritzes, championed by Marjorie Weaver, to get a break in radio. It also concerns the efforts of a painfully sincere Tony Martin to win back his popularity with a bored radio audience. Miss Weaver hears that he is looking for a set of talented hillbillies from Kentucky. She herds the friends into a cabin in Kentucky, and from behind assorted sets of false whiskers the friends intrigue our Tony, and are escorted to New York with much ado about a lot of things.

The picture stars the Ritz Brothers—and they justify Mr. Zanuck's faith. There are two particularly clever Ritz sequences: a take-off on The March of Time and a satirization of "Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs." There is an aimless romance between Marjorie Weaver and Tony Martin. Miss Weaver is attractive—but extremely awkward in a silly part, and Tony Martin has done better things. Directed by David Butler.—20th Century-Fox.

and the same moment Junior got a swat in the pants and Penner lost a fan. Can you blame that man for wanting to murder me?

"And so, I was playing to kids and losing my adult audience. Don't get me wrong, I like having kid fans, but I like entertaining grownups too. So, I saw the handwriting on the wall and knew the duck business would act like a boomerang. The thing that made me famous was just the thing that would kill me if I wasn't careful. Believe me," Joe continued sadly, "there's enough things to kill you in this business without lettin' a quackin' fool do it."

The Beverly Hills Penner was certainly in a reminiscent mood. Indeed, he seemed bluer than an Ethel Merman torch song!

"I realize the difference between earning a salary and getting one!" he continued. "Somehow, even when you get a thing it's not always what you think it will be. I know, because years ago when I was playing tab shows and carnivals, my greatest ambition was to meet Adolph Zukor. You know, he's Hungarian and I'm Hungarian, so I knew if I could only meet him—well, something was bound to happen! I had my speech all figured out, 'Mr. Zukor, did you know I was born in Hungary?' From then on my future would be a cinch.

"I was tickled when I got an offer to do a picture for his company. Even the fact that they'd only use me for one in order to cash in on that 'Wanna buy a duck' business didn't matter much. Of course they went through the motions of having options for two more at enormous salaries. I knew I was getting a big amount for the first, and couldn't be worth the increased price for the next two.

"After the first was released it grossed an enormous profit. The next thing I knew my wife and I were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Zukor, in their home. I was on, even then, for I knew it was option time and they wanted me for the second. I liked Mr. Zukor, not only because he has good judgment and an eighteen hole golf course, but well, because he's so fair and talks no double talk. I told him about the way I used to dream of meeting him, but never did I dream of being his guest. Well, there was a frog in my throat, and a big black cigar in his mouth, and he was grand about never mentioning business all during our stay.

"I went into his office the following Monday with everything all figured out. I asked him not to say a thing and spoil everything until I was finished. I knew they wanted to shave my salary and told him I'd like to knock off some if they'd put the money into production. Why, he was that grateful! So, we made the second picture, and everybody was happy. If he was still supervising, I'd probably be there now, and not here worrying my head off."

WITH the figurative cares of Atlas on his shoulders, and not a wrinkle on his boyish face—woe was certainly Joe!

"We talked things over at my present studio and decided to replace the duck with a black sheep—anything to counteract the disfavor my old lines were incurring. The black sheep never quite got started, but I did get away from my old stuff.

"My new contract for movies called for three a year, so with my usual luck I began by taking a twelve week layoff. They didn't have a story ready for me! Finally, I was going crazy doing nothing. I began begging for something to do—anything! They gave it to me. Spotted me in a picture with a lot of comedians! I was lost, but at least I was busy. I began my new radio series, and before long they gave me a script.

"I took it home and my wife and I looked it over and I decided to do it. It was a Class B, but the director was good and, although the producer didn't spend as much money as the big shots, he turned out good entertainment. We worked for three weeks, and the picture was in the bag. I took an awful chance on doing it, because it's something entirely new. I figured I might just as well take a long chance as sit around and worry. Then, too, there's always the Park Avenue Penners, so what've I got to lose. We went to a preview of 'Go Chase Yourself,' on the coast, and I think it's pretty good. The papers all went to town on the reviews, so I feel encouraged.

"When I came east, I talked to the office about getting behind the picture with a little publicity to make it really big box office.

"Finally I offered to buy an ad myself, quoting some of the reviews on my picture. Anything to give it a plug and a chance. I even offered to do two days personal appearances gratis, if they'd only open it in a good house on Broadway. They couldn't hear me for talking about how great number three was going to be, not this one or the next—but that stupendous colossal third!"

So here you see Joseph, of the Park Avenue Penners, with a cold in his head, a Martini in his fist, and his picture playing in a second run house. With his ticket bought to go back to the Coast, he can continue to be miserable amid the flowers and sunshine of California.



Gene Autry, the singing cowboy, and his famous horse, "Champion," salute you!

Intimate stories about
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Now! A special lotion for use with any hair curler, bobby pin, or clip. Easy to use, not sticky or greasy. Makes long lasting, fast-drying curls even in damp weather. Get Wildroot Curling Lotion Today!

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Many Never Suspect Cause of BACKACHE

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, 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.

WHAT'S BECOME OF THE GOOD SCOUT?

(Continued from page 26)

some people call it, scandal. Under the circumstances then, as Carole herself has suggested, what would you do?

There is only one answer, if you're a wise girl: put on the soft pedal. No more gadding around night clubs, no more even sitting at the tennis matches with the best beau beside you, and the flashlights popping all around. No more being conspicuous, no more calling attention to the fact that where you go he goes, too—and no more, especially no more giving of little white Fords with little red hearts painted all over them, red hearts which mean little enough themselves, but which might be interpreted as flagging semaphores, with an "I love you" message. No more of what was gay and glorious and giddy, at least not where the Cyclopean eye of the public can see.

THAT you would have come to the same decision that Carole did is most certain. It was the only reasonable and right decision she could come to. Also there is more than a modicum of good taste to be perceived in it, too. Regardless of what unpleasant reverberations her publicized association with Gable might cause, there is another little point which only those who know Carole intimately know that she has carefully considered. Carole, unlike many another star in the same situation, is in no way anxious to flaunt her catch in the face of other female fishers. And that Gable is a prize catch, still Mr. Box Office Number One, and personally one of the finest fellows who ever flashed across the Hollywood scene, is something that no one, anywhere, at any time, will ever doubt.

For a lot of us it would be kinda hard to keep it quiet, but Carole has never done any flaunting or rubbing-in. Her big heart is too sensitive to other people's feelings for that, and that includes Mrs. Gable's. Carole is, in some ways, the greatest Embarrasser of all—though that not-so-dummy Charlie McCarthy is running her a close second these days—but that's only when it comes to gags and pranks, and then the redder the other person's face is, the more shrill and delighted her laughter. When hearts or sentimental feelings are concerned, that is another matter. Carole treads on toes, and cripples funny-bones, but hearts never.

But this sudden hauling in, this sudden desertion of Hollywood's fun lanes, when Carole used to so obviously enjoy interviews, antics and fashion parading, and every hilarious hullabaloo connected with her fame—hasn't that cramped her style, put a dent in her life? That's the next question that anyone asks, and the answer for that one, too, is Mr. Gable, the other forty per cent of the influence that he has brought to bear on her personality, the direct influence that his particular likes and dislikes have had on her. For example, Miss Carole Lombard, recently of the Salon, has become one of Hollywood's most ardent and most expert devotees of that hitherto masculine art, skeet shooting.

When the "True Confession" troupe went to Lake Arrowhead on location not so many months ago, Carole said "Goody!" or something to that effect, "we'll set up a shooting range, I'll take along my trusty little shotgun, and we'll pop off a few clay pigeons, eh what?" The boys she said it to happened to be Claude Binyon, script writer, and Fred MacMurray, struggling hero of said script, and, as it happened, she was saying it to two of the best skeet

shooters in town, as they not modestly informed her themselves.

From then on the only ones who did any talking about the coming recreational event were Binyon and MacMurray, and when they mentioned Carole as a participant, it was always, "Oh yes, Carole's going to try, too." They were, and they were later to rue it, just too, too patronizing. It was their surmise that Carole went in for the sport just for the excitement of hearing the gun go off. That she would do anything but wave her gun at the blue sky, and wonder afterwards why she hadn't hit anything—that never, for a moment, occurred to them. Movie actress goes in for skeet shooting, ha, ha! Well, they can be excused for their attitude, because it's safe to say that most anyone, even you and I, would have felt the same.

But came the dawn, and we mean really the dawn. They had tried several times to get to the shooting range, after picture shooting, but the day and the light was always too far gone by then, so Carole, with her usual exuberance said, "All right, boys, tomorrow morning. I'll have my maid phone you at five, and we'll try it then. And you be here, too!" noting the already sleepy look in their eyes.

So there she was, fresher and brighter than anyone has a right to look at that hour of the morning, and there they were, straggling out, trying to look happy. There too were a couple of policemen from Arrowhead, who, hearing reports, had come over to see what all the shooting was about.

They soon saw. There was Binyon and MacMurray, hemming and hawing, and trying to make excuses, and Carole, coping all honors, one right after another. "Deadeye Dick herself," one of the policemen marveled, openly and loudly. This same policeman, whose astounding name is Mickey Finn, finding a new shrine at which to worship, afterwards spent an hour every morning shooting with Carole (Binyon and MacMurray had given up after the first day). "Say," said Mickey once, unable to contain his admiration any longer, "you sure have had a good teacher!"

"I'll tell him that," Carole answered. "He'll get a kick out of it, coming from you." And no doubt Gable did.

THERE are other things, too, which have taken the place of night clubs, soirées, and gala Hollywood events. Clark always did prefer horses to hors d'oeuvres, and farming to flattery, and these are two things to which he has won Carole whole heartedly. There's that ranch of his out Valley way, where they ride and hunt, and where the conversation has nothing to do with parts, parties, or personalities, but which is singularly full of such words as crops, fertilizer, alfalfa and gophers.

It's a place where "swing" is something that applies only to the way you hurl an axe at wood, not something that sends you cavorting over a dance floor. It's a place where clothes are worn with an eye to their resistance against saddle leather, and not for what they might do toward creating new fashions. It's a place where other Valley farmers come and go, not to get a look at that "moom pitcher fella," but to find out how in the devil he's going to turn that clover patch into something profitable, because he's got good ideas, that one, and the ideas he's got maybe they can use sometime, too. Sundays Clark and Carole usually return the calls. Up and down, back and forth, the length

and breadth of the valley, they make the rounds. "Boy, has Mrs. Ellsworth got some chickens! Clark, did you see those cute little Japanese bantams? Why can't you get some of those?"

Now, Carole's going into ecstasies over chickens is something that some people don't like, and in a way we don't blame them. Carole was much too much of an ecstasy incarnate in the old days for us to get used to her new farm-and-fowl fancies of today. Right now I'm looking at a picture of Carole at her most Carolusious best, wearing a satin dinner frock, a white fox clinging to her shoulders, and in her eyes, and in the lines of her whole body, that one indefinable something which we, for lack of a better word, call glamor.

She had it once, but where is it now? When Carole used to make her twice-a-month appearance at the studio portrait gallery, the photographers always knocked off pictures of her like that, one after another. But they don't even get her in there anymore. (True, the studio did get her in for some very romantic ones with Gravet while she was making "Fools for Scandal," but that was a special gesture on her part, and one not likely to be repeated soon.)

NO, she's a catch-as-catch-can subject for the publicity cameras these days, and that, of course, means that only the candid cameras catch her—with entirely different results. Carole making faces, Carole with her mouth wide open, screeching at the top of her lungs. Carole shaking her finger at a director, Carole biting her tongue. Carole sprawled on the floor, shapely legs twisted under, playing mumblety-peg with a prop boy. Carole in overalls, rumpled riding trousers, and cotton house frocks. They snap these pictures of her, and then take them to her for an okay. Instead of being alarmed, instead of shouting that she'll sue if those get into print, she does just the opposite.

A new candid cameraman recently took her such a batch to okay, and, in fear and trembling, backed twenty paces away while she looked them over. Then he heard her shout, saw her throw her arms about. That settled it. He beat it back to the safe ground of the publicity department. A few minutes later the phone rang. It was Miss Lombard.

"Yes?" said the new young man, trembling.

"Marvelous! Marvelous! Got any more?"

How could he have known that she was just shouting for joy, that the waving arms were meant only to call everyone around so they could enjoy a laugh, too? "Look, gang, don't I look aw-ful! Isn't it woun-derful!"

Nowadays, it's the publicity department which has to say, "But don't you think, Miss Lombard, don't you think that this is a little too—well, candid, shall we say?"

Candid! Why it's the very stuff she's made of. Painfully frank all her life, conscientiously brutal, especially where she herself is concerned, it's only natural that unflattering candid shots receive no taboo from her, though they may be the vain-bane existence to others.

But there is still another reason for this sudden letdown where beauty, posing and fashions are concerned, and that brings us to the other twenty per cent of the cause of it all. It is Carole's own personal reason, which, though last, is not least, and deserves some consideration. She has been in this business about a decade now, deep in it, and all this time she has been just about all that anyone could ask of her.

When it was important for her career, Carole let herself be a clotheshorse. She introduced countless screwy fashions, and

got away with them. When it was important, she let them line up the interviewers, and she gave story after story, and no writer ever went away unsatisfied. When it was all part of the game, she went to parties and gave parties—skating parties, hospital parties, jungle parties, and so on—the kind that got talked about, not only from mouth to mouth, but paper to paper, magazine to magazine. Her parties were like a trademark. She was known for them, as Elsa Maxwell is known for hers.

THEN came the gag-gift era, Carole sending people white elephants, whole hot houses, museum relics, and what not. All this took time and money and energy, because these weren't things that other people thought up for her, and mapped out like a blue print. They were Carole's own ideas, carried along on the strong wave of her own spontaneity. She put everything she had into it, and got a lot of fun out of it, too. But after so many years of putting in like that there is the inevitable result—you're bound to grow tired. You're bound to find that it has demanded high taxes, and that's what Carole has discovered. She just finally got fed up with it, and having reached a point in her career where she doesn't have to play those parlor games any more, she has just plainly side-stepped them for other more vital and interesting things.

Her career today stands on its own. There is no longer any life cord between it and her personal doings, so at last Carole can afford to let down on the latter. What it amounts to is almost a relaxation from relaxation, because Carole once worked harder at entertainment than anyone can realize. Now she deserves a change, and it's only a meanie who would begrudge it to her.

Let's not be meanies then about the turn the Carole tide has taken. The good scout is still there, only there are no microphones to broadcast it. She still sees her friends, says hello to the press boys, even has her small parties, but it's all behind scenes. Not so long ago a cameraman at the studio happened to say that he was getting hold of the uncensored newsreel of one of the Shanghai bombings, and was going to look at it in the projection room. "What?" shouted Carole. "Wait for me. I want to see it, too! Only I have to make some phone calls first."

Twenty minutes later Clark Gable drove in through the gate in that station wagon of his which proudly wears a plate marked "Press." With him were several of his cronies, Fieldsie, and others of Carole's friends. Carole, with the Good Humor man at her side, met them at the door of the projection room. "Come on, gang, hurry up! In here!" and she handed each of them a chocolate covered ice cream stick as they filed by. That's Carole's idea of a party now, 1938 style. Nothing planned in advance, no invitations sent out, only a hurry-up "bring along whomever you can get, and get here quick."

What? No fancy dress costumes, no ice skating rink to be rented at an exorbitant expense? What's there about it, then, for the wire release, to be dot-dashed across the country to a hundred different newspapers? Nothing. Simply nothing, and that's as Carole wants it to be.

So let's let her have it her way. She's given us love and excitement enough so that we have no right to be greedy and ask for still more. Besides, it isn't as though she had retired completely, as she once threatened to do. The screen may be up as far as her private doings are concerned, but there is still, and thank goodness, another screen across which she prances in full view—the hearty, hilarious, happy-go-lucky Lombard of Celluloid!



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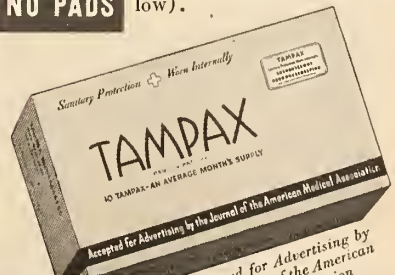


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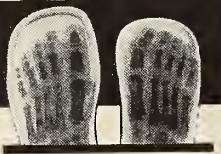
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Now, at home—you can easily, quickly and safely tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural-appearing color. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

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Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scales, eczema, and other externally caused skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Easy to use. Dries fast. Clear, greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO MUCH

(Continued from page 33)

needed inspiration and encouragement.

The miracle to Spencer is that at one time it was she who, was the star and he the beginner. "Yes," as he will tell you today, gruffly, because he is always gruff when he is trying to hide a too-sentimental emotion, "she was the one who had the head start on me when it came to acting. Yet she gave it all up, for me. I met her in a stock company in White Plains. I was the bit player, making twenty dollars a week, and she was the leading lady. She had been in one play in New York, and thought she had a chance at another one, coming up in the Fall. But from the minute we were married that was never again mentioned. She said ours wasn't going to be just another stage marriage, just a marriage of convenience like a lot of actors and actresses go in for. We would go on working in stock together until we had enough money so she could quit, and from then on we were to be a family, with me at the head of it, and whatever my fortune was, that was to be hers too.

"Gee, what a poor fortune it sometimes was," mused Spencer, "but she never was sorry, never seemed to care, always stuck to her ideal. We worked together only about a year after our marriage, first in Pittsburgh, later in Winnipeg, and then Louise found out that Johnny was on the way. She left the stage then, and has never been back. Poor darling, Louise had thought she would stay on until we had money. Only Johnny didn't wait for the money, but that didn't seem to make any difference to her."

It was in Winnipeg that Louise made that first courageous decision of their lives. They were practically stranded. They had been working on a percentage basis, but they hadn't been paid off at the end, and they had only a few dollars, with no prospects for the future, except Johnny. "Now you know, and everyone does," Spencer said, "how a woman likes to have her husband with her when her first baby is born, but Louise's courage surmounted even that. The only thing to do, she said, was for me to go back to New York to hunt for work, and she'd go to Milwaukee to my family, and have the baby there. And that's the way it was." Spencer paused for a moment, his rugged mug-face showing its great, simple Irish appeal. "Now you can see, can't you, why I can't take full credit for anything I've done? It was her courage and decision that helped me to win."

IT WAS like that, Spencer went on, all down the line. Eventually they were together again in New York, living in a little rented walk-up, scarcely more than "light housekeeping rooms," and Spencer got jobs now and then, off and on, but pay days were so few and far between that they could pay grocery bills and that was about all.

"I'd see her trying to avoid looking in the shop windows when we'd take walks sometimes. She'd never stop and say, 'Oh, if I could only have a dress or furs like that! I just don't have a thing to wear!' like a lot of women would have. She never seemed to see all those beautiful things that you just ached to buy. It was hard, too, living in the city, with no car, and no chance to get away for some fresh air.

"And there were, oh, so many little things to contend with, like, for instance, no icebox in the apartment. We had to rig up a little one of our own, and it was an awful nuisance, keeping it lined with dry newspapers all the time. It would have been so much easier if we'd had even the

handy, simple things that we needed. But we never seemed to have anything, nothing except Louise's optimism, and came a time when I couldn't see that even that helped any more.

"That was the time when I decided to drive a bus for the Fifth Avenue Coach Company. For four weeks I had been rehearsing in a play that didn't even open, and I didn't even get my Equity pay, and when I had this bus job offered me through a friend, I grabbed it at once. But needless to say I never turned a wheel. I guess maybe we argued about that for three days and nights. I brought up all the arguments I could think of, even brought out my press clippings, one in which a critic writing about the Ethel Barrymore play, 'Royal Fandango,' had said, 'This chap Tracy looks like something the prop man picked up.'

I KEPT telling her that there was no future for me with my peculiar type of beauty. They wanted dandies on the stage, not mugs. But she said my looks didn't make any difference! She begged me. She'd rather go without furs and fancies, and even ice boxes, just to have me what she thought I ought to be. And of course in the end she had her way. I did go on, and I did get breaks. Three years in a row in Cohan shows, and then finally Killer Mears in 'The Last Mile.'

"Louise had switched all the ambition and energy she once had for her own career, over to my side, and when my own ambition gave out, there was always hers, in reserve, to push me on. She even pushed me into things that I was sure were going to be flops, but they eventually turned into successes, just as she said they would. I'm always kicking and balking, still do today. That's why she calls me 'The Donkey' sometimes. But it's funny how she has a nose for what's right—why Louise can just sense a success a mile away!"

It's true. It would be impossible to overestimate the value of Louise's own sense of values in this important connection. There are a lot of women in this town who think they know all there is to know about their husband's business, and who try to run it, often with dire results. But Louise, due to the diligence and the heart she has put into it for fourteen years, and because of her own early experience, is really a very wise judge of acting material. When a certain part is suggested to Spencer, and the script is handed to him, he sticks it in his pocket, takes it home unopened, so that Louise can be the first to lay eyes on it. She takes it into her room, and settles down to it, while he perhaps settles down to his horses out back.

Out on that ranch where they live there is an amusing and interesting "dividing line." Louise loves her garden and her flowers, Spence dotes on horses and dogs, so there must be some provision made to keep the latter from ever-running the former. That's where the dividing line comes in. It's an imaginary one, but it's there just the same, and Spence has trained his animals (including twelve Irish setters), not to take one step over the boundary between front and back. So, also, Louise has trained her trailing arbutus that it doesn't over-trail its bounds, either! In the house, in their own compartment, there is also a dividing line. On one side there are closets and space for all of Spence's hunting and fishing clothes, and his other he-man paraphernalia. And on Louise's side, there's a special space for lavender-scented femininity. So it's to her side, in peace and quiet, that she retires to read

over Spencer's prospective script.

At the dinner table Spence, with searching eyes, reads on her face the verdict. Quite often when she says, "I think it's fine, it will make a good picture," he lets it go at that, and there is no further discussion. But, as he has already intimated, there are also occasional balkings. Two of the parts he fought against during the last few years were the two which were eventually to bring him his greatest picture fame. First there was the role of Father Tim in "San Francisco." Being Catholic himself he had a certain complex about enacting the character of a priest. He felt himself unworthy of it. It has been said that Van Dyke, the director, talked him into it, but the talking that he did came after days of persuasion on Louise's part. The battle was half won when Van Dyke got to him.

AGAIN, in connection with "Captains Courageous," Spencer felt that he was not equipped to do Portuguese dialect. We remember talking to him at the time, and he said lightly, in an effort to laugh at his discouragement, "Why, they'll have to have a foreward to the darn thing, saying that this particular Portuguese fisherman was born in the north of Ireland!" That was his complex on that, which Mrs. Tracy had to help him overcome.

If you are at all familiar with movie complexes, then perhaps you already realize how exceptional these are. Most dinner table conversations between actor and actor's wife have quite a different flavor to them. The actor is invariably complaining that "the part just isn't up to me!" And probably, in Spencer's early movie days, he felt the same himself. That was when he was in mediocre pictures, and mediocre parts were the usual thing with him.

But even way back then, Louise knew that this kind of an attitude would eventually have a deadly effect. An actor who goes through life thinking that way is doomed. So she used to say, "Never mind whether the part is good enough for you. Are you good enough for the part?" That, more than anything, as Spencer admits today, made an actor of him. It gave him an incentive to try, and try hard, at any part that came along. Today perhaps he has gone to the other extreme in always feeling that the task is bigger than he is, but of the two extremes this is by far the better. It allows him to approach everything with a bit of fear and trembling, a sense of awe.



Pat O'Brien and Bill Powell at the Inglewood races check up on the tips they got from Clem McCarthy, famous sports announcer. It's good to see Bill around again after his recent serious illness.

This is the feeling that inspires a performance.

In the other, more personal ways that Louise has helped him there is a story that no one can really write, because it is so much their own personal story. But perhaps just to mention it will suffice to show how the love of one woman brought a man to happiness, as well as an actor to his goal. A number of years ago, for some unfortunate reason, Spence attracted to himself the title of "Hollywood's Bad Boy." At that time, the marriage did go awry. The Tracy's separated. Divorce rumors spread.

But far worse, and more fearful than that, Spence seemed to suddenly grow indifferent about his career. He played polo recklessly, paid little attention to his health, or to picture shooting schedules either, and Hollywood began to think of him as irresponsible. No one knows the courage and the calm, and the understanding with which Mrs. Tracy again set herself down alone at her table, with that empty chair at the head of it. The patience with which she waited. And then finally, after many months, the return of love with which she was rewarded.

That last part, at least, is obvious. The bad boy became a new man after that, and as everyone had talked about the first change, the return to the old Spence was just as widely heralded. Mrs. Tracy could have turned into a shrew during that time, into a bitter disillusioned woman. Or worse, she could have emerged as a martyr. But she stayed herself, the same loving, adoring helpmate that she had always been, still confident in him, still proud of him. It was that which opened his eyes in the end, and made him suddenly reach for the very thing he had come so close to throwing away.

PERHAPS the whole thing may be more easily understood when you know the awful sorrow that touched the Tracys' lives almost thirteen years ago. It was when the Johnny of whom Spencer speaks so adoringly, so glowingly, was born deaf. Although his condition has greatly improved, and today he is learning to talk, it's a tragedy that plays constantly on Spencer's mind. When you understand that, it's easy to understand how a man can go berserk now and then, break loose, try to forget. Only Spencer found that to escape was the misery, and that coming back was a greater release and a greater happiness than he had ever thought.

It has been a new kind of life and a new kind of success, ever since that return to the hearthside a few years ago. It was then that they moved to the ranch, then that Mrs. Tracy took up polo so she might share one of his many interests (and is today considered one of the country's finest woman polo players, as a result). It was then that she urged him to buy a boat, his first, and in that way to find some outlet for his restlessness and his depressions.

Her job is not an easy one, as jobs go. A lot of people think what a cinch it must be to be the wife of a movie star, but the story of Louise Tracy seems to prove otherwise. Yet in a way it is easy for her, because her love is so great. Hers, too, is that wonderful rare quality of minimizing herself and making her desires his, of adjusting herself to his needs. Without these qualities, these gifts, she might never have been able to do what she has done.

Yet her rewards are worth it. There is his love, above all. Here is one case in which reflected glory is not an idle, empty, false glow, but a glory which has, in its reflection, an equal amount of sharing. Not only did all Hollywood know that it was fitting that Louise Tracy should accept the Academy Trophy for her husband, but the honor to her was that Spencer knew it too, and told her so!

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TO BE OR NOT TO BE

(Continued from page 37)

amusing outcome, and such an incident happened not so long ago when he was on location. John was staying at a hotel near the company's camp, and one morning he went into the hotel's barber shop to get a shave. John told the barber to put it on his bill, and the barber asked what name.

"Barrymore," John said, already a little annoyed that he hadn't been recognized.

The barber never batted an eyelash. "And the initials, sir?" he asked.

At this Barrymore exploded. He strode to the door, turned around and shouted a name. It was not an uncouth one, just the name of his sister. "Ethel!" he bel-lowed. To make it worse, the barber answered, "Thank you, sir," and wrote on the check, "Mr. Ethel Barrymore."

The point lies not so much in the story, but in the fact that John told it around afterwards, and thought it a great joke on himself, that here was some delightfully naïve somebody who had never heard of him—or of any of the Barrymores. "Great, isn't it?" he kept saying, and we had to admit that it was, only not in the way he meant. It was great to know that the new John has still kept his old sense of humor.

ONE thing always leads to another about John, and speaking of that particular shave reminds us that in the respect of his grooming, or, shall we say lack of it, he is still quite the same John. He just doesn't give an ejaculation about it! Elaine manages to get him into a clean shirt, now and then, for a preview or some function like that, but, when left to himself, he goes on and on in the same clothes every day, and, except for a director's pleadings, it is safe to assume that he would never shave.

It's also a well-known story around town that John always goes home with his grease paint on, and some keen-eyed experts have avowed that it's the same make-up which he wears in again the next morning. John himself gives credence to the fact by announcing that he has discovered a certain electric razor which will shave without removing his make-up!

"I owe that discovery to my good friend Reginald Denny," he admitted. "Reggie came on the set one day and demonstrated how it could be done. I don't think he was selling the razors. It couldn't have been that—he just knew that I'd be interested. Why, I have never before been so impressed by the marvels of electricity! I was flabbergasted. In a word, I was convinced. And what the razor cost I can now save on grease paint!"

When you see him as he is today, with his once famous profile now changed somewhat because of the increasing chin of middle age, you can't help wondering if he is at all sensitive about the loss of his once so-handsome looks. But even as you broach the question you feel absurd, for the expression on his face is entirely a scoffing one. It tells you, and plainly, that he never was vain, not even in the Don Juan days, and, suddenly remembering stories, you know that it is so. "Didn't you ever hear," he asked quietly, "of that time a man was ejected from a theatre in New York for booing John Barrymore?" And briefly, this was the story.

It was at the opening of one of the early Barrymore pictures. John himself had made a personal appearance on the stage first, just to send the thing off to a good start. Later, when the picture began to

unroll on the screen, every time Barrymore appeared in a scene a man from the back row of the theatre emitted unmis-takable jeers, the kind of jeers which since have become known as raspberries. This went on, even after the usher and numerous "sh's" from the audience had urged him to stop, and eventually the jeerer was ejected bodily from the theatre. Some crank, they thought, envious of the screen's great idol. "But it was I," John revealed in winding up the story. "And it wasn't envy. I meant every juicy syllable of those blah's. I hated me, especially when I was all dolled up."

PERHAPS that accounts for his recent contentment with the new kind of old-scapegrace roles that he has been playing. There was the wrinkled white suit in which he strutted through "True Con-fession," all but stealing the picture out from under the nose of Miss Lombard, so that even her tongue in her cheek didn't quite outbalance the Barrymore prowess. And there is his current role of a sloppy newspaperman in "Spawn of the North," which he is making with George Raft and Dorothy Lamour. In this he wears a coat too short for him, and the seat of his trousers all but skirts his knees, yet John in such an outfit, and playing such a part, looks completely happy and at home.

He likes these parts because they are homey down to earth parts, and because, being at heart lazy, he can literally amble through them. He does nothing, makes no move, which isn't vitally necessary. We saw them making one scene where John and George Raft were at a bar. Before them were glasses, filled with dark sweet-ened water. George sipped his during the dialogue. John let his stand. Director Henry Hathaway filmed the scene several times, each time letting it run long, hoping that John would relent and take a drink from the glass. But John was on to him. After the last take John said mildly, and triumphantly, "You thought you'd make me drink the slop, didn't you?" Maybe John has developed an antipathy for liquid of any sort. Or, maybe, he's just lazy.

But lazy or not, it's true that he does have a keener, more steadiest interest in his work than ever before, and for this he gives Elaine Barrymore credit. "She's the only woman I've ever known," he said calmly, "who knows the combination to keep me interested, to keep me going, and that's all there is to it." And after you know Elaine you understand why.

It's rather an amazing thing about Elaine, the change in the attitude about her that has taken place around the studio. No woman ever came to Hollywood with a greater prejudice to batter down. People, before meeting her, had their minds made up that she was a scheming idol-chaser, and they were prepared to give her the cold shoulder.

But nowadays—and every one is slightly abashed about it—the shoulder is no longer even cool, and she has numerous staunch admirers, especially at the studio. Even the unbelievers have finally come to see that she has managed John Barrymore, and won his complete love, as none of his other three wives had even succeeded in doing. The only way it can be explained is that the girl has character, and she also has graciousness.

Elaine has the character that demands steadiness of John, and she has the graciousness to persuade him to achieve it. Her manner is never bossy, never ostenta-

tious. There is no discord when they are together, as there sometimes is with Barrymore alone, when he is often impatient with delays, easily irritated by too many suggestions. You know, innately, that she is managing him, but on the surface you are never conscious of it. You can find no definite examples of "how."

It has been discovered that Mrs. Barrymore is always more easily reached than John, so now it's to her that most everyone goes with business matters which involve him. Not only because it saves time and trouble, but because it's a pleasure. As one male member of the publicity department put it, "It's just a small thing, but she has one of the most charming voices on the phone that I've ever heard. And, because I like her voice, I like her." It's true, sometimes you can tell as much about a person on the telephone as you can after several meetings. And Mrs. Barrymore has won numerous friends that way.

Speaking of telephone calls, it's apparent that Mr. Barrymore phones Elaine many times during the day. Nobody else may know where he is, but she always does. After trying to locate John on his set and in the dressing room one day, the script department called his home. Mrs. Barrymore said he wasn't there, but that he was in projection room B, and that at a quarter of twelve he would be back in his dressing room. At a quarter of twelve the script department, being curious, called the dressing room. John was breathless. The phone had been ringing just as he put his key in the door and he had hurried to answer it. The past Mrs. Barrymores lost track of John sometimes for days at a time. The present Mrs. Barrymore seems to know where he is at intervals of every thirty minutes.

BUT Elaine is the only one who can be sure of him. As far as others are concerned he still has his erratic moments, and most of these may be accredited (discredited is perhaps the better word) to that peculiar freakish memory of his. He can remember what happened exactly sixteen years ago, come Fourth of July, when he turned handsprings down the main hallway in Buckingham Palace, or something equally fantastic, but walk up to him and ask him about that little matter you spoke to him about yesterday, and he is quite likely to be completely baffled. Very likely he'll go into his dignity act, too. "Come, come, be specific," he may say—and in such a tone!—so that you flush and flutter, and wonder what it was you ever liked about the guy anyway.



John Barrymore has been getting grand reviews on all of his recent pictures. Here he is with the dark-eyed song-bird Gladys Swarthout.

But happily these are only moments, and they pass quickly, and the next time you see him he has failed to remember them too, and so in the end you get along quite famously. He is telling you about that new boat he is shopping around for to replace the most recent, very expensive one which he has sold. "It's going to be a much smaller one, this time," he says. "Just a little thing to roam about in," and he is so anxious to let you know that he's no longer going in for showy things, that bye and bye he has you believing that what he really wants is a plain ordinary scow. And you do believe him because, judging from the rattling old Ford in which he always arrives at the studio, his tastes have indeed changed. The Barrymores also have a Packard phaeton, but that is reserved for "public appearances."

IN spite of his talk about contracted expenditures, in his speech you find the same Barrymore profanity as of old. The kind of profanity which is strictly Barrymore, and highly excusable inasmuch as it is amusing, the kind of profanity which only a delightful rogue such as he is, could ever get away with. It makes him a joy to the crew workers on the set, who never swear at him, but would love to swear with him, if they thought they could compete. Incidentally he is always good for at least one round of beer and cokes every day, and that also adds to his popularity. Then, too, they have to admire his strength, which, in spite of the punishment he has given himself in past years, is still something to be marveled at.

Recently he had ptomaine poisoning, and had to be sent to the hospital. They scheduled him for the usual time that it takes serious cases to recover, but John was out 'way ahead of time, said he could recuperate much better while working, and that's just what he did. He's quick on recovery, like he is on answers. To the boys around the place he's some kind of a bold, bad, beloved god. They wouldn't like him if he were reformed too much, and neither would you. Reform, like everything else, in moderation, please, and John has achieved it that way.

A happy medium has been exactly what it took to put John back on the Hollywood map. It's been quite a road, and he went down it for a long way. When he left the studio a year or so ago he was out, everyone said, out of all pictures, for all time. Then he started free-lancing. Free lancing at \$6000. a week doesn't sound like much of a comedown, but it was a comedown when you think of the parts he had to play.

One studio used him for admittedly B pictures. Then Carole Lombard suggested him for "True Confession," and he came out of his decline (or his B-cline, to be more exact) and ever since the A pictures on his schedule have been piling up terrifically. He was signed on a long-term contract, then his old studio hired him for "Marie Antoinette"—for which they paid a pretty pile of pennies—and John went back with every right to feel like the cock of the walk, but never once crowing about it. Next he'll do the "Gracie Allen Murder Mystery," then a co-starring one with W. C. Fields, and later, "Four Leaf Clover."

John found his four leaf clover all right, and her name is spelled in six letters, but contrary to all reports, he didn't let it throw him. It changed him for the best in many ways, but he still has, and thank goodness, the manners of Hamlet, the madness of Mercutio, and he's still somewhat of a baddie. From Hollywood's bad boy to good boy—to be or not to be—that, in John's quixotic mind, is still a much-mooted question.

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I WANT MY MONEY

(Continued from page 53)

of his own during this period.

It is difficult to reprint the exact figures on my earnings. I can safely say, however, that after "The Kid" my value to the movies was universally conceded to be \$4000. a week. For personal appearances I received more—\$5000. from the London Palladium, for instance. I was getting five dollars every seven days for myself then! A writer in the London *Daily Mirror* commented at the time, "What becomes of the other \$4995. I don't know." He was voicing my own thoughts—ten years ahead.

Then George Bernard Shaw, whom I met while over there, told me, "In your short career you've made more money than I have in my seventy-two years of creditable service to the stage." But Mr. Shaw was never a child playwright!

I tell all this to show you how the money rolled in. Too much for a punk kid my age? Maybe. But I earned it. It was mine. After all, I had paid a heavy price for it, the price of a normal childhood. Other youngsters are making big money today, right here in the same Hollywood. It is because I feel that my story may just possibly be of some help to them—because there is a crying need for change in the "child labor" laws of California—that I tell it now.

Naturally, in the beginning, I dreaded going to court, dreaded making my personal problems public. But now I have a wife and home of my own. I must protect my interests—and theirs.

I never had any real fun while I was a kid, in the sense that other boys do. For me there were no hours of play after school—almost no school, in the ordinary meaning—no letting-down-my-hair as we know it today, until I went to college. Athletics were taboo. I might mar my pretty face or, worse yet, "hold up production." My idea of a big time was to visit my aunt and uncle. They let me put on overalls and go out and play with some of the neighborhood kids. Boy, was that a treat!

THE first time I ever roller-skated was with Betty Grable, soon after I started going with her. The closest I ever came to rolling a hoop was when the studio made some publicity stills of Betty "at play," and I sneaked one for a little private experimenting. I had sailed on many yachts and big ships, but the first time I was ever allowed to roam a deck unmolested was at the harbor recently, when a bunch of us went down to Preston Foster's boat.

It wasn't anybody's fault, really. Even if my parents—and my employers—had been willing to let me "relax" after the day's grind, the endless demands made on a "celebrity" would have queered that. Interviews—music, dancing and riding lessons—personal appearances—portrait sittings—all the hundred-and-one requirements of publicity and exploitation kept me busy long after the cameras had stopped rolling. It was all part of "being famous," the continuous manufacture of "glamor."

What of 1938's juvenile stars? They are taking the same kind of "punishment." They can't escape it. If their futures were left solely to the laws of the State, they might easily wind up behind the eight-ball, as I did. But I understand most of the fathers and mothers of today are exhibiting more generosity—or at least greater foresight—in providing for their children's tomorrows.

I say this not from a newly-found optimism or because I feel it is the tactful thing

to do, but as a result of numerous inquiries directed toward the present status of the child stars of Hollywood.

Shirley Temple probably draws higher wages than any other youngster. That's only fair. Shirley is, after all, the number one box-office attraction. But kids don't derive all their income from the screen alone. Radio and commercial tie-ups mean a lot more to their bank accounts than they did when I was a star. It would be impossible for me to estimate Shirley's total earnings, but I'm told they're around \$500,000. per year.

Shirley's money is said to be invested three ways: in paid-up annuities, government bonds, and guaranteed trust funds in several banks. It is all in her name, and Mr. and Mrs. George Temple have absolutely no access to it. The investments will not all mature at the same time—that is, when Shirley reaches twenty-one—but will be paid to her at ten-year intervals. That's what I call good sense.

JANE WITHERS, who is now twelve and has been working five years, also should have a considerable amount stored away. Every week, I hear, her parents deposit \$1000. to her credit in a trust fund. The rest goes into Jane's regular account. She has to sign every check that is written, for her parents believe firmly in impressing her with the value of dollars and cents.

Bobby Breen's income stems from five sources: motion pictures, radio, commercial tie-ups, personal appearances, and recordings. His money is placed in a trust fund controlled by the family. Bobby gets sixty cents a week for spending—which made me, I suppose, a bloated plutocrat by comparison, and my weekly six twenty-five a tidy fortune!

Like Bobby, Deanna Durbin has a five-way income. It is supposed to add up to \$100,000. a year. Deanna is fifteen, and has been performing two and a half years. A trust fund has been established for her, payable when she attains her majority.

From all this, it would seem that today's youthful favorites have comparatively smooth sailing ahead. No thanks, however, to existing laws! The parents of those kids are simply doing the decent thing.

My attorneys tell me that the particular California law to which I have reference was handed down in England more than one hundred years ago. It stipulates that all the earnings of a minor child belong to his parents, and in just so many words. This is the code which impelled my mother and stepfather to act as they did. Yet in the period for which it was written, a child's earnings were probably mere pittance, a few pennies for chasing errands, herding sheep to pasture, snaring rabbits, catching and peddling fish, and the like. Naturally the real burden of feeding, housing and clothing such a child had to be borne by the parents!

It was borne by my parents, too. Besides my \$6.25 allowance, they provided food, clothing, transportation, a place to live, a college education, and an eight hundred dollar automobile when I was old enough to drive one. Otherwise, during all these years, I received \$1500. in gifts, fifty dollars at a time, on birthdays and at Christmases, and \$1000. on the day before I became twenty-one.

But what had I done for them? My father and mother were on the vaudeville stage. After I rose to fame in "The Kid," my mother quit work and my father became a production manager. They were en-

abled to bask in luxurious surroundings, employ numerous servants, drive expensive cars, in short, to live off the fat of the land.

Dad always intended that I should share in all this. If he had lived I'd have had no fears for the future. I know, in my own mind, that he at least was sincere when both he and Mother went before the court in July, 1922, and requested that guardianship papers be issued to her, "to allay malicious gossip and rumors as to what was becoming of Jackie's money."

In January, 1923, they asked that these guardianship papers be dissolved, stating it was anticipated that a trust fund arrangement would be completed. Four days later I received the bonus check from Mr. Schenck—\$500,000.—the largest single amount ever written up to then in the motion picture industry.

WHAT became of it? This is one of the many unanswered questions which has led me, at last, to seek justice in a court of law. And why was that trust fund arrangement never completed? Had it been, the whole story of my life would have been altered.

Three years ago I lost Dad. After the accident, while I was lying in bed with a broken rib, serious bruises and nervous shock, they told me I would not be allowed to get up to attend the funeral service.

As if they could stop me! "I'm going to Dad's funeral," I said. "I'll walk out of here just as I am if you don't give me my clothes. He was always my best-pal."

My mother was a wonderful woman. I adored her, and she was devoted to me, so long as my father lived. But today she has found new interests. I am no longer the chief attraction in her life. And she

has said that it is Betty, my wife, who is urging and advising me in the action I am taking!

Betty has nothing to do with it. I've been in love with her as long as I can remember. We've always been in love with one another. Neither of us could ever see any other person. I've had more fun since I've known Betty and gone around with her than I ever had in my childhood.

But I can't let my wife support me. True, both of us could live on what she receives from the studio. But no man likes to be supported by his wife. And I don't see why I should be dependent on her after having earned \$3,000,000., the sum computed by my attorneys.

Three million dollars before I was twenty-one, and \$13,000. since! For my two weeks in "College Swing," I was paid \$1000. It wasn't much, but I hoped and prayed it would pave the way for a comeback. After all, acting, the screen, is my work. It is the only work I know, the only "business" for which "The Kid" was trained.

The law says it's right for parents to take all of a child's earnings, but already there are signs that that law is about to be changed, to some extent, at least. Only recently, Judge Emmett H. Wilson announced from the bench that hereafter he will approve only those contracts which provide for placing at least one half a minor's earnings in a trust fund payable to that minor at or after majority. Since all contracts involving minors must be approved by the Superior Court, it may be that improvements will be made, and that the children now employed in pictures will not be sold into slavery as I was.

For their sakes, I'm pulling for that day to arrive.

JACKIE SHOULD HAVE HIS MONEY

(Continued from page 55)

dinner, and washes up afterwards. He gets up at five o'clock every morning to drive me to the studio. He almost always comes to the studio to have lunch with me in the commissary. He calls for me and drives me home every night. It is because he is the kind of person who does so much for others that it hurts to think that the people who should have loved him the most have tried to keep from him what he himself has earned.

Right now I want to correct one very false impression. Jackie has never lived on my money. That idea is absolutely untrue. Jack had an orchestra before we were married. Mr. Bernstein travelled with them, of course, and most of the quite considerable money the orchestra made went, so Jackie was told, into the Jackie Coogan Corporation, there to be "saved" for him. Jack was given fifty dollars a week out of the earnings. He sent most of that back here to me to bank for him, so he had some of that left when we were married. Then we made our personal appearance tour together, before we were married, and that paid quite well. He has done a couple of broadcasts, and he was in the picture, "College Swing" with me.

We have been married only six months so it is easy to see that so far he has earned enough money to pay our expenses out of his own pocket. On one or two occasions he has had to borrow from me, but he has always paid it back. Jackie wouldn't keep a cent that didn't belong to him, or that he didn't earn. He isn't the kind to live on a woman's money. He has supported a family all his life. It isn't likely that he would go into reverse now, and allow his wife to support him. If there

is anything to this theory of "conditioning" children to certain reactions, then Jackie was certainly conditioned to being a breadwinner!

Jack and I first met on the boat to Catalina. My mother and I were on our way to the Island for a few days vacation. Jack was on the boat with a boy I knew, so that boy introduced us. It wasn't love at first sight. I liked Jack, because he was quiet and unassuming and yet such good fun. He has the grandest sense of humor in the world. It's a good thing he has. He's needed it. He is the life of every party we go to. People who see him at parties often think he is drinking, because he is the gayest one there. But they are wrong. Jack hasn't taken a single drink for five years. Five years ago he signed the pledge, and he has kept that pledge to the letter. He is rather old-fashioned in certain respects. In the ways that make a man respect a woman, salute the American flag, and believe that motherhood is sacred. My poor Jack.

Well, anyway, it wasn't one of those spontaneous combustion romances. I came to love Jack slowly, as I came to know his character, and realize his qualities. We danced together the night we met, at our hotel in Catalina. We had a lot of fun. But I didn't see or hear from him again for two months. Then one night he called me for a date. Ordinarily I would have turned down an eleventh hour date like that. For all I knew he had tried seven other girls before he got around to thinking of me. But I had been "stood up" that night myself, and I was good and mad, so I went. Well, it was a last-minute date, all right, and I guess it's going to last till

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the last minute of our lives, for after that evening neither of us ever made a date with anyone else.

It has been hinted, and none too subtly, that I married Jack for his money. That's a laugh! I knew right from the start that Jackie had no money. His mother saw to that. For as soon as Jack and I began to go together his mother phoned and told me that if I thought I was marrying a wealthy boy I was sadly mistaken, that Jackie was a pauper, didn't have a penny to his name. Just to make it doubly sure and doubly unpleasant she called my mother and told her the same thing. And she wasn't any too sweet about it, either.

I FELL in love with Jack for his gentleness and kindness, for his lack of egotism. I've never once heard Jack talk about his fame as a child star. He has never volunteered any information about the pictures he made, the experiences he had. I always have had to say, "Tell me about this picture, Jack," or, "what happened when you made that picture?" If you met Jack today, and didn't recognize him, you'd never know from him that he was one of the most famous children in the world. I liked his modesty in a town where modesty is not exactly given away as a premium.

I liked him because of his adoration of Charlie Chaplin. He still adores Charlie. A couple of months ago we met Mr. Chaplin at the Trocadero, and he and Jackie had a long talk about the good old days when Jackie was the beloved "Kid." I never saw Jack's eyes shine as they did that night.

While we were going together before our marriage I would occasionally have dinner with Jack and his family. I'd go to please Jack, not myself, for it was the very reverse of pleasure for me. Mrs. Coogan was never nice to me. Quite the opposite. She always made me feel that I wasn't wanted. Her whole attitude and manner spoke louder than words. As for Mr. Bernstein, he just didn't speak to me. Mrs. Coogan resented me, and resented our marriage.

It was always embarrassing for me to go there, painfully embarrassing, in many ways. Jack and I would sometimes want to go out after dinner, dancing or to a movie. And his mother would always say, right in front of me, "All right, but what are you going to do for money?" That kid didn't even have pocket money. He'd made millions, and half the time he didn't have enough loose change to take a girl to the movies. But he'd just say, "All right then, we'll just ride around in the car." And we would.

Every time he made a little money he would buy me a present. I'd try to stop him. I'd say, "Save your money, Jack. We're going to be married, and we'll want it then." But Jack has the giving complex, and you couldn't stop him. But every time he bought me anything his mother would raise Cain.

It seemed to me that Jackie's home life was all but unendurable. Only because he was used to it, only because he has the sweetest, most passive disposition in the world could he have stood it. There he was in that mansion, with all the de luxe trimmings, the palatial estate he, when a tiny child, had bought and paid for, and I'm telling you that he was not only treated as a stranger within those gates, but as a very unwelcome stranger at that. There were, and are at this writing, two Rolls Royces standing in the garage. But when Jackie and I went driving we didn't use a Rolls! Jackie didn't even have the right clothes when I first met him. I've had to make him go out and get things for himself. I guess he got out of the habit of believing he was entitled to anything.

I remember being at the house one night, looking over some old albums and press books Jackie's father had kept. I'd exclaim over some picture of Jackie as a small child and Mrs. Coogan would brush the book aside and say, "Let me show you some baby pictures of Robert!" She made absolutely no bones about the fact that Robert is, and always has been, her favorite. I give her this much credit, I think she really does love Robert.

The very fact that she came out in court as she did, and called Jackie, her own son, a "bad boy"—well, that's enough, isn't it? It makes you think of those mothers whose sons have been murderers and thieves, ingrates and wastrels, all kinds of beastly things, and of how those mothers have stood by their sons to the very last. It makes you think of that story of the mother whose son cut out her heart, and as he was running to give his mother's heart to his wicked sweetheart, who had demanded it, the heart cried out, "Be careful, don't stumble and hurt yourself, my son."

Jackie "bad!" It's so preposterous it would be funny, if it weren't so sad. I suppose she was referring to the fact that Jack flunked college, that he got a little tight once or twice when he was in his teens, just trying out his oats. Well, what of it? Jack's father only laughed when he flunked. He realized that Jack's childhood schooling had not trained him for academic life. He knew that boys will be boys, for at least a little while, and no harm done. Those few poor, feeble little "oats" are the only ones he ever sowed.

OF COURSE Jack didn't have any money to buy me an engagement ring. But the Jackie Coogan Corporation had taken a ring for a bad debt at one time, and Jack managed to get that. It was a beautiful square cut diamond, really gorgeous. It was, I say, because, as you may remember reading, it was stolen from me in Chicago when Jackie and I were making our personal appearance tour.

When we were married (we had a big church wedding and a reception at my home afterwards) Mrs. Coogan came to the wedding, but Mr. Bernstein didn't even come into the church to see us get married. He waited on the steps outside. Mrs. Coogan wanted us to live in a sort of run-down little house on the trolley tracks. She said that Jack was a poor boy and that was where he should live. I insisted on our cute little house in Westwood. When I think of all the money Jackie has made, all the comforts and advantages and luxuries he has given to his family—well, these things are just hard to believe.

I think that Jack had a fairly happy childhood, even without a mother's love. He loved working in pictures, because everyone was so wonderful to him, loved him so much. Jackie then, as now, thrived on warmth and affection. Perhaps he didn't realize that his mother was indifferent, was only affectionate when they appeared together in public. And he did have his father's love. His father adored him, and it was mutual. If his father were living now none of this could have happened. Of course I never met Mr. Coogan Senior. But I know how he loved Jack, what he had planned for him. I know that he often spoke about the trust fund, about how all of Jack's money would be his when he was twenty-one. But he never lived to see that pathetic twenty-first birthday.

I am sure, too, that Jack's father was very unhappy before he died. Things were happening in the family which must have given him premonitions of what might become of Jack if anything happened to him.

It was Mr. Coogan who bought the ranch property for Jack in San Diego

County. He told Jack it was to be a place where he could spend his week-ends, where he could relax and have fun. After Mr. Coogan's death Mrs. Coogan and Mr. Bernstein sold the ranch, right over Jack's head.

Well, by the time this is printed the court proceedings may be all over. If Jack wins he will win everything—everything that is left, or that comes to light. I don't know what it will amount to. I do know that Mr. Bernstein laughs about how he lost a million dollars on the stock exchange. It's easy to joke, I guess, about losing a million dollars someone else, a kid, has made.

No matter how it all comes out we will go on with our own plans. Jack wants to do radio work. He has a beautiful speaking voice, and he should be on the air. He'd like to do pictures, too, although I don't think he is as interested in pictures as he might have been had he not spent a young life-time making them. He'd like to do character juveniles if he does pictures at all. He knows he doesn't look like a Robert Taylor or a Tyrone Power. But he would like to do the kind of things Tom Brown sometimes does.

I want to keep on working, too. I started out as a member of a studio dancing chorus. Then I played the lead in a Wheeler and Woolsey comedy, "Hold 'Em Jail." I also made a lot of shorts, and played in the Fred Astaire picture, "Gay Divorcee," later in "This Way, Please," with Buddy Rogers, then in "College Swing," and now in "Give Me A Sailor." I'd like to develop into doing the kind of comedy-drama things Ginger Rogers does so well, like "Vivacious Lady," and "Stage Door." I do want to keep on in pictures, and whatever I want to do is okay with Jack.

I haven't tried here to go into any of the legal aspects of Jack's case. I've just tried to tell why, apart from the plain ordinary fairness of it, Jackie should have his money, because he is the kind of a boy you don't treat as he has been treated. Jack is getting thousands and thousands of letters. They've been pouring in ever since the case began. Some of them are from mothers who feel that all motherhood is sort of hurt because of this. I'd like them to know that Jack was hurt, too, and why. I'd like the whole world to know that "The Kid" they used to love is today the same sweet kid he always was.

WHAT MAKES A MAN FALL IN LOVE?

(Continued from page 45)

honest, you'll see that he agrees with me.

"Naturalness is one of the important things a girl should strive for. Many girls seem to think we fellows expect them to 'put on an act.' So they dramatize themselves. I have seen girls dramatize opening a door, stepping out of a car, ordering a dinner, anything for a chance to appear other than what they are. I believe they are under the impression that men want them to be story-book or screen heroines.

"Dream girls are fine in fiction, and lovely as dreams, but personally, I'd prefer something more substantial in real life. Companionship, for instance. And that's not a small order, either," he added.

WAYNE MORRIS, another one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, has squired some of the most glamorous girls in the world, at one time or another. Here are his interesting observations on this absorbing subject.

"Whenever I meet a girl," he said, "I involuntarily ask myself, 'Is she the sort of person I could live happily with on a desert island?' If she isn't, that puts a time limit on my interest in her. But if she is, then I know she's the kind you can sit and talk with, exchange ideas with, and have for a companion.

"No man wants to have a choice between taking a girl to a night club or a theatre every night, or being bored.

"There are two prime requisites that every girl must have, if a man is to enjoy being with her for any length of time. They must always be first in importance, all others taking secondary place. I refer to intelligence and a sense of humor."

Narrowing your chances with Wayne Morris down still further, he likes a girl who gets a kick out of life, who is a good dancer, who is musically inclined, and who likes to read.

"And," he suggested, "a girl should stop fretting if she isn't a raving beauty. Beautiful girls aren't always the most interesting. Charm is so much better. But she should learn to wear clothes well, so that the man who takes her out may have that proud feeling of 'showing her off.'"

Here are three particular rules Wayne gave for the girl who wants to have masculine admirers: "Give a man his own way in

little things. Learn to be broad-minded without throwing away any of your good principles. Get yourself a thorough understanding of masculine psychology."

It is Gene Raymond's opinion that if a girl is standing on the sidelines while romance passes by, then it's time she looked into her own personality.

"Perhaps she's too aggressive," pointed out Gene. "I've never once seen an aggressive, domineering girl and a popular girl rolled into one. No matter how much anyone tries, he can't run away from the fact that men have always been the leaders, at least outwardly, and they still like to feel that they are.

"Although it's true that every eligible man a girl meets may be a potential husband, she should never let him know she looks at him in such a light. When the time comes to get serious, let the man do it.

"Sometimes it looks as if certain girls do get away with active pursuing, but I don't think you'll see such tactics working in most cases. However, there is something to be said along the same line, and it's this: some girls, in their zeal not to pursue, lean over too far the other way.

"For generations mothers and other female relatives have dinned into girls the belief that the more reticent the girl, the more interested the man. I differ with this. If a girl wants to gain a man's interest, she's got to show that she's interested in him, not necessarily as a man, but as a person. Very few women can successfully pursue the policy of extreme aloofness.

"One of the first things a girl should figure out, upon meeting a man she likes, is whether he appeals to her as a future husband, or just as an amusing playmate. If the latter is the case, she can use all the wit and pep at her command, and if she keeps him in gales of laughter, all well and good. She can impress him with her tireless energy for play, and he'll love it. But, more often than not, he'll lead her more quiet, more sensible sister down the middle aisle.

"If a man's in a marrying mood, he will generally look for qualities of sweetness, a sensible nature, and a quiet restful personality. A man will look at such a girl and say, 'That's the type of girl I'd like to marry'—and he usually does."



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BUBBLING BILLIE

(Continued from page 83)

on the stage. "Let her?" she wrote. "I would urge her."

"She doesn't want to go on the stage," Billie told me. "She has seen too much of the struggle for success, the rocky road to the theatre, the terror of first nights; and the stage has no glamor for her. Had her father lived, I think he would have gotten her interested in the production end. Now she doesn't know exactly what she wants to do. She is trying out different things, among them a column which she writes once a week for the 'Beverly Hills Citizen.'"

ASKED what ideas she had tried to pass on to her daughter, Miss Burke said, "You can't pass much on to this modern generation. Their view is clear and clean-cut, and they are not hampered by a lot of sentimental—" she left the sentence half finished, while her hand made an incomplete gesture. "I don't know the exact word for it. They are brave little people, all wanting to do something with their lives. You rarely hear of women today who are content just to stay home and do nothing. I think parents make a mistake in trying to force their ideas on younger people."

Billie admires Dale Carnegie, and thinks he gives excellent advice in "How To Win Friends and Influence People."

"He tells you that you can't force people to do what you want them to. You must try to make them want to do things. That's a wonderful idea, if one were clever enough to know how to apply it, but I'm not. My daughter is her own mistress," she said. "She can do anything she wants to do, live and work as she pleases. I am happy that she chooses to stay with me."

There is something very sweet and deprecating about Billie Burke. She very obviously applies her own advice, and has learned the cleverness which conceals cleverness.

Never have I heard Billie Burke say an unkind word about anyone. Of Katharine Hepburn, with whom she appeared in "Bill of Divorcement," she said, "She is so definite and clean-cut, like a blade of green grass. She has the terrific courage of not caring what other people think about her. She has the most beautiful hair in Hollywood. On

the set she cuts up continually, and her antics are terribly funny, but they have the virtue of never hurting anyone." (This strange way of mixing physical characteristics with praise of Katharine Hepburn's character is another Billieburkish trait. For to her, bodily beauty and beauty of the soul are inextricably mixed up.)

Few people watching Billie Burke on the screen today, remembering how far she has come, and over what obstacles she has triumphed, recall the fact that she was born in humble obscurity, the daughter of a clown. Yet if it had not been for her father, William Ethelbert Burke, I doubt if Billie would ever have gone on the stage. For little red-headed Ethelbert (named after her father) worshipped him and his fanatical devotion to his work. And clowns in those days were much greater artists than they are expected to be today. In addition to all the fantastic things they did to amuse people, they also sang, and William Burke had a voice that was strong and true and fine.

Billie's mother came from a fine southern family, and her maternal grandmother, Cecilia Flood, a southern writer, had been deeply shocked when Billie's mother married a circus clown. Hoping that she might at least save little Billie from ever following a career in the circus, and that she might be able to turn the small child into a writer of respectable literature like herself, she sent Billie books, and encouraged her to write long letters.

But it didn't work. Billie's father went abroad and established himself in English vaudeville, and more than ever Billie was fascinated by the life her father led. Because he sang, she wanted to sing, and while she was still very young, she started taking singing lessons from Louise Douste in London. Billie made her first important professional appearance at eighteen in an English musical comedy, in which she sang the hit song of the year, "My Little Canoe." Impressed by her work in England, Charles Frohman brought her to the United States, where she became John Drew's leading lady. From that time on she played romantic roles. She has made the transition from a romantic heroine to a comedienne gracefully. But then Billie Burke always does everything gracefully.

THE INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 15)

Charles Smith, Terral, Okla. Lily Pons had a French father and an Italian mother. She studied in Europe, made her Metropolitan Opera debut in 1931, and her motion picture debut in 1935. She is just five feet tall, weighs one hundred and four pounds, has dark hair and eyes. At this writing she is planning to marry Andre Kostelanetz, music director, in June. Her last picture was "That Girl from Paris."

Wm. Schupp, Louisville, Ky. Bobby Breen has brown hair and eyes. He was born in Toronto, Canada, November 4, 1927. He sang in night clubs, on the stage, and for the radio before going into pictures.

Miss G. Resnick, Brooklyn, N. Y. If you will write Mr. Kenneth Clark, Information Department, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, 28 W. 44th Street, New York City, you can get all the information you need regarding censorship, codes, etc.

Kay Nelson, Edmonton, Can. C. Aubrey Smith was born in London, England, July 21, 1863. He attended Cambridge University, then

toured South Africa and Australia with championship cricket teams. He went on the stage in 1892. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty-four pounds, has gray hair and blue eyes. He played in "Hurricane," and "Four Men and a Prayer."

H. L. Luke, Honolulu, Hawaii. Simone Simon is French. She was born in Marseilles, France, April 23, 1914. Her hair is brown, her eyes are blue. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred fourteen pounds. She played in many European films before coming to America.

L. Allan Smith, Lawrence, Mass. We have discontinued our fan club directory service.

Harold Babcock, Butte, Mont. We can't attempt to advise you, but if you are serious about it you must work hard. Get all the general education you can. Besides that study people and plays, and learn how to act. Join a local theatre group, either amateur or professional, and study hard. Acting requires much work as well as unusual talent.

CALAMITY JANE

(Continued from page 50)

tively how to get you interested and how to hold your attention. She'll never be a wallflower, either, for the boys at the studio buzz around like bees. She's full of pep and fun, and keeps 'em entertained, and that is what young gentlemen seem to dote on. Mickey Rooney and Jackie Searle are Miss Withers' favorite gen'men. They're no sissies, you can bet, and when they're playing a good game of catch-and-pitch, Janey's right in the middle of it.

Yes, this starlet is right there when it comes to games. She always wins at them, too. "I just can't seem to help it," she says candidly. "I guess maybe I'm just lucky. I have a magic set and can do most of the tricks right off. Then of course, I have dolls—lots of 'em. There can never be enough dolls, can there?"

We allowed as how maybe there couldn't where any normal little girl is concerned. "I have all kinds," Janey boasted just a little. "French, Chinese, Indian, well, you know, just about everything. I have a Jane Withers doll, too, but she's not my favorite. Maybe that's because she's too much like me," and Jane gave a big wink.

Here is a young lady who will never be off the screen because of the "awkward age." She'll bridge the gap between little girl and ingenue because of her ability and personality. Not that Jane will ever be an ingenue in the saccharine sense of the word. She has too much intelligence and humor for that. She nicely combines southern charm with Yankee pep. If you saw "Rascals," you'll know just how much brains and wit she combines. Little Withers is very much in the picture even when she

isn't even on the screen at all.

The Withers have a new ranch house smack in the middle of a two-acre tract, one acre of which is to be devoted entirely to Jane's menagerie.

"It's so nice for Jane," Mrs. Withers explained. "We have the entire top of the hill and our view isn't obstructed at all. The place is so healthy for Janey, as she spends a lot of time outdoors."

"You see I have my chickens to take care of," Jane broke in, "and they certainly are lucky, too. I had a house built for them especially with upper and lower beds. I guess they are about the luckiest chickens I know of, with their home and the view and all. There's twenty-seven of them, and do they lay! Why, we're 'most stuffed with eggs, 'cause they give about twelve a day now!"

"They have a bath house, too, but they don't take a real bath," Janey laughed. "They come out and stick one toe in and jerk it right back. Then they put in a little more until finally they have it all in. Next they do the same thing all over with the other foot and then they just hop out. That's all there is to it."

After we heard about the poultry situation out Withers Way, our young hostess let us in on a secret. She has a real car. It'll go like a whiz up to 35 miles an hour and she's to drive it all by herself. Her father is having a track made on her acre, and then she may have a race a day all her own. This Janey tells us is just what the doctor ordered for her.

You're right, there's never a dull moment with a Withers!

BETWEEN YOU'N'ME

(Continued from page 17)

beauty and ability, but has always displayed a rare judgment in the selection of her roles.

Her vivid personality is so real on the screen. You have heard the expression "The eyes are the windows of the soul," and that expression always comes to my mind when I watch Bette's eyes flash and register the emotion she feels. The eye of the camera registers every little mood, and even the thought behind the mood. Consequently, false thinking is false acting. Bette Davis is so imbued with her part, lives it so completely, that her sincerity is beyond doubt.

The only thing I can say against this clever little actress is—we cannot get enough of her.

—Mabel McCown, Englewood, Col.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Those Musicals Again

"You can't see the wood for the trees." I heard that phrase as I left a cinema after the showing of one of those tremendous, spectacular musicals that seem so dear to the hearts of film producers today. In this particular picture, "The Goldwyn Follies," we were given ballet dancers, accordion players, opera singers, dramatic actresses, ventriloquists and crazy comedians.

I have no doubt that all are talented in their own way, but their disjointed series of vaudeville acts successfully destroyed any prospect of a coherent picture. Even

this might not be any great loss in some cases, but we know that Goldwyn can produce strong, sane film masterpieces, and it is difficult not to feel disappointed when we are given crooning hot-dog salesmen from the man who made "Dead End."

—Peter Gordon, London, Eng.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

It's Not Fair

I have just returned home from seeing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," if it can be called that, for a more mutilated version of this wonderful book I have never seen. We had eagerly awaited the picture, thinking it would follow the original story as did "Heidi." Were we disappointed!

There is nothing of Kate Douglas Wiggin's homey, old-fashioned action, for all this has been changed into a too-modern plot that is disgusting in that it is made to suit the star and not to please the audience.

Mind you, I'm not complaining about Shirley. She is still the perfect actress and did her part amazingly well. But, how on earth the title was chosen, I cannot understand. Why did they not call it something like "Rebecca of Singing Brook Farm" or "Rebecca of Radio Land," either of which would suggest "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and yet not be disappointing in its new plot.

Please don't fool us any more, producers—be honest with your titles!

—Mrs. F. E. Willis, Hagerstown, Md.

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"WHY SHOULD I MARRY?"

(Continued from page 29)

hear when a movie man and a movie maid go dancing with fair regularity. In Hollywood a boy can't date a girl more than three times without other folks collecting their old shoes, saving up their old rice and keeping their eyes glued on all outgoing planes to Yuma.

Tyrone talked to me matter-of-factly, frankly. That is Ty's way. There is nothing evasive, or coy, or reluctant about Tyrone. He cooperates with everyone in the business from his producer, in whose superior judgment he trusts, to the prop boy, who knows more about props than Ty does. He makes himself attractive to everyone from the least to the greatest because he is, naturally, a friendly, likable and very intelligent chap.

He went on, "I have no intention of marrying for at least five years. If something, someone, changes my intention—that will be that. But to remain single for five years is my present intention. In five years I will be twenty-eight, and that will be time enough for marriage. I hope then that I'll find the girl who will want to share my life with me, all of the rest of my life. And I hope, by that time, to have some time and some life to give the girl I marry. But now, and for the next five years, all I want to do is work. All I want to think about is work. All I dream about is my work. It's my 'grand passion,' an exacting and also a beloved mistress who takes everything I have to give, and who is welcome to it. I want to work furiously. I want to give my work every bit of concentration of which I'm capable. I actually have no time for anything else, except my hobbies. And you can hardly call marriage a 'hobby.'

NOW, honestly, what kind of a husband would I make? When I get through the day's work I'm so tired I want to go right home and go to bed. When I do go out—and I do go out some, of course—I find myself thinking of what I've done today, how I might have done it better; thinking of what I'm to do tomorrow, of changes in the script, of my lines, and whether I know them. I am more apt to get ideas about bits of business for the character I'm playing to do than ideas about what night club to hit next, or how well I'm dancing.

"My days on the set are days of steady work, work that absorbs every ounce of thought, emotion, and energy I've got to give. Beside the actual work itself there are conferences about the next picture, there is my wardrobe to be attended to, there are interviews and photographic sittings, and visits to the dentist. There are rehearsals for my radio program, and then the broadcast itself. I'm young and healthy," laughed Tyrone, "but, after all, I'm only human, and there are only twenty-four hours in any man's day.

I haven't time to know how I feel. I haven't time to analyze my own emotions. I have time only to know how the character I'm playing feels; whether he, my shadow self, is in love, or not in love; what his reactions would be, or should be. No girl would want to marry a succession of shadows which are more real than the man who projects them.

"You see, everything has happened to me so suddenly, with such sensational, indigestible speed. I must have time to absorb it all, to learn how to take it in my stride. I can't take on another career until I have reached a point in this career where I am not eating and breathing it."

Yes, "sudden"—and "enormous"—are the words. For when you consider what this boy of twenty-three has done in Hollywood, in a scant two years, you feel a little breathless yourself. When you realize that in the one year of 1938 he will have "done" over nine million dollars worth of productions, you will agree that that's preposterously more than any one pair of young shoulders is usually called upon to carry. You can see that he could not, either wisely or well, add matrimony to the burdens he now carries, however pleasant it might be.

Tyrone is amazingly wise. You wonder how so much maturity of viewpoint, so much clarity of thought, so much poise of mind as well as of manner could be concentrated in one boy of twenty-three. When you talk with him you forget how young he is. It is significant, too, that for all his handsomeness (which really quite takes the breath out of you) he never has been accused of being "beautiful," his surpassing good looks have never been stressed. That's because you just don't think of his looks when you are with Tyrone for any length of time. There is too much back of the looks, character, determination, steel, fire, books read, philosophies worked out, interests which extend beyond himself.

Anyway, by the end of 1938 Tyrone will have finished "Alexander's Ragtime Band," a little job that cost two million and seventy-five thousand dollars to make, "Suez," which will make two million dollars wish it had never been born, and "Jesse James," which is to follow "Suez," and will also cost high over the two million mark. This latter will be Tyrone's first Technicolor production. In between whiles he played Count Fersen to Norma Shearer's Marie Antoinette in the picture of the same name, and what that cost is

something I don't like to even think about. So, a little addition, a little playing about with these six-digit figures will give you some idea of the expensive schedule with which Ty is involved for 1938.

"Too many problems, too," Ty commented over the dessert. "Marriage would present too many problems, I mean. Not the customary, understandable problems of Joe Doakes marrying Mary, and the two of them struggling and saving and skimping to make ends meet, having kids, working and growing together. I can understand their problems. But the problems I would have to face, if I married now, I don't understand at all. I don't even know what they'd be. Obviously, they wouldn't be matters of working and struggling together. Secretaries and studio departments can do for me, for all of us in the picture business, what a wife would do for the average business man. I think it's pretty sad if a man and wife can't feel necessary to each other.

BUT why even think about all that now? I'm not contemplating matrimony. I want my career more than I want anything else in the world, and I know it. I'm in love with it. It's all the romance I need. It's adventure. It's experience, all kinds of experience. It's excitement. It's keen fun. Like a much-advertised brand of cigarettes, 'it satisfies.'

"What's such fun about it?"
"It's fun because I get to do and be all the things I've always dreamed of doing and being, all those things that most fellows dream of doing and being. Say, show me the boy who hasn't dreamed of standing up there and conducting an orchestra. Well, I get to do just that in Alexander's Ragtime Band. The studio engaged a noted conductor to coach me, and then I had the kick of standing up there with the old baton, and conducting—and Irving Berlin's music, at that. Tell me that isn't fun! We did some rain scenes the other day on the sound stage. Of course, we all bleated about getting soaked to the skin and catching our 'deaths of pneumonia,' but actually I loved it, sloshing around in water-logged boots, feeling the water splashing on my face, drenching me to the skin. What kid doesn't get a kick out of an experience like that, but doesn't get a chance at it because his folks are afraid he will catch cold!"

"I got a big wam out of the fire stuff in 'In Old Chicago.' What fellow wouldn't want to have seen the famous Chicago fire, to have been in it! I saw it. I was in it. What fellow hasn't read about Suez, and wished he could have witnessed the thrilling linking together of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea? That's adventure! And when we make Jesse James (what boy on earth wouldn't want to play Jesse James?), we're going to do the big train robbery right in Kansas, where it actually happened. And 'Lloyd's of London,' and 'Marie Antoinette!' I'm still fan enough to have gotten a big kick out of working with Norma Shearer. A short while ago that would have seemed incredible."

Right here this young man who hasn't time to think about marriage, let alone time to get married, was summoned to the set. He said goodbye, then called back, "If I change my mind I'll let you know!"

So, he isn't going to get married, girls! Now, for at least five more years anyway, you can watch young Ty on the screen, and dream that heavenly dream, that somehow, some way, "it might be me!"



Norma Shearer likes Tyrone Power, too. She insisted on him for "Marie Antoinette."

Come on and read, Come on and read,
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