Oct 39 No Cuts
Nov 39 No Cuts
Dec 39 No Cuts
THE LOVE STORY JEAN HARLOW ASKED ME TO WRITE by FAITH BALDWIN

HOLLYWOOD MORALS, IF ANY! by ERROL FLYNN

DIXIE WILLSON GILBERT SELDES ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS LOWELL THOMAS
Share a secret with Hollywood...

"Choose your makeup by the color of your Eyes"

SAYS

Dolores Del Rio

A SECRET? Yes, a beauty secret... direct from Hollywood...from glamorous Dolores Del Rio, "Choose your makeup by the color of your eyes!"

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? Just this: Nature has given you a personality color, a color that never changes...it's the color of your eyes! That's the secret of Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. First of all, it's makeup that matches...harmonizing sets of face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara...all in correct color symphony.

AND IT MATCHES YOU...became this new makeup is scientifically keyed to your own personality color—the color of your eyes! Wear this new makeup and...YOUR FACE IS A PICTURE...not a jumble of misfit makeup..., but correctly made up, as it would be in Hollywood, in the shades an artist, a color expert would choose to glorify you.

AND IT'S RIGHT WITH YOUR SMARTEST CLOTHES...for after all, like every well-dressed woman, you instinctively know and wear "your" colors, the shades that harmonize with the color of your eyes.

ASK THE GIRL WHO WEARS IT! In actual tests, 9 out of 10 women agree they are immediately better looking in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Your favorite beauty editor, your own drug or department store will recommend Marvelous:

Parisiun type if you're fair accused, range, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara if your eyes are brown like Dolores Del Rio...Dresden type if your eyes are blue...Parisian type for gray eyes; Continental type for Hazel. Each single item costs only 55¢ (Canada 65¢) in large full size packages.

AND NOW...TOMORROW? Discover what Eye-Matched makeup can do for you this very night. The proof will be what he says when he sees the more glamorous you.
LEARN THEIR BEAUTY SECRETS

How do they preserve their beauty—these captivating women who earn up to $200 a week posing for smile pictures?

By simple exercise and diet for the figure ... by special creams for their ivory skin ... by Listerine Tooth Paste to give lustre, flash and brilliance to their flawless teeth.

Their preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is just about the finest compliment that can be paid a dentifrice. After all, there are no sterner critics of beauty aids than glamour girls; they’ve got to be to hold their jobs.

Here are their comments: “A real beauty bath for teeth,” says one. Another adds, “Never a tooth paste so dainty.” A third says, “Most of the models I know use it.” So runs their praise day after day.

To it is added that of thousands of mothers and fathers with a sharp eye to economy. Remember—Listerine Tooth Paste in the 40¢ double size actually contains more than a quarter of a pound of tooth paste. That is important news for any family.

When are you going to try this dainty, delightful, mouth-freshening tooth paste? See for yourself how it lives up to the claims we make for it. Get a tube from your druggist at once.

LISTERINE TOOTHPASTE

St. Louis, Mo.

Lambert Pharmacal Company

More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste in the double-size tube 40¢

Listerine Tooth Paste

Lambert Pharmacal Company

Regular Size Tube - 25¢

(above) Posing one day as a young mother, the next as a debutante and the third as a stenographer, Henrietta Donahue earns an attractive salary in the New York studios. Her gorgeous teeth are not the least of her charms.

(left) Glamorous girl indeed is blonde Florence Nine of West Virginia, winner of three beauty contests and one for personality. If she did not have lustrous, white teeth, her job in the studios would not last long.

Linda Yale, from Iowa, had always wanted to live in New York. She's "arrived" there now—in more ways than one. Her flashing smile and lovely teeth make her a favorite in New York commercial studios.
She was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!

The BRIDE WORE RED

with BILLIE BURKE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote

Directed by
Dorothy Arzner
Produced by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

HIGHLIGHTS
OF THIS ISSUE

On the Cover—Joan Crawford, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

Gable as Rhett ....... 19
PHOTOPLAY enters the great casting contest
The Love Story Jean Harlow Asked Me to Write ....... 20
Person-to-Person Call
Tears from His Heart ....... 22
And His Head
A famous writer tells the story behind Freddie Bartholomew's tears
"How Did They Ever Get That?" ....... 24
The inside story of newlywed thrills
Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star ....... 26
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop
A new feature revealing the latest beauty tricks
The Star Whom Money Doesn't Tempt ....... 28
Jessie Matthews finds the secret to happiness
Hollywood Morals, If Any! ....... 31
The third in a series of articles by our Young Man About Hollywood
Hollywood Does Not Understand Sex! ....... 32
A noted author challenges Hollywood

The Camera Speaks—
Hollywood's Four Most Beautiful Women ....... 34
Muni ....... 36
Man of the Month
Ginger Warm's Her House ....... 38
Sirens—From Barn to Barer
The Private Life of a London Lady ....... 40
Mervle Oberon at home
Mr. Howard Goes to Town ....... 46
Molly, Bless Her ....... 66
Concluding a beautiful tribute to a never-to-be-forgotten star
The Woman Who Will Play Molly ....... 67
Discussing why Sophie Tucker was the author's choice

Hollywood's Junior Legion ....... 4
A page where children readers meet young Hollywood
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures ....... 6
So Men Can't Cook, Eh! ....... 8
Hollywood's famous amateur chef gives some recipes

Beauty
For the Very Young and Very Blonde ....... 12
Boos and Bouquets ....... 15
Close Ups and Long Shots
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood ....... 49
We Cover the Studios ....... 52
Hollywood on the Air ....... 54
The Shadow Stages ....... 72
Fashion Letter ....... 102
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

NEWS
VIEWS AND REVIEWS

VOL. LI, No. 10, OCTOBER, 1937

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 335 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernard Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Walter F. Pena, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 40th St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Office, Chamin Building, 223 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shamrock, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 50 Bevishie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributions: Atlantic Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $3.50. Remittances should be made by check, or post or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • Whole manuscripts, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable it accompanied by first-class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses or such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post-office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc.
HOLLYWOOD'S JUNIOR LEGION

This is Station K-I-D and reserved for the young readers of PHOTOPLAY, as a place to meet the Junior Movie colony.

This story is for children only. The editor of PHOTOPLAY promised me that it might be, and that all adults coming upon it must turn quickly to another page, for, as you well know, it is quite rude to read a story not intended for you.

Now, I've never been here before, and, since there isn't anyone to introduce me, I'll have to introduce myself. I suppose it should be done something like this: "How do you do, Boys and Girls, how are you?" "That's fine, so am I." "Would you care to have me tell you about Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, and all the interesting little stars that shine in Hollywood's great motion-picture land?"

"Why thank you, I'd just love doing it."

You see there's nothing like getting off to a nice polite start. It really counts for a great deal. I learned that when I lived in Europe where everyone is extremely formal, and a lady or gentleman dresses for dinner, even if there's nothing but a glass of water and a napkin. You and I may think that is going a little too far, but after all it's better to be too polite than not polite enough. In Europe I used to take a walk each day with a dignified chaperon and often played with little princes and princesses in luxurious gardens with fountains and roses, where stern-faced governesses and guards stood about in constant attendance, ready to say "No!" even before you asked. I used to wonder what on earth had ever happened to make them that way, so stiff and formal and unyielding.

But somehow, when four o'clock came, it was different. That was the regular hour for tea, and then those governesses and guards seemed to change. They would smile and relax and appear altogether human. Mlle. Raymonde, my bonne, usually a most forbidding lady, became gay and chatty, and sometimes offered to read fortunes from the tea leaves. It was the happiest part of the day for me, as well as for all other children, when the steaming pot was brought in on a silver tray, with a special plate of sweet babas beside it as an extra treat if we'd been good. No one minded that the tea was scarcely more than a little sweetened water, it was teatime, and something to look forward to in an otherwise uneventful day.

Then, all of a sudden, I came to live in Hollywood, to write books in English and French for boys and girls. Soon I learned to know the children who act so entertainingly in motion pictures. Shirley Temple was my first friend. Shirley was tiny and cute and carried a huge Teddy bear almost as large as herself. She had the prettiest curls I ever saw, and not the slightest idea of what a very important little person she was.

I've written several books about these children who have become my friends, and its fun doing it, because they are so like make-believe youngsters and so interesting that finding a story about them doesn't tax the imagination, at all. But each day when the clock strikes four, I give my typewriter the last tap and pull on the cover. Then I call the maid and ask who's coming to tea; for once the clock strikes four my brain refuses to think of anything but tea and babas and the society of my little friends and whether the leaves in my cup today will bring me good fortune.

We've formed a sort of band, these little Hollywood children and I. We call ourselves "The Junior Legion." Recently we designed a decoration, a medallion of honor, which will be given to some child each year for "Valiant Achievement." It is made in the shape of a tiny gold star, surrounded by an olive wreath, to which is attached a cross bearing the inscription "Pour Valeur." It is to be presented with much pomp and ceremony and bears citations written by a great many famous men. Who do you think should receive this medal?

When I first started the habit of having tea together with the boys and girls we had (Continued on page 98)
Here are the highlights of Hollywood

Grace Moore
"I'll Take Romance"
With Melvyn Douglas, Stuart Erwin
Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Who wouldn't take romance, when it's spelled G-R-A-C-E-M-O-O-R-E! Here's by all odds her finest and funniest picture.

Between contracts and kidnapers, Grace has troubles aplenty. But she comes up smiling—more gorgeous, more glamorous than ever before.

Irene Dunne • Cary Grant
"The Awful Truth"
With Ralph Bellamy, Alexander D'Arcy, Joyce Compton
Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey
Associate Producer, Everett Ristin

"Theodora" goes wilder than ever untangling new angles in this tantalizing love triangle. . . . See how a society bride's sensational drawing-room dance shocked Park Avenue—and stopped a divorce!

Madeleine Carroll • Francis Lederer
"It's All Yours"
With Mischa Auer
Directed by Elliott Nugent
Associate Producer, William Pauley

Hollywood's all excited about this gayest picture of the new season! Advance reviews call it "a sweetheart of a picture"—"swell entertainment." See why!

And now at last at popular prices—Frank Capra's production starring Ronald Colman—"Lost Horizon."

Columbia Pictures
Ask your theatre for the dates of these attractions.
**BRIEF REVIEWS**

**ANGEL'S HOLIDAY — 20th Century-Fox**
Angele Williams proves herself a rare treasure in this rollicking comedy of a kidnapping movie star, and provides her uncle's newspaper with plenty of headlines when she locates the missing actress, helps capture the things. (July)

**AS GOOD AS MARRIED — Universal**
Audacious, gay and slightly mad is this idea of an architect, John Boles, who marries his secretary in order to save his income tax. But his bride really loves him, gets tired of his domestication. (July)

**BANK ALARM — Grand National**
This jumps for glory from murderers to kidnappers to counterfeiters, and mixes. Cordell Hale is the G-man who terrifies off the crooks until the assistance of his comedy lieutenant, Eleanor Hunt. Vincent Barrett contributes several laughs as a slow-witted photographer. (Aug)

**BEHIND THE HEADLINES — RKO-Radio**
Lee Tracy is the energetic newsman in this peppy tale. Through his short-wave set he saves the girl, Deline Cohoon, a bright news-writer, and stops the theft of a lot of gold bullion. Well paced and expertly acted. (Aug)

**BETWEEN TWO WOMEN — M-G-M**
The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, nurse, wife, directed in an unusually exciting and real way. Frankie Fierro brings all his skills to the role of the sufferer, Virginia Bruce is the selfish but glamorous wife, and Mary Jane Sullivan is the sympathetic partner in her woe. Sensational. (Sept)

**BIG BUSINESS — 20th Century-Fox**
The Jones family again deliver an excellent piece of entertainment in this tale of how they are almost ruined by Joel Prouty's (Mr. Jones) entanglement in a worthless oil deal. Russell Crowson is good as the protagonist, Dietrichson, wise to the daughter, Kenneth Howell does well as the inventive son. (July)

**BORDERカフェ — RKO-Radio**
John Beal, re-re-done, goes out to the great open spaces, and, aided by cut-throat Harry Carey and cafe dancer Armiño, makes good after running gamblers who try to expropriate him out of his ranch. If you like Westerns. (Aug)

**CAFE METROPOLIS — 20th Century-Fox**
This offering Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in an unembellished combination of shy sailor, sexy humor and a good romance built around cafe society. It's a typical story of a young man who pours a Masonic stake to scores on hence. Adolph Menjou, Cary Grant (who wrote the story), it's value, Wynn(ner), Helen Westley, all the cast, are grand. Be sure to go. (July)

**CORNERED — FORMERLY WAR LORD — Warners**
This is "The Bad Man" done in a Colombo setting. It might just as well be been undone. Both Kirkat and the Colombo who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Ralf, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Sept)

**COUNSEL FOR CRIME — Columbia**
Even if young Kaas's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being obvious holism. Douglas Montgomery is Kruger's disillusioned son who provokes his father on murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and the love interest is better than an ironing board. (Sept)

**DANCE CHARLIE DANCE — Warners**
Suzan Peters provides what comedy he can in this old-painted picture of a small-town boy who inherits vacuums and puts on an uncontrolled Broadway production. Joan Ware is his sympathizing editor, Lillian Jenkins, Addison Richards and Gertrude Farrell contribute. (Aug)

**DANGEROUS HOLIDAY — Republic**
A child-violent who runs away from his parasitic relatives, recovery brings the love, a tepid romance between a forest ranger and an heroine conquer this pleased adventure tale. Twelve-year-old Ke Hood is particularly splendid. (Sept)

**DAY AT THE RACES — M-G-M**
One of the grandest lots of the whole line of Marmont in pictures. One that echoes with the proof of a first-class show director who guides with quality, tuneful melodies, and pretty girls are depicted in a background that resembles Sayre. Tom Morgan, doctor, Harry a jockey, Charlie, a slyster, Mary Jane Sullivan, owner of a sanitarium, and Allan Jones who sings his love songs. A fun fest. (Aug)

**DEAD END — Sam Goldwyn-United Artists**
Sidney Kingsley's superb and poignant play of how society makes its own criminals along the New York waterfront where shams and smart apartments must, loses none of its drama on the screen. Such as Sidney, J oel Porter, Loretta Young and William Forest are the principals in the cast, augmented by the six little brothers of the original version. This is a "must," unless you don't like thrillers in the theatre. (Sept)

**DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE — Columbia**
As advertised against reckless driving this newly contrived picture proves entertaining as well as educational. Richard Dix is onerous and purposeful in the affair who first detects, then proves Elvira Coxe,那只 Joe Perry is charming. (Aug)

**EASY LIVING — Paramount**
Nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish piece of sly sophistication which revolves around Edward Arnold, Wall Street tornado, a cable coat which lands on the smooth back of Joyce Carey, and her romance with Ray Miland who works in an automata. It's a real! (Sept)

**EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS, THE — M-G-M**
Gorgeous production, exquisite candlestick-work by Luke Riner, and the always entertaining performance of Bill Powell make this a fine picture, though the cracking story built around any activity is a trifle and melodramatic. "E. E. Clive, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Morgan make up the splendid cast. (Sept)

**EVER SINCE EVE — Warners**
Once again Marion Davies is a glamorous beauty posin as an ugly duckling to keep her job. When Bob Montgomery, her author-book, discovers he loves his joystickery, all goes quite as you would expect. Pauly Kelly and Allin Jenkins provide the slap-happy comedy. (Sept)

**FLY-AWAY BABY — Warners**
Glenda Farrell, phone-gigling Sherlock Holmes, again solves a murder mystery, but this time she takes to the road on a round-the-world trip to do it. Barbara Stanwyck, whose career is shown to be half comic is provided by Tom Kennedy. And the finish is a surprise. (Aug)

**GIRL SAID NO, THE — Grand National**
With sixteen Gilmore and scenarios it is sure to be a trick and a surprise to many. It is the love story of young Lucretia and George Brant, but sympathetic as the ambitious young man. (July)

**GO GETTER, THE — Warners**
Peter B. Kyne's famed story of a man, who despite the loss of a leg liters against all odds and happily write out. Charles Winninger is granted as Gypsy, Arnold Moss the wonderful daughter, and George Brent is sympathetic as the ambitious young man. (July)

**INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED**

**PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ARTISTS AND MODELS</th>
<th>Paramount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>BIG SHOT, THE — RKO-Radio</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONFESS—</td>
<td>Warners</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOUBLE OR NOTHING—</td>
<td>Paramount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EXCLUSIVE—</td>
<td>Paramount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIREFLY, THE— M-G-M</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GANGWAY—GB</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—</td>
<td>Paramount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IT'S LOVE I AM FIERE—Warners</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LONDON BY NIGHT—M-G-M</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOVE UNDER FIRE—20th Century-Fox</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR—Warners</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHEIK STEPS OUT, THE—Republic</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOULS AT SEA—Paramount</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STELLA DALLAS—Goldwyn-United Artists</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THAT CERTAIN WOMAN—Warners</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VARSITY SHOW—Warners</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VICTORIA THE GREAT—RKO Radio</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VOGUE—Goldwyn-United Artists</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES—Warners</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[continued on next page]
Warner Bros.
take pride in presenting
Mr. Paul MUNI
this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time
THE LIFE OF
EMILE ZOLA
He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!
WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard...Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O’Brien-Moore • Henry O’Neill • Louis Calhern
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle
Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Haines Harold and Geza Herczeg

International Premiere Engagement
TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY: Matinees 2:40 • Evenings 8:40
AIR-CONDITIONED
HOLLYWOOD THEATRE
BROADWAY at 51st STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Seats Selling Eight Weeks In Advance - All Seats Reserved
Evenings and Holiday matinees: 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax
Matinees - Monday to Friday: 1.00, .77 plus tax • Matinees - Saturday and Sunday and
6 P.M. Performance Sunday: 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax • Mail orders accepted.

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.
YEARS ago, when I was a very little boy, there lived on our block a charming family that had a terrific stigma cast upon it. It became noised about in back parlors that the father of the family had cooked the Christmas dinner. The scandal grew and grew, so that whenever the poor man left the house, the children on the block would cry after him, "There she goes! Isn't she sweet?" And this, in spite of the fact he was a prize fight promoter. The man was too big to slug the children, so the family had to move.

Today, it's an entirely different story. There's hardly a man in any city or village who hasn't some specialty he enjoys cooking up for the family.

Out here in Hollywood, some of our biggest stars are famous for their culinary specialties. Bob Taylor can make as neat a minute steak as any minute man ever dished up. Bill Powell is an expert with his chafing dish. His Newburgs would put to shame the chafings of the great Henri. As for Jean Hersholt, it's no wonder he's the pride of Denmark, for his Danish pastry is so light, it crumbles at the sight of a fork. Dick Powell looks so well in a chef's apron and cap that it doesn't matter if he does burn the crêpes azette, the girls still love them. And no one can scramble an egg with more fluffy insouciance than Lionel Barrymore. Leo Carrillo specializes in Mexican and Spanish dishes. His tamales are so good, he's often been accused of buying them. But I've seen him make them, and will fight for his honesty.

When a man cooks, there's something about the result that's entirely different from a woman's cooking, and I think the reason is he doesn't know how much butter costs a pound—and the current price of cream—in fact, he doesn't bother. He knows it takes good things to make good dishes, and he puts them in, in goodly proportions.

My chief claim to culinary distinction out here in Hollywood revolves around my Baked Beans. I heard Robert Taylor's mother give her recipe over the air, and I know she's famous for them, too; but our recipes are so different, it only proves we both must be wrong, since I am convinced that a good cook cooks everything wrong, and that's why it turns out right.

Inasmuch as my enemies claim I've been at M-G-M seven years on account of my beans, I call them "Baked Beans à la Metro."

Baked Beans à la Metro

Of course, I soak them overnight, which really requires very little cleverness. And yet, after all, it does. My first experience as a bean soaker taught me that. You see, I didn't know that the pot in which I soaked them should have been large enough to allow for growing, and that the beans had to be more than just covered with water. In the middle of the night I heard little pitter-patters on the kitchen floor. I sat up in bed, convinced someone was breaking into the house. Grabbing up my trusty thirty-two (which is never loaded), I crept down to the kitchen, turned up the light, and there were the beans sneaking out of the pot, and tip-toeing over the floor. One even looked up at me with an expression which seemed to say, "So you think you're a cook, eh?"

Well, to get back to the recipe! After the beans have been soaked all night—let's say you experiment with a pound—in the morning I boil them in very slightly salted water until, when the little beanlet is blown upon, its little jacket snaps open right in your little face.

Now here's my big secret! When I put the pound of beans into my bean crock, I don't throw away the slightly salted water, because that's going to come in handy later.

At just about this point in the process I brown about four small onions in a quarter of a pound of butter. When the onions are golden brown, I pour about a half pint of catsup into the pan, four heaping tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, a slack teaspoonful of mustard, another of salt, and another of white pepper. When this is all a nice gouchy mixture, I pour it over the beans and stir it well. Then I lay a nice generous piece of salt pork tenderly on the top, put the cover on the pot, shove it into the oven, and let it stay "shoved" about five hours.

Now we'll go back to the bean water. About every half-hour the good old crock has to be opened and watched, as, after all, beans are beans. If they are getting too dry, add, little by little, the slightly salted water in which they were boiled. Will you please try this some time, and let me know if you

(Continued on page 99)
Let 52nd Street tell you of romance, of music, of pathos, of drama...from the time that it was the center of fashionable New York—until it became the after-dark capital of the world...Around a grand romantic story by Grover Jones, who gave you "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—there is exciting entertainment with the stars who came out at night on Jam Canyon...They sing! They swing!—They dance!

52ND STREET

with IAN HUNTER • LEO CARRILLO
PAT PATTERSON • ELLA LOGAN • SID SILVERS
DOROTHY PETERSON • MARLA SHELTON
ZASU PITTS • AL SHEAN • COLLETTE LYONS
and KENNY BAKER

A WALTER WANGER Production
A

NITA LOUISE has always reminded us of apple blossoms—the translucence of her skin, the delicately modeled features, the shimmer of her golden hair have the same ethereal quality as the pink and white flowers which bloom in the youth of the year.

We wondered how this girl, who has been acclaimed the world over by writers and artists as the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, cared for the priceless beauty that is hers. To our amazement, her beauty secrets are the simplest that we have ever heard. They are, too, the very cleverest. Anita, just in her teens as Anita is, could follow.

We expected to find that she used rare oils, specially prepared cosmetics, for a fragile loveliness such as she possesses must surely be preserved with infinite care and no thought of time. Instead, we found she never dusts her nose with anything but talcum or a very lightweight powder. She sets her own hair more often than she has it done professionally. She eats anything and everything that she likes and she has never dieted—except to gain weight.

A part of Anita’s beauty is due to the air of serene graciousness which surrounds her. She lives in a big white house with her mother, whom she adores and who is an unusually beautiful woman in her own right. The whole atmosphere of Anita’s home is keyed to her tranquil loveliness, and it is easy to see why, in this scene of quiet and relaxation, Anita preserves that untouched look which is so much a part of her charm. Her every gesture reflects it. She is one of the few women we have ever seen who can sit quietly without fidgeting and still make you overwhelmingly conscious of her presence; the grace of her walk and the exquisite way in which she uses her hands all bespeak breeding, poise and peace of spirit.

Her immaculateness is as shining as clear water and her method of preserving it is so simple that we were amazed. The glistening sheen of her light hair is achieved by a nightly brushing with a stiff bristled brush over which she stretches a filmy piece of chiffon or similarly sheer material. This skims off any dust which may have accumulated during the day leaving the hair, itself, bright and clean. Because she is blonde, she shampoos her hair every four or five days. Brunettes, she says, may get away with a shampoo every ten days or two weeks because, to show up to best advantage, dark hair needs the sheen of natural oil.

Anita likes to care for her hair herself. For her hot-oil treatments she uses Eucalyptus oil. It isn’t a tricky process at all, she explains. “You simply apply the oil to the whole scalp with a pledget of cotton and massage gently. Then turn on the hot water in the basin. Place a large Turkish towel over your head and bend over, holding the towel tightly to the edge of the bowl. It’s as grand a steam cabinet as you’ve ever known and the results are so good for the hair and scalp—as well as for the skin.” In fact, she confessed that this steaming process is her only complexion treatment.

NATURALLY, it seemed beyond our rosiest dreams that anyone could ever have a soft-as-a-petal skin like Anita’s but she assured us that we were wrong about that. “Basically, of course, food and diet must be correct. But from then on, the simplest care is the best care.”

At night before retiring, she uses a cleansing cream—a thin one. Plenty of soap and water follows this cleansing and just a little—a very little—night cream. Moderate use of all cosmetics is her motto and it is one that certainly proves itself in complexion perfection for her. She discourages the use of ice on the skin but never underestimates the stimulating value of cold towels, dipped in ice water if you like, but never the actual contact of ice on the skin. The sudden shock of the cold breaks the tiny blood vessels which lie close to the surface of the skin.

Her innate fastidiousness is apparent not only in the finished product—which is a rarely lovely thing to behold—but is carried into the very preparations which combine to produce the delicately fragile picture which Anita presents at all times. A universal problem to which she has found a very adequate answer is the one of keeping powder from the hairline. She wears a thin rubber bandeau about her head while applying her cosmetics and protects her blonde hair from becoming discolored (which is bound to happen if powder is carelessly applied) by cleansing the hairline with cotton dampened with hair tonic. A very little of this goes a long way and, if used with care, cannot possibly damage the general wave outline.

“But what about sleep?” we asked next. Plenty of sleep, she emphasized. It’s important to both physical and facial beauty but no more vital to any part of the body than to the eyes. Her clear blue eyes are protected always by dark glasses when out of doors and further insured against strain by eight hours of sleep nightly. Her own simple home remedy for tired eyes at the end of the day is a fifteen-minute nap before her bath with tiny pads of cotton soaked in witch hazel upon her eyelids.

(Continued on page 99)
Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.
FIRST PRIZE $25.00
THE WINNER!

TYRONE POWER—young America bouquets you. In the story, “The Life Story of a Problem Child,” appearing recently in Photoplay, you certainly give us a true vision of young Americans. At least one movie star has had the courage to admit the things he really did when he was growing up, and to make no bones about it, either.

Most stars are brought up in convents, on the streets selling papers, or among the idle rich. As a rule, they never say anything about the exciting adolescent escapades that, if these stars were human, must have marked their youth.

Looking back on my own kid days, I remember well the high school dances at a certain pavilion, the “spirits” in the back pockets of the boys, and the favorite parking spots for those who had a case of puppy love. Many of us had our hides tamed when we got home, but the evening had been worth it, so we took the beating with an inward smile, and cried to make Dad think it hurt. The “flivers” we went around in! They were at the breakdown point every minute.

Young America will always have its fling, and more power to Tyrone Power for saying that he did.

ELEANOR BERGSTROM,
Minneapolis, Minn.
SECOND PRIZE $10.00
THE GIRL BEHIND THE HALO

Hats off to Bette Davis! At last Hollywood has a gal who is willing to portray characters true to form, and who is not continually worrying over whether or not the audience is getting the full benefit of her left profile. I have long silently admired Miss Davis’ down-to-earth acting, but two incidents occurring in “Marked Woman” so impressed me that I just had to write this letter. First—after much sad experience with my own hair, I always wonder how so many of filmland Cinderellas manage, under all circumstances, to keep every hair on their heads beautifully waved and curled. Therefore, when in a few scenes of that film I discovered Bette’s smart coiffure reduced to not-so-unbecoming pin curls covered over with a very realistic hair net I could have shouted for joy.

Secondly—oh, how many times have I been bored to tears when I have watched long-suffering glamour girls of the screen storm into a room, furiously tear their clothes from hangers so that it seemed there would be nothing left but shreds, and commence flinging them into a suitcase without the preliminary process of folding. Often these actresses are portraying poor working girls on whose lean purses clothes make quite an impression, so is it probable that even in moments of great emotion they would be so utterly careless of their precious finery? You may be sure it was a relief to see Bette prudently folding and carefully packing her belongings. So here’s to more realism and Bette Davis.

SHIRLEY L. GRAY,
Pasadena, Calif.
(Continued on page 86)
Triumph for Joan—
Triumph for Lux!

Dazzling Technicolor Film—
"Walter Wanger’s Vogues of 1938"

stars beautiful Joan Bennett—with
colorful fashions cared for with Lux

The faint flush of Joan’s fashion-
show wedding gown is charmingly
captured in Technicolor.

Colors must be perfect in
Technicolor... Everything
washable in this picture
was cared for with Lux

The EXQUISITE DELICACY of Joan
Bennett’s coloring is perfect for Techni-
color,“ they say at the Walter Wanger
studio. “Costume colors must be equally per-
fected. Any change or fading during work on
the picture might cause us to scrap thou-
sands of feet of expensive film.

“Everything possible has been done to
guard the color and newness of the stun-
ing clothes we show. Naturally, we in-
sisted that everything washable be cared for
with Lux. It’s the safest care we know.”

YOU, TOO, can protect the perfect color of your
own precious things—keep them exquisitely new
with Lux. It costs almost nothing, yet it gives
your things the same safe care used in the leading
Hollywood studios. Lux has none of the harm-
ful alkali found in many ordinary soaps—it is safe
for anything safe in water alone.

Specified in the leading Hollywood studios...
Your eyes will open wide with wonder!
The picture you dreamed some day you’d see... lovely to look at, lovelier still as you listen! A musical romance gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty so breath-taking that it's all you’ve ever longed for in entertainment... as your "One In A Million" girl finds the boy in a million!

SONJA HENIE • TYRONE POWER

ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS

SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
... who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Your guarantee of the best in entertainment!
BY RUTH WATERBURY

Oh boy what a fine exciting thing it is to glamorize a magazine . . . this new size Photoplay I mean . . . as exciting as make-up tests for an actress . . . only here instead of a new hair coloring and hairdress we have a new type . . . new size . . . new departments . . . do look now and let me know what you think of it all . . . I'd honestly like to know . . .

Dressing things up like this does keep an editor rushing . . . must be pleasant to do one of those nice quiet fiction-story magazines . . . just read about romance day after day and publish some of it for other people to read . . . pleasant but not so much fun as this probably . . .

An editor of a motion-picture magazine never knows what she is getting into . . . our high this month was the request of a prominent star not to publish a story we had had written about him because he thought it was too complimentary . . . we never expect to pass that point . . . that or of our lawyer asking us who Hymie Fink was . . .

plus our new magazine designer, Mr. Heyworth Campbell, querying us on honestly and truly why did we adore Hollywood so . . . that was our favorite question because it gave us the idea for this piece and the pictures on this page . . .

That tropical shot up there . . . the beauty of it put us in a dither . . . it is just a still . . . merely a background shot from Goldwyn's "Hurricane" . . . interestingly enough that same location was used in "Paradise Isle" too . . . one a gigantic expensive picture, "Hurricane," of course, and the other just a little quickie . . . but both spared no effort or money to bring you beauty . . . naturally most of the action shots were made right on the respective studio lots . . . like Paramount taking the Colbert company to Sun Valley, Idaho, last winter because they thought you might like to see what that much-advertised place looked like . . . but ending by taking most of the scenes in an icehouse in Los Angeles . . .

The cause of that being that you can't make nature behave in a close-up . . . too used to getting her own way . . .
WE TOLD Heyworth it was that search and realization of beauty that made us like Hollywood so much... that plus phenomena like Marlene Dietrich, Mr. Sieber and Josef von Sternberg... what a grouping that is... La Dietrich is most truly glamorous... I have seen her time and again in Hollywood in rooms filled with more genuinely beautiful women who, try as they would, couldn’t keep the spotlight away from Marlene... the gorgeous thing about her is that she lets men worship her and serenely goes on in an attitude of complete independence doing exactly as she likes... she stays complacently, happily married to Rudolph Sieber... she brings up her lovely daughter... she goes on with her career... in London and Hollywood her constant escort is young Doug Fairbanks... who went abroad just a week or so before she sailed recently... when she left Hollywood for that trip she had a final dinner at which the picture on the preceding page was snapped... her final farewells were for von Sternberg... a wonderful woman, certainly, but you can’t imagine her happening anywhere but in Hollywood...

THERE’S also Martha Raye... I went to have dinner with her while she was in New York wowing the customers right into the aisles at the gigantic Paramount Theater... two years ago she was barely making a living... now she breaks box-office records in every theater she plays... the success has come so quickly for her you can see she is dizzy with it... she is more like Clara Bow in that way than any star since the “It” girl... the same naturalness... the same generosity... the same uncertainty... the same big bank roll suddenly thrown in her lap...

The night I dined with her I stopped into the theater first to catch her show... it was only a quarter to seven in the evening which is practically mid-afternoon in New York... yet the standing room only sign was already out... inside the theater the lobby was choked with people... Martha came out, clowning, singing, giving and giving of all her superlative energy... they screamed... they shouted... her act ran a minute overtime just allowing for the extra bows she had to take... backstage I found her exhausted, caught in a mob of autograph fans... it was her fourth show of the day with another still to play... we hurried out to dinner, Martha, myself, that handsome young husband of hers, Buddy Westmore, and a man friend of his... the chauffeur couldn’t get the car moving because of the autograph fans hanging all over it... but finally we got through... and to a typical “show business” restaurant...

That place was jammed too... noisy... hot... song pluggers... dancers... chorus girls... bookers... they all spotted Martha... they all knew her... the ones who knew her best were the ones who had barely spoken to her a few years back... there were also an odd half-dozen at least who had always known she would be a star... Martha shook hands with them all... stopped and was cordial... while her food concealed on her plate and she got more and more tired... she finally had to rush back since she had only a little more than an hour before the show... stopping both as she left the restaurant and as she got back to the theater to sign more hundreds of autographs... “Well,” said Martha, “I have one more show tonight, then tomorrow I just have to give out interviews and have a fashion sitting and go to the opening of ‘High, Wide and Handsome’—you know, not really to the picture but to be there at the beginning so I can go on the radio and give the show a plug, and then I hop on the train for Boston where I’m playing a week...” she sighed happily... “I can hardly wait for tomorrow,” she said, “that will be an easy day”...

Maybe there is someplace other than Hollywood where a girl would be trying to build a career and look after her family and furnish a new home and keep her husband happy and be nice to people and not lose her head under all the phony flattery... do all that without any undue spilling of temperament and at the age of twenty-one... maybe there is some other place where that would be possible but I doubt it...

LOOK on this page above right and you will see a very beautiful girl... her name is Movita... I don’t know Movita what... the interesting thing is that she is so very beautiful... anywhere but in Hollywood the startled citizenry would tag her down the streets... in Hollywood she is merely a lovely girl under contract to one of the smaller companies, Monogram... but there it is again, that constant, unexpected discovery of beauty and personality everywhere... and all that beauty and personality meaning nothing at all until it earns its way to box-office greatness by talent and technique...

Aiding it is the determination of all the people in this business that you are going to be beautiful if it’s humanly possible to make you so... like the nice photographer who took this photograph of me you see above and made up his mind that by gosh and some skilful lighting I was going to look interesting anyhow... and I almost do...

That’s why it has been so thrilling beautifying Photoplay to keep step with all this... this vivid, constantly growing, always improving Hollywood where the impossible is just one of the several things you have to see is done each day and every day before you go off the lot for lunch...
BENGAL LANCERS
OF THE SEVEN SEAS

From an amazing sea story long buried in the files of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Henry Hathaway, director of such Paramount masterpieces of pictorial adventure as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," has produced and directed this grandest of all sea romances. Gary Cooper strides through another of his glorious he-man roles as a seaman of the Fabulous Forties who becomes the leading figure in the cause célèbre of the time: the famous murder trial which followed the destruction by fire on the high seas of the Liverpool-Philadelphia packet, the William Brown. George Raft in a picaresque role as his companion in arms gains even greater stature among the male luminaries of Hollywood. Frances Dee and Henry Wilcoxon head an all-star supporting cast.
WEAR A TREASURE OF SILVER

Chic, good taste and rightful pride of possession distinguish the woman who owns lovely FEDERAL Silver Fox, whether it makes a stole or tops her winter coat. FEDERAL Foxes are abundantly silvered on a background of rich, pure, lustrous black. Exceptionally deep and silky, they are selected for lasting beauty. Look for the name "FEDERAL," sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side of the fur, when you buy silver fox.
Herewith we enter the Great Casting Battle of "Gone with the Wind," because to our mind there is but one Rhett—Clark Gable. So sure were we of our choice that we had Vincentini paint this portrait of Clark as we see him in the role: cool, impertinent, utterly charming. We like all the other handsome actors mentioned as Rhett—only we don't want them as Rhett. We want Gable and we're going to stick to that regardless.
PERSON-TO-PERSON CALL

FOREWORD

THIS is the story Jean Harlow asked me to write. She telephoned me during the summer of 1936 at about a quarter to four A. M., daylight-saving time. But it was, as she explained, the slinking of the evening in California. She had called me to tell me an idea for a short story, and I recall saying sleepily that it sounded all right to me. The idea which had just come to her was centered around a girl who sits at a telephone waiting for a person-to-person call to be put through. And while she waits she looks through her telephone and address book, and as she turns the pages, much that is important in her life is revealed to her through names and addresses and numbers. Jean and I, I think, as a motion picture—a close-up of a distracted girl at the telephone...of the address book and a name standing out clearly...and then the picture fading to the significance of that name, and, little by little, her life and her love story unfolding...

I wish now that I had written the story for her to read and criticize. But I did not, so I am writing it now—in the way, I hope, she wanted me to write it—as a tribute to her memory.

The letters of Jean Harlow's name spell glamour to motion-picture audiences all over the world. But to those who were privileged to know her they spell qualities more memorable and forever to be treasured—generosity, gaiety, superb humor, and an unfailing kindness of heart and spirit...

On the day following her telephone call she wired me to apologize for breaking into my slumbers, submitting in explanation that she had been under the influence of some-

thing very dangerous—an idea of her own! And some days later I had a letter from which I quote, in part, as it lies here on my desk...

"You know I am still blushing at the presumption of my even mentioning a moth-eaten idea to you, let alone suggesting it. But then there is the old business of fools rushing in, etc. You're no less than an angel of the first water to be so daren'd understanding...And about the idea—if you can call it that—if you could use it, please do, and that's all. I love you for not making fun of me...

She had typed the letter herself; her typing was no better than my own. And had sent it off, impulsively...

It does not seem credible to me that she has gone. And I am convinced she has not, for as long as there are people to remember her sweetness she remains immortal—forever lovely and forever young.

Here is the story...

Faith Baldwin

SITTING there by the telephone in an agony of indecision she glanced at the watch on her round wrist. One o'clock. The house was very quiet, the noises from the street were lessened, reaching her at this late hour as a muted accompaniment to her racing thoughts. Her mother and father were sound asleep upstairs. A light spring rain beat against the windowpanes, and the room seemed warm and close and intolerably fragrant of the red roses Peter had sent her. She thought, miserably, Peter loves me.

One lamp was lighted. The piano, upon which the roses shed noiselessly their full-blown petals, was shut...it looked like a great black beast, sleeping, its ivory teeth hidden. She had not opened it for weeks, having no heart to play.

The old furniture looked strange and unfriendly, even the books in the shelves, their pages, which had once contained escape and excitement, shut between their bright covers. Pictures looked down from the walls: an etching of a street scene in Naples; another of a clipper ship; her mother's portrait; the serene landscape done in oils which had been her gift to her parents at Christmas.

She was unbearably lonely.

Ten minutes past one. But in California the evening was just beginning.

She picked up the telephone and dialed the operator. Her hand shook noticeably. She steadied it and her voice as best as she could. "I want long distance," she said.

When the indifferent, clear voice reached her she gave her number, hesitated a fraction of a second, and then said, "I wish to place a person-to-person call. Mr. William Chester, in San Francisco. No. No, I do not know his personal address. If he is not listed, will you try the hotels? Yes. I am Mrs. Chester," she said.

The operator repeated the name. "I will call you," she promised. Linda replaced the telephone. She rose, and found that her knees were traitors. She walked unsteadily across the room, lighted a cigarette, tossed it aside. Standing there, she regarded the telephone, looked down upon the little black mouth from which such sounds could emerge—sounds of horror, merriment, sorrow, rejoicing.

Raising her eyes she found herself in the

DRAWING BY BRADSHAW CRANDELL
big gilt-framed mirror—a tall girl with fair hair and dark eyes and a face, except for the lips, almost entirely devoid of color.

The telephone was silent. Linda sat down beside it, waiting. Her small black address book lay there on the little table. Idly, she picked it up and turned its pages.

Abramson.

That was the tailor... the little overworked man around the corner from the first flat in which the Chesters had lived. She remembered his dingy shop and, during the summer, its steaming heat. She remembered his thin, stoop-shouldered wife, and the black-eyed baby crawling around the littered floor. She remembered running in one sunny spring day...

“Oh, Mr. Abramson, do you suppose you could possibly clean this?”

He had taken “this” in his hands and turned it over carefully, the white dress, with the puffed sleeves and the square-cut neck sewn with little pearls.

“Yes,” she had admitted, smiling, flush-

(Continued on page 82)
TEARS FROM HIS HEART.

Is it secret sorrow—or pure intelligence—that helps Freddie Bartholomew put over his scenes? This is the story behind his tears

BY DIXIE WILLSON

In the wide world of art there has never been a surer master than the gentleman who, at thirty-three, has established himself as one of the most finished actors of stage or screen: the gentleman whose name is Freddie Bartholomew.

From Warminster, County Wiltshire, comes this gray-eyed boy whose uncanny sincerity gave new life to “David Copperfield,” masterly treatment, and later, so gloriously, to the little hero of “Captains Courageous.”

He makes you love him. He makes you believe him. But more than that, he makes you cry with him. In fact, he may be depended upon to reduce, within one minute, any given audience to the common denominator of unashamed overflowings and wet handkerchiefs.

How does he do it... a boy of thirteen! For obviously, before he can wring tears from your heart, he must have wrung them from his own.

In the studio of that amazing thirty square miles called “Hollywood,” where cool double and triple fortunes are coined overnight in commercial traffic in those gossamer values, smiles and tears, he has made a swift journey to fame. Where, then, has this boy learned heartbreak and emotion?

Of course, we know one chapter in his brief life story, the chapter wherein is recorded the bitter court decision between his mother and the aunt who has been his guardian ever since he can remember. Is it this drama of his own short years which has taught him the meaning of heartache?

We who see him as a small, helpless figure awaiting a court decision of the incomparably poignant question of who shall possess him, can but feel that he must have touched very closely the sort of tragedy which, in childhood, is so despairingly monumental. But the truth is that this irregular chapter of his own story has not touched him. This experience which would seem to have taught him emotion, oddly enough has not even cast a passing shadow across his laughing eyes, for to him it is simply out of the realm of possibility that any ruling of earth or heaven could separate him from Aunt “Cissy.” And as Freddie conceives life, there could be no other tragedy.

The pathos of a little boy, helpless against decision to be meted out by law, is a picture from life, no way to come forth with himself. He is simply Cissy’s boy—and nothing can change it.

It didn’t occur to him to regard as even mildly upsetting, the day when, in a Los Angeles lawyer’s office, he was to meet the mother he scarcely knew. Walking into the room, by all means not self-conscious, the person present, he went directly to Mrs. Bartholomew and offered his hand with his usual friendly smile.

“How do you do,” he said, and then, with a directness which could put to shame the nervous evasions of many a man much older than this one, he followed his salutation with the simple question: “Why did you make this so difficult? Why didn’t you come to our house and tell us what you were thinking? Cissy and I would have been very glad to see you.”

And lost for an answer to this straightforward question, trying to measure up to the simple frankness of this boy, it was suddenly the others who were the pains, and Freddie who had the game!

No, he has learned nothing of tears from this chapter of his life. So where, then, has he learned? For, stout fellow that he is, no physical hurts, not even in his baby days, ever made him cry. Yet no actor of any age or experience has more surely distinguished himself than has the boy who, in “Captains Courageous,” watches, terried, while the sea closes over the face of Manuel; a bit of acting which puts Freddie Bartholomew well in line for this year’s Academy Award!

With Freddie himself, then, I spent a sky-blue California Sunday afternoon, discussing just how he does this quite amazing thing; how he produces these magnificent tears, and the emotion to go with them.

Politely, graciously, and with an entirely simple, boyish manner, he considered the matter from a large breade chair over one of which he had arranged himself informally in a shape approximating a croquet arch. He wore a blue shirt, shorts, socks and sneakers. His hair was flecked with the down of the cottonwood tree from which he had been called to talk to me.

Here, then, was Freddie himself. And “unbelievable” is the only word I know for a thirteen-year-old who one moment is completely racing, shouting, mischievous boy, and the next is as completely a princeling of such poise and charm as to make your heart beat faster.

He is quite the usual size for thirteen, sprinkling of freckles on his nose, as we go to press a series of braces across his teeth, thick dark curls which are perpetually a tangled mop. Among the cherished possessions his sunny room with its scattered assortment of ships, planes, books and compasses, is quite the normal collection of nails, grass snakes and unapproachable rock and tin. But something never to forget is the expressive beauty of his face; something to marvel at, is his unerring sense of propriety. And most unbelievable of all, is his complete and unabashed devotion to Cissy.

His customary manner of addressing her, when repeated, can not, I’m sure, seem a really boyish, natural thing; yet completely, utterly so is the “Hello, my Precious” with which he comes shouting, bounding into a room to shower her face with kisses.

Our Sunday afternoon discussion of tears was not my first meeting with Freddie. I had first made his acquaintance several weeks before on a day when, at teatime, his face smudgy, his sweater torn. I had heard him engineer a swap with the kid he had just finished beating in a fight; six cookies for a fishhook. And at eight the same evening, dressed now in small tailored Eton’s, I had seen him rise in response to a totally unexpected introduction, which called for both wit and wisdom, to extemporaneously address twenty thousand people!

Now, as we discussed the matter of his
Since Freddie reduced his audiences to tears in "David Copperfield" (his initial important rôle, too), his journey to fame has been swift. He has his own explanation of why this scene in "Captains Courageous" was so heartbreaking acting, his perfectly phrased, ever-fascinating "Oxford" English was intermittently punctuated with the rattle of a pair of bones he had received the day before as a party favor.

"I don't believe I quite know how I do cry, really," he said, trying his serious best to be helpful about it. "That is, I have never quite thought it out. Perhaps a good idea would be to talk about it from the beginning. I mean from the first crying scene I ever did."

Following which suggestion, we began from the day when he had been an actor for three weeks, and Mr. George Cukor, director of "David Copperfield," had said, matter-of-factly, "Well, Bartholomew, today we've got to cry."

The set was Copperfield's small attic room with its trundle bed. David, reading his Crocodile book, was suddenly to be convulsed with frightened sobbing.

Freddie knew well enough, even then, that an actor must portray any emotion demanded of him, but tears were a large order, since, in contrast to three weeks as an actor, he had for nine years been just an untroubled little boy running about in a sunny old English garden.

(Continued on page 93)
NOBODY had expected any excitement at Lakehurst, N. J., on that tragic evening of May 6th, 1937. For the news gatherers the assignment wasn't thrilling. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't have been there at all, not even to cover the arrival of the largest airship in the world, if it hadn't been the Hindenburg's first landing this year.

Since four o'clock in the afternoon, reporters and photographers had been hanging around. For all of three hours the camera crews of five newsreel companies had been set up and focused, ready to shoot the anchoring of Germany's pride, the Queen of the Lighter-than-air Ships. Routine stuff, but this time: they had covered the scene many times before. The long wait had grown exasperating. Most of the boys had hoped to be finished with the job long since and on their way to dinner and theater dates.

"At last!" was the growling chorus that arose as the Hindenburg finally hove into sight and definitely began to descend. Then came that deadly flash followed by darting, unbelievable spears of flame. A boring, oft-repeated spectacle had in an instant changed to the starkest of tragedies. A dull, routine assignment had suddenly provided the most horrible but spectacular disaster in the history of the newsreel. Also one of the most perilous.

For the camera crews actually were in the first line of danger. Indeed, to some bystanders, it looked as though several of the newsreel men were themselves enveloped in those sheets of burning hydrogen. A. A. Brown, for instance, Associate Editor of Movietone, thought two of the outfit's best men must surely have perished. He was on the field in charge of the assignment. Brown was on top of the Movietone truck with Al Gold and Al Tice, all set to get a full, head-on shot of the giant Zep as she tied up to the portable mooring mast. Larry Kennedy and Deon De Titta were right under the Hindenburg's tail to capture a picture of her as she passed directly over them.

"The first flash was followed by a regular inferno of flames," says Brown. "Kennedy and De Titta were in front of us about two thirds of the ship's length. We on the truck never thought we would ever see either of them again. As the Hindenburg sank she seemed to us to settle directly over the last place where we had spotted them. But they stood their ground and kept on doing their job under conditions that would have daunted the bravest soldier.

"I jumped off the truck and sprinted around the now molten mass of the airship's duraluminum framework. I hadn't gone three hundred feet when I ran across the men we had given up for lost. They weren't at all fazed, hardly even excited. They were hurrying to find another position for a different camera angle. Kennedy was wet to the skin. A thunderstorm had broken over the airdrome an hour before, and he had taken off his raincoat to protect his camera. Thanks to that, he had been able to work right under the blazing Zep (Continued on page 100)
—that's what you so often say when you watch newsreel thrills. How do they bring them to you almost as fast as they happen?
The whole fascinating inside story is told

BY LOWELL THOMAS
T HE greatest story ever to come out of Hollywood is a real story.

For years, writers of renown have taken Hollywood, the land of the modern gold rush, the land of fame and fortune, of heartbreak and glory, and around it and its stars they have created their finest tales. They have passed the facts and fables, the scandals and sob stories, the skyrocket rises and dramatic falls of its stars through the spectrum of their imaginations.

Yet nobody has produced on paper or on film anything that equals the real story of Joan Crawford.

Today Joan Crawford occupies a position that makes her the undisputed queen of the motion-picture world. She sits upon the golden throne that has been occupied by only two people before her—Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson. No other star now in the really first rank of popularity and box-office appeal has been in that first rank as long as she has. She is the only woman star today in the first five who was in that same place eight years ago, nine years ago, almost ten years ago.

Movie houses everywhere were packed to the doors to see "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" just as they were packed in 1928 to see "Our Dancing Daughters."

And the real story of Joan Crawford has in it every element—every great scene, every great romance and scandal, every bit of heartbreak and suffering, all of courage and love that you could possibly imagine if you sat down and produced these ingredients to suit your own fancy. She has faced malicious threats; she has been the target for scheming fortune hunters; she has seen those whom she has helped and called "friend" turn against her. Her life has been more spectacular than fiction. And so this is a greater story than any story of fiction or fancy, because behind it—all, real, vital, magnificently human—moves this living, breathing woman, whom you see night after night in your own theaters.

All these things crashed upon me by chance one day, and as I started to check up on them, I, as a writer, was literally so thrilled I wanted to get them all down on paper at once, for it isn't often that any writer gets to write the perfect story.

I can remember Joan in most of these astounding phases of her career. It is possible now to see them in some sort of perspective, to appreciate their incredible scope. Perhaps it is of even greater interest to me, because I must be honest and say that, while I have lived in Hollywood most of my life, seen its history unfold, I'd never realized exactly all that Joan had done and all that she stood for. I have known her ever since she first came out there—but never intimately, as I knew Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson and Jean Harlow and Clara Bow. I knew Joan just well enough to meet her sometimes at luncheon or dinner, to see her at parties, to visit her home once in a while.

From her close friends, I know some of the inside story of her life. The changes in her, of course, I have seen.

HERE is the way I stumbled upon all the facts in this story that I am going to write for you because I can't resist it.

A magazine printed several pages of pictures of Joan Crawford. The pictures went back into her past a number of years, to the days when she was dancing in the chorus at the Winter Garden. They showed her when she was a rather plump, unfinished bit player in Hollywood. They showed her in the bizarre days when she was romping through Hollywood like a young whirlwind, dancing the Charleston in cafés and not accepted by the best people—oh, not by any means.

And somewhere I read that Joan was unhappy over the printing of those pictures. Well, I could understand that. It was a perfectly normal, human reaction.

But then I began to think about it a little. It reminded me poignantly of the Joan I used to see around Hollywood in the old days, dancing all night with young Mike Cudahy, laughing a little too loudly, wearing a little too much make-up, but with that exuberant, enormous vitality that made her noticeable in any room.

And I began to think of the Joan Crawford of today. The great star, the fine actress, the patroness of symphony concerts, the charming, highly cultured, well-bred lady.

I wanted to say to her, "But, Joan, don't be hurt about those pictures. Don't be sorry they were published. Don't you see that's why we love you? Don't you see that's what makes you great—as the self-made men of pioneer days were great? Don't you see that's why you appeal to everyone, because in you all of us see something we were, or are, or hope to be? You're a great movie star, but you're a great person because you, alone and unaided, pulled yourself up by your bootstraps, you aspired to better things, you dreamed better dreams, and you made them come true. If you'd always been just what you are today, you couldn't possibly be so closely identified with us, with all that's American in us, with all that's human in us.

"What do we care that you once were fat? That's swell. Because today you have the most perfect figure a woman could have. What do we care if you once were a chorus girl and a shopgirl and a slavey in a girls' school? Today you're a movie star and a great lady. What do we care if you once were tagged with a reputation that wasn't the most spotless in town? Today you have a reputation for charity, for loyalty, for courage, that nobody can question. What do we care if you once loved not wisely, when today your love story is a beautiful and true and tender one?"

That's what I wanted to say—and I believe it's true.

Every word of this story is true.

HEY called Joan Crawford, "Billie," when she was a little girl, because that's the kind of a little girl she was. Freckled, curly-headed, with a square little chin and eyes that were too big for her face.

Billie Cassin. Not so fine a name for electric lights as Joan Crawford. Not so spectacular and stagey as Lucille LeSueur—which name appeared upon programs at the Winter Garden. Not so world-famous as Mrs. (Continued on page 69)
Today, poised, radiant, wealthy, beautiful, here is Joan with Robert Young and Franchot Tone in her latest picture, "The Bride Wore Red." What was the secret this exciting star learned as a child which helped her to win single-handed against odds that defeated girls with greater natural gifts?

With her brother, the plain little 5-year-old who was to grow up to be a glamour girl.
Like MacDonald you too can become always more beautiful.

Betty Furness has a lose-suntan method.
READERS, this is a brand-new department and I might as well admit to you frankly that it's an experiment. You have been hearing about Hollywood influence until you are probably almost as bored with it as I am because so much exaggeration comes into it all the time.

But just the same, I'm going to add one more word and that is to say that there is no possible exaggeration of the Hollywood influence on personality and beauty.

Whenever you talk of Hollywood fashions you have to concede the influence of Paris. When you talk of acting and writing you have to allow for New York and foreign influence. But there are no two ways about beauty. Every beauty trick that amounts to anything at all is started out here in this one town. There isn't a week that goes by in Hollywood but what some new girl is introduced to the movies, hired almost entirely for her personality, since usually there is something the matter with her face or her figure or both.

I've seen girls come in here with crooked teeth, overweight figures, grab hair, too-small eyes and everything else that can possibly be the matter with them, and then seen them a month later and they were genuine beauties. How did this happen? It happened because of the skill of the Hollywood make-up men and beauty experts.

So this is what I am going to do for you. I am going to go around every month and get their newest tricks and let you know about them. Some of the things they do will be things that you will have to have done to you at your own beauty parlor, some of them will be things you can do at home, but none of them will be silly or too expensive.

I DO hope you will write me after you read this and tell me what you think of the whole department. It's a new venture and I'm anxious for your criticism.

Remember, all these things are going to come to you straight from the stars themselves. They are not things tried on make-believe girls but they will have been tried on the stars whom you can see and then judge for yourself. So here goes for the first month. If these hints don't answer your personal problems, maybe next month's will.

BLEACH AWAY THE BEACH!—After lying about the beaches all summer, trying most assiduously to acquire a deep, glowing tan, I'm just whacking up to the fact that it's time for me to set about reversing the procedure and try just as desperately to get rid of that tan. I know that most of you are beginning to feel that the process of getting a tan and then later bleaching it out is just a vicious circle, so I went scouting around Hollywood to find the best and the quickest way to get our normal fairness of skin back again.

I compared notes on this with pretty Betty Furness, who tells me that she goes about the bleaching process by going into a steam cabinet and steaming it out. Betty says that each treatment lightens the tan about two shades.

REVERSE ENGLISH—Remember how earnestly we rubbed on olive oil to induce a luscious tan? Well, now we just as earnestly rub off olive oil mixed with lemon juice to take it off. If your skin is not too sensitive, use this combination in equal proportions; otherwise use a proportion of three-quarters olive oil and one-quarter lemon. Smooth it into your skin before you go to bed and leave it on all night. If you have any extra time while you're at home, pat it on then, too. The nice part about this mixture is that the olive oil refines your skin at the same time that the lemon bleaches it.

TECHNICOLOR TRICKS—Paul Stanhope, Technicolor expert, has been telling me about the make-up he's been using on Carole Lombard in "Nothing Sacred." He won't let Carole use indelible lipstick because all of it won't rub off for the Technicolor make-up. And Carole is in a position to laugh at the rest of us who are trying frantically to bleach out our tan, because Mr. Stanhope forbade her to acquire a tan during the summer as it is almost impossible to cover it up before the color cameras.

Carole has a splendid beauty trick that she is letting me pass along to you girls who have strongly defined jaw lines. She powders along her cheek and jaw with a powder that is three or four shades darker than the shade she uses on the rest of her face. If your chin is seeing double, use a darker powder also on the spare one, to divert attention from it. You'll be very pleased with yourself when you see how the rest of your face is highlighted, and the jaw line softened.

I asked Carole how she made up her eyes, and this is what she told me. She uses a blue-gray shadow to accent the blue of her eyes, and she extends the crease of her upper lid about a quarter of an inch with a brown pencil and then draws a line from her lower lid out to meet it, thereby forming a triangle at the outside corner of her eye. She doesn't fill in this triangle or blend it in any way, but the very faint shadows formed by the delicate lines serve to highlight the ends of her eyes and make them appear longer.

I rushed home and tried this trick on myself and learned that it has to be done very carefully and the lines must be very faint, but it's worth all the trouble when you see the result. The tricky part is to be sure that (Continued on page 103)
THE STAR WHOM MONEY DOESN'T TEMPT

In the story of Jessie Matthews lies one of the most important secrets of happiness

BY MARIAN RHEA

It has always seemed strange to me that Jessie Matthews, Britain's famous dancing film star, beloved also by thousands of American fans, has never come to Hollywood. I knew certain studios had offered her far more than her salary at Gaumont British as inducement to appear in American pictures. I knew she must have been sorely tempted by these opportunities to claim the fame and fortune which only Hollywood can offer.

That is, I thought I knew. Now, I realize I was wrong. I am writing this in London. I have spent the past couple of days with frank-spoken, friendly Jessie. I have watched her work; have heard from her own lips reminiscences of the past and dreams of the future. I have had my preconceived ideas of her philosophy of happiness knocked into a cocked hat. I know now that, strange as it may seem to us who live in Hollywood and are saturated with its glamour, its excitement, its golden promise, to Jessie Matthews, the little h-dropping cockney girl who lifted herself high above her own class with the same blithe perseverance with which she mastered the king's English, wealth will never mean so much as love, nor fame be so precious as peace.

I found Jessie at lunch in the dining room at Pinewood Studios where Gaumont British is now housed. She was laughing at Nat Pendleton who had been brought from Hollywood to add an authentic touch to the rôle of an American gangster in Jessie's new picture, "Gangway."

"He has had a mammoth steak, three glasses of milk, apple pie and now he is eating a treacle pudding," she told me. "You Americans are funny, all right."

Jessie was wearing slacks, much as American stars do when they rush off the set at mealtime. Her heart-shaped face was clear-skinned and unlined under its make-up. Yes, those British complexions are beautiful! She looked about sixteen.

She introduced me to her husband,

(Continued on page 88)

She's Britain's favorite and America's most popular English star. On screen she is dazzling and giddy. But off screen she offers an example that might be profitably followed by glamour girls of Hollywood — or elsewhere.
HOLLYWOOD MORALS, IF ANY!

BY ERROL FLYNN

Third in a series by our Young Man About Hollywood showing Hollywood is neither East nor West but always itself

FROM what I hear, this must have been quite a town in the days before the Law of Publicity was brought west of Pasadena.

In those days men could pick fights and their women were glad to pick them up afterwards. Not only that, but I understand that they even had sex out here in the old days—great gobs of it—and, in their own naive way, they thought it was all pretty swell—grand climate, buxom wenches, two-fisted men and an easy living.

If a man wanted to get wall-eyed, by golly, he got wall-eyed and the citizenry lined Hollywood Boulevard in cheering thousands as he rolled home in a colorful if not pious manner.

The ladies ('bles's'em') seemed to feel that the salubrious subtropics of Southern California offered a perfect setup for Beatrice Grimbaw’s settings of South Sea love.

But I wouldn’t know anything about that. It was all long before my day in Hollywood and I resent it just a little. By the time I had arrived, full of the legends of high jinks in Movieland, the Missionaries had moved in and told Hollywood it was all wrong. Mr. Hays called the girls in and begged them to—please, for heaven’s sake—to forget about this sex business for a while.

Well, the first thing people knew, the Sweetness-and-Light Era had hit Hollywood with a bang. On top of that, they found out that they couldn’t stay on the screen and earn their living unless their moral and home life was at least a cut better than Cae-sar’s wife. After all, she was above suspicion, which was a lot more than you could say for the lads and lassies who first populated the studios. Maybe they were wrong—at least, the papers seemed to think so.

While all that was going on out here, I was rambling blissfully through the Islands among a race of people who hadn’t been taught that it was more blessed to be able to read and write than it was to enjoy life. The climate was warm and the girls really believed in getting a thorough suntan and a reasonable collection of husbands. The average price for a wife ran about three pigs per mate and everybody was thoroughly content with the whole setup.

But, before I left the Islands, I had seen the workings of civilization and tourist boats on those innocent people. I had seen cotton dresses with long sleeves slip over the astonished bronze bodies and I had seen the creation of jails to take care of the boys who liked a fight before breakfast—and all this to make the Islands safe for the easily shocked eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Tourist.

Much the same sort of thing hit Hollywood. It wasn’t missionaries equipped with Mother Hubbards so much as it was a sensational press that sent its circulation up by printing things that were only partially true and using salacious composographs to prove it, so that everybody started thinking that Hollywood must be worse, if anything, than they said.

Pretty soon the Hays Office stepped up waving a bunch of pictures of young ladies clad in scanties, panties, and smiles. Quite lovely, too, I may add. But it seems as though that was very bad for the young of the nation. Anyway, the Hays Office said, this will never do—why, it’s practically the same as sex and we’ve just found out how bad that is!

(Continued on page 92)
ABOUT three years ago a landmark in Hollywood’s treatment of sex appeared. It came at the very end of “The Thin Man.” Even before the end, the enchanted spectators were aware of something new in the movie world. They were seeing William Powell being rough and smart and openly affectionate toward Myrna Loy, and in that picture Powell and Loy were legitimately married.

Accustomed to the morals of the movies, the observer wondered what on earth Nick, the detective, hoped to gain by making love to his own wife; and what his wife was after, wasting her time being in love with her own husband. Yet the picture was pleasing. The mystery around which the plot was built wasn’t so much; but the atmosphere of lively and friendly back talk between man and wife, so obviously in love with one another, was fresh and delightful. (Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, who wrote the script, told me that when they started it, W. S. Van Dyke, the director, said to them, “I don’t care what else you do, but give me eight scenes between the man and his wife.” Mr. Van Dyke is a fine director.)

At the very end, when the case has been solved, Nick and his wife, and Asta, the dog, get on a sleeper to go somewhere (into the sequel, so to speak) and Asta, the dog, gets into the lower berth with Mrs. Nick, and Nick sweeps the dog up with one hand and deposits her in the upper berth. That’s all, but it is enough. It said the one thing about love which the movies had hesitated to say for twenty years.

In most of the “boycott” excitement of that year, “The Thin Man” was listed as “objectionable in spots.” I always thought I knew one of the spots—the best spot in the picture. Now Mr. and Mrs. Nick cracked at each

Banter in the snow in “Call of the Wild” sent love flying; the Powell-Loy “Thin Man” team tried a new technique and saved the day for sex other during most of their encounters, but their cracking was their way of making love. In most pictures, wit is used as a substitute for passion, and it is becoming a terrible nuisance. Your hero and heroine have hardly sprawled on the grassy bank of the river and observed the swans, when one of them lets loose a flight of fancy, and when they ought to be embracing as if their young lives depended on it (which is the case), they are making believe they are shipwrecked mariners who remember, incorrectly, some of Dorothy Parker’s moments of interest. Or they employ the new technique of love-making which consists of mutual insults. (You find it in songs, too: the songs in which you’re ugly and freckled and bad-tempered but I love you.) Or they get whimsical, and each tells the other the ten things most important in the world, including good coffee and the smell of burning autumn leaves and a dog. You may not recall it, but way up there in the Yukon, in

(Continued on page 76)
Welcome to beautiful Norma Shearer who bravely returns to her screen career again.

On this and the following pages Photoplay brings you Hollywood at its pictorial best.
ANITA LOUISE
The beauty of youth indelibly marks the fragile, Dresden China loveliness of Anita Louise. She might have stepped from the golden canvas of a Watteau, bearing her French heritage regally. But her amazing vitality belies the ethereal quality of her slender oval face. Her beauty secrets—p. 10

MARLENE DIETRICH
Hers is the beauty of allure, the undefinable, the mysterious. There are other more classic faces—but none more fascinating. It changes with her moods. One moment it's the face of Mona Lisa, the next that of a mischievous child. It's an enchantment that forces men to kneel at her shrine.
DOLORES DEL RIO
The exotic Latin, reminiscent of a Velasquez portrait, is typified in the mellowed ivory beauty of this convent-bred Mexican, with her finely chiseled nose and seductive lips. Restful, passive, gentle she is, but behind her glowing black eyes lies the restless spirit of her Spanish ancestry.

MADELEINE CARROLL
Irish bogs, Scotch heather, boxwood hedges, the crisp freshness of an English garden—Madeleine Carroll—whose golden beauty artist James Montgomery Flagg likens to a Romney portrait, perhaps because of the serene charm of her personality that is mirrored in the iris-blue eyes.

FOUR MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
Paul Muni, winner of this year's Academy Award, steps out and tops his "Louis Pasteur" performance with "The Life of Emile Zola." Born Muni Weisnerfreud in Lemberg, Austria, forty years ago; educated in U. S. A., regards himself 100% American; stage debuted at 11, became Ghetto idol at Yiddish Art Theater where he met and married Bella Finkel 16 years ago; speaks seven languages; is interested in politics—American and European; is a fine violinist and adroit boxer; likes prize fights, hates parties; has unsuspected sense of humor; collects dictionaries of all sizes; lives simply in a Spanish farmhouse in San Fernando Valley—a swimming pool is the only Hollywood touch; threatens to retire in two years.
Ginger's new home, with its swimming pool and tennis courts high atop Beverly Crest, was warmed when Hollywood's younger set turned out to help the hostess celebrate her 25th birthday. Top row: Andy and Mrs. Devine, Mary Brian, Ralph Forbes and Ginger's Mother standing behind Paula Stone. That's Lucille Ball, in her new autumn bonnet and gown, next to Ginger.

All photographs taken exclusively for PHOTOPLAY by Hyman Fink.

Field stone, shingles and stucco carry out the idea of an early day farmhouse.
Johnny Green

Betty Furness
There's no bar in Ginger's house—instead an honest to goodness soda fountain

Ralph Forbes

Lee Tracy

There's no bar in Ginger's house—instead an honest to goodness soda fountain

Warms HER HOUSE
SIREN

THEDA BARA 1915
Evil Woman, first chapter: the Vamp, who lured our hero to sin with "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair"

POLA NEGRE 1923
Came the little clerk from Berlin to do her bit for sin—with gestures. And Heil—today, in far-off lands, she marches on

CLARA BOW 1927
She twinkled instead of leered, drank gin instead of brandy, wiggled instead of writhed—and so the Flapper was born

GRETA GARBO 1928
The gilded drawing-room era: Sweden sent this spiritual siren from across the seas to raise seduction to the rank of soulful art
FROM BARA TO BARER

MARLENE DIETRICH 1932
But it was realism that counted, so the Blue Angel came down to earth minus her overskirt—and scored

MAE WEST 1934
Who proved that clothes don't make a lady; she done the hero more wrong than all her undraped predecessors.

DOROTHY LAMOUR 1937
Modern version is Youth, husky-voiced blues singer, product of night clubs. The Cause is ever with us!
FREDRIC MARCH

He changed his name from Bickel because it rhymed with pickle. He was in so many costume pictures he thought he'd have to go back to banking to wear a business suit again, until "A Star Is Born" came along. His performance in that was a film masterpiece. Now in "Nothing Sacred," Freddie plays his gayest rôle since the stage play which brought him fame. He's been blissfully married to Florence Eldridge for ten years. Wears a ring, third finger left hand, inscribed "No more beyond thine eyes".

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

The eight-year-old conqueror of all lands from Scotland to Japan was snapped off the set in her "Heidi" costume, looked so entrancing that the result emerged as an officially posed portrait. The top box-office star, with a $2,000,000 insurance policy, an engaging feminine habit of winking at her directors, and an enviable liking for spinach, she knows her film technique thoroughly. Neither prodigy nor protégée, she makes a disquieting amount of money by using her dimples and her head.
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A
LONDON LADY

Although she made her success in America, London will always be "home" to Merle Oberon. Her little three-storied house in Regent's Park, the most charming section of old London, reflects graciousness in every room—the tiny drawing room, with ever-burning coals in an open grate, containing her piano and picture of Norma Shearer, her best friend; the cocktail corner (the only American touch) in her bright dining room; and her lovely bedroom overlooking the park. Flowers are massed everywhere. You'll note that Merlie puts on a special fashion parade to show you through her home—a frilly negligee for her boudoir, an evening gown for the drawing room and a print for afternoon tea.
MR. HOWARD
GOES TO TOWN
Forgetting for the moment the ghost of Hamlet of N. Y.'s winter stage, Leslie Howard is at present starring in Warners' mad comedy, "It's Love I'm After." Cast as a matinee idol, he is in love with his leading lady, Bette Davis; pursued by an infatuated debutante, Olivia de Havilland. This role of a Shakespearean actor who dramatizes every off-stage situation in which he finds himself allows the Howard sense of the drama to have full play. With line technique, Mr. Howard is coldly impersonal, suavely self-possessed and dramatically frenzied at the proper times, never forgetting which profile to turn toward the camera. He even manages to point with poise. With Spring Byington, Eric Blore and Patric Knowles in the supporting cast, Warners are sure Howard will emerge a successful comedian. As security that he will, Mr. Howard himself offers these facts of his background: he likes detective stories, bouillons and beer, and what's more has stayed Shakespeare in London and N. Y.
Rancher Bing turned impresario to racing steeds this summer when he opened his track at Del Mar. They call him lazy—but when Crooner Crosby swings into action it takes strong men to keep pace. Besides his screen, radio and horse-breeding activities, he plays a daily round of golf; owns several oil wells; has holdings in a fish packing concern; is interested in a music publishing firm; owns half interest in a couple of prize fighters.
POWERHOUSE

It's a little hard to tell in such a short time, and with the young man keeping his educated mouth so firmly closed, but it's our prediction that Tyrone Power's old setup with Loretta Young will resume, now that Sonja Henie is abroad.

At this writing Sonja has been absent only a couple of weeks (Mr. Power spurred her on her way with a party at the Derby, where there is no dancing) and so far he has shown Loretta the Hollywood sights she knows so well three times, three moonlight-washed times.

INTERVIEW

On the Chief, westbound to Los Angeles, we dined and sipped recently with the highly engaging Walter Winchell, who is now a movie star and legitimate meat for this column.

You will not be surprised to know, nor were we, that his personal contracts with newspapers make him one of the most powerful men in the realm of journalism. It all began, he said, when he was working at $200 a week for an editor who made $250. Shortly afterward, W.W.'s option was taken up at $300.

The disgruntled editor thereupon went a little high-pressure. Next option time, Mr. Winchell asked for a new contract clause. No one in the organization, it said, would be allowed to make the Great Gossip unhappy—with Winchell as judge as to what (and who) constituted his unhappiness.

Now that editor, along with several others, is looking for a job. "I'm in no hurry about vengeance," said Mr. W. to me, "but I bid my time. Sooner or later the opportunity affords itself, and then. . . ." He cited other instances.

He told us, too, that Broadway is dead—which isn't exactly news. That Hollywood is the new entertainment center of things, which is hardly news either. That he feels his national editors (several hundred of them, if we remember) by printing columns about New York while he is in Movieland, and about Hollywood when he is East.

What interested us more than anything else was that the most confirmed New Yorker of them all had gone so completely Culver City—not emotionally, in the beret sense, but physically. He paid $100,000 for his new Beverly Hills house and knows it was too much but doesn't care.

SHIRLEY AS WIT

The Temple child's mental dimples are as refreshing as the ones at the corner of her mouth, even when her very adult humor is a sly poking of fun. We told you about the time she touched uniform-loving Vic McLaglen's chest and asked him if he had stuffed it with a pillow. Now comes another Parthian shot from the mouth that eats the breakfast cereal.

Hurrell, the photographer, it seems, was posing her for half a dozen pictures. The background was a vase of chrysanthsams so large an adolescent elephant could easily have hidden behind them. Hurrell fixed Shirley in this posture and that, time and again, and still was unsatisfied. He stood at last, exhausted, scratching his head.

Suddenly the voice of a weary, invisible Shirley came from behind the vase. "Don't
you think this one would be best? Then you wouldn't have hardly any trouble at all.

REPLY TO RUMOR

DULY we have reported the Robert Montgomery-Rosalind Russell feud, because the story of their mutual indifference to each other's fine qualities was a true story. Nevertheless, intelligent Mr. Montgomery, annoyed at the reports, has found the perfect method of rebuttal.

Thus we stood on a Metro set the other day, watching Rosalind Russell in intimate conversation with a lady of the press. Bob sidled over, stuck his head between theirs: "Bzz, bzz, bzz," he buzzed, "bzz, bzz, bzz. It's a lie! We adore each other."

Then pranced off, whistling Lohengrin.

HEAP PRETTY PAPOOSE, THOUGH

SOAPBOX orators whose forte is the subject of racial distinction should be having a kind of grateful orgy by this time about the outcome of the William Boyds plan to adopt a half-breed Navajo baby. The newlyweds (she was Grace Bradley) discovered the pretty little Indian child on a reservation, thought it was cute, and decided to bring it home. They got the Big Chief's consent, applied for Washington's official approval, and telephoned Mrs. Boyd's mother of their idea.

Mrs. Bradley thereupon put down her foot. While not a snob, she felt apparently that there are limits—and," she added as an afterthought, "it wouldn't be fair to the child."

After this crypticism the young couple decided she was right, returned crestfallen and alone to civilization. The baby, to the best of our knowledge, is still crying indignantly in its tepee.

GOSSIP BARGAIN SALE

A LONG time ago, when the Jazz Age was new and there were such things as flappers and people were just learning about speakeasies, a girl named Jean Acker accomplished the thing every American woman wanted to do: she married Rudolph Valentino. As his leading woman, and later, after his death, she made a great deal of money—almost half a million dollars. The 1929 debacle took that away from her. Last week we spoke to her at the Selznick studios, where she had worked before under a long-term contract as a star. Now she's a dress extra; and the thing that got us was that she had no tale of woe... Dorothy Peterson reports a new kind of burglar. This one drove up to her front door (followed by a caravan of cars laden with gay, shouting people), jimmied a window, and threw a wild party that lasted all night. They ate her food but considerably brought their own liquor; however, Dorothy had to wash the dishes and empty the ash trays. Her night watchman saw the windows ablaze, heard the racket, but says he thought Miss Peterson had come home from the beach and was throwing the bender herself. Tactful person... Grace Moore, who we see by the papers, has won a major battle which has been going on for weeks between her and Columbia Studios. She will not, she announces triumphantly, sing "The St. Louis Blues" in her next picture.

DOWN IN FRONT

SUNDAY tennis addicts have lately come storming to us, via telephone and letter and in person, to complain about Marlene Dietrich and Constance Bennett who—complain the complainers—have no respect for the Prince of Games.

Did not Miss Dietrich attend the Frank Shields tournament recently and obstruct the view of persons behind by standing and shouting at her bodyguards? Did she not stumble across the hitched-aside knees of indignant watchers during the most exciting period of play, in order to fetch for daughter Maria an ice-cream cone? Did she not stand again, and search amongst spectators for familiar faces? Apparent motivations: 1: Fear. 2: Mother love. 3: Curiosity.

Also, at another game, did Miss Bennett take her pet dog for a stroll across the courts while the entire gallery was wondering who would take what set, with what technique, from what opponent? Motivation: Kindness to animals.

We don't know, because we weren't there to see. Our only thought is that if these things are true, perhaps Miss Dietrich and Miss Bennett were wearing new dresses. And after all.

OF FONTAINE AND ASTAIRE

It looks as if that young vice-consul in Seattle has said his farewell to happiness. When his best girl, Joan Fontaine, came to him and said very frankly that she couldn't decide between a career and marriage, he told her to try the career first—hoping that somehow love would win.

He gambled and lost. Joan won't be going back.

We were standing idly in a corner of the set when this new and very charming starlet reported for her first dance rehearsal—with Fred Astaire, by the way. Fred saw her nervousness and walked over, smiling. "Joan, I hope you'll be patient with me," he said. "I can tap but when it comes to ballroom dancing I'm probably the world's worst." Which was so palpable a misstatement that Joan started to laugh, and thereafter lost her nerves.

For this kind of conduct we must cheer Mr. Astaire heartily, but for another thing he did in Kansas City we have only the wagging finger and the amused eyebrow. Between trains he discovered a three-for-a-quarter picture machine and, on an elfin impulse, slid inside, dropped coin in a slot, smiled at camera, pulled at lever.

Out rolled three of those weird reproductions. You've seen the kind of thing. We know he got his money's worth, because a week ago, pasing at the same machine on our way to the Coast, we saw the pictures, enlarged and pasted against the wall. A sign read, "HAVE YOUR PORTRAIT TAKEN HERE. FRED ASTAIRE DID."

Surely all these Hollywood years must have taught him that photographs have to come from negatives.


A friend named Schofield, who at present is vegetating quietly at Elkhorn Lodge in Colorado's Estes Park, wrote us in New York. "The village," writes Mr. Schofield, "was comfortably excited recently about the (Continued on page 80)
A star can't even buy shoes without Hymie popping at her. Glenda Farrell tried but Hymie saw her first.

See how chic that smart Shearer girl is even when just attending a casual preview with the Charles Boyers.

Hollywood husband and wife stuff. Bob waits while Mrs. Montgomery fixes her dress, and pretty bored, too.

One-punch Taylor on the night he socked the cop for mauling Barbara Stanwyck at the preview of "Stella Dallas." Barbara's still holding her wrist which was twisted in the melee.
An experiment has been successful—
a new day dawns—here’s the
good news by our Hollywood herald

To be in color, or not to be in color? That is the question, this early Autumn of 1937. And the answer is increasingly “Yes.” Hollywood’s next revolution is on the way.

It’s getting so that you can’t talk to any star without hearing a sales talk for color. It’s even getting so that a producer can’t plan a picture that he likes, without fearing that you might like it better in color. That’s why,

SHIVER our timbers! Yowsh—right in the middle of all the heat and the humidity and everything, we have to report a definite chill rattling the knees of Radio Row in Hollywood. It may be all over by the time you read this—just a bad dream—but for a while—well, Hollywood Hotel and the Lux Radio Theater and all the big airwaves depending on guest movie stars had that funny feeling you get when you eat green apples.

What happened was this: M-G-M dallied with a big soap peddler to stage a weekly program with its stars. If the deal went through it meant that all the happy family of big-name stars in Culver City couldn’t wiggle, warble, wisecrack or wail into any other mike. In short, it meant curtains for promiscuous guest-starring by Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Myrna Loy, Bill Powell, and so on down the long, large list.

Such excitement! You can imagine the headaches. Especially when Bill Bacher, who used to produce Hollywood Hotel, turned up with a seven-year contract at Metro. “The studios are taking over radio in Hollywood!” was the cry. But it turned out there were some lumps in the deal and our private undercover agent reports that Louis B. Mayer stamped a decisive “Nix” on the whole idea, just before he sailed on the S.S. Rex for Europe. So you can relax. But it’s still a case of heavy, heavy hangs over thy head in this neighborhood. Whereupon we move the question: is it the handwriting on the well-known wall? Will the big studios combine with commercial interests for their own radio shows? Time will tell, we hope.

With Louella Parsons in Europe, daughter Harriet held the hoops for Bob Taylor,
this month, for the first time in Hollywood history, three big pictures are being filmed simultaneously by color cameras. A new day is definitely dawning in Hollywood. And the dawn is in Technicolor.

Paramount, latest studio to be converted, is the bravest of them all. Sea pictures are notoriously difficult to make. But Paramount goes to sea with color cameras. And we go along, to check up on the experiment.

The principal participants in the experiment are Oscar Homolka, Frances Farmer, Ray Milland, Lloyd Nolan and Barry Fitzgerald. You may never have heard of Homolka. But you will. He may be new to Hollywood (this is his first picture here), but he is one of Europe's great actors. He looks like competition for Paul Muni.

The occasion for the experiment is "Ebb Tide," a film adapted from the Robert Louis Stevenson story. It is no idyllic South Seas romance. It is melodramatic adventure. In the Stevenson version of the story, there is no girl. But Homolka knew that Hollywood would get sex into it somewhere, and he was a bit worried about results. He insisted on seeing the final shooting script before signing his contract. He wanted to know what the girl would be doing. It must be that the addition of a feminine character doesn't damage the story, for here is Homolka starring in a Hollywood future on a color debut in "Ebb Tide."

The outdoor scenes are being filmed at Santa Catalina Island, notorious for its fog, which have grayed many a directorial head.

Director James Hogan has grayish hair to begin with, which gives him a head start on the fog. Besides this, he has Irish luck. For three weeks before the company arrives, a camera crew tries to photograph sea vistas and is foiled by fog. Hogan appears, and the fog vanishes until he finishes.

By a lonely, tortuous dirt road, which winds around mountains, sometimes on precipices hundreds of feet above the Pacific, we reach Little Harbor on the sea side of the island. Here are two locations.

Little Harbor is a double cove. One arm of the cove is Tehua in the South Seas—a gray sand beach with long white rollers pounding down on it. The other arm is the small harbor of a small uncharted island in mid-Pacific, clear green water choked with brown seaweed. Outside, sailless, silhouetted against bright blue sky, rides an old three-masted schooner—the principal setting of the picture.

With no difficulty whatsoever, we get South Sea fever. And with no difficulty whatsoever, Hogan seems to be getting what he wants. He has the Technicolor camera moved all over the place, despite its six hundred pounds.

We see the scene that gives Hogan his (Continued on page 70)

ON THE AIR

Bombs shattered the midsummer lethargy of West Coast "airaides"

— but no casualties reported

Eleanor Powell, Judy Garland, George Murphy and Sophie Tucker to hop through the night of the Hollywood Hotel preview of "Broadway Melody of 1938." (Imagine Sophie hopping through a hoop! Something's wrong there!) Harriet had to hire an extra cop for all the talent. They usually get by with two harness bulls at the CBS Hotel airush, but Boy Taylor still pulls like a por- pluster. That guy's been hustled around from nico to nite so much lately he almost yawns when she gives him the cue. Very nonchalant he was, but potent, which goes for the whole show, although Eleanor Powell told us she enjoyed the "Born to Dance" airush a lot more. Seems her arches have been troubling her and she has to wear low heels. Well—you know how much fun it is to step out formally in ground-grippers. The gal who seemed to enjoy herself most that night was Sophie Tucker. And who do you suppose hauled down the most ovation thunder? Beautiful Bob? Nossir. Shoutin' Sophie!

Hollywood Hotel, all in all, enjoyed a brisk business this past moon, starting with the return of Dapper Dick Powell in "The Singing Marine." The original curly-headed boy of the Hotel, Dickie almost plunged the poor harried script scribblers into a state of nerves, but Dick put on a good show and was darned nice to Jerry Cooper, the gent who's currently filling his former boots thereabouts. Professional jealousies give us the yawns, anyway. Everybody gets his—so what—say we?

For instance, when Franchot Tone played the ham in that dramatic sandwich, "Between Two Women" (purely a figure of speech, Franchot—put down that gun) Joan, the Crawford, might conceivably have stewed into a jealous jelly. You know, with Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan playing the winnin' and Franchot the "Be- tween." Instead, just a short spell before the zero hour a messenger boy hopped up on the stage and handed Maureen and Beauteous Bruce a couple of gardenia corsages and Philanderin' Franchot a nice red carnation. "Oh, oh," said F. Tone, "here comes a present from my gal." Right he was; it was Joan doing her good deed for the day. Nice?

SPEAKING of marital felicity, good deeds, loving mates and stuff, we'll just have to re- port on the progress of the Make-Eline Bar-

(Continued on page 97)
JEANETTE MacDonald’s first venture into musical comedy without the aid of Nelson Eddy proves a point: M-G-M can, after all, use another romantic male lead for its operettas. In this case it is handsome, tenor-voiced Alain Joffes. "The Firefly" is an expensively mounted, well-photographed, spectacular production in which Miss MacDonald somehow manages to be more beautiful than ever. The story has cohesion and unity. There are faults which at times overshadow the brilliance of the picture. Face is slow and uneven and dialogue is often saccharine. These things, however, merely accentuate the picture’s many valid beauties of sight and sound.

Studio writers realized that the story’s factual content might be made sharply significant at this time when dictators are assuming Napoleon-like roles in the current Spanish chess, and drastically altered the original musical play. Jeanette MacDonald is seen in the rôle of a Madrid café singer who becomes a secret agent for Spain at the time of Napoleon’s invasion. Among the French officers who is Jeanette’s rival in espionage, fails deeply in love with the singer and follows her to France. The lovers quarrel and separate. They meet again when Spain throws off Napoleon’s yoke.

The entire picture is sentimental fantasy and as such is refreshing without a moral message. It doesn’t give you something to think about—but at any rate, it’s genuinely good entertainment.

THE most important thing about Mr. Wanger’s newest spectacle is the color in which it is filmed. True, the picture is an enormous pageant, a great fashion parade of future styles; but without the value of sheer beauty in hue it would have to be set aside as merely a lush orgy of expensive production.

Never has Technicolor proved itself so screen-worthy. Mechanically perfect, the priss lemon-juice shade and tone so masterfully blended that you don’t care whether or not there is a story. For those who insist on unity, there is a hatching thread of a plot which offers Warner Baxter as a dressmaker, Helen Vinson as his wife; he backfires her in a show, which fails, and to recoup he plunges again into the gown business with debutante Joan Bennett to help.

Mischa Auer mouths his way through the entire film, and besides famous models there are Alma Kruger and Jerome Cowan, for your amusement.

HAVER found his formula for the box-office return perfect. Darryl Zanuck apparently has set his great plant in motion to turn out as many gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedies as the world market will absorb each month. "You Can’t Have Everything" is a good example of this. Brilliantly art-directed, it presents a truly sure-fire plot in a trivially white-the-hell kind of dress; its good song numbers are well sung, well played; its gags are funny; it has Don Ameche and Alice Faye for love and sex content, and Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee before her marriage to Cinema) for just sex.

There is little need to describe the story in detail, since you know it well and obviously are a pushover for it; certainly this reviewer is. As ever was, you will feel sorry for poor little gorgeous Alice, who brings her dismal first playwriting effort to New York and you will weep for her hardships and applaud spunk Don Ameche for helping her out, and you will hiss exotic Miss Hovick for trying to seduce everybody.

Those Ritz Brothers, the zanies, gallop throughout every reel and are hysterically amusing. Charles Winninger does nice work; Miss Faye is lovely and in good voice; but the big surprise is fully clothed Louise Hovick. Not only is she a good actress but she has created a new character; a sympathetic, rather funny, female heavy.

Best melody: “Please Pardon Us, We’re in Love.”
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Artists and Models — The Firefly
Soul at Sea
Stella Dallas — That Certain Woman
You Can’t Have Everything
Vogues of 1938 — Varsity Show
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air
The Sheikh Steps Out — It’s Love I’m After
Gangway

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jack Benny in "Artists and Models"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Stella Dallas"
Gary Cooper in "Soul at Sea"
George Raft in "Souls at Sea"
Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly"
Allan Jones in "The Firefly"
Bette Davis in "It’s Love I’m After"
Leslie Howard in "It’s Love I’m After"
Jessie Matthews in "Gangway"

THE SHEIK STEPS OUT — Republic

FROM any standpoint, you will find this exciting, deeply moving entertainment. However, with the exception of a few extraordinary scenes and the highly satisfactory photography, it is not the super- lative epic of men and sea and emotion Paramount has promised these many months. After such a beautiful build-up, it’s a little disappointing to find that "Souls at Sea" is just another good picture.

Gary Cooper and George Raft are an excellent team, each playing with reticence and a kind of grim humor the role assigned: Cooper is a seaman who is drawn into the slave trade, which he hates and secretly works against; Raft is his simple but fiercely loyal friend. The British government discovers Cooper’s attitude, commissions him to strike the fatal blow against slavery. On his way to America, with a shipload of people who individually are worked into the story, the boat blows up; Cooper realizes that only a few can be saved in the one remaining tender and ruthlessly kills the rest. His subsequent trial for murder is the suspense motif of the film.

Performances throughout by almost every cast member are superlative. Frances Dee, as the girl Cooper loves, is appealing and Olympe Bradna, romance item in Raft’s life, laugh through her tears with effect. Nevertheless you will find mis-representation and inconsistency in production, many interwoven subplots unfinished at the abrupt ending, and a confusion of attitude in the court trial.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

W HEN this was produced as "The Trespasser" nine years ago, with Gloria Swanson as the certain woman, it sent American audiences into hysterical tears and made a fortune. Now, in a cleaner version, with Bette Davis exerting every ounce of her undeniable ability to turn sheer melodrama into legitimate emotion, the picture still is pointed at womankind who want a workout for the tear ducts.

Miss Davis is the widow of a slain gangster, who gets a job as secretary to Len Hunter, and falls in love with charmer, the almost-sexual Henry Fonda. The young lovers elope and get an hour or so together before Fonda’s stern and snobbish father appears on the scene. Thence the story is one of unhappiness for Bette and of regeneration for Henry.

No one ever had so much tough luck as he has in this picture. Her married boss falls in love with her and has the brass to die in her apartment; she has a baby; Henry gets married to another woman who then is kidnaped in an accident; and Miss Davis relinquishes her child. As a matter of fact the last three reels are antilimelight因为 you keep expecting Bette to commit suicide. Nor could you blame her.

This is a case of many superior performances almost lost in a welter of story. Little Dwan Day is caught in an unconscious action which creates almost the only laugh in the entire humorless piece.

☆ SOULS AT SEA — Paramount

MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR — Warners

A SIDE from its worth as an amusing comedy, this is interesting for two major reasons: it introduces charming Benny Baker, of other fame, to the screen as a star, and it is a remake of C. B. Kel- land’s "The Great Crooner," which reached the screen three or four years ago. Many of you will remember the first version and feel that such haste was ungenerous.

Baker is cast as the strawberry festival singer who hits the big time, and falls in love. The girl is Jane Wyman. Among other activities she saves his radio patents, disappears while he makes up his mind about marriage, and reappears in his home town after he returns disillusioned.

With his excellent voice, Baker is a "find."

☆ ARTISTS AND MODELS — Paramount

AFTER terrible fanfare and one of the best advertising publicity campaigns of the year, Paramount’s "Artists and Models," directed with gusto by Raoul Walsh, emerges from the cutting room as a better than usual musical, its revues presented with originality and its story mercifully glossed with song and Jack Benny’s urbane comedy. Each reel is crowded with personalities that almost obscure each other attempting to be seen and heard.

Benny is presented as the engaging but screwball owner of an advertising agency with more bills than business. His task is to find a queen of the Artists’ Ball and at the same time please Richard Arlen, millionaire table-silver magnate. Both Ida Lupino, professional model, and Gail Patrick, socialite, want the honor, and the story of their fight to get it wanders vaguely through the hash of songs and numbers. The four-sided romance is too involved to untangle here.

Miss Lupino, Arlen, the very smooth Miss Patrick, and Judy Canova, a kind of hillbilly combination of Putty Kelly and Martha Raye, all do exceptional work. Martha herself has a specialty song, "Public Melody Number One," with Louis Armstrong’s hot trumpet accompanying her. Other headlines include: Andy Kostelanetz and Connie Boswell, Ben Blue, The Yacht Club Boys and their madhhouse songs, a bevy of famous artists and models. The dance routines, especially the waltz waltz, are knockout. Best song: "Whispers in the Dark."
**PHOTOPLAY**

**Fashions**

Deeply décolleté is Carole Lombard's gown of heavy brilliant black satin designed by Travis Banton. Tiny shoulder straps give a new look of simplicity and lightness to the formal elegance of the material.
In "It's All Yours," Madeleine Carroll wears this superb evening gown, designed by Kalloch. Striped silver lamé flows suavely from neck to hem, silhouetted against the gun-metal lining of the lamé cape. White fox frames the cape softly. A new coiffure shows curls high on Madeleine’s beautiful head and low on her neck, and a diamond ornament crowns them. Diamond and sapphire bracelet and pin add drama to the gown.
Divinely tall is Barbara Stanwyck in a gown of heavy white crepe roma made for her by Edward Stevenson, RKO designer, to wear in "A Love Like That." Her rhythmic overskirt is of white fringe which falls from the shoulder yoke. A double clip of diamonds and sapphires blazes at her throat. Her sandals are of crepe.
Ginger Rogers looks demure as a dryad in her Muriel King creations for "Stage Door." Water-green marquisette (above) is draped over an underdress of bright green, and under both is a light-blue satin slip. Two cellophane flowers catch the iridescence of the gown coloring. A tailored ermine cape with shoulder peaks is Ginger's choice as wrap. From the same picture is a turquoise-blue faille (right). Delft-blue and dark-brown faille band the hemline of the skirt and form double epaulets. The brown band is continued to form a girdle. The bodice has the fitted look so good this season.
Also, in "Stage Door," Ginger wears a cinnamon-brown crepe roma, left, by the same designer. The skirt is slashed at all four seams and the short bolero is lined with lemon yellow, its facing turned back to form cuffs and revers. The girdle is of lemon-yellow velvet, burnt orange and brown. Piping of the same shades edges the jacket. A fingertip cape (below) of red fox is a perfect wrap for Ginger's spice gown.
In "First Lady" Kay Francis wears an Orry Kelly designed evening dress and cape of dove-grey satin with a crepe back. The low swinging cowl starts from the shoulders and falls to the floor. The crushed satin girdle is buckled in mother-of-pearl. The cape is made with the crepe surface showing and the cowl in the back falls to the knees, emphasizing the narrow swirl round the feet.

The clever sets below are Kay's choices in accessories: first, a huge black antelope bag, antelope shoes designed by Aprile and hand-stitched white gloves; a blonde alligator skin bag with slide fastener closing under its cutout handle matches simple pumps of the same skin; Orry Kelly designed a wide belt to be worn with her Aprile designed pumps. The matching bag by John-Frederics.
In "Artists and Models" Ida Lupino, left, wears a pale coral nightgown of soft satin with a yoke of real lace. Over this is a short negligee of deeper coral velvet, weighted with white fox and tied at the throat with coral satin ribbon. Below, Myrna Loy plays the rôle of a dressmaker in "Double Wedding." Adrian has dressed her in a perfect suit of navy woolen and white piqué. She is inspecting Florence Rice who wears an Adrian wedding gown of gray-blue satin embroidered in bugles. The Sphinx-like drapery of the headdress matches the gown and from it streams the long gray-blue tulle veil in misty bridal folds.
The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 104.

Wool jersey in olive or dark green, royal blue or natural makes a delightful dress for Betty Grable, above left, playing in "This Way, Please." The bodice is surplice and buttons in the back. The skirt radiates sunburst pin tucks. A brown suede belt has a charming buckle of squares piped in gold kid.

Velveteen is a "must," so Betty chooses one from a range of three shades, soft dull raspberry red, blue and green. It is in one piece with a high-fitted bodice, crossed into a V neckline. Short sleeves are shirred into open circles. Self-belt, red and blue flowers with green leaves trim the dress.

Clever cutting characterizes the bodice of this heavy satin-back crepe frock, right, which comes in pine green, black or bronze. Folds are pulled up to the throat and turned under. From them casual folds circle the neck. Deep fringe sways at the hemline. The crepe belt has four diamond hearts.
With bright plaid reversible lining, this ulster is made in heavy, soft woolen coating. It comes in brown, gray or black, all with hairy overlay. There are slash side pockets and widish shoulders. There is a self-scarf which may be worn as an ascot or tucked in. It is semilined in silk.

To be had in black, deep blue or richly glowing red velvet, this frock has the new longer waistline, achieved by close fitting. It is beltless, of course. Short sleeves show thick shirring above the elbow. Rhinestone buttons and lingerie collar lend chic to this smartest of velvet dresses.

Pat Paterson, playing in "52nd Street," wears this smart sideswiped hat, top, with its crown hand-stitched in cream silk. A grosgrain ribbon crosses the top and fringed ribbon runs through the slit brim. An off-the-face is a brimmed felt with a natural quill darting through two slits (above left). Grosgrain ribbon is folded round the crown and ends in a flat bow, with tabs, in the back. Right, is a new edition of the ever-popular beret. Grosgrain ribbon comes through two slits in the stitched crown and falls in six loops, held in the center with a twist of several shades. To be worn pulled well forward. Colors: black, brown, navy, zinnia rust, Mayfair gray, ruby wine, hunting green, porto red.
MOLLY,

The story that fits:

THERE seemed to be nothing hopeful in Molly Drexel’s future after she and her other actress friends, Lily, Musette and Julia, lost their positions as servants on the Long Island estate of John Graham. Once the best-loved actress on Broadway, Molly, realizing what her lack of roles meant, had, in desperation, taken the job as housekeeper for the millionaire. Under the name of “Mrs. Bunch” she had gained the confidence of the widower and his son Jimmy, had managed to bring up their rather dreary household.

She had not forgotten her other old-time stage friends, however. One by one, she had secured staff positions for Lily, Musette, Julia and Ronnie Burgess, a former playwright also out of work. But when, in trying to shield Jimmy from his father’s wrath after a particularly risky escapade, she had been forced to misrepresent herself to Mr. Graham, she and the rest of the staff, except Peabody, the butler, had lost their jobs. Together they had returned to New York, where Peabody later sent them word that Mr. Graham and Jimmy had departed for Europe.

Watching Molly through a long siege of illness had made Ronnie determined to try something that would, perhaps, lessen her suffering, and give them all another chance at success. So he wrote his play, “Higher Than High,” incorporating into the plot all the events of the life on Long Island, and drawing all the characters true to life, even to Daisy, the Saint Bernard pup who was so dear to Molly’s heart.

When the troupe started out gallantly to try their luck in the small New England towns before their Broadway opening, Peabody, who as Harry Philips had known them all many years before, agreed to throw up his job as Graham’s butler and play a role too.

The small-town audiences, remembering the Molly Drexel of long ago, applauded her enthusiastically when the play opened. As far as the tryouts went, it promised to be a huge success. But it was the anxiously awaited Broadway opening night that actually would decide their fate. Would Broadway damn this play, or like it, laugh at its heroine or at her? Molly, honestly, did not know.

Next comes Molly’s story:

A FEW of the critics did damn the play as being too sentimental, but the audience, figuratively held out their arms to Molly, and almost overnight she was the most talked-of personality in New York. Advertising firms sought her endorsements on well-known products; she was offered fantastic sums to balloon, over the radio, the virtues of face creams or soaps or automobiles, and she had received at least three imposing offers from Hollywood.

“Now don’t think this is going to swell me up any,” she said one night, as her friends gathered in her dressing room. “It only makes me realize how precarious anyone’s success is. We’ve got our feet on the ladder again, but it’s always greased and any moment we’re apt to slide off.”

One evening, as Molly sat perusing the late afternoon papers, she read that John Graham and his son had returned from England and were spending a few weeks at one of the fashionable Long Island Yacht Clubs.

“Oh, my stars!” Molly exclaimed, in distress. “Suppose he happens to hear about the play? Do you think he’ll come to it?”

“What if he does?” Lily answered, sharply. “Then he’d get a good squat at himself. Might do him some good, the old grouch!”

Molly said nothing more about it, but deep in her heart she felt that Ronnie had not been quite fair to John Graham in drawing his character. She wondered if she ought to write to Graham and explain about the play. She started a letter, found that she could not put her feeling into words, then gave up the idea entirely and hoped that he would never see the play.

For weeks Molly felt strangely uneasy. Often, through the peephole in the curtain she would scan the audience, half afraid that he might be there.

“Our friend, Mr. Graham, is back,” Julia remarked, loftily, as she drifted into Molly’s dressing room at the theater during a matinee. “How I’d love to have him come to my tea today! He’d adore it!”

“I’m sure he’d be nuts about it,” Lily cut in, caustically. “He’s just the social type.”

Molly said nothing, but her mind still was troubled. “I suppose, Julia, you’ve got a swank crowd coming to the tea?” she inquired, eager to change the subject.

“My dear, the list reads like a page from the Blue Book,” Julia replied, with a large expansive gesture in the direction of Lily.

“No, not much about it, knowing your aversion to social functions.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t be there!” Lily snapped.

A sigh of relief escaped from Julia as she swept majestically from the dressing room.
BLESS HER

Molly looked at Lily reprovingly. "That would be our bad luck, Lil. Who under the sun could really fill her place? The grander Julia gets, the funnier she is without knowing it. I only hope she continues to give her all to art. She was brought up in the days when it was considered elegant for an actress to chew up the scenery, and she can't get over it. She's a riot, and the laughs she gets is the answer to it."

"Nuff said," Lily agreed. "I get your point now."

She put her arm affectionately around Molly. "I'll keep my trap shut! You're such a wise old bird, hon, you always know all the answers."

Molly knew that Julia would want her to look her best at the tea, and she took unusual care while selecting a gown and hat from her wardrobe. As she glanced into the mirror, she smiled at herself. Quite a contrast to the Mrs. Bunch of the Graham era, she thought. Her hair now was beautifully dressed and she wore just enough make-up to enhance the natural beauty of her eyes. Her gown was a chic Carnegie and her hat the latest Nicole model, while two well-matched Russian sables and a smart bag completed the costume.

"Julia won't be able to call this outfit 'dowdy,'" she remarked to Ronnie, who stopped her on her way out of the theater.

"Holy mackerel! Molly, you look like a fashion plate! Why—why, you're positively stunning!"

Though she appeared to scorn his praise, Molly had mentioned all the way to the Plaza Hotel, and thought how grand life was, after all. She stepped out of her new car and said, "Hello, boys!" to the liveried doormen. As she walked through the lobby, people turned and, recognizing her, smiled and bowed. Molly flashed a beaming smile at them. Then, when the young girl in the newsstand called, eagerly, "Oh, Miss Drexel, would you mind autographing my album?" she answered, pleasantly, "Love to!"

(Continued on page 90)

THE WOMAN WHO WILL PLAY MOLLY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

FRANCES MARION had finished writing "Molly, Bless Her," the story she conceived as a tribute to the memory of her friend, Marie Dressler.

She sat at luncheon one day in the Metro commissary, with Gloria Swanson and Ida Koverman, sometimes called Louis Mayer's secretary, but more often his right hand. A woman entered, blonde, generously built, smiling. She was hailed right and left, her progress interrupted by cries of: "Hi, Soph! How goes it, Tucker?" She stopped for a word here, a quip there, a friendly salute to a distant corner. As she neared the table, Mrs. Koverman called to her: "Come sit with us, Soph. Do you know Sophie Tucker, girls?"

Her meal was hit-or-miss. Beside her plate lay a batch of tickets for some charity entertainment. Her eyes roved the lunchroom, "Excuse me—there's a guy over there I've got to tackle." Her tomato juice turned warm and her coffee cold while she parleyed.

After the tenth interruption, Mrs. Koverman reconstituted. "Can't you eat in peace and sell your tickets later?"

"The food's got more patience than the customers," Sophie chuckled.

All this time, Miss Marion had been watching Sophie intently, saying little but noting the warm deep voice with its undertone of laughter, the blue eyes you would trust on sight, the effortless vitality, the smile—what somebody has called "Sophie's all-over smile; it starts from the heart and spreads out till it covers the face"—above all, the good will she sheds as naturally as the sun sheds light.

Frances Marion came out of her trance. "There's Molly," she said, eyes on Miss Tucker.

"Sophie," Miss Tucker corrected her absent-mindedly.

But the writer had turned to Ida Koverman. "Tell Mr. Mayer there's Molly, and nobody else can play her."

"Who's Molly, what's Molly?" demanded the bewildered actress.

SOPHIE TUCKER

Only one who had met life with a ready smile and the unfailing courage that was Marie Dressler's could play Molly. And Frances Marion found her in the woman who once helped Marie through a crucial test

"I'll send you a book about her," Miss Marion promised.

The book came. It was inscribed: "To the one woman Marie Dressler would be happy to have play the part of Molly." Reading it, Sophie Tucker discovered who and what Molly was. "She didn't eat much that night and her heart kept jumping up and down during the days that followed. An entertainer of proven brilliance, working for Metro in "Broadway Melody of 1938," she hadn't the nerve to put inquiries afoot.

"You're a greenhorn in this business," she told herself. "The part's probably too good for you. Anyway, don't pester them. If they want you, they'll send for you."

Sam Katz, studio executive, sent her.

"He had the same cute little smile on his face," Sophie says, "as when I used to work for him in the ten-cent theaters in Chicago."

"If you were an ingénue," he began. "I'd be afraid to tell you. But you're sensible, Sophie, so—we've just bought 'Molly, Bless Her' for you."

Sensible Sophie dropped into the nearest chair and burst into tears.

Sophie Tucker's life touched Marie Dressler's at one point only. They knew of each other, as do all top liners in the amusement world, but they'd never met. Yet when Marie needed such help as an experienced café singer could give her, it was to Sophie she turned.

At a time when funds were desperately low, a café engagement turned up. Sophie was playing in vaudeville. Before the performance one evening she answered a knock at her dressing-room door, and there stood Marie.

Greetings over, the story came pouring out. "What am I going to do? I've never been on the floor in my life," said Marie.

(Continued on page 94)
Deanna Durbin, star of "100 Men and a Girl," sets out for school in a soft wool, single-breasted swagger coat (far left) and an off-the-face hat. Or in a "teens" suit with a wool jacket of dark green-and-brown plaid. Her skirt is beige flannel, her shoes and bunch bag brown suede, her socks green. Below, her wash dress is navy printed in red and white. White rickrack outlines pocket tabs and a scarlet zipper ends with two red pompons. Lower left, she goes Scotch in a dark-red velvet jacket and scarlet pleated skirt. The cap is red velvet banded in plaid.
Although three-year-old Joan LeSueur sets up a howl when she sees her famous aunt on the screen, she’s playing a scene with big Joan in “The Bride Wore Red”

Joan Crawford—the Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star

(Continued from page 26)
real love of learning. Her whole life proved that. No matter how hard she worked—she had a good brain and got good marks. She went on to school when a job not nearly so hard would have given her more money and free-
dom. She went to college, where there wasn’t a thing on earth to send her but her own wish to learn—and always she had the funds. She never put her hands into the pockets of her friends, who paid their ways.

As she climbed that steep ladder to stardom, she continued reading, Reading, Studying. Improving her own taste for literature and for music. Finding.
SMART SUEDES
ON OUR
Synchronic last-

Sheathing the foot with glamourous color—adding romance to costumes for fall—QUEEN QUALITY dramatizes the new importance of footwear beneath the shorter skirts of fashion. These shoes, made over synchronic lasts, are synchronized with the moving foot and pre-tested on living models to give precision fit.

QUEEN QUALITY SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.
Division of International Shoe Co.
PARIS has not spoken as to the new silhouette, as I write this, and Paris is important. But Hollywood cannot wait for Paris. Hollywood dreams its own dreams and realizes its own realities and its audience is the far-flung world, so that seems to make it pretty important. Rumors may get about as to a new low waistline, but Hollywood does it and photographs it, making it a concrete fact. More than that, it parades it before you on a famous beauty so that you may see it in action and decide as to whether you like it or not before you go shopping.

This change in silhouette has brought a new jolt to the girl who has been annoyed about that roll, small or definite, above her girdle top, but has been too lazy or something to do anything about it. Now she has to, for if she does not the new silhouette is not for her. She must buy her undergarments with the lowered waistline, and that long, sleek line, unbroken from armpit to hip in mind. Even where the waistline remains at normal there is a nipped-in look at the belt, which must not be a sudden nip, with bulges above and below, but a graduated tapering, feminine and attractive. Of course, the bustline must be high, otherwise the effect is spoiled. So put new undergarments at the top of your list when you plan your fall wardrobe and Sally forth with authority and the thrill of being prepared for refreshing, up-to-the-minute clothes.

Furs beggar description this year, in their magnificence. Silver foxes are used not only for evening splendor but as casually belted coats, worn as the good old opossum used to be displayed. What is there about even one silver fox that makes its wearer so definitely smart? Is it its becomingness to every type, its silky fur, or its acceptance over so many years as the badge of the well-dressed woman? Whatever it is, silver fox is a joy and a good investment. If a silver fox cape, such as the stars wear, is beyond your budget, then you may gash your envy and pass on to the more practical furs which are so abundant. For an all-weather coat sealskin in safari or logwood is to be highly recommended. It comes in youthful reds, swaggars and princess models now, and wears like iron, or better. Kay Francis wears a Chesterfield of black galyak in "First Lady." Shrek and slim and shiny, it is tailored like cloth. Swagger in any practical fur have dash and swing, especially now that they have gotten away from that aged "shawl" collar, which used to be part of every fur coat.

Outstanding, almost a uniform, this fall, is the little woolen frock with the short fur jacket. They are grand investments, as they may be worn over dresses or suits, and even well into the spring, later in the season. Go one as trig, straight and tailored as possible.

Speaking of "First Lady," months ago Orry Kelly showed me the clothes he had made for Kay Francis to wear in it, and was struck with the number of times he had used the lowered waistline. It is peculiarly becoming to the long-legged grace that Kay’s, and gives the corseletted effect which new clothes must have.

One divine evening gown was in goul lamé, the bodice draped across the front making a corset of folds. Over the shoulders were two wide bands of supple material and the wide shirred skirt swung from the hipline to the floor. Kelly has paid a lot of attention to belts and has designed them with width achieved in many ways, using novel materials for them, and, while subordinating them to the frock, making them a focal point of interest in the silhouette. You will see one on page 62.

Shorter skirts, higher hats. That is the law. But not the comic supplement height we had a few seasons ago. Up-a-little and out-a-little go the hats of today, whether they are the so-called profile hats with brims, or the turban type. Try on a whole flock of hats this year, before you decide which ones to buy; try them on standing up, so as to see (Continued on page 103)
"I use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against Cosmetic Skin"

JANET GAYNOR

Many a happy girl is following lovely Janet Gaynor's advice! "I use cosmetics," she tells you. "But I remove them thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. I never take chances with Cosmetic Skin!"

Foolish to risk this danger—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes the dust, dirt, stale cosmetics that might otherwise remain to choke the pores. Before you renew make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed—use this gentle care.

REMEMBER, 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE THIS SOAP
LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years....

1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"
OUR YEARS AGO, scientists learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quickier and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in the diet.

This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping you beautiful.

It gives great importance to women—more so than it gives to men. Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the

story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams—and came back asking for more!

Today—we offer you Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams!

**In the same Pond's Creams—**

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. In the same jars, with the same labels, same price. Use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient, the active "skin-vitamin," gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

**POND'S COLD CREAM**—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. It in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

**POND'S VANISHING CREAM**—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

**POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM**—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

FINALLY...we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new Creams faithfully—women who had been using other Creams before. Three out of every four of them came back asking for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing..."

Exposure is constantly drying this necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"
"Call of the Wild." Clark Gable and Loretta Young got bored of just this way; their teeth should have been clattering with the cold, but they went on being brassy and alcoholic, and flew back to the Aurora Borealis.

One of the most famous forms of anti-social love is the line of bullfing love. Not as done by an elderly cynic, played by Roland Young, in the background of the picture, but as done by the young lovers themselves. Of course, it's just technique and you are meant to discern the passion behind it, but the fact is that the passion has been sacrificed to the wink of an eye. Among other things, sexual love is a tension between two people, and among other things, wit is the release of tensions. You can't have both at once.

I have mentioned Mrs. Parker and may use a picture on which she worked as an example of the right way to use wit and passion. In "A Star Is Born," love is not the prime element; the prime element is the Cinderella story of the little girl who makes good in Hollywood and, although she suffers from the tragedy of the young man who goes bad in Hollywood, sticks to her career.

Taken as a whole, the picture is another one of those attempts to substitute glamour and success for love. But in its comparatively few love scenes, Janet Gaynor and Fredric March are light and amusing in their approach; when they hardly know they have fallen in love; when the real happening is that they let wit take the place in which you feel most poignantly that the woman really loves the man is the one in which she realizes that she is a failure, and prepares to forsake her career in order to save his pride. In that sequence there is not a particle of comedy. The place in which comedy and tragedy join is when the slipping actor meets the press agent who hates him; and that is correct. Whenever Shakespeare wanted to heighten the emotion of a tragic scene by comedy, he inserted minor characters to be funny. He never made the mistake, in his great love scenes, of making his lovers witty.

But don't let the movies try Shakespeare until they have learned Shakespeare's lesson. For the next great enemy of love on the screen is history. In the last few years, Hollywood has gone crazy about history. Either because the producers are afraid to tackle the tremendously dramatic problems of today, or because they want to be safe from the sex-snoopers, they have turned to the past. They make pictures not only of historical episodes, like "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but of the chronicles of "Lloyd of London," they are going to do the history of a transatlantic steamship company; they have done Pasteur and Parnell and, if they want to, they'll do Charles Darnay and the petrified man from Barnum's circus.

I haven't anything against these p nasty types when they are well made and interesting to watch; but as a substitute for a story of passion, they aren't so. And no effort to rehash them seems to work. After all, the central spirit of Parnell's life was his relation to Kitty O'Shea; it was not only love but the social consequences. What more could movie art? Yet when Miss Loy crooned "This is madness," about their love, it seemed as though Hollywood had drowned out passion. Either it is too important in itself, or has scared a better subject to face. "Parnell" was a film of history, not of passion.

Long before "The Informer" was made, I saw the trailer of another of whose scenes were laid in Ireland, of the time of the Rebellion; and I was told that the love of these people (its principal) was more exciting than the Rebellion itself. But I cannot hold the producers to it. The guage of their trials seems to me too great; you could. In this case the trailer was not the product of love; it was the product of a love story, which is a lie. And the producers tell it. It is spectacular, whereas passion is unpremeditated. That is the dilemma of the producers; the love and, that is why, no matter how they put Loretta Young into the foreground, your memory of "The Gow" remains a memory of army action.

AnOTHER type of picture, much varied nowadays, is the musical, and musical is another enemy of love on screen. (To be frank, I consider the musical show the enemy of the mov- or, altogether, and its popular opera, of enemy of music, comes in, I won't know where to spend my evenings.) Most current musicals are meant to be fun, so the original quarrel between a fun a passion starts all over again. And, above all, the worst defect of musicals that all carry a lot of songs, and I have both seen the efforts of to prance and tenor to look enamor while they are taking their high notes, men look like cows in agrarian embarrassment; what the women look like, I will not put down, but I am aware of the fact that Nelson Eddy and Jean MacDonald and dozens of others fans in this world; but it isn't the way they look while they are sitting songs of love and devotion. If yo intentions toward one of the opposite sex (its principles are more honorable) the formula is to keep a mouth shut; as few words as possible and action! No reliance of a music show can be taken seriously.

Further among the enemies of sex on the screen are two things we all wish were poorer: wealth and beauty. About money, the movies are peculiar anyway (Continued on page 32)
CRISTAL and silver—the gleam of polished wood through a delicate network of lovely Quaker Lace! Unequaled for beauty of design and craftsmanship, you'll find as Joan Bennett has, that a Quaker Lace Dinner Cloth adds luxurious smartness to the charm of home entertaining.

See this very cloth at your favorite store. If not available there, it may be obtained postpaid by mail. In size 72 x 90, $8.00, Napkins, 50 cents each, slightly higher in Denver and west. Ask for pattern No. 8700 and address Quaker Lace Co., 330 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Invest One Dollar in Quaker Stockings
There is no better silk stocking than the Quaker Genuine Crepe. You will want to try it. So, if your favorite store does not carry Quaker send $1.00 for a pair in the latest suntan shade, specify your size, please. Quaker Hosiery Co., 330 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Except for derelicts who have to be saved by some brave woman's love, no one is really ever poor. Not the way you and I have been poor. A steam-roller out of a job for six months still lives in an apartment three times the size you and I ever had in boom times. There may be shabby spots in the rug, but there's always a rug. And when love flies in at the window, money al- ways comes with it of the person necessary to a love affair, one is always well-heeled. This gives the impression that love is a commodity reserved to the rich; and as in our experience we knew this to be false, the whole thing takes on an artificial air.

One of the great services of the movies to humanity has been the presentation of beautiful women. Out of several hundred first-class beauties who have graced the screen in the past twenty years, several have had talent as act- ing. Not one a half-dozen have had an almost universal appeal; in the sense that almost every man would have taken the trouble to walk around the corner to meet them—object matrimony or any decent substitute. But the movies have been led into the common error saying that beauty and sex appeal go together, and the whole history of romance is against them. They have also concentrated on youth, not daring to give the age of any principle in a love affair as over twenty-three for women, a bit more for men. Again the history of romance and passion is against them.

The greatest of all French courtesans, Ninon de l'Enclos, always surprised those who knew her reputation because she was only a little this side of being downright ugly; and although she began her profession in the freshness of her youth, she became more famous in her forties. Her last affair, according to herself, was when she approached her eighties.

Cleopatra died young and was cer- tainly an exotic-looking character to the Romans whom she captivated; but historians have grave doubts about her beauty. And Homer never says a word about Helen's beauty, as such. He merely notes that the old men turned to look at her when she passed by.

You do not need to go into history to refute the idea that youthful beauty is the inspiration of high and passionate love. Consider the faces of women who appear in crime of passion: they are the grim, rather hard points of the triangle which is broken when one man kills another for the love of a woman. Once in twenty times such a woman is beautiful; once in fifty times is she young. Men may commit suicide because a pretty young thing turns them down; but before they kill someone else, they want a woman who has good features, but is not beautiful, and who has lived a considerable span beyond adolescence.

In the movies no actress is allowed to grow old. Anyone may become old by a sudden jump, playing ingénue one day and character parts the next; but the slow and relentless process of aging is out. So our players have to devote most of their effort to projecting their youth and their beauty; they can't have any time and energy left to projecting those passions which, in fact, ravage both age and beauty. So nine tenths of our players give you the feeling that they are enchanted immortals, destined to everlasting youth. They want to look dewy and with the air of innocence; in their minds, sever is the perfect age. Seventeen is the age of the first encounter of romance and sentimentality—it is also the great age of inspiring passionate love (except in breasts of boys of sixteen and of men who want to adopt the prettifying little things).

When an actress gets over this stage, she aspires to gentility. Only a few of the entire lot are willing to play a role of a nice tramp. I look back "and my souvenirs" and while I can no instances of women taking drinks I can remember not one instance of a woman wanting, taking, and actually liking a drink. (Lena Davis drinks a fish in one picture, but she wasn't allowed to enjoy it; she was being punished.) They are almost equally indi- cate about sex and what do you mean? They may look at themselves sufficiently to let a man see their lips, but it is sort of well really! Miss West projected opposite character, and as I remember from a story before, it was a picture.

I look at an old number of PHOTOPLAY and check the six best pictures of the month. "A Star Is Born," "The Galahad," "The Cafe Metropole," "Night Must Fall," and "Woman Chases Man." Four of these do not even pretend to follow boy-meets-girl formula. The total is devoted to the sexual emotions in six pictures put together would about sixteen minutes, or on a more generous scale, say five minutes picture. And the six on the following page include a mystery story (one more or less of enemy of sex), a picture about two hundred people, one about Jane Withers, one about a one-legged boy and a boy-meets-girl picture about a man who didn't believe in marriage, but married his sister because she was NOT in love with her. So you —of sex, a pinch. No more.

The next page: a shocker melodra- picture with Karloff, the Jones fam- ily again, "The Good Old Soak," a far moving story about a doctor who want- ed to better sanitary conditions in the slums and one love story—bringing the Great War. At best, sex: 15 per cent.

Why go on? Any month's release are about the same. The Class B pictures are even more sexless. The Sil Symposiums are positively reeking with sex in comparison.

Now the answer to the problem: How can Hollywood Rediscover Sex? would advise the radio in not to be made public until a year from now because the time for being sensible about sex in the movies is always when your enemies, the censors, least expect it. In the meantime, Hollywood need to make only two or three notes on the desk pads of its executives:

1. Sex has never been handled correctly so far.
2. Passion occurs between human beings, not between wax models.
3. The connection between sex and immorality has been grossly overrated-

Total: if any attempt will be made to say something true and simple about sex, in relation to characters who are really and interesting, Hollywood will have another chance at the greatest gold mine in the world.

If not, Hollywood will keep on mak- ing big stuffy pictures and you and I will take vanilla. MR. AND MRS. IS THE NAME Their courtship was a crazy bit of business but the Jack Benny took the count on marriage. Read this amusing story by Eda Zeitlin in November PHOTOPLAY.
BARBARA STANWYCK in "STELLA DALLAS"
A SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

"How Beautiful She Looks" they say of

Max Factor Hollywood

Wouldn’t You Like to Have This Said About You?

WHAT A PLEASURE to know that the attraction of your beauty calls forth admiration. How interesting, how thrilling life becomes.

You can share this joy if you learn how to emphasize the charm of your own natural beauty with the magic of a new kind of make-up, originated for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in new, original, harmonized color tones. Created to beautify living screen star types, you may be sure they will glorify the color appeal of your beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.

Instantly, the very first time you make up, you will note an amazing difference. You will see how the face powder actually gives to your skin a satin-smooth loveliness...you will marvel how the rouge, like finest skin-texture, imparts a soft, natural color...you will see your lips become more alluring with a perfect color accent...and hours later you will wonder how make-up can remain so lasting beautiful.

So today can bring your most wonderful adventure in beauty. Share the secret of all Hollywood’s stars...for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up is now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor® Hollywood

For personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick...MAIL THIS COUPON.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK in your COLOR HARMONY

NAME...
STREET... CITY... STATE...
At would trip Famous... 

First birthday. She'll be startled to know she's giving me a plane instead.

Meanwhile Master Bartholomew is kept in the new -built Clancy, who threatens that he will leave the screen unless he is given a raise in salary. When Garbo, one remembers, first crossed the border to sell to the Indians, had she in the role of a maid as punishment. That, of course, was before she became the Devil's Leprechaun.

To everyone's surprise the stoic Swede appeared cheerfully for fittings and remarked breathily that she was lighted with the part. Our difficulty is that we somehow can't see Aunt Clisy Bartholomew playing a maid in any Metro production.

There is something purely fascinating and a little mysterious about the fact that Constance Worth, who sailed over from Australia to capture woman-hater George Brent, is contesting his suit for annulment of their marriage.

The fact that she is contesting the action is indicative of something, first. Warner publicity would call it heartbreak. Then, too, Brent asserts that their Mexican wedding ceremony doesn't count because they didn't complete the lawyers' legal formalities.

We checked and it would seem that, aside from smuggling Tequila down by the noseful, there's practically nothing you can do to offend, so long as you spend plenty of money and don't take pictures of the fort. But, of course, we don't know.

Did You Know This About Bing Crosby?

He loathes having stills made, and so the studio photographers have worked on a system whereby he signs promissory notes that he will pose on a certain date. And those photographers have had to make use of every note he has ever signed.

Recently he walked into a swank Hollywood tailor's audience room and ordered a dinner jacket to be ready within five days because he wanted to wear it at a banquet in Del Mar. He was busy shooting a new picture during the period, even by long-distance telephone, and received the suit in time to wear it the day before, upon request, he'd dug out of a trunk. Can't imagine why, unless the new one didn't fit, or unless Bing thought it would make a good story to tell people who write columns.

In Hollywood This Month

NELSON EDDY listened without pleasure to a Metro dance instructor who informed him he would have to do a dance routine in his next picture. Then each day for two weeks Mr. Eddy solemnly practiced steps and under the direction of the smiling instructor, until at last he was quite adept. When the instructor told Mr. Eddy to relax: it was all a gag. Mayhem was narrowly averted.

Lukie Rainer, licensed at persistent gossip that she and her husband were on the verge of divorce, finished "Big City" and as fast as a plane could carry her dragged New York and Cliff Odets. She will probably proceed to Europe where she must (1) see her mother before two years of separation (2) untangle her mother's business affairs and (3) recover sundry lares and penates from an apartment in Vienna so she can put them in the new house she will buy in Hollywood.

Sylvia Sidney dismantled her house in Hollywood, packed her belongings and set up housekeeping there. This, according to her agents, can imply anything you want it to. Lily Simon came breezily in from France, smiled when queried about the famous French gentleman who is supposed to have taken her in his trip to Spain. For publicity announced an injured expression and got busy.

SALLY MCINTYRE, in her garden; Ronald Colman on his yacht; Jean Arthur is hiding from the studio at Del Monte; Janet Gaynor at the beach; Miriam Hopkins is busy finishing from Europe and seeing Anatole Litvak; Garbo will make another picture instead of a trip to Sweden.

End Odds

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD actor Tommy Bupp thinks Claudette Colbert is the nicest person in Hollywood. When Bupp got the hiccupus on the Colbert set everyone laughed, except the star, she poured water into his mouth while he coughed and hiccupsed, and the hiccupus went away.

William Powell's vacation was relaxedly ended by the studio, we understand, not only because his continued unhappiness took the sparkle from his work, but because he had lost so much weight that it brought him to beard's breadth. Too much Thin Man is bad for camera angels; Powell is on a strict building-up diet. "Famous" star, wife Mrs. Jock Whitney, who long has been interested in the movies, visited the "Nothing Sacred" set last week and brought along her pet squirl. Carole Lombard liked the squirrel, persuaded director Ellis Willman to use it in a scene, and got Mrs. Whitney ten dollars in payment.

What Gary Cooper intends to name the child he at present anticipates is a subject of mild curiosity to us, because the tall Texan is said to have made a ten-year pact with Bing Crosby: each would call one offspring after his friend. There is no way to tell whether the actual name is to be Bing Cooper (or Bingley), should the sex call for compromise or is it going to put euphony ahead of friendship?

Spencer Tracy drove Mickey Rooney's new racing car to a garage the other day and had the cutout taken off the exhaust pipe. Just nerves... Mary Astor and her new Mexican husband have taken a little Colonial house on California's Riviera, but she's been too busy to move in. This, Mary tells us, has been her dream for many years. In the new home she finds East in the fall for stage work.

From Honolulu, where the Buddy Rogers honeymoon was a moondazed romance, simultaneously comes the news that Buddy and Mary Pickford have named their child after Gene and Jeanette MacDonald took their bliss aloc. With a bodyguard in attendance, too, Critical Islanders joined Budy and their popular as a couple in Hawaii... We're told that Jean Harlow's estate, what with inheriting such a vast estate, was so big as to cause Mrs. Bello, her mother, thought it would be. At any rate, they say Mc-G-M's offer of $10,000 for Jean's book has been accepted.

The plain and simple truth 
about a new help for women's trying days 

**KURB** TABLETS 
Sponsored by the makers of Kotex® Sanitary Napkins

Here is a new help for women, a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. It is a tablet called Kurb, designed especially to aid women through trying, painful days... We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply and truthfully why we believe you will want to use Kurb Tablets.

**What will Kurb do?**

We cannot honestly claim that Kurb Tablets will benefit every woman in the world—that is asking too much of any "pain tablet." But after making hundreds of tests, we are satisfied that Kurb will meet the requirements of most women who seek to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pains. Voluntary letters of praise have confirmed our confidence in what these new tablets will do.

**No secret ingredients**
The Kurb formula is no secret; its ingredients are well known to qualified physicians. And the formula is plainly printed on the box, so that if you have any doubts whatsoever, you may readily check it with your own doctor. So we urge you to try Kurb Tablets and see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at drug counters everywhere. If you act at once, we'll send you a sample free! This offer is limited one to a family. Simply send your name and address, on a postcard if you prefer, to Kurb, Room 1048, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

**KURB** TABLETS 
Sponsored by the makers of Kotex® Sanitary Napkins

*(Every statement in this advertisement has been approved for accuracy by a recognized medical authority)*

(Continued from page 50)
"TEN MILLION WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG!"
"HEY DEMAND GENUINE KOTEX*, THE WONDERSOFT NAPKIN"

FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY
ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK
A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX*"

THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

Kotex Sanitary Napkins stay Wondersoft . . . Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show!

And only Kotex has 3 types. Because one-size napkin will not do for every woman. No more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides, women's personal needs are different on different days.

Only by trying "All 3" — Regular, Junior and Super Kotex — can you meet each day's exact needs!

*WONDERSOFT KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
made from Cellulocotton (not cotton)
The Love Story Jean Harlow Asked Me to Write

(Continued from page 21)

strawberries are very good today. Mr. Chester... and he had admired her. She had known that. She had liked too. It was fun to be admired by Mr. Chester. Such a nice grocer. He had known she couldn't afford things out of season, so at Christmas he had brought her a big box of American nuts and bottle of wine... and now and then sent her, as a gift, a basket of ripe figs.

Eleventy. She had been eighteen when she and Bill had married. It had been twenty-four. Just a coup of years out of college, doing very well in Wall Street. But that had been 1929. He'd said, "I'm glad I gave you the Kohinoor before things smashed up. It may be a couple of years before we can match it."

The Kohinoor was her engagement ring. He always called it that. He had brought it to her in the little leather box. "Mademoiselle, the Kohinoor, had considered the Hope diamond, but they tell me it's unlucky. Darling, love you so much."

It hadn't been so bad, in 1929. The had had enough to eat. They'd had roof over their heads—though it had not been the roof which they'd planned on at first. "It was lucky," said Blomming, "that we domiciled ourselves at a swell hotel after we came back from Banff when we looked around I see what gorgeous dinner we'd pick. Had a night at Park or Fifth—otherwise, we'd have been saddled with a lease when the turned up. Come on, honey, let's see what the slums have to offer."

Not slums, of course, but a funny little apartment off Minetta Street. Nois there, and hot in summers, but the had loved it and each other.

The hotel had taken most of what cash was left. Bill had still had his job but he didn't have the money his father had left him—not any more. And people hadn't been able to help much. They'd never had a great deal anyway, just been moderately well-off. A rather old-fashioned family physician didn't make a fortune, especially if he was like Doctor Alcott who let his bills run. And after 29, for a time anyway, people were poorer pay than ever.

DEAKIN, SARAH, R.N.

That was the nurse. Linda shut her eyes and shivered. She remembered calling her one early, early morning. "Miss Deakin, this is Linda Chester. I'm on my way to the hospital now." She hadn't been frightened, just enorm- interest and excited and so happy—the waiting had been very long and uncomfortable. It had been Bill who was frightened. He'd been white as his shirt and his hands had shook, "Linda—oh my God, Linda..." he'd said. "I didn't realize..."

She turned the page quickly. She was trying not to think of Bill's very gentle voice forty-eight hours after, saying. "As long as I have you—as long as we have each other..." Or her mother's eyes, swollen with weeping, or her father, clearing his throat and telling her. "You must be brave..."

She had been brave, she thought. But Bill, Jr., had been such a dear little baby. She had seen him only once. Love at first sight... and last.

Perhaps being brave had had something to do with what had followed. Perhaps she had tried too hard. A year later things had been somewhat better for Bill, after his uncle had died and left him the legacy. They'd moved. She'd had new clothes. There had been the crazy hair she'd tried, and the (Continued on page 84)
Aunt Agatha is not lecturing on decorum. She is giving sound advice on walking grace. So many women unconsciously are guilty of wobbly ankles! Avoid this awkward fault with Styl-EEZ shoes. Their clever and exclusive FLARE-FIT innersole gently guides your feet... helps make each step trim and true. Their styling is equally flattering. And their price puts no strain on your budget.

Styl-EEZ
A SELBY SHOE

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO
In Canada, Selby Shoes Ltd., Montreal • In England, Sexton Son & Everard, Norwich • In Australia, Selby Shoes Ltd., Sydney • For Men, Wall-Streeter Shoe Company, North Adams, Massachusetts
THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 82)

new shade of lipstick, and nail enamel. And they'd gone out a lot. But still she hadn't seemed able to forget...

EVANS, ROBERT, M.D.
That was the doctor she'd gone to, that other time. And he'd said, "Of course there's no reason why you shouldn't have other children..."

But there had been no others. Yes, they'd gone out a lot. "You mustn't brood," her mother had warned worriedly. "You'll make Bill unhappy."
She'd tried not to make Bill unhappy. Parties and people and, a couple of years later, the cabin at the Lake. She'd thought, we'll be alone here, we'll come close together again. But they hadn't been alone; there had always been people, and somehow, she'd welcomed them, as a shield between her and Bill.

She turned the pages, skipped one, sat staring at the name...

GREGORY, KATHERINE.
How had it begun? She wasn't prettier than Linda, wasn't any younger—older, in fact. Smart and sleek, with hair like a black-velvet cap. She'd been divorced. Bill had met her first. "You look like Kit," he said. "She had a tough deal!"

Because Kit had, was it in the cards that Linda must have a tough deal too? She hadn't been well that last year, just dragging herself around, jumpy, listless. Nervous exhaustion, her father and Doctor Evans had called it. Kit had been sympathetic, running in with flowers, a book, a fragile bottle of eau de cologne... "Does your head ache again, darling? I'm so sorry... Do you mind if I drag Bill out for the evening, you don't want a man around, smoking, turning on the radio, chattering... I'll take him off your hands."

Then the day when Kit had come in quietly, unheralded! Bill had gone off to work and Linda, looking up, had been astonished to see Kit. She was usually at her office from nine to five. She worked hard, made money.

"Linda...?"

She had perched on the end of the bed, had looked at Linda calmly, but with pity. "I'm so sorry, my dear. But I must be honest with you." Snug, she wore, as if she'd known her damned honesty. "I love Bill, and he loves you. You must give him up—"

"I had whispered, "What have I done?"

"It isn't what you've done. But can't you see, you're not the woman for him? Only a fool would want a woman who's been in an eighteen and twenty-four... it's absurd. That was nearly eight years ago, wasn't it? He's grown up, Linda. You haven't." She had added, carelessly, "You're still playing with dolls..."

I don't mean to make that sound of stifled anguish, "Don't mean to be cruel," Kit had said softly. "Bill loved you once, you know. He's told me so. But after your baby died... Can't you see what you did to him—excluding him, sitting grieving, feigning—"

"I didn't! I didn't! I went out, I met people, I was gay... gay!"

"He knew you weren't. He was sorry for you. Being sorry for a woman gets on a man's nerves, sometimes."

Linda had cried, "Does he want a divorce? If he does, why isn't he man enough to tell me so?"

"Don't talk like a bad play, darling. Of course he wants it. Now that he's to head the San Francisco branch there will be more money. You will be taken care of, Linda." She had looked at her, lighthearted, then added, plaintively, "You aren't his type... I am."

"Get out," Linda had cried savagely. "Get out... I never want to see you again!"

"I thought," Kit had replied, "that you were civilized. But it appears that I'm wrong. I thought, too, that you were—fairly modern. But you're positively Mid-Victorian!"

Before Bill came home that evening Linda had gone. She would not see him again, would not speak to him. Nothing her father and mother could do had altered her decision. Bill had written her, and she had sent the letters back unanswered. He hadn't come to her like a man, to tell her wherein she'd failed him, to confess he had failed her... He had wanted Kit. Kit was his type. Let him have her.

H. WAY, B. G.
That was the lawyer... she remembered sitting in his office and looking at him bleakly. She remembered saying, "I'd rather go to Reno."

"But if you have grounds...?"

"No. It doesn't matter. I don't know," she had said weakly.

KIRK, PETER.
She hadn't seen Peter Kirk in years. He'd been a little in love with her during the time she had been engaged to Bill. He'd been Bill's best friend. After she and Bill had gone off to some pineapple plantation or other in Hawaii. She hadn't seen him until last night. They'd heard from him often, funny letters, with pen-and-ink drawings scribbled on the margin.

He'd come to her father's house and they'd talked together, last night after supper.

"I saw old Bill in San Francisco," She had said nothing... "Linda, what have you done to him, why are you so hard?"

"Have I been?" she had asked quietly. "I gave him what he wanted. I gave him Kit..."

"But he didn't want her. He hadn't married her. Surely you knew they weren't married?"

"I had replied, "She's seen Kit's name here and there, in the gossip columns... "It looks as if Kit Gregory, the business-girl wonder, has changed her mind, hasn't she?"

"That happens to Bill Chester whose pretty wife Renovated him no so long ago? It's hands across the tables with Alan Harkness for Kit now?"

She'd said "It seems that Kit changed her mind."

"Peter had been angry with her. He had said, rising and going back to him, "I came back here to ask you to marry me and return with me to Hawaii. You've always been in love with you, damnit. But I saw Bill. I didn't expect to—find my name on the "You know..."

"Why wouldn't you hear him say, Linn?"

"Kit's side was his."

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts which must be endured, especially during The Three Ordeal's of Woman 1. Pleading from childhood into womanhood. 2. Preparing for Motherhood. 3. Approaching "Middle Age."

(nutritional disorders)

One woman tells another how to go "smiling through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The whole year round finds her facing life with youthful zest.

And her family, in turn, adore her. For she is never a three-quarter wife, never a three-quarter mother!

Her friends are countless.

"Possessions" did not make her happy. It was when she learned to go "smiling through"! When she first discovered that the ordeal's of womanhood need not mean pain, discomfort, weariness. We know her! We know her because she is the composite of more than a million women who have written us. Because for more than 61 years they have been saying, "At last we have found happiness."

We truly believe that Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may aid you also to go "smiling through."

That it may help bring you even more complete happiness.
Captivate your own “audience.” You’ll do it when you step out in shoes having the unmistakable flair of smart Hollywood. There, where clever shoe styles are born, Jolene—fashion observer — sketches the expensive models that movie stars select for their own ensembles. Her sketches form the inspiration for Jolene shoes —styled in Hollywood but brought right to your town. You’ll thrill at the new fall models and marvel at their amazingly low prices ($3 to $5).

For the name of your nearest Jolene Shoe Dealer write Jolene’s Studio, Suite A, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

"It’s a sparkling idea, Jolene, coming to Hollywood for shoe styling.”

Doris Nolan

$3 to $5

Jolene
FASHION FOOTWEAR
Styled in Hollywood

Distributed by Tober-Saifer Shoe Co. • St. Louis, Mo.
"As ONE WOMAN TO another
— I have found the answer to a problem as old as Eve"

MRS. LEONA W. CHALMERS

leaves "invisible protection"—so comfortable you'll never feel it—so secure you're always at ease!

"LIKE most healthy, active women, I seldom have been disturbed by the natural periodic function. It was the dread of odor, the feeling of uncleanness, and, above all, the bulky devices I used that made the monthly occurrence a nightmare to me... It robbed me of my self-confidence when I needed it most. Time and again it interfered with my social life, took the joy out of sports.

"I felt sure there was some remedy, and determined to find it! Several gynecologists agreed to help me. Under their guidance, after a number of years study and experimentation, I developed the Tass-ette...

"Now, for the first time, every mature woman can have scientifically sanitary "invisible protection." The Tass-ette, a pilant, little, rubber cup, ends the feeling of uncleanness, the danger of odor, the worry about disposal. It means, at last, peace of mind, carefree daintiness... wherever you go, whatever you do."

The Tass-ette is scientifically designed and has been accepted for advertising by the American Medical Association. Your own doctor can tell you why it is healthier and safer to use than other types of sanitary devices. You yourself will find the Tass-ette so comfortable you will forget you are using it; so safe and secure you need not give it a thought.

"Buy a Tass-ette. You'll never again be without it!"

And you save money, too. A single Tass-ette gives service for months and months and costs only $1.00.

If your druggist hasn't yet received his stock of Tass-ettes, mail us a dollar and we'll be glad to send one to you in a plain package, together with a FREE copy of the new booklet, "The Conquest of Feminine Discomfort," which fully illustrates and describes the use of this amazing, new protection. For mature women only. Mail the coupon today.

"Say, well, it's all settled, darling. Lin- don'll give you up. But, you see, he didn't want to give him up. He wrote you, he tried to see you. You had nothing to do with him. You were all washed up. So he thought he was.

"She said, "I didn't know."

"You didn't try to know. What got into you, Linda?" Pride? Hurt? Or—didn't you care?"

"She answered, "What difference does it make now?"

"All the difference in the world. If you didn't care—well, that's a break for me," he'd said doggedly. "I'll stick around; I've two months leave. Perhaps, at the end of that time... But if it's just been pride and stubbornness on your part, why, then you loved Bill all along. But not enough—"

"Too much to hold him when I thought he wanted to go!"

"And so that was it, was it?" He'd looked down at her, angrily. "And you let Kit convince you?

"She was very convincing."

"As light as a good omelette," he'd answered harshly, "and as transparent as a telephone. My good girl, you've been an idiot. What did you get out of it?"
I'll grant you that Freddie Bartholomew is a very brilliant little actor, but I don't think he's so brilliant that a studio is warranted in subordinating Mickey Rooney to him. And that's just what happened in "Parnell." There was Freddie with all the choice parts, and there was Mickey holding the sack. Sure Freddie is a star; but so is Mickey. They didn't dare give him too much half a chance. They were afraid he would steal the picture. Frankly, I'd rather have had someone else in Mickey's role than to see such a stellar little performer humbled so unfairly. Freddie Bartholomew may be great, but not so great that he can snub Mickey Rooney.

TELLA LOUISE SMITH,
Memphis, Tenn.

Ripley's "Captain Courageous" was the story of a spoiled little boy and the effect on his spiritual outlook when he came into contact with rugged Portuguese fishermen. Naturally Freddie Bartholomew, cast as the best, had the choice lines. But reader Smith will be glad to know that Mickey Rooney is starred by himself in the current "The Hoofer Schoolboy" and a fine job he did of it too.

$1.00 PRIZE

CAPTAIN SPENCER TRACY COURAGEOUS

A man of strength and courage, a man of preeminence and determination, a man of talent and ability . . . that's Spencer Tracy. Picture after picture he has starred in, and all masterpieces of performance, and now comes recognition. To those of us who were aware that this fellow in brown and his work is a real, this artist, this at long last recognition comes as a distinct and almost personal pleasure. Spencer Tracy has come into his own.

From what I have read of this brilliant actor I gather that his early struggle for recognition in the film industry was very fameless and very fortuneless. So he came to Hollywood where he heard a fellow could get a break. And Spencer Tracy got his break—he became a star! But still recognition was not his. Then came "Fury" and then "San Francisco" and "Captain Courageous." And now look at him! Right in top of the heap, just where he belongs.

J. TIMOTHY PAPPAS,
Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE

WHERE IS MY WANDERING GABLE?

Clark Gable, where have you gone? You were such a debonair young man, and we loved you for it. But when I saw you in "Parnell" you were so strained. You were repressed. I was conscious that you were setting and not living the part. You were like a puppet. This is not like you at all. Come back and act in roles that let you be your cheerful dashing self. Let the sober people play the still, sober parts. We want the Clark of "It Happened One Night" and "San Francisco." Don't go yellow. We don't want the guy, unpololed Clark Gable!

HELEN T. MOORE,
Asheville, N. C.

$1.00 PRIZE

SURPRISE PACKAGE—HE PACKS A PUNCH

Step aside Meurs, Taylor, Gable, Power, Flynn et al.—a new star is born! We've just seen "Kid Galahad" and haven't stopped raving over Wayne Morris. Holding your own with such trouper's as Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart is no easy task, but Wayne did it, and came close to stealing the picture besides. Although he's not exactly handsome (that is, not in the Robert Taylor way), he possesses the same boyish appeal that once was the personal property of Wallace Reid. Take a bow, Warner Brothers, for bringing us this sensational new star, and please don't make us wait too long for his next picture.

HEIJA CHEPPOFF,
South Fallsburg, N. Y.

Bert De Wayne Morris was born Feb. 17, 1914, graduated from the Los Angeles Junior College, waited on tables on a trip to Australia, joined the Government Forest Rangers for a year, won a scholarship to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, was seen by a talent scout, won a screen contract without a screen test, played bits in "The King of Hunter," "Chin" Clipper" and "Law of the Range," never had on a boxing glove in his life before he went into training for "Kid Galahad." Experts insist he would really have a chance at the heavyweight championship if he went in for ring work. Do you want him as a star or a professional boxer?

$1.00 PRIZE

KISSLESS CONTROVERSY

Take Sides Please!

If I ever have to sit through another Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire picture in which they're so in love with one another that they can't indulge in a little love-making with a small kiss or two thrown in, I'll scream—and if it's true that Mrs. Astaire has a clause inserted in Fred's contract reading that he cannot kiss his leading ladies, then I say the show should go on and stay with the rest of the blue-blooded Four Hundred or Six Hundred, or whatever they are.

GWENDOLYN NELSON,
Shreveport, La.

$1.00 PRIZE

CASHMERE COMING

Although I have seen a lot of pictures of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, I have never seen them kiss. I don't think it is half so romantic without a kiss. They are supposed to love each other, but it certainly doesn't look like it. Once when they were about to kiss, they went behind the door where we couldn't see them. Goodness, that got me mad. Am I different from most people?

BEVERLY CAMPBELL,
Montclair, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE

COMEDY IS ON THE SKIDS

It seems that the recent production, "I Met Him in Paris," sounded—if you'll pardon my cliché—the death knell for this type of movie.

After seeing such excellent shows as "It Happened One Night," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "The Thin Man," and I'll even include "She Married Her Boss," I've decided that this kind of ultramodern comedy is definitely on the decline. This, mind you, is no indication that the ability of the actors involved is decreasing, but merely that Hollywood is riding on the laurels of its earlier productions of this kind and expecting the public to grasp at anything that falls into this same category. Hollywood better take heed; it wanted its audiences to become critical; now the producer is falling down on his job.

JOSEPH P. ANDREOLA,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Lady in danger—OF LOSING HER MAN!

Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?

Before every date, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.

You feel more glamorous when you guard your daintiness this loverly way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!

NOW ONLY 10¢

Marvellous for completions, too! This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clean!

To keep fragrantly dainty—Bathe with Perfumed CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP.
The Star Whom Money Doesn’t Tempt

Sonnie Hale, who once costarred with her in big-time musical comedy and is now her agent’s footloose, one day, in conversation, intoned the immortal phrase, "I’m in favor of "we". And immediately I began to understand why Jessie Matthews, whom Hollywood has beckoned, has remained so gaily, indifferently aloof. The thing is very simple. She likes it where she is.

Still, I asked her: "Why haven’t you come to see us? I know there have been offers." Yes, there have been offers—of long-term contracts, too," she said. "But—well, why should I? I have everything I want here. I have friends. The British people seem to like me. Sonnie and I make enough money to live as we like. To go to America for any length of time would mean to disrupt my home, disrupt my life. True, I may go to Hollywood and make one picture, perhaps before this year is over. I think I should like that. But to stay for any length of time—" She broke off and smiled at homely, engaging Sonnie Hale. "We know how preposterous such an idea is," that said.

Yes, I learned a lot about Jessie Matthews in those days I spent with her—little things and big things which painted for me the portrait of an unforgettable personality. She taught me a lesson, too—a lesson in living. There is something about her I’ve never found before in a famous person. Something different.

I can’t mean to compare her with our American stars to the latter’s disadvantage. I know many of them. I like and respect them. But I know they live artificial lives compared to Jessie Matthews'. Perhaps they must because we Americans expect them to live swiftly, gracefully, naturally, so that we may talk about them and envy them. I don’t know. All I know is that Jessie Matthews can’t live that way and that I envy her most of all.

JESSIE, one of eleven children, was born on Berwick street in Soho, which is one of London’s poorer districts. She herself told me the address, so I got immediately that morning and rode over there to see it for myself. The house in which she once lived has been torn down, but Berwick Street is the same as always, a tiny market place a block or two long, dark and dingy and crowded with stalls of fruits, vegetables, fish and meat. The displays are meager. The vendors plod shyly with you to buy their wares. Cats and dogs scampers discursively underfoot. Children, hundreds of them, seem to hang the place, noisy at their games. Jessie was one of those children—little undernourished, shabbily dressed wail with enormous eyes, a milk-white skin and twinkling feet that could never stay still when an organ-grinder came around.

It was like her to give me the exact address of her old home. I don’t suppose it ever occurred to her to conceal her beginnings. Her father was a fruit vendor—nothing else. Her brother George has a fruit stand in Berwick street, too. And Sonnie goes back there every once in a while and when they do, it is always: "’Olly, Jess, how’s th’ girl?" And: "’Owdly, Jess, ol’ thing." Yes, they’re friends still, Jessie Matthews, the great screen star, and the inhabitants of Berwick (you call it "Berrick") street.

It was a sister, Rosie, who, Jessie will tell you, was really responsible for her success. Rosie made her learn to "re-cite" as well as dance, "so you can be getting behind the stage, one day," Rosie was a hard taskmistress. She never gave up her coaching and her prodding, even when, quite often, Jessie by her own admission seemed hopeless.

"I remember Rosie once made me take part in an election contest," she told me. "I won second place but she scolded me roundly, anyway. You see, in one line when it came to using the word ‘fight’, I slipped back into my natural cockney which she had tried so hard to drive out of me, and pronounced it ‘lighting’.

Jessie speaks beautiful English now. She finally mastered it during her first visit to America twice but she wins, a little, when she tells you about those visits. I have a feeling that the unhappiness associated with them are more than a little responsible for her reluctance to come back.

Her first American visit was made as a chorus girl in a Charlot Revue (there is still such a revue in London) in 1924. She was a sored, badly dressed little kid barely fourteen, wearing short socks and carrying a "bonzo" bear.

"Beside the clothes I had on, it was the proud position of two pathetic evening dresses Rosie had made for those glamorous occasions when I should ‘go out’ in New York," she said. "But the other more sophisticated chorus girls laughed at me, and despite my rash anticipations, I never ‘went out’ at all.

In fact, my dreams of the fine time I should have in America began to fade the day we docked. All of the others had someone to meet them, and in the excitement everyone forgot about me.

They went away amid exclamations and gasps, leaving me at the customs. I was left behind, I was alone. Lonely and panic-stricken, I sat on my funny-looking trunk crying heartily. I was, finally, a united family, a formed man (I know now he was a New York policeman) called a taxi and rent me. I guess this was the start of the star."

JESSIE was a success in New York, as she was in London. From the chorus to be Gertrude Lawrence’s understudy and later, when Miss Lawrence was taken ill, she became star of the show.

"But," she told me, "I shall never forget how I felt that day at the customs. I remember I was cold and my nose was bleeding. I never think of America that I don’t think, also, of my past."

Her second American visit was about four years later in another and more pretentious Charlot Revue starring herself and Herbert Mundin. This show had been a great success in London but flopped in New York.

"We had joined forces with Earl Carroll," she explained, "and half of the production as presented in New York was a typical Carroll. The other half consisted of our far more sedate brand of English comedy."

"The American audiences didn’t care much for us. My pretty little English songs were completely overshadowed by their background of Carroll’s famous unclothed beauties. There was a gang plank jutting out into the auditorium and I had to sing on that. Sometimes the young bloods pinched my legs and sometimes they whistled and hooted."

"Berrick"

(Continued from page 30)
The show went even worse on the road. In Detroit the audiences threw pennies at us as though we were music hall entertainers.

"All of this was, I suppose, fine experience for a young star who might otherwise have gotten a swelled head, but for the second time I felt that America was no place for me."

But in her own country, however, Jessie grew in theatrical popularity until she became the toast of London stagegoers. I could tell you of triumphs in such shows as "One Dam Thing Followed Another," "This Year of Grace," "Wake Up and Dream" and a dozen others. I could tell you of the inevitable moving-picture successes that followed.

If I didn't, I shouldn't be talking about the real Jessie Matthews. The real Jessie Matthews is just an attractive, friendly girl with an attractive, friendly husband who, although she is famous and important, manages to live and enjoy normal, wholesome, everyday life, even as you and I.

In the first place, the business of picture making in England isn't as feverish and exciting as it is in Hollywood, which helps Jessie to be less Miss Matthews, the ideal, and more Mrs. Hale, the wife. True, the cameras are the same; the same apparatus for lighting and setting the floor of every set; they have a script girl. But that seems to be as far as it goes.

Pinewood Studios, for instance, is not a motion-picture lot in the ordinary sense of the word. It is the onetime ancestral estate of an illustrious line of Earls. Its beautiful, rambling main building is surrounded by broad lawns, gardens and centuries-old trees. Even the sound stages are Ivy-covered.

Moreover, and strange as it may seem, the institution is a sort of country club to which the country aristocracy belongs, along with studio executives and players. Several families, including the Clive Brooms, actually live at the studio in luxurious apartments. Lady Charles Cavendish, whom you will remember as Adele Astaire, sister of Fred, was lunching there with a titled friend the first day I visited Jessie. In fact, "a title or two is always on the menu," Jessie's husband puts it with characteristic brevity.

In this gracious atmosphere, Jessie Matthews makes her pictures. Even on the set, as a scene strangely tranquill. The workers don't rush around, fussing, perspiring, as they do between scenes in my house. One can even converse. No one gets excited. Nor does Jessie remain aloof from the rest, enrobed in a chair labeled "Miss Matthews." She sits around just anywhere, knapsack. She always knapsack she told me. While I was she was at work on a pink coat for her adopted baby daughter. When they are ready to shoot, Jessie simply says: "Come along, darling," and they make the scene, usually with no more than three or three rehearsals. She and Sonnie live most of the time in Hampton, not far from the historic palace of Old Court. This is a certain cottage of theirs in Cornwall—a little hidden place to which they steal away whenever they can—that gives, I think, the clue to their philosophy of living.

It is an estuary, fifteen miles from the town of Truro, which is a primitive place in itself. But Truro is ultra-modern compared to Jessie's and Sonnie's "hide-out." There, there is no gas, no electricity, no running water. Everything in it has had to be carried more than half a mile across a field because no road comes near.

Can you imagine Jean Crawford, Carole Lombard, Kay Francis spending weeks at a time amid such primitive conditions? But Jessie Matthews loves it.

"Sonnie," she told me, "is housekeeper and general manager of the establishment. He gets up in the morning before I do and makes the coffee, the dinner, he sings around in the cold English dawn while I luxuriate under warm blankets. Then, having set the kettle to boiling on the coal stove, he lights a lovely fire on the hearth. Then I sit in bed and have my morning tea."

"The daytime we spend gardening, picnicking in the woods or just lazily around. Then, a swim at sundown, and dinner—pot and beans, perhaps a fish. Sonnie has caught, bread and jam and Cornwell cream which, allow me to say, is just as thick and luxurious as the famous Devonshire product."

Incidentally, the Hales have a cow which they board out when away, but which Sonnie milks, himself, when they are at the cottage. Jessie recalled with glee the first time he tried this exciting chore.

"He worked at it half an hour but with no luck, until the cow finally turned around and looked at him reproachfully, as if to say: 'Well, why don't you do something about this business?' At last, he got some results, but the milk all squirited up his sleeve. The finale came when the cow kicked over the pail. However, he is an expert now."

She stopped and smiled apologetically. "Perhaps this sounds pretty primitive to you, but we love it," she finished. Even their establishment at Hampton is small and unpretentious—a picturesque old English house (staffed by a housekeeper and a nurse for the lady) and a small garden which Jessie and Sonnie tend themselves.

"We haven't a lot of money, you know," Jessie told me.

Yes, I know. Sonnie Hale uses his not-to-be-compared-with—an-American-director's-salary for their own expenses. As for Jessie's—she won't tell you, but everyone knows that most of her money goes toward helping her own huge family—education for the younger brothers and sisters, backing in small business ventures for the elder brothers, gifts for mother and sisters, huge insurance for herself because she knows that if anything should happen to her they might face the old poverty again. It all takes a lot of money, and although she is a star, she isn't fabulously paid, like most American stars.

Still, she is satisfied. I am sure of it. There is something about her, a beautiful serenity, which tells you that all is right with her world. She is in love with her husband, content with the present, confident of the future.

What does she want from life, having so much? I asked her that, and she told me: "A baby of my own."

She had one once, but it lived only a few hours. She doesn't speak of that now. Those who know her say she still grieves over this loss. But she hasn't given up hope of another child.

Meanwhile, she is under contract to Osmant British for at least another year. She may accept a rather spectacular radio offer and come to America to broadcast in the fall. She may make a picture or two in Hollywood. But she will always go back to her fragrant, green English countryside, to find contentment, while many another of the world's famous is breaking a heart on the altar of personal ambition.

Because that is Jessie Matthews—simple, human, close to the earth."

"Now there's a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"

"That girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet, daintiness of person. And that they dislike nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

"It takes only half a minute. Just half a minute. Just half a minute. You need only to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!"

"Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing."

"Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

"Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor.

"Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York."
“I saw you in ‘Higher Than High,’ and you were simply wonderful!” said the girl, rapturously.

“Thank you.”

“Somebody told me that it really had happened to you. Did it, Miss Drexel?”

‘Never believe anything you hear, child—especially when you don’t know that young lady call your name.”

“Mr. Graham!” Molly felt as if a sudden fever had swept her body and had caused her to gallop on her face and throat. “Mr. Graham!” she repeated, unable to think of anything else to say.

“This is quite unexpected, isn’t it, Mrs. Bunch?” he laughed self-consciously. “I know, of course, that your name is Miss Drexel, but somehow I always think of you as Mrs. Bunch.”

For a moment Molly felt impelled to make a complete confession as to the basis of their play, but with his piercing gray eyes intent upon her, she lost courage and merely muttered, “How is little Jimmy?”

“Not little any longer,” he replied. “You wouldn’t know him, he’s grown so. The trip already did him a great deal of good, and I’m planning now to send him to Oxford when he graduates from school.”

“That’s simply swell.” Her voice had grown husky with emotion which she bravely choked back, for she knew that Daisy’s grown too. She’s magnificent now. Maybe Peabody could take her down to see Jimmy some Sunday. She seemed to see herself, even today, Mrs. Graham. She acts in our play.”

As they looked into each other’s eyes and laughed, it seemed to Molly as if all fear of John Graham had left her and there was, and always would be, a new warmth and understanding between them.

“Couldn’t we have tea together?” she was startled when he asked this, and then she almost regretted that she giggled like a schoolgirl. “I’d like to, Mr. Graham, but your former parlormaid, Julia, is giving a ritz tea here this afternoon—is it going to be an exhibition,” she explained, with twinking eyes.

“Julia?”

“Mr. Graham wanted to linger. You—I understand—I’m glad that you’ve had a great success,” he began, falteringly.

“By the way, Mr. Graham,” Molly cut in desperately. “I’ve got another awful confession to make to you. Our play—well—we based it on our experiences in your home. I’m terribly sorry, but it’s done and—” She hesitated, choked, and had to sit down, for her leg had given her such pain that she had said too much, Molly was eager to escape. “Pardon me if I run along now. I’m rather late, and Julia is such a stickler for correctness, and there are times—”

“I’m sorry you feel that way, Miss Drexel. You see—I wanted to see it and—and I’ve been to it three times and enjoyed it very much.”

“Oh, Mr. Graham!”

“Of course, I must admit,” he continued, smiling in the face of her perturbation, “that at first I was quite amazed and a little bit shocked to think that that intolerant, bombastic old cuss on the stage was myself.”

Though he smiled, Molly was conscious that his pride still was hurt. A little ashamed, she held out her hand to him. “You’ll never know how sorry I am,” she said, humbly. “It was nice of you even to speak to me again.” Her eyes unexpectedly filled with tears and she hurried away, quite unconscious that she had not said the conventional good-by to him. Had she turned around, she would have seen him standing after her. As if suddenly propelled by a desire to recall her, he hastened toward the stage entrance. Graham was hoping that Molly would meet them at the stage door. He was disappointed and slightly embarrassed when Julia swept toward them with both hands outstretched, as proud of her appearance as a peacock of its tail. “Oh, you dear Mr. Graham!” she said coyly. “Tell me that we’re forgiven or I’ll be the most unhappy woman in New York.”

Hoping that Molly would appear, Graham glanced past Julia as he answered. “I like the play very much, Miss Fayne, and, of course, I’m not angry.”

“You limb!” she cried. “And here you had me worried to death!”

“I’m sorry,” he muttered, unconsciously disengaging his arm from her, clenching his grasp. “Where is—are all the photographers?”

“Yes, where’s Mrs. Bunch!”

“Mr. Graham asked eagerly.

“I don’t know where around and stored at Jimmy as if she scarcely recognized him, “Why, if here isn’t your little boy!” she exclaimed with well-simulated joy. “I’d forgotten all about you. Goodness, how you’ve grown! Or have you grown, my dear?”

She was startled by Jimmy’s sudden outburst as he rushed across the stage to greet Burgess, who was hurrying into the wings with Daisy at his heels.

“Jimmy!” Burgess cried, clasping the boy’s hand warmly. “Hey, Daisy! Look who’s here!”

Daisy cocked her head on one side, sniffed the air for a familiar scent, then with a mighty roar, buried herself on Jimmy’s neck.

“Gee! she was wonderful in the play,” Graham heard his son exclaim. He hurried to shake hands with Burgess.

Before Burgess could marshal his thoughts, Julia pounced upon Graham Madeleine. “I’d love to stay and have a nice little visit with you,” she said as she gave him a playful pat, “but Lady Car- lisle is giving me a party tonight. Are you sure of New York now or out in the sticks?”

“New York.”

“Dressing! Have you taken a house?”

“We’re at the Park Lane.”

“Then the Drexel?”

“Graham’s face brightened when he saw Molly’s name on the dressing room door. “Come, Jimmy!” he called. “Here’s a play.”

After Graham had knocked and Molly had called “Come in,” he and Jimmy entered eagerly, without even a backward glance at Julia.

“Jimmy!” Molly cried, her gaze rivet-

end on the boy’s flushed, happy face. “Why, you look simply wonderful! You—you’ve grown!”

The boy didn’t seem embarrassed because she had over-

looked Graham, she held out her hand to him with the same sort of smile she gave to the old gigolo who proffered his housekeeper. But tonight I was wondering if she wouldn’t have felt a little more supper with Jimmy and me. It would mean quite a lot—to both of us.”

The evening, after Lilly and Molly returned to their apartment, Lilly con-

JAMES GLEASON,
WALTER WINCHELL
and JOSEPHINE
HUTCHINSON
the night they aired
"Front Page" for Ceci B. de Mille
but she had grievously misjudged John Graham. Molly was right about him—he could be charming when you wanted to he and he had quite a taste of humor. During their supper at the Savoy he had revealed himself as a man when she felt she couldn't instinctively trust. Molly made no response at all, but her pretended indifference did not deceive Lily and when she usually mentioned that she was going on a drive with Graham the following Sunday afternoon, Lily laughed at her ease.

On Sunday morning Molly received an urgent call from Julia. Molly went down there at once; something unforeseen had happened. Thougholly pleaded with Julia over the telephone to give her even a clue as to whether she were ill or in some trouble, Julia refused even the slightest hint. He said that Molly was the only one she could call upon in the real crisis of her life, and now that was standing on the brink of a veritable cataclysm, Molly must not fail her.

"What in the devil do you suppose he's up to?" Molly was annoyed as she unclipped the telephone.

"Maybe she's decided to be a blonde and wants your advice about it. Why you go trusting there!" You now you wanted to rest before you went out with Mr. Graham this afternoon so you could talk about it.

"Partly because she made it sound as if it were a matter of life and death, partly out of curiosity." When Molly arrived, Julia excitedly chucked an enormous box of flowers at she had just received from John Graham. "At first Molly stared at it, refusing to believe that he had sent them until she saw his card. A pricking sensation traveled over her, and after its sharpness had slowly disappeared she was aware of a curious nervousness.

"Well, Julia, that's very nice," she said in a dull voice. "Oh, he's a perfect lamb!" Julia roved. "And I couldn't be more touched. I've just sent him one of my stunning new portraits. I was almost tempted to autograph it. 'From Julia, your devoted parlor maid,' but the poor darling has no sense of humor. Besides, I figured that he would put it out on display, and he's such a sensitive soul he might hate to have the whole world think there might have been a little affair de coeur between us, when God knows how innocent our relationship has always been. Well, Molly, what do you think about it?"

"What's there to think about?" Molly spoke abstractly as she stared at the huge box filled with several dozen roses and a cluster of geraniums.

Julia sighed. "I've known it for some time, Molly."

"Known what?"

"That John Graham was coming back into my life!"

"How come?"

"Why, you're acting as if you weren't the least bit interested."

"Sure I am. Go ahead and shoot! When did you find all this out?"

"In the first place, Molly, I sensed it the moment I was almost tempted to autograph it. You know how psychic I am and how I always seem to get things. Then, about two weeks ago I went to see Nella Webb and she told me that my son was in the house of Jupiter, which meant financial gain, and that Venus was rising in my house of Saturn. Naturally, I was going to have a very great emotional experience, which might end in a happy marriage before the year was out!"

"So I suppose if you can get Mr. Graham into your house of Jupiter or Saturn or the Plaza Hotel, you're going to lend him, is that it?"

Julia nodded wisely. "Well, I guess I'll be toddling along."

Molly rose heavily. "I've got several things to do before I go out this afternoon."

"Where are you going?" Julia asked, indifferently.

"Just out. And maybe I won't be doing even that. I don't know. I've got kind of a headache and I may lie around all afternoon and study the planets. My moon isn't rising like yours, Julia."

As she drove away from the hotel Molly kept denying that she had dreamed of any romantic interest between John Graham and herself, but she could not understand how he could have been attracted to the artificial and, at times, insincere Julia. Though she tried to make herself see Julia's virtues end feminine charm with an unprejudiced eye, her mind kept turning to the flowers John Graham had sent.

By the time he arrived, Molly had made up her mind definitely not to go out with him. When she told him that she had a slight headache and thought she had better remain at home, he was solicitous and apparently sincerely troubled. He recommended a quiet ride in the air as the best thing in the world for her, and was so disappointed at her refusal that she changed her mind and went. As they drove through the Park, in listening to his pleasant conversation she forgot even the roses and geraniums he had sent to Julia. She did not think of them again until suddenly she was confronted by the Plaza Hotel.

"Oh, that's where Miss Fayne lives," he said, unexpectedly, and if he divined her thoughts. "She's a strange woman, isn't she?" Then he added, with ready apology: "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it in a critical sense. I know she's your friend, Miss Drexel, and I suppose she's really quite attractive."

"Julia's a lovely woman," Molly went on, bravely, "and she has some rare qualities. She was one of the most devoted wives I've ever known and was happily married for ten years."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, she's been a widow now for ages. A real widow. And it's too bad, as she'd make some man a wonderful wife. One who certainly would grace his home. Make no mistake about this, Mr. Graham, Julia Fayne is a lady, a perfect lady, and you can always depend upon her to do the right thing at the right time. She doesn't have to sleep with Emily Post under her pillow, like I do."

Graham coughed slightly. "Yesterday, she sent me eight tickets to your show for next Sunday night. She said she thought I might like to invite a party of my friends and we'd all meet in back of the stage afterwards. Of course I know she meant that as a polite gesture, but I must admit that I was most embarrassed. At first I was at a loss to know what to do. I couldn't send the tickets back very well and I didn't know whom on earth to give them to."

He paused and turned a troubled face toward Molly. "I did want to call you and ask your advice, but I hated to bother you. So, at last, I decided to send her a box of flowers with a note of appreciation, and if you can only help me think of some way of getting those tickets back to her without hurting her feelings—"
"I LIKE SOMETHING DIFFERENT"

John Graham was startled when Molly burst into joyous laughter.

MOLLY was delighted when she discovered Ronnie's increasing interest in Lily. Though Lily had known Ronnie for twenty years, no thought of a romance ever had entered her head, but while he was writing a starring role for her into his new play, they had been drawn closer to each other. Molly saw the impending romance long before Lily was aware of it.

"I do believe, Lily, that Ronnie's falling in love with you," she said, happily.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Lily laughed curiously. "Don't be a sentimental idiot just because you're holding hands with John Graham. Of course he isn't!" However, she finally sensing her unhappiness, had been known to bind together its unsuspecting victims. "Well," she said, reluctantly. "Maybe—I'm in the kind of a woman who grows on a man like a barnacle, and I suppose if Ronnie ever gets back of me and nothing of other women he's going to let me attach myself to him." She sighed. "When you toddle up to the altar with John Graham, Molly. I'm going to be the least old maid in New York."

"Tush, Lily! Don't be too sure that John is going to ask me to do any toddling."

"Well, he isn't going to ask Julia! That's a cinch!"

Thinking about Julia, Molly sighed. Julia would find little happiness because she looked too far ahead for it. Already she was saddled with a child of her own undoing. She was turning away from her old friends and was seeking new acquaintances who, she hoped, would advance her socially. Molly comforted herself with the thought that her arms would always be open to welcome Julia when life failed her again. She was glad that Musette and Pea itself as early as she could, clasping her hand as if to reassure herself of her nearness, "you will marry me, wouldn't you, John?"

"Yes, dear." Though Molly's face was transfigured with joy, a lump swelled in her throat. "Lend me your hand, John. I'm so happy until I've had a darn good cry!"

Hollywood Morals, If Any

(Continued from page 31)

Men without number have been sued, rightly or wrongly, for alleged misdemeanors involving ladies in their past. No one pays any attention to the list that may be a member of the theatrical profession and the same indiscipline, true or false, makes international news.

The result is that Hollywood is the most moral-conscious town that I have ever been in on any of the six continents and innumerable islands. Where else in the world are man and wife forced to consider a projected stag fishing trip as a matter of vital importance? It is no exaggeration to say that if a male star wants to go hunting in the High Sierras and his wife from whom he has been parted must consult with a round dozen of studio employees for weeks in advance. If they don't it is almost sure to be rumored that they are a flirt! Everything else that happens in their private lives is proportionately exaggerated.

HOLLYWOOD has been forced, therefore, to adopt the new astounding strange sort of moral code. Of course, being Hollywood, they built the moral code like a studio set—all front and rather uninteresting. I believe that that sensational press broadcasts the marital difficulties, say, of an actor and actress living the same running world, or the sudden death of a pet, or a pal who goes and become a jaded, a little bit odd. I told him that I was fresh from Ireland and had heard about the wild life in Southern California and was fairly champing at the bit to get at it. Gravely he shook his head. "You've got a lot to learn, for instance, if you believe that in the daily papers you will get your name linked with other women. Forget how the thing gets started. She looks at you in her studio clothes. They can even sit in it all the standard form contracts—a long paragraph about moral turpitude. It's not that anything ever done here that isn't done in your own home town, but in a normal community if you step out of line a little bit when the family isn't looking, you're not apt to trip over five or seven reporters who will then run like hares to the nearby yellow presses. "Looky, looky, looky what I saw!"

Along with the morals came a code of everyday actions that would make the most formidable child's play. Look like, for instance, child's play. Emily Post, for example, wrote with considerable authority that when a husband meets a divorced wife they should positively not start throwing him into the air out of the window, or, better still, should bow formally, like complete strangers, and move on surrounded in a cloud of dignity. Try that in Hollywood! The silence..."
I've Found a Way to Get More Light at No Extra Cost

I use the New and Brighter G-E MAZDA LAMPS

This young lady has found a grand way to get extra value, for the new G-E MAZDA lamps not only give her more light for her money, but they help protect her eyes from strain, and her face from beauty-marring wrinkles.

Light up your home with new G-E MAZDA lamps. Thanks to General Electric research, they are now brighter than ever, yet they use no more electric current, and cost no more to buy. You'll be sure to get bulbs that stay BRIGHTER LONGER, if you look for the General Electric trademark when you buy.

Tears From His Heart and His Head

(Continued from page 23)

"Though in Warminster I suppose I must have cried now and then," he conceded. "In fact, I remember crying about Horace and William."

And so was the story unfolded. In Warminster there had been two bull-frogs in the family greenhouse whom Freddie had trained to appear when called by name. Then Freddie went up to London to go on tour for two months. On his return he raced to the greenhouse to call for Horace and for William. There was no Horace, no William.

He has often wished, he told me, sitting out of his chair to stretch full-length on the floor, a serious chin cupped in his hand, he has often wished especially that he'd taken a picture of William who, it seems, was quite a particular sort of frog, and who, along with Horace, was never seen again.

Recollections of Horace and William brought a remembrance also of tears he had shed upon the death of Michael, a kitten. But such tears were small preparation, after all, for tears demanded of an actor in a great title role!

Mr. Cukor suggested that young Cooper should find a corner of the great sound stage where they could "talk it over." Everything would be ready for the "take" when Freddie could be ready to cry.

On a dim unused set, the dusty steps of an Emperor's throne, a small, expressive actor and Clasy talked long and seriously. Then, everything else failing, Clasy suggested imagining that she had died.
The 200-sheet Kleenex brings 2-way savings. (1) Now costs less . . . for 25c. (2) Patented Kleenex “pull-out” box saves tissues, means no waste, no mess. Pull a tissue, the next one pops up ready for use. Only Kleenex has it!

KEEPS KLEENEX IN EVERY ROOM to remove face creams and cosmetics. (3) No rubber, danger to dainty for the baby's skin.

KEEP KLEENEX IN EVERY CARRYING bag to wipe hands, windshield, dirty spots.

KLEENEX
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

The Woman Who Will Play Molly

(Continued from page 67)

"Oh, no!" Freddie cried in sudden despair. "I think of something reasonable!

But already the tears were there.

"By kisses, fellow, weren’t they, my love?" Freddie laughed, looking regally up at Cassy as he recounted the tale, his eyes alight with excitement. And thus was launched his first crying scene, a record in celluloid which, then and there, started a small boy named Bartholomew well on his way "to town."

His second crying scene came next day, the climax of Copperfield’s boarding by Mr. Stoner.

"But crying for that scene," remarked Freddie, "was no trouble at all!"

For it seems that, though our small actor was well padded, the pad slipped, and the inspiration Freddie had for what do I mean? — "endear him," — realistic distress, remained as black-and-blue ribbons across his back for a week.

"But you should have told us instantly," said Director Cook, much ouches.

"Well I couldn’t make a fuss in the middle of the picture," Freddie had reasoned in reply.

"Well, so," Freddie would explain, "I didn’t even realize the mistake was quite different from the attitude of Mr. Basil Rathbone Monsieur..."

(And who arrived at the studio next morning with the finest toy motorboat to be had in Hollywood.)

But the rugged, starred Copperfield would not: he realized his work was before the camera by a morning’s play with the donkeys, creating so gay a mood that subsequent crying was all but impossible.

"Since that time," he told me, "then I’m sure. And I first of all, sit by ourselves and think only of quiet things."

"Other people’s being quiet, too, is very important," he added. "We have been to the scene must be quiet and that would be very hard to do crying then."

"To illustrate how helpful the others can be, he told me of the chapel scene in "Captains Courageous," the lighting of his candle for Manuel."

"All day long on that set, there was a reverent feeling," he explained. "When we finally took the scene everyone was sure that Manuel was dead that tears were dripping down everywhere!"

No thought had Freddie that it was his own genius which moved the onlookers to tears. Indeed, one of the unbelievable things about him is his complete unawareness of any importance a scene of his "past." The arrival of that check provided the greatest thrill of all his life, however, the realization that he would appear on the stage in London as an actor.

"Just think," he exclaimed, when in fact $5 had come, "the first money I have ever earned!"

With $5 he bought Cassy a chair. With $22 he bought her a table book. With $10 he bought her a flower pot. Her hands were so "infectious," like a boy with chicken pox, and she spent the remaining $5 at stands along the beach where you throw baseball for pencils.

"No, I don’t especially mind crying scenes," he went on, answering my question about it, "although we always have a headache afterwards, don’t we? Cassy?"

If you had been there, you would have seen the greatest crowd of the season to see the "Captains Courageous." There was a nervousness there, we waited, and there was a great, you might say, a "disaster." In the dressing room, I and Cassy had been talking while the camera was over this important scene he had ever had to do: the biggest moment in a picture for which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had gambled a million and a half dollars on the acting ability of a boy of thirteen.

"I have impressed on his mind the really great importance of these next moments before the camera; this is Manuel’s own, for her own sake, I mean to do in bringing forth it the one suggestion she knew would be; the suggestion that, as he looked down into that swift-running water, he was to imagine that her tears were the face he saw there."

"There were no lines to be remembered. Freddie went into the scene and, in a terror of convulsive tears, "wrote" his own words. Afterwards, the assistant director came to the dressing room, to say with regret, that an important detail had been overlooked; Freddie was to have turned back to plead with the Captain. The scene would have to be dropped — response from an audience.

"Please tell Mr. Fleming I’m very sorry," Freddie said, "but I couldn’t do otherwise."

So the great scene remained final with one "lack."

Of course, it worries me to put such terrifying thoughts into his mind," Cassy told me, when we were alone. "It’s very cruel, of course."

And thirteen years old, after all, is but thirteen years old and a very few minutes after that piece of which we are speaking. From which it would never be lost, Freddie, still in oilskins and sea boots, was racing down the black-and-long stage shooting for everybody to look out, as he made his initial run on a flashing new blue motor bicycle—the reward for the tears of a gentleman.

I wondered what Freddie’s mental reactions to these tears bringing his eyes to his eyes brought. I reminded him, indeed, that I know I’ve done what’s expected of me.

I had but one more question to ask. Did other actors in emotional scene situations ever bring to his eyes sympathy?"

"No, I can’t truthfully say they ever do," he replied promptly.

But Cassy reminded him of a scene in which Tracy, personally, the very fond was sentenced to die in the electric chair.

"You did cry then," she said.

He was very busy now, focusing a small camera through an open window upon Concel, his Spaniel.

He snapped the picture, the one eye solemnly squinted.

"Are you sure that’s my love?" said he, staring at the camera in its case.

"Well, of course I suppose you are," he said, stuffing both hands deep into his pocket. "I can’t see your face," he added. "I was looking for a camera, or you wouldn’t have said it, but . . ." He remarked this actor whose tears have traveled over five continents to earn for him a wide world fame . . . but I must say I’m a good deal surprised at myself for crying right out in public who could possibly be an actor?"

We hope no continued disagreement about salary matters will make Freddie a permanent Londoner again. America would miss this little Englishman.

earliest memories are of the little rooming house they ran in Hartford, and the cheap restaurant below, where they gorged themselves."

Sophie Tucker's own spirit is nothing to be sneezed at. Out of hope- leess poverty, out of a spot where a less willful thing might have vanished, "I never had a chance," she arose by her own unaided efforts.

Sophie had an eheap of the family of four. Sophie was born while her parents were en route from Russia to the ship which was to take them to America. Her
There was a boy living next door who led her to marry him. She was fifteen. She still doesn't know what made her do it. But that her childish mind told a hazy notion that romance escaped from misery into a pool of glittering water. The boy had made ten dollars a week. She escaped from nothing, even from her mother's kitchen. Soon, despite her marriage, everything was as before.

Till the baby came. The baby's birth sterilized all her rebellions.

One day she left her baby at her other's home. With him, she left a tier where her mother would find it at the end of the street. "Don't look for me," she had written. "If you leave me one, I'll take you away from the house!"

In New York she trudged up one flight of stairs and down another, till she found a boardhouse willing to exchange food and lodging for her services as dishwasher and bedmaker.

By prowling around she discovered that there were cafés in the Forties, here girls sang for a living. She picked it the most likely one, went in and liked for a job. "Let's hear you sing," the man nd after she'd sung, "Gwan home, d." She tried other spots, with the same result.

But she kept going back to her original choice, haunting the place till they threatened to throw her out. One night the boss saw her. "Who's this kid?"

"Thinks she can sing. Bellows like a prize ox."

"Let's hear her." He heard her. "OK, kid. I'll give you fifteen a week."

A week later she was stuffing it into an envelope. But fingers that shook, a ve-dollar bill and a screwed note: "I owe a bill. I will send money every week for you and the baby."

HUS began the upward climb. Four bars after she left home, Sophie had made enough money to buy a home and had moved her mother and her son to it.

That was the end of the restaurant and the end of the store.

She took no apportioning pots for the ten- when she shouldered. "It's what anybody could, would do for his own. But you're getting the biggest kick out of it! Little Sophie."

Her father died as she was beginning to gain recognition. So did the boy she'd married for ten dollars a week. But her mother lived to enjoy all the pleasant and luxury Sophie had dreamed of in her.

EN years ago Sophie took part in a lecture called "Hokkytonk," over which he feels a veil had best be drawn. She takes no homes about the fact that she sold the movie industry with longing.

"Of course I wanted to become a part of it. You know the greatest industry in the world, that's all. Whatever success I gained in other fields—and I've been grateful, mind you, always will be—ever since this movie business started, I've hoped, dreamed, in awaking nights scheming how to get into it.

She came to Hollywood to sing at the rodeo. All the big shots turned over her. She sang "Jesuonly," she sang "Life Brothers, Day," she said, "Why do They Call It Gay Paree?" It was "first time these people had heard her in a floor show. They thought she was on." On her way to the dressing room, a man stopped her. "A woman who can take people and stay and make them cry the way you do," he told her, "must have something in the screen."

She knew Louis B. Mayer by sight, though she'd never met him. "And those words will sing in my ears as long as I live. It was the first sign of hope after a thousand disappointments. And this is the first chance I've had to mention the name of the man who holds that hope. So I'm mentioning it loud and strong."

Currently I was through at the Troc, they spent a little fortunate time with me. I couldn't tell whether it was good or bad. Most of it, I'm afraid, I was such a big hulk—all right, I'm not a big hulk. I'm too young as a fairy and pretty like a bird. I just look like a hulk. All I could see was that big, big face. I tried to look through it for something else, something of that personality that I knew had been my mainstay all these years. But I couldn't tell, I couldn't tell a thing except that I was scared so sick I wanted to crawl under the rug and stay there."

Sophie left Hollywood to fill other engagements. At first she waited eagerly for news, but as month followed month without a word, hope sickened and died. It was a blow, but she didn't smart about it. She didn't blast Hollywood and all its works. She blamed no one but herself too much. "You just didn't click. Forget it."

Eight months later she was singing in Saratoga Springs. Out front she caught sight of Mr. Mayer with Nicholas Schenck. Again Mr. Mayer came back stage, again he spoke of his enthusiasm, "There's something about you that's got to register on the screen."

He backed his faith. Next day came a wire from her agent in Hollywood. "Sam Katz was casting "Broadway Melody of 1938." There part of a rough-edged diamond who ran a theatrical boardhouse. They wanted Sophie Tucker to play it. It's a part she can play convincingly. She's probably listened more to hard-luck tales than any other member of a profession famous for hard-luck tales. Sit with her for an hour, and the phone will ring six times. Five calls out of the six will be bids for help. A boy is trying to build up a trade in paper napkins and doilies. She promises a list of addresses, and makes a note of the promise on her pad. Will she sing at a hospital benefit? She will. Another boy has a voice. She's taken the trouble to hear him and thinks he's good. So-and-so's coming to dinner Friday," she tells him, "Drop in in case an accident, you know?—and I'd see that he hears you sing."

On her desk lies a letter from an old rabbi in Hartford, with whom her mother used to work hand-in-hand. He's sent her a bunch of raffle tickets to sell for the benefit of an old people's home. She'll get rid of them all.

"When I can help, I help. When I have to be brutal, I can be brutal too. You know I'm in the singing people, along, letting them think they have something they'll never have in a million years. There's no sense in breaking down their morale either, making promises you have no intention of keeping. When I say I'll see them at six, I'm here at six."

"You can give a certain amount of money. You can't give till you have to ask for help yourself. But besides money, there's a little more a long time a little energy left over, that the other fellow can use."

"She broke into a broad smile. I've got a good scheme for myself when I retire. I'm going to be president of one big charity organization for the whole world."

Until then, Metro gives you Sophie Tucker, bless her!"
VARIETY SHOW—Warners

HERE is a rollicking frolicking three-three-chers-for-dear-old-Rugger musical with Fred Waring and his band leaping over the goal post for another touchdown. There is a gay infectious spirit about this story of college boys and girls who decide to put on a variety show. When faculty member Walter Catlett interferes with their hotch-potch plans, the colleagues lure alumnus Dick Powell, now a Broadway producer, to help produce their show. When Dick's assistant, Ted Healy, contracts the mumps, the boys and girls conceive a plan for getting rid of snoopy Catlett. They merely pass the mumps on to the professor and the show goes right on to New York too, where even the National Guard fails to prevent Bushy Berkeley's chorus girls from prancing up and down hundreds of stairs. The Lane Sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, are outstanding. There are tuneful melodies, smart comedy, pretty girls galore in this smash hit musical of the month.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount

DISAPPOINTING after Bing Crosby's previous pictures, but nevertheless a good show is this vague musical comedy about four funny people trying to make money. Based on the familiar device of strangers' benefiting from an eccentric will, it offers Martha Raye, Andy Devine and William Frawley in several good scenes. Mary Carlisle is Crosby's romantic foil. The score is nice.

FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio

INTENDED as a minor production, this thrilling story of planes and fliers in the Andes has all the symptoms of being a B, but an excellent cast, well directed, well-paced, and with every performance made to count, it concerns a brutal setup at a small airport in the Andes. There headman Qualei (John Garfield) sends aviators out to certain death in ruined planes. Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne together find the answer to liberty and love.

THE BIG SHOT—RKO-Radio

HILARIOUS situations enliven this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits his gangster uncle's fortune, buys an antistatic crusade which goes after himself and the gang, and only finds out at the end that he is supposed to be the gang's big shot. Coral Winterspoon gives a fine caricature portrait of his socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores as the homespun veterinarian.

WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES—Warners

BIG and blustery, Barton MacLane takes care of the horses by some heavy gambling at the race track. Pretty Peggy Bates and appealing Ann Sheridan are the women in the case. The wine, if any, is warm and of poor vintage, and even Miss Bates' prin attempts to reform MacLane fall on stony ground. You can do better at Santa Anita, Empire, Saratoga, Hialeah or what have you.

HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

THE situations and gags that enliven Fred Stone's predicament as the shiftless yokel whose farm is used as a hideaway by a gang of crooks provide good comedy. Complications enter into the story when a rival mob also descends upon Stone's farm. Emma Dunn is his energetic wife; Marjorie Lord his pretty daughter. Ray Mayer has a hilarious scene, and your whole family should enjoy it.

ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox

BILL ROBINSON's dancing and Fr Washington's warm performance in this mild melodrama from utter mediocrity. The costumes are set around a white child and a color woman who claims its parentage, and the story is populated by ridiculous shootings, and a prison break. Sally Blane is the child's real mom and Claire Trevor is the newspaper woman who solves everything with the help of Douglas Fowley.

HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox

HERE comes that Jones family again and in trouble, as usual. Po Jon played by Jed Prouty, is a candidate mayor on a reform platform, but always votes the voices where the money frame him. Kenneth Howell is a messy scene just before election. But son Roger is one of the best plots of the three scene and the suspense, form, is far comedy. Covering the canape of intelligent, tacked portrayal with the cavalier satire, these consummate players created the characters of two conceited star stars who are in love with each other but temperamentally allergic. He's an old trouble outfitage as well as agrees to help disillusion the fiancee his friend, Patric Knowles. Olivia Haviland plays with understanding a sympathy the young, lovesick girl. Miss Davis takes a firm band hand and Howard proves himself susceptible lovely Olivia, and the piece ends laughter. For that matter you will in much dialogue in the dramedy of amused audience, most of which caused by business anyway, and of which is due to Eric Blore.

ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount

SOMEONE, of course, was bound to make a picture about last spring, Mississippi flood, and the irritating lit murder mystery is it. You can't imagine what Ken Murray and Gra Richards will do against the menace of Eduardo Ciannelli's gun until Fred sends the great waters to help them out. Cast is good, but the entire story unbelievable and forced.

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of The Shadow Stage does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of The Shadow Stage.
An Actress campaign, which shifted entirely to the airwaves last month, got with John Barrymore. It—the campaign—is doing all right, to the surprise of a lot of smarties. Mrs. B. has something, if radio means anything and we dare you to say isn't. The gal was good! Didn't you ask so? Here's the secret: Jack has always thought of his heroine's talent and he determined to show the scolding old lady's right. Result: he turned himself into a dramatic maestro par excellence.

As for the ambition of Barry's life, he admits, is to knock audiences cold with Elaine in a stage production of The Sketches. Meanwhile, incidentally, they rigger up a little self-protective fence to keep John from ratings too strenuously at NBC. It worked and now they're thinking of uniting all NBC actors with the need thing.

An Actresses campaign, which shifted entirely to the airwaves last month, got with John Barrymore. It—the campaign—is doing all right, to the surprise of a lot of smarties. Mrs. B. has something, if radio means anything and we dare you to say isn't. The gal was good! Didn't you ask so? Here's the secret: Jack has always thought of his heroine's talent and he determined to show the scolding old lady's right. Result: he turned himself into a dramatic maestro par excellence.

As for the ambition of Barry's life, he admits, is to knock audiences cold with Elaine in a stage production of The Sketches. Meanwhile, incidentally, they rigger up a little self-protective fence to keep John from ratings too strenuously at NBC. It worked and now they're thinking of uniting all NBC actors with the need thing.

"I was all arranged by radio in Honolulu, where Mary and Buddy were taking a vacation," says the Thames Clipper helped hustle America's perennial sweetheart over the waves to the mike and very lovely she looked too.

Things are picking up for both Bill Fields and his diminutive little chum, Charlie. We're glad to report, Bill's doctor (not the $12,000 gent) had him in for a checkup the other day and when it was over he told Bill's nurse and broke it across his knees. "You won't need that any more," sezze. As for that rat, McCarthy, Edgar Bergen has up and bought him a whole wardrobe white linen mess jacket, polo coat and beret, swimming trunks and—can you take it?—green silk pajamas! Edgar told us he felt selfish not giving Charlie a taste of the more abundant life.

The Sunbonnet Boys, meaning Bing Crosby, Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor, being still away gathering daisies, chippers, sunburn and culture, we'll right in the last reaper. It was an old-time radio show and falling leaves of radio's autumn Hollywood, to wit: Lanny Ross takes Fred Astaire's place on the new Packard show... The loveliest young singing star on the air, Florence George, qualified for a Paramount ticket other day—you'll be seeing her... Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz broke Hollywood Bowl record again this season. If they've already married why do they take identical license numbers—LP-13 and AK-137?... After wooing and coaxing Jeanette MacDonald on the ABC, Vicks are having a terrible time getting any time for her—all sold out!... Jammed stars are making plenty of pilgrimage to Benny Goodman's School of Swing... When you compliment George Burns on the program, he says, "It's Gracie's show." Jimmy Ameche, Don's brother, who used to be Jack Armstrong, is a Paramount term ticket. That brings all the Ameche out to Hollywood... Hushand Herbie Kay flies out from Chicago on week ends just to look into those lovely Lamour eyes... Bill Fields is grumbling about the censors; they're slowing up his stuff... Since Werner Jannsen has been knighted by Finland, must we call her Lady Anna Harding?

The newsboys were snapping pictures of John Barrymore's streamlined Shakespeare rehearsals. Suddenly a flash bulb exploded like a Mills bomb, rocking the place and showering glass in all directions. Elaine screamed and ran across the room hysterically. But John never batted an eyelash. "That," he stated calmly, "is nothing... after you've been married four times!"

An Actresses campaign, which shifted entirely to the airwaves last month, got with John Barrymore. It—the campaign—is doing all right, to the surprise of a lot of smarties. Mrs. B. has something, if radio means anything and we dare you to say isn't. The gal was good! Didn't you ask so? Here's the secret: Jack has always thought of his heroine's talent and he determined to show the scolding old lady's right. Result: he turned himself into a dramatic maestro par excellence.

As for the ambition of Barry's life, he admits, is to knock audiences cold with Elaine in a stage production of The Sketches. Meanwhile, incidentally, they rigger up a little self-protective fence to keep John from ratings too strenuously at NBC. It worked and now they're thinking of uniting all NBC actors with the need thing.

"I was all arranged by radio in Honolulu, where Mary and Buddy were taking a vacation," says the Thames Clipper helped hustle America's perennial sweetheart over the waves to the mike and very lovely she looked too.

Things are picking up for both Bill Fields and his diminutive little chum, Charlie. We're glad to report, Bill's doctor (not the $12,000 gent) had him in for a checkup the other day and when it was over he told Bill's nurse and broke it across his knees. "You won't need that any more," sezze. As for that rat, McCarthy, Edgar Bergen has up and bought him a whole wardrobe white linen mess jacket, polo coat and beret, swimming trunks and—can you take it?—green silk pajamas! Edgar told us he felt selfish not giving Charlie a taste of the more abundant life.

The Sunbonnet Boys, meaning Bing Crosby, Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor, being still away gathering daisies, chippers, sunburn and culture, we'll right in the last reaper. It was an old-time radio show and falling leaves of radio's autumn Hollywood, to wit: Lanny Ross takes Fred Astaire's place on the new Packard show... The loveliest young singing star on the air, Florence George, qualified for a Paramount ticket other day—you'll be seeing her... Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz broke Hollywood Bowl record again this season. If they've already married why do they take identical license numbers—LP-13 and AK-137?... After wooing and coaxing Jeanette MacDonald on the ABC, Vicks are having a terrible time getting any time for her—all sold out!... Jammed stars are making plenty of pilgrimage to Benny Goodman's School of Swing... When you compliment George Burns on the program, he says, "It's Gracie's show." Jimmy Ameche, Don's brother, who used to be Jack Armstrong, is a Paramount term ticket. That brings all the Ameche out to Hollywood... Hushand Herbie Kay flies out from Chicago on week ends just to look into those lovely Lamour eyes... Bill Fields is grumbling about the censors; they're slowing up his stuff... Since Werner Jannsen has been knighted by Finland, must we call her Lady Anna Harding?

The newsboys were snapping pictures of John Barrymore's streamlined Shakespeare rehearsals. Suddenly a flash bulb exploded like a Mills bomb, rocking the place and showering glass in all directions. Elaine screamed and ran across the room hysterically. But John never batted an eyelash. "That," he stated calmly, "is nothing... after you've been married four times!"

Ten new—absolutely new—shades of face powder! You have never seen the like of them before.

They're new in color, They're new in coloring, They do things for women never before known.

You Will See a New "You" One of these shades will prove the right one for you! It will prove your "lucky" shade. It will show you a new "you"—a more youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"—a more glamorous "you."

You don't have to take my word for this. You can prove it to yourself! Just mail the coupon and you will receive all ten of my new Lady Esther Face Powder shades postpaid and free.

Try All Ten!

Try, not one or two shades, but all ten! The very one you think least suited to you may prove a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

New Lady Esther, 2018 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades.

Name

Address

City...

State...

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Canada)
Why women want
Revol Nail Polish

Smart women know that real charm lies in cultivating personality—individuality. Thus it is only natural that you want Revlon Nail Polish. For Revlon offers 21 exclusive shades, all in perfect taste, from which you may select those best suited to your very own hands, complexion and costumes. Of course, Revlon wears better—keeps its lustre longer. Next time try Revlon. “He” will admire it, too.

Hollywood’s Junior Legion
(Continued from page 4)

She’s a tomboy most of the time and loves being out of doors with her goats, chickens, and her real red-letter days are the ones when her father takes her fishing. She can sit on a wet rock all the perfectly happy, even though she hasn’t had a nibble. Her one regret, since she has a great fondness for buttermilk, is that she’s never had a chance to try it. Her father knew so many milkmen took her down to his dairy and taught her to milk. When she came, he asked her how she liked being a milkmaid. “Oh, just fine,” she told him, but I couldn’t discover which of those spots the buttermilk came from.”

The spacious nursery in the Withers’ home has a large family of dolls and Jane spends as much time as possible dressing them. A short time ago she decided she’d like to imitate the early Americans and spin the thread and weave the cloth for their garments. She already had a loom, so we got together at my workbench (I’m a carpenter in my spare time) and made her a little spinning wheel, exactly like the big one in the museum, but only half as large. When the finished Jane liked it so well that she wanted all of you to see it, so she had snapshots taken of herself and the spinning wheel, beside the fireplace in her playroom.

Sometimes Jane reminds me of the little girl in an old-fashioned daguerreotype, and I can well imagine her seated at the spinning wheel, in a little ankle-length challis dress, the firelight shining on her black hair and in her eyes.

And now for a secret! Shirley Temple told me that she would have a snapshot taken for you, maybe next month. You mustn’t ask her to have photographs autographed, though, for she wouldn’t be time for that; but we do receive some of your autographs for our own collection.

Autographs always make me think of Joan Blondell. Once she invited me to bring some of the children to her home for tea. Among them was my five-year-old friend, An Margaret, who had never seen a snapshot before and was just delighted at the prospect, Miss Blondell being her special favorite. She showed me promise again and again to ask Joan if she might have a photograph of her. Joan, always gracious, pretended to be flattered at the request, and went into her study and autographed a beautiful photo especially to An Margaret, with an expression of infinite disappointment, walk to where I was standing and said, “And in the picture, saying, “Here, I don’t want it.”’

“But why?” I asked, surprised. “Because,” answered the little girl with a sweet smile of almost an autograph, “because, it’s not good. It’s ruined. It’s been ‘wrote’ all over!”

If any little readers of this page would like the snapshot of Jane Withers and her spinning wheel, the best way to get it is simply by writing a letter, stating your request, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address all letters to PAGE GOODWIN, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 7731 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.
So Men Can't Cook, Eh!
(Continued from page 8)
don’t think my Beans à la Metro have sex appeal.

HERE’S another recipe I just hate to give away, but after all, I want someone to live after me - not just the recipe for my barbecued spareribs.

Barbecued Spareribs à la May Robson

I’ve named my spareribs after dear Muriel May, because my ribs are the only ones that ever pleases me.

First, I spread out my ribs in a pan under a high flame, turning them to brown them crisply on both sides. Next, I put a tablespoon of freshly ground black pepper and one of salt, a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of chili powder, one of brown sugar, and a half-teaspoonful of cayenne. This is, of course, if I am expecting guests who like things hot.

Then I put the top on the roaster, very, very slowly, for at least an hour and a half, always turning the top ones when I haven’t anything else to do. Why they turn it out so good I don’t know. Maybe it’s because I put a few bay leaves in and don’t want to tell you all about it. Matter of fact, it make there’s never a rib left for my little dog Pico to play with.

THERE’S a certain psychological effect that the first course of a meal produces, which lasts through the entire dinner. That is the real reason why I always try to start the meal off with a potage, which extracts some such as, “Oh, isn’t that delicious! What is it?” and here’s a recipe that’s very simple and yet so unusual that I don’t believe you’ll ever cook it. But don’t give it to you anymore!

Sorrel Soup à la Una Merkel

You wonder why I’ve named this soup after Una. Well, here’s the reason. Sorrel is really nothing more or less than sorrel and Una is so sweet she loves anything sour.

Sorrel can be bought in all the better grocery stores. If I have a dinner for eight, I chop about three fourths of a pound of sorrel very fine, and let it simmer in a tablespoon of chicken fat, after which is added two cups of water. Then, after it is entirely cooled, I beat it into the yolks of ten eggs. (I told you you’d never make this soup.)

As one good beast deserves another, I beat into this a quart of chicken broth. When the mixture is thoroughly beaten, I put in it a double boiler and let it come very slowly to a boil, stirring most of the time. Of course, I season it with pepper and a square of onion juice. (Be sure to squat the onion juice into the soup and not eyeward.) Just before serving, I take out the bones, carefully, dissect six tablespoons of cooked wild rice.

As this is an article and not a book, I will have to finish my Epicurean Phenomena without even giving you dessert or a demitasse.

If you’re brave enough to try any of these recipes, and they go wrong, you can still care me of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Beauty For The Very Young

A LUKEWARM bath running to cold is the most exhilarating before going out but Anita can’t resist a hot bath before retiring. She loves to swim in a hot tub and feel all the tired nerves relaxing under the soothing influence of the heat. Hot water, yes, but not hot enough, always a morning pleasure. Again, moderation is her formula.

A salt-water rinse after her tooth brushing helps keep her breath so lovely, her mouth so healthy and her teeth gleaming white. Her hands, which have been modeled by sculptors and acclaimed by noted artists as among the most beautiful in Hollywood, are regularly cared for in her beauty routine. She keeps them soft by using lotions; making it gently and massaging from the tips of the fingers toward the wrist. Her beautifully shaped nails are protected from shredding and cracking by occasional, artist-oil baths. They are only moderately long. She dislikes nails that are long in their length—but they look too much like claws—and her own are just long enough to accentuate the tapering length of smoothing it or hands show their care to the best advantage when she wears the harp.

Anita’s diet rules are few and easy to follow. Simple, tastefully prepared vegetables and meats; but never any overly starchy or richly spiced desserts. Two tablespoons of a large helping of juice and never, never more than one cup of coffee or tea. Potassium broth, a soup which she cooks and with which she feeds bone, is a daily ritual. She eats a great deal of fruit and particularly likes it for breakfast, served as a dessert with sour cream. With simple fare such as this, it is easy to see one reason why the clarity of her beauty is so undimmed.

But no beauty schedule is complete without properly planned outdoor exercise. Anita believes that it is as imperious to her health as it is to physical fitness and she is skilled in all the sports, excelling in tennis, swimming, badminton, ping-pong and riding. At present, however, she is planning to take up fencing again. As a child, she was such an expert with the foils that she was offered a chance to tour to concert the country giving exhibitions.

“Nothing there will develop poise and grace of movement more quickly than fencing,” she says, “and grace of movement is an integral part of beauty.”

Grace is very much a part of Anita’s beauty as we could plainly see. You would have seen it too had you watched her move about the sunny, peaceful bedroom. Her face so wise and beautiful mother has created, with pride, around the radiant youth of her daughter.

We examined a big white house with the same peace of spirit which envelops those who live within it—two very lovely women and whose beauty comes of the mind as of the body; whose lives are lived with gentle dignity and gracious charm. And we concluded that beauty which has been praised is not so great a part of Anita’s consciousness as are the simple, earnest, active rules that produce it. As a result, she is not only Hollywood’s most beautiful young girl but one of its most energetic young stars with the stamina of health to follow the road which beauty has paved for her.

MODERN women no longer give in to functional periodical pain. It’s old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there it now a reliable aid for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol. Many who use Midol don’t feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment’s discomfort during the entire period. Don’t let the calendar regulate your activities! Don’t “faver yourself” or “save yourself” certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you? Midol brings quick relief which usually lasts for hours. Its principal ingredient has often been prescribed by specialists.

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Keep Your Baby Healthy

“How to Raise the Baby.” By Bernarr Macfadden. We will set you on the right track! How to feed, clothes, bathe, and exercise your little one. Send $2.00 (for a copy in MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Inc., Dept. 180, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City

Lovelier Blonde Hair

NEW CINEMA CREAM METHOD
Every application of this new method of bleaching hair to be had at all salons to-day. Its quick action is the result of a new formula, and its quick effect is proved by the fact that beauty director Miss Lucille White, of Warner Bros. and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, is using it. Her latest beauty method was chosen by the Savile Row of London hairdressers as the best new method of bleaching, and it is chosen by all leading hair colorists.

Not only can you bleach any hair, but with its application of LOVELIER’S CINEMA CREAM METHOD, beautiful blonde hair can be obtained and every hair color, from lightest blond to deepest brown, can be changed to any desired shade.

LET LOVELIER BLEACH YOURSELF!

NEW CINEMA CREAM Method—Ingredients from the world’s most famous workers. Nothing less than the highest quality hair color. No total overcharge. You can acquire this method, at a small cost, at any drug store, for a small fee.

SPECIAL ORDER: 50¢

1. Make a test application of LOVELIER CINEMA CREAM on a small part of your head to ascertain the results of the application.
2. Then apply with a brush or sponge to the entire head.

Order: New Laboratory, 10758, 1099 Amsterdam Ave. (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

LECHNER LABORATORIES
506 Broadway Dept. W. G., New York, N.Y.

Important NEWS for Radio Listeners

Wander around the dial hunting a good program when, with a glance at the Radio Mirror Almanac, you can turn instantly and surely to the best broadcast on the air!

The Radio Mirror Almanac is a big eight-page section of day-by-day program listings and valuable news about the features scheduled. It is the one important station in the country for the entire month. A moment devoted to it each day will tell you the highlights broadcast for that day, what they are, where they are, who is on them, and what the big events, stars, new shows, special features—every right you want to know. This very minute thousands of men and women are using the Radio Mirror Almanac and enjoying their radios more than ever before. Get a copy of Radio Mirror for October today and use this great innovation. Once you’ve tried it you’ll never be without it. And the Almanac is only a small part of radio’s own big magazine!
"How Did They Ever Get That?"

(Continued from page 24)

where on the Atlantic. The question had to be decided then and there, immedi-
ately. Talley did his damnedest to get Kent on the radio phone. No luck. Finally he said:

"Nuts! I'm going to take a chance. We'll go to Lakehurst. It's inside-the-Ashby Corrosion stuff and swim or sink by it!"

In my opinion, he knew, he swam with gusto. Those Coronation pictures were a raging success. What was more, Talley scooped the world. Not through any fancy arrangements with companies, but simply by getting his story on the wire. His idea was the first. The others scored the spot on the film. Other companies sent their regulars to cover the story, but Talley had the only story on his hands: a scoop that would make him a millionaire.

The most harrowing story about a scoop concerns the one that didn't come off. It almost ended with the death of six men. One of the group actually did die.

Jack Kuhn of Fox Movietone conceived of a plan to scoop the country on the pictures of the assassination of King Alexander of Greece. And Foreign Minister Barthou of France. They were aboard the S.S. George Washington. Before the idea was even suggested, Talley had met the liner some 600 miles out at sea with a plane, picked up the film and flew back, thus beating every other newswriter by at least one day. The can of film, tied to a life preserver, was to be thrown off the stern of the ship and be retrieved by the Echo of the Lakehurst, a Grumman J-2 hovering just above the water.

Elmer Greensburg, one of the most audacious of pilots, undertook to handle the controls. With him in the plane were Jack Kuhn, Ed Reck, his boss, who went along for the ride, as did a radio operator, a mechanic and a co-pilot. The latter never came back.

A glare was blowing. When they met the George Washington she was ploughing through the water with a speed of 20 miles an hour. Captain George Fried slowed his vessel up and gave the signal to drop the film can tied to the life preserver. Kuhn dropped his plane, but it was too late. Captain Greensburg dived, the other two men made for the Surface of the Sea. The Echo crashed into it with terrific force, throwing the radio operator and the mechanic out into the sea.

Talley was right to take the chance. Had he not, the people of the world wouldn't have known that the city of Athens was under the threat of Fascist war. And Talley didn't have to do it. He did it because he believed in his country and in the scheme of things. He believed in the idea that there is a moral purpose to the world. He believed that there is a cause and effect in the universe. He believed that there is a right and a wrong. And he believed that there is a God who will judge us all.
It was completely out of sight. Kuhn's hair was half out and the rest was rapidly drifting into the distance. He saw the lifeboat heading back to the choppy water. The sailors had given him up for lost. In desperation he took off his white muffer and waved it frantically. He would have been hopelessly lost but for Senator Latoffe of Wisconsin who was on the bridge. It was he who caught a glimpse of that white muffer. The lifeboat crew had two miles to pick Kuhn up, so far had drifted. Someone thought that these newsmen are the most resourceful, wily fellows I know. If they hadn't been so clever with their jobs, they often have to go where they aren't wanted, where there are strict "no news" and elaborate systems where they are persecuted. Like the good reporter, their slogan is: "Get the story!"

Let me illustrate with an experience of husky, round-faced Bill Jordan. With his blond hair and blue eyes he looks like the mad hatter and is seeing rapidly. On the occasion I am thinking of, he was covering the cataclysmic eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

Recently he had foxy colleague, Ettore Villani. They went to the mouth of the crater and made a hasty shot of the falling lava as it was flying over the camera, burning the world, but escaping death only by crawling back through streams of lava under a rain of red-hot stones and lumps of sulfur gas.

But they wanted to do still more, to cover the story as if they were literally being swept under by rivers of lava. To do this, they had to go around the base of the mountain. Let Bill Jordan tell the story:

"We had left Rome in such a hurry that we hadn’t bothered to get special permission from the authorities."

"When we got to a town that was fairly near where we were headed for, we were stopped by the regular army. It seems martial law had been declared. We had no permission to pass through the lines, and they wouldn’t recognize any argument. Villani then pulled a fast one. He asked if he could go into the town on foot. The soldiers was okay and let him. They let him into the camp and park it, so we could go to a hotel."

"He got the permission and, like all Italian authorities, it was a piece of paper with red seal and red stamp, the most authoritative. He came back to the car, and showed this permission, and we got by the soldiers. Villani then took this piece of paper and put it on the windshield and held his hand on it."

So we went right through that town, and every town we went through where there were soldiers we refused to stop. I kept my hand on the horn, drove sixty miles an hour, and Villani pointed so gently to this red seal he was holding to the windshield. The soldiers would put up their guns and try to stop us, but they didn’t dare. They didn’t know what they’d do and salute us, and let us go through. And it was only a parking permit! We went through three or four towns that way.

Finally we got to the actual lava zone. The lava was flowing down slowly, and as it came along it completely wiped out houses. The lava piled up the sides and began to cover the houses that were still intact. The way we photographed them was to get them on top of a house and get the agreement of the owner to go to the next house, and then photograph the one collapsing, that we’d just left. We just kept backing up. We stayed all day and got, enough in one day, so immediately drove back to Naples and then to Rome, to ship the film. We got out the same way we came in."

Then there was that exciting bit of camera reporting, the newsreel film taken during the Memorial Day steel clash at Chicago. This graphic visual record of the horror of the roar of sound, was suppressed by Paramount, you remember, for an entire year. But it turned out that there were no further labor battles throughout the country. This was the film that was run off before members of a Washington investigation committee had written an account of an occurrence of grave national importance, whose accuracy could be questioned. Once again the boys behind the cameras had scored!

If you question the newsreel men, you’ll find that they are usually in agreement on the point that industrial warfare is one of the meanest assignments in their job. Bestings, camera men are all day long, getting into one hell of a jam, beating the world, but escaping death only by crawling back through streams of lava under a rain of red-hot stones and lumps of sulfur gas.

But they wanted to do still more, to cover the story as if they were literally being swept under by rivers of lava. To do this, they had to go around the base of the mountain. Let Bill Jordan tell the story:

"We had left Rome in such a hurry that we hadn’t bothered to get special permission from the authorities."

"When we got to a town that was fairly near where we were headed for, we were stopped by the regular army. It seems martial law had been declared. We had no permission to pass through the lines, and they wouldn’t recognize any argument. Villani then pulled a fast one. He asked if he could go into the town on foot. The soldiers was okay and let him. They let him into the camp and park it, so we could go to a hotel."

"He got the permission and, like all Italian authorities, it was a piece of paper with red seal and red stamp, the most authoritative. He came back to the car, and showed this permission, and we got by the soldiers. Villani then took this piece of paper and put it on the windshield and held his hand on it."

So we went right through that town, and every town we went through where there were soldiers we refused to stop. I kept my hand on the horn, drove sixty miles an hour, and Villani pointed so gently to this red seal he was holding to the windshield. The soldiers would put up their guns and try to stop us, but they didn’t dare. They didn’t know what they’d do and salute us, and let us go through. And it was only a parking permit! We went through three or four towns that way.

Finally we got to the actual lava zone. The lava was flowing down slowly, and as it came along it completely wiped out houses. The lava piled up the sides and began to cover the houses that were still intact. The way we photographed them was to get them on top of a house and get the agreement of the owner to go to the next house, and then photograph the one collapsing, that we’d just left. We just kept backing up. We stayed all day and got, enough in one day, so immediately drove back to Naples and then to Rome, to ship the film. We got out the same way we came in."

Then there was that exciting bit of camera reporting, the newsreel film taken during the Memorial Day steel clash at Chicago. This graphic visual record of the horror of the roar of sound, was suppressed by Paramount, you remember, for an entire year. But it turned out that there were no further labor battles throughout the country. This was the film that was run off before members of a Washington investigation committee had written an account of an occurrence of grave national importance, whose accuracy could be questioned. Once again the boys behind the cameras had scored!

If you question the newsreel men, you’ll find that they are usually in agreement on the point that industrial warfare is one of the meanest assignments in their job. Bestings, camera men are all day long, getting into one hell of a jam, beating the world, but escaping death only by crawling back through streams of lava under a rain of red-hot stones and lumps of sulfur gas.
Feature Your HAIR
It's Your Most Attractive Point

Your hair is your most attractive feature—don’t neglect it! No shampoo alone can do your hair half justice. A Golden Glint Rinse quickly aids tiny shineless hairs and defines every contour of your hair. Magnificently transforms dull, spiritless hair into a lovely, lovely little lady.

Brownettes, Brunettes, Blondes:
A select formula of Golden Glint is necessary to smartly, perfectly highlight your individual hair shade without shifting it in the least. And highlights you require. Not a dye, not a bleach. Millions use it mystically.

Silver Glint—a rinse created especially for white, platinum and very gray hair. Imports sparkling silver highlights, leaving the hair wonderfully soft and luminous. Use from head to toe!


Golden Glint: Brightens Blonde, blonde and Dark Hair

BRAND INTERNATIONAL

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms

Only 10c a Day

SEND NO MONEY

SPECIAL PORTABLE DURAGRADES

 bases or a desk or on your desk. With its low weight and compact size, you can take it anywhere. Note: Most designs come in a tote bag. Send 10c to:

International Typewriter Exch.,
30 W. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

If you wish personal advice as to your best choice, write directly to Corinna C. Smith, 1021 W. 10th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. Her opinions are unbiased and she will render you the best estimate of the \"worth of your money\" in the purchase of a typewriter.

Radio Mirror

10c at all newstand

If you wish personal advice as to your best choice, write directly to Corinna C. Smith, 1021 W. 10th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. Her opinions are unbiased and she will render you the best estimate of the \"worth of your money\" in the purchase of a typewriter.

If you wish personal advice as to your best choice, write directly to Corinna C. Smith, 1021 W. 10th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. Her opinions are unbiased and she will render you the best estimate of the \"worth of your money\" in the purchase of a typewriter.

Flash Fashion Letter

(Taken from page 72)

that they balance your skirt length. Don’t be afraid of novelty, but also, don’t be afraid of the hate mail you may assume you today may turn out to be but a giggle in a few months or so, when the novelty has worn off and only the cream sticks. Yes, your protection should be used as to millinery in your planning, unless you can afford to wear it a few times and then pass it on to someone.

A CALL from Katharine Hepburn brought Muriel King sweeping through the air to design her clothes for “Stage Door.” She has done Ginger Rogers, and she will be doing Gail Patrick’s clothes in exactly the same picture. Two contrasting types, Ginger with her airy, natural spontaneity; Katharine silk crepe, with cayetted, grayhound streameum, gave Miss King a great opportunity.

Katharine has been given wide shoulders, and she has designed with almost military a severity a knockout coat of heavy, soft shaggy black wool, which has a bradle coat front and brass buttons. In another coat of this type is of grey-blue cloth, its outstanding curved lapels lined with black. Long sleeves of dark-blue silk are on the front and back of the coat and are squeezed into frog fastenings. The design is a repetition of that of the blue materials of the lapels.

Layers of rounded petals trim an evening dress, a spray marquise which Katharine will wear. Petal layers surround the armholes, start at the shoulder, fasten on the bodice and taper to the belt, repeat this line in the back, and flow in a long line down the side fronts of the tremendously wide skirt. A wide belt of margenta gathers the side, buttoned in front, confines the waist.

A charming afternoon frock for Kath- herine is a short jacket of black silk crepe with two grosgrain bows spaced at intervals on its surface. The V neck is filled in with a jabot of dons and don’t wide shoulders, she has designed with almost military a severity.

FORHAN’S

The Best GRAY HAIR

A REmedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you ever bought or used. Following is a simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce of bitom, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of burnt spirit and marquisette. After it has stood for a week, you can just take this up or you can mix and put yourself as little cost. Apply to the hair twice a day, and the results are better.

Wake Up, Your LIVER BILE

Without Colonel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your stomach daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest, it just lies around in the biliary-Guts blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks pink.

Laxatives are only make-shifts. A more bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes too- good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these toxins out of your system and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gently, yet amazing in making life flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

TAKE NO CHANCES

with ½ Way Tooth Pastes

Do this for dull teeth tonight

To make teeth brilliant, your smile truly attractive, gums too must be cared for. You cannot trust to half-way measures. Begin the two-way care dentists advise, tonight:

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan’s in the usual manner.

2. Massage gums briskly with ½ inch of Forhan’s on brush or finger. Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, teeth gleam.

Forhan’s Toothpaste was developed by Dr. R. H. Forhan, eminent dental sur-

geon, to do both vital dental sur-
gean, to do both vital dental sur-
gean, to do both vital dental sur-
gean, to do both vital dental sur-
gean, to do both vital dental sur-
gean, to do both vital dental sur-
gean, to do both vital dental sur-
ger. Do this for dull teeth tonight.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D. D. S.
PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTOR

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 64 and 65 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION CLUB STYLES

PHOTOPLAY PRE-VUE HAT FASHIONS

WOMAN'S GLORY

Keep It Glorious With Lucky Tiger BEAUTY OIL SHAMPOO

Woman's crowning glory is always her hair, regardless of how often styling may change. Lucky Tiger Beauty Oil Shampoo cleans and beautifies the hair without harsh, matted results you've ever used.

NO SOAP—NO FOAM

Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Beauty Oil Shampoo. Use it according to directions for thirty days. You'll be amazed at the wonderful improvement in your hair and scalp. You'll be delighted how much longer your next permanent lasts.

Lucky Tiger MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

BASICKLY OLIVE OIL AND OTHER FINE OILS
Sylvia of Hollywood

Now Reveals How You Can Acquire
the Beauty of the Screen Stars

5000 Verified Recipes. illustrated with full-page pictures of the women whose beauty you desire to duplicate! Everything about the secrets of Hollywood film stars: how to acquire and maintain your beauty as they are revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, The Miss Sylvia of Hollywood's New Beauty Book!

MACADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC. Dept. P-10, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can diet those streaks of gray to underneath shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWN/WHITE and a small brown does it. Used and approved for our twenty-year test. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect wave pattern of gray hair. Three applications are all that is necessary to combat gray. 

WILL YOUR EYES THRILL HIM?

NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES

WINS THOUSANDS Will be sold red, white or bright blue. Thousands of YOU-GENE users testify to the fact that their eyes are clearer and more luminous. New scientific formula; stainless steel application lancet, looks like a fine needle. At all drug and department stores.

MADE IN MERICAN

Your local drug store or department store.

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW—Paramount

A tender heart-stirring story of two old people who are the owners of a small cottage, beautiful and retired, with a son who is a gambler and an alcoholic, and a daughter who is a divorcee. Directed by Raymond Bernard and Victor Seastone (a rare role for one of the greatest directors of the French screen) and written by Landry and Paul Muni who have a real sympathy for the players, this film is a production of a devoted couple, Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter and Porter Hall among the stars. It's splendid. (Aug.)

MAN IN BLUE, THE—Universal

The story of a ranch hand, who adopts the son of a rich man, and is killed in a fight over the child. Baseball fan and Victor Merek in a serious role for one of the greatest directors of the French screen. Directed by Landry and Paul Muni who have a real sympathy for the players, this film is a production of a devoted couple, Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter and Porter Hall among the stars. It's splendid. (Aug.)

MACADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC.

Look Younger

Approved Way to Tint

O Includes new tinting methods for your personal use. Now you can tint your hair a new color in your own home. Directions and recipes for natural colors at home. No harmful chemicals. No need to be a professional. Directions for gray, black, brown, blonde and red. Complete instructions for all the color tints you need, including those for men. No need for a professional. Complete instructions for all the color tints you need, including those for men.

EARN A GOOD MONEY AS A COSTUME DESIGNER

Learn at Home in Spare Time

Right to your own home, in your spare time, you can earn a comfortable additional income. You can work at your own home, in your spare time, and earn as much as you choose. All you need is a will to work. The more time you devote to your work, the more you can earn. Your work is entirely your own. No waiting for jobs. No competition.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

WOODBURY COLLEGE, Dept. 16E, Los Angeles, Cal., tells you how in her free booklet, "How to Be a Costume Designer," and full particulars of your home study course.

May be received by Mail—Men—Mrs., 35 cents. State City.

ROBERT BEECHER, C.B., M.G.M.

EYE-GENE

A late-night talk show hosted by an eye physiologist. The program focuses on the latest developments in eye health and wellness, providing insights and tips for maintaining healthy vision. The show is popular among viewers interested in eye care and personal health. (Aug.)

THE END
The CALIFORNIAH — 20th Century-Fox

The pattern of this Western is old, but the treatment is entertainment. Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish

Hollywood warrior who tries to free his people from the hated prison. Edward Arnold is the American hero.

Margaret Wycherly is Helen. (Nef.)

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN — M-G-M

Excellent characterizations by Spencer Tracy, Frances Dee, and Clark Gable. (Hr.)

Many complications arise of the murder-without-premeditation variety. There are a few good comedy situations but even Ann Sothern and Tom Brown can't save it. (Cl.)

KEEN INVESTIGATORS — 20th Century-Fox

Helen Paris, a well-dressed gold-digger, invades Milner's precincts and causes him a lot of trouble. It concerns a baby who fell in love with a rose-colored hat. The plot gets more involved as the period passes. Helen Paris learns that the baby is to be adopted by a rich society woman. She finds out the facts and they are placed in the proper hands. (J. D.)

RUSSELL'S VALLEY — Paramount

Bill Ford again takes to his heels and saddle as a detective — this time in a rural setting. There's a bank robbery, a love intrigue, and others. Jack Oakie, Pola Negri, and others play the supporting parts. Will Rogers, the cowboy, was a favorite of the audience. (J. D.)

SING AND BE HAPPY — 20th Century-Fox

An amusing little musical in which Tony Mar-

kus goes, gets, and has a high time working for a rival advertising firm, sing and laugh for rooks, make up the be-

tween the numbers that are included. "Travelin' Light," and "Sing and Be Happy" are highlights. (S. P.)

SLAVE SHIP — 20th Century-Fox

A rugged and skillfully directed drama dealing with the slave trade, one of America's blackest moments of history. Chronically ill, he must be lifted on a stretcher from the deck of the boat.

Morgan Stevens, Charles B. Fitzsimons, and others play the roles of the African captives. Mickey Rooney steals all the honors. (A. S.)

THE STAR OF THE SHOW — 20th Century-Fox

The best Hollywood story today, and in Tech-

ical, too. It portrays the joys and sorrows of an extra girl who achieves stardom and the full of the life which the artist leads. Joey Cramer makes a obvious comeback as the extra, Fredric March is the fast rising star of the show, and it is the story of the pictures behind the scenes. A must. (H. W.)

SUPER SLEUTH — RKO Radio

Jack Oakie, a small town detective, and his trust elephant, the mute butler, try to stop a murderer, a countdown in the local town. The case is complicated when the accused is found guilty of the crime and is sentenced to death. (B. S.)

TALK OF THE DEVIL — GB

An extremely diverting mystery involving the shifting of a valuable diamond. (J. S.)

THENTH MAN, THE — GB

John Locksley strolls through English politics, big businesses and small businesses in a very capable manner. Johnnie Walker is his usual character. (A. C.)
Soft and Alluring as Rose Petals

THE NEW PHOENIX

Vita-Bloom

HOSIERY

As new as tomorrow's dawn...Vita-Bloom captures the radiance of flower tones...giving life to your legs. Rare, flattering softness...entrancingly dull and sheer...blending suavely with every costume. Vita-Bloom has a liveliness...a loveliness...that will capture your admiration at a glance.

IMPORTANT

The unusual thread vitality of Vita-Bloom tends to guard the life of this new hosiery.

PHOENIX

Vita-Bloom

GLORIFIED WITH THE PETAL FINISH

HOSIERY
A new use of color... the soft richness of suede brilliantly accented in patent or contrasted with calfskin... flattering ankle lines... high-cut fronts... instep treatments sophisticated and swank... Vitality gives you the smart news in shoes... and with it the secret of correct fit that brings buoyant support.

VITALITY SHOE CO. • DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS

VITALITY shoes

$6.75 and $7.75

COMPLETE RANGE OF SIZES AND WIDTHS
CYCLING is a favorite sport of Miss Wendy Morgan (left, above) debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., of New York. Following her bow to society at the Hotel Pierre, Miss Morgan cycle-toured in Ireland and the Tyrol. After a tiring spin, Miss Morgan admits that "cycling does take it out of you, all right... but Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

MISS WENDY MORGAN
OF NEW YORK

TYPICAL OF THE YOUNGER SET WHO
GO IN FOR VIGOROUS OUTDOOR SPORTS

BADMINTON, riding, sailing—Miss Morgan enjoys them all! And whatever the sport, Camels keep her company. "I'd feel sort of lost," she says, "if I didn't have Camels along. Their delicate flavor never tires my taste."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand. Smoking Camels at mealtime does much to help digestion by increasing the flow of digestive fluids... alkaline digestive fluids!

IN THE STATES, Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting—for which she has a genuine talent—and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"

BADMINTON, riding, sailing—Miss Morgan enjoys them all! And whatever the sport, Camels keep her company. "I'd feel sort of lost," she says, "if I didn't have Camels along. Their delicate flavor never tires my taste."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand. Smoking Camels at mealtime does much to help digestion by increasing the flow of digestive fluids... alkaline digestive fluids!

IN THE STATES, Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting—for which she has a genuine talent—and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand. Smoking Camels at mealtime does much to help digestion by increasing the flow of digestive fluids... alkaline digestive fluids!

IN THE STATES, Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting—for which she has a genuine talent—and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"
The Answer to Shirley Temple’s Future by DIXIE WILLSON

HE MAN WHO GUIDES NORMA SHEarer’s Fatherless Children
DID YOU NOTICE HELEN'S BREATH AGAIN TONIGHT—SICKENING?

HELEN'S! HELEN'S AND HERBERT'S WOULDN'T YOU THINK THEY WOULD USE LISTERINE?

THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY OFFENDERS. IT'S EVERYBODY THESE DAYS. TOO MUCH SMOKING AND DRINKING.

WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT SUCH FRIENDS—BUT WITH ALL THEIR FAULTS I LOVE THEM STILL.

CAN YOU COME RIGHT UP, MR. THORPE? YES, I WANT MY BRIDGE TABLE ENLARGED.

MAKE IT TWO FEET WIDER ALL AROUND—SO PEOPLE CAN'T GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

O.K. LADY, BUT IT SOUNDS NUTS TO ME.

NOW LET THEM COME, HALITOSIS OR NO. IT'S SO WIDE WE'LL NEVER NOTICE THEIR BREATH!

CORKING, DARLING! MAYBE WE HAD BETTER MAKE THE FIRST PRIZE A BOTTLE OF LISTERINE.

SO SHE BUILT HER BRIDGE TABLE TWO FEET WIDER

WHY OFFEND NEEDLESSLY? Modern habits explain why many people have halitosis—(bad breath). The sad part of it that you never know when you offend, but others do, and then avoid you.

If you want to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach get the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night and between times for social or business engagements.

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation in the mouth, the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth feels wonderfully fresh and clean and your breath is sweeter, wholesome and more agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

For Halitosis (BAD BREATH), use LISTERINE
NOW SEE THEM TOGETHER IN "STAGE DOOR"

Broadway's sensational stage success becomes the outstanding highlight of all the screen's new big pictures!... Authored by two of the greatest living playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN... Thrillingly directed by the genius behind "My Man Godfrey", GREGORY LA CAVA... Glamorously produced by Hollywood's ace picture-maker, PANDRO S. BERMAN... Intimately played by stars daringly cast to sweep you off your feet with curiosity — and satisfaction!... At last the one picture you simply MUST see!

Stage Door

KATHARINE SHEARMAN
HEPBURN • ROGERS

ADOLPHE MENJOU

WITH
GAIL PATRICK • CONSTANCE COLLIER • ANDREA LEEDS
SAMUEL S. HINDS • LUCILLE BALL • FROM THE PLAY BY EDNA FERBER AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA • PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN
NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!

GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER
IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

Conquest
THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes...as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER
Heyworth Campbell
ART EDITOR

ON THE COVER—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by James Doolittle

Presenting Miss PHOTOPLAY
Skating Through Life
Beginning—the only authorized life story of Sonja Henie
They Love Movies, Too
Give Robert Taylor a Break!
The Man Who Guides Norma Shearer's Fatherless Children
Mr. and Mrs. In the Name
The Jack Benny's tell their secret to happy marriage
Behind Martha Raye's Divorce
The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future
Long Distance Romance
"Can Hollywood's remote control marriages succeed?"

"What Have They Got I Haven't Got?"
Revealing the qualities that make star material

The Camera Speaks:
Clark Gable Goes A-hunting
A Parry for Garbo
Super-Super Colossal
A "Test Your Memory" quiz
Camera Loot
Impressions of Hollywood au naturel
"Stage Door"
Those Awful Forties
Where the stars slave

Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star—Part II
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Boos and Bouquets
If You Want To Be a Glamorous Beauty
Dietrich tells you how

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
Close Ups and Long Shots
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood
We Cover the Studios
Hollywood on the Air
The Shadow Stage
Fashion Letter
Hollywood's Junior Legion
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

Vol. LI, No. 11, November, 1937
FIRST PRIZE—$25.00
THE WINNER!

I RETURNED recently from a trip which took me to remote sections of South America. During my travels, I discovered that nearly every South American wants to visit the United States. Most of them want to go to Hollywood, which, as far as they’re concerned, is composed of castles, grapefruit and blonde movie actresses. In Mollendo, Peru, I saw Lily Pons and Henry Fonda in “I Dream Too Much.” Afterwards, a Peruvian friend shook his head, “I don’t understand how you Americans can go through that seven nights a week.” “Why, who told you we go to the movies seven nights a week?” I asked. “Everybody knows how the Americans live,” he replied simply.

The glamour of the screen is accepted as a faithful representation of our life. To South Americans we are a fascinating, terrifyingly active and very unconventional people. Child stars are very popular and Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew are responsible for the style of clothes worn by many native children.

South Americans are enthusiastic fans, too. A rumor that Errol Flynn was sailing to Peru brought hundreds of queries. When it became known that he had turned up in Spain instead, an audible sigh of disappointment could be heard. Gable landed in Santiago by plane, stepped out into such a mob of admirers that he was able to autograph only a few pictures, step back into the plane and fly away again.

Good-looking men are supposed to look like Gable, ugly ones like Wallace Beery. Such a setup made it difficult for an ordinary man to impress the pretty South American señoritas. It was all very sad indeed.

Don Frank,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00
MOVIE SCENES I CAN’T FORGET:

—Marlene Dietrich rouging her lips as she faced the firing squad in “Dishonored.”
—Charles Winninger’s face as he told Irene Dunne to smile when she was singing “After the Ball” in “Show Boat.”
—Warner Baxter in “The Prisoner of Shark Island” when he was looking through the bars of his prison cell and John Carradine asked him what he was looking at, and Warner said, “Just outside.”
—Charles Laughton reciting the Gettysburg address in “Ruggles of Red Gap.”
—Mary Astor’s face at the end of “Dodsworth.”
—Myrna Loy talking out of the side of her mouth in “After the Thin Man.”
—Bette Davis as they found her dying in “Of Human Bondage.”

—The Yacht Club Boys singing the Alphabet Song in “Thanks a Million.”
—Norma Shearer trying to climb the stairs in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street.”
—John Barrymore telling Carole Lombard about the Passion Play he was going to produce in “20th Century.”
—The cocktail glasses smashing without being touched in “One Way Passage.”
—The theft of the necklace by the Devil Doll in the picture by that name.
—Elisabeth Bergner accidentally coming across the clothes belonging to her dead baby in “Escape Me Never.”
—Franchot Tone’s speech to the court in “Mutiny on the Bounty.”

Ruth Travers,
New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00
MAYBE YOU BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION!

Surrealistically speaking, the stars appear to me as:
A cigarette glowing in the heart of an orchid—Joan Crawford.
A red scarf, a blue kite and three woolly white kittens tumbling out of a basket—Katharine Hepburn.
Mint juleps, blood spilling over grey uniforms—Walter Connolly.
Silver slippers soaring through space—Ginger Rogers.
Etchings, a tuxedo coat thrown over a polo mallet—Gary Cooper.
Robins and roses, Paris and Pullmans, tea and crumpets—Merle Oberon.
Ocean waters split by twilight, wine goblets crashed against an open fireplace, men in uniform, smoke, thunder and rain in crescendo—Greta Garbo.

Edward Kisselt,
Cleveland, Ohio.

(Continued on page 92)
LOOK at that face!

Gaze upon that figure and study the way Marlene handles it.

Then hum to yourself one of the favorite-at-the-moment Hollywood dance tunes about "the most beautiful girl in the world—isn't Crawford, isn't Garbo, isn't Lombard?" and you'll be humming the truest words ever hit upon by a song writer.

For—it's Dietrich—with no pro's, no con's—no doubts. Even those who say they aren't Marlene's fans will bow to her glamour and admit her beauty. She's the one Hollywood refers to most often as "the most beautiful woman on the screen." And no matter what else her enemies may say, they'll have to agree that her glamour, her beauty, her utter loveliness and allure have all been acquired and cultivated by Marlene herself, since she arrived in this country.

It may be painful to Marlene to realize it, but some of us remember what she looked like when she first hit Hollywood. No matter how hard it may be for you to believe it now, Marlene in 1930 was a heavy (fat is such an ugly adjective), horribly dressed, overly made-up German girl. The people who saw her the first day she visited Paramount Studio say that she wore a dress of baby-blue chiffon, a huge bow-trimmed pink hat and, before Allah!—pink satin shoes!

Today, besides being Hollywood's leading glamour girl, Marlene is notoriously well-dressed. And no outsider taught her what was right and what was wrong; she figured it all out for herself. She turned that fantastic German girl into a graceful, proud beauty who has topped everything Hollywood has ever been able to term as "glamorous." Do you grasp the staggering enormity of that fact?

It's useless to tell you, step by step, just how Marlene puts on her lipstick, her mascara and that famous "shaded" make-up she wears both on the screen and off. You've read those formulas countless times and so have I.

But I can tell you the one really important point which made Marlene Dietrich's transformation possible. She divorced herself, as a person, from that abstract second nature—her capacity for beauty. She became two forces: the living, vital person, and the ethereal, immortal being.

Don't scoff at such talk. Look at what that attitude has done for Dietrich. And if you're frank enough to admit that you, too, long to have glamour, shake off whatever foundation for beauty you have, hold it at arm's length, and after you take an honest inventory, start working. That's what Marlene did and the results speak for themselves.

ONE important step Marlene obviously took right at the start of her glamour quest was to shut her eyes and ears to all the common formulas one is offered. Diets, exercises and all the rest are plentiful. But they're for the "common herd," not for potential, immortal glamour queens like Marlene, and perhaps not for you.

With due respect to whomever it may concern, Marlene didn't follow the average routine for losing weight. Instead of taking "so many" hours of exercise and getting her full quota of sleep she took her exercise quite casually and gave up a general sleeping routine. She slept as little as was humanly possible. A definite, direct quote which startled me more than a little was repeated to me by a friend of hers who happened to hear her say one morning, "I've gained five pounds—that's because I slept too much last night!"

It wouldn't be safe, even if I were sure, to broadcast here just how niggardly Marlene became about her hours for rest. With her vision before you, you're apt to go on a slumber strike and die, and that would be Marlene's fault—and mine. But the truth of the matter is that for many months she spent her nights reading, dancing, walking, or baking her famous cakes until the wee, small hours of the morning. That's what got her figure down. No matter how many times

(Continued on page 86)
**ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount**

A conglomeration of sides and songs securely held together by Jack Benny as the screwball genius of an artist. "Bull" (Bart) gives you the chance to see and hear Ted LIngel, Carl Patrick, the Vacht Chah Boys, Connie Boswell, Andre Kostelanetz, Ben Blue and a host of artists and models. Definitely funny. (Nov.)

**BANK ALARM—Grand National**

This gem for glory from minstrel to kidnappers to counterfeiters and thieves. Conrad Nagel is the German who forces out the crimes with the assistance of his snaky butler, Elvish Hunt. Victor Mature contributes several lines as a slow-witted photographer. (Nov.)

**BEHIND THE HEADLINES—RKO-Radio**

Lee Tracy is the energetic newswoman in this peppy tale. Through his short-wave set he saves the girl (Diana Lynn), a bright newswoman, and blocks the theft of a lot of gold bullion. Well paced and equally acted. (Nov.)

**BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M**

The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, nurse, war nurse, directed in an unusually exciting and realistic way. "Friends" (Hon) brings all her ability to the role of the surgeon, Virginia Bruce is in her usual broad glasses-wear, and Maureen O'Hara is the sympathetic partner in her life. (Nov.)

**BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Radio**

Hilarious situations enliven this story of a veternarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits his gangster uncle's gang, backs anti-vice crusade, discovers the gang's hot shot. Coretta Thompson gives a fine performance as Guy's socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores. (Nov.)

**BORDER CAFE—RKO-Radio**

John Beal, never dull, gets out to the great open spaces, and, aided by continuous Hattie Cox and cafe dancer Armanda, makes good after meeting gangster who tries to bomb him out of his ranch. If you like Westerns. (Nov.)

**CALIFORNIAN, THE—20th Century-Fox**

The Mel Maltz Production. Not the treatment (unpretentious Ricardo Cortez) Marta Carbonell Spanish den who tries to save a couple from the hateful prunes. Katherine de Mille is the jealous mistress; Marjorie Weaver the heroine. (Nov.)

**CONFESSION—Warner**

Even Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the nerve burden of this merely melodrama based on a Wharton theme. Build

Rothhouse is the dog responsible for Miss Francis' downfall. John Hunter struggles along as the unscrupulous husband, John Bryan is the daughter. (Oct.)

**CORNERED—FORMERLY WAR LORD—Warner**

This is "The Red Man" done in a Chinese setting. It might be a good deal well be left undone. Ralph Karrillo is the Oriental who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Ruffs, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Sept.)

**COUNSEL FOR CRIME—Columbia**

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being obvious balder. Douglas Montgomery is Kruger's illegitimate son who prosecutes his father on a murder charge. The legal sequence will befuddle you, and the film interest is rather than an amusing board. (Sept.)

**DANGEROUS HOLIDAY—Republic**

A child seduced who runs away from his paramour relations naughtily. Being thus, a triplet remains between a forest range and an insane-as she please pleasure tale. Twelve-year-old Ro Hood is particularly splendid. (Sept.)

**DAY AT THE RACES, A—M-G-M**

One of the greatest hits of the past in the entire Man of Tino parade. Goes that echo with the fan of a free-lancer, dialogue that sticks in memory, tuneful melodies, and pretty girls skirted in against a background that enhances Grandpa, a bunt doctor, Horo, a jockey, Cico, a tipster, Maureen O'Hara, owner of a miniskirt, and Allen Jones who sings her love song. A hit fest. (Aug.)

**DEAD END—Sam Goldwyn—United Artists**

Shure's opulent and poignant place of how society makes its own criminals along the New York waterfront where drunks and smart con artists meet, been改为是 his deux, on the screen. Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie and Humphrey Bogart are the principals in the cast, suggested by the six little kick-outs of the original version. This is a "must" unless you don't like triumph in the theater. (Sept.)

**DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Columbia**

As propounded against reckless drinking this vastly contrived picture proves entertaining as well as educational. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the lawyer who first defends, then prosecutes Ethel Cook, Jr. Reporter Joan Perry is charming. (Sept.)

**DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount**

Disappointing after Bing Crosby's smash hits, this vague musical comedy has a familiar device, four funny people benefiting from the will of an eccentric. Mary Carlisle is funny cool. The score is fine. (Oct.)

**EASY LIVING—Paramount**

Nelson Eddy was never better, than this outstanding piece of silky sophistication which revives around Edward Arnold, "Well Street formula", a serve record which leads us the smile back of Jean Arthur, and her companion with Ray Milland who works in an automat. "It's a kick!" (Sept.)

(Continued on page 95)
Zola

—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!

The outstanding prestige picture of the season.
—Time

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.
—Kate Cameron, N.Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.
—Frank Nugent, N.Y. Times

So far superior... so superlative... that this department temporarily abandoned its job of being critical.
—The Digest

Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul MUNI in THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING:
Gale Sondergaard . . . Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O’Brien-Moore •
Henry O’Neill • Louis Calhern • Morris Carnovsky • Directed
by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.

* Don’t miss the picture that packed America’s leading theatres for weeks at $2.20 a seat. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.

Soon to be shown at popular prices!
Those merry-maniacs of melody! That three-Ritz circus! Madder and merrier, wilder and whackier than in "Sing, Baby Sing... "On the Avenue... and "You Can't Have Everything! The fastest, funniest, tuniest hit that they or anybody else ever made!

The RITZ BROTHERS...
"LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"

with a gla-rousious cast of entertainment's top-notchers!

JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART

FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE
WEAVER • J. C. NUGENT

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen
Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell
Wore • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by
Sam Pakross, Sid Kilfer and Roy Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of production
In an open letter to a reader Miss Waterbury, explains why she chose the Ballet Russe star, Madame Zorina (above), to illustrate this page. 

Helen Jepson (left), of the Metropolitan Opera, radio and now movies, exemplifies another fact.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Always, believe it or not, answer all fan letters. I'm like Bob Montgomery who said his fan mail picked up after "Night Must Fall." "Up from seven to nine letters a week," he said. But this particular letter I want to answer in public.

It comes from St. Paris, Ohio... "Saint" Paris... I love that... It must be a completely typical little American town... just the kind of town in which movies and radio mean most... more than a bit I fancy like the little town I came from originally... that so many of us have come from and which means so much to American life... But here is the letter to speak for itself...

St. Paris, Ohio.

Dear Ruth Waterbury:

Ever since your letter of last month, I've wanted to sit down and tell you the genuine happiness your sincere remarks brought to me. Those of us who do not happen to lead so colorful a life as those in the world of "make-believe" appreciate all the more the consideration given by individuals like yourself who seem to find pleasure in receiving our letters.

Now there is one thing which I'd like to have made clear to me. I'm asking you for an honest answer to my troubled thoughts.

In the August issue of Photoplay was an article by my favorite writer, Adela Rogers St. Johns, on Jean Harlow. I sat reading this—to me a grand article—to a friend of mine, and when I had finished she said, "Yes, I know, Corinne, but I simply can't believe all the things they publish in the movie magazines. I take them rather lightly. It's all a publicity stunt."

Now I think the world of this friend of mine and her thoughts usually carry much weight with me. So that her casual remark had me worried and set me to thinking. And for my own satisfaction I wanted to write someone "in the know"—someone in whom I have confidence; hence, I turn to you for this information, believing you will be perfectly frank with me.

Please clear up this doubt for me, and cure the skepticism of my friend. I want to keep my faith in the writer and show other "Doubting Thomases" among my friends just where they err.

Gratefully yours,

Signed Corinne Urban
(Mrs. Leo Urban)

So-o-o-o-o-o—here is my reply...

Dear Mrs. Urban:

First of all, thank you for writing and giving me a chance to answer your letter. We have been corresponding quite a long while now, you and I—one or two years, if I remember rightly, and all of your letters have been so friendly and intelligent.

Those of us in the world of "make-believe" as you say I am—though please don't feel that I ever do think of myself as belonging to the glamour world, being just a hard-working editor trying to get along—do like to hear from people like yourself, because all of us out here in Hollywood, regardless of our jobs, do face a common danger—the danger of loss of perspective. We do have to guard constantly against our values becoming distorted due to movies being so powerful, so unique and so utterly creative that they form their own patterns of conduct almost automatically.

For example, I talked to one of Hollywood's more important stars yesterday, and he was in a pet because from $5000 he had earned for an hour on the radio had received after his agents fees were collected and his taxes paid, a mere $854.
That is, of course, completely screwy. Out of $5000 earned in an hour the individual should get more than $854. And yet—$854 for an hour's work! It has to be looked at from that angle, too. From the point of view of you and your friend in St. Paris, as from my point of view, sitting here behind my desk in Hollywood, it is almost as bad to think of any person's getting $854 for an hour's work (which isn't even the person's main work) as it is for him to get $5000 on paper.

Well, Hollywood is entirely composed of confusions like that—extraordinary values that belong only to Hollywood, on which there can be two entirely conflicting points of view and both of them right. Now as to your friend's accusation that everything out here is publicity. Well, it isn't. I sometimes wish it were—and this is the reason why.

On the preceding page you saw two pictures—one of a new ballet dancer, Vera Zorina, for two years a star of the Ballet Russe, rehearsing a routine for "The Goldwyn Follies" with George Balanchine, the ballet master; the other of Helen Jepson, the opera star, also imported for "The Goldwyn Follies." The reason those pictures were sent to me was literally because the press agent wanted what he got—space in Photoplay on them. The reason I ran them is because I thought the photograph of Madame Zorina was graphically one of the most striking I had seen in months, and the one of Miss Jepson was so illustrative of what pictures are doing—bringing you the world's finest talent for just an instant's amusement and delight. In other words, that was out-and-out publicity. I got pictures, and the press agent got space, and everybody was satisfied, and nobody was fooled.

But about the Jean Harlow story—please tell your friend this. I had just come back to America the day that story broke. It was my first day back in the office when suddenly our wire from Hollywood to our New York office came the dreadful news about Jean. It was morning in Hollywood, but afternoon in New York, and we were on what is known as a dead line; that is, Photoplay was due on the press. There wasn't time for thought—and I sat there with my hands shaking with emotion. It was imperative to act at once—and all I wanted to do was to cry.

In that instant Jean Harlow had ceased to be a person, a gay, laughing, ardent, sincere girl, and had become a "story." She had become headlines in the press of the world, and you and your friend in St. Paris, like millionaires throughout the world, wanted to know and had a right to know what had happened.

Well, I could see as though I were there what was happening at the studio at that moment, and at the hospital, and at Jean's house, and Bill Powell's house. The incessant ringing of the telephones, the incessant delivery of telegrams, the stream of reporters and cameramen and wire services. Everyone feeling deeply moved but nevertheless demanding, screaming for news to give to you and the world.

Publicity? Oh yes, indeed—the brutal, ferocious publicity that lets nothing be hid. I could see those poor harried human beings, the reporters on one side, trying to hold their jobs, the tragic people who had adored Jean, her mother and Bill and all the studio workers on the other—that tragic, beautiful woman, Mrs. Bello, to whom always Jean was "Baby," who still signs her letters, "Jean's Mother," just that and nothing else.

That woman, and Bill Powell—sensitive, intelligent Bill, trying to deceive people with his wit and laughter into forgetting what a subtle serious-minded artist he really is, Bill wanting to hide somewhere a while until he could get over his worst grief, and yet even at the grave having photographers' flashlight bulbs popping at him.

Ah yes, that is publicity, the sheer horror of it, and it is the most fearful price that is paid for stardom.

And there, I hope, is where you will understand me when I say that I wish it were all "just publicity." I wish I could, in my job, publish only the pictures the studios want me to run and reproduce only the news items they send me. Over and over again I have wished that I never had to deal in human emotions, that I had not had to ask, as in this case, Mrs. St. Johns to write the story that both of us knew about Jean and the sadness that had shadowed her life. For when you love people and respect them as I definitely love and respect so many stars in Hollywood, you feel very sensitive about telling their emotions to the world. But, for that very reason, I do want to assure you, Corinne Urban, and your doubting friend, that in Photoplay, we do try conscientiously and constantly to give you these gallant people as they really are—living, experiencing human beings who, underneath all their glitter and beauty, are very much like you and me.
You've heard the hit tunes from this great Kern-Hammerstein musical adventure romance on the radio..."Can I Forget You?" "The Folks Who Live On the Hill."

You've seen stories about it everywhere. At two-a-day showings in New York, Los Angeles, and London audiences have paid two dollars a ticket. The N.Y. Times called it... "The Best Show In Town," topping even the big summer musicals, the hit plays. Now,"High, Wide and Handsome" comes to your hometown theatre at popular prices...with all the excitement, the beauty, the drama of this picture which combines the adventure of "Cimarron" with the charm of "Showboat." Watch for it.

Irene Dunne
"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"
Randolph Scott
Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn
Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production
A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian
SILVER GLEAMS ON THE SMART NEW COAT

Divinely becoming . . . because FEDERAL Silver Fox is generous, silvered on a pure and lovely black background; because the fur is deep-piled and silky-soft. The name "FEDERAL," sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side, insure silver fox of lasting beauty.

FEDERAL

Silver Foxes

Hamburg, Wisconsin
PRESENTING
MISS PHOTOPLAY

CREATED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTIST

JOHN LA GATTA

HER CREDO:

She would appreciate a combination of Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Bill Powell for romance's sake, and she would like a "Thin Man" marriage, and a Shirley Temple daughter.

She would love to own Connie Bennett's custom Rolls Royce but would be satisfied with the fast little roadster Luise Rainer drives.

She would like her nails to be as long and as perfectly kept as Marlene Dietrich's but if they break off in a badminton game, that's all right too.

She's at home in a drawing room and happy in a penthouse and congenial in a shanty. Likes hamburgers and crêpes suzette.

She would rather dance with Fred Astaire than have a new dress and he probably would tell her that she was very good which would be true.

She wants Claudette Colbert's charm, Myrna Loy's poise, Alice Faye's voice and the indefinable something that Jean Arthur has.

She enjoys Bing Crosby, is rapt over Benny Goodman and does a nose dive when Nelson Eddy sings. She laughs well.

Above all, she is intelligently honest.
SKATING THROUGH LIFE

Beginning—the only authorized life story of Sonja Henie, who at the age of 5 knew where she was going and how to get there

BY HOWARD SHARPE
impatience their second child. The doctors had said that any day now . . . and storms like this one were bad for the nerves at such a time. He tried to walk faster.

At the door of the big, two-story stone house he stomped the snow from his shoes and banged the knocker. Inside, he said, “Madame? She’s feeling well?”

“Very well,” said the maid. Then she smiled. “And your new little daughter.”

You know her now, twenty-four years later. You know her from the headlines that have shouted her name: “Sonja Henie Wins!”—like that—so many, many times; from the glimpses you’ve caught of her through crowds and straining shoulders; from those splendid motion pictures, “One In A Million” and “Thin Ice.”

You think of her as small and lovely and incredibly graceful and apple-checked and ingeniously childlike. She is all of these, save possibly the latter. There never, for one moment, has been anything ingenuous about Sonja Henie.

This is her story, from the beginning until the present. As a chronicle it must move swiftly, impatiently fast, since the pace of her existence has always been breathless. I can write no colored trivia of a beautiful child who grew up in poverty and sang and danced and loved her way to transient Broadway fame, whence the movies took her. There has been no poverty, no glittering tuxedoed temptation, no tears, until the recent death of her beloved pal—her father.

There has only been beauty, a magnificent willful determination, years of solid healthy work set to the music of silver skates ringing against ice; to the bellowing, approving roar of crowds and the swift, eternal clamor of applause.

There is the story of her brilliant path to glory, during which she won the figure-skating championship at the Olympic Games three times and the World Championship ten times, and more medals, cups, titles, and honors than any other human being, man or woman, in the world today.

Sonja and I talked for an entire afternoon, first in the big studio café and later at a vague somebody’s office, while Tyrone Power hovered restlessly about, waiting. Her clear mind analyzed, frankly and honestly, the many processes that guide her, remembered for my benefit the years that have passed and the significance of those years.

Hers is a vital, uncomplicated personality, essentially; and at the same time she is inherently a woman of the world. You must understand that, despite her deceptive appearance. Too many people, having seen her, remark, “She’s like a little doll!” In-sipid phrase! True, the gift of her hair was never purchased in a beauty salon, the glowing color of her cheeks comes from no little mirrored tin; these are things by right of birth and health. But the thing that marks her is

(Continued on page 80)
Royalty and rulers of the world are movie fans! The cinema tastes of the great are disclosed for the first time in this article

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

"MOVIES are changing the face of the world," is a common line of conversation today. And, take it from one who has rambled about none, it is actually so. No catchpenny phrase is this well-worn expression. To prove it, make a hasty survey, just for fun, of the many big and little shots from sunup to sunset who are making our world go round, and then acquaint yourself with their taste in movies. You'll soon find out that the famous know their films—even as you and I.

Late in the spring of 1937, I visited Herman Rogers at Château Cande, at Monts, near Tours, France. Mr. Rogers, if you remember, was the likable chap who acted as sort of major-domo for the Duke of Windsor and Madame Warfield, in the then absence of the Charles Bedaux, and Aunt Bessie Merryman. Hundreds of newspaper men and photographers representing the eyes and ears of the world were constantly stationed outside the château gates. It was physically impossible for any one of the distinguished occupants to leave without being descended upon by a veritable band of literary vultures. So, during all their long confinement, the principals in the world's greatest love story spent half an hour every single evening in a private showing of 16mm films of each other which they had taken and developed themselves. Thus were they able to see themselves as others saw them. And to try, if they were sufficiently interested, to rectify their faults.

Again, at Castle Wasserleonburg in the Carinthian Mountains of Austria which I also visited at about this time, I found a full-sized motion-picture projector of American manufacture set up in readiness for the royal honeymooners by their lessor and good friend. This chap—a young German—has an American mother and all his life he has been able to go to the movies whenever he felt like it. Thus it was inconceivable to him that Wally and Davy hadn't seen the latest films, which, incidentally, he gave to them as a wedding present. The first film they saw in their honeymoon home was "Kid Galahad"; next, "Captains Courageous."

From their 16mm films of themselves, extra prints were made and rushed to England, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent and other friends and admirers of the exiled ex-king devoured them from time to time. Even George VI and Queen Elizabeth were given a private showing of these very private films, set to the tune of "Small Hotel," which was the former Edward VIII's and his lady's favorite modern melody.

A few days prior to the Coronation I had been asked by friends to attend a private
MOVIES TOO

showing, given for the Duke and Duchess of Kent, of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance." The distinguished audience of English nobility went wild with excitement over the film—an excitement actually more genuine than most of the thrills of the Coronation. At its termination, one of the Duke's equerries confided to me that little Princess Elizabeth never missed a "Merrrie Melody"; but that Margaret Rose preferred "Mickey Mouse"; and that well-censored pictures of both were shown often in the royal nursery in Buckingham Palace. Oh, yes—the English royal family likes their movies, too.

To show you also that even India's great little man has his ideas about motion pictures, here is an amusing incident that happened when I interviewed Gandhi at the outdoor prison at Poona, in southwestern India. To all questions submitted, Gandhi, the Hindu mystic, remained silent. It began to look as if the eighty-five hundred mile trip had been made in vain; then, just as I was about to leave him, the interpreter said that India's great man wanted to ask me a question. I listened attentively to the almost inaudible sing-song of his voice. Finally the interpreter spoke forth: "I know little about America, sire," said he, "except from what I see from the occasional motion pictures I attend. To what class there, sire, do you belong?"

My first impulse was to tell him that, as far as I knew, America had no classes. But instead, I decided to ask him first to clarify his statement.

"Well, sire," came back that even-leveled, age-old voice, "are you a gangster, gentleman, or cowboy?"

Amusing? Yes—and perfectly understandable, too, when you think of the type of film foreign exhibitors choose from our home producers.

And again up at Hsinking, the new and very filthy capital of Manchukuo, which the Japanese were trying to build up, I attended a motion-picture show with the Emperor Pu Yi. The picture was a Warner Oland one and quite amusing; but the audience didn't think it so, and voiced their disapproval audibly. The Emperor became so worried he rose and walked out. Later he confided to me that he hated scenes such as these. He feared that some day they might provoke an international incident.

That American movies influence the customs of nearly all foreign countries cannot be disputed. Any visitor to the Orient—even the out-of-the-way places—will notice almost instantly a difference in the people, in the way they dress and look at life, if American

(Continued on page 68)
The adulation of a million fans has put him on the spot. Now square yourself, American public!

We Americans used to enjoy the reputation of being pretty good sports. You could usually rely on us to give the other fellow a square deal. We loved a fighter, and cheered him whether he won or lost. We liked to extend a helping hand to the boy climbing up. And we used to say "more power to him," when somebody passed us on the ascent.

We didn't pick on anyone who didn't deserve to be picked on. We never sniped at anybody who couldn't fight back. And it was comparatively seldom that we hanged a man before we gave him a fair trial.

"Everybody in this country is entitled to a break," we used to say, "whether he earns it or not."

The case of Robert Taylor, however, makes one wonder if we have outgrown our reputation, or whether all these years we've just been kidding ourselves about how big and square and noble we are, for we certainly haven't given Taylor a break.

For no good reason, we've tried to sneer him out of pictures. We've made him a shining target for ridicule—the kind of ridicule that poisons the victim. We've made him a sort of pariah. We've treated him abominably, and he's done nothing at all to merit it.

Recently he came across the country on his way to London. He flew to New York, to take the first boat sailing. It was purely a business trip.

But, if you read your papers, you probably thought it was a cheap and asinine attempt on Taylor's part to get some publicity for himself. For, wherever the plane landed, photographers and reporters by the dozen waited to interview and snap him—and scores of women waited to mob him.

It wasn't his fault. He hadn't solicited the attention of the gentlemen of the press. He had not invited the women who thronged to see him—who mobbed him at the air fields, at his hotel in New York, at the pier, and on the liner.

He wasn't looking for publicity, especially. He was in a hurry to get to London. He had a picture to make. Had he sought publicity he would have taken a slow train, "à la political candidate," and made speeches from the back platform at every stop.

Now, don't misunderstand me. Taylor wasn't an object of derision to the women. To them he was an idol, a sort of superman, a living thrill.
A BREAK!  BY EDWARD DOHERTY

Wherever Taylor goes, he is mobbed by fans. But what do those fans really think of him—and why?

But to the ladies and gentlemen of the press he seemed more or less “an upstart,” “a show-off,” “a phony,” and “a freak.”

A girl reporter from a Midwest paper rode part of the way in his plane, kissed him while he was asleep—a goofy assignment if you ask me—and reported she received no particular thrill from the kiss. She also wrote that Taylor slept with his mouth open.

Reporters in New York asked the young chap if he thought he was an actor, if he thought himself Metro’s little gift to American womanhood, if he had hair on his chest, and if he thought he was beautiful.

In every interview printed there was a wry note. Some of the stories were cleverly written. Others were remarkable for their cheap wit and their bad taste. But in nearly every one it was evident the writer took Mr. Taylor lightly, and wanted that fact fully understood.

The grand thing about Taylor was that he stood up against all the interviewers, all the jostling, clamoring, pushing women—and smiled. He never lost his temper. He took everything, cheer and slurr, subtle innuendo and boisterous greeting, sarcastic question and fervent plea. He took everything and laughed.

A man who can do that has stamina and breeding.

How would you like to stand up before a gang of sharpshooting reporters and answer questions that inferred it took nine Taylors to make a man—supposing you were Taylor? Could you smile at your tormentors, as he did, joke with them, be as gracious and tolerant and cool as he was? And could you keep your head, when, at the same time you ran that gauntlet of questions, dozens and dozens of wild-eyed women were crying out your name, begging you to smile at them, fighting to get close to you?

How would you like to have some strange girl get a strangle hold on you as you napped in the plane, kiss you—to the merriment of all observers—and then write a story telling the world of her disappointment over the thrill-less kiss?

How would you like it if you never could go anywhere—even across the street to get a package of cigarettes—without turning in an alarm that brought seething crowds of women around you, and put columns of ridicule in the newspapers?

The price of fame? Nonsense! Lots of other actors are mobbed now and then by women, yet they are still treated with some sort of dignity by press and public.

Why, then, do reporters keep sniping at Taylor, who can’t possibly snipe back, who has to take it and like it, and who doesn’t deserve any of it?

Blame the noble old, square old, just American public.

Reporters are agents of the public. They sense the public estimation of every prominent man and woman. Their job is to give the public what it wants, to crystallize public sentiment in print.

If the public hadn’t made Robert Taylor fair game, the newspaper men would have been as generous to him as to any other male star.

The whole truth is that the American public resents Taylor’s obvious good looks, his genuine charm, his tremendous appeal to women, and his phenomenal success in the movies. That’s the truth of the matter. The reporters merely voiced that resentment.

What’s the answer? Plain old-fashioned jealousy!

“He’s too beautiful,” says the American male. “Can’t the sad fellow probably spend half an hour or more adjusting the knot in his tie in an attempt to please some femme he has his eye upon, and wouldn’t miss a Robert Taylor picture for anything.

What if Taylor is beautiful? He was born

(Continued on page 86)
A YEAR has passed. . . .

Twelve months ago, in September of 1936, a lovely woman dressed in black stood beside the bier of the man named Irving Thalberg and said good-bye to her great love, to nine years of beauty, to a surpassing personal happiness—and to the father of her children.

Then she went quietly home to begin the colossal task of creating a new future for herself, for her young son and her baby daughter. There could be no looking back; there could be small concession to sorrow and little room in her heart for the bittersweet, nostalgic memories of things that were gone.

Here, inexorable and challenging, was the trust she must keep. Toward twilight of that blackest afternoon of her life Norma Shearer stood on the beach before the home Irving Thalberg had built for her, and there, while the late sun set on her past, she made a promise to the present—that no dream of his should be left unfulfilled.

Knowing Norma at all, you know that she determined that the great fortune left her would be well managed, and the charities Irving Thalberg loved and supported would go on being supported by her. But these things had to be secondary to their children. Before she thought of herself or her career, she determined that her son and her daughter would be brought through the most important years of their lives with taste and understanding and intelligent guidance.

A few weeks ago great crowds gathered in front of the Carthay Circle Theater in Hollywood, attracted there by the streamers of light in the sky for the première of "High, Wide and Handsome," and they saw—whether they knew it or not—the symbolic proof that at last she has done these things.

Norma stepped from her car to the sidewalk, smiling; and the dress she wore was white. Her widow's black was discarded for the first time in public since Irving Thalberg's death.

After the première she gave a party—her first—for Helen Hayes and a group of friends at the Troc—and there was music, and there was laughter, and those who saw her said that her eyes could smile again.

This, then, is the story of that year that has passed, and of an inspiring courage and—because he was one of the main reasons why Norma wore white the other night or went out at all—of a young man named Kenny Cameron.

Norma could gather about her her friends and go to the première and give her party in perfect freedom, you see, because she knew that in the great house at Santa Monica

In a young college lad a troubled mother found
the solution to a problem which enabled her
to keep faith with the memory of a true love

By Barbara Hayes
young Irving, Jr., and little Katherine were in capable hands. She knew they were safe and happy, and that any questions they might ask would be answered reasonably and intelligently by affable young Cameron. Knowing these things, she could laugh and be amused, forgetful of time.

Norma Shearer found Kenny Cameron, after ten months of searching, on the beach at Lake Arrowhead, below the lodge—a long, tanned boy in swimming trunks, lounging in a deck chair in the sun but alert, nevertheless, for visiting old ladies who might venture too soon after a hearty lunch into the ice-cold blue water. He was the lifeguard.

But these ten months, for Norma a period of inhuman work and of complete readjustment to life without Irving, are part of this story; and they must come first so that you may understand just how important the discovery of Kenny Cameron was to her.

You've not read or heard much of what she has done during that time. One of her first actions was to ask Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's publicity department to forget she was a movie star; to put her name away in the portfolio of "No Longer Under Contract" people—although her contract was still good and she practically owned the studio under the terms of the Thalberg will.

Surrounded by a kind of invisible wall made of secrecy she gathered Irving, Jr., and Katherine and a mass of luggage and a governess and a man from the studio, and went off to Arizona—to escape the pace and bril-
Mr. and Mrs. is the name

Their courtship was a crazy bit of business but
the Jack Bennys took the count on marriage

By Ida Zeitlin

Jack and Mary Livingstone Benny probably lead an existence as ideal as can be achieved in this vale of tears. Mary calls her husband "the nicest man I’ve ever known." Jack is no talker, but his eyes, when his wife comes within range, speak for him. It is safe to suppose that by now they can thumb their noses at the financial hazard. They share every interest. Jack doesn’t have to turn himself inside out in a vain effort to explain to the sheltered little woman the intricacies of his latest business deal. She’s in on the deal with him. They work together at work they both enjoy; they play together; and they worship together at the shrine of their three-year-old Joan. Most important of all, perhaps, they laugh together.

What lends special interest to this state of affairs is Mary’s declaration that “I wasn’t madly in love with Jack when I married him. In fact, I was wearing somebody else’s ring.” This is not said for effect. Miss Livingstone is crisp and casual as the character she’s developed on the radio. Her life has held drama but, outwardly at least, she plays that drama for high comedy.

“I think it’s much better that way than to fall wildly in love and wildly out again. That’s been my experience, anyway, which is all I can judge by. I don’t know whether Jack felt the same way or not. I never asked him. I married him because I liked him, and because I had more fun with him than with anyone else I’d ever met. The same things tickle us both. Even now we laugh, and nobody knows what we’re laughing at. Sometimes we couldn’t tell you ourselves. But we never have to explain it to each other.

“Later I learned to love him because he’s such a grand person. But there’s nothing wild about that. It’s just common sense. Sometimes I sit and shudder at the thought that he might have picked somebody else. Makes me feel so good when I come back to earth and remember he didn’t.

“I’ve never known him to lose his temper, He gets up sweet in the morning, and stays that way all day. I’m the one with the bad disposition. I’m not saying that to throw flowers at Jack or mud at myself. I’m saying it because it’s true. I’ve got a vile temper. Any arguments we’ve ever had have always been my fault, never Jack’s. You can’t argue with him. He just shuts up till I’m all through. I stand there yelling and stamping and he looks at me, till we both start laughing and it’s all over.

“The only time he gets annoyed with me is at rehearsal. I’m awful at rehearsal. I don’t know why and there’s nothing I can do about it, but I can’t seem to give them anything. He goes over and over it with me and I keep getting worse and worse. Finally, he gets this patient look on his face. ‘Let it go,’ he says. ‘When it comes to the test, she’ll probably die for dear old Jello.’

Mary and Jack met when Mary was seventeen. Jack was playing the Orpheum in Los Angeles. Mary’s sister, married to a man in show business, knew Jack and suggested they go down to see him.

Mary’s lips curve in a reminiscent smile as

(Continued on page 84)
BEHIND
MARTHA RAYE'S DIVORCE...

was a mad romance—and two bewildered kids become timed of a Hollywood bugaboo

EDWARD CHURCHILL

DURING the Decoration Day holiday: Martha Raye was the happiest girl in the world. Desperately in love with milton (Buddy) Westmore, youngest of Hollywood's famous Hollywood make-up men, she just returned from a wild, sudden and elopement to Las Vegas, Nevada. Three months later, almost to the day—September 2, 1937, to be exact—Martha's attorney was filing suit for divorce. Martha's tears streaming down her cheeks—a most unhappy girl in the world—was saying, "Don't ask me what happened. I don't want to talk about it. All I know is that I'm sorry it's all over. And it is over—definitely. Nothing can be done about it." Hiding away from the public and even her friends, she was a picture of hurt and wilderment.

Hollywood had watched the sudden, nightly love of the twenty-year-old singing, dancing and comic star and the twenty-year-old Buddy Westmore with eyebrows raised and tongue in cheek. It had been a mad affair, startling, beginning with jolting suddenness. You perhaps recall the circumstances. Martha, her face half made up by Wally estmore, found herself being introduced to Buddy, Wally's kid brother. When Buddy left the make-up room, Martha said to Wally: "That's my man!"
The next night she and Buddy were out taking the night clubs. The night after that, the night after that. Until, two and one-half months later, at two o'clock in the morning, at still another night club, Martha id: "Buddy, let's get married."

Those who had watched the whirlwind courtship said:
"It can't last. Hollywood won't let it last."
"They were only partly right. Hollywood did its share; so did fame; so did money. Put those three ingredients into the scales and balance them against love and you have the answer.

Bear in mind from the beginning that in Martha Raye and Buddy you have two very sweet, very normal people. Very young people. Undoubtedly, had they courted in a sane, quiet manner in a sane, quiet town under everyday circumstances, ninety days would have found them even more in love, planning a conservative future.

But their meeting wasn't sane and sensible; nor was their background. Picture Martha, born in a dressing room, reared on the road, learning more about life—firsthand information—in a month than the average child does in years.

Then there's Buddy, youngest of the five Westmores, baby of the family, fresh out of school, getting his first jobs through his brother.

It would be hard to imagine a sharper contrast between two people. Types so different could never meet but in Hollywood.

Martha was glamour to Buddy. She said: "Let's go places."
And they went.
The older Westmores took the romance with detachment. They really didn't worry about it.
"They're just babies," they said.
Peggy Hopper, Martha's mother, was more upset. In fact, when Martha told her that she and Buddy had been married in Los Vegas, after an all-night ride with Dr. Frank Nolan and his wife, the ex-vaudeville trouper, Mrs. Hopper, collapsed. In the three months that followed, there was never entire understanding or entire forgiveness on the part of Peggy Hopper.

Martha at the age of nineteen smashed to success in Paramount's "Rhythm on the Range." Before this she'd shared penury with her father and mother, her family. Then came in rapid succession, Hollywood, fame, money. Too fast. Too giddily. It was more than a girl of twenty could take, when you consider the background of tremendous struggle just to live that was behind her. Shortly after that picture was made, Martha said to me: "I don't know what Hollywood's all about. I can't understand it."

(Continued on page 72)
No child before her has carried uninterrupted stardom through the period of growing from little to big. Will this box-office idol, pictured (left) with the author and (right) with her parents, be spared the adolescent jinx?
SHE is the little girl nobody knows. And since it is the best-known little girl in the world of whom we speak, here is a paradox if ever there was one. 

Every calorie of her diet, every toy in her nursery, every hour of her day has been written in every language. From lantern-rigged cabins of icebound freighters in the northern seas to the sun-baked forts of the desert's "Lost Legions," you may see the many dimpled face of the little girl who, at eight-and-one-half years of age, is the most famous star stage or screen has ever produced. Not since her fifth year has it been possible for Shirley Temple to appear in public, because of the crowds which hysterically, angrily surround her, anticipating every mimetic gesture and smile. But no screen, no perfection of sound mechanics, no avid world has yet discovered the little girl who is really Shirley Temple, in which cryptic fact lies, without doubt, the answer to the question Hollywood (with an echo from all the world) is asking: "What will be Shirley's future?"

She is now going on nine. No longer is she just a lapful of enchanting baby girl. Very soon she will be that indeterminate young creature, an adolescent. And though once or twice in some specially written rôle, a boy or girl in this indescribable state of arms, legs and dental braces has attracted attention on stage or screen, never has any child headliner carried uninterrupted stardom through the period of growing from little to big.

The whole world wants to know what lies ahead for Shirley. The answer is here—in this author's unusually intimate glimpse of the amazing little star's true self.

The world is inevitably and delightfully peopled with a proper proportion of persons between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, but that proportion somehow simply doesn't seem to rate when balanced with results in actual box-office dollars and cents.

But now comes Shirley Temple—Shirley Temple whose unprecedented success is, after all, a case apart, a case which, without doubt, now furnishes the screen its most interesting experiment in many a day.

It will be something closely akin to a family affair as the world of her fans waits from one of Shirley's pictures till the next, to watch her growing tall, to watch her shedding cunning tricks of wide-eyed surprise and spontaneous tears for the more sophisticated men of poised sedate nine, tall worldly eleven, serious algebra-conscious thirteen . . . and fifteen . . . and seventeen . . . and twenty. It will be something not alone of histrionic interest but of really personal interest to those fans who have loved her, have laughed with her and cried with her through the four continuous years during which she has held the world by its tail. An entirely new screen story is this, for since no child has ever climbed to so sensational a height, never will there be a drop so far if Shirley at nine or ten suddenly ceases to be a star!

But for your information, Hollywood does not expect Shirley Temple's bright star to wane. For, from her first rôle, this little girl went at the serious business of being an actress with a keenly capable little mind. It was a long time before even her father and mother were aware of the seriousness with which, at five, she was taking her "profession." Even now they are constantly amazed at chance remarks which show her real analysis of values. And many an older, more worldly-wise screen star could profit by Shirley's self-imposed rule that she shall completely understand a characterization before she attempts to play it. Never has she been satisfied merely to learn lines and speak them. She insists upon knowing why she is supposed to say those lines and what is supposed to be the beginning and the ending of tears, if she is to shed them.

When first I talked to her about pictures she had just finished "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper, her big scene a spasm of tears upon the discovery that her adored and trusted young dad is the thief responsible for the disappearance of the fifty-thousand-dollar emerald necklace about which the story centers. Shirley had done a beautiful and convincing scene of heartbreak. I asked her how she had managed such perfect tears, asked what she had made herself think about, in order to produce them.

It is never expected of children, not even of grown actors, that they shall feel the actual emotion they are to play. When scenes require tears, a substitute emotion is built up for camera purposes. But this is not Shirley's idea of the correct way to do a rôle. Before every picture, she demands to hear and know the complete story until she can actually feel the reasons for joy and sorrow,
and from the moment she is given a part to play until the conclusion of the picture she wishes to be called by the name of this new personality. As nearly as possible she adjusts her own small life to fit the required new pattern, and in her own mind, and quite by herself, she reasons out the natural feelings and reactions of whomever she is now to be.

With a sweet lack of total comprehension, her interpretation of emotion oftentimes miscarries, but the principle is certainly a decidedly sound one, sound enough, at least, to have made a great star—one who we sincerely believe is to be a still greater one.

Naively, but with an intelligence far beyond her five years, she explained to me how she had done those tears I asked about in the scene concerning the necklace. Unable quite to grasp the supposed shock and disappointment of the child of the story, as the author had written it, Shirley, analyzing as best she could the circumstances surrounding the tears which were to be shed, had picked out the only point of the scene which could seem like tragedy to her, and, dutifully, and in a workmanlike way, she had built this detail up to seem as heartbreaking as possible.

The necklace, if you remember the picture, was finally to be discovered hidden inside her teddy bear, which, she reasoned, would then have to be ripped open to accomplish the necklace's return.

"To have those pretty green diamonds lost," she explained to me, "would make anybody almost sad enough, but to have a hole ripped in my big white teddy bear was worse, so I cried and cried and cried!"

FROM the first, Shirley has schooled herself in the offering of convincing performances. That she can also dance and sing is additional entertainment value . . . and certainly phenomenal; but in the final judging of Shirley Temple's real ability, these pretty tricks are surprisingly unimportant. That she is growing beautiful as she grows older is incidental also to the fact that she has shown the mind, the instinct, and the genius to be a really great actress.

I say she is "growing" beautiful because (though in the face of her radiant personality you have not been aware of it) she has not always been beautiful. A pretty child, yes, but many of the children you meet in the ordinary course of a day are much prettier, as witness the story of a certain gentleman who, without doubt, has been Hollywood's sorriest director during Shirley's coining of several fortunes for Mr. Fox-Twentieth-Century:

Some four years ago the Hal Roach studio, casting a children's picture, sought a leading lady of four or five. Among some nine hundred applicants the decision finally lay between a little miss from London and a curly-haired Californian. And because little Miss London was so much the prettier, it was she who signed on the dotted line . . . while Shirley Temple went home.

Until now the beauty of the Temple family has been Shirley's decidedly beautiful mother. But it appears that dark-haired Gertrude Temple is about to have a run for her money, for Shirley's features, which by actual analysis have heretofore been merely rounded, dimpled and adorable, are maturing into a new and exquisite beauty.

Of all this Shirley herself, however, is totally unaware, for due to this same mother who is wise as well as beautiful, Shirley is in no sense of the word a spoiled child, in spite of the fact that people were already saying when she was five that nothing could possibly save her from it. And the chances of her being spoiled were much more likely, too, than anyone unfamiliar with contributing factors could possibly have imagined. Strangers seeing her on the studio lot, or in those unavoidable moments when she would go from the Temple car into a shop or a restaurant, would cry out with little gasps of ecstasy, would instantly cut off any escape, would grasp her chin and turn her small face up to be stared at and commented upon in extravagant language, which included epigrams also upon her cleverness and charm, her adorable eyes, her wonderful curls!

But always afterward her mother would painstakingly explain that people loved her so much because she was good and obedient and mannerly. Never has Shirley been allowed to suppose that adulation is connected (Continued on page 69)
TO MAKE SUCH AN EXCESSIVE APPEAL TO THE MERRIES OF THE PUBLIC, I THINK, WOULD SHOW A DEGREED LACK OF TASTE. I AM THINKING OF TAKING A LONG VACATION—SEVERAL MONTHS OR SO. OF COURSE, MY HUSBAND CAN’T GO WITH ME, BUT I THINK PEOPLE ARE RIGHT WHEN THEY SAY THAT THESE MARITAL VACATIONS ARE GOOD FOR MARRIAGE, DON’T YOU?” TO WHICH I RESPONDED FLATLY, “NO.” SHE LOOKED AT ME IN ASTONISHMENT.

In Hollywood there are several marriages conducted, one might say, by remote control—not, I assume, because the people concerned wish their marriages to be at long distance, but because they must be. An outstanding example is the marriage of Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor. They were, of course, both in pictures originally, but Mr. Pryor, son of the famous bandmaster who was an idol of my girlhood, left picture making for music. His work as orchestra leader took him, of course, out of Hollywood. The result of this is that between his musical engagements, he flies to the Coast so that he can be with Ann—only to have this happen! Ann is so busy on the set, that Roger discovers he has flown 2,000 miles just to watch another man make love to his wife!

Then, too, a girl in Miss Sothern’s publicized position, with her beauty, charm and youth, cannot remain with her light hidden under a bushel, as it were. She must go out, be seen, and a woman in that situation is always open to speculation and gossip. Unfortunately, human nature is so organized that if a Hollywood star, married or unmarried, is seen twice hand running in the company of the same man—although there may be a dozen other people in the party—rumor starts its snowball building-up.

Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson constitute another case in point. Mr. Nelson has encouraged and assisted Miss Hilliard’s career from the very first but did he, I wonder, foresee that Hollywood work would take her to the Coast? He is with her as much as possible, but naturally he is kept in the East a great deal of the time because of his engagements and his radio work.

Another star who married a bandleader is Bette Davis. She and her husband, Harmon Nelson, have been separated a good deal during their married life. But “Ham” has given up his music career and has opened an office which will keep him in Hollywood.

As there is Dorothy Lamour, the new singing star, and her orchestra leader husband, Herbert Kay, who is forced, for the most part, to conduct his career outside of Hollywood. This marriage has not been greatly publicized, as the studio build-up for Miss Lamour is of the glamour girl variety. But Miss Lamour herself is more than willing to talk of her marriage, is devoted to her husband and goes out as little as possible, preferring to be alone as long as she cannot be the person for whom she cares most. So the gossips will not have much chance to link Miss Lamour’s name with anyone’s, unless it be with that of Charlie McCarthy. (And by the way, I am very envious of Dorothy Lamour, personally, as Charlie is decidedly my big moment.)

Madeleine Carroll’s husband is reputedly in a position to give his wife everything she would ever want, materially. But she is ambitious, and her career matters to her and so on (Continued on page 83)
That question is always being asked about important stars and here is an answer that will inspire you.

BY JEROME BEATTY

The other day in New York I met a young man I had known for several years. He was handsome in a nice, Gableish sort of way; he could act—he had proved that in college dramas and in a small part in a Broadway show which he had handled so well that a motion-picture scout had sent him to Hollywood. We met on Fifth Avenue, not on Broadway where you are most likely to find youngsters who are fighting their way into show business.

"I'm through with pictures," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "They told me in Hollywood I wouldn't do. I learned my lesson. I'm all over being stage-struck. I've gone to work for my father." Then he took a deep breath and asked plaintively, "What have those folks out there got, that I haven't got?"

I told him I was sure I didn't know and said good-by. I hurried away for fear I would break down and tell him the story about Max Baer and W. S. Van Dyke, which would show that I did know, and which would only make him angry without doing a bit of good.

In my opinion Van Dyke is the best director in pictures. In Van is that quality I never have found to be missing in any truly great motion-picture star or director—a tremendous, eager, contagious vitality that reaches out and, seeping into you, stimulates you like a shot in the arm.

Van Dyke left school at sixteen to earn his own living. He called trains in the Seattle railroad station, sold electric vibrators in the door-to-door fashion, worked his way through business college by acting as janitor of the school, bucked logs in a lumber camp, punched cattle, and finally got into pictures as an eighteen-hour-a-day assistant to D. W. Griffith. He's conscientious, fearless, indomitable.

When Van Dyke was directing Max Baer in "The Prize Fighter and the Lady," Maxie became a little temperamental. Van tamed him with sharp words, a cool eye and a threat to knock Baer's block off.

Before the picture was finished, Baer worshiped Van Dyke. Baer told a friend, "I'd hate to meet that guy in a ring."

"Is Van that good a fighter?"

"No. The trouble is," Baer answered grimly, "you'd have to kill him before he'd drop."

That was the story I wanted to tell my young friend who had quit the first time they told him he wouldn't do.

Every star, during his fight to the top, was told that same thing a hundred times. Not only was it told to him—it was proved, to the satisfaction of everybody except his own staunch, obstinate self. Look over the careers of the great and you'll find that they won because they stuck through hell and high water and, working furiously night and day, made something fine and desirable out of their scorned hulks. Like the bonafish and the Old Guard, they die, but never surrender.

In this world are thousands of young men and young women who possess everything you'll find in the Norma Shearers, the Claudette Colberts, the Clark Gables and the Joe E. Browns—except the courage to fight on, the wit to keep at it until they learn their trade superbly well.

The girl whose ambition is to become a buyer in a department store, the boy who

(Continued on page 90)
Theodora goes wilder when Irene Dunne and Cary Grant go in for a bit of hi-jinks in that delightful domestic comedy, "The Awful Truth."
IT'S no pose with him—this Gable he-stuff. Fifteen minutes after the director calls "It's in the can," Gable's off on a camping trip. Sometimes it's Kaibab Forest Arizona, or Utah, or perhaps just the Santa Barbara mountains. It's always an isolated spot, away from women and those who hit him like a movie star rather than the regular guy he is. But however he's roughing it or not, Clark has the instinctive taste of a dressed man: leather breeches, suede jacket, silver-studded belt
Still new enough to enjoy immensely what fame buys, Tyrone Power, long-legged, long-lash boy wonder of the screen, drive an expensive car, wears expensive clothes, but gives "inexpensive gifts to the girls he dates, of whom we might add, there are many. Decided six years ago he'd be successful, and chose the Eastern stag as the best route. Prefers milk to Scotch; N. Y. to his native Cincinnati. Confident, candid and charming, he owes his victory to his genuine ability, his Irish grey eye and his determination never to fail two generations of ancestry.
She's been called a prima donna on roller skates—a Jenny Lind in socks. She has that vocal rarity—a woman's voice in a child's body. She became a star in her first picture—and giggles when she sees herself on the screen. She wasn't surprised at her own success—a "fortune in rhyme" punchboard told her she would rise to movie fame. She hates spinach and algebra; chocolate nut sundaes and Tippy, her dog, are her pet passions. She rates a huge amount of fan mail—China's powerful war lord, Chiang Kai-shek, likes her too. (See page 16.) She's had more than fifty fan mail proposals—despite her fourteen years. She's the girl in "100 Men and a Girl"—petite Deanna Durbin.
The host, Clarence Brown in sweat shirt and shorts, superintends the preparations of the barbecue while his "Conquest" guests watch.

Clarence Brown's party, for Garbo and the rest of the "Conquest" cast, will give you a swell idea of how successful directors live in Hollywood.

The Browns' new barbecue oven with its electric spit, is the last word.

The guest of honor didn't show up but her stand-in, Chris Meeker, amuses George Huxton.

Whole loaves of crusty French bread are toasted at once by the host while Charles Boyer, with his wife, Pat Peterson, supervise the process.
The daughter of the house, Alyce Moore, has fun too! She is the daughter of Tom Moore and Mrs. Brown (Alice Joyce)

Ranching de luxe—the spacious patio of the Brown house which lies in that section of Hollywood called Hidden Valley. Garbo and Clarence Brown have made seven most successful films together.
1 Remember how you gasped with laughter when the alarmed chap perched on the teacart tried to learn how to fly an airplane? The picture was Going Up; the star was—Johnny Hines, Charles Ray, Douglas MacLean, Edward Horton, T. Roy Barnes. Do you recall which one of these comedy classics the same actor played in—Twin Beds, The Hottentot, Behind the Front, Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave, or Oh! Doctor!

2 The padre pointing the accusing digit is brighter star today than when he appeared Essanay's The Primitive Strain. The man is—Frank Morgan, William Farnum, Edward Arnold, Spencer Tracy. You also saw him in—Captains Courageous, Slave Ship Emperor's Candlesticks, Toast of N.

3 Whoa! Can it be that Walter Long entertains ideas of a fate worse than death for the tragic-eyed queen—Louise Glaum, Theda Bara, Beverly Bayne, Dorothy Dalton, Kathlyn Williams, who was divorced from Lew Cody and remarried—Lowell Sherman, Arthur Hammerstein, Florenz Ziegfeld, Bert Lytell, Kenneth Harlan

4 Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Mary Philbin would have to have been more robust than she looks here to have recovered from an illness in the appalling bed which looms in this scene from Stella Maris, a Universal picture shown in 1926. Incidentally, the man from whom Maurice Chevalier may have got some ideas on how to protrude the lower lip is none other than—Thomas Meighan, Elliott Dexter, Conway Tearle, Rod La Rocque, Owen Moore
5 The wide-eyed gal below typified a new idea of sex appeal in the period when F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote *This Side of Paradise* and Percy Marks turned out: *The Plastic Age*, from the picturization of which this photo is taken; her name (this is too easy) is: Bessie Love, Anita Page, Sue Carol, Clara Bow, Billie Dove.

6 If you were dining at the Tropicana in Hollywood and saw the man in the photo below, you would probably nudge your companion excitedly and say, "Migawsh, there's:— Bill Powell, John Barrymore, Monte Blue, William Desmond, Bobby Harron." Do you remember seeing him in the picture, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, in which he played with:— Madge Bellamy, Marion Davies, Mildred Davis, Edna Purviance, Billie Burke.

More famed as a statuesque siren than roles such as she took in *Nomads of North* was:— Betty Compson, Bettye Marlowe, Barbara La Marr, who also did in:— *Anthony Adverse, Modern Loves, The Gorgeous Hussy, The Country Doctor, The Great Ziegfeld.*

8 The Oriental proffering the posy is here rebuffed by Gypsy Fair, a role taken by:— Mae Marsh, May McAvoy, Dorothy Gish, Carol Dempster, Anita Stewart, in the film:— *Broken Blossoms, Dream Street, House of Whispers, The Tong Man, Limehouse Nights.*

9 Doubt us if you will but it's a fact that the gent of this lynching act won PHOTOPLAYS' popularity contest in 1913. He was:— J. Warren Kerrigan, Dustin Farnum, Francis X. Bushman. The movie was:— *Days of '49, Winning of Barbara Worth, Hearts and Flowers, Girl of the Golden West.*

Check the words in italics which make correct answers for these stills from films that have passed into movie history. If the face is familiar but you can't quite place the name, turn to page 82 for the correct answers.
CAMERA LOOT
Hollywood has proved that it can take a kidding and can even kid itself—but when Margaret Sullavan's New York stage success of last winter hits the screen little more than the name will be intact. After all, a serious drayma that's so obviously a slap in the face at Hollywood—well, that's asking too much. Rumors of bitter feelings between Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers evaporated into thin air when the costars got going on this story of stage-struck girls in a theatrical boardinghouse, with Director Gregory LaCava at the helm; Adolphe Menjou, Constance Collier and Gail Patrick to lend support.
THOSE AWFUL

There's where the Stars have to slave!
Presenting that glorified institution of the Hollywood proletariat—the star's dressing room. Nelson Eddy, in a knotty-pine atmosphere, relaxes on a soft chaise lounge; Lionel Barrymore, at ease with his newspaper, is proud of his ship model (hobby hangover from "Captains Courageous"). The feminine contingent has other ideas of soul-soothing decoration. Jeanette MacDonald chooses an all-white piano to match her all-white room; Ginger Rogers likes old ivory work and peach satin; Ann Sothern goes for blue dots and taffeta upholstery; but Joan Crawford's forte is that big picture of Franchot Tone enthroned on her piano.
She's an enigma even to Hollywood. Although Kay goes on her way with no spectacular successes to her credit, her average is better than six pictures a year. Now she wants better roles and is fighting to get them. She makes a huge salary, yet lives quietly in the same unpretentious house she moved into when her salary was small. She's considered the screen's best dressed woman, but her personal wardrobe contains fewer clothes than an extra's. Though she's seldom mentioned in romantic gossip, she's been married three times and currently Delmer Daves, scenario writer, is her constant companion.
HOLLYWOOD THIS MONTH—

Has been vegetating quietly, like a turnip someone forgot to yank up... everyone who was anyone went off on a vacation and lay in the sun, or fished, or rowed in little boats... Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, always humming with activity, sat in a state of torpor with only five productions running... all the other studios were on nearly the same basis... and nobody cared...

But when things look quiet, especially in this town, then it's time to be suspicious... So we were suspicious... and as a result discovered that under the general torpor much was going on... and learned, too, that even in the most dormant of summer periods the glamour and vitality and heartache and laughter and the sentimental human kindness and the brutality that are Hollywood keep going right along at the same pace...

So that one of the most famous marriages in the colony came within a fraction of breaking up, but didn't quite... and an equally famous friendship, once a romance, was reportedly blasted for always... and a little girl star was bitten by the strangest animal... and there was a minor crime wave... and another mother trouble wave with a young man insisting he would—and his mother wishing he wouldn't—marry... and a spicy little boudoir tale all about pink ruffles in a bachelor's bedroom... and so forth, and on...

ALARUM

Our special agents came rushing into the office not long ago bursting with the news that Clark Gable, supposedly absent on a hunting expedition, had, without his studio's knowledge, made a hurried—and secret—trip to New York.

"You can guess why," hissed our informants, portentously.

Well, we couldn't. "Why?" we asked.

"Because Rhea Gable has fallen in love—everybody says so! And that'll make it easier for him to get his divorce, at last."

It sounded interesting. We checked...

There was no authentic news about Rhea except that she was still living quietly in her small house, seeing few people, going out little, hiding her time.

Metro admitted readily that Clark had gone to New York, and that they didn't have his address and that they didn't know why he didn't stay home where he belonged. Yes, his departure had been sudden—they'd had to cancel a dozen interview appointments half an hour before they were due—without explanation, either. Fine thing.

Whereupon we put our feet back up on the desk. If anything goes on involving any of its stars, M-G-M knows it, make no mistake. And if Gable had been in New York for any reason other than pleasure, the studio would have insisted with its last breath that he was in Wyoming slaughtering coyotes.

Make something of it if you will.

INNOCENT ABROAD

The journeying of Robert Taylor from Hollywood to London, for the purpose of making "A Yank at Oxford," is, however, a different matter.

Robert stymied his studio's attempt to make a publicity coup out of his departure by leaving too soon, without telling anybody but his mother and Barbara Stanwyck. A great group of photographers and reporters gathered to see him off, waited an hour at the station, and then discovered he'd planned out the evening before.

As for the rumors—nay, the certain declaration—that his romance with Miss Stanwyck is over, and that this trip is the perfect opportunity for them to let the whole thing drift off: Barbara, almost immediately after he left, took her vacation and went eastward to Canada. Thus there could be no
chance that if she went out for an evening with a friend the newspapers would take it up, and Bob would hear of it, and there would be a misunderstanding. Close sources tell us that before Bob left he made a pact with Barbara: if anything serious happened to either, that person would tell the other. Aside from emergency, mutual trust would do.

At any rate, when he comes back to Hollywood for the holidays he's got another surprise—a pleasant one this time—awaiting him. He'd okayed all the plans for his home on the valley ranch, but hadn't given the order to go ahead; right now he expects that when he gets back he must still go through all the troublesome details of building supervision and what not. But Barbara has made arrangements, and when he steps off the plane at Burbank his new home will be completely finished, to the last detail, ready for occupancy. Consider that, scandalmongers!

IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE TYPEWRITER

We are very touched over how much Jean Harlow's death has affected Bill Powell. We saw him walking down a studio street the other day and hardly recognized him. Pale, tired—he's lost pounds of weight—and almost never smiles anymore, doesn't even tell his famous stories. Everyone thought he'd start drinking too much, but he hasn't. "Double Wedding," his latest picture with Myrna Loy, was made and finished on a closed set. Even studio employees were to keep out. Those who managed to sneak in say Bill's been working madly, that the only time he's himself is when he's before the cameras, and that as a result he insists on remaking each scene again and again until it is perfect. The rest of the cast gets awfully tired, and it costs Metro a great deal of money in time, but they humor him—which is kind.

He spent two weeks in a friend's lodge up at Arrowhead, and then began getting ready for a long trip. Has a passport and no plans—he'll just go to Europe and wander about until he's himself again, he says. His bosses are resigned. He's no good in his present state, at all. The only thing that worries us is: suppose he isn't able to make the adjustment he must? Suppose the memory of that bright beauty lost to him is too haunting? Suppose he never returns to the screen?...

There has been a lot of argument about who took the last picture of Jean before her death, but we know that it was a full-color photograph made by studio people. It was sent on to a great New York daily before she died, and Powell asked that the original be shipped back to him. He wanted to frame it and keep it.

The picture was duly returned, and one of the publicity boys was detailed to cart it over to Bill's house. The kid put it into his car, remembered something at the last minute, and dashed back into the studio, leaving his roadster—and the photograph—out in front. When he returned, the package was gone.

Metro doesn't care about catching the person who took it, but they want their picture. If whoever swept it will send it back, with any old address attached, he can have in return any group of Harlow stills he wants—no questions asked, understand.

NEWS ITEM

NELSON EDDY was dancing at the Coconant Grove the other night with a beautiful blonde. This makes twice we've been obliged to report that Nelson has gone stepping with a girl who wasn't his mother. We couldn't identify the blonde, although she wasn't any employee of his and that makes her interesting, from the romance angle; golly, you don't suppose...?

REGrets

That sorry mess, in which George Brent and Constance Worth are still involved at this writing, has had a deeper effect on George's happiness than the misery of rotten publicity. You'll remember that not long ago Greta Garbo returned from Sweden and began again seeing a lot of this so-called "woman hater." That cooled after a time, but the two remained good friends.

Now, we're told, Garbo isn't even at home to him over the telephone. She's seen about now, from time to time, with Leopold Stokowski, but not even the most optimistic whisperers in Hollywood can get up nerve enough to say she is in love with the famous musician.

We were driving past Miss Garbo's house in Brentwood one sunny afternoon recently, by the way, and suddenly had one of those crazy impulses you get sometimes. We were familiar with the grounds and the building, because Jeanette MacDonald had lived there; and we knew that if we drove down the street in back, and slogged along a dirt lane, and climbed up through a vacant lot, we could peer through the openings in the great canvas curtain that protects the garden from neighbors' opera glasses.

Dignity and conscience put up a good fight, but lost—three minutes later we stood, covered with burrs, by the fence, looking curiously through a slit at the swimming pool and tennis court and stretch of lawn. Yes—there, on a gigantic towel, reclined the Nordic Enigma, eating a cookie and reading a magazine. Pretty soon she put the magazine down, threw the remainder of the cookie away, turned over, yawned, stood up, sat down again—all with a kind of infinite vagueness like a person who was trying to think of something to do, and couldn't.

It occurred to us suddenly, "This woman's bored. She's bored silly with this garden and this sun and that cookie and that magazine." The temptation to call to her through the fence was strong, but before we could gather the necessary brass she got up once more, picked up the towel by one corner, and dragging it behind her proceeded listlessly to the house.

Later that evening we remembered the look of her shoulders—the utter lassitude they expressed—and wished we had spoken.

(Continued on page 74)
LILY HITS A NEW HIGH

There is a definite musical clique in Hollywood, led by Mrs. L. A. Irish, President of the Hollywood Bowl Association. This year she awarded Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz a gold bowl trophy, when their concert drew a record audience of 29,000.

Janet Gaynor, too, with publicist Russell Birdwell, is one of the musical highbrows.

The Jean Hersholt's always go in for cultural events. Jean's hobby, besides music, is first editions.

Naturally you expect other singers to be there to compare notes. Hence Irene Dunne and husband.

This is no publicity gesture on Robinson's part. He adores symphonies.

Little Deanna Durbin, the youngest of the songbirds, listens with rapt attention.

Grace Moore and husband, Valentin Parera, right, never miss a concert. Leelee is one of Grace's best friends.

Mischa Auer may be funny on the screen but he takes music seriously.
Don't look now—but we think we just saw Boom Times return.

We just saw some producers untwisting studio purse strings that have been knotted for years, reaching down deep, and then, as they say in Shanghai, shooting the works.

But we wonder if you are prepared for the other news that we are about to bring to you? The news that Hollywood is suddenly going modest?

Perhaps you, like us, can remember way back to yesterday, when Hollywood was not modest.

A producer, for example, would return from a junket abroad. In his wake would follow a new foreign find with a certain amount of charm. Immediately, before anyone else had a chance to see her, he would announce that she was a sensation. She would back Garbo and Dietrich and Hepburn and Crawford right off the movie map.

It was great bullyhoo. But, somehow, it never worked. It made the public expect too much.

Producers are finally admitting as much, at least to themselves. Today, they are not boasting about their foreign finds. They are hiding them, going into shy silences about them. They are giving the girls a chance to make their own first impressions.

Even Samuel Goldwyn, the Great Goldwyn who once spent a year—and a million dollars—to make one of his foreign finds famous before the public ever saw her, has changed his ways. For nearly a year, he has had a new foreign find under wraps, waiting for the psychological moment to put her into the game. Meanwhile, his publicity staff has had orders not to publicize her. Even Sam is trying the experiment of giving the public a surprise. And our hunch is that the public will like the surprise.

Her name is Sigrid Gurie (pronounced See-grid Goo-see). You will see her for the first time, and hear her (which, we promise you, will also be something), in “The Adventures of Marco Polo,” starring Gary Cooper. Sam is spending only a million and a half on the picture.

Sigrid is twenty-three, Norwegian, naturally blonde, with eyes of a clear Scandinavian blue. The picture does not make use of her blonde beauty. She plays a slant-eyed Chinese Princess with black lacquered hair. But the picture makes full use of her voice. The Princess’ name is Kukachin—“Golden Bells.” She is so called because of her voice.

The setting is Thirteenth Century China. There, to the court of mighty Kublai Khan, comes Marco Polo, swashbuckling Venetian adventurer. Promptly he loses his heart to the Princess Kukachin, and thereafter has a time of it, trying not to lose his head.

Two months ago we saw the picture start, under the direction of John Cromwell, as a dramatic epic with romantic sidelights. Since then, it has undergone story changes and a change of directors. Archie Mayo is now in charge, and the picture is shaping up as a semi-historical fantasy, exciting, romantic, lavish, but with a light touch.

We watch what promises to be the most difficult scene of the revised version—the first love scene between Polo and the Princess, in a garden of the palace.

The first time Gary was ever called upon to kiss a girl before a camera, he went into hiding and nearly gave up his screen career. In the ten years since then, he has been dodging kissing scenes whenever possible. They still fuss him. And this is Sigrid’s first love scene before cameras. This, in fact, is her first picture, either here or abroad.

In the Thirteenth Century, it seems, kissing was unknown in China. Yet, when Marco Polo first meets the Princess Kukachin, and succumbs at first sight to her charms, he obeys that Venetian impulse—and kisses her. Her reactions, in quick succession, are amazement, surprised delight, then indignation. He blandly persuades her that kissing is the Occidental form of greeting. They end in a passionate embrace.

We talk to Sigrid before the scene. She is unflurried, at least on the surface. We look for the explanation. We come upon this information: Goldwyn has forbidden any, and all, dramatic coaching for her screen career. “It will only make you self-conscious,” he has told her. “I signed you as you are. I want you to stay that way—natural.” Sigrid is doing her best to obey orders.

Mayo calls for a rehearsal. Gary and Sigrid go through the scene, not once, but several times. We overhear a prop man tell another prop man, watching Gary, “It’s nice work, if you can get it.” Gary, however, is perspiring. No man was ever more embarrassed. But he’s game; he keeps on trying to look natural. Until, finally, Mayo says, “All right, let’s shoot it. Let’s make history!”

The scene is difficult enough for the bashful Gary. But the really difficult acting in the scene devolves upon the newcomer. Her reactions call for subtle shadings of emotion. Mayo calls “Cut!” at the end of the scene, he shakes his head in mock self-amazement, and tells Gary and Sigrid, “We did make history!”

(Continued on page 78)
NEW cold weather clambakes furnish the hot Hollywood radio news this fall. But if you've been worrying about those long winter evenings, rest easy—here won't be room enough on the air for a snowflake to filter through when the Hollywood winter gold rush gets going. Every tar you ever heard of is completely miked-nushy at this point. As for the menu, signed, sealed and delivered here's the plate:

The new shows: "Silver Theater" (nice same?) will start about the time your big round eyes will read this. It's a variety show tarring a big-time screen star four weeks in row, according to present plans (CBS network) and from our overstuffed perch it looks like Rosalind Russell starts the first batch... Then Tyrone Power, Jr., breaks into the big time with his own spot on NBC's blue chain. Ty will give a dramatic sketch every Sunday with Hollywood guests in support... Charlie Butterworth and Sammy Ross salvage Fred Astaire's old Packard show with a new dippy diet.... Jack Haley goes to town on his own Log Cabin plit hour taking that honeyous Virginia Verrill and Warren Hull along with him from show Boart and letting in his movie pals to sibbit from time to time... We've told you bout Jeanette MacDonald's Vick's concerts... but did you know that John Barrymore and his Ariel were such a click last summer a Shakespeare that they're set again for a vintereading of "Animal Kingdom" and Accent on Youth? NBC sustaining, of course... George Jessel joins up with your pal, Al, the Jolson... and Prez. Jack Oakie cuts classes down to a half-hour, making Barrymore rewrite the other half mile for a Camel... Sorry, no Judy Garland—she's too busy at M-G-M, they say, but we understand she's also too high-priced now... And—we've been saving this one—Myrna Loy and Bill Powell begin airmopping soon in their favorite dramatic dish—you guessed it—a "Thin Man" series! You like a look?

Of course, the old stand-bys snap out of the summer slump in a big way. Meaning: Bing Crosby is back taking star introduction worries off the frail shoulders of Robin Burns on the comfortable Kraft hour, and that Cecil B. De Mille is chuckling together his Lux Radio Theater for another season of the best Hollywood dramatic standbards money can buy.

No diminishing either, in the evergreen hours, although if you ask us, Chase and Sanborn could do without quite so many stars—five regulars, now that Nelson Eddy punches the clock, and a guest star or two every Sunday! They trip over each other. Incidentally, with all Radio Row holding its breath, the fair-haired boy, Nelson, made his long-delayed debut, and what a pleasant surprise when he turned out to be a regular guy instead of the prima donna we had been led to believe. Of course Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy were laying for him, but Nelson up and fooled them all by grabbing that objectionable young McCarthy gentleman and planting him firmly on one knee. Wendy Barrie guested that Sunday, and before the show, like all the cuties, she had to have a session with Charlie.

"Without a doubt," she told him, "you are the most wonderful man in Hollywood."

"That's what all the girls tell me," piped Charlie in a childish falsetto. Only it was Nelson Eddy, cracking his famous voice, à la Bergen. Charlie didn't get back at him until the next week, but plenty then. It happened like this: Nelson was deep in the throes of a song when the audience began to titter. Well, you don't titter at an Eddy when he lets the song box work, in so mixed anger and surprise he glared over his chesters, but the chirrups only swelled. That's right, it was Charlie, giving him the quiet bird with the audience loving it!

Hollywood is still slightly teched on the subject of Charlie and Bill Fields, who incidentally, is so fully recovered that he says he'll have to start wearing himself down again. Golf does it, Bill told us; he plays indoors, he says, with a cotton ball (can you take it?) and makes up his funny business in between shots. A few weeks ago either the shots or the funny business didn't work, because just three hours before the show Bill didn't have a word to say! He begged off the show but not so, he thought up his script while shaving—some guy!

Tickets for that show are as rare as Democrats in Vermont, and as for the hired help—not even accidents can keep them away. Alice Brady showed up in a wheel chair with her sprained ankle in a brace, the afternoon she emoted in "Electra" with Don Ameche. They closed down shooting Twentieth Century-Fox's biggest picture, "In Old Chicago," because Alice couldn't hobble around, but... (Continued on page 89)
**BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—M-G-M**

AGAIN Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell are teamed in the annual Metro musical, this time a follow-up to the last highly successful "Broadway Melody." The picture is a typical kind of thing, well mounted, stuffed with much of Hollywood's best talent at its best. But Taylor's rôle, meant as the lead, is lost somewhere in the melee. George Murphy, given his due at last, is a brighter personality. Bob can only do his best, which is handsome enough. He plays a producer who discovers Eleanor Powell, a horse-lover who also tap-dances. When his show needs money, she enters her nag in a prize race. Buddy Ebsen, Judy Garland (a new and potentially great star), Sophie Tucker and many others contribute highly entertaining features.

---

**THIN ICE—20th Century-Fox**

WHILE Robert Taylor's professional status quivers under blows like "Broadway Melody," the man named Zanuck is assuring the success of his new star, Tyrone Power, by making box-office hits suitable to the younger's talent. This latest happy combination of romance and music, spectacle and comedy, in which Powers costars with Sonja Henie, is—to underestimate—a knockout of a show.

The lovely little skating lady, in her second screening, proves again her innate showmanship and her really fine ability. Here is no flash in the citizen parade. Her routine is an a la carte menu. Her accent is more understandable but still adorable, her routines are varied. No need to detail the story—these Cinderella, mistaken-identity yarns are entertaining without analysis. Power is a prince in disguise, Sonja's the resort skating teacher. They meet while skating, fall in love, get tangled in the international intrigue their romance has engendered.

As an example of pure film technique, of almost perfect production, this should stand as a lesson to other studios. No story, however good, however well acted, is convincing if the sequences are jerky and badly cut. Photography is of standard excellence and the pace of action is adjusted so that no single scene is allowed to drag. You'll appreciate Arthur Treacher as the Prince's aide-de-camp, Raymond Walburn as Sonja's rascally uncle, and Joan Davis as his orchestra leader. There are four magnificent skating dances, to a Strauss-like score.

---

**THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—Selznick-United Artists**

If, not too long ago, you were a devotee of the kind of romantic adventure as typified by Douglas Fairbanks—with fair ladies in distress and swashing heroes and swishing swords and castle dungeons—you will find great nostalgic pleasure in this. Produced with all the 1937 technique that a modern studio and a million dollars can achieve, this nevertheless is frankly melodrama. That it succeeds in being one of the most entertaining pictures of the year is a compliment to John Cromwell's fine direction and Ronald Colman's believable portrayal.

You probably remember Anthony Hope's famous story: Rudolf Rassendyll, handsome Britisher, comes to an obscure Balkan kingdom and is immediately entangled in political intrigue. He is a distant relative of, and resembles perfectly, the young king whose evil brother Black Michael, plots to snatch the throne. When the drunken monarch is drugged and abducted on coronation eve, Rassendyll takes his place—king for a time, during which he falls in love with the kidnapped prince's fiancée.

Colman, in his dual rôle as Rassendyll and the King, is superbly cast. Lovely Madeleine Carroll plays the Princess and helps make the various love scenes beautiful in the extreme. You'll like Mary Astor as Black Michael's conniving mistress, Raymond Massey, as heavy, positively Macivellian. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., however, is cast as a rascally adventurer and is just too rascally for words. Aside from this one fault, it's blood-stirring cinema.

---

**BIG CITY—M-G-M**

THIS is hardly susceptible of classification. It is not an epic of a taxi war nor a drama of an immigrant's problem nor altogether a slapstick comedy; yet it partakes liberally of all three. Admittedly it's a clever production, a combination of "Thin Man" romance and the fight of New York chauffeurs for freedom. Luise Rainer plays the foreign wife of a cabbie, Spencer Tracy; when a garage is bombed, officials pin the crime on her and try to deport her. She hides, and the chase is on. The story doesn't do justice to Tracy's talent nor Miss Rainer's charm; she is coy and he is a little ponderous. Others in the cast are generally convincing although everyone overacts a little. You will just have to overlook the anachronisms in which Luise has a baby in an ambulance while famous fighters (Jack Dempsey and others) tangle with an army of cabb drivers.

---

**ANGEL—Paramount**

MARLENE DIETRICH is more than usually gorgeous in this superbly produced cinema. Those who first hailed her as a great actress in "The Blue Angel" will not be disappointed in her latest picture. Fragile and lovely, like a fine old portrait, she plays the wife of a titled British statesman who, despite his deep love for her, is more interested in politics. Herbert Marshall is most urbane as the posse-cinated husband, and you probably will like Mervyn Douglas as the romantic lover.

The story centers itself around the eternal triangle but is set to sparkling dialogue, moves against a background of beautiful photography and there are many new situations. Miss Dietrich flies to Paris under an assumed name and accidentally meets Douglas, another visitor, at the Salon of the Grand Duchess Anna. They dine together and he falls in love with the mysterious stranger, whom he calls Angel, since he does not know her real name.

Coincidentally, Marshall and Douglas were friends in war days, so that when they unexpectedly meet, Marshall invites his old friend to dine at his home and introduces him to his wife. Thereafter you must watch reel after reel of suspicion, of subterfuge, of Miss Dietrich's pose mask trying not to betray pain but succeeding too well. One must confess that portions of the picture are ponderous, and that the theme is dated in the modern conception; these objections, however, are standard in almost any of Marlene's vehicles, and seem to be overlooked by her great audience.
**WIFE, DOCTOR and NURSE—20th Century-Fox**

ALTHOUGH Director Walter Lang when he began this picture apparently meant to create an hour of pure entertainment only, he has in any analysis done more than that. Perhaps because he found in his script the elements of a sophisticated seldom brought to the screen and a wealth of human drama of passionate emotion against a background to be played with restraint, he couldn't resist turning his production into pretty great cinema anyway.

It is a portrait of today's cultured lives lived furiously with a kind of rollicking humor in the face of a trouble decade. You will find it the first hospital picture ever to be completely convincing, perhaps because there is no insistence on melodramatic situations. The scene is simply a newer and a less bitter "Design for Living." Warner Baxter is a good successful surgeon who has grown to depend very much on his assistant, Virginia Bruce. He gets Loretta Young as a patient when she falls from a horse, and she is very charming and he marries her.

Both women then are in love with Baxter, and both are supremely necessary to his happiness—Loretta in a physical capacity, Virginia professionally. This situation is worked out for you with such simplicity, with such lack of dramatics, with such humor that you believe implicitly in the truth of every single scene.

Loretta is completely charming; Miss Bruce handles ably a tough assignment, and Baxter although at times a bit fatigued, does a convincing job.

---

**STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio**

CROM the hullabaloo of a theatrical boarding house comes this genuinely great story of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor fame and a scant living.

Although the fine stage play has been tampered with, it is seen advantage. Brilliantly directed by Gregory La Cava, the almost completely feminine cast handled their funny, sometimes bitter, dialogue and their frequent dramatics with exquisitely fine ease. Amazingly, here is a magnificently entertaining picture without a love story.

Quickest at repartee of all the seldom working wisecracking young ladies is Ginger Rogers, who after years of being Mr. Astaire's dancing partner gives an excellent account of herself in a purely dramatic role. Ginger's roommate is Katharine Hepburn, well-dressed and pretty swank, who in reality is an heiress out to make a name for herself before the footlights. Her disapproving father angles a play and has her cast in the lead hoping she'll make a fool of herself and come home. Andrea Leeds, desperately in need of work, covets the same rôle. It is through this pathetic girl's climactic decision that Hepburn discovers the right thing to do.

That's all there is to the story, but it is played against the background of a greater theme: that of a group of desperate girls who take refuge from failure in a humor of their own creation. Miss Hepburn does her usually fine work, but in some scenes resembles her caricatures. Miss Leeds' performance has great power and Adolphe Menjou as the philandering producer is highly amusing.

**BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warners**

A GAIN this studio makes cinema material that is pointed at natural audience sympathy for those who are about to die. Less dramatic and artistic than "They Won't Forget," this picture deals again with the part newspaper people play in railroadling innocent persons to death.

Remarkably good as the woman reporter is wisecracking Joan Blondell, who helps tabloid editor Pat O'Brien build up a maze of circumstantial evidence against show girl Margaret Lindsay, unjustly accused of murdering her husband. After the damage is done, Joan is convinced of the girl's innocence, works hard to save her.

There is good production work in the opening train crash and suspense throughout is well paced.

**100 MEN AND A GIRL—Universal**

IN her second picture, charming Deanna Durbin keeps faith with the many friends she won by her screen debut in "Three Smart Girls." Much is demanded of the young actress in the way of both acting and singing, but she comes through with flying colors.

As Patsy Cardwell, daughter of an unemployed trombone player, Adolphe Menjou, she is an engaging Mary-Mixup in her efforts to organize an orchestra composed of her father and ninety-nine other jobless musicians. The men's only chance to get wealthy Eugene Pallette to act as their sponsor depends on persuading Leopold Stokowski to direct them in a concert-hall appearance. So Miss Deanna goes to work, using her ingenuity and her lovely young voice, to obtain the renowned Philadelphia orchestra leader's consent, and finally, by a clever trick, obtains a hearing for her protégés.

The picture is a natural for all lovers of fine music. It is a rare treat to listen to the country's finest symphony orchestra play such a classic as Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody," and to hear Deanna Durbin sing Mozart's "Alleluja" with full orchestral accompaniment. And while the director, Henry Koster, allows us this privilege, he has by no means neglected the story, for the music and singing are carefully blended into the plot development. Leopold Stokowski again gives a satisfactory close-up of how a famous conductor looks and acts both on and off the concert stage. It's perfect.
JAMES CAGNEY'S newest picture is built on the "Star Is Born" theme, presenting him as a New York hoofer gone Hollywood. Evelyn Daw (a graceful new singer) is his charming bride, Mona Barrie the actress-temptress, and Gene Lockhart the stubborn producer who brings Jimmy fame. You'll enjoy Cagney's natural portrayal, the generally fine production, the nice direction. Well recommended.

Olsen and Johnson fans will love this bit of bright hysteria wrapped around two "angels" who attempt to back a Broadway show only to find themselves with a murder mystery on their hands. There is neither rhyme nor reason to any of it, but it's fun just the same. Franklin Pangborn is a panie as a swash designer. The boys themselves are twin riots, and there are some nice musical interludes.

MORE important than the story itself is the work of Ronald Reagan, who makes his screen bow in this tale of radio. Ronald, as the "Uncle Andy" of the kiddies' hour, finds himself plunged into a gangster's murder mystery. His fearless exposure of their schemes lands him the job of radio commentator. June Travis is attractive as the girl. Excellent cast throughout. (Continued on page 78)
Orry Kelly shows how charming the lowered waistline can be in this gown, designed for Anita Louise in "First Lady." The white velveteen bodice, with short sleeves and high round neck, is quilted in gold thread and the skirt is a cloud of white chiffon. Flat mother-of-pearl buttons are inspirational ornaments.

Over a simple beige frock Anita wears a wide-shouldered white fox cape which has been treated to resemble lynx. A brown pillbox, brown gloves and brown shoes add contrast to this chic ensemble.
This season fur achieves upmost importance when combined with fabric. For Sandra Storme, Paramount newcomer, to wear in "Sophie Lang Goes West," Edith Head designed a spectator sport or street ensemble of leopard and Kelly green nubbed wool. The sleeveless jacket with front of leopard is held snugly at the waist by a stitched belt of the dress fabric. A calot, on the back of Sandra's blonde tresses, has the casual chic of youth.
June's extravagantly veiled turret-shaped hat of black felt with accent of Irish green grosgrain ribbon carries out the new trend toward high, brimless hats, veiled for day or night, and combining two or more colors.

June Lang, who lends feminine charm to Eddie Cantor's 20th Century-Fox musical, "Ali Baba Goes to Town," selects black styled with youthful chic for that dressy, informal frock so important in fall wardrobes. Short-sleeved, its simple lines are relieved by a deep white vestee of ruffled satin and a large clip of brilliants. On the left is a close-up of the smart hat which completes a perfect autumn costume.
Simplicity is the keyword of smart fashion for the career girl or student. Fabric should be selected for durability and trim should assure chic contrast. Helen Taylor created two such practical costumes for Joan Blondell to wear in "Stand-In." Joan’s rust sheer wool with sand crepe collar, front panel and underlay pockets, is suitable for office wear.

Her two-piece pajamas are neatly tailored of printed challis vibrant with coloring of red and green to assure cheer at home when the outside world is bleak and cold. The revers and sleeve bandings are of red.
PHOTOPLAY'S

FASHION PHOTOGRAPH
OF THE MONTH

BECAUSE

—this three-piece ensemble of homespun with its well-chosen accessories steps smartly into the wardrobe of any climate and any part of it may easily combine with other costumes to reappear with equal chic.

—two colors interwoven are smarter than one and Virginia Bruce's two-piece tailored frock carries both copper and cinnamon tones. The collarless swagger coat is striped in copper, tangerine and rust.

—embroidery on hats is a new fashion note and Virginia carries an emblem of tangerine and gilt on the front of her brown felt toque from John-Frederick. The large bag and tie oxfords are of brown suede. Virginia is currently appearing in M-G-M's "Bad Man of Brimstone"
Tailored street frocks of woolen declare a new note of formality with their trims of glitter and their demand for hats shadowed by veils. Right, silver kidskin is appliqued on double pockets to brighten Virginia’s black wool frock neatly tailored with a Peter Pan collar and five-eighth length sleeves. Silver dots spot the veil of her black antelope hat which is trimmed in front with silver kidskin.

Gold kidskin combines with brown wool, left, to fashion another daytime costume. The frock, which boasts front skirt fullness, long tight sleeves, simple blouse and tiny roll collar, is belted in gold kidskin studded with multicolor jewels. The lovely Bruce’s brown antelope hat from John-Frederics hides beneath a veil dotted with gold to match the tiny kidskin bow which trims the hat.
The tunic, sheath and bouffant silhouettes share equal honors for gala evening fashion. Travis Banton created a tunic gown of midnight blue taffeta shot with threads of silver for Carole Lombard to wear in "Nothing Sacred." Tiny straps hold the fitted bodice. The sheath underskirt is slit in front to allow graceful movement. Carole’s clips, bracelet and ring of blood rubies give exquisite color accent to the gown.
Gwen Wakeling sprinkled the skirt of this short-sleeved bouffant gown of white tulle, worn by Loretta Young in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," with myriads of tiny mirrors, silver beads and brilliants, and clustered a flexible corsage of them at the deep V-décolletage. The skirt, six layers deep, falls over a petticoat of horsehair braid.
WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 88

FOR SPORTS Mary Carlisle, playing in Paramount's "Hold 'Em Navy," wears a frock of light-brown wool crepe with draped, shirred bodice, sleeves shirred at seams and belt of material to accent back. Corded ties have very amusing cork ornaments

FOR LUNCHEON, or afternoon, this short-sleeved black satin-back crepe dress is sure to fill the bill. Important detail is supplied by an interesting tucked bodice treatment, as well as a belt of crepe embroidered in gold and studded with colorful stones

BLACK CREPE and velvet combine in this "date" dress (upper right). High neckline, widened long sleeves and panel drapery in front are important. A metal clasp studded with rhinestones serves to highlight the bodice

FOR STADIUM, for classroom, or for fall street wear, this taupe shirtmaker frock of homespun is perfect. Tiny jeweled studs and narrow rows of fringed selvage add interest to the front. Calfskin belt matches dress
PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE
OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

Especially becoming to Jean’s Juliet type of hairdress is the off-the-face black felt turban with embroidered stitching and two colored whips (above). A new version of the pillbox is this brown felt tricorne with gold buckles adding a smart metal accent. The crown is shallow and stitching again adds subtle detail on tabs of the felt across the front and right side (above, right). Brown felt with swagger lines is just right for sportswear. Air tucking adds the detail and a silver buckle fastens the band of brown belting ribbon around the crown.

Jean Parker, star of “The Bar-****,” chooses her fall hats

This tag identifies an original Photoplay Hollywood Fashion
PART TWO

The Joan Crawford of today is familiar to all the world—the elegant and glamorous lady whose name spells millions a year at the box office, who is surrounded by the aura of fame, who has become a great and finished artist to whom all doors are open.

But it wasn’t always so.

A short twelve years ago—ten years ago when the drums rolled and the saxophones moaned and the floor cleared, there was a redheaded girl, chewing gum, who used to do the Charleston. Sometimes you thought she never stopped doing it. Even at lunch at the Montmartre, when the band played, she danced—her skirts above her knees, her red hair flying. Strangers watched and marveled at her grace and vitality, but those of us who lived in the movie capital, looked, sometimes shrugged, and went on talking.

We had seen Joan Crawford doing the Charleston before. I remember once going to a very large party where the guest of honor was an English earl of great wealth and prestige. Someone had brought Joan Crawford and she did the Charleston and he was simply enthralled and begged to know who she was. Only ten years ago.

The hey-hey girl. The jazz baby. “I used to be pretty harum-scarum in those days,” Joan said later, very gently. Yes, she was harum-scarum. Made Joan Crawford.

Remember a dance called the Black Bottom? Joan was one of its first exponents. She illustrated it with pictures so other people would know how. Hands on hips, knees bent, one foot on the floor, she begins.

Joan Crawford had twenty-seven silver cups on the shelf in her dressing room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. When she gave up the Charleston for the Lindy Hop in 1927, it was news. Winner of fourteen Charleston contests in a row was her record. The Santa Monica Beach Club offered a membership to the winner of its Charleston contest, and the movie stars stood around and applauded while an extra-girl bit player named Joan Crawford, dressed all in black, her red hair flying, won it from hundreds of eager girls.

The New York chorus girl called Lucille LeSueur, formerly little Billie Cassin of Kansas City, who had been, as she said herself, almost a slavey, was making Hollywood sit up and take notice. But it wasn’t exactly the right kind of notice.

Today Joan Crawford is the patroness of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Los Angeles. Her home in Brentwood is the favorite spot of the stars of the musical world. She has her box at the Hollywood Bowl and when she walks down to it—lovely, poised, gracious—a little ripple runs through the vast audience.

But through her life, right up to this present moment, runs a mad madrad of the music that is nearer to the pulse of the people. Joan loves swing music today, as she loved jazz in its day. Dance music seems to bind her incredible life story together with a sort of thread.

A few weeks ago, Joan sat alone one night in a little cabin where she was on location for her latest picture, “The Bride Wore Red.” The snow was piled up to the window sills. The wind whistled outside. Inside, there was chance, that lead to the great Joan Crawford of today.

A New York night club.

By way of Chicago—where, as you remember, she had landed with two dollars in a purse, alone and friendless, and procured a job in a cheap little night spot called, I think, the Friars.

New York and the Winter Garden and Club Richman. The Winter Garden the afternoons and six nights a week—Harry Richman’s famous night spot from midnight until seven in the morning.

It’s funny, but I hardly ever watch a floor show in a New York night club today without thinking of Joan Crawford, wondering if there is any girl in that line-up who might reach as great heights from such a beginning, wondering if an all-seeing eye could spot such a girl through all the noise and artificial good times.

As an all-seeing eye spotted Joan back in 1924,

One night a quiet little man with silver hair sat at a ringside table. His name was Harry Rapf and he was and is one of Hollywood’s greatest producers, one of the men who make Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer what it is.

And the great producer saw that one particular chorus girl, separate from all the others. A break for her, sure. But she must have had something that made her stand out from the rest of the girls who were doing just what she was doing, dancing, kidding the customers, turning on a dazzling smile.

She wasn’t, believe me, the sleek at glamorous Joan of today. A little overweight, crude, terribly young, still Midd Western. When Joan Crawford comes to New York today, it’s a sensation. She has suites at the exclusive Waldorf, the Walk-Chryslers give glorified parties for the Crew of Society in her honor, her name shown from front pages and twinkles over Broadway. But then she was just a lonely, homly sick kid from Kansas City, doing her best to make a living in the Big Town, without bad ing or pull or much opportunity.

Cutting distant glimpses of the celebrities and stars peering into the windows of the big, rich stores, walking breathlessly along Park Ave nue, one of the crowd, and going home to hall bedroom to make herself dresses out of the cheap materials she bought in bargain basements.

What did Harry Rapf see in the girl that made him give her a movie contract as a stock extra girl?

I asked him once and he told me that two
things struck him, two things made Joan Crawford stand out. That brilliant, vibrating vitality—the joy of living that animated her and made her so terrifically alive; and the real structural beauty of her face and body, a thing much more lasting, much more sure than any mere prettiness of the flesh. Later, when Joan was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and had been admitted to the sacred portals of Pickfair, Mary Pickford, who knows as much about movies as anyone alive, mentioned that same structural beauty to me. We were sitting beside the swimming pool at Fairford, the beach home of Doug and Mary, watching Joan sun herself. And Mary said, “You know, Joan has the most perfect bone structure I have ever seen. That’s what makes her camera perfect.” That, I suppose, was what made her the modern Venus whose measurements were to be compared so often with those of the immortal Greek statues.

So Joan Crawford went to Hollywood as an extra girl. Went through the big gates as just one of the mob—the very same gates that today swing wide to Metro’s ranking star, the darling of the box office and the pet of the powers that be, Miss Joan Crawford. In the newspapers of 1925-26 you will find pictures of a girl in a Christmas costume climbing down a chimney, of a girl being blown up by Fourth of July fireworks. If you look carefully, down in the corner in small type will find the words, “Posed by Joan Crawford of M-G-M.” And lots of pictures of Joan doing the Black Bottom, the Charleston, the Lindy Hop.

(Continued on page 75)
A new note of barbaric glitter is found in the natural oak wood necklace studded with jewels and gold to dramatize the sports frock designed by Kalloch for Luli Deste to wear in "I Married an Artist.

gold kidskin; or trim a tweed with jeweled pockets?
The tailored suit and untrimmed flock of wool do not "bow out" with the advent of glittering fashion. Rather do they triumph as perfect "background" costumes for important accessories which have never before been so gala.

Handbags claim the spotlight. They are as large as overnight cosmetic cases and almost as complete in their elaborate fittings. Some of these bags are styled of leathers to match your shoes and others duplicate the fabrics of your hats.

Howard Shoup accents a black, grey and French blue tweed suit designed for Jane Wyman to wear in "Larger Than Life" with an "eighteen inch" oval bag of black lizard plus suit buttons and four-eyelet oxfords of the same leather.

Sweaters in contrast colors have smartly replaced blouses as complement for sport suits. The collarless, single-breasted jacket of Jane's suit mentioned above conceals a cashmere sweater of French blue to match the thread of the tweed.

Novelty tailleurs are rare indeed, but here's one that sounds like a grand college fashion. Eleanor Powell is stepping smartly about town in a West Point cadet suit of blue with gold buttons and braid, telling everyone she "stole" the idea from Dolly Tree who designed the identical suit for Eleanor to wear in "Rosalie."

No need to worry this season if your wardrobe budget does not include new furs, for cloth coats and suits with cuffs, yokes, bands, as aces and panels of fur win top favor.

For Simone Simon in "Love and Hisses," Royer does a full-length coat of beige woolen in combination with Safari brown Alaska sealskin. The sealskin, carefully tumbled so that it closely resembles the suppleness of velvet, is moulded into a deep circular back yoke, softly gathered three-quarter length cape sleeves and full-length front panels. The coat has skirt fullness and is squeezed in at the waist with a matching fabric belt.

Casual coats of gay, striped woolen are bound to bring cheer into dull winter days. Orry Kelly selected white and yellow stripes on a grey background for a full-length, unfurred sport coat he designed for Kay Francis to wear in "Return From Limbo." And what a clothes picture that will be! Kay wears twenty-eight striking costumes.

With a season full of dazzlingly fashions be mindful lest you fail to heed the "stop and look" warning as you plan your wardrobe.

Large waistlines should not be girdled in glistening belts of jewels; frocks that are moulded below the waistline with gathers, drapes or shirrings are only for those who have thirty-six inch hips or less; short skirts are not becoming when legs are not shapely and all-over plaids in coats, dresses and skirts give added weight.
DELIGHTED us with the most entrancing music imaginable and as she sat there with the sunlight shining through her golden hair and in her sparkling blue eyes, I thought that she must certainly be someone from an old-fashioned fairy tale, and not a real girl at all. I’m very much afraid that I, as well as Cora Sue and Sybil, have joined the Anita Louise worshipers.

SYBIL JASON is amusement enough for any party. I can’t help laughing at her. She has such an entertaining way of saying, “My word!” and “Ripping!” and “I love Mr. Pat O’Brien and Mr. Dick Powell.” I happen to know which of the two gentlemen she likes best, but I promised faithfully I wouldn’t tell, and I won’t either, not anyway, so long as Sybil keeps on being as nice to me as she has been so far. I’d hate to get Mr. Powell and Mr. O’Brien all upset.

One day, Mr. Powell visited Sybil on the set where she was working with Pat O’Brien. Was he ever given a royal welcome! Mr. O’Brien didn’t say anything but he did look hurt, very hurt. Finally the caller left and Sybil walked over to Pat. “You said you’d be my girl,” he accused, gloomily, “and now you say you’re his girl.”

“My word, Mr. O’Brien,” said Sybil plaintively, “you just can’t tell when I’m fooling, can you?”

Sybil has never acquired the rude habit of addressing older persons by their given names. Everyone is Mister or Miss and, while she is very friendly, she manages to keep thoroughly intact that British dignity of hers. When she pays a call she stays forty minutes and leaves on the dot. She doesn’t talk much, but her funny little crooked smile and quaint ways make you just wish you could hear her talk.

One day, as luck would have it, during a ball game with some of the children, the ball went sailing straight through an irate neighbor’s window. The other youngsters ran, but Sybil didn’t. After a while the lady went back into her house and brought out a big red apple and handed it to her. “What did you say to her?” chorused the children when she returned to them.

“I didn’t say much of anything,” replied Sybil. “I just stood still and acted polite, then she gave me this apple.”

Sybil lives with her Uncle Harry in a big house in Hollywood, set away back on a sloping lawn. She is taught by a private tutor and looked after by a soft-voiced colored girl, who takes great pride in caring for her nursery and tiny frocks. Sybil’s dresses are mostly plain and tailored and she wears black patent leather slippers and white socks. Sometimes, when she’s at sea, she is allowed to choose her dresses for herself, but she is never allowed to argue or be naughty if her choice isn’t approved of by her Uncle Harry. British children must always be obedient.

All British children do have so much admiration for their parents. One day young Sybil made one remark that made me see... (Continued on page 94)
movies have had a widespread showing. Some travelers tell me that American movie publicity abroad has caused a sensation of panic among those who feel it's been responsible for a spreading of the doctrine of world friendship and peace. These later arrivals, however, who have fled from the brand of their neighbors a scant hundred miles away forget their fear (a cause of war) when they see the Hollywood film picture in America.

Of course, many of our pictures give an exaggerated idea of the typical American to the Katyn scared, poor and undernourished of the world who see them, the result being that in each American he visualizes a millionaire. He cannot differentiate, because every American picture he has ever seen has illustrated us thus.

It is quite evident in Russia that no one knows anything about America except what America's leaders want him to know, and the films are a new means of propaganda. As a result, few people have seen any American-made films, and even fewer understand the reaction of the film to the people.

Some years before, I had watched a showing of "Henry the VIII" in the gorgeous Imperial Palace in Madrid when Alfonso was King. Exactly one year later, to the day, I sat with Zamora, Spain's first president, a few hours after he had overthrown Alfonso, and in the very same room of the palace where the screen this time a film depicting the most proper of Hollywood society problem pictures. In a sense, the new president tells me how he proposed to reorganize Spain, in order that she, too, might live like a king. And when the movies had played an important part in a drama of foreign affairs.

Many Mexican presidents from Calles down the line had been filling their ears with sweet film nothing for many, many years. When Ortiz Rubio was shot, I happened to be within twenty feet of the shooting. Somehow I managed to weave my way back to his house with him. From that incident developed a fine film, for a film is not proscriptive, journalismistically speaking. From it, I learned the Mexican reaction to films. It is only after I found that they know that they laughed at "Pancho" proudly told the "journalists" present that she expected another heir to the Royal Family very, very soon. That even now that she and her popular husband had taken the Queen Mother to see "Turn Off the Moon".

And a few days before this trip up in Copenhagen where the beloved King of Denmark had astonished his half court by attending a Laurel and Hardy comedy at a neighborhood beach theater, when his country was celebrating his silver jubilee! But I wasn't surprised, for back in July we'd been seatmates in a Copenhagen city theater at a widely advertised comedy, "A Gentleman Goes to the City," which, when I returned to America, I pronounced one of Gary Cooper's simply swell. "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town!"

Some years before, down in Athens, Greece, I had had a near tugillistic encounter with Premier Tsaldaris, the then president of the nation. He thought that American social themes in movies were so "overdone as to be nauseating to me." I didn't know that in six years later the reinstated king of Greece, the film which everyone in America thought great.

Few people knew that the late King of the Belgians was an inveterate movie-goer wherever American films were shown. He worshipped at the shrine of Bill Powell and is said to have seen "The Thin Man" eleven times.

Hitler often goes into the censorship booth with Goering, presumably to watch the latest antics of non-Aryan American movie stars. Whether his admission to have no proof for this statement, that the Marx Brothers are his favorites; however, his national policy is to keep America from using a film which showed interiors of concentration camps.

Ever since his abdication from the German throne the Kaiser has had a regular biweekly ration of American films. As far back as 1927 I well remember chronicling the American-made feature film projection machine in the golden drawing room of Huis Doorneg in Holland. Here every Wednesday and Friday night for the past nineteen years, the man who broke up the world's equilibrium in 1914 watches patiently and eagerly the German-made feature film feature films of the week. I was back there again this summer, but the Kaiser was not present. A private projection machine is 120 acres of vast estate gathering the royal eggs from stop a haystack, and didn't have anything interesting on the program. But the Princess Juliana and her Consort at the Hague were being photographed on the same day, and she had an ardent Walt Disney admirer, told me the reverse. So whom can we believe? Turkey, of all the nations in Europe today, with the possible exception of Russia, is making the fastest rise to American influence. It is due primarily to Kemal Pasha's attitude on foreign affairs. Istanbul and Ankara are rapidly being rebuilt into up-to-date Americanized cities. I know of no capital city in the whole world today as clean and modern as Ankara, save Nanking, China, and Washington. D. C. Turkey wants the American movie, while Russia does not. Everywhere throughout the old Ottoman Empire, you'll see little Turkish girls wearing the same hairdress and clothes as the girls featured in American film.

In 1939, after a perilous flight over the Sahara Desert from a point not far from Cairo, I dropped out of the heavens in a French Army plane upon a marvelous tented city. More than 100,000 Bedouins were said to live there. Their chieflain, I was told, was king of the many roving North African tribes. He granted me a regal interview, and later invited me to a tent feast. For the first time in years, it was over he fell asleep in a sheltered little open place between many carpeted tents. As he woke a sneaky noise that had good German-trained military phonograph awoke me too, and there, before our eyes, was unfolded one of the earliest Charlie Chaplin films I ever remembered having seen. And, three years later, down at Suez, one of the world's longest and most interesting into the king of Transjordania, laughing himself silly at Charlie's antics. Even on the wondrous island of Ceylon, where I once interviewed a Grand High Priest and Keeper of Bab- tuth's Tooth, I was nearly knocked back on my heels by a sight that nearly made me like to see Shirley Temple in a pith helmet. We were miles from civilization, but somehow Shirley had managed to get there, and her sweet parents had just walked into the room.

That was in the past or three years, I found Shirley's popularity ever lasting. She is the only star about whom there is no argument whatsoever. Even she has gained a flair for some of the new American-made films. That night I saw Shirley and her sweet parents had just walked into the room.

Then I was invited to the home of T. V. Soong, China's J. P. Morgan. There I recognized my next-door neighbor of the afternoon as China's most powerful lord, Chiang Kai-shi. I asked him if he had seen Anna Den- bin in "Three Smart Girls."

The Emperor of Japan is more like Stalin in his public ways, but I'm told by members of the diplomatic corps Tokio that he and his Empress are both film fans, and one sees the big major American productions. The American pictures that are shown in Japan are the special interpreter for the Japanese audience.

Having been in France over a long period of years, I have discovered that the French fans of Ford prefer to watch the Lebrun, president of the Republic, not attend frequently, but American movies are the most popular of all pictures at the Elysée (White House); French foreign minister, Delbos, is a Shirley Temple admirer; Herriot, many times past-premier and recently president of the French Senate, swears by Charlie Chaplin, whom, like the rest of the French, he calls "Charlie."

No story would be complete without the mention of Mussolini's name. American films are, he thinks, for the masses, and he, therefore, has a few inexpensive and innocuous ones are permitted to enter Italy.

But back in the midnight sun, Norway and Sweden, too, very popular kings pass on practically every single film that bears the American censors' mark. Gustaf of Sweden, an average of four American-made movies a week; and Hakon of Norway goes him better and sometimes squeezes in, with what matinées and things of that sort, eight American pictures a week, during the long dark cold winter nights.

While in our own United States, President Roosevelt frequently entertains dinner guests by special showing of popular films. Nor does he sense the horror of desert him when he comes to select his "best of the best" from the third choice of "Gold Diggers"—with which to entertain the ambassadors of Great Britain and France. Shortly before, these nations had one again defaulted on their debt payments. But Roosevelt has his few favorites. Mrs. Roosevelt, however, bow, like the rest of the world to the charming girl, Shirley Temple, and nominated her twice in her column, "My Day," for her work in "Wee Willie Winkie."
Tiny Franciska Gaal, Hungarian screen star, gets her first American break opposite Fredric March in "The Buccaneer." "A youthful combination of Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford and Elisabeth Bergner," says De Mille about this newcomer.

The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future

(Continued from page 26)

for a walk around the studio park, the small central block of beauty in that eighty acre city of sound stages, offices, and laboratories. We stopped to look into the pool where a lorry of wind-blowing Magnolia leaves drifted on the water.

"Look," she said, after a minute, "the ocean is as big as this big pool, and the ships are as little as the leaves, and God can watch all of them just the way we are watching them now."

We followed a roundabout path back to the bungalow, came out of the park along the far end of the half acre of white fence.

"Well look," she exclaimed in surprise, "here's my little house still going strong.

More of the miracle of Shirley is that her surplus of extravagant thrills has robbed her of none of the usual eight-year-old's delight in gay trinkets. When, not so long ago, I took her a bouncing baton from the ten cent store, world of children who envy and idealize her, and who all over the world are buying Shirley Temple socks, Shirley Temple hair bobs, Shirley Temple breakfast food, adding fame to her fame, money to her money, and success to her success; little aware that in a Los Angeles office, Mr. Loyd Wright, one of her several personal attorneys, is occupied all of every business day doing nothing at all but reading, investigating and answering letters, signing contracts, creating and manufacturing for, to use Shirley Temple's name and photograph on still other products.

To Shirley herself it is no novelty that she is Shirley Temple. True she has had every toy, every gift, every luxury a child could possess. But other wealthy children have the same. She has a private governess, but so have other children. She sees every Shirley Temple picture, but so do many children, and to her it is neither event nor novelty that she appears in them as the star since all her best friends are also stars.

I asked her once how it seemed to her walking, talking—alive upon the screen. "Well," she said, after a moment's thought, "maybe I can get you a part in a picture and then you'll know how it seems."

Actually, there is but one abnormal detail in the life of the daily child, the unique position of being the world's Number One Box-Office attraction, this detail of mob excitement, that fills her ever being allowed just the ordinary fun of going ordinary places. Though, of course, since she knows what it's like about such plebeian joys as browsing past toy shop counters, or romping down the block to sit on the curb, and if, for that thrill of thrills, a pineapple soda, she doesn't actually miss these things or know that other children have them. And no doubt you think she would be quite willing to trade what you have that Shirley misses, for what you miss that Shirley has.

SHIRLEY is unusually spiritual. Long before she played her first film pictures she knew and loved the Lord's Prayer. Her favorite stories have ever been those of her Bible book, the story especially she who slew Goliat, because, she explains, the ending is such a good surprise.

She is a thoughtful child, sympathetic and tender; greatly concerned, just now, about the homeless children in Spain. Repeatedly, she has seen, has heard, that part of her money is sent to them. Her very favorite color, she says, is blue and red and yellow and purple... and also green. However, about such mischievous imp too, as mischievous as she is serious, forever winningly takes to play most of the day for that thrill of thrills, a pineapple soda, she doesn't actually miss these things or know that other children have them. And no doubt you think she would be quite willing to trade what you have that Shirley misses, for what you miss that Shirley has.

SHIRLEY is unusually spiritual. Long before she played her first film pictures she knew and loved the Lord's Prayer. Her favorite stories have ever been those of her Bible book, the story especially she who slew Goliat, because, she explains, the ending is such a good surprise.

She is a thoughtful child, sympathetic and tender; greatly concerned, just now, about the homeless children in Spain. Repeatedly, she has seen, has heard, that part of her money is sent to them. Her very favorite color, she says, is blue and red and yellow and purple... and also green. However, about such mischievous imp too, as mischievous as she is serious, forever winningly takes to play most of the day for that thrill of thrills, a pineapple soda, she doesn't actually miss these things or know that other children have them. And no doubt you think she would be quite willing to trade what you have that Shirley misses, for what you miss that Shirley has.

Additionally, Shirley possesses, in her seven years, an amount of grace and poise and beauty and ability that is all out of proportion to her age. Her little face has a softness and sweetness and loveliness that is almost heart-stopping. And her dark eyes, brown as chestnuts, have in them a questioning, curiously wise, detached, and at times, as her mother says, "a little far-out" look that seems to say, "What do you mean?" It is the look of a child who has seen the world, and has been through it, and has come out the other end without any of the scars that would have marred her lovely little face.
The Man Who Guides Norma Shearer's Fatherless Children

(Continued from page 21)

liance of Hollywood, to plan the course she must take during her life. Predictions were made about her: that she would sell the Santa Monica house because the associations which pervaded its walls were unbearable; that she would never make another picture; that she would go to Europe and live quietly; that she would exhaust the enormous power her stock holdings in Loew's, Inc. gave her; that she would do this and that and another—she and every number of other dramatic—but impracticable—things.

She considered them all. The house she would keep for the reason it was said she would sell it: namely, its associations—the memory of years well lived in, the memory of many songs mutually liked, that must linger somewhere there; the sound of the surf they had been together—these were dear to her. And, too, it was the home in which her children remembered living with their father.

Her career in motion pictures, she decided, could wait for a while, but not long. Norma Shearer was too young, too lovely, too vital a being to live idly. Besides Irving had had plans for her and she knew he would want her to carry them out. Nevertheless, that could wait.

THERE were other things, more important. "I have the great fortune he had left, first: a fortune reportedly estimated at more than five millions of dollars, mostly in common stocks. She had to make her decision at once. If she left in that form she would hold a controlling interest in a great production company which she could surely be forced to fill her husband's chair on the board of directors. "There could be no fighting a battle with the children and make up to them the inestimable loss the death of their father has meant."

Discreet newspaper paragraphs recorded her eventual return from Arizona to Hollywood, guessed vaguely that she was staying in California, grew a little excited—to the extent of adding another stick of type—she was "liking the way things are going." Suddenly, then the story broke: Norma Shearer had liquidated the entire Thalberg estate, had sold her interests in Metro to Louis B. Mayer.

She was clear, at last. Now she could breathe again, now again she could concentrate on the problem of making the perfect arrangements for Irving, Jr., and Katherine, so that when finally she was ready to put on make-up and once more face the camera, she need have no worry about their well-being.

She thought, "There's the governance. And if I could find a young man to guard my children, to be a companion to them, to teach them the little things of life, then the question: what would Irving have answered—If I could only do that?"

These were her major activities, her primary considerations during the ten seemingly interminable months. These, and under them always the thread of her own interest, could hardly have been made known, until it resolved itself into simple memory. The nights she must have felt, inexplicably, a quick fierce fury at fate for the thing it had done; the other nights and days when, without bitterness, she must have caught from the air and held the echo of his personality—this undefined emotion, and the more clearly etched nostalgia of places and music and laughter they had shared; and the singleness of choices—one train ticket instead of two, one theater seat, one at a table, one cigarette crushed out in an ashtray; and the weeks becoming months, and "Since Madame is alone perhaps she would prefer our special service." and advertising circulars addressed to him from firms that didn't read the papers, and this new spring, and the year nearly over, and the hurt a little less, . . .

LAKE ARROWHEAD is a bright big paddle caught and held by the mile-high pines of the Sierra range, and along its edge the rich of California have built lodges as you see in the movies. The water itself is liquid ice and the air is sharp, impossibly clear, and smells like expensive hand lotion; it's at once stared as we sized in. "They are. They're the Thalberg children! Norma Shearer must be up here, . . ."

She was right. The lean seven-year-old, with his freckles and his sandy hair and his strangely mature expression, was Irving Thalberg, Jr., and that virulent little creature with the early brown eyes and the enormous dark eyes was Katherine.

"That one's awful nice," said the girl next door. "I meant the man," she said simply.

"Norma must have a lot of faith in him," I muttered, "to trust him alone with the children. I don't even see the governess anywhere."

My friend was still staring. "O boy!"

Arizona's famed marrying judge had a couple more customers over Labor Day week end when Alice Faye and Tony Martin flew to Yuma to say "I do." Co-starred in "You Can't Have Everything," Alice and Tony think there's something wrong about that title.

The thorough happy children and their companion, "Kenny" Cameron, the boatman at the pier had answered, when I asked for the fellow's name. "I'm up here for the summer from USC and—enviously—do I wish I was him! What a spot he's got!"

Cameron apparently was having fun. He brought the rowboat in and lifted his two charges out; he spent half an hour showing little Irving, Jr., a new stroke, just off the peer; he introduced the enthusiasm Katherine from thrashing out into deep water; he lay on the hard bench and sang, "You need to walk, something for a long time. Later, when the sharp breeze coming through the trees grew cool, he took them up the steps to the Lodge.

LEARNED Kenny's success story—next to me, critically, Norma Shearer had found the answer to her greatest problem—from sundry Lodge employees.

You would know this young man if you saw him: there are a few of him in every college as big as the University of Southern California. He's tall, thin, and with a certain air of superior intelligence, which, while not tall, room to classroom is a series of steps and apartments. A determined young female who likes way his nose tilts. He's got a wealth in all relationships—business partnerships went straight to his head, taught an isled intellectual's superior I.Q., and it will get him farther.

He had tired longer of fact, like Robert Montgomery. That should be studying law, and serving as a baronet, the daughter of a Viscount and a Viscountess. But he was tired of sheerness and intelligence, which had been a tonic in him, the long made the governor's responsibility much less burdensome. She Madame Thalberg about him, skin one.

There had been difficulties. The bodyguard Norma had hired had it out with him, and was off. She was up to his head, she had asked the Lodge manager to look for someone among courtesans to replace him. One of the desk, he had qualified and stayed on for a few days—and then gone suddenly East to attend a society convention.

So Norma wrote young Cam. . . saw the patience with which managers and psychiatrists, in answer to questions, saw the care with which guarded them in the water, heard carefree laughter and saw their in the boating. "Why not try to save him, for, there is cause he wanted to, because he them . . . Norma waited no longer. She had her New York tell, at a price of one hundred a month and his plus ten dollars a month for the direct private service. But, when the structure was that from the time children got up in the morning they went to bed at night, he was to leave them for an instant.

He understood her instructions, liked the responsibility.

HEN, very suddenly, Norma began the return to normalcy and business of being—once again—the lady of the screen. Telephone called her suite to the studio lasted an hour and a half; great black limousines arrived at the Lodge and brought them piled profligate and officials, laden with script, for conversation.

Her first picture, Metro admitted rather, will be "Marie Antoinette" which he late husband wanted. It will be taken during one and a half; this time finished, because she wanted to have second child. After that may "Pride and Prejudice."

And so a year has passed. It is in the perfect of grace and will, in the promise of a future that will in must—be a—brilliant, glowing thing her. She has kept her promise.
Don't risk cosmetic skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against it.

I'm delighted with the way it keeps my skin so smooth.

Lux Toilet Soap has active lather that prevents choked pores.

It's mild, it's pure, it has active lather.
Behind Martha Raye’s Divorce . . .

(Continued from page 22)

Picture the kaleidoscope of her life in the town: traveling in a night club, a contract, a flood of fan mail, several successful pictures, a new contract—calling for more money in a week than she had at times seen in a year—radio and personal appearances, so much work she lost as much as seventeen pounds in two short weeks.

Butkus. Plenty of them. Robert Flore, her director. Jerry Hopper, of the studio music department. Leon Janney, the erstwhile child star. David Robel, who danced with her in “Mountain Music.” Many others. A merry, mad round of play after a very nerve-wracking, driving series of days that brought her new fame and new rewards.

Then, at last, what she thought was love.

Martha said, very seriously: “I wanted marriage; I wanted a home. I wanted to settle down and have children.”

When Martha said that, she thought she could have everything she wanted. Today, she has found out that she can’t. It’s a cruel lesson for a girl of twenty to learn.

Consider the money angle of the marriage. In a small town Buddy Westmore would be considered the outstanding young man of the community. He makes, when he works—and he works most of the time—one hundred and twenty-five dollars every week. There are few lads outside of Hollywood who command salaries of that kind.

But Hollywood is screwy.

Martha is generous, is carefree. When she started to click, she began spending money.

She bought a white limousine of expensive make; hired a chauffeur; engaged a secretary. She bought fur coats, fur scarves, jewels and gowns. She went everywhere and did everything. She was openhanded with her family.

Martha, with her radio, stage and screen contracts, was making just about twenty-five times as much as Buddy when they were married, yet Martha’s thoughts on love were quite normal, just like any young bride’s.

“We’ll buy a little place in the San Fernando Valley and settle down,” she told Buddy. This was the natural expression of a girl of twenty who yearned for comfort, security, and a home of her own. She and Buddy chose the house, made the down payment and everything was arranged so that he could make the monthly payments, as he wanted to do. Joyously thrilled, Buddy and Martha bought the furniture for that house, planned their future.

That home has never been lived in.

Instead, Martha, in demand throughout the nation, was summoned to New York City for personal appearances. A storming, exciting, motley, roaring, autograph-signing, five-shows-a-day grind. Buddy acted very admirably. He had a job to do. So he stayed in Hollywood, lonesome, out of the milling and the shouting and the acclaim.

That is, until long-distance call after long-distance call resulted in his mad rush East by plane to be with his bride. Time together?

There wasn’t any such thing. Not with interviews, so many shows, radio engagements, life on crowded Broadway with thousands who wanted to get to Martha, praise her, wheedle her, and say: “I knew you had it in you, kid.”

The place? Clanging, crashing, driving—terrific!

beginning to get a vague perspective on this love that career, excitement and speed wouldn’t allow to jell. Just at the time when that small-town bride would be learning how to make biscuits that didn’t crack plates and the husband would be swinging in at the gate, whis
tling, some dinner-time, she was realiz-

Chicago because she wanted to think things out for herself. Hollywood was gossiping, but she didn’t care what the celluloid city said. Martha, more made up to play young Buddy, now-
tially, was weighing the cases of two people—herself and Buddy.

When she finally arrived, Buddy met her at the train.

For reporters, who had come armed with rumors and bearing spear-like questions, they kissed. It was strictly, self-legible embrace—subtle enough to make the inquisitive gentlemen of the press from hurling those spars. Later, there was a conference.

“I think we’d better call it quits, Buddy,” she said. “It just won’t work out.”

Buddy thought that over. He was deeply hurt, just as Martha was hurt. The whole thing had a nightmarish quality to it.

He temporized.

“Bud, darling—let’s just separate. For six months. Maybe—”

Martha didn’t tell Buddy that she had put the case into the hands of her attorney when they had their last chat together. That night they went to the midget auto races and later to the Seven Seas Club. They looked and acted very affectionate, and Martha, at that very time, was going ahead with the divorce.

It was during an altercation between himself and a friend of Peggy Hopper’s Pete Baumann, that Buddy found the out. He was a very sad, very unhappy young man.

But even when he discovered that Martha had started a divorce suit, Buddy did not give up. He determined to fight the suit—for the sake of the girl he loves. Whether he actually does or not remains problematical.

D ID Peggy Hopper, Martha’s mother, have anything to do with the separation I think not.

Martha is financially independent, can do as she pleases as far as marriage or anything else is concerned. Was there another man, or another woman or any jealousy involved? There was none of that, either.

It was just a tragedy of career.

Today, Martha is very sadly disillusioned—a little bitter at Hollywood, a fame and at money. The three villains of the piece.

She herself says: “I think, in any other place, under normal circumstances, we could have made a go of it. But not in Hollywood.”

“It just didn’t work out. I’m back, and I’m going to work. I have a career, and when you have a career there doesn’t seem to be anything else—much. I’m going to work harder than ever and just forget about all this.”

“I try to deny definitely, that there won’t be any more marriage—for quite a while.”

Something seems to have gone out of Martha, but she says these things Normal, healthy, happy, she is entitled for all her work, to the things she craves Home. Husband. Children. A feeling of security, she looks into the future.

Perhaps some day these things will be given to her.
Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active
“Skin-Vitamin”

Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly

“IT’S WONDERFUL,” says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.

Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr. was one of the first women to use Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream. “It’s wonderful,” she says, “My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond’s—and to all women.”

IS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before!
It contains a certain vitamin found in many— the “skin-vitamin.”

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, if its special functions is to help keep skin healthy. But when this vitamin is applied to skin, it aids the skin more directly. and is great news for women!

But doctors found this out, in Pond’s found a way to put “skin-vitamin” Pond’s Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream. Just is wonderful new cream for yourself.

Famous beauty cream now has “Something More”

Cold Cream has always been more than a skin cream. Patted into the skin, it invigorates, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women who have tried this new cream say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond’s Cold Cream now contains the precious “skin-vitamin.” Not the “sunshine” vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not “irradiated.” But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby’s!

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Enjoy the 9 Treatments
Pond’s, Dept.15-E, Clinton, Conn. Rush enclosed tube of Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 2¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State

Copyright, 1937, Pond’s Extract Company
to her, after all. The incident might have diverted her a little.

**BUSINESSMAN**

Arthur Treacher bought a lot in Encino, sight unseen. He decided to build on it at once, as an investment. He went out to look at it. It was covered with a peach orchard. He decided to wait a few months before building. There might be a crop.

**PSYCHOLOGY**

The story behind that unusually fine performance of Marlene Dietrich's in her English-made picture, "Knight Without Armor," has just seeped back to Hollywood, and should be of interest to all her future directors. It seems director Jacques Feyder had known Marlene for many years and was completely unprepared with her Hollywood glamour, beauty and wealth. After each scene the director would shurg and say, "Well, I guess that's about as good as you can do, anyhow, so we'll print it. Go on, go on, let me prepare the next one." Dietrich, astounded, would hesitate.

"But I can do better."

"No, no, go away," the director would insist. "Go on away somewhere and rest." In the end, it was Dietrich who was begging the director for another chance at each scene, instead of the director coaxing Marlene.

**GAG**

Consider: Director Gregory La Cava's rarest of all parties, given at the completion of "Stage Door." Instead of the usual cake and ice cream jamboree, La Cava had a loud speaker hooked up to a victrola record which he himself had recorded—and entertained his cast, including Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolph Menjou, with a banquet on the stage.

The record began by saying Fred Astaire had really offered La Cava five hundred dollars to take Ginger Rogers off his list, and that after a week of abetting La Cava had offered Fred one thousand dollars if he would take her. Fred, had refused. Hepburn was next. La Cava congratulated Katie on her constant intimations of Hepburn and her inability to forget she had once plucked a wild flower in a meadow.

The record went on to say the director had always associated romance with youth but he supposed as long as Menjou continued to wear baggy pants and keep his hair clean, he'd be the romantic screen idol.

By this time producer Pandro Berman was doubled up with laughter. Then over the speaker came the statement that he, La Cava, had never understood how that baby-faced Berman ever got into the first place, and what did he think he was doing around there, anyway?

When we see any play this game at school parties, it was called "Truth," and no one ever spoke to any of the others present again.

**SINGER IN THE SHOWER**

Valentine Parera has been bitten by the trailer bug and with his famous wife, Grace Moore, tucked inside, spends half his time trailering up and down the highways of California.

A certain spot near the beach finally lured Parera into permanent residency. In fact, he liked the place so well he built a small fence all around his trailer home. And what's more, he rigged up an outdoor shower that is the envy of all his trailer neighbors. But Mr. Parera refuses to be selfish.

He permits his neighbors to use the shower for ten cents a bath. Miss Moore enjoys the privilege free.

**CAPRICE**

Kay Francis is building herself a home in California. When several of her neighbors, also in the process of building houses, discovered their new address was actually "Gopher Gulch," Beverly Hills, they speedily got out a petition and ran to Kay with it.

To their astonishment, Kay refused to sign. "But I think it's a swell name," she insisted. "I want it to stay that way."

**MOUTHFUL**

Jane Withers now is able to exhibit, without restriction, the teeth of a chimpanzee that bit her during the making of her recent picture. "You see," Jane explains, "he had never been trained for movies. Even I might bite someone in a movie if I didn't know what he was doing. People do awful screwy things in movies sometimes."

A monkey has been substituted for the chimpanzee.

**UNDER THE MICROSCOPE**

An authentic source tells us George Raft will marry Virginia Pine just as soon as his new house is finished. The former Mrs. Raft, we understand, got the $100,000, or some part of it, which has been in the National City Bank for weeks awaiting the revision of a few minor clauses in the agreement.

Question: What famous star of stage, screen and radio is married to his own aunt? What beautiful actress is now having to fight for the adoption of a recently adopted own child? What did the add to the list of Hollywood mothers who don't want their star children to marry: Mrs. Coogan, whose son Jackie—now adult—intends to marry Betty Grable this December. (Betty has already picked out the church.) What we didn't know before is that the fortune Jackie made when he was a kid is solely in his mother's name until he reaches the age of thirty, which makes her opinion a weighty one. Understand, she has nothing against Miss Grable personally; just doesn't want her son to marry for a while yet. We'll let you know who wins.

Mike West (you remember, she made some picture or other once called "She Done Him Wrong" or something) found a little girl in the valley, liked its steaks, and became a patron. One day she heard a rumour in the kitchen, investigated, discovered the owner being evicted for nonpayment of rent. So Mae bought the place, gave the proprietress six months' rental free, told her to get out of the red quickly like. The Jack Barrymoore up to date: he's being a good boy, she's sticking close, and they've changed the Beverly Hills mansion for a modest apartment in Hollywood. Bel Air citizens have fun these days watching rotund W. C. Fields speeding about on his new motor telephone. He has taken corners on Hollywood Heights so fast that Mickey Rooney, having yearned all his life to talk into a microphone at a U. S. premiere, was called to say a few words at the opening of "The Firefly." He said, "I'm sure 'Rosette' will be a goo picture." Gary Cooper, after the robbery at his house in which thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry was stolen, decided to turn detective and find the culprit himself. Says he's got a lot of class. Meanwhile a watchman armed with a bazooka was added to his pay roll. Myra Loy, several years ago, hurt her knee when she was dancing. Now it's bothering her again. Her band, Arthur Hornblow took her to Mexico, where she'll bake in the sun for a while... The Virginia Bruce-Dear Niven romance is over—she's interested now in a young architect; she'll ever find another Jack Gilford. She tells us she'd like to very much...

Jimmy Stewart doesn't have so many dates with Virginia as he used to, the way. He's well enough again—he's been working in pictures, but has to diet and go to bed very early. While he was gone his roof was torn to pieces. John Swayne took a new furnished house and left him in the room that had been the former owner's "kitchen—dressing table!" Jimmy complained to us, sternly, "and ruffled hangings: French blue and pink, and a daisy little bed, and millions of lace pillow and mirrors all over."

**POINT-BLANK ANSWER**

We know now of you are pretty discouraged with Mr. David Selznick I bring such a long time about starting his "Gone With the Wind" movie. In general consensus is that if he was more longer nobody'll care any more. We thought there must be some good reason for the delay, because, after all, Mr. Selznick's pretty smart and sure wouldn't let a little matter like crafts stand in his way.

A point-blank question got a point blank answer: whereas the sale of a picture has reached its peak and is slopping off now, in People and European countries generally is just setting the Zeppelin habit. As whether you like it or not, at least half of the picture—take must be few abroad. A good publicity campaign will reawaken American interest in the film when it's ready at last.

**NEWCOMER GETS CHANGE**

(From a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity release)

After playing Ii-hen, Chekhov, in such dramatic material with Eva Le Gallienne in New York, pretty Jessie Hutchinson 'crashed' a long-termed screen contract via radio. She was yet to get her star, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after an executive had heard he play Hildy Johnson's fiancée in Walter Winchell's broadcast of "The Front Page."

"She recently came to Hollywood, as between radio engagements played 'Oll for the Leaves of China,' 'The Spirit of Louis Pasteur,' and others, but had made radio her principal work."

Why Mr. Warner! And where have you been?"
Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star

(Continued from page 65)

day everyone in Hollywood fights invitations to Joan Crawford's ex-
clusive parties. They are exclusive because Joan doesn't like crowds. When
dine there, you seldom find more than six people. Joan, believes, with her
cultured husband, Albert, that a good night out means a cold shoulder upon the hey-ho
and the big picture hat, and

is, with the big picture hat, and

too much make-up. Scarlet lips,

cared lashes, flaming hair—hard,
dirty, pitifully defiant. Substituting
element for happiness, drama for
entertainment, and laughing just a little

ally the face of Hollywood's

grown girls, they are going to be married,

it up in the glorified Italian chateau

the Hollywood foothills eat a black-
dined, bejeweled lady—Mike Cudahy's

and Mrs. Cudahy wasn't hav-

any Joan Crawford, a movie siren,

out of the ranks of those who are def-

in-law. And Mike wasn't of age

his $1,000 a month would vanish at

must, now, see far away and long

to Joan Crawford. Not that Joan

no one has ever been so loyal
died friends. No one has kept so many
e friends from the past. Harry Rapf,
discovered her, is still on her list of
duly. As she has been cast in

20th Century-Fox pictures, her

face is known, if not admired, by all who know the industry.

VITALITY shoes

$7.75 and $11.00

COMPLETE RANGE OF SIZES AND WIDTHS

FOR WINNERS' POISE

...VITALITY

Watch the winners in any group...it's vitality that takes

the show! Radiating high spirit and collected poise, this

quality reveals itself in every movement. Walk with
tivity and you walk with beauty. This is the gift

VITALITY SHOE CO. • Division of International Shoe Co. • ST. LOUIS

For children and young moderns of teen age, Vitality offers specialized fit, all-leather quality and smart styles. Priced according to size $2.50 to $5.50. Vita-

feature shoes $3.50 to $6.00.

Walk with Vitality.
Intrigued with the character of Joan Crawford and the story up to that installment, the next sequence was the kind we poor creators of fiction don’t dare to put on paper. Only Life dares do things like that.

The little lady who had actually, on her own statement, been dragged down stairs by her hair and beaten with a broom by an intemperate schoolmistress because she didn’t work hard enough. The frightened girl, possessor of only two dollars, hiding in the roaming maze of Chicago. The chorus girl dancing in New York night clubs and being seen by the Great Producer—Hollywood—the hey-day girl—dancing furiously—and the millionaire playboy and the haughty mother crashing into the big romance.

Joan Crawford stood then at the crossroads. She had a new contract and she was getting better and better parts. One way led up; one led down. But she was a favorite heroine of Life. She loved Life and she lived it, definitely, joyously, bitterly—but always she loved it and Life in return loved her.

So upon a certain night Joan sent a telegram. I think it was the greatest event of her life, that telegram. I think he weighed the scales more than any one thing, though it may be that Joan being Joan the end was inevitable.

She went to a Hollywood theater and saw a stage play called "Young Wives' Day." The star was young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. After the performance, Joan sent a wire to congratulate him upon his performance.

Enter, then, Prince Charming. Young, blond, handsome—and a Fairbanks.

Ten years ago Pickfair was Buckingham Palace. To be received there was exactly like being presented at court. Doug and Mary were still King and Queen of Hollywood. For years, Mary had been America's Sweetheart. But she was more than that. She was to Hollywood itself an idol and an ideal. For years before she married Doug she had been an almost mythical figure. After their marriage, they lived in seclusion—with Charlie Chaplin as their own close friend. They were never seen in public, only here and there a dozen people were invited to Pickfair.

At last, because Doug, Sr. grew restless, the doors were thrown open—to the most select group. Kings and prime ministers, visiting dignitaries and celebrities went to Pickfair. The great Hollywood stars were there, too. Mary was Social Director—number one. Doug and Mary—there was something about them and their great romance that no one else has ever approximated. You probably remember.

And young Douglas was the Crown Prince of Hollywood.

"It was love at first sight, as far as I was concerned," Doug told me, not so very long ago, "and there never was and never will be a finer girl on this earth."

It was love at first sight with Joan, too; young love, with all its romance and beauty and fragrance; young love that was sweet and overpowering and that changed the face of the universe; young love that needed no props, no night clubs, no synthetic stimulation. Once to every woman—that particular love, that first love.

But the course of true love didn’t run smoothly.

Doug, Sr. and Mary have always decried that they had any real objection to Joan Crawford as young Doug’s wife. At the time, his father simply commented, "Well, the boy’s eighteen."

But it can certainly be told now, I think without fear of contradiction that Joan wasn’t the girl Doug and Mary would have selected for their daughter-in-law. Of course the boy was young. But the idea of the girl with the Black Bottom, who as Charlotte contesting in public cafes, had been on the front pages with young Mike Cuddy, as the daughter of a wealthy and formidable family, was quite a shock, but regal Mary Pickford, who had steel hands was so well hidden by that most beautiful and scented veil of glory, was a little bit appalling.

Joan grew up then, I think. Defiant was in her still, but this time she was softly.

She settled down. A new, serene, fine young Joan Crawford appears through the glamour, the lure, the vivacity of her. For two years this world bathed the older lovers. Doug and Mary and Douglas.

Two years while Joan was really working now, beginning to finish herself, became "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens."

Soared upward until her name, on every screen, far outshining the dimmest of America’s stars. But in that time that time not once did the doors of Pickfair open to young Douglas’s sweet heart. It cut deep, but Joan met it with courage, with dignity, you can’t hide Mary—not young Doug’s father. The were thinking of the boy’s happiness of his future. He was so very young. They didn’t perhaps realize that you Douglas, who started his screen career with a heartbreaking failure when he was thirteen, was older than many of other boys at twenty-five. And, being human themselves, perhaps subconsciously they feared the young lovers. Doug and Mary, who would now as brightly as Doug and Mary who was most, in some wise, take him a little of their romantic and shine.

But this time Joan did wait. Wished and learned. On October 8, 1928, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford were married.

On November 21, 1928, Joan Crawford was made a star officially at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

In June of 1929 Doug and Joan made a hurried trip to New York to visit Doug’s mother, the former Mrs. Betsy Blystone, and with her for a month they were married in St. Malachi’s Church, by Father Leonard.

In about two years, when my contract is up," Joan said, "I’m going to retire from the screen and be just a wife, no, more than a wife, because we want—seven children." It didn’t work out that way. Joan was the young woman that kind of an ending and Life never makes dramatic mistakes.

Eight months went by before the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. went to Pickfair. And that was one of the greatest dramatic scenes ever played, as you will see.

What separated Doug and Joan, who were so desperately, madly, constantly in love that they couldn’t bear to be out of each other’s sight?

In the concluding installment of the amazing story of Joan Crawford, you meet a new character—Joan, the wife. The author tells, for the first time, the real truth about the breaking up of Joan’s first marriage and the intimate details of her second marriage to Franchot Tone, exactly as it all happened.
CAN'T YOU HELP ME, DOCTOR?” she pleaded. he noted Boston specialist examined her skin minutely. There were the premature lines... dryness... characteristic pores—possibly indicating need of Vitamin D, in many such cases.

**VITA-RAY**

*His theory worked! Lines faded... enlarged pores were reduced... dryness disappeared.* On the 28th day of vitamin cream treatment she stood before him... radiantly happy... her skin clear and smooth... actually appearing younger each week!

**VITA-RAY**

*Women begged treatment!* Magazines and newspapers praised his discovery. It was honored in the famous Hall of Science. And now... as Vita-Ray Vitamin Cream... it has been tested and approved for you by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

**WHY THIS DOCTOR'S DISCOVERY MAKES YOUR SKIN LOOK NOTICEABLY YOUNGER IN 28 DAYS**

Just use Vita-Ray as you would any other cream. After your pores are thoroughly cleansed, apply another thin film of Vita-Ray Cream and leave it on as a powder base. Thousands of women have found that Vita-Ray is one all-purpose cream for day and night. And it is one cream that can actually make the skin look young again.

**SEEING IS BELIEVING—TRY VITA-RAY UNDER THIS INVITING OFFER!**

Only a few outstanding stores have been appointed to sell Vita-Ray Cream. If your favorite store hasn't yet been selected—send $1.10 direct to us for a jar containing 5 to 6 weeks supply. Use it daily—following instructions carefully. Unless you begin immediately to find the freshness and beauty which Vita-Ray gives, we will refund your money without question or delay.

Vita-Ray also offers Vitamin D in preparations designed for especially difficult skin conditions. If unable to consult Vita-Ray representative in leading stores—write us direct.

**MAIL THIS COUPON**

VITA-RAY CORP., 129 Fifth Ave., N.Y. Sirs: Please send me a jar of Vita-Ray Cream containing 6 weeks supply, for which I will pay postman $1.10 on delivery.

Name... 
Street and No... 
City... 
State... 
P.117
Feminine Hygiene

Made Easy

Noforms could be Easier!

Noforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are discreet and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

Every Day, more and more women are adopting Noforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Noforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Noforms is their concentrated content of Paraldehyde—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. Paraldehyde kills germs, yet Noforms are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an "overdose" or "burn.

Millions Used Every Year

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 52)

ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warners

REWRIGHT a breezy edition of Torchy Blane series with newspaper woman and damsel in distress, as played by MacLane. Ice for murder and doom. A very entertaining script. Anne Nagel and William Prince are in the chase.

THE MAN WHO CRIED WOLF—Universal

ADDED with the iron weight of faulty construction this "who dun it" mystery sinks to the bottom and stays there. Lewis Stone becomes a professional murder confessor in order to free himself of suspicion from a crime he did not commit. When his son, Tom Brown, is accused of the father's offense, Stone's tension gets affected. It's bid, patchy, and uninspired.

SHE ASKED FOR IT—Paramount

ALTHOUGH as cinema this is good hash, at least there is a refreshingly new angle to the murder mystery genre. William Gargan is the playboy son of victims who marries the daughter of the actual murderers and solves everything. New Orien Heyward is pretty as the wife, but by no means another Duse.

SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—Paramount

THERE is almost nothing good (except possibly that blonde Gertrude Michael looks very beautiful) that can be said for this jumbled, confused, dull, utterly uninteresting picture. In it Miss Michael again plays a reformed jewel thief accused of stealing a Rajah's diamond. You don't care whether she did or not.

THE WOMEN MARRY—M-G-M

PROVOCATIVE story theme and George Murphy's nice work make this hurried little picture worth-while. Reporter Murphy's wife, Claire Dodd, has an affair with editor Sidney Blackmer, who melodramatically sends him off on a dangerous assignment. Josephine Hutchinson, good as always, plays the other woman.

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—M-G-M

DONT see this unless you are in a tolerant mood. It's a very minor newspaper picture in which Maureen O'Sullivan inherits the Globe columns as editor with Walter Pidgeon. Edna May Oliver provides the only vitality.

Back in his heart again!

...I'VE LEARNED THIS
"LOVELIER WAY"
TO AVOID OFFENDING!

Now only 10c!

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
This pure creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin refreshingly smooth, radiantly clear!
Skating Through Life
(Continued from page 15)

that above everything else, she is a showwoman. Showmanship is the secret of her great success and the persuasive force behind everything she does. She has possessed it from the time she could talk, or understand anything.

Sonja Henie is completely incredible, anyway. At twenty-four she is the friend of kings and the companion of the world's most famous people: she has the appeal of a Garbo without the anemia, the grace of a Pavlova without the melodrama, a peculiar beauty comparable to no other's beauty. At twenty-four she is beginning a great career (greater than anything most women get in a lifetime) merely because she could go no further in another just as great.

OSLO is a peaceful town, lounging under the mighty mountains along the Chiffons, with its steep slopes, of polished staircases and great tables laden each day with steaming food. She remembers the high-back stools with the crumbling sound of the cutters and the smell of the fur rug which covered her, the horses trotting fast and breathing frosted breath. In autumn, before the snows, Wilhelmina sent me to cut huge logs from his own woods on the mountain slopes and to this end dispatched two-wheeled carts called stoikaerjes which clattered along behind stout ponies. On the stoikaerjes tiny Sonja rode gleefully, bouncing on the wooden sides with a stick, and screaming.

When she was only three the family discovered how mobile was her mind, how adventurous her small spirit. That was the afternoon when she glimpsed a neighbor's kitten from a window and went toddling forth, without permission, to see what this engaging furry thing was like at close hand.

Mrs. Henie had left her playing by one of the cavernous fireplaces and when she found the child one day drew immediately, hysterical conclusion.

The frantic woman aroused the neighborhood and, between fainting spells, wept to her husband over the telephone that their daughter had been cremated alive. In the midst of the flurry someone found heart and time to investigate a pitious mewing from behind a fence. There was found the inquisitive kitten, with Sonja pulling its tail.

So they gave her a kitten and installed screens before all the fireplaces.

Her childhood, until she was seven, was the particularly sheltered casual existence that apparently is the birthright of every Norwegian girl of good family. It wasn't very exciting.

She was spoiled fatuously by friends and parents, who exclaimed at frequent intervals over her fresh baby beauty and could only repeat, at each of her minor escapades, "How cute! How sweet!" Naturally it affected her ego.

You may say to her today: "You are beautiful, Sonja. And you are lovely, and you are a little bored, Oh, not consciously, of course. But she is used to adulation."

A major portion of her personality and basic attitude is built on the knowledge that when she appears anywhere, any time, people will stare and people will applaud.

They always have—and with cause. Sonja's enormous voice is synthesized from that knowledge, and her casual acceptance of fame and publicity. You see from the time she could understand what the grown-ups were saying you saw she knew she was lovelier than other little girls, knew that she had a more special gift. Viewers,癣 enemies, gazing at her, said to the Henie governness, "Do you mind?—" and brought out their cameras and took pictures.

In time she learned to stand very still, put her head slightly and amusingly to one side, smile engagingly, and thank the nice people for being interested in her. The need for applause seeped into her young mind early, was nurtured there by frowns and eyebrows, became a living, splendid force which has driven her to do the things she has done better than anyone else, better than she knew how.

WILHELM sent her to a dancing school when she was four, and this represented first opportunity. With a sense of rhythm inherent in her pretty little legs she took to ballet and whirled so exquisitely that her teachers were wont to throw up their hands and whisper amongst themselves.

From the corners of her eyes Sonja saw them, and with little difficulty interpreted their antics as a milder, but nonetheless sincere form of hand clapping.

"So in the evenings at home, when there were guests, she played the piano. "It was a very little brat you must have been," he said. "People must have always been saying to me, why don't you go over to the Henie's tonight but if we do that kid'll come in with her tablecloth and do her dance. So let's just sit home and read the paper.

Sonja grinned at him. "I was horrid," she agreed, "but they went to the Henie's tonight."

She did all the other things little girls do. She had a playground on the grounds with a real store in it and here, with a neighbor's child named Lellei Nielsen, she prepared and ate numerous soggy messes which she proclaimed as pancakes. Lellei was made to eat them too, and since she hadn't Sonja's incredible constitution was often bed-bound with the stomach-ache.

There were rolling hills nearby, deep with waving grasses and pocketed with holes. Once, in her memories, Sonja cherishes is of standing on the top of one of the hills under the summer sky, with the steep slope before her. With the wind in her face she would run to the bottom breathlessly, dodging the punchboard of holes. She might have snapped her fingers, but she never did—and of course, the practice gave her early an excellent physical awareness.

It was her brother, Lief, two years older than she and offensively proud of it, who taught her to ski. High in the mountains behind Oslo, hiding in a tall cluster of pines, squatted the rambling, white logged hunting lodge that for
many years had belonged to the Henie family. Here, during the clear days of winter, the two children raced and played over the crisp snow. Sonja in six months had learned every trick her brother knew about the long-treacher-
ous moguls, and she had begun to make up a few of her own. It wasn't long before she had what she wanted: people from nearby lodges came wandering over and stood looking, and eventually re-
marked, for her expectant ears, that that Henie child already was skiing bet-
ter than anyone in the community.

Then, when she was five, the family took her to Grenen, in Denmark, for the smorgasbord — and she entered a foot race sponsored by the resort hotel.
She won it, along with a little copper medal. This was first, magnificent, ut-
terly thrilling. The little crowd of guests had shrieked her name; the judges had patted her hand and smiled; for a split second she was the absolute center of a glittering, fascinating limelife.

And it was the beginning. She knew then that eschewing to her was food and
and air to breathe. She knew that she must always have it, no matter the cost.

Up to this point she'd never been allowed to skate because hard, frozen ice
represents a tangible danger to young, thin bones. This was galling to her spirit,
since Lief had his own skates and made a point of doing difficult figures on the
figured pond near the house. Some of this was for her benefit, but mainly Lief
was concerned with showing off before a certain and, hateful, little Miss of the
neighborhood.

Sonja did what a girl could. She crept silently downstairs on the nights when
she knew Lief was planning to go skating that day, and with a com-
mon brick rasped the fine edge of the runners into nicked dullness. Then, in
the morning, she would follow him to the pond, watch with a certain glee the
awkward spills he took before the scornful eyes of his affinities.

But his lessons made up for the fact that she possessed no skates of her own.
On her seventh Christmas she opened each package with hopeful
fingers, tossed the contents away in disappointment, and reached for the
next. When, finally, she had gone through her tears and burst into wailing
tears, plopped her plump little self on the floor and started up such a sincere
expression of parents feared for her health. Wilhelm, alarmed, ran to the
house of a neighbor who owned a sports shop, lugged him down to his store, and
returned at top speed with a pair of silvered skates.

And changed Sonja's whole destiny, along with that of his wife and himself.
The child dried her eyes, made gasping noises of gratitude, and clinching her
ewer treasure trotted happily down to the pond. Having watched Lief's
habitual skill, she had figured out how to adjust the straps, led her
out onto the ice, went swinging away while she tottered uneasily, alone.

From then on, she was in her element. Each morning, without hurry and
without sound, taught her shrewdly young mind a lesson; already she had developed a sense of timing incompre-
henably acute and unpremeditated. Each morning after that she followed her
brother to the ice, listened attentively to the tales of the art as he ex-
plained them, practiced knee bending exercises, skated and skated and skated.

Until finally one day, less than a year later, the child with the highbrow who
would win the competition in which any junior girl of Oslo might en-
ter. Without asking permission of her family, she took on her own name. It
takes enterprise, superb self-confidence to do a thing like that when you're only
eight years old; but Sonja had it. She
had all the other requisites for success, too.

She won that contest hands down.
She got a sterling silver platter knife
with a mother-of-pearl handle, and her
picture in the local paper; and for her
great private pleasure she saw the look of
elephantine pride in the eyes of Wil-
helm and Selma Henie. After that, the
course of her young life was inextric-
ably associated with the work of win-
ing—tournaments and exhibitions and
contests—anything, so long as it could be
done on skates, and so long as the public was there.

Extraneous from this obsession, the
days passed with normal but heighten-
ing temps. She went to a private school, exchanged pictures of movie
stars (Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Jeanne Eagels) with classmates, stole
fruit in eulogium forays on neighbors' orchards, danced in ballets given by re-
spectable instructors before respectable, attentive audiences, ate and slept and
laughed.

She shot grouse with her father and
brother, using a 16 gauge double-bar-
reled gun and scoring an impossible
ratio of hits—and this was fun. The
short, crowded weeks spent at the lodge
were interludes, separate from the su-
preme activity which had become her
life.

From tutors and private masters she
learned much of history, of mathe-
matics, of languages, of literature, of
fine arts; nothing of love, and little of the
world. Yet she knew Humanity and the knowledge of it was a science integrated with her primary emotions at her birth, and neither tutors nor schools were needed to teach her that.

When she was nine years old she was mature enough to enter the senior girls' figure-skating contest at Oslo. And she
did, streaking skillfully through the most exacting routines, buoyed up by
breakers of applause. And won it. Of

course.

When she was ten years she the na-
tional Norwegian fancy-skating contest
—for the championship—at Oslo. And
she entered. And won.

And the applause grew louder.

The Henies owned another house
several miles out of town, a towering
building perched atop a hill beside the
blue Christiana Fjord; and here they
remained, the next winter, at Sonja's
earnest request, so that she might prac-
tice on wider fields. She came home
from skating, one afternoon, white-
lined with excitement— tossed her
skates in a corner, ran up the long stairway, found her mother reading in
the sunroom.

Casually, kneeling beside Selma
Henie's chair, she said: "They have de-
cided to have the world's championship in Oslo this year. Everyone will come,
from every country. The King and Queen and all the Royal Family will be there," Sonja paused breathless.

"—we can go?"

Her mother sat looking at the tense
child for a long time. Then she smiled,
touched the bright head with her fingers, "You had asked such Papa before
you enter this one," she whispered.

Like a minor tornado Sonja rushed
for the stairs, bound for Wilhelm's
study. But at the bottom she paused, suddenly. Papa, she recalled, had
been very concentrated and somewhat irri-
table for the past few days—something
connected with business. Perhaps—
"I will wait," thought Sonja, "until a
better time."

The time came three nights later
when Wilhelm came home from a short
trip bringing with him a sales contract
and a broad grin; she caught him at
his mighty supper of smorgasbord,
salmon, roast reindeer, potatoes and
pudding, as he sat smoking by the fire.
Doctors... lawyers... merchants... chiefs in every walk of life agree that Kools are soothing to your throat. Is this cooling process a secret? Not a bit of it! Kools are a blend of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos... with a touch of mild menthol added for refreshing, cooling flavor. And each pack brings you a valuable coupon, good in the United States for a wide choice of beautiful, practical premiums. Switch to Kools and save those coupons! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

He answered heavily, "If it will please you, Little One. Enter, by all means."

Thee the days to little Senja were a white mist during which she practiced old routines and invented new ones, perfected style, exercised and skated from early morning until late afternoon. Nights were periods first of wide-eyed worry and later of exhausted, troubled sleep.

She and her mother worked furiously on a costume; and one by one, Senja discarded patterns, colors, styles. Finally, one afternoon, came inspiration: she would wear all white, with a wide circular skirt that would whirl as she turned! Showmanship!

When the day of the great meet came at last, "I discovered it was the youngest entry ever to compete for the world's championship," she told me. "And I was frightened to death."

But the costume helped. No one else had dared such stark, dramatic simplicity; and no one else had managed to combine, with such effortless skill, the graceful rhythm of ballet dancing with the more difficult finesse of skating. At a peak of nervous energy built up through the waiting weeks, she flashed over that special rink before the delighted crowds like Beauty incarnate.

When, at the end, she stood motionless on the tips of her skates and heard the great arena explode into detonating sound, saw the great mass of people rise involuntarily as one, she knew the honors were hers. She knew that now, incontestably, she was the best skater of all the skaters in all the world. At eleven years, she stood and knew such triumph as few men or women dreamed of.

And it was not enough. She determined she would find other worlds to conquer.

Spurred by applause and by the enormous, egoistic ambition which now inspired her, Senja Henie flashed on to even greater triumphs. Read the incredible history of her Olympic achievements—and of the love she found—in next month's installment.

### Answers

**This "Test Your Memory" Quiz (Page 36) was Pre pared Especially for Photoplay by Stewart Schackne**

1. Douglas MacLean is the amusing fellow who had to fly to win the girl, although he got dizzy even on a stepladder. He also starred in "The Hottentot."

   ★

2. Edward Arnold who recently played the rôle of Jim Fisk in "The Toast of New York."

   ★

3. This is Dorothy Dalton as she appeared in "Moran of the Lady Lotty," a sea-play in which Rudolph Valentino had the masculine lead. Her second husband is Arthur Hammerstein.

   ★

4. She of the flowing blond hair is Mary Philbin; the man—Elliott Dexter.

   ★

5. The red-haired "It" girl—ladies and gentlemen, we present Clara Bow.

   ★

6. If you were accurate, you'd say, "Migawsh, there's Bill Powell." The lady on the receiving end of his intense gaze is Marion Davies, lately seen in "Ever Since Eve."

   ★

7. Betty Blythe, probably best remembered for the title rôle in "The Queen of Sheba," is the frightened lady in the maternal pose. She was seen last year in "The Gorgeous Hussy" in which Joan Crawford had the feminine lead.

   ★

8. Carol Dempster's fragile charm won her a place in millions of hearts when she played in "Dream Street." She was a talented dancer, having toured the country with the Denishawn troupe before entering movies.

   ★

9. J. Warren Kerrigan had what it took to set feminine hearts fluttering in 1913. The film, made some years after the Photoplay Magazine popularity contest, was "The Girl of the Golden West."
Long Distance Romance
(Continued from page 27)

another separation is necessary. As a matter of fact, most of our English feminine stars are married to men who are forced to conduct their lives and business on opposite sides of the Atlantic, and therefore, for a good part of the year, husband and wife must be separated.

For some time after their marriage, Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin were apart, as his professional work kept him in New York. But recently he has moved to California and is practicing there, which seems to agree with the surface, as if they had decided that the arrangement was too difficult for them. And I seem to have heard that Aline MacMahon’s husband was a New York architect.

One could go on indefinitely citing examples, but what I am most interested in is the psychology of such marriages. As I have said, the arrangement may work very well for a few. In fact, there are some people temperamentally unsuited to living in the same house even with the person they love best in the world... temperamentally unable to adjust themselves to the everyday demands of marriage... which are not romantic demands... and hence if two such men and women marry, each is very fortunate... it would be a pity if they were to marry anywhere else. But for the average run-of-the-mill human being, long separations for any reason whatever, are unnatural and bound to cause unhappiness.

The bitter things which come readily to mind are jealousy and loneliness. It is entirely human for a man separated from a young and lovely wife to be jealous, or at least potentially so. And it works both ways. Any woman separated from a young and attractive husband is going to be jealous too. And in the event that the wife is a star in Hollywood and the husband an orchestra leader with a good following, neither is permitted to sit home day and day out and never come in contact with those of the opposite sex.

That such loneliness comes in. Days, weeks, months—and you grow so plain darned humanely lonely that you feel that people and amuse yourself a little in order to feel less alone. Letters, wires, telephone calls from coast to coast, just take the edge of the loneliness of marriage, a real marriage, is the only insurance anyone has against loneliness. And a real marriage cannot be conducted at long distance.

But here you argue that people who trust one another are not jealous, and people who truly love one another are not ever really lonely in their hearts. And both arguments are perfectly true in one sense, and yet, as most of us are fallible human beings, jealousy may does enter in, fight it though you may, and loneliness is always present. Not loneliness of the heart, perhaps, but loneliness in the senses... not to see or hear or touch the beloved is a bitter deprivation.

But to my mind, the most dangerous thing about the long-distance marriage is the growing apart. Look at it this way: marriage, the real thing, is built, not on romance, but on common memories and hopes, on sharing: on silly, personal, entirely homemade jokes; on the things you hear and see and experience together.

People who are forced to live apart for the greater part of the year are also forced to make each his own life, with a separate set of friends and experiences. Of course, when they are together again they can share the experiences, secondhand; and also the friends. But the fact remains that each has had to build up his or her own way of living. And the sad and perilous thing may be that after the first glow and romance has worn off, as it must in time, after the reunions have ceased to be in the nature of recurrent honeymoons, so little is left, because so little has been built—together. Each has become accustomed to his or her way of living; and the need of the other partner in marriage has become less. You grow away from each other and you grow away from dependence on each other, which is a big part of marriage, and you grow away from missing one another.

If these long-distance marriages need remain for a short time only at long distance, after which the two people who love each other can be together again for all time, the danger passes. But if remote control is to continue over a long period—well, almost anything is apt to happen to such an alliance.

Passionate love, romance, glamour, these must, and do, play a definite and important part in a successful marriage, and if this were all there were to marriage, perhaps the long-distance arrangement would work out. But there has to be more. It isn’t that the exciting, romantic phases of marriage pass utterly—but that they serve as an introduction, not a conclusion. Other things do not "take their place," as people say; there is nothing to take the place of the first glow and headiness of a love marriage. But other qualities follow, are built into marriage and stem from that first understanding.

There must be a sharing of laughter and sorrow, disappointment and uncertainty... lived with, lived through, together. And you can’t do it unless you are together. And the average run-of-the-mill man and woman want to build a home and by that, I mean necessarily the same four walls, year in and year out, but a home for the heart, a lasting and abiding place.

Marriage is composed of two people, with their backs against the wall, fighting together for all that means security and happiness to them. It means, of course, motion. But it also means partnership.

Children can be a great factor in holding a marriage together, but by no means the greatest factor. And many marriages have gone on the rocks despite children, just as many childless marriages can be, and are, radiantly happy. I am convinced that the greatest single factor in a worthwhile marriage is the daily sharing of each other’s needs and the daily adjustments to each other’s demands.

These remote-control marriages of Hollywood may work out. I hope they do. There is certainly a chance if the people who assume them realize at the same time the dangers to which they are subjected. And there is always a chance that the separate careers will dovetail and that a way can be found in which two people, each with a career to pursue, can be together again. Then there is always the solution that one of the two may decide to submerge, to sacrifice his or her career for the other partner. But what may possibly happen in such a case is a different story.

To your smart fall clothes and your lovely self

Don’t think cold weather
frees you from the threat of
UNDERARM
PERSPIRATION ODOR

The first chilly days of fall and winter should bring this warning to women:

"Don’t take it for granted, now that sum-
er is past, that you have no further need to worry about perspiration.

It’s true, you may not need to worry about perspiration moisture. Few of us are troubled with an annoying amount of moisture in cold weather. But perspiration odor—that’s a different story.

Heavier clothing, tighter sleeves shut air away from the underarms. Indoor life in overheated rooms, with too little exercise and too much nervous tension, is apt to bring disaster in the form of unpleasant underarm odor.

Your daily bath is powerless to prevent it. The best a bath can do is merely to cleanse the skin from past perspiration.

To be sure of protection that lasts all day, use Mum after your bath. In winter as well as in summer!

Takes just half a minute. Smooth a bit of Mum under this arm, under that — and you’re ready for your dress. No bother of waiting for it to dry and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, even after you’re dressed, and don’t worry about your clothing. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Mum its Textile Approval Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. Mum is soothing and cooling to the skin — so soothing you can shave your underarms and use at once!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does the important thing you want done—prevents disagreeable odor without interfering with the natural perspiration process.

Make Mum a year-round habit, winter and summer, and you can dismiss all fear of perspiration from your mind! Bristol-Myers Co., 650 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
she tells about it. That faint smile is the only thing about her recital that isn’t bitterly brainless-like and matter-of-fact. “I was going with a boy at the time who was studying law. One night he phoned me, and it seemed I could hardly help it. He wouldn’t be able to see me, so I thought it was a swell chance to go down with my sister and see this Mr. Benny she’d been talking about for so long. After the show, we went out dancing someplace. I thought he was very nice, and that was all. He doesn’t talk much. He never does. He’s a very quiet person really. People get the impression that he’s always sort of boxed around. Nothing of the kind. When we go out with Burns and Allen, who are our very dear friends, it’s George who’s the funny one. All Jack does is laugh. He went down and split his sides roaring at George. You couldn’t ask for a better audience.”

“Well, that night, when it came time to go home, I said I’d go with my sister and Brother. He didn’t seem impressed with me either, and I thought he’d just as like have it that way.”

“Next morning I went to work—I was assistant lingerie buyer in May’s, right across the street from the Orpheum. At about nine, some one should come strolling in but Mr. Jack Benny, and start asking me a lot of silly questions—like where could he buy a couple of Ubertis and bangers for the herring department was on. Finally, he asked me to go to dinner with him that night, and I did.”

“A couple of nights later, this other boy wanted to go out and I suggested the Orpheum. We sat in the second or third row. He thought it would be nice from the stage. Well, for some reason that made the boy feel very indignant. All Jack does, we had a big argument, one thing led to another, and we broke up. It was all pretty silly. There was certainly nothing to be jealous about at that stage. But I didn’t shed any tears over it. And I didn’t shed any tears over Jack either, when he left at the end of the week for San Francisco and points north.”

The Livingstone household was well. Jack was a month or so later, when the telephone bell shattered the stillness of 3 A.M. Mary’s father stumbled into the room, while the others clustered round him, shaking with cold and panic.


“Hello,” said Jack, with a beam in his voice.

“What’s the matter?”

“Nothing. I just wanted to say hello.”

“Are three in the morning?”

“Oh, that’s right. I forgot you were married.”

“Married! Did you wake you up, did I?”

She laughed, though the family didn’t. She was still holding the wire when he hung up and they clambered to know what it was all about. Her father went off muttering to his bedroom. “In the middle of the night he wants to say hello—in the middle of the night”—with his hand on the knob, he turned, struck by a sudden thought. “Say, is that man crazy?”

Benny went to New York. Mary didn’t hear from him again, nor spend much time thinking about him. Christmas came, and with it a small white box, unmarked, unlabelled, containing a diamond wrist watch and a chaste white card, bearing the name of Jack Benny.

There are no longer any letters to work on, nor any greeting. She wrote to thank him, but for all the answer she got, he might have dropped into the middle of the ocean. She shrugged and laughed and echoed her father’s sentiment: “I guess the guy’s crazy.”

The following fall she gave up her job and went to visit her grandmother in Seattle, where she had lived as a child. It had been a long time since she had gone to school with, and they became engaged. “Was I in love with him? I don’t know. I must have thought so, and yet I couldn’t have been, or what happened wouldn’t have happened.”

In October she returned to Los Angeles to get too young to get married. She wired the news to her sister, then in Chicago. By return mail she received this telephone call when you’re too young to get married. You haven’t been any place or seen anything. At least, come to Chicago for a visit before you make up your mind.”

Mary was puzzled. She had made up her mind and she really couldn’t see how a trip to Chicago would change her horizon sufficiently to push marriage off the map. Besides, there wasn’t time. She had too much to do. Still, there was something funny about this sister wasn’t in the habit of going off half-cocked.

She was still wondering two nights later, when she got her second long-distance call from Benny. He was in Chicago. His sister was going to be married. He thought it would be nice if Mary came to Chicago for the wedding.

“Don’t be silly,” she said. “I don’t know your sister. Besides, I’m going to get married myself.”

“You’re too young to get married.”

This was beginning to sound strangely familiar. “And another thing. I thought when I got married, I’d like to marry you.”

“At first,” says Mary, “I thought he was joking. Then I saw he wasn’t. But that was a little too late for me. He’d never shown any sign of interest, except for the watch, and that was so long ago, and I hadn’t seen him since. So I told him I might go to Chicago to see my sister, but the other thing was out. Then I couldn’t keep my mind off him. I kept thinking. I kind of liked him too. Maybe, subconsciously, I made up my mind on the spot. If I did, I never admitted it, even to myself.”

He was waiting with her sister and brother-in-law at the station. It was a Saturday, and they all went to her father’s home at Lake Forest for the weekend. Jack and Mary sat up talking after the others had gone to bed. Jack had sent word that he was coming, and she said she would, “with the other man’s diamond staring me in the face.”

“I knew it was an awful thing to do. I felt mean and low-down, but none of that seemed to make any difference. I felt at right, thought Benny had no matter how many wrongs in the way. So I wrote the other man a letter. I said: ‘By the time you get this, I’ll be married. And the following Friday Jack and I went to Waukegan and got married.”

Jack was touring in a musical, and Mary toured with him. It was a new experience and not altogether pleasant, at first. She wasn’t used to theatrical
Jack's first radio job was on a program with George Olsen and Ethel Shults. He came home one night and could hardly wait to share the news. "How would you like to do a bit as my secretary? It's not much, but I'd kind of like to have you hanging around me a little," he said.

Several bits followed, till at last people began writing in to say that they liked the voice called Mary, and who was she anyway? "Give her more," said the sponsors. "Keep her busy." And with this the series was ended, they thought. For Jack and Mary together. "To look at him when he told it," says his wife, "you'd have thought I'd won the Nobel prize or something."

The one thing lacking to their happiness was children. Mary thought she wanted one. Jack knew he did. When George Burns and Gracie Allen adopted their Sandra, they were living at the same hotel in New York as the Bennys. Mary always knew where to look for Jack. He was watching Sandra in her bath or Sandra at her bath or Sandra falling asleep, her hand firmly clutching her forefinger. When Mary came in one day, he said: "What are we waiting for?"

So they filed their application, and presently started their baby-shopping. Jack said: "I don't care, so long as it's a kid. The rest is up to you." Mary had her own ideas. "I wanted a baby that really needed help, not a siren girl that anyone would snap up at sight. Other than that, I didn't care either. And it's a funny thing. You look at a lot of babies, and you just say no. Then I saw this one. Everything was wrong with her. She was short, and she had a cast in one eye, she was undernourished, she had a skin rash and a cold on the chest. She wasn't a good-looking baby at all."

Mary was in Washington with a show, but I knew it would be all right with him, so I took her.

He came home a couple of nights later, and Mary took him in to see their child. He looked—and said nothing. "Isn't she a darling, sweetheart?"

"Well, yes, I guess she's cute," his voice was flat. "That's the matter with boys, anyway, isn't it?"

Mary smiled. "Don't worry, Doll."

"Doll is the family pet name. Jack is Doll to Mary, Mary's Doll to Jack and Jack's Doll to me."

"I'm afraid it's going to worry, we'll have her fixed up."

Her eye was straightened, her cold was cured, her skin was healed. Within two months Jack couldn't be pried away from her. Now that she's three, they're boon companions.

It's hard to believe that she was ever anything but lovely. Under a cloud of pale gold hair, her blue eyes regard you with grave interest. Then the delicate little face breaks into a smile. "I was on a birdy," she tells you. "I just ran away from my father. I was in the future. He looked like an eagle. I like eagles to go in."

Daddy and Mummy are going for a baby. They won't see me for a long day. They will send me up, and pelongum.

All this on one eager breath.

Mary insists that she takes after Jack. "She's got his manners. Don't ask me how. Maybe she copies 'em. She's got his disposition, too. Tell her to eat the ice cream; tell her to go to bed; she goes. Never a whimper, just sweet. Maybe that's from being with him. But then she's with me, too, and she hasn't caught my ways, thank heaven."

Her dark eyes turned soft as she looked at the baby.

"Who's your daddy, Joan?"

"Jack Benny," came the prompt reply. "Best in the world."

"You said it, Toots," echoed her mother heartily.

3 ways to mouth health — with this new chewing gum!

1. ORALGENE is a fruiter, "chewier" gum. It gives your mouth, teeth and gums needed exercise.

2. ORALGENE contains milk of magnesia (dehydrated). It helps to mouth freshness.

3. ORALGENE keeps teeth clean — and fresh — looking throughout the day. Chew it after every meal.

Enjoy a Weekly Chat With Princess Alexandra Kropohlaf!
always ardent color:

never lipstick parching

Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills! ... But remember, too, that lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with deliciously warm color by using the new Coty "Sub-Deb." This new lipstick contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and moist and luscious. Coty Sub-Deb comes in 5 ardent and indestructible shades, 50c.

"Air Spun" Rouge is another thrilling Coty make-up discovery! Cyclones blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and smoothness. In shades that match Sub-Deb Lipstick, 50c.

**COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c.**

Precious protection! ... Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

---

**Take No Changes with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes**

For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre, gums too must be cared for. So don't trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise.

1. Clean teeth by brushing with Formula's in the usual manner.

2. Massage gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Formula on the brush or tongue. Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Formula's Tooth Powders, made by Dr. R. J. Formula, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End half-way are sure to buy a tube of Formula's today.

---

**Do this to Make Teeth Gleam**

For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So don't trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise:

1. Clean teeth by brushing with Formula's in the usual manner.

2. Massage gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Formula on the brush or tongue. Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Formula's Tooth Powders, made by Dr. R. J. Formula, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End half-way are sure to buy a tube of Formula's today.

---

**Forhan's Does Both**

CLEANS TEETH, SAVES GUMS

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

**Be Your Own Music Teacher**

**LEARN AT HOME**

Wright Music Company, 201 West 43rd Street, New York City


---

**Freckles**

SUN BLotchES, TAX, ETC. MUST GO!

Indoor activities demand a more flawless, brilliantly soft complexion. That's why you should start using Jean Norris Bleaching Cream at once.

Cleaning and smoothing your skin starts with the first application—proceeds easily and safely. See what Jean Norris Bleaching Cream will do for your skin. Send for your trial jar today.

Field only by mail, write Jean Norris, 1483 Broadway, New York City.

**TIME FOR Lovable Loveliness AGAIN**

Cut On Fm. Pro. Bike. Los Angeles, Calif.

**If You Want to Be a Glamorous Beauty**

(Continued from page 3)

... she may deny it now (that's a pet habit of Marlene's), there are close friends in Hollywood who laugh about being used at a banquet club. If they used to see Marlene, only to receive, with their breakfast tray at home a few hours later, a fresh-baked, still-warm-from-the-oven cake from this lovely creature.

Marlene plays tennis, too. She plays a sort of big, exaggerated type of tennis, a type she would like to walk in the right kind of low-heeled brogues too few of us possess today. But the "nightgawk" method was really what banished the bulk she brought across the ocean with her.

Another beauty step, which sounds at first like something way over the heads of most of us, is one Marlene launched in Hollywood, perhaps most unconsciously, but with a lasting effect
SMART STYLISH PRACTICAL
are these artistic manicure sets by La Cross

You can tell by the way Marlene moves that she has studied poise thoroughly. There's one simple, easy rule behind this, too, after you've stopped to think about it. Stand sideways in front of a full-length mirror and draw yourself, from the ankles, up to your full height. Keep your hands behind your back, your shoulders back, so that everything about your figure follows an upward and outward movement. Hold this and check the difference in your figure at this moment against the usual posture into which you allow your body to fall.

Keep that word glamour before you, and gradually school yourself to move gracefully with the confidence acquired because you have Dietrich as an inspiration.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself.

No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished

your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "_Dietrich's hair"—_Dietrich's hair," you'll probably never have been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered in Berlin, and she's probably the best in the business.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more of the taking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step, Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.
PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION CLUB STYLES

PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS
Hollywood on the Air
(Continued from page 49)

when the doctor tried to keep her off the air, she yelled like a Comanche. Winter will very probably bring a vacation—of all things—to Gracie Allen, the fifty-two-weeks-a-year wonder gal. Leave it to Gracie to twist things around. She's been having a go with laryngitis, and last month, if you'll remember, came on the show sounding like a cross between Andy Devine and a frog with qualy. Gracie is very proud of her non-stop record, though, and insisted on doing the show very much against the doctor's warnings. She's stubborn that way. You know it's strictly against the rules for personal greetings to go out on the air. But a few weeks ago when Gracie found her program a little short she stepped up to the box and said, "Good night, Ronnie and Sandra—I'll be right home." Ronnie and Sandra, of course, are the Burns' two babies, and Monday night is the only night they get a taste of the high life. Usually on this night, Gracie and George defy pediatricians' dictums and let them stay up until after the show.

BOB BURNS stumbled down the home stretch in the Crosby-Jess Kraft Music Hall, gently assisted by loving friends and star neighbors who moved heaven and earth to rally round. For instance, the day Claude Rains and Fay Wray guested, Claude kept a good farmer from cutting his wheat crop just so you could have a radio load of his personality. The same day, Alan Hale had him booked for a scene in a ripe wheat field for the reaper, but Claude said radio came first, which might have been tough on the farmer and the starving Armenians, but was all right with us. Fay never looked lovelier but was as nervous as a bride despite the fact that hubby Jack Mason Saunders had poured over and revised her script. "Never touched one of Fay's scenarios in my life," said he, "but this radio is important stuff." That's how they all feel these days.

Bob showed up several times with a small crop of whiskers bringing realism to the Arkansas hillbilly stuff. Then they decided to write his funny business around the beard. But the night that went on the air, disconcertin' Bob showed up with a smooth shave! The audience was slightly baffled through-out; it didn't make sense—like the night Jimmy Stewart planted a gag with his accordion that fizzled. Jimmy thought it would be nice to start off his number. "Sweet Sue," with a sour note—just to get a laugh. Well—when he tried it he couldn't stop—and most of the notes were sour! Very discouraging! Jimmy takes his music seriously.

Not so seriously, however, as Alice Faye. The Faye is so anxious to be a big hit on the air that she buys records of every song she's due to sing and plays them while she eats, showers and rests between picture scenes. She's that busy. Alice used to have a great big picture in colors standing out in front of the Wilshire Ebell Theater where she lets herself go with Hal Kemp. The other day, after the show, a mob of fans swept out of the place and took the picture right along with them. Alice ducks out side doors now—afraid she's next! Incidentally, the fans are making it tough for stars to get in and out of the broadcasting studios. The rush and crush is being evaded in this manner. The escorts drive around in back of the studios and sit in their cars. When Mary Pickford guested at Chase and Sanborn, everyone ah'd and ah'd because she showed up alone. Little did they know that Buddy Rogers was taking it all in from his auto-radio around back. The system didn't work so well, though, with "Sandy," the very elegant, perfumed coocker purp of Connie Bernet's. Sandy is a very cholying dog, as we've told you before, with the habit of getting in everyone's hair—so when Connie came on the Music Hall a few times back, they decided he'd better be locked in the car outside until all was over. That was all right with Sandy, especially when tender-hearted Bennett turned on the radio to please his canine ears. But when she came on, Sandy went mildly insane and tore up the inside of the car like an old shoe. His mistress' voice does things to him!

The nicest new voice of the month, according to those old ears, was Allan Jones, the minor-choir boy, who finally came into a spot-tailor-made for him with Werner-Jennsen's Fleischmann program on Sundays.

FALLING radio leaves from the autumn Hollywoods: Marian Talley returns to Ry-Krisp minus her appendix but still with her long distance marriage. Bing Crosby has hired and horsebacked his midriff down to the size of a cider barrel... Tyrone Power started in radio less than three years ago reading funny papers over the air for 57.50 a day. Ask him what he gets for his air spot now... Kenny Baker is headed for the big time in the movies... Irene Rich is back in town after four years wowing em on the air from Manhattan... John Barrymore is proudest of a thank-you letter from a steel puddler about his Shakespeare stuff... Rudy Vallee opens at the Los Angeles Coconut Grove as you read this... Bert Wheeler looks like a Show Boat trooper on the steady pay roll... Edgar Bergen is thinking about installing a workshop and manufacturing Dummies commercially... Virginia Vorrill was turned down by MGM because she looked too much like Myrna Loy, so Goldwyn grabbed her... Don Ameche needs a haircut—but it's all for art... The phoney Show Boat romance of Nadine Connor and Tommy Thomas is getting to be sure enough... Adolphe Menjou is trying to get Bob Burns to try his tailor!... Frances Langford has a studio car with a built-in bed, so she can play possum between studio and radio... And—how would you like Shirley Temple's voice for Christmas present? No, we're not headed for the squirrel cage. Hollywood's number one air hold-out will weaken any day now. We'll even call the program—Al Pearse and his Gang! Al is a great pal of George Temple, Shirley's pa, and if Shirley hadn't hopped across to Honolulu, you probably would have heard her before now! Garbo's next!

It's not only good judgment—
IT'S GOOD TASTE!

Call for Philip Morris... a distinguished cigarette with a distinctive advantage: an ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.
wants to become a general manager, usually settle down with one company and work their way up. Their salary large or small, goes on for fifty-two weeks a year. But with youngsters who want to be movie makers it is different. The thing that usually breaks their spirit is the long, precarious apprenticeship in New York or Hollywood. The competition is terrific; there is no such thing as steady employment. The moment they get one job they must start looking for another, because boy speaking a piece. But they could take criticism; they could see their faults; and try to correct them; and they worked, took their time, and gave up until they reached their goal.

TAKE them at random. Let's look at Jeanette MacDonald. It's been only in the last year that she has been recognized as one of the best. It was the brutal, the punishment that Jeanette Flagg during nearly fifteen years of climbing up and slipping back, before she got a firm grip on the top rung.

When she was a youngster in New York, barely making a living by few and far between chorus songs. Her voice and放在了 in her American Musical Comedy. Louise Jourdain, who worked for James Montgomery Flagg was looking for a model for a magazine cover. She called on him.

"I'm sorry," said Flagg, after two glances. "I'm looking for a beautiful girl. You're not even pretty!"

But he spoke to the fact that beauty was right. But the verdict didn't stop Jeanette. She set about to make herself beautiful.

Fighting along, she played a few minor parts in Broadway shows. At last she was given the prima donna role in "The Magic Garden," which opened in Boston, but to Jeanette it was Broadway that counted. She was impressed with the work of the New York premiere, her first chance to show them that she had the stuff.

On the last day of the Boston run she was told that she had failed. They were putting in another prima donna but if Jeanette wanted it, she could have one of the important roles.

She didn't quit, she didn't fall. If she had, she might never have been in pictures. She took that small part and on the Broadway opening night she gave it all she had. It happened that a motion-picture scout was sitting out in front and when he saw that performance he got her a screen test that eventually took her to Hollywood to sing with Maurice Chevalier.

In Hollywood she clicked. She was sitting pretty. Then, goon! along came seven years of up and down. Her chief asset was her voice and, because the producers began to make some pretty bad musicals, motion-picture fans began to shun musical pictures as though they were poison. Nobody wanted singers and so Jeanette MacDonald had to start over again, on a different angle and establish herself as an actress. At that time, remember, if she had quit, nobody would have missed her.

But she hung on, and at last her talents were recognized. She was put in "The Merry Widow" with Maurice Chevalier. It was, alas, a flop. She studied, improved her acting, and her courageously awaiting the time when she would get into a hit. Then when "Naughty Marietta" came along, she was ready. She became a great star at last.

Norma Shearer's father's business failed and, with her mother and sister she went to New York, determined to become an actress. She went through the usual hokum-making magazine that wears holes in the shoes of the ambitious. One day she applied to a casting director. "Do you think you have to get in pictures?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. There wasn't any doubt about it.

He shook her head sorrowfully.

"That's tough," he said mournfully, and wrote down her name. "There's nothing for it. I'm under no flowers. And probably there won't be—ever."

She worked as an extra for D. W. Griffith. One day she asked if there wasn't a small part she could play. He looked her over and shook his head, "You'll never photograph well," he said. "Your face is too big."

Eventually she was sent to Hollywood. A part was ready for her. After a test they changed their minds, and gave it to a well-known starlet. But at last Norma was given a real chance. For three days she worked as hard as she could. Then the director came to her and said, "I'm afraid I'll have to drop you. You don't seem to know what it's all about.

She went to her dressing room, which overlooked a lion's cage. She pulled herself together. 'I'm going to be a lion! They can't lick me. I'll go and rip the dickens out of that part,'" And she did. That one part was Norma's, because in addition to possessing beauty and talent, she never relaxed; she used her brains; she worked and studied and never—was content to give anything but her very best.

Ten years ago Claudette Colbert made her first picture. It was called "For the Love of Mike" and was one of the worst pictures ever made. For three years before that Claudette had struggled to get on the stage. She had had a few parts, mostly in bad shows, but at last she had been offered a promising role in "The Barlow." She had done a grand job and had been the talk of the town. Half the producers had offered her contracts. She had accepted what she thought was the best, worked hard—and out came that terrible picture.

Now the five players whose contracts she had rejected smiled smugly. She might have been on the stage, but in pictures—no. It turned out that she photographed badly, her nose was too big, her eyes too small, and she had a habit of keeping her eyes down as though she were sorry she had come to wherever she was. For some unknown reason, although she had been a great success in "The Barker," the theater had nothing more important for her. So she studied her face and with make-up narrowed her nose and fixed her eyes and learned to look into them just as she did her chin. She got into pictures again, made "Misslaughter" and then a string of no-goods. She was through, folks said. Cecil B. De Mille was casting "The Sign of the Cross" and Claudette saw an opportunity. She had looked over those parts—she looked at a different angle and he had become type as a wishy-washy good girl. She made up her mind to turn herself upside down, to become, on the screen,
a wicked woman. She wanted to play Poppea, the bellicat.

De Mille grinned at her ambition and shook his head. She wore a dressing room, pulled out her nice-girl eyebrows and penciled in a wicked line. She ran her hair and gave herself round bangs. She dropped the corners of her mouth, and donning a snappy, loud dress went back to De Mille and shot it out.

De Mille was flabbergasted. When he recovered his breath he gasped, "I think you're all right, there. Nothing stopped her after that.

Joe E. Brown left his poor home, with his parents' permission, when he was seventeen, to become an acrobat at a circus at $1.50 a week. He was one of three boys who were tossed back and forth by a catapult. For thirteen years he worked at that, suffering tortures that would have made most boys give up. In his first performance he dislocated his jawbone and had to wear a helmet to hold it in place. He sprained ankles twelve times, never was given a rest so they wouldn't heal, and was forced to turn twisting somersaults, suffering intense pain as he landed on those ankles on the mat. His knees were dislocated, his fingers were broken a dozen times, his leg smashed and his shoulder dislocated. They almost did kill him, but he survived.

One thing he learned—never to admit he was licked. When he failed to do a trick, he'd get back and do it again until he perfected it. When he missed they beat him on the shins with a broomstick. Eventually he got into vaudeville, and then, nine years ago, into pictures. That never-quits spirit, backed by hard work, carried him on.

THERE has been much talk about how Myrna Loy "accidentally" became a real star because nobody discovered she was better as her own sweet self than as the exotic, shifty yellow girls she had been playing. It was no accident. It was a result of intense work, a never-say-die spirit.

She had been getting nowhere for eight years and was advised by many producers that she had gone as far as possible, that she might as well be resigned, for there weren't many good parts for her type of girl.

She went to Oliver Hinsdale, then dramatic coach at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He determined Myrnas to be one of the most husky girls he had ever looked over. She had to study to be herself. So long had she played exotic girls that she had formed habits to "unlearn," Day after day she worked under the direction of the dramatic coach, developing her voice, her smile, letting that grand sense of humor show in her face and her actions.

After months of work she was ready. She was given a chance in the Pay - as - you - go show, "A Pen house." Then eventually in "The Thin Man" and from that point on she was starred as a new Myrna Loy, the greatest wife the screen had ever presented. It was in her all the time, but it took long hours of labor to bring it out.

Fred Astaire, as a child, was in vaudeville for years with his sister Adele. They were taken up by musical comedy and were a hit. Then Adele married Lord Charles Cavendish and Fred lived off it alone. There was always the question as to whether he would do, without Adele. He went into "The Gay Divorce," the critics tore him apart. "Two Astaires are better than one," or of them said. Another wrote, "Astaire is quite unattractive physically and would look out of place jerking soda in a prairie town drugstore." But the show ran thirty-two weeks and he was signed to go to Hollywood.

His first picture was "Dancing Lady," with Joan Crawford, and although on the stage he was one of the pigs, they gave him very little to do in the picture. Experts said he wasn't handsome enough. He made "Flying Down to Rio" and when he saw it he was very glad to have it. He thought he was out of pictures forever and so he went to London to appear there in "The Gay Divorcees." To his amazement he got cables telling him that he was a hit, a new star, the biggest thing in pictures. They wanted him in Hollywood immediately to make some more. Unbelieving, he returned—and you know the rest. He's on top, but he never lets down. No matter how intense his profession works harder, practicing, inventing new ideas and perfecting his talent, than does Fred Astaire.

Clark Gable, as a youngster, wanted to be an actor. His first chance was with a tent show in which he had a cornet in the parade, drove stakes to put up the tent and acted in between. He landed in the Northwest and for four years worked at all sorts of jobs, playing now and then in Little Theater productions. Thirteen years ago he was an extra man in Hollywood. For two years he hung around the studios but nobody paid any attention to him. Often he was hungry. He left, got a job in New York and finally returned to Hollywood to play in "The Last Mile" on the stage. He was cast as a.callow Hawaiian—and was found to be no go. Struggling along, he was put last into "Laughing Sinners" with Joan Crawford. He went up, then he went down, until "It Happened One Night" proved that Gable wasn't just a good-looking man—he could act.

And the reason he could act, the cause of his success was this: he had been studying doggedly for fifteen years, most of the time with Josephine Dillon, a great dramatic coach, once his wife. And he isn't studying yet.

Robert Taylor, you may say, jumped right into stardom. He made the trip faster than usual, but only after two years of intensive study. He had a dramatic coach. And he's still studying. For nobody knows yet whether Robert Taylor will last. He landed on top because of his charm and his looks, but glamour and beauty alone won't keep him there. He must learn to act, as Gable learned, or begin to fade.

So, if your friends tell you "you ought to be in pictures," or if your mirror makes you quite sure you're a Taylor for a Lay, hold up a minute before you hop a train to Hollywood. Ask yourself, and answer truly. "Will they have to kill me before I drop?"

If the answer is "No," stay home, youngster, stay home.

Did you ever hear that tall tale about Tom Mix and his butler? Do you know what happened when a very certain person parked her best and biggest piece of jewelry with an attendant at a Hollywood night club? . . . Well, if you don't, you can find out next month, when Lucius Beebe, grand spinner of yarns, takes you behind the scenes and tells you all about . . .

Hollywood Parties

Next month in Photo play

BEWITCHING, YOUTHFUL, GLAMOROUS. Definitely a stocking for moderns. Whether it be a gossamer-sheer two or three thread crepe, the ultra smart black heel, the alluring lace or lace top—Quaker stockings all have that “something different” that symbolizes a personality in merchandise as in people.

Ask for Quaker stockings at your favorite store, 99c to $1.65 a pair.

Quaker Hosiery Company
330 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Boos and Bouquets
(Continued from page 4)

$1.00 PRIZE
OH WAS SOME POWER THE GIFT TO GIVE US!

The other night I saw myself in "Love Is News." That is, I saw myself the way producers seem to think we newspaper people are. I'm just the editor of a small paper, but when I saw Don Ameche as the too-explosive editor, I wondered if I really weren't more important than I had thought. I remembered other films, too, in which the editors, as George Bancroft, had belloved out orders occasionally decorated with punctilious words and spicy phrases.

No wonder the young people want to be reporters if they can't be movie stars! The films certainly have spread a halo of glory around the newspaper world.

But I don't mind. On those days when advertisements are slow coming in, and dead lines creep up on one, and leads just won't be anything but words, I think of the film newspaper people, and thank my Fates that I have a job which actors were quite think in sentimental and colorful and worth having.

F. K. BEECHWORTH, SEATTLE, WASH.

Reader BEECHWORTH should be pleased to hear that David Selnick intends to glamorize that part of newspaper journalism in a really big way. He will soon produce "Freedom of the Press," billed as a "celebration of American journalism in all its exciting and romantic aspects." Specifically, it will be a history of the Associated Press, the largest news-gathering organization in the world, from its beginnings in 1848 to the present day.

$1.00 PRIZE
WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?

Ward Greene gave us the novel as "Death in the Deep South"; then Mervyn LeRoy brought it to life on the screen as "They Won't Forget." It is one of the few novels that the motion pictures have improved on. I believe a great share of credit goes to Claude Rains as the perfect Andre Griffen. In my eyes his performance was noble. I also enjoyed Gloria Dickson who portrayed Sybil Hale.

Pleasant Warner Brothers, give us lots of the honest to goodness human stories and less sugar and spice.

RUTI LAMFORD, SEMINOL, OKLA.

$1.00 PRIZE
RECENTLY WARNERS GAVE US "THEY WON'T FORGET." IT IS THE WORST PIECE OF TAR要学会 Unrealism that I have ever seen. Whoever did the sets hadn't the remotest idea of the South. The characters were no more Southern than this fellow from Harlan who calls himself De Lawd. Their dialect was a good imitation of the accents of ignorant negroes and uneducated hillbillies.

The story was false from beginning to end. The South holds no hatred for the North. We've forgotten everything that ever happened during the Civil War. We've forgotten everything and every- thing except Sherman's March Through Georgia, and surely you'll agree that he wasn't human. Our lawyers are gentlemen, educated, cultured, polished, and not the sort of officers that you pictured as being in the District Attorney's office in this film. They seemed to stop at no expense to place the South as a black eye, no matter how untrue or unreal it was—even to the lynching party that looked like a group of thirsty mountaineers settling a feud.

The times are restless enough as they are. We are Americans united, and not a house divided.

RUTH BARNETT, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

$1.00 PRIZE
TAYLOR—WAKE UP AND FIGHT!

I should like to know if Robert Taylor will be killed by public affections as so many other actors were? Does the public—especially the women—want to see him always portrayed as the spoiled, pampered son of a papa and mama millionaires? If that is so, I am sorry, for I am a woman too.

I have just come home from "Private Number," and I am hot with rage. The cinema was crowded with women, and sights of "Oh, isn't he marvelous?" were heard up and down. The only moment when the men applauded was when Mr. Taylor hit Basil Rathbone.

Is not Mr. Taylor worth a chance to show his art? Isn't he amiable and handsome enough to play—well, play anything but that nonsense they keep starring him in? I am not interested in whether Mr. Taylor and Miss Stanwyck were seen together here and there, but only in why Mr. Taylor doesn't struggle to get parts worthy of his talent.

EVA SAFEANTOVA, PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

$1.00 PRIZE
I am writing this letter in reference to Robert Taylor's work in pictures. He is simply marvelous, and I (and many other girls) go for him in a big way. But it seems to me that he is always cast in such a pissy part. In my eyes he has enough acting ability to be put into pictures that will give him a chance to play some heroes and fighting characters, and I cannot understand why M-G-M will not give him a chance. Maybe there was a crazy idea that his handsomeness didn't quite fit in with such characters, but I don't think that is a good enough reason.

Why not give him a crack at some other roles such as those played by Warner Baxter? The Taylor fans would get a real thrill.

ELAINE DOREMUS, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Actor Taylor goes British for his next, "A Yank at Oxford," but his admirers may be consolated, for he will then appear in "U. S. Smith." In that film he will be a fighting hero in the best tradition, along with Spencer Tracy who also will appear in the picture.

$1.00 PRIZE
WE WANT MORE MOORE

Why don't they give Miss Grace Moore a new picture to sing in? I've seen her in the same picture four times, with slight alterations as to title. This practice of pigeonholing actors into type received a rude jolt when Victor Moore stopped out of his nincompoop comedy operatic role, literally triumphing in "Make Way for Tomorrow." Orchids to Mr. Moore, in this performance.

JAMES HORNER, BOSTON, MASS.

$1.00 PRIZE
Oh, why do the powers that be allow Grace Moore and other artists with these voices and beautiful voices to sing songs so far below their artistic capabilities? There is no depreciation intended when I say that I have been in the chain of singers to supply the oop-adap stuff, in comparison with the few who can ren-
**EYES THAT HYPNOTIZE**

Your eyes are the most compelling feature of your face. When they are thrillingly bright, husky, eloquent... men are fascinated.

Don't let dull, tired eyes spoil your beauty! Everyday... always be an important "date"... use iBath.

This amazing new solution is the exact formula of a specialist's prescription for cleansing and care of the eyes.

Here's how it acts:

1. It gently washes away surface dirt
2. Safely relaxes tired eye muscles
3. Reduces redness
4. Promotes natural secretions, which keep your eyes bright, lustrous

How much better your eyes feel—instantly! Rested. Relaxed. How much better they look! Sparkling. Young.

Use iBath in good soap department. Only 50 cents—the price of a manicure! An eye cup comes with every bottle. iBath is made by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians and cosmetic manufacturers for 100 years. So you see—iBath must be safe.

**MCKESSON & ROBBINS**

**WIBOR FLOWER FLOWERS**

Materials and equipment. Instructions. Cost rate... price range. For full list, send letter in print size. For sample, use letter in print size.

**WOOD FLOWER FLOWERS**

**FLOWER CRAFT Co.**

In cities, as usual, Seattle, Wash.

**GET RID OF WRINKLES**

For Chome's sake—to do something now to prevent wrinkles and frown lines from becoming deeper and permanent. Use Hollywood Wipes—the easiest, effective and economical aid to banishing facial lines.

One month's supply... only 50c. Large, decorative size... $1.00

"The Secret of Hollywood Beauty" Drug or Department Stores or write

13 W. State St. BENTON, N. J.

**THE MAKERS OF KOTEX PRODUCTS**

**KURB* TABLETS**

To help women through trying days

Here is a new help for a woman, a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. It is a tablet called Kurb, designed especially to aid women through trying, painful days. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb Tablets.

**What will Kurb Tablets do?**

We cannot honestly claim that Kurb Tablets will benefit every woman in the world—but that is asking too much of any "pain tablet." But after making hundreds of tests, we are satisfied that Kurb will meet the requirements of most women who seek to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pains. Voluntary letters of praise have confirmed our confidence in what these new tablets will do.

**No secret ingredients**

The Kurb formula is no secret, its ingredients are well known to qualified physicians. And the formula is plainly printed on the box, so that if you have any doubts whatsoever, you may really check it with your own doctor.

So we urge you to try Kurb Tablets and see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dose, yet costs only 25 cents at drug counters everywhere.

If you are at all uncertain, send us your sample supply free! This offer is limited one to a family. Simply send your name and address, on a postcard if you prefer, to Kurb, Room 1499, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Do it today.

**KURB* TABLETS**

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex* Sanitary Napkins

*Frank Morris Mag. U.S. Patent Office
A VANITY BOTTLE OF AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE Skin Protector for anyone who hasn't tried it!

**RIGHT NOW, cold and wet weather are making many a pretty woman's skin coarse, red and unpleasing in appearance. And there's no need for it because you can enjoy the nation's most widely used skin protector, Italian Balm, for a cost of far less than one-half cent a day.**

Italian Balm prevents chapping. For more than a generation, this famous skin preparation has been "first choice" among your outdoor-loving neighbors in Canada. And in the United States, too, it has no equal in popularity. Women use it who have a chafed skin regardless of weather or workhouse, and thousands of professional people, too—physicians, dentists, nurses—are enthusiastic in their praise of this scientifically made skin softener.

Try it! Send for FREE Vanity Bottle!—enough to give you several days' supply. Mail coupon today, Campana's, Italian Balm, 711 Lindsay Street, Buffalo 3, New York.

---

**THE BEST GRAHAR REMEDY is Made at Home**

You can now make a better hair gray remover than any bought in the drugstore. To half a pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Borax Compound and one ounce cough medicine. Any doughter can put this up or you can make it yourself at very little cost.

**apply to the hair in a wash, allow to dry, and after 20 minutes wash out.**

No Rubber, Washable. Invisible

Entirely different from the old kind, lighter, plainer, without any sticky feel of the better kind. Remains invisible under all hair by film. We call it a "Gray Hair Remedy." Write today for illustrated folder. This advertisement by Co., P. 177, 977 8th Ave., New York City.

---

**NEW FRONT SKINS of 1937—RKO Radio**

If vanity, laughter, a cast that stretches from the eyebrows to the heels and corners of the mouth are what you need to climax your idea of amusing cinema, this is your dish. For France's "Dahlia" and (Continued on page 97)
Join

At the Helm - in time of need
ONLY PHOENIX HOSIERY HAS Vita-Bloom*

...and what a difference it makes in hosiery beauty and wear!

A NEW RADIANCE... A NEW ENDURANCE

Texture as smooth as rose-petals... color with an unusual depth of tone! A difference you can see and feel, because Phoenix VITA-BLOOM restores a vital element which is extracted in the making of hosiery—an element which restores the original life and vitality of the silk. And this same method gives longer wear as well as a new beauty... found only in Phoenix VITA-BLOOM Hosiery.

*This patented process exclusive with Phoenix

PHOENIX Vita-Bloom GLORIFIED WITH THE PETAL TEXTURE

HOSIERY

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON EVERY PAIR

PERFECT FASHION PARTNERS FOR NEW DAYTIME COSTUMES

Maybe that newest costume calls for a shoe with high-rising front. Maybe it needs a bright spectator. Or an oxford glorified by pretty trimmings. For any of these, see the new Enna Jetticks, which are such perfect fashion partners—and such comfortable walking companions—for Fall’s daytime costumes. And still only $5 to $6!

Copley
With Colonial type buckle.
In Windsor or Black Calf. $6

Portia
Black, Brown, Green or Blue Suede; Black or Brown Kid. $6

Dainty
Dainty high front Green, Wine, Black, Brown Suede; Mat Kid. $6

Charlotte
Perfect partner for a suit.
Brown or Black Suede. $5.50

Annelle
High front in Wine, Black, Brown Suede; Mat Kid. $6

Pasadena
Lacing on Blue, Green, Brown
or Black Buccaneer. $5.50

AND STILL ONLY $5 TO $6

America’s Smartest Walking Shoes Go Places Comfortably

Enna Jetticks
Hand-Flexed by Master Craftsmen

NEW YORK
A pack o' pleasure

Chesterfield

LIGGETT & MYERS

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
"MY SINCERE ADVICE TO EVERY GIRL..."

"Choose your makeup by the color of your Eyes"

SAYS

Madeleine Carroll
BEAUTIFUL WALTER WANGER STAR

TRY THE SIMPLE WAY to friends and fun, this glamorous English screen star advises... be your own natural self! Try the simple way, too, to genuine loveliness... make the most of your own natural beauty with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup!

IT'S MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... harmonizing rouge, lipstick, face powder, eye shadow and mascara. And it's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU... for it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes. Logical, after all...

THE WORLD'S WELL DRESSED WOMEN choose gowns and hats to match their eyes. Now you find correct makeup the same simple way. Artists, stylists, beauty editors, stage and screen stars who have tried Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup, watched the amazing way it transforms even the plainest girls, hail it as a remarkable discovery. Find out for yourself...

IF YOUR EYES ARE BLUE, look again at this actual color photograph of Madeleine Carroll. She's wearing Marvelous Dresden type rouge, lipstick, powder, eye shadow and mascara... just the right group for you! If your eyes are brown, your drug or department store will tell you to buy the Passion type group. If they're hazel, wear Continental type. If they're gray, wear Passion type. Full size packages each item, 55 cents (Canada 65 cents).

HERE IT IS FALL... new clothes, new friends, new dreams. Time to say goodbye to misfit makeup... time to take Madeleine Carroll's glamour cue. Try Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... go halfway to meet popularity...tonight!

Harmonizing
LIPSTICK
FACE POWDER
ROUGE
EYE SHADOW
MASCARA
55¢ each

MARVELOUS Eye-Matched MAKEUP

by RICHARD HUDNUT

PARIS... LONDON... NEW YORK... TORONTO... BUENOS AIRES... BERLIN

Rouge... Marvelous Rouge, in soft, natural pinks, royally selected, speaks with the easy fluency of fine face powder.

Face Powder... Marvelous Face Powder is siliconized, superfine, kind to semi-dry skin. Provides a finish... stays from 6 to 8 hours, by actual test.

Lipstick... Marvelous Lipstick in double creamed lustrous colors to last all intermediate... doubles its real beauty.

Mascara... Marvelous Mascara gives an instant, dramatic, soft-lensed shadow that clings on lashes, to luscious eyelash.

Eye Shadow... Marvelous offers subtle, and glamorous, soft-lensed colors that do a lot for your eyes. Easy to apply.

New! Tryout Set $1.00

COMPLETE MAKEUP BOX... full size package of Marvelous Eye Powder, harmonizing powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara. Set for blue, brown, grey, or hazel eyes. Specially priced... $1.00
EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie's curt note—barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had "lovers' spats" but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she'd offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was... but she didn't; the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

**How's Your Breath Today?**

You may be guilty of halitosis (bad breath) this very moment and yet be unaware of it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition: you yourself never know when you have it, but others do and snub you unmercifully.

Don't run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant with the delightful taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

As it cleanses the entire oral cavity, Listerine Antiseptic kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time it halts the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the toothbrush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—and see what you get.

If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken "dates" and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**Listerine**

Checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)
to stand up and cheer about

M-G-M'S HAPPY FALL HITS

"FIREFLY"...Now at POPULAR PRICES...M-G-M's roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. A gigantic spectacle, filled with romance, drama and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...

"THE LAST GANGSTER"...The season's melodramatic hit!...Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself) in his greatest role...A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and many others...

"BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"...Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"...Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With lovely Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone, Guy Kibbee and Bruce Cabot.

"THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY"...What a cast of heart-gripping talents...Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody"...Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you'll take to your heart...A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.

"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"...A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...

"MANNEQUIN"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It's Katherine Brush's famous story.

"ROSALIE"...Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy at the top of a list that includes Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter...Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!
On the Cover—Loresta Young, Natural Color Photograph by George Harrell

Is This Scarlett? Vincentini 19
Hearst's in the Search for Scarlett O'Hara Adelefield Kaufmann 20
The Private Life of Deanna Durbin Jessie Henderson 22
Babies Raise Hall on the Set Lucian A. Wilkinson 24
All about those little darlings who drive directors daffy

Party Lines in Hollywood Lucius Beebe 26
A faked cri de coeur may expose the party manners of film famous

Rough Sketch of a Gentleman Ronald Colman—stranger even to Hollywood

Why Can't the Stars Stay Married? David Seabury 29
A noted lecturer talks frankly about marriage

Skating Through Life—Part II toward Sharpe 30
The only authorized life story of Sonja Henie

The Laugh's on Hollywood Irving Hoffman 32
The private jokes of the film colony

Barbara—for Her Own Sake Dixie Willson 68
A fine, searching story about the young girl

Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star (final installment) Adele Rogers St. Johns 70

The Camera Speaks:

The Ballet Comes to Hollywood 34
Have You a Little Camera in Your Home? Here's the answer to PHOTOPLAY'S contest—August issue
Little Gay Home in the West 42
Do You Remember? Test your memory 46

Boos and Bouquets 4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 6
Hollywood's Junior Legion Marianne 8
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop Carolyn Van Wyck 10
Party at the Baxters Melly Castle 12
Close Ups and Long Shots 15
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood 49
We Cover the Studios James Reid 53
The Shadow Stage 54
Fashion Letter * * * Gwenn Walters 67
Complete Cuts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue 96

VOL. LI., No. 12, DECEMBER, 1937
Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Bernard Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Page, Secretary • General Offices, 905 East 45th St., New York, N.Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chamin Building, 935 East 45th St., New York, N.Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 38 Bourneville St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 16, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $3.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscript, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unsuitable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses or the like. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1921, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879, Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

FAITH BALDWIN

Flowers of flame and a starry gleam,
Carols and candles and mirth;
A prayer for the ancient, immutable dream,
Peace and good will on earth.
Youth looking out with radiant eyes,
Fixed on a far, shining way.
Lovely and seeking and trustingly wise,
As fair as her flowers, as gay.
BOOS AND
Bouquets

First Prize $25.00

The Winner!

Since seeing Robert Taylor in Hollywood last month I read with an enlightened mind all these newspaper accounts about his snubbing his fans, avoiding autograph seekers and trying to slip unnoticed in and out of crowds.

I saw him at the Brown Derby in an interesting open-at-the-neck sport shirt, seemingly enjoying Barbara Stanwyck and supper. Miss Stanwyck looked at him dotingly and showed interest in all he said, and vice versa. Apparently they were carrying on a normal conversation, but they must have had master minds to be able to do it among so many craning necks and sputtering whispers. All the while the impatient mob outside the door grew larger. With a hundred minds and twice as many eyes concentrated on Barbara and Bob, no doubt it was difficult for them to eat comfortably, talk rationally or relax, all of these being things which we, the bourgeois, have the privilege of enjoying undisturbed.

Then, after dessert, came the problem of dealing with the gang at the entrance. Robert Taylor mustn’t snub them, yet he doesn’t want souvenir chunks torn out of his clothing. If all those people close in on him he mustn’t resist, because then the headlines would have it that Taylor struck women and children. Heavenly days! And that was only one infinitesimal occasion, and to think he goes through that every day. In no uncertain terms, I extend my sympathy to him. Now every time I hear he has surreptitiously avoided a mob. I’m glad. After all, he is worth more to all of us if he remains unman-gled. Incidentally, I acquired such a kink in my craning neck that I couldn’t even finish my spaghetti.

Maxine Swegle,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Second Prize $10.00

“Topper” at the Top!

Roland Young, Constance Bennett, Cary Grant and Billie Burke certainly triumphed in “Topper.” It is beyond a doubt the most enjoyable comedy I have ever seen, excluding none—not even Harold Lloyd’s most hilarious hits. I am afraid that “Topper” will cause the automobile death toll to mount considerably for the next several months. Even I—a below fifty driver—felt like rounding some nice curves at eighty-five per in the hope of not being too late to join up with Connie and Cary who, after their fatal crash, had such a grand time with the befuddled Roland Young.

Unfortunately there was really too much hearty and continuous laughter among the audience, for although I saw “Topper” twice, I missed much clever conversation because of audience hysteria. I’m wondering if the actors couldn’t furnish some kind of laugh-silencer for audiences whenever a laugh-burst like “Topper” comes along.

Ralph G. Peterson,
Casper, Wyo.

Third Prize $5.00

Socko! From C to A About B

This letter is a seething denunciation of one Katherine Albert who bit the hand that’s fed her for lo! these many years. I know, because I’ve read Photoplay for about ten years and seen the above mentioned “tag” attached to several articles. Never before has one of Photoplay’s staff so insulted the readers and lowered the integrity of Photoplay itself as Miss Albert did in her recent discussion about B pictures in the August issue. Her very arguments condemned the issue she sought to defend.

To quote—for I can find no better arguments myself—Miss Albert says: “Now this (Continued on page 90)
Put this Pedigreed Beauty on Your "Must" List

The Gift that Your Loved Ones will Carry Over their Hearts!

Parker's deluxe Major and Maxima Vacumatic ... First Christmas Ever Shown

The revolutionary Pen that gives people Second Sight — that shows when to refill, hence writes years on end without running dry unexpectedly

If you want the ones whom you adore to be enraptured with your Christmas Gift, put this millionaire's Pen on your "must" list. They'll carry it over their hearts for life!

Go to any good pen counter today and see Parker's two new de luxe editions — the Major and Maxima Vacumatics — in smartly laminated Pearl style with double ink capacity and Television barrel, now gracefully slenderized for restful balance.

And see the stunning new Parker Vacumatic Desk Sets, and the new Pen and Pencil Sets in regal Gift Box designed in plastic by one of America's foremost silversmiths. This Gift hits the mark 100%.

The Parker Vacumatic is a marvelous invention that eliminates the old-time rubber ink sac, and thus has room for 102% more ink than our famous Duofold. Hence this modern marvel requires filling only 3 or 4 times from one Christmas to the next.

It's a Pen that gives a person second sight by letting him SEE the ink level at all times — so he can refill at any odd moment — so it won't run dry.

See these Pedigreed Beauties today. And look for the smart ARROW clip. This identifies the genuine Parker Vacumatic and saves time in making gift selections. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.
**ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—** Warners

A breezy edition of the Topsy Turvy series with frightfully Bobbi Eden as a newspaper gal out to get her man in the person of Barton MacLane, a bouncy, bustling police lieutenant. Anne Nagel and Bill Hopper join the chase. If you like adventurous-romantic caper stories, you will like this. (Nov.)

**ALL OVER TOWN—** Republic

Owen and Johnson fans will love this bit of bright histrionics wrapped around two "gangs" who back a Broadway show, ill with themselves with murder mystery on their hands. Franklin Pangborn is a pain as a swish designer. (Nov.)

**ANGEL—** Paramount

The languid Miss Dietrich is a velvety mixture of romance and foreignness, looking dashing and seductive, with her rich voice doing her a disservice. Herbert Marshall is the procured husband, Marlene Douglas founds out the triangle. Better not miss it. (Nov.)

**ANNAPOLIS SALUTE—** RKO-Radio

Here is a worthwhile, simply presented story of rival middles at the Naval Academy. James Ellison and Van Heflin are in love with Martha Hunt whose father objects to her marrying. When second year's ugly head, the rivals become friends. The background is refreshingly authentic, as the scenes were actually taken at Annapolis. (Nov.)

**ARTISTS AND MODELS—** Paramount

A combination of skills and cameos ingeniously held together by Jack Benny as the sweetest promoter of an Artist's Ball who gives the chance to see and hear Lida Lappino, Gail Patrick, the Yacht Club Boys, Connie Russell, Andre Kostelanetz, Ben Blue and a bevy of artists and models. Definitely dancy. (Nov.)

**BACK IN CIRCULATION—** Warners

A better than usual newspaper yarn dealing with the part journalists play in unearthing important results to deaths. John Reinhardt is remarkably good as the lady's husband, Paul Hartigan, a part he has been wearing and is beginning to seem of their co-getting real for sensationalism. (Nov.)

**BAD GUY—** M-G-M

"Bad Guy" equals bad picture. Bruce Cabot plays the ungodly fellow who gets into some scrap after scrap, finally comes to grief. Edward Norris is the good boy who reaps his reward in the love of Virginia Grey. That's all there is to it. (Nov.)

**BEAUTY AND THE HITMAN—** RKO-Radio

The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, nurse, dandy, directed in an unusually exciting and smooth way. Frankfort Flannigan has all the ability to the best of the surly officers. Virginia Bruce is his selfish fiancée who has been alienated by the sympathetic part his in his lifework. Splendid. (Sep.)

**BIG CITY—** M-G-M

Rough and ready drama of the last war in New York, combined with an insignificant girl's problems in a new world, tangible flower, Tracy and Luise Rainer in many romantic though exaggerated situations. Tracy is a bit pendulous, Luise a bit coy, but it's a clever production and there is a fine supporting cast. (Sep.)

**BRIEF REVIEWS**

<!-- Insert the BRIEF REVIEWS table here -->

**PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE: THIS ISSUE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Studio, Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ATLANTIC FLIGHT—Monogram</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Columbia</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO-Radio</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRIDE FOR HENRY, A—Monogram</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRIDE WORE RED, THE—M-G-M</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DANGEROUSLY YOURS—20th-Century-Fox</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOUBLE WEDDING—M-G-M</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDD TIDE—Paramount</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EXPENSIVE Husbands—Warners</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52ND STREET —Wanger-United Artists</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY—RKO-Radio</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIT FOR A KING—RKO-Radio</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GREAT GARRICK, THE—Warners</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LANCER SPY—20th-Century-Fox</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th-Century-Fox</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MADAME X—M-G-M</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUSIC FOR MADAME—RKO-Radio</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NON-STOP NEW YORK—GB</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PERFECT Specimen, THE—Warners</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STAND-IN—Wanger-United Artists</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THIS WAY PLEASE—Paramount</td>
<td>1935</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**BIG SHOT, THE—** RKO-Radio

Hitlist situations ennoble this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits a ranch in a wise-lcr egg-cram, discovers he's the gang's big shot. cedar. Wetherington gets a fine performance as Guy's socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores. (Oct.)

**BROADWAY MELODY OF 1939—** M-G-M

Shanly reminiscent of Hollywood's best talent, this follows a "Broadway Melody of 1938" with teams of Billy Taylor and Eleanor Powell. Phil's take is a personal one lost in the melee of song and dance acts, but Eleanor is in costume as usual and George Murphy does nicely as the young fella. (Nov.)

**CALIFORNIAN, THE—** 20th-Century-Fox

The pattern of this Western is old, but the treatment is entertaining. Richard Conte is the Smokin' Don who frees his people from the hated acres. Katherine de Mille is the jealous messenger-Majestic Weaver the heroine. (Sep.)

**CONFESSION—** Warners

Even Kay Francis finds it difficult to sustain the somber burden of this mushy melodrama based on a Madge Evans book. Reed Rathbone is the dog responsible for Miss Frances' downfall. Ian Hunter struggles along as the asymptomatic husband, Jane Bryan is the daughter. (Oct.)

**CORNERED (FORMERLY WAR LORD)—** Warners

This is "The Bad Man" done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well have been done. Boris Karloff is the Oriental who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Rads, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Nov.)

**COUNSEL FOR CRIME—** Columbia

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being shadowed about with an unsatisfactory love interest. The front man is his illegitimate son who possesses his father on a murder charge. "Counsel for Crime" is a wild number, and no wonder. (Oct.)

**DANGEROUS HOLIDAY—** Republic

A child vocalist who runs away from his parasitic relations rubs up against a gang, who turns out to be a couple of farmers, and whose problems are complicated by the gang's activities and a murder charge. Unfortunately, the love interest is better than the crime itself. (Nov.)

**DEAD END—** Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

Sidney Kingsley's superb play of people not unusual, not even removed from the New York movie streets, but called criminals by society. Harry Shannon, Barbara Stanwyck and Humphrey Bogart are the principals in the cast, augmented by the usual dustbowl effects of the original play. This is a "must" unless you don't like realism in the theatre. (Nov.)

**DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—** Columbia

As propaganda against reckless driving this neatly contrived picture proves enlightening as well as educational. Robert Dolan is sincere and purposeful as the writer who first defends, then prosecutes Elda Cook, Jr. Reporter Joan Perry is charming. (Oct.)

**DOUBLE OR NOTHING—** Paramount

Desperately after his girl, a gangster hits the cross-morden, this vague musical is based on the familiar device of four funny people lampooning the "way of the world," very Carlin's funniest. The score is nice. (Oct.)

**EASY LIVING—** Paramount

Nothing could be finer, faster, flashier than this outlandish piece of silly exploitation which revolves around Edward Arnold, Wall Street tornados, a cable coat which lands on the smooth back of Jean Arthur, and her romance with Ray Milland who works in an automat. It's a thrill! (Nov.)

**EMPEROR'S CANDLESSTICKS—** M-G-M

C texting production, exquisite costumes by work by Lila Rains and the above-satisfying performance of Bill Powell make this a creditable effort. Based on an oldweight and melodramatic: E. E. Clive, Robert Young, Marjorie Main, Elisha Cook, Jr., Walter Connolly and Frank Morgan make up the splendid cast. (Nov.)

**EVER SINCE I MET HER—** Warners

Once again Marice Dietrich is a glamorous beauty young as she ducky to keep her job. When Bob Montgomery, her author boss, discovers he loves her, his life is quite as you would expect. Peter Kelly and Allen Jenkins provide the ducky comedy. (Nov.)

**EXCLUSIVE—** Paramount

Yellow journalism comes in for a blasting in this newspaper yarn. Fred MacMurray and Charles Buggins are reporters for the cheap sheet, Frances Farmer and Lloyd Nolan come to remedy it as the man who represents the muckrakers. Tunny, tasty fare. (Oct.)

(Continued on page 94)

In private, Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell feud po- litely, but in public, they go on conferring in perfect—and profitable—equanimity. "Live, Love and Learn," is a new comedy about the troubles of a young Hollywood couple
The favorite play of America is
THE SCREEN HIT OF
THE YEAR!
A year of preparation—3 months be-
fore the cameras—production costs
breaking all studio records—and now
the-love-and-laughter show that en-
thralled New York and London stage
audiences for two seasons is ready to
flash its glories on the nation's screens.

"Tonight's our night
—there may never
be a tomorrow."

W A R N E R B R O S. p r e s e n t:
Claudette COLBERT
Charles BOYER
in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!
"T O V A R I C H"

supported by a huge cast of famous stars including
BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE
MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS
MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by
Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted
from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E.
Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture
The Junior Legion stops for tea under a spreading Christmas tree and wishes you all a merry Yuletide

Can you imagine it?” asked Bobby Mauch, looking up from his chisel.

“She’d rather have this thing than a catboat!”

Billy laid down his hammer. “Women,” he announced firmly, “are awful queer.”

They were working on a beautiful mahogany glove chest, a Christmas gift for their mother. They had designed it themselves and toiled over it for weeks. Dressed in old sweaters and disreputable cords, recking of shellac and turpentine, the impression they gave was far from the general conception of what the famous Mauch twins are like. Rather, they resembled any small boys badly in need of soap and water.

“She doesn’t know about this yet,” said Billy. “it’s to be a real surprise.”

“And we’re going to buy gloves to put in it,” added Bobby, “just so she’ll be sure to know what it’s for.”

I still can’t tell the boys apart although I’ve known them for a long time. Each time I speak to Billy, calling him by name, he answers, “I’m Bobby.” Lots of times I doubt it. They like to keep people confused, I think.

In fact, they told me that it might be of benefit to them later. “We want an automobile some day,” they said, “and in case one of us should get his license suspended for speeding on Hollywood Boulevard, we could easily get along on one license so long as no one could tell us apart.”

Their teacher told me she had asked Bobby to use the word “mistaken” in a sentence. He looked at her and said, “I’m sorry, but you have mistaken me for my brother. I’m Billy!”

These days the Hollywood Legionnaires come to tea bringing their sewing, knitting, chisels and saws. Their collective Christmas spirit has been steadily gathering momentum since Edith Fellows started making a pink silk dressing sacque for her grandmother last September.

They have so much to do, these boys and girls, and making motion pictures takes up a great deal of their time. Just now it’s all a grand rush and, while I’m really not terribly old as years are counted, I look each morning in my mirror and am astonished that my hair didn’t turn white the night before. My dreams are crowded with gifts, ribbons and tinsel and I have nightmares about Christmas trees coming to life!

Shirley Temple just can’t decide what to get for her father and mother. She’s knitting mufflers for her two brothers, in their school colors, and doing them splendidly, too, for an eight year old.

“Oh, I drop a few stitches now and then,” she said, “but it doesn’t matter because I pin them up with little safety pins. After I’ve finished I’ll sew them all together on the wrong side. And,” she added in an offhand manner, “they’ll never notice it.”

“It’s strange,” she confided over her tea-cup, “what makes you love brothers so much. Why most of the time Sonny says I’m a pest and pulls my hair every time he walks past, but if I feel like teasing him he says he’ll spank me if I don’t let him study in peace!”

“Then what happens?”

“We-I-I,” replied Shirley, “if I don’t let him study in peace he just—does.”

“What about Jack?” I asked.

“Oh, Jack says there might be some people who are crazy enough to want my autograph, but he’ll take Greta Garbo’s!”

“And you love them in spite of all that?”

“That’s what is queer,” she puzzled. “I love them much more than people who tell me I’m sweet all the time.” Then she said, sighing, “Oh, dear, I do wish I could think of something that’s good enough to give my mother for Christmas!”

Tommy Kelly, Jackie Morrow, Jane Isbell and Ann Gillis came in to tea yesterday. It was a big mistake on my part, for Ann and (Continued on page 78)
"...but for the Grace of God, there sit I, Portia Merriman, facing a verdict of life or death!"

A heart-tugging mother-and-son story as only Faith Baldwin could write it. Played to perfection by a superlative cast.

**PORTIA ON TRIAL**

with

WALTER ABEL  
FRIEDA INESCORT  
NEIL HAMILTON  
HEATHER ANGEL  
RUTH DONNELLY  
BARBARA PEPPER

Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.
Screen Play by Samuel Ornitz - Adaptation and additional dialogue by E. E. Parmore, Jr. - Original story by Faith Baldwin
Associate producer, Albert E. Levoy

**Republic PICTURE**
New, refreshing and simple are these
vital aids to loveliness brought to
you from Hollywood's most beautiful

LET'S TALK ABOUT HAIR—Now that
you've gotten your new winter formals
and are all set for the holiday parties,
do you find that you can't do a thing with
your hair, that you look very glamorous
from the tips of your toes just up to your
chin, and that a mop of dried-out hair is
ruining the smooth perfection of your ap-
pearance? If you've made that sad dis-
covery, you have a lot in common with me.
So, being one who never can suffer passively,
I set about finding out what the Hollywood
girls do about such a situation, and, like the
good girl scout that I am, I'm passing all the
information on to you.
I caught up with Janet Gaynor and with a
do-or-die look in my eye demanded to know
how she takes care of that lovely hair of hers.

She told me that she massages her scalp with
a special hair oil as a corrective for dryness,
and then, to give it a heightened sheen, she
applies a few drops of lemon juice and rubs
it into her scalp. She leaves the oil on over
night and shampoos her hair in the morning.
Janet sets aside one night a week for this
and calls it her no-beau night because with
oil in her hair, cold cream on her face, and a
bath towel around her neck, she offers up
herself as sacrifice on the altar of glamour.
And don't we all!

Jane Bryan, too, keeps her hair glossy by
soaking it in hair oil before retiring and
washing it the next morning, and Mary
Maguire tells me that she's found the best
way to keep her hair in good condition is to
change her part a little after each shampoo.

Mary uses a bit of scented cologne in the
rinse water to give her hair a soft sheen and
a faint fragrance, and Anne Nagel perfumes
her hair by pouring over it, after the last
rinse, a glass of warm water in which several
drops of rose-scented oil have been mixed.

Jeanette MacDonald tells me that she rubs
table salt into her hair and then brushes it
out with firm brisk strokes before shampoo-
ing it, in order to stimulate her scalp and in-
crease the circulation.

Lots of the stars use the many excellent
shampoos already on the market. All of
them, rest assured, see to it that their hair is
always perfectly clean.

And the theme song of everyone around
Hollywood when questioned about hair is,
"Brush it every night with a good, strong
brush, and you won't have to worry about
keeping it soft and shiny."

HAIR-DOS AND DON'TS—If you have
bleached hair, or are planning to lighten your
hair, there's some advice I got for you from a
famous Hollywood beauty salon: have a
bleach every three weeks, but be sure to
have your hair toned down every two months
so that it doesn't become brassy and ob-
viously artificial. And ask for an oil dye to
keep your hair from becoming too dry.

Have a new permanent about every three
months, so you don't look bedraggled. It's
really better for the texture of your hair if
you have the permanent all over your head
instead of just on the ends. "Tell the oper-
arist to leave the curlers on the top of your
head a very short time and longer on the
ends, so they'll be nice and curly; and you
can still wear the rest of it straight and
smooth if you like.

If you find that the ends of your hair are
splitting and drying, there's a wonderful
hair tonic on the market now which is a
splendid cure for this and which will re-
store the natural oils and luster. Also, don't
ever wet your hair when you comb it, as
water is very bad for splitting hair. Use a
good brilliantine instead.

If you're having a new permanent, don't
take even one cocktail the day before, be-
cause the alcohol in your system won't allow
the wave to show the best results. And if
(Continued on page 86)
A MILLION SPENT TO MAKE YOU LAUGH!

A great all-laugh show in the tradition of the mighty Chaplin and Lloyd comedies! Spiced with music, youth and romance! Over-brimming with the funniest merry-makers of stage, screen and radio led by

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF HILARITY!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC

Merry-Go-Round of 1938

with BERT LAHR • JIMMY SAVO • BILLY HOUSE • ALICE BRADY • MISCHA AUER • JOY HODGES • LOUISE FAZENDA • JOHN KING • BARBARA READ • DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

Screen Play by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otros • Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers • Directed by Irving Cummings

Produced by B • G • DE SYLVA
who made "Sing, Baby Sing" and other big hits!

In Charge of Production, Charles R. Rogers
Right: the recreation room of the old English house which will be the scene of the festivities

—who invite you, through the author, to enjoy with them the preparations for their yearly Christmas party, a Hollywood institution

BY MOLLY CASTLE

"NOW about this party," said Mrs. Warner Baxter.

Warner put down the morning paper and looked over at her. He was feeling relaxed and lazy. Here it was ten o'clock of a sunny morning and he was still in his bathrobe, still sipping coffee. It was grand to have a one o'clock studio call and a lazy morning once in a while. The Baxters were breakfasting upstairs in the little book-lined sitting room. Presently he would go into his gymnasium and have a workout, follow it up with a cold shower, then stroll around the garden until it was time to go to work. But for half an hour he would just relax.

"Party?" he inquired. "What sort of party is it to be this time?"

But his wife was chewing the end of a pencil, and concentrating over a list, and she didn’t hear.

He thought over the parties he liked best. These took place in the summerhouse. He particularly liked the summerhouse; anyone would. He liked the big, comfortable, three-sided sitting room, its fourth side open to the green swimming pool. He liked the snug little bar on one side, the remote-control radio, so that they could dance after dinner if they felt like it, the open fire and the charcoal-broiled steaks that he himself cooked on the iron grill. And he liked to pitter around in the diminutive all-electric kitchen making some of his famous chile con carne. He'd been making chiles ever since he'd been tied to his mother's apron strings to prevent him from falling into the stewpan: small ones for Sunday suppers at home, large ones for the cast at the completion of his many pictures. That made an awful lot of chiles: he had been at 20th Century-Fox almost since the 19th Century.

He knew the recipe by heart. Into 1½ cups of olive oil he put 3 medium chopped onions; simmered them for ten minutes and added 2 pounds of ground lean pork and 1 pound of lean ground steak. He let that simmer for twenty minutes and then added 2 cans of tomato juice, 2 quarts of boiling water, 1 cup of chile powder and 6 pods of grated garlic; salt to taste (and the tasting was part of the fun). Then he put a tablespoonful of kumis powder and another of oregano into a cheesecloth bag and suspended them in the stew. The idea then was to leave all this to simmer for 1½ hours (meanwhile having a swim or a game of tennis or one of the crazy, juvenile games they played around the pool to work up an appetite). He would then come back and have another taste and maybe add beef extract or more pepper or salt and herbs. And certainly 1½ pounds of Mexican beans which had been soaked overnight and cooked till tender.

It made his mouth water even to think of it. A pity chiles were not so cool as they sounded. As it was, during all those years of tasting a little bit here, a sip there, he had practically burned out his inards.

But perhaps this party that Winnie was talking about wasn’t to be a chile picnic, nor even one of the buffet suppers they sometimes served downstairs in the big recreation room. Maybe it was going to be a formal party with cocktails served by the butler in the drawing room, instead of mixed up by Warner in the bar and sipped from the playroom’s leather-topped stools. Not that he minded the formal, dress-up parties once in a while, though they were really for the benefit of English Miss Carr who was so much more than a secretary and liked a little English formality now and again.

"Is it going to be a formal party?" he asked his wife.

"Formal?" she repeated, looking up. A satisfactory picture of the dining room with

(Continued on page 92)
The Producer and Director of "A STAR IS BORN"—DAVID O. SELZNICK and WILLIAM A. WELLMAN now give you

THE TENDEREST, TOUGHEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD

CAROLE LOMBARD and FREDRIC MARCH

NOTHING SACRED

IN SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S SENSATIONAL TECHNICOLOR COMEDY

WITH CHARLES WINNINGER

WALTER CONNOLLY

SCREEN PLAY BY BEN HECHT

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
Hold on to your turbans, folks!
Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together! And it's a Cantornado of laughs!

Eddie CANTOR
All Baba Goes To Town
with all these merry-making entertainers

Tony Martin • Roland Young
June Lang • Louise Hovick

John Carradine • Douglas Dumbrille
Virginia Field • Raymond Scott Quintet
Alan Dinehart • Peters Sisters • Jeni Le Gon

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

1001 sights!
1002 laughs!
...as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swingdom!
Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (Whoopsie doops!)
About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (all after Eddie!)
The Raymond Scott Quintet (putting the heat in swing!)
Countless kisses under the desert moon (as Tony sings to June!)
1938-model Magic Carpets (with floating power!)
A hundred or so other hide-highlights!
Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surpriseful Cantertainment!
Yes! You've got something here!

New Gordon and Revel Song Hits!
"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"
"Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"
"I've Got My Heart Set on You"

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production
CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

A

editor's month in Hollywood can be very thrilling . . . comes a note saying that Mr. Clark Gable is very keen on the Vincentini drawing of himself as Rhett Butler that ran in the October issue of Photoplay and when we are all through with it, would it be possible for him to have the picture or wouldn't it . . . now what does Mr. Gable think we can reply to that . . . doesn't he know the editor of this magazine is a woman and has heard any woman say no to him in the last five years . . .

Comes a day or so later a very fine afternoon call from Miss Joan Crawford who says that rushing as she did from the production of "The Bride Wore Red" right straight into the production of "Mannequin" she didn't have time really to work out her characterization of the girl in the first scenes of "Mannequin"—a working girl who was determined to climb from an ugly, poverty-stricken environment and make something of her life—well, Joan declared that she read the first installment of Adela Rogers St. Johns' story about her (Crawford's) life and she suddenly not only understood herself but the girl in "Mannequin" as well . . . so she is modeling that girl on the Photoplay version of herself . . . nice compliment what? . . .

And we knew it was a great day when we first caught sight of Alan Curtis, who will be, with Spencer Tracy, the Crawford love interest in "Mannequin" . . . we have always been very proud that we were the first person to run a picture of Clark Gable in any magazine, and the first to print his life story . . . so we want to say we are definately pro-Curtis right now . . . for us he has more than Robert Taylor . . . in fact he is like Gable only much younger . . . very handsome, very assured and he does look as though he definitely knew his way around . . . on the next page we are presenting M-G-M's first picture of him . . .

But the very best moment of all the month was a long talk we had with David O. Selznick about himself, "Gone with the Wind," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the fact that good can come out of relatives in the motion-picture business . . .

Now for those of you who merely go to pictures . . . who aren't as I am mixed into the background of things here in Hollywood . . . a producer may seem a much less glamorous person than a star . . . possibly you regard him as just a businessman sitting behind the scenes . . . pulling strings . . . being struck with the good luck of finding a lucky star . . . and making millions thereby . . .

Only that isn't true . . . a man like David Selznick is much more colorful than half the stars he presents . . . and it is his talent and his intelligence and his energy that keeps his stars where they are.

I met him originally one night at dinner at Claudette Colbert's . . . I don't know how I got in, for everyone else was such a big shot . . . the Mervyn LeRois . . . the William Goetz (Mr. Goetz is Vice-President of 20th Century-Fox) . . . Ernst Lubitsch . . . Mr. and Mrs. Selznick . . . Claudette and her distinguished husband . . . the conversation most certainly did not concern itself entirely with pictures . . . we talked everything . . . horse racing . . . politics . . . the stock market . . . medicine . . . but that Selznick kept prowling around the drawing room after dinner making one brilliantly humorous remark after the other . . .

A few weeks later I deliberately called on him at his studio . . . I had just been reading the startling box-office reports on "The Prisoner of Zenda," the picture which is the biggest money earner of this year . . . and in less than five minutes conversation I knew that its success had been no accident . . .

David Selznick is the finest product of the second generation of the motion-picture business . . . his father was Lewis J. Selznick of the old World Films Corporation . . . an executive back in the days when movies were something to scoff at . . . young David absorbed the atmosphere from his very childhood . . . his father intended that David's brother, Myron, who is now an agent, should be the producer and that David should be the executive . . . David says that probably for his wavering today between being an executive and trying to be artistic . . . so far the artist has won out . . .

This is how that affects you and me as we go to the movies . . . David Selznick has been so truly great as a producer that if he would sign with any one of the major companies . . . say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount or Warners or whomever he could make a gigantic fortune even in these days of terrific taxes . . . the reason he doesn't want to do that despite the fact that big money attracts him just as much as the rest of us is because he would not then be able to make what he calls "homemade" pictures . . . that is, he doesn't believe any big organization would let him take his time in making a production as he does now . . .

Take his production of "Tom Sawyer" for example . . . he was determined to find a
real boy for the leading rôle, not a young actor . . . he had one hundred and ten talented scouts hunting through every part of the country before he discovered Tommy Kelly in New York's Bronx . . . well, I watched Tommy Kelly work for just a half-hour on the day I talked to Mr. Selznick and that kid certainly seemed to me just about the finest natural actor who ever hit Hollywood . . . besides everybody around the studio is so touched by Tommy's real story and the grand simple family group he comes from they are all rooting for him . . . his Irish father and mother and his cute little sister . . . all of them on the set every day watching Tommy with adoring eyes but keeping most carefully out of everybody's way . . . that poor, warmhearted little family who had been so desperate for money before good fortune blessed Tommy . . . you should see the whole studio beam at the Kellys . . . with a most particular beam coming from that genial and wise kid-director, Norman Taurog . . . Selznick feels he couldn't make a "Tom Sawyer" rapidly . . .

He made "Zenda" slowly . . . intelligently realizing that the world was still dreaming of the romance of an American woman and an English king . . . so he determined to give the world an even better dream-romance . . .

Right now he refuses to be rushed into work on "Gone with the Wind" . . . he is determined if it takes another year to get the right cast . . . he has the story all ready and the director all set . . .

All of which is typical of how his mind works . . . he has the greatest respect for the original story . . . he has always chosen fine stories and he feels stories that have stood the test of time—like "David Copperfield," which he produced, and "A Tale of Two Cities"—should be as little tampered with for picture production as is dramatically possible . . . his respect next goes to what he calls the creative director . . . like Frank Capra and Gregory LaCava for example . . . men who can practically write their own scripts and direct them, too . . .

FURTHERMORE he prefers to make his mistakes before he starts . . . rather than do that quaint Hollywood stunt of what is called shooting from the cuff which means actually that the director and the actors go out on the set daily waiting for scenes and dialogue to be written right then for that day's work . . . Selznick refuses to do that . . . if he can't get a story right he junk's the whole thing . . . once he had as much as $100,000 advance work done on a picture . . . but he felt the story just wasn't strong enough . . . so he lost all that money rather than putting in more, hoping blindly to save what didn't look good in the first place . . .

I hope out of all this you get the fact that David Selznick is a brilliant and sensitive man . . . not a discontented disappointed individual talking of art and by that meaning a retreat from reality into something very special for the very few . . . but rather a man of the keenest commercial sense and the greatest achievement . . . who deliberately is choosing to make less money because thereby he can make better pictures . . . pictures as full of beauty, and truth, as is possible for them to be . . . and yet pictures which are entertainment for all of us . . . that lift us for an hour from the dull round of our days into the realm of pure enchantment.

The entire movie business should be very proud that it has borne and nourished a man capable of such coordination of talents . . . for what can it be but genius that gives a man the ability to sit down calmly and map out from all the divergent elements that go into making a movie map a masterpiece, not once but time after time . . .

After the first glimpse of Alan Curtis in a scene with Joan Crawford in "Mannequin," PHOTOPLAY goes on record as being definitely pro-Curtis. His screen experience has been negligible but the lad has something women like
THE MOST EXQUISITE PERFUME

FLEURS DE ROCAILLE DE CARON

© 1937 Caron Corp.
Look Your Loveliest in Silver Fox, this gay Yuletide season. Nothing is so brilliantly flattering as a cape of soft FEDERAL Silver Foxes ... graceful adjunct to chic evening gowns. No other fur has such gleaming elegance for daytime wear. All FEDERAL Silver Foxes bear the FEDERAL name sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side ... your assurance of lasting beauty.
Again Vincentini scores—with this picture of Scarlett, as Photoplay conceived her. The prime requisite was, we told him, that Scarlett must be in Gable's arms, for, you see, we still insist on Clark as Rhett. For the rest, she must have the fire of Paulette Goddard; the acting ability of Shearer; the voice of Alicia Rhett, Southern girl candidate, whose name is really identical with the hero's. The artist, we believe, has endowed her with all these qualities, and a few individual charms of her own, for isn't she still Scarlett O'Hara, Miss Unknown? Now turn the page and read her story.
HEARTACHES IN THE

Great stars, famous socialites and unknowns—behind these Scarlett aspirants run tales of broken dreams

BY ADELHEID KAUFMANN

The greatest woman hunt in all movie history has been going on for more than a year now, and many the heart that has been broken and many the thousands that have been spent.

They are searching for Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" and as yet she is nowhere in sight.

The newspapers have frequently printed headlines over all these months about the signing of this star or that. But those statements were simply dreamed up, usually by the actress' agent, and had no basis in fact.

You have heard stories about Tallulah Bankhead and Margaret Sullavan, of Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis, of Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer and Margaret Tallchief, and you have probably read that each of them in turn has been signed for the Selznick production of Margaret Mitchell's novel. Fine reading, but none of it is true.

David Selznick, the producer, wishes it were true that he had his Scarlett. George Cukor, the director, would be delighted to know that the cast question was settled. For everything is set to go. The script is all finished. The costumes have all been designed.
The settings are all ready. Rhett Butler—and more of him later—is close at hand. But Scarlett, that minx, still remains as elusive as she was in the original story.

Behind all this, however, run tales of true heroism, the stories of the girls who have tried for the rôle and failed.

First of all, you must understand that Selznick has had more than a hundred talent scouts searching every part of the country for the right girl. They combed the South, invading every school, every dramatic society, every little club below the Mason-Dixon line.

Added to the professional scouts, there have been the wistful amateur ones, the proud Aunt Nellies and Uncle Zeds of small-town, who see in their niece, Lilybelle, just the girl to play the rôle. When these amateur scouts reported they had the ideal heroine right in their own homes, or towns, or country, the real talent scouts checked up. Several village debts were put under contract by just this method.

Other youngsters, who weathered the tests of the field talent man, then an interview with Director Cukor, and finally Producer Selznick, were even brought to Hollywood for a while. Besides this, orders were given that any woman, regardless of age or appearance, who either called in person, or even wrote a letter saying she believed she could play Scarlett, should be given an interview.

And out of all this just one girl has emerged with a permanent contract. But it isn’t a contract to play Scarlett. Her name is Bebe Anderson and her history is typical. She is the daughter of a real-estate broker in Birmingham, Alabama, where a talent scout discovered her. Bebe, who is in her teens, is five feet two and weighs one hundred pounds. She is not only very pretty but really cute. She is accustomed to admiration, having been voted the prettiest girl in her high-school class, the cutest girl in her freshman class at college, the, cutest girl in her sorority, and just this year, her sophomore one, the most glamorous.

Which is just the kind of nice going that gets a girl to Hollywood and makes her stick, if you ask us.

Contrast to the lucky Bebe the tragic bravery of a young Southern girl who continues to haunt the Selznick studio. She came to California with the few pennies she’d managed to save from her small job back home and a stack of clipping from her local paper to the effect that “Gone with the Wind” read like her own life story.

“It would be unfair to cast anyone else as Scarlett when the story was written about me,” she will tell you. “Why, everybody down South knows that I’m the real Scarlett O’Hara and that Miss Mitchell got the plot for her book from the facts of my life as told to her by one of my girl friends.

“Of course,” she adds magnanimously, “many incidents have been added in the book and the part about the Civil War was put in simply as background. ‘Tara’ with its avenue of cedars was my grandfather’s place.”

Her eyes fill with tears whenever she talks of her youngest child, who was killed going over a jump with her Shetland pony, just as Scarlett’s child met her death in the book.

“The studio might find an actress with more acting experience for the part but she wouldn’t be the real Scarlett,” she declares.

The studio has firmly told this deluded girl she isn’t right for the rôle, but she hangs around, hoping.

Among the stock qualities found in almost all these aspirants who have Scarlett ambitions are, first, that they have read the book and consider themselves to be “exactly like her.” Second, they have a Southern accent and come from Georgia. Third, they are excellent horsewomen, let them tell it, and almost without exceptions, their grandfathers were Southern colonels.

One girl came all the way by bus from Minneapolis to Hollywood to see Director Cukor. She was down to her last penny, but she was more fortunate than the other moneyless girls (and most of them are absolutely broke), in that she had a round-trip ticket in her purse.

“I realize I’m not the Scarlett type,” one tall, raw-boned matron from Kentucky offered, when she was ushered into the casting office, “but I would be very valuable as her stand-in, knowing the story as I do.”

Or there’s the girl who painstakingly studied every character in the book because she felt the studio might hire her as an understudy if they realized she could be dropped into any rôle.

A young girl visitor at the studio, who with a group of others had come out from the East, encountered Director Cukor interviewing a group who wanted various assisting rôles. She confided that she could play Melanie, if not the high-spirited Scarlett. She wanted to give him a reading on the spot.

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” the director protested kindly. “I’m going to make a test of another girl, not for Scarlett, but for a small part. I’ll throw you in on the other girl’s tests background.” Later, Leslie Howard happened to see the test and voiced his enthusiasm for the figure in the background. On the strength of this recommendation, an agent immediately called upon the girl to see if she couldn’t stay in Hollywood and study in stock. But now the poor girl has no money left.

Many of these inspired arrivals have novel qualifications. Take, for example, the determined girl who had memorized two-thirds of the book. Although it had taken her (Continued on page 82)
Spectacular success was the lot of a little 14-year-old girl—then came the inevitable temperament rumors.

Here's the real story of Deanna

BY JESSIE HENDERSON

T was Papa Durbin himself who opened the door of the house on the hill—in his shirt sleeves, because he had been mending something—but it was Deanna who instantly came bounding out into the hall with the zest of any average fourteen-year-old who sees comp'ny on the front step. She bounded so fast, the brown dog Tippy at heel, that she had to check her feet, smile flashing, to keep from a slide over the threshold...

They are a family without pretense, these Durbins. Though they number among them the most extraordinary child soprano in the world, who is at the same time one of the best actresses in Hollywood, they feel no itch to impress people. Somehow you can sense this—the sincerity and simplicity of her background—from Deanna's own air of modesty on the screen.

"100 Men and a Girl" had recently emerged from the studio. A year to a day from the time when she first stepped, unknown, before a movie camera, this child had attended the premiere of her first starring picture, wearing her first formal gown: a blue marquisette "made over" from a party dress she had on hand because she "didn't feel comfortable" in the more lavish frock that had been especially purchased for the occasion. The press notices, the roared ovation of the crowd, might easily have turned a little girl's head as well as the heads of her parents.

Yet Daddy—chancing to be in the hall—admitted you without waiting for the single servant to get there from the kitchen. And Deanna, watchful of everybody's comfort, waved a slender brown hand to the couch near the living-room fireplace. "It's soft," she said hospitably, dropping down on the far end of it.

SLIM-WAISTED in a darkish blue linen dress with white embroidery across the bodice, Deanna is as beautiful a child as you'd find in ten counties, far more beautiful in life than on the screen. And beautiful is the right word for her, for she has a sensitive face delicately tan and rose, and a sweet mouth that parts eagerly as her interest in the conversation mounts.

She has also a gift for sitting quietly and attentively, yet with an air of great animation because of the enthusiasm in her shining blue eyes. A ladylike little girl, with graceful manners and an intelligence beyond her years (you can look up the birth certificate at Winnipeg, Canada; December 4, 1922), she's no sissy. Her favorite sport, for example, is roller skating.

"Only I can't do it any more!" she said, with genuine regret.

It's a penalty of popularity. A young artist who, via two pictures and an Eddie Cantor radio program, has so endeared herself to the public, is hard put to it to have a private life.

When Deanna, hat swung in hand, came all unaware down the terraces of Hollywood Bowl after listening to a concert the other night, the fans mobbed her. She signed autographs for an hour. If she went roller skating on any sidewalk upon the planet (the grounds around her house are too hilly), the public would bother the life...

"Oh, no!" Deanna interrupted, a trifle shocked, "they don't bother me. It's only the time it takes. I like to sign autographs—but I just wouldn't get anything else done."

And she has plenty else to get done, every day and throughout the day. Determined that, come what will, their little girl shall have a life all her own for some portion of each twenty-four hours, the Durbins took the first step by leaving their comfortable small home in the section where Daddy has a real estate business, to move into the seclusion of a large, rented house with an acre of land, on a remote hillock. The studio doesn't give (Continued on page 79)
A family without pretense, Mr. and Mrs. Durbin (top), lunching with Deanna, determined that their daughter should have a life of her own. Her picture and radio work, the heavy fan mail, which she collects at the studio Post Office, her school routine, singing lessons under the tutelage of Andres De Segurola, above, the fans who mob her wherever she goes, are items Deanna takes in her stride. She pays the penalty of fame in many ways but she's found there are compensations in stardom, too—such as the day the studio gave her a car.

And studio treasurers? They gnash their teeth. When you see a brief flash of some darling infant in a feature picture, it’s a cinch that that heartwarming glimpse set the producing company back $25,000. It often goes as high as fifty grand.

S. Goldwyn made a picture called “Stella Dallas.” It was quite a picture.

On the set of “Stella Dallas” occurred a triple drama of rivalry, defeat and triumph that makes the feuds of older stars seem pale and trivial. And it cost Excitable Sam plenty of dough.

The first baby we will leave unnamed and unpictured. Who wants to spoil her career? She may come back.

She was a true heartwarmer, that baby. She curled her sweet, intent seriousness around the consciousness of everybody on the set. And smart! Under two years old, she could take direction like a trouper. In every rehearsal she did everything they wanted her to—perfectly.

Then, when King Vidor called “Camera!... Speed!” the awful weight of responsibility descended on this conscientious mite. She set herself. She almost gritted her teeth. She tried too hard!

This went on for three days. In rehearsal—perfect. When the camera turned—grim. Like a horse who leaves his race in his workout.

That expensive company marked time while perspiration ran down King Vidor’s face, and everyone desperately tried to make Sweetie Pie relax. No business!

On that lot they had had experience (more of that later), so now they sent for two babies. The first to be tried was Mila Sarnich, the darling in the picture. She, too, was very, very cooperative. But she seldom smiled. To her, acting was a serious job and she meant to do it.

Jack Reynolds, assistant director, fixed that. Just outside the camera’s range he set up a Christmas tree with red and green bulbs—dark. When Vidor wanted Mila to smile, Jack pressed a switch and the lights blossomed. Did she smile?

For two days this was swell. Then came a scene in which John Boles quarreled with Barbara Stanwyck. Mila was supposed to be frightened and weep. Applesauce! She had decided that everything on the Goldwyn lot was a picnic plus Christmas. Weep? Never!

This highly amusing revelation explains those “little bundles from heaven” and their not so heavenly antics that drive directors daffy

BY UPTON A. WILKINSON

Babies Raise Hell

Not even the parents know which of their twins played this scene.

This angel was limousined to sleep.
This was Jack Reynolds' first job as assistant director. It nearly became his last. He said, "I can fix it."

He took Mila to one side. He told her gravely, in kind but regretful voice, that everybody loved her, but that she didn't quite fill the bill. They would have to get some other baby.

She cried, all right. She cried for an hour, inconsolable. Jack didn't need the black looks of the Health Department nurse, or the usually even-tempered Vidor, or the grip-boys and light men. He ceased to walk. He began to creep. He may be cast in the near future as the Man Who Shot His Grandmother, though he and Mila made up and are friends.

There's always a pay-off. While this excitement fascinated the set (and the Treasurer moaned) another blessed infant—let her be nameless—waited, patiently, three days. She would have had her chance—if Mila had failed. Better luck next time, Miss Anonymous!

YOU, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Reader, ought to meet Sheila Cumnor.

When I went to her home she was just a round-eyed, brown-eyed baby with a mop of half-blonde hair, beautiful as the Lord ever (Continued on page 93)
It's not for the sourpusses—this grand yarn about the hilarious high life of the swimming-pool capital, by the famed columnist-critic of café society—

LUCIUS BEEBE

HOLLYWOOD parties, popular legend maintains, are madhouse affairs of positively Babylonish elegance and no taste whatsoever, peopled with high-salaried ruffians whose notion of the ultimate in swank whimsey is swimming in their evening clothes and throwing plates at footmen. For once popular legend can neither be gainsaid nor amended: Hollywood parties are madhouse affairs of positively Babylonish elegance and no taste whatsoever, peopled with high-salaried ruffians whose notion of
the ultimate swank in whimsy is swimming in their evening clothes and throwing plates at the footmen. That’s one reason Hollywood waiters are as they are: only reasonably competent in the service of wine and food, but infinitely adept at dodging and fleeing the premises when the inevitable blizzard of cutlery, crockery and crystal gets under way.

Since the days of Mabel Normand film folk have been fools for elegance. Refinement and chic have stood out all over their private lives in chunks as big as the Hope Diamond, but the saga has it that the last word in gracious magnificence wasn’t achieved until Tom Mix acquired his first butler. Mr. Mix’s butler, it seems, had formerly been a cow-hand and a familiar of Tom’s on the range and in the various oases and pool halls of cow towns. That being the case it was difficult to break him of his habit of saluting the master and mistress of the household by their first names—Tom and Victoria. Once this feat was accomplished, however, all that was necessary to transform him into a very Crichton of Jeeveses were seven suits of livery which Tom bought him, each accompanied by a cap to match bearing the legend “Tom Mix, Monday,” “Tom Mix, Tuesday,” etc.

Hollywood, stunned by this miracle of elegance, flocked to Mr. Mix’s parties in increasing numbers, while Tom, himself, was hailed as the Arbiter Elegantiarum of Beverly Hills, a veritable Ward McAllister of the West Coast. Now and then Jeeves, in friendly mood, joined the party and shot craps on the floor after dinner with the other celebrities, and once when Mrs. Mix was describing, in a vein of wistful reminiscence, an occasion when Tom had drunk down a whole saloonful of cowhands, the sepulchral voice of the perfect butler was heard muttering from the pantry, “And you had something of a slant on yourself, Victoria.”

All this was a long time ago and since that time Hollywood has put away such naïve gestures of opulence. A recent check-up revealed that not a single butler now wears a cap engrossed with his employer’s name and that most house servants now prefer bridge to the rowdy indignity of craps.

Trend finders maintain that the new elegance came to Hollywood with Clifton Webb, just a year or two ago. Mr. Webb, rumor had it, was the only man in the film colony who appreciated and understood the correct use of the fish fork in dining, and the subjunctive mood in conversation. With his coming, Hollywood life took on entirely a “Clifton Webb atmosphere” which, removed from its proper original, was not without its humorous overtones.

Directors, quite lacking in the lean proportions of the dancer, came to the studio, their chunky midriffs swathed in outrageous tweeds which lividly parodied Mr. Webb’s sport clothes. Conversation was altogether dominated by the subjunctive, and rich producers, who a year before had been making their mark with an “X” in legal lieu of handwriting, were bandying such airy phrases as, “Were I you” and “Would that I might.”

Actors who knew that when Mr. Webb gave large parties he employed a secretary to check off the invited guests as they arrived amazingly adopted this practice for all occasions, and three or four familiar intimates arriving for luncheon in Santa Monica villas would find themselves stopped at the threshold and properly identified to a secretary with a check list. The Clifton Webb saga still influences Hollywood parties, although some of its aspects would undoubtedly surprise its author.

To convey some hint of the flavor of Hollywood parties, some vague suggestion of the index of dementia, which is characteristic of rooftop raisings, corn huskings and communal Morris dancing routs in the swami and (Continued on page 77)
What manner of man is Ronald Colman—star these many years; yet stranger to you, to me, to Hollywood?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

First of all, Ronald Colman is an English gentleman. No longer youthful (and he himself would be the first to admit that), he still has charm enough to so delight women of all ages that his current picture, "The Prisoner of Zenda," is the outstanding box-office smash of the present season.

Extremely handsome, intelligent, reticent, one has to guess, however, at this Englishman's true nature, rather than discover it directly from him.

For example, he doesn't like to eat in public places. Being no fanatic, however, he does occasionally go out to dine. On one such occasion recently, he had ordered his meal and was turning to address a member of his party. Two cameramen blocked his vision. "Just a couple of pictures, please, Mr. Colman."

"Go ahead."

When the cameramen had finished, Mr. Colman, ignoring the food that had been placed before him, sought out the manager of the café. "I came in here, like anyone else, to pay for my meal, expecting to be allowed to eat it in peace. You telephoned the cameramen. I don't blame them. They're doing their job. I do blame you. It's your job to supply the public with food, not to trap them into posing as advertisements for your café. Now you have your ad. I don't see why you should get your money too, do you?"

The incident reveals Colman. Despite his years in a business whose life blood is publicity, he shrinks from the limelight. Too fair-minded to penalize the defenseless, he is also too self-respecting to be played for a sucker.

His aversion to the ways of ballyhoo is as genuine and instinctive as Garbo's. Perhaps because he's a man, his practical handling of the problem is more moderate. As an actor, yes, all the publicity you like. As a private citizen, no.

When he was engaged by David O. Selznick to make "The Prisoner of Zenda," Russell Birdwell, an astute worker in the publicity field, put the case to him. "I don't know what your policy is in such matters. I'd like to tell you what ours is. We believe in publicity to the hilt. We believe that anybody who's making a living in motion pictures should be sold continuously like a can of tomatoes. We believe you should be photographed, interviewed and talked about—in relation to the movies. We won't ask you to name your dream girl, or the ten most beautiful women in Hollywood. We won't quote you on any subject without your confirmation. We will ask you to let us make public whatever you do in motion pictures. The rest belongs to you."

Colman heard him out. "I couldn't have put my own position better," he said. "You can count on me all the way." He was as good as his word.

It has been said that through every actor runs a streak of exhibitionism, else he wouldn't be an actor. If this is true, Colman is the inevitable exception to the rule. He refuses, for example, to attend the premiere of his pictures, to place himself in any situation which would make of him its central figure. To be stared at, pointed out, buzzed over, makes him flinch with an almost physical distaste. He cannot help that.

Sometimes he finds it necessary to wear dark glasses, to pull his hat brim down over his eyes. For this he apologizes. He feels he's making himself conspicuous in another way, but it's the lesser of two evils. He'd like to be able to walk down Hollywood Boulevard and look into the shopwindows, to roam along the water front and watch the fishermen. He can do neither. He doesn't mean that his liberty of movement is curtailed. He knows he's been adequately compensated in others directions. "It's not that I mind giving autographs," he says. "It's this sense of eyes all over me—"

There's no mystery about his attitude. A man of reserve, he finds the attention of strangers painful. A courteous man, he finds the need for rebuffing them still more painful. Therefore, whenever possible, he avoids them.

Now and then his courtesy gets the better of him. A woman of his acquaintance begged him to drop in at her home one afternoon "just to say hello to some dear friends from the East." Knowing how he felt, she assured him that neither newspaper people nor cameramen would be present. He went in good faith. Scarcely had he appeared, before he was led, with pretty apologies, to a room where four or five cameramen waited. He was photographed with his hostess and with each of her guests. After forty minutes, having done what he'd been expected to do, he left.

Two days later a gossip column ran an item to the effect that "the great Colman had demanded a guest list before consenting to attend his friend's party—a piece of rudeness that would be unthinkable to a man of his instincts—and had then refused to be photographed with the guests."

"Maybe they didn't recognize me," murmured Colman, on seeing the item. "I felt like a prize pig. Maybe that's how I photographed."

He has been called the eremite of Holly-

(Continued on page 72)
WHY CAN'T THE STARS
STAY MARRIED?

BY DAVID SEABURY
NOTED LECTURER, JOURNALIST
AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST

THE theater was dark. A deep, troubled sigh broke the spell of silence. Stirred by the romance on the screen, someone was thinking of his own problem. For, young or old, love troubles us all. You and I have felt it—the thrill of anticipation while waiting for the one whose touch we crave, the ache of loneliness when he departs, the dull sadness when misunderstanding enters and the romance is ended.

We go to see picture after picture, sometimes to escape our own unhappiness, sometimes to dream of the joy we seek. Now and again, a scene, a word, tells us a little that is helpful about the strangest of all life's forces: this mystery of love. Now and then, some great story of affection in a film gives us confidence that we can capture happiness ourselves. More often, we saunter home still wondering.

Some time ago, when I was last in Hollywood, a well-known actress put a question to me that indirectly has to do with all our lives. What is wrong with love nowadays, and why can't the stars stay married, she wished to know. I doubt if love is more unruly in 1937 than it has ever been. Divorce, it is true, is on the increase, but it is doubtful if our ancestors were any happier in intimacy than we are. In the old days, many a man was married several times, too, but in those days, it was death that terminated the union, as can be proved by reading the headstones of those

(Continued on page 80)
SKATING

The applause of the world or the homage of a man—one of these Sonja Henie had to choose.

Little star, big star, both masters of showmanship: Shirley Temple and Sonja
AND what did his Majesty say to you?" asked Mrs. Henie, excitedly. "By all the Saints! King Haakon himself—!"

Little Sonja, newly the world's champion ice skater, smiled smugly. "He said, 'Norway is proud of you, my child. You gave a beautiful performance.' And I curtsied and said, 'Thank you, Sir.' Your presence inspired me.' Wasn't that right?"

Mrs. Henie stood staring silently at her offspring. Finally she touched the girl's head and said softly, "Sonja, you will go far."

Sonja leaned down to inspect her shoe, grinning. "I know it."

She was just eleven.

But there had been years of solid healthy work, a magnificent willful determination, the applause of victory set to the music of silver skates. In 1920 had come her first pair of skates; 1922, her first championship; and now, at eleven, she had flashed before the judges of the World Championship to find such triumph as few men or women dream of.

And it was 1924. In New York Paul White- man was still fat and interesting people with his introduction of a controversial piece called "Rhapsody In Blue," by a fellow named Gershwin; Jeanne Eagels on the stage and Valentine on the screen were important; skirts and hair were getting shorter. In Geneva the League of Nations was mapping a Lasting Peace; in Paris fashion and sin held a more superlative world place than ever; in London and all Britain young ladies of marriageable age were discovering that there weren't any young men left...

And in the wealthy Henie household at Oslo, Norway, there were changes, too. Sonja, heretofore a precious but not exceptional member of the family, a normal little girl with an instinct for showing off that sometimes reached the point of irritation, was suddenly a personage. She was famous: she was a champion; a King had honored her; newspaper headlines throughout the world had included her name.

And she knew this, and she was glad. To the abounding ego and the passionate need for applause that early had been established as her entire motivation, such new acclaim was not unpleasant. To find that it was extended now to her own house was an even greater triumph.

Her brother was no longer allowed to tease her, as had been his wont. "It might make her nervous," said Selma Henie sharply on her entire motivation, such acclaim was not unpleasant. To find that it was extended now to her own house was an even greater triumph.

But there had been years of solid healthy work, a magnificent willful determination, the applause of victory set to the music of silver skates. In 1920 had come her first pair of skates; 1922, her first championship; and now, at eleven, she had flashed before the judges of the World Championship to find such triumph as few men or women dream of.

And it was 1924. In New York Paul White- man was still fat and interesting people with his introduction of a controversial piece called "Rhapsody In Blue," by a fellow named Gershwin; Jeanne Eagels on the stage and Valentine on the screen were important; skirts and hair were getting shorter. In Geneva the League of Nations was mapping a Lasting Peace; in Paris fashion and sin held a more superlative world place than ever; in London and all Britain young ladies of marriageable age were discovering that there weren't any young men left...

And in the wealthy Henie household at Oslo, Norway, there were changes, too. Sonja, heretofore a precious but not exceptional member of the family, a normal little girl with an instinct for showing off that sometimes reached the point of irritation, was suddenly a personage. She was famous: she was a champion; a King had honored her; newspaper headlines throughout the world had included her name.

And she knew this, and she was glad. To the abounding ego and the passionate need for applause that early had been established as her entire motivation, such new acclaim was not unpleasant. To find that it was extended now to her own house was an even greater triumph.

Her brother was no longer allowed to tease her, as had been his wont. "It might make her nervous," said Selma Henie sharply on her entire motivation, such acclaim was not unpleasant. To find that it was extended now to her own house was an even greater triumph.

For a few months this was enough, this knowledge of superiority, this homage from her family; she needed nothing else, not the companionship of other little girls nor the playtime games, not the old familiar bick- ering with Lief. She knew that when she walked down the street her erstwhile playmates stared at her enviously, that when she was practicing, the group of people gathered at the edge of the ice had come especially to watch her.

Then, inevitably, the newness of her glory lost its first bright sheen and with it went the uncustomed deference which she had already accepted as routine. Lief one evening ventured to reply sarcastically to one of her remarks. Sonja waited composedly for Selma's quick rebuke, but Mrs. Henie looked thoughtfully at the two children for a moment and then turned away, saying nothing. The tutor decreed no more skipping of les- sons and when, insolently, she ignored the edict, he had a little chat with Wilhelmin, who thereupon had a little chat with Sonja.

There came a day when only two other people visited the pond while she was there, and they had come to skate themselves. It was the final humiliation. She looked herself in her room at home and faced what had happened.

You made a great success, and everybody clapped and said, "Isn't she wonderful!" and made special concessions about everything; so life was fun and you had that unexplain- able, glowing surge of pride always inside you. But it didn't last. And when it was gone things were worse than ever before—because you'd given up other possessions, other consolations; and you had nothing now.

Then quickly, before the last shred of (Continued on page 86)
—says this well-known movie columnist as he exposes all the private jokes of the film colony's famous Mark Twain twanged that there is no humor in Heaven, and that's conclusive proof that Hollywood isn't Heaven, no matter whose sweet mama came from there. For there's lots of laughter in—and at—the Cinema City. Yet, somehow, it's kept kind of secret, as though Hollywood were afraid to be caught giggling by the rest of the world—afraid to indulge the one manifestation that sets mankind apart from the allegedly dumber animals.

This particular Photoplayboy has scanned the words of Hollywood's farthest-famed visiting firemen for some sly gag or nifty, but there's nary a quip from ary a lip. Now, of course, you wouldn't expect any conscious belly laughs from Herbert Hoover, Albert Einstein or the King of Siam. It seems fair enough, though, to expect a snicker from a pungent poke at Finauld's funny bone by George Bernard Shaw, or a razzing rapier from Sinclair Lewis. But they all pretend to take Hollywood as seriously as Hollywood pretends to take itself.

Perhaps the deluge of wit which ebbs and flows on the Hollywood tides is stemmed within its dam because of the local value of bright banter as a commodity. They need these jokes in pictures, and they hawk them like gold or sweepstakes coupons. Being comical is a serious business. The saddest men off screen are the cinematic clowns. Their lives depend upon your laughter. They're haunted by a fear of being unfunny. To them, each joke's a gem to be hidden deeply in a secret place until it bursts in dazzling radiance upon the silver screen.

Funny Fred Allen, for instance, is a laugh preserver. He'd sooner give you the proverbial shirt off his chest than an off-stage screen or radio jest. Says Fred: "I don't exactly get my bright dialogue by visiting pet shops and eavesdropping on parrots!" To him, you see, each pun's a pearl. And I don't mean Jack.

Of course, the prodigals are always with us. Groucho Marx and Georgie Jessel possess an inexhaustible fund of wit, and "give" in spendthrift fashion. So come with me be-

hind the screen scene and we'll hunt some jibes and jests corralled during joke-jotting days and nights in the jungles of Hollywood.

Now, Hollywood's wisest wits are possessed of a pertinent philosophy. Mervyn LeRoy for instance, observes: "To be a success in Hollywood a man must be a contortionist: he must have his back to the wall, his ear to the ground, his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, and finally, he has to keep a level head and have both feet on the ground."

Eddie Cantor once remarked: "Being the Man of the Hour in Hollywood has only one drawback—you generally last about that long."

W. C. Fields feels: "Authors who knock wood when they're successful will knock Hollywood when they're not."

Then there's Mark Hellinger, who will tell you, "The only difference between a Hollywood phoney and a Broadway phoney is—3000 miles."

One of the more troublesome stars is always squawking about his photographs. The other day he cornered Hymie Fink (Photoplay's photographer) with a proof and shouted at the focus-focus man, "Do I look like this picture? Have I a squat? Do I look like a prize fighter?"

"The answer is in the negative," was Hymie's rapid reply.

Nunnally Johnson was chatting with an interviewer. "What line in your latest movie (Continued on page 82)
Lazlo Willinger, famous European photographer, turns his lens on Nelson Eddy and this pianist who really isn't Eddy's accompanist but Larry Barbier of M-G-M, arranger of portrait sittings.
THE BALLET COMES TO HOLLYWOOD
"The world's most beautiful ballet dancer," is the way Joseph St. Amand, noted French portrait painter, describes American-born Heidi Vosseler, above. One of the world's outstanding toe dancers, she makes her screen debut in "The Goldwyn Follies." Below left, George Balanchine, internationally famous director of the American Ballet, rehearses Giselle Caccialanza, Daphne Yane and Miss Vosseler, while Zorina, renowned Norwegian dancing star of the Ballet Russe, and William Dollar, premier male dancer of the American Ballet, exhibit a hand and arm movement.
FAMILY MAN

With a typical and timely grin, and only slight evidence of nervous tension, Gary Cooper has assumed the responsibility of being a prominent Hollywood father. Mr. Cooper holds the record for successful transition to the parental state: his convalescence required only one day's absence from his duties of portraying a swashbuckling Venetian on the set of "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Congratulations to the lucky daughter of Rocky Cooper and the famous "Long Tack Sam."

IRISH "YANK"

Imported eight years ago, Maureen O'Sullivan became, by studio demand, a Celtic Elsie Dinsmore. Then came the Irish Rebellion; she would be herself or nothing. The spoils of war was the love of appreciative John Farrow. Good-natured endurance of the Adventures of Tarzan made her apple-cheeked and agile in the art of climbing. To success? Of course! The envy of practically every American girl—and most English—she sailed for London to costar with the handsome Taylor lad in M-G-M's "A Yank at Oxford."
HAVE YOU A LITTLE CAMERA

Here's the answer from PHOTOPLAY readers, who, when urged to focus on Hollywood's great, sent shots even Hymie Fink envies.

When Gladys Swarthout and her husband Mr. Chapman waved good-by as they sailed for Europe, Helen Coyne of Jackson Heights was there to snap them, and to win our first prize.

There were camera fans way back in 1920 when the Fairbanks went honey-mooning. Miss Hotchkiss was one.

Before a thrilling game of polo waged at Burnt Mills, Leslie Howard takes time to light up and pose for Mr. Kozma.

From Bertha Friedlob comes this shot of Ernest Torrence and Jack Holt on location for the 1924 film, "North of 36".

Patricia Feneley's shot of Janet Gaynor proves that candid cameras can be kind. Clark Gable looked as if he weren't used to it, when Jimmy Gaynor took this picture.
When Helen Freyman visited Hollywood she had the luck you've all dreamed of—for she met Bob Taylor. Here's the proof.

Even a trip on the Normandie does not shake Marlene Dietrich's poise. That's what Madeline Nueske discovered as she clicked her camera's lens at the star.

Miss Feeney of Detroit has a gift for taking charming pictures. Without a doubt this proves that Shirley is the Darling of the Regiment.

A famous dancer shows he likes animals as well as dance steps. Jane Flinchum took this of Fred Astaire at ease with his "pooch."

The day Randolph Scott was steward at Del Mar Race Track, Miss Joan Hazard of Mission Beach, Cal., was there, too.
Jean Blondell may be the heroine of Warners' "The Perfect Specimen," and the no less perfect wife of Dick Powell, but she refuses to be the exponent of the art of female wrestling. Cast as a lady grapple in "Swing Your Lady," she decided she preferred the more sentimental side of life; walked out on the studio and into a marital vacation, thus carrying on the year-old honeymoon atmosphere of the perfect marriage.
The call number of stardom is up for Jane Bryan, Warners' shy, freckled-faced young fledgling. Born O'Brien—in Hollywood—Jane trained in Jean Muir's Little Theater. Her work in "Kid Galahad" and "Confession" startled the front office into these camera stunts. They sent her out to shoot prop ducks, mend prop nets, pick prop pumpkins—the sure indication that a new star is on the way.
LITTLE GAY HOME IN THE WEST
Into the making of this early American house in Bel Air, has gone months of careful planning, hard work and many dreams. Haunted by the gypsy heritage of show people, the young MacMurrays had but one wish—to have a home. So, despite the illness of Mrs. MacMurray (the former Lillian Lamont), they built by bedside-conference method, with Lillian the legislator, Fred the executive. If the gods (and these pictures) are just, there's health, wealth and happiness ahead.
Hair a bit too bright, voice a bit too Broadway, confidence a bit too lagging—that was the Alice Faye who came to Hollywood with Rudy Vallee to appear in "Scandals" and remained to become a star. A studio artist managed the hair; a diction teacher smoothed the voice; Irving Berlin took care of the confidence by calling Alice the best film song-plugger. At first, resemblance to Harlow was a bugaboo, but Jean's death made Alice the star of "In Old Chicago." Courageous in all things, sensible in most, she keeps her chin up about her work, fingers crossed about her marriage (p. 49)
The shining highlight of W. C. Fields' private art collection is this caricature of himself sent him by a fan. It represents the dry version of Utopian Fields, and as such is one of his favorite masterpieces.
DO YOU REMEMBER?

Fill in the blanks below the picture with the correct name of each star. Then check the correct answer in the statements that follow. If your memory fails, see page 74.

1. Cameolike was the nation's sweetheart before Mary Pickford or Shirley Temple. Her fans loved her in "The Goose Girl." She walked off the lot to marry: 1—Mahlon Hamilton; 2—Harold Lockwood; 3—H. Palmerson Williams. At present she is: 1—editing a magazine; 2—living in New Orleans; 3—running her own film company.

2. One of the screen's first heartbreakers, thrilled audiences in "Watch My Smoke" and "The Hell Diggers." He died in 1923. His widow is: 1—Cleo Ridgely; 2—Gloria Swanson; 3—Dorothy Davenport; 4—Billie Burke. Carrying on his name in film roles is: 1—his wife; 2—his brother; 3—his son; 4—his youngest daughter.

3. A runner-up with Mrs. Buddy Rogers for blonde fame, and Harold Lockwood formed a romantic team in "The River of Romance," "Big Trémaine," and other memorable pre-1920 films. Her lovely smile, her dimples, her fluffy golden hair were lost to the screen when she forsook her career to marry: 1—Maurice Costello; 2—Carlyle Blackwell; 3—former Photoplay editor, James Quirk; 4—Charles Ray. Today she finds time to: 1—make lecture tours; 2—be domestic in Cleveland; 3—teach in a girls' school.

4. The shamrock her trademark, was the heroine of "So Big," and "Ella Cinders." Her name changed three different times to Mrs.: 1—Marshall Neilan; 2—Owen Moore; 3—John McCormick; 4—Gilbert Roland; 5—Al Scott; 6—Elliott Nugent; 7—Homer Hargrave. Her latest interest is: 1—managing a chicken farm; 2—exhibiting a doll house for charity; 3—making a comeback.
8 A top-notch comedienne of her day, appeared in films with Harold Lloyd long before she starred in "Rio Rita." Called The Most Engaged Girl in Hollywood, she finally picked: 1—John Boles; 2—C. B. De Mille; 3—Howard Hughes; 4—Ben Lyon; 5—Dick Arlen. Today she is: 1—studying voice; 2—devoting her time to her child; 3—playing in music halls abroad.

5 Formerly one of the screen's most chic, played society roles in "Black Oxen" and "Six Days." Her trio of husbands included: 1—Jack Pickford; 2—Lew Cody; 3—Webster Campbell; 4—Tony Moreno; 5—Walter Morosco; 6—George Marshall. Today she is: 1—painting in Mexico; 2—managing a book shop in Hollywood; 3—keeping house in Texas; 4—traveling abroad.

7 The movie career of blonde, who won fame in "Ponjola," was interrupted when she: 1—had to care for her invalid mother; 2—fell from a horse; 3—campaigned for Roosevelt. She now: 1—lives in Sweden; 2—writes scenarios; 3—plays minor film roles.
and it brought a lump to the throats of those who witnessed it when Tommy Kelly—the lonely little chap from the Bronx—saw his mother and sister after a separation of many months. It's predicted that "Tom Sawyer" will do for Tommy what "David Copperfield" did for Freddie Bartholomew.
In one ear and out the typewriter come the choicest items behind Hollywood headlines and heartlines

OF THE HAPPILY MARRIED

THAT smug look you see all over PHOTOPLAY’S face this month is because it predicted, exclusively, the marriage of Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak almost six months ago. For a little while, there, it looked as if the petite and lovely Miriam had changed our minds for us—then each time we saw them in public we were reassured. She met famous director Litvak on shipboard, returning to America, you remember, and knew almost at once that here was her happiness. Certainly she deserves it; she has worked too hard for too long making a career for herself and a fine home for her little son.

An amusing inside angle on the romance was that Litvak, for about a week prior to the marriage, drove the cast of “Tovarich” nearly crazy. A great artist in his own right, he, too, was given to a bit of temperament. The actors couldn’t quite imagine what had happened to him until the night he slipped off and became married. After that he was a perfect angel. The cast relaxed and realized it must have been uncertainty as to whether or not the brilliant Miriam would marry him that had been bothering him. He’s been the ideal director ever since and peace has reigned on the “Tovarich” set.

We are still gasping with surprise, on the other hand, over another marriage that took place on the same week end. Surely, after all the endless quarrels they had had, it was pretty amazing that Alice Faye and Tony Martin should decide so suddenly to try and make a go of it.

Out at Universal, where she was making a picture, we found Alice the next day and had a chat about the situation. She seemed a little surprised herself, and just a shade dubious. Of course, that was because Vic Orsatti was on the set (Alice remembered his quickly broken marriage to June Lang) and also Buddy Westmore, make-up artist. Buddy had only that day filed an answer to Martha Raye’s divorce suit. It was a dismal company and enough to make any newlywed think carefully about her future.

“Tony and I aren’t saying that ours is the perfect marriage,” Alice told us very frankly. “We know perfectly well that anyone who gets married in Hollywood is starting with two strikes against him. But at least our eyes are open, and so we’ve a better chance. I’m not going to try to hold him—he’ll have to love me enough to want to stick, that’s all. And I hope we can be honest with each other about other people.”

That sounded pretty smart to us, and we said so. “Absolutely best wishes,” we added. “Thanks,” Alice said. “We’ll need them.”

ON THE OTHER HAND

GEORGE BRENT wasn’t very happy when his Mexican marriage to Australian Constance Worth was held valid, but the sigh of relief that went up throughout Hollywood was like unto a small tornado. In some of the very best homes here the question for a long time has been, “Are we married or aren’t we?”

Brent’s next move, we understand, is divorce. Incidentally, under California community property laws Mrs. Brent now is entitled to half of whatever her husband owns.

AND WHILE THE SUBJECT IS FRESH

We don’t know just how near Mrs. Rhea Gable is to suiting her famous husband for divorce, but to all appearances Clark and Carole Lombard are preparing for the eventuality. Carole has bought fifty acres in San Fernando Valley; fifteen of the acres are under cultivation and the rest will be left for Clark’s horses to wander over.

It’s our understanding that when and if he is ever free to marry Carole, they’ll put up a ranch house there.

A STAR IS BORED

RECENTLY we trotted over to a near-by radio station to watch Janet Gaynor and Robert Montgomery rehearse for the airing of “A Star is Born.” It was incredibly hot but Janet and Bob, both dressed alike in linen
Hollywood tennis fans came en masse for the annual September matches at the L. A. Tennis Club.

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMAN FINK

Cameras were as thick as tennis balls! Frank Milan snaps at Ann Sothern looks

Charming Virginia Bruce enjoys every play

Wilmer Hines and Claire Trevor take their tennis too seriously

Marian Marsh obliges the autograph fans while her brother Edward Morgan looks on

slacks with soft shirts open at the throat, seemed to be having a wonderful time.

When it was all over, however, a young man who was almost overcome with heat came moistly from the little box of a control room, where he'd been waiting and supervising. After he'd patted his hair down and wiped his face we saw that it was Tyrone Power, and he didn't look very happy. He went off for his car but Janet lingered on, chatting with Cecil B. De Mille.

It was rather interesting to us watching Tyrone amuse himself while Sonja Henie was away. He took Loretta Young around town for a time, and then he discovered the winsome little Gaynor—but with rejoicing. There's little enough doubt that he has just about the worst case of love-bug-bite in Hollywood—most of the time he even forgets to put on his make-up before he goes to the set.

The funniest thing, though, is hearing close friends of both give out with pity for Tyrone. "Poor boy," they murmur sympathetically, "other youngsters have fallen in love with Janet and she's been very sweet to them, but—"

Well, we know Mr. Power pretty well. And if we are preparing to shed any tears over the possibility of broken hearts we'd never fear it would be Tyrone's heart. He's too intelligent.

POOR PRODIGY

BOBBY BREEN'S family got into quite an argument as to when the popular young star was to commence his next picture. According to his contract, Bobby was not subject to studio call until early this winter. However, when the studio succeeded in finding the story they wanted for him sooner than expected, they phoned his mother and father. Would the boy like to start his next picture early in the fall and instead of early winter?

Absolutely not, was the answer. Bobby needed some time off, now, to be a regular boy. Then the members of the Breen family went to the mat in attempting to settle a production date. Nobody thought to ask Bobby, himself, when he would like to do his next picture, until they discovered him in his bedroom one day recently, weeping bitterly.

"I'm—just lonesome," he sobbed. "When I'm working in a picture there's always a lot of kids around. But when I'm home, there isn't anyone. I wish I could start working tomorrow."

With that, the family finally got together and phoned the studio that they could start Bobby's new picture any old
ONE of the least publicized children in Hollywood is Peter, Connie Bennett's little nine-year-old boy. He's a likable little chap, full of spirits that don't have much chance to come out, since a governess is always within eye-and-ear shot. He has a private dining nook that opens off his room and he takes his meals there. It can't be a very exciting life for a kid of that age, but he must have the consolation of knowing that there are a lot of other children in town who've had the misfortune of being the youngsters of...
famous and wealthy people. After all, Hollywood stars have no other choice than to keep their offspring confined and closely guarded. Little Pete even has to shop at home, with a store representative bringing down stock for his selection.

Perhaps this is another reason why the glamorous ladies of the movie city seem so loath to have and rear large families—or any family at all. Aside from the effect on the figure, it’s hardly fair to the children.

Connie, by the way, is chuckling quietly at those who said she was through with pictures for good and all. After “Topper,” and with her Hal Roach contract tucked safely away, she’s now on as good a footing as any actress in Hollywood, particularly since the craze for light and goofy comedy seems to be as potent as ever.

WHAT’S THIS WE HEAR DEPARTMENT

SOMETIMES it seems to be a real romance between Ginger Rogers and Robert Riskin, the director-writer. At other times Lew Ayres is again head man. The fact is nobody knows what’s going on.

Lana Turner has reluctantly turned her eyes and heart away from Wayne Morris’ direction and is being comforted by Warner’s new pride and joy, Ronald Reagan.

That reported wedding between Bruce Cabot and an Eastern socialite is off. Young lady’s mama flew West to take care of that little thing, and fixed it proper, we understand.

UNSENTIMENTAL FAREWELL

THE lovely Mrs. Buddy Rogers has concluded the sale of that great house she once shared with Douglas Fairbanks.

For the first time the gates to Pickfair will remain permanently closed. As long as Mary Pickford was in residence, the gates were left wide open so that the public could look in at the house and grounds.

“The public helped build Pickfair,” Mary once said to us, “and I feel it partially belongs to them.” The fact that Mary constantly gave her house and grounds for charity fetes proved the sincerity of her words.

But now Buddy Rogers and his wife are leaving the house forever, and all the old traditions and ideals that surrounded Pickfair will leave with them.

“Are you sorry to go?” we asked Mary.

“No,” she said. “I have never allowed this house to possess me. I feel free to go on to a new life and create new beauty somewhere else.”

BIRTHDAY PARTY

On her birthday this month Claudette Colbert got up at six, had breakfast and was on the “Tovarich” set by nine. At ten A.M. she had to go back to her dressing room and take a shower because the heat was so intense on the Warner lot. At eleven she gave an interview, then worked until twelve. At lunch she studied dialogue. At two there was a take of drenched clothing, which necessitated another bath and redressing; at three another interview; at four a huddle with (Continued on page 87)
From the land of make-believe come thrilling glimpses of the latest masterpieces in the making

Not only is she the first foreign find to make her debut in a gangster picture (even a big one like this), but she is also the first potential glamour girl to start a Hollywood career in a young-mother rôle—a rôle in which she ages twelve years during the time from the opening shot to the fade-out.

Mlle. Stradner has courage. She proved that when the studio changed her name to "something more glamorous": Andrea Marlo. She fought to have it changed back.

She argued: "If I succeed, it will not matter what my name is. People will repeat it. If I fail, it will make no difference what my name is. Perhaps Stradner suggests nothing. But what does Marlo suggest? A combination of Harlow, Garbo and Margo. I am not that!"

Her logic was unanswerable. She won the battle. The rôle came later. And here she is, in a satin negligee on a luxurious interior set, playing—a mother with a six-months-old baby.

It is her first encounter with motherhood, make-believe or otherwise. And she tells us, with a rueful smile, "I always wanted a baby. Now I wonder. Or aren't all babies temperamental?" We catch the infant napping.

We have to tip toe away to the set of "Rosalie," which is a musical comedy with a West Point background. It costars (for the first time) Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell, and costars Ray Bolger and Ilona Massey. Eleanor and Ray take care of the dancing; Nelson and Ilona, the singing.

The studio changed Ilona's name, too. And she raised nary an objection. Her last name used to be Hajmassy. It was famous in Viennese operatic circles, along with her voice. Her face and figure are all right, too. She has just started work. She has the first-day jitters. Also, she is not used to such fast English as Director W. S. Van Dyke's.

She is walking along a path with Tommy Rutherford, movie newcomer. Behind them rises a steep slope of rock (plaster to the props). She is to pause, look down at the river; then say, tremolo, "Zis is Flirtation Walk!" They kiss. And, presto, the camera tilts upward, focusing on the top of the rock. There is Nelson, enviously eyeing the embrace.

One-take Van Dyke has to make a second take. He stands about six feet in front of Ilona. "No, no," he tells her. "The river is not back there"—he gestures behind him. "It is where my feet are." Ilona looks at his feet, registers a thrill at the view, says "Zis is Flirtation Walk!", and embraces Tommy. The second take is successful.

On Stage 4, Joan Crawford is doing something that no one does better. A realistic Cinderella story. A story of a girl chained to life in a tenement, who breaks her chains

(Continued on page 84)
No matter how many times you have seen this famous tear-jerking melodrama you will weep again at Metro's new version. Mainly because of Gladys George's magnificent acting and also because of Sam Wood's fine direction, the cinema bromide emerges once more with its banalities nearly gone and a new scope and restraint added.

Miss George plays with feeling and exquisite technique the misunderstood woman who, cast out by her rigidly moral husband because of an indiscretion, gradually becomes dissolute and a slattern. The story of her downfall has been given new interest, and her slow disintegration is one of the best portrayals of the year. Climax is the famous courtroom scene, in which her own son defends her. Warren William and John Beal are both splendid.

WHAT should have been a smash musical, scintillating and brilliant, here becomes a wandering story of two families. A good deal of fairly good entertainment is scattered throughout but the historical saga and the comedy numbers conflict with each other.

Story begins in 1912 when 52nd Street was lined with mansions; Ian Hunter plays an aristocrat who starts a feud with his two strait-laced sisters, Dorothy Peterson and Zsa Zsa Gabor, by marrying Marla Shelton, an entertainer. The years go by and Hunter's daughter grows up to have a romance with Kenny Baker, son of a street singer. Coincidentally with these developments, 52nd Street is shown as it degenerates into an avenue of speak-easies. Leo Carrillo is funny, Baker croons well.

THE PERFECT SPECIMEN—Warners

What great effort has been made on the William Powell—Myrna Loy team, of box-office fame, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has leaned over backward in this, and, at times, has fallen. The entire film is a stew of romance with high fever and of comedy without subtle implications; nevertheless, it's tremendously funny in a boisterous fashion.

Powell plays a roustabout adventurer who lives in a trailer. Deciding Hollywood is his goal, Bill attempts to coach Florence Rice and her beau, John Beal, in a homestyle drama. When Myrna, staid and businesslike sister of Miss Rice, hears of the goings on she barges in to investigate and gets a good look at the fascinating Powell; then the trouble starts, because by this time Florence has grown tired of Beal. Better go, but don't expect perfection.

Brol Flynn as a comedian must have sounded a little silly to the fribes Warner, too, when the idea was first suggested to them. But when you see the Irish adventurer in this cinema clambake you'll realize Mr. Flynn can do a "Mr. Deeds" type of role as well as his blood-and-thunder films. He is cast, here, as the heir to a $20,000,000 utilities company—a boy who has always been shut in from the outside world and educated as "the perfect specimen of his class and species." But he hasn't lived; when Joan Blondell crashes through the fence of his house, therefore, and tempts him to run away to tilt windmills like Don Quixote, he strikes at the lute.

The rest of the picture is a running portrait of this essentially naive person fighting at a truck drivers' picnic, clattering around the countryside with Miss Blondell, and generally getting himself into trouble. The complications are amusing, since his tyrant grandmother, May Robson, has called in the police to find him. There are some good bedroom scenes.

Dick Foran and Beverly Roberts form an interesting secondary romantic team, and the more giddy comedy is supplied by Hugh Herbert and Edward Everett Horton. Allen Jenkins contributes his usual rowdy troupig with gum-chewing Dennis Moore helping out. You may find that everyone has gained so much momentum they can't stop when the picture does, but you won't mind. You'll be chuckling too much to see or hear the ending anyhow.
THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Oscar Homolka in "Ebb Tide"
Barry Fitzgerald in "Ebb Tide"
Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth"
Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth"
Ralph Bellamy in "The Awful Truth"
Errol Flynn in "The Perfect Specimen"
Joan Blondell in "The Perfect Specimen"
Bill Powell in "Double Wedding"
Myrna Loy in "Double Wedding"
John Beal in "Double Wedding"
Gladys George in "Madame X"
The Ritz Brothers in "Life Begins in College"

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Ebb Tide
The Great Garrick
Madame X
Stand-In
Breakfast for Two

The Perfect Specimen
Life Begins in College
Double Wedding
52nd Street
The Awful Truth

**BEST BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO Radio**

In Barbara Stanwyck's first picture since "Stella Dallas" hokum and exaggeration are employed to good advantage. Where Stella was a pathetic figure in her overstuffed clothes, Miss Stanwyck's newest cine-character is a smartly dressed, dominant and gay Texan who works wonders with a New York playboy's life, home and business.

Barbara meets Herbert Marshall on one of his romantic drunken rolls, finds that he is neglecting the business inherited from his family, proceeds to put him firmly on his own feet by (1) giving him a black eye in a fight, (2) buying out his business, and (3) preventing his marriage to Glenda Farrell, a gold-digging showgirl. Eric Blore plays the role of assistant to Cupid; Donald Meek and Frank Thomas contribute too.

**LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox**

There is no story to speak of, much of the acting is bad, and the situations are unbelievable, yet this must be rated as top-notch entertainment. The Ritz Brothers make it that. Spouting energy and madness from every pore, they work so hard at comedy they literally bludgeon you into laughter.

Released at a time when college and football are starting together, the film uses a Midwestern school as setting and revolves about a washed-up but still good football coach, Fred Stone. An oil-rich Indian, Nat Pendleton, enrolls and not only saves Stone's job but the old man's reputation. Always in the background are the Ritzs, laughing and scratching; Joan Davis does a Martha Raye as Nat's affinity and Gloria Stuart pairs with Dick Baldwin (a newcomer) for serious love interest.

**THE AWFUL TRUTH—Columbia**

This is the best picture that has ever fallen to the happy lot of lovely Irene Dunne. For that matter it is the best picture to come out of Hollywood in a year that has seen many superior productions. Addressed to both cultivated and casual audiences, it is terrifically funny from its inception to its brilliant close. There is not a line wasted, not a piece of acting business bungled. That it successfully combines wistful but genuine romance with legitimate slapstick is its chief virtue, but outside of analysis, it is simply superb entertainment, charming, beautifully produced and with nice people in it.

Miss Dunne, well dressed and warmly engaging, plays with a happy combination of innocence and satire the quick-witted wife of Cary Grant. They're in love with each other but like to play around a little, and after a particularly exhilarating argument they decide on divorce as a solution. Irene meets Ralph Bellamy, a rich but naïve Oklahoman, and agrees to marry him out of sheer boredom. Grant, meanwhile, has tracked down a young heiress and got himself engaged to her. Then comes the clambake, because both Irene and Cary discover the divorce was a mistake, and set out to compromise each other into a reconciliation.

Bellamy gives his finest performance, Grant has never been more charming; Cecil Cunningham and Joyce Compton contribute hilarious bits; Leo McCarey has directed with cunning. It's a command performance for every picture addict.

**THE GREAT GARRICK—Warner's**

It all depends on you, whether or not you'll find "The Great Garrick" your type of entertainment, for this farce is by no means general in its appeal.

Set against the colorful background of the Eighteenth Century, it centers around the personalty of David Garrick, England's most famous actor. The actors of the Comedie Francaise, hearing of Garrick's impending visit, are inspired by their jealousy to try to make a fool of the famous David. They hire an inn, man it completely from their troupe, and plan a major deceit. How the Englishman foils their plot is the story.

Brian Aherne, very swashbuckling in the leading role, lacks needed warmth. Olivia de Havilland, opposite him, is, as usual, completely enchanting.

**EBB TIDE—Paramount**

For those of you bored to jelly with stock movies, this should be an orgy. Filmed in Technicolor, it offers two new sensations: the sea in all its majestic beauty, and Britain's Oscar Homolka, a genuinely fine actor. With two friends, Barry Fitzgerald, and Ray Milland, he takes over a schooner, plans to steal the cargo. The owner's daughter, Frances Farmer, is aboard. After a terrific typhoon, they land an an island where dwells murderous Lloyd Nolan.

Here justice is dealt to all concerned. Director James Logan has kept the strange flavor of Stevenson's story, and he is aided by the clever cast, each of whom gives a masterly performance. It's a picture you will long remember.
THE BRIDE WORE RED—M-G-M

HEAVEN help the actors on a script like this. In a Viennese version of the Cinderella legend, Joan Crawford impersonates a cabaret girl chosen by an impish count to pose as a lady at a fashionable hotel. Here she comes upon a passionate postman, Franchot Tone, and a playboy, Robert Young. Miss Crawford offers a performance both gracious and compelling, but the weary plot defeats everything.

FIT FOR A KING—RKO-Radio

HEREWITH Joe E. Brown in a "you chase me and I'll chase you" comedy, with all the usual Brown antics. Joe is a reporter sent to cover the story of a Kansas-born princess (Helen Mack) of some mythical kingdom who is about to be assassinated. Poor Joe is scooped at every turn by a rival reporter, Paul Kelly, until the real showdown, which is riotous fun. Brown fans will adore every reel.

A BRIDE FOR HENRY—Monogram

A LIVELY comedy with a novel triangle idea, this has Anne Nagel marrying Warren Hull to spite Henry Mollison, who forgot to show up at the altar for their wedding. Mollison joins Anne and Hull on their honeymoon. Hull is a big success with the other girls at the hotel, and Claudia Dell decides she could use him. It's very light and frothy, and performances of the whole cast are capable.

MUSIC FOR MADAME—RKO-Radio

NINO MARTINI'S excellent voice counterbalances the weakness of this wandering story about a singer accused of stealing a pearl necklace at a wedding while the guests are enthralled with his singing. Alan Mowbray's satirical take-off of a noted symphonic conductor is nice, Joan Fontaine is pretty and the Hollywood Bowl scenes are impressive. You'll like all the music. (Continued on page 96)

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Silver sequins twinkle like stars on the hemline of this blue silhouette gown worn by Irene Dunne. Her cape of natural red fox adds colorful contrast
Loretta Young, Christmas shopping in an ensemble of plaid and plain Rodier woolen created by Howard Greer of Hollywood. Her skirt, with side slits, is contrasted by a short box jacket of plaid in shades of rust, brown, yellow and red with five-eighth sleeves, high revers and carved wooden buttons. The full-length topcoat of brown woolen to match the skirt has top sleeves of beige fox. The quill that pierces Loretta's toque is tinged with the colors of the plaid. For details of Miss Young's accessories turn to the Fashion Letter on page 67. J. W. Robinson Company of L. A. wrapped these Xmas boxes for the star of "Second Honeymoon"

Photograph by Frank Pinesley

Hold your hats, boys

Leave it to our inimitable Carole to start a new millinery trend! In playful mood she stole Clark Gable's new winter hat right off his head and found it was just the thing to complete her sport frock of beige covert cloth. Clark had carefully selected his hat in brown velour with a matching double band silk cord knotted and fringed in back. Carole's two-piece frock is full of fashion interest. The jacket reaches below the hips and features zipper and saddle pouch pockets, leather buttons and glove stitching. The skirt is pencil-slim with inverted front and back pleats for full action
Christmas shopping is the only worry of this beautiful "Damsel in Distress," Joan Fontaine (Fred Astaire's new leading lady), since Irene of Bullock's Wilshire has gownned her like a queen. In Joan's casual, all-purpose spectator sport suit (above) Irene features a stunning jacket, short and boxy with five-eighth length sleeves, sans revers and fastenings, of striped woolen in chartreuse and oxford grey. The low, square neckline reveals an oxford grey cashmere sweater worn outside a matching skirt of woolen. Notice the side slits at the hemline of this pencil-slim skirt. Joan's hat of grey felt is banded with chartreuse.

A new "tailored fashion story" is revealed in both of Joan's suits. They forsake the mannish mode of past seasons and introduce new notes of femininity. In a dressier mood Irene styles a suit of beige duvetyne (right) and accents it with brown. Again the skirt is pencil-slim with side slits, but here it is banded with self-fabric appliqué. The jacket, neatly fitted, and closed at the waistline with invisible hooks, is distinctive with its styled motif of appliqué and its low-cut neckline that reveals the soft drape of a brown crepe blouse. Joan's toque is of beige antelope, while her gloves, shoes and bag are of brown.
During the dull winter months the flattering lines, luscious colorings and rich fabrics of charmingly feminine robes offer a welcome change from dark street woolens. Gladys Swarthout's robe (right) is of shell-pink taffeta subtly contrasted by light blue all-over yarn embroidery. Its wide front panels are gathered into an upstanding collar as they encircle the neckline, and its full sleeves flow into trim roll cuffs. Blue grosgrain ribbon ties a tailored bow at the waistline. Gladys will sing for you soon again in Paramount's "The Yellow Nightingale."

The Frank Chapmans, always included among Hollywood's "ten best dressed couples," pose together exclusively for PHOTOPLAY. John Frederics created the cap hat and novel bag of red and white checked woolen that dramatizes Gladys' navy serge single-breasted suit styled with flaring skirt and patch pockets. Notice the sweet white linen blouse trimmed with neck and cuff ruching, and the initial clips on the pocket. Mr. Chapman's grey worsted suit is single breasted with double button closing. Maroon and grey stripe his cravat.
Shirley Ross (of "The Big Broadcast of 1938") wears an ensemble of black crepe with contrast of gold in the blouse. The frock features the new high waistline and tubo silhouette. Gold metallic thread embroiders the short jacket.

A large cluster of tan and beige flowers accents a low V-decolletage of this beige afternoon frock (below) which Shirley wears with chic. The long tight sleeves have a slight shoulder fullness.

The burgundy angora tweed (opposite page) features a surplice blouse, fan-pleated sleeves and front inset. The velvet ribbon girdle runs through a shirred band and ties in a bow at the back.

Black satin and crepe combine to style this smart tunic street frock (bottom opposite page). The corset girdle of satin gives a flattering new high-low waistline. The frock closes down the back with intriguing little satin-covered buttons.
The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 76.

A jaunty brown quill pierces the front of this matching felt beret worn by Una Merkel, M-G-M player. Radiated tucks and jutting side brim are new dressy notes in winter berets.

A crushed, tucked crown gives interest to this bottle-green felt street hat with rolled side brim. A canary-yellow pompon feather mounted on a green quill gives gay color contrast.

Green leather bands, double rows of stitching on the high crown, the casually rolled back brim and the novel chin strap gives this "thrush brown" sport hat a new note of distinction.
JOAN BLUE

A vibrant, ethereal hue, long Joan Crawford's favorite for wear beneath sun or stars, has become the most important color in Hollywood for holiday formals. Joan posed exclusively for PHOTOPLAY in her newest formal gown which emphasizes a moulded silhouette, high waistline and a decolleté camisole-bodice. The most priceless set of Joan's famous collection of sapphires and diamonds accent her simple gown, and a tuxedo coat of blue fox proclaims her costume a symphony of color. Joan's current film release is M-G-M's "The Bride Wore Red"
BY GWENN WALTERS

HERE are so many interesting fashion highlights in Hollywood to write about this month I hardly know where to begin. The stars seem to have come out of hiding. They are seen everywhere, and their exquisite grooming and chic costuming take my breath with each chance meeting. There's a simple elegance in Hollywood fashion never seen before.

Silver fox seems to be the favorite fur with every star (note the glory of it on the three fashionable ladies pictured on this page), and I see it worn not only as separate coats, capes and scarves, but also as lavish trims for coats and gowns.

There's an ingenious little fashion story connected with Loretta Young's glove that lies beside her high front, step-in shoe trimmed with a kidskin roll (both shown above). Howard Greer's glamorous patrons frequently complained that it was most difficult to pull their gloves over their jeweled fingers and asked why he didn't do something about it. Imagine their surprise when he launched this two-fingered glove called "The Frog" at his recent opening. The thumb (which is turned under in the photo-graph) and forefinger fit as usual, and the remaining three fingers slide easily into the little semi-mitten.

In Los Angeles Greer's unique glove is sold exclusively at Bullock's Wilshire, and La Valle's shoe at J. W. Robinson Co. Be sure to turn to page fifty-eight and see how smartly Loretta assembles these accessories with her street costume; but before you do, let me tell you about the gifts that are in beautifully wrapped boxes she carries.

The large box on the bottom conceals a matching slip and nightie of pink satin with deep yokes of ecru lace; the black one a half a dozen pairs of "Avenue" hose (a bronze shade perfect for wear with black, dark green and red, rust or brown); the little long box holds a pair of black suede gloves on, the backs with a tracery of metallic threads (exquisite for wear with an all-black costume for dressy occasions); and the large square white one is heaped full of choice cosmetics.

NOW I must get back to my story and tell you about some exciting clothes I've seen.

Designer Dolly Tree's clothes for Myrna Loy in "The Four Marys" are magnificent. You'll be particularly interested in Myrna's black Lyons velvet coat which, by the way, has the short-in-front hemline. It is form-fitting, with flaring skirt, well-defined waistline, deep cuffs and wide revers.

Crawford's clothes in "Mannequin" again pay tribute to Adrian. I told him that the serge suit he created of blue (Joan Blue too, as I described it on page sixty-six) with its jacket flap-trim, shining silver disc buttons and turkey red blouse would be a universal favorite overnight.

"Having Wonderful Time" was the note Ginger Rogers sent me from Palm Springs recently. She loved working in her picture by that name and you'll love seeing her in it. Edward Stevenson created her clothes, and since street costumes "that travel" are so important during the holidays I selected Ginger's three-piece ensemble to tempt you: a beige crepe hand-tucked, peplum blouse with wing collar and tab breast pockets tucks into a brown woolen skirt which has a contrast three-quarter length, slightly flared, collarless coat of brown and yellow plaid. Ginger's ragabond brown felt sport hat is pierced with a quill tinged in brown and yellow.

Orry Kelly slaughtered all previous costume records by including thirty-seven changes in Kay Francis' wardrobe for "This Woman Is Dangerous." Mr. Kelly is as famous in Hollywood for his drapery as Alix is in Paris, and he considers silk jersey the ideal medium for draping and Kay the perfect subject.

There are dozens of other novel style notes in the clothes of this picture, but I must close now. I do so with the promise that Kay will wear some of Mr. Kelly's beautiful gowns on Pictorial's fashion pages in the very near future.
The author has discovered the two prime instincts that have made Barbara an individual on the screen, and off. The first instinct is exemplified in Barbara's statement about her son, Joni; the second is the quality that she made possible her friendship with Joan Crawford.
FOR HER OWN SAKE

At last! A fine searching story about the Stanwyck girl herself which doesn’t ask her to bask in the shadow of Bob Taylor’s—or anybody else’s—glory

BY DIXIE WILLSON

Do you recall the theatrical season several years ago, when a slim gray-eyed girl named Barbara Stanwyck won all New York’s acclaim for her characterization in the leading feminine rôle of a great play called “Burlesque!”

Since that success she has sampled many degrees of adulation. There is something poignant and grippingly real in the personality she creates, something which makes you believe them, makes you remember them. There is fire and power in that quiet ability of hers. And of one thing you may be sure; her name is not spelled in letters of light in exchange for dollars. There is no luck or imitation of drama as she imagine it, or life as she has read about it. It has taken tears more real than those of glycerine and camphor!

And in this story of Barbara herself, perhaps, between the lines, you may read the answer to that elusive quality of heartbeat she so definitely possesses.

Anent the tall dignity she wears upon the screen, it is surprising to know that she is a little, a very little girl, a small five feet three, and weighs scarcely one hundred and four pounds. And she is yet very young. The dignity she wears is bought with experience, not with years.

She laughs at whimsical things...the confusions of Mickey Mouse...loves spontaneous things...dinner packed off to the beach...enjoys serious things...a lake by Corot, a book by Thackeray. She is democratic and sincere, offers her hand with a quick, friendly smile. She is not beautiful, but of that detail you find yourself wholly unaware, so magnificent a substitute is her poise and arresting charm.

Thirty miles from Hollywood Boulevard, through the roadside village of Calabasas past the giant oak from which more than half a hundred cattle rustlers have dangled, past the trim little flower-covered post office of Triunfo, on into the country of the Santa Susanna hills, here is where you find her...at home. Here in her thatch-roofed Irish farmhouse, Barbara and her small son have found enviable happiness.

The house is long and rambling...“but a small house at that,” she will tell you. “We don’t need a lot of room.”

It is built of rough gray stone with tones of yellow. For many months Barbara hunted through the quarries to find just what she wanted. The porch, with its rust-red flagstone floor, is as long as the house itself, is furnished with inviting comfort in rust color and driftwood.

In the living room, a canary-yellow carpet and gamboe tapestries are the background for furniture in chints of brown, yellow and green. There is a fascinating fireplace of brown marble, and, on the day of which I write, a crowd of red roses is a brilliantly lovely medallion against the cream-colored wall, tall deep-green stems in a bowl of crystal glass...a small rose-scented card tucked in Barbara’s gray flannel shirt pocket.

Adjoining the Victorian living room is the “playroom”...here is real beauty of walls and ceiling in redwood beams. The carpet is hand-branded light gray, the furniture chromium and scarlet leather.

“But it’s the hills and the valleys I love most of all,” Barbara told me. “To ride in breeches and sneakers all day long; and the baby can have his own pony; and a dozen pancakes for breakfast,” she laughed, “is only the beginning!”

The porch looks down across a terrace and a tropical-blue swimming pool, to where, in the valley below, in rectangular, while-washed pattern, are stables, paddocks, foaling and brood-mare barns. And circling the green turf like gray ribbon around a bright bonnet is a silken half-mile track, for Barbara is a breeder of horses, a farmer whose aim for a season’s crop is one hundred and sixty acres of hay, and a string of “Kentucky” thoroughbreds.

One late afternoon we watched, from the porch, the breaking to saddle, down there in the paddock, of a pair of handsome year-old colts. The day’s shadows were growing long. The distant mountains were turning from gray to cobalt blue. In dusty boots and grass-stained jodhpurs, knees locked in brown arn, this girl of the husky, lazy voice sat on the flagstone floor, her head back against the rust-colored stone wall; her eyes straying often from the paddock to the terrace where small Dion struggled with the balance of bright new slicks.

“What do I like best...and least, about Hollywood?” Barbara Stanwyck said, repeating my question. “Best...that it gives me a place which is home. Least...the fanfare and hullabaloo that seems to be part of pictures. I really don’t know why there should be fanfare,” she said, “for people who play in pictures are not incredible human beings. And I never quite know why the foremost impression of Hollywood should be glamour, because glamour actually has nothing to do with pictures at all. Working in pictures is one thing. Glamour is a separate thing entirely. In Hollywood you don’t have to buy a certain car, a certain coat. There’s nobody to demand that of you. You can buy what you please and be what you like. All pictures really ask of you is that you do your best.

“Still, of course,” she smiled, “there’s my...” (continued on page 74)
I In her suit for divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., filed in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County in May, 1933, Joan Crawford made the familiar charge of mental cruelty.  

But you can't dismiss the story of that romantic and vital young marriage with a couple of words. Once again Life had rushed Joan Crawford forward to a crossroads, and once again she had taken the fork in the road that led higher and higher toward fame and fortune; once again she had absorbed into herself and her personality all that experience and the man she could teach her.  

What had changed the gay and delightful Prince Charming of Joan's love dream into a "moody, sulky and overjealous husband" to quote the divorce papers? What had driven Joan "crawford, born Lucille LeSueur, in a little town near Kansas City, now one of the very big stars, from her ideal marriage into the divorce court and onto the front pages of every newspaper in America?"  

For five years, Joan had been madly and devotedly in love with Doug. In 1927, two years before they actually were married, she wore a wedding ring he had given her with "To my wonderful wife" inscribed inside. When they were married in 1929, they were as much in love as any two people I ever saw. Yet only three years later, in the spring of 1932, came rumors of disaster, of a possible split between the famous lovers. And in 1933, divorce.  

From the standpoint of drama, of Joan Crawford, movie star, this chapter was inevitable. It couldn't have been written any other way.  

I don't mean that the divorce was Joan's fault. Yet I do believe that the cause of it was written in the fundamental character of Joan Crawford, actress and movie star, and that it was the very same element that has placed her name so high on the scroll of fame and kept it there. That quality of dramatization—of vibrant vitality—of dramatizing everything in life and expecting it to be played in big scenes and to the nth degree. That's what makes Joan Crawford what she is and, psychologically, it's what destroyed that first marriage.  

KNOW that sounds brutal and I couldn't and wouldn't have said it then, for in a way their love was rather wonderful to watch. They were beautiful, their love for each other almost pagan. They were flaming youth in real earnest. But it made me terribly afraid for them. Love can't go on at that pitch. It never has in all history. But they said it would, they believed it would, they expected it to. They had dramatized it and the world had dramatized it. But they were so frightfully young and inexperienced in the long business of everyday living. What would happen when the inevitable moment of readjustment came—the mellowing of youthful passion into the fine but much less dramatic and exciting business of marriage?  

I remember that after dinner, while the men talked books in the library, Joan and Hope and I went upstairs. Joan was completely restless, unhappy, because she was away from Doug for even a few moments. But she was interested in her domestic arrangements—the redoing of her house in Brentwood. It had been, during the hey-hey days not so far in the past, a gay incongruous sort of place, very Spanish outside, with a mixture of early American and Spanish and Hollywood inside. In Joan's own room was a collection of dolls—hundreds of them. That will give you an idea of what kind of a house it was. Now she was doing it over to suit Doug's tastes and there was talk of apple-green draperies and yellow chintz and English oak tables.  

So then we have for a year—two years—young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And Joan Crawford was as completely young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as she had been the hey-hey girl who won Charleston contests. There wasn't anything insincere about the miraculous change in her. It was complete and honest, but only a great actress could have done it so well. Her clothes, her voice, her make-up, everything that had suited the tastes of the harum-scarum favorite of the night spots was now changed to fit the posi-
tion of an elegant and well-behaved and adoring young matron. All the imagination and genius that she threw into her screen rôles helped Joan now to make perfect the outward change that corresponded with the inward change that love had wrought. She might have stepped right out of Mayfair or Park Avenue. Our Dancing Daughter had become one of These Charming People.

They were never apart in those days, the young Fairbanks. And it was very pretty to watch and they were very happy.

But, for a time, it had what looked like serious consequences as far as Joan's career went. In 1930 she had her worst year on the screen, so far as her really great art as a personality and an actress was concerned. She took her new social position too seriously. She wasn't on the outside of Hollywood's new social order any longer. She was a Fairbanks. All doors were open to her now. And Doug's wife must be a Lady in every sense of the word.

Even Pickfair yielded, after young Doug and Joan had been married eight months. It was a very stately and very exclusive dinner party at Hollywood's Buckingham Palace. Gold plate, orchids, menus, footmen in knee breeches, titled guests. The guests were in the exquisite white drawing room. The butler announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fair-

banks, Jr." There was a moment of complete silence. Every eye turned to the door, whence the three little steps led down. No one had known the Prince and Princess were coming at last to sit at table with the King and Queen.

The two women faced each other. Joan at the head of the little steps, framed in the doorway, magnificently young and beautiful and striking. Mary, looking like a little queen, all in white, with her strangely regal, gracious air. A dramatic contrast few of us ever forgot. Mary, who had been the greatest of all stars and was just yielding her place—Joan, on the crest of the wave, just reaching the top. Wives of father and son.

It must have been a great moment for Joan Crawford. In one blinding moment, as she walked across that wonderful room, she must have realized how far she had come in these few short years, must have had a high-beating heart as the past slid by her in a swift panorama and she realized that she had conquered all of her world. For, actually, that was what the evening meant. She was a big star—she was socially within the last sacred circle. And she had done it all herself, for she knew, as she took Mary's hand and heard the sweet, gracious voice welcoming her, that the Joan Crawford of other days would never have been there, even if she'd married the son of the house.

Perhaps that was why, for a time, she let it change her whole personality. "Montana Moon" was her first picture after her marriage, I believe. Anyway, "Montana Moon" and the two or three that followed it weren't any help to Joan Crawford. She had become too much a lady. She wasn't Joan Crawford; she was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The vivacity and vital charm that had made her a star were dimmed. Marriage had made her a Fairbanks and a relative of the queen of filmdom and she was so busy living up to her position that she wasn't quite natural.

That didn't last long. She struck a balance—a balance that gave us at last the Joan Crawford of today, the shining star who has held her place so long. Her new poise and polish, her new grand manner, her improved diction, her new knowledge of clothes enriched her personality, gave it depths. The old vitality and vividness came back with a rush, tempered and rounded by what she had learned as young Mrs. Fairbanks. In 1931 (Continued on page 91)
Rough Sketch of a Gentleman

(Continued from page 28)

wood, an inaccurate tag. To be labeled a hermit, little effort is needed in Hollywood. Avoid the night clubs. Avoid a meaningless show of intimacy with casual acquaintances. Don’t slap men on the back. Don’t call girls you never met till five minutes ago, “honey.” That makes you a hermit, a highbrow or a big stiff.

Colman has never reconciled himself to the Hollywood practices of public parties. He considers it not unreasonable to claim the right of entertaining guests within one’s own four walls without benefit of camera. He has refused to alter his habits of mind to suit the standards of others, not through stubbornness, but because of an integrity which makes it impossible for him to be what he is not. His hat never rises in grade in order to achieve a false popularity.

He has no inclination toward a life of sociality, though he recognizes it in his neighbors. He disdains the company of eccentrics. He has never made friends readily. Those he makes, he keeps, and lends a normal social existence among them.

He lives in a pleasant white house—not a showplace, but the side of a Beverly hill. There his friends—Bill Powell, William Haws, his business manager, and the rest of the Dick Barhnelmes—come to dinner, usually on Friday evenings. Sometimes they sit on the lawn, sometimes a poker party, though never for high stakes. Gambling for the sake of gambling holds no appeal for Colman. More often, they sit and talk.

He has a well-stocked library, which he uses. When a point of fact is disputed, Colman can make an interesting page for the book that settles the argument. He is interested in what interests most thinking men—his work, his inner life, the state of the world which, at the moment, depresses him deeply. He loses war with the belief in his work, and his subjects as such that make the conversation for the group. And these are the subjects.

Since he’s a well-balanced person, he can be lured to the Trocadero—on an average, twice a week. He takes a glimpse of the crowded floor where the movie world comes to see and be seen and, with a plea in his eyes, he’ll steer his companions gently down to the quiet dining room below.

His boat is a haven, a keen delight to him for its own sake. For years, he and his friends have been chartering boats and going off on trips together. Now he has his own boat—an auxiliary ketch called the Dragon, on which he spends most of his spare time. Like his house, he picked his boat, not for show, but for comfort. He likes life on the water, living up to character lines and chic for strength and general seaworthiness. The crew consists of certain old hands and Colman does the work of the cook, which is done by Colman and his guests. Each morning the brassy-polishing and deck-washing takes place. Then a long sea scrub away with a will. There is no lurking or skimping. The traditions of the sea demand that a boat be kept shipshape. In Colman himself there is a fastidiousness which makes him hate a bungled job. He has learned to stand water, and changes to this will suit the skill and precision of a trained mariner.

Depending on their time, the group may head for Santa Barbara or Catalina or Mexico. On one occasion they hoped to make Honolulu, but Bill Hawks had a business engagement and they had to turn back. Destination, in any case, is of minor importance. The thing is to sail, to fish, to read, to lie in the sun, to talk endlessly under the stars, to favor the taste of peace among one’s friends.

Colman’s land game is tennis. His court is a good practical one, minus frills. He and Warner Baxter are well matched. They will play to the point of exhaustion, then make for the recreation room and flop down in front of the fireplace to rest. Couches and davenport fishing expedition when, armed with all sorts of complicated paraphernalia, he cruised up and down the west coast of Mexico and brought back nothing. On a recent trip, Tommy took a day off, paid a dollar for a place in a fishing barge off Santa Monica, and came home without a rod, a hook, a fifty-pounder, a hundred and fifty pounds of fish. “He only did it to show me up,” Colman cynically takes pride lighting his eyes. Essentially modest, Colman has too much sense to dey on his valour as an actor. “Go in and do what you can for me,” he once told his agent. “Before God, I’m probably worth thirty-five thousand a week. Before the motion-picture industry, I’m worth anything you can get.” Yet even before the present in-come tax made earning too much money unprofitable, he was known to turn down picture after picture on the ground that they offered no opportunity for acting. “I have enough,” he would tell producers, who refused to believe that a fatter pay check wouldn’t tempt him. “I’m training to be an actor, not a milliner.”

In accepting or rejecting pictures, he considers not only the part, but the people he will work with. It is important to him to work among those he likes and trusts. He is slow to commit himself, because his word, once pledged, is binding. He expects the word of others to be equally so. Given such conditions, he doesn’t haggie over details, but buys himself generously. Once he’s convinced he’s not being fairly treated, as in the case of the café incident, for example, he holds out civility but firmly for his rights.

He enjoyed his dual role in “The Prisoner of Zenda,” and has signed for another play with Selznick. He hopes it will be a modern comedy. His last four parts have called on him for drama or a pretty constant earnestness. For a change, he’d like to be lighthearted.

Whatever part he plays—dreamer, watchful minister of fortune—there emanates from the screen something of his own kindliness of spirit. To this his fans following responds with a special quality of respect. That respect is in- duced partly by his breeding and distinc- tion, but more, I think, by the fans’ sense of a combined gentleness and strength of character, which they right- ly attribute to the man as well as the actor.

His manners have a touch of chivalry that has gone out of style in our casual age and country. With Colman, it is considered courteous to see that a waitress is protected from a draft, to hold a door open for her, to show her the courtesies that used to be taken for granted. This is in keeping with the feeling that the English, whether they are itinerant hicks or a heritate, the heritage of his background and upbringing.

Born in London of a Scotch mother and an English father, one of a large family of brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, in the English fashion, he has found some charming way of saying to someone put it, “we were all taught and few of us practice. Ronnie still cling to it.”

He has a literally that counseled, given on the Mount: “When thou doest alms, let thy right hand know nothing that thy neighbor has done. Sometimes he finds it hard to leave their gratitude unspoken, and so rumors have legends in the English fashion, he knows best where he feels they can best be used. His friends, who may supply a wary answer to this question or that, are mum on the subject of his beneficence. “I have no idea,” they’ll tell you; or, at best, “You’ll never find out from me. I’m not talking.”

FROM one of them I wormed a story that he told for the story’s sake, less to impress than to demonstrate how generous than that he was close-mouthed. A few minutes late for dinner one evening, Colman offered his apologies. “I’m driving up the coast, and went farther than I’d intended.”

“How far did you go?”

“Santa Barbara.”

“What for?”

“Well, I picked up a man and his wife who were hitchhiking to San Francisco, and since I was pretty close to Santa Barbara, I thought I might as well put them on the train there.”

“What do you mean, train? I thought they were hitchhiking to San Francisco."”

“Roughly gets that look,” the friend continued, “which says, ‘What is this, an inquisition or something?’ and the man answered, ‘I know darn well why he was nowhere near Santa Barbara when he picked up those people. And the woman is a bargains the state of California, and supplied them with funds. But if I’d pushed the point any farther, he’d have found some charming way of asking me why the hell I didn’t mind my own business. And if you use it in your story, I think you probably never speak as we pass by.”

I’m using it anyway, in the hope that Mr. Colman’s charity will cover my need for a tagline, too.
"Don't risk Cosmetic Skin" says Loretta Young

...and tells you how to guard against it...

I USE COSMETICS BUT I NEVER LET THEM CHOKE MY PORES.
I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

Cosmetic skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—comes when pores are choked. Loretta Young, like 9 out of 10 other screen stars, protects her skin with Lux Toilet Soap. Its active lather removes rouge and powder thoroughly.

"Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin soft and smooth," she tells you. "That's why screen stars use it."

Start using this gentle white soap today—before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

See Loretta Young IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "Second Honeymoon"
And I should think the whole story was unconsciously told by Barbara herself, young as she is, that is, of her son, three months old, a bracelet he still wears, will always wear.

I asked her about it, and about the line engraved upon it, this quotation from Hugh Walpole:

"It is Life, it's the courage you put into it."

"Of course, Dion doesn't understand what it means," she told me, "but I'll keep it in my mind."

"I know he is a good boy, and I'll take care of him." When he does the least thing, I'll be glad he can say it..."It was Mummy who taught me that!"

"Mummy. Stand up and you can't change that. And you can't run away from it because at the end of every day you wind up with yourself, after all. So I want Dion to learn as soon as he can be to a 'stout fellow.' I want him to know really what courage means. And when he does learn, I'll be glad he can say it..."

answered Barbara hastily. "I don't tell you why you can give drama and make you believe it?

She said she didn't know how to tell me much about herself. As day turned to dusk, and purple shadows gathered around the hills, and a sleepy young boy came to tuck himself into her arms, the story she told me of herself had no note of disappointments, or discouragements, re- timeline, it was past simply... the story, even a little bit gay and amusing.

Her first plans for more pretentious duties than filing telephone cards came after two years, when she succeeded in persuading Vogue that she was the right person to assist customers in cut- ing material.

"But I didn't get that job honestly," she told me. "I lied. I knew how to cut out things, and when there were too many complaints from people who put paper patterns on cloth I gave up a sleeve and got a belt."

"So I thought that was a good time to do something about dancing, and I ran around finding out what it meant to try for a job on Broadway. I remember feel- ing my feet getting colder and closer to the ground, and then, all of a sudden I found myself with a contract for the Strand Roof.

"Some people call night spots pretty bad environment. Maybe they are. But I was completely happy for the two years I danced there. I had to earn my living and I was grateful for work in love as much as dancing.

"Then pretty soon I heard that there were better salaries in road shows, so I went after a job in a road show... and got it. The day we left New York to open in Columbus, I had a new suitcase. I think I packed and unpacked it fifty times. I'd never been on a train before. I sat up all night in the Pullman just looking at the towns and the country gay by day.

"And this show was a departure from the one I had in New York. The girls was to do a scene, a scene of pleasing with the Governor for the life of the hero of the play. To Barbara's complete amazement it was she whom Willard Mack had picked out of the chorus to do the part. She was certain she could never do lines, and she told him so. But he was certain she could, and so for three weeks tried. Then Mr. Mack conceded that she had been right and he had been wrong.

"We've sent for someone to take your place," he told her at last, "and I'm sorry, but the girl who says the lines must also dance in your particular spot."

"So this meant her. Meant back to New York to start again.

"Maybe I could improve," she said, a little wistfully. "Taking Vogue."

"My dear child, you'll never improve," he said sharply. "You simply don't feel the situation."

But there was still tonight's show. One more chance! Barbara went to bat with herself.

"I could feel it in dancing," said Bar- bara Stanwyck to Barbara Stanwyck "Why can't I feel it in words?"

But nothing she could think of or say about it gave her the security to walk out into the world again. She knew that she could bring new life to the part. She never knew, she doesn't now, quite, that she had the gates of her understanding, but as she stood there, a half-frightened little creature caught between the foothills and the "Governor," suddenly, and for the first time, she became aware of the significance of what she was doing. Suddenly she knew that as a man's life hung upon the words she was about to say; that she alone could give this woman a companion this man who was the "Governor."

The city was Pittsburgh. The play was "The Noise." And that night when Barbara Stanwyck finished speaking her lines, she heard, for the first time, the sound which was to motivate her life from that day on... the applause for a great impersonation... her own.

On Monday Barbara Stanwyck who had entered the stage door a chorus girl left it... an actress.

After that, of course, dancing seemed entirely unimportant," she told me. "I did a small part the next season, and after that I went in and out of agents offices on Forty-second Street as regul- arly as I can... in fact, more regularly than meals..."

she laughed.

"I don't know which there were more of, the jobs that didn't happen, or parts that happened in shows that closed. But then came 'Burlesque...' and even I am in pictures," she finished simply.

"Of course, I've always had a burning desire to be at her side, and, though I know most things you dream about you pass by, I'll go on working with that same desire till the last role I play."
A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy and glowing—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections. Skin faults would result.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams.

In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only three weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

**Same jars, same labels, same price**

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for daytime and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Ever jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue.

Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.
swimming pool capital, it might be well to tell you about Peter Arno. A few years ago the most sophisticated caricaturist had professional occasion to be in the celluloid citadel. Within a week he found that the greatest problem which confronted him nightly was that of costume. What in the name of holy haberdash to wear! If he wore the conventional evening tail coat, he was certain to find himself surrounded by other masculine guests in golf suits, sports clothes or beach pajamas. If he elected to go native and arrive in flannel slacks, everyone else, pervenously enough, was rigged out full fig with white tie, stiff linen and an air of disdainful superiority. If he attempted to compromise and dress in a dinner jacket he would discover the other assembled chivalry in Norwegian skiing outfits or bathing shorts.

Suddenly this ingenious gentleman hit upon a magnificent solution and, hopping into his car, broke all speed limits scorching down Wilshire to his tailors where he commanded what came to be known as the "All-Part-Orno-Convertible-Hollywood-Party-Suit." The double-breasted jacket was made of chuggy tweed on one side and, upon being turned inside out, proved to be a conventional black broadcloth dinner jacket with neat grosgrain lapels. The trousers were on the same order. A simple dicky, or waiter's dress shirt with collar and tie attached, could be rolled up and carried in a small brief case in the event Mr. Arno found it expedient to appear in dress attire, and a pair of detachable tails could, in an instant, be attached to the hem of the jacket, making it possible to sport a tail coat or a dinner jacket, as the occasion might seem to require. Instead of running drawers, he adopted for evening wear a pair of swimming shorts and in this manner could, on a moment's notice, appear in any one of four changes of attire. Through this simple invention Mr. Arno regained his tottering sanity and became one of the most appropriately garbed males ever to walk the streets of Hollywood.

Now for the parties—and party crashers in Hollywood. Despite the dictates of sanity which should impress any normal citizen of his good fortune in escaping such holocausts of good taste, there are impertinent hundreds in Hollywood who exercise a perverse ingenuity in getting to parties where they aren't asked and where they certainly aren't wanted. Some seep in through unguarded entrances, others march boldly through the front door in the guise of invitees. They urge each other on to the consummation of ever greater quantities of caviar and champagne with the fervid hospitality so often characteristic of those who are not paying the check.

There is one person left for whom we may call Don Drizlesmith, who came unbidden to a certain party at the Victor Hugo which Jimmy Shelton was giving for his mother. The uninvited guest arrived so early, that when Mr. Shelton put in his appearance, a moment in advance of his guests, he supposed Don was one of the managers of the establishment and raised no questions. The management, in turn, thought him a representative of Mr. Shelton, since he seemed so concerned for the service of the hors d'oeuvres and highballs. In fact, it wasn't until Sam Hoffman identified him to Mr. Shelton that the gent was propelled gently but firmly out of the night.

The same Drizlesmith for several years had made a practice of seating himself at a table at the Troc near the entrance to the Rose Room when he knew a private party was impending. No one ever saw him make his entry, but sooner or later, there he would be, chatting amably with celebrities, downing fearsome quantities of strong waters at somebody else's expense. But—sad to relate—a career of such insufferable manners can't last very long even in the most tolerant a community as Hollywood and the colonel Mr. Drizlesmith, the last we heard of him, had transferred his activities to New York where opportunities for party mooching are almost limitless.

Most Hollywood parties fall into three generally recognized categories: cocktail or guggle-and-gallop bout; formal dinner or supper entertainment; crossed with just a touch of the Ritz Brothers and fall-of-Babylon parties or monster shambles of a fancy order usually involving balloon ascensions, fireworks, battles of flowers and the presence of Hymie Pink, the candid photographer. The first enumerated, the cocktail party, differs little from the same article else where except that it is apt to last longer, result in more falling-down souces and involve the consumption of a more frightening assortment of dead fish pastes on soggy wafers impersonating hors d'oeuvres than can be found anywhere else in the world.

But the formal Hollywood dinner—ah, there you have something! Such entertainment is usually held in a public restaurant and, unlike formal dinners in any other community, it is not served in the customary sequence of soup, fish, entree, game and so on, for all the guests as a unit; instead, each course is served to suit the convenience and arrival of each guest. Miss Garbo, let us say, who has conceivably arrived on time, or not more than two hours after the hour nominated in the invitation, will be in the midst of her soufflé en fromage and frambuse d'Afrique while Harpo Marx, a trifle tardy, is just sitting down to his clear turtle soup and salads. It is not unusual for guests to arrive at midnight for a dinner announced for eight-thirty and anyone actually making the mistake of putting in an appearance at the hour named on the invitation will find the waiters just starting to set the tables.

Memory serves of a dinner organized a while back in honor of Mrs. Libby Holman Reynolds by a group of her friends and admirers, the repercussions of which were still echoing around Beverly Hills drawing rooms long after the broken glasses had been replaced by the restaurant management.

This exquisite levee took place at the Troucadero and the courtly coherants included such a mixture of notables as

---

**Make ONE more change this time to PHILIP MORRIS**

It's not only good taste, it's good judgment! Because an ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.

---

**Call for PHILIP MORRIS**

AMERICA'S FINEST 15c CIGARETTE
Prince and Princess Sigvard Bernadotte of Sweden, the Nummally Johnsons, Ena, 9, her parents, Arthur, Lady Lee, Mrs. Clark Gable, Thyrza Somer Winslow, Tyrone Power, Roland Leigh, the late blonde beauty, Lady Duff Cooper and the Salvador Dalis (M. Dalì was an exponent of the modern school of surrealist art). To-ward conversation was animated and most of the patrons of the Trocadero, who, apprised by their senses that big doings were toward in the Rose Room, joined the party and lent it their moral support for several hours.

Perhaps the high point of the evening was when the Princess Bernadotte, oppressed beyond further endurance by the fatiguing weight of a cabochon ruby and the jewels of her former life, remained in a state of transept repose for the rest of the evening. Yelled the director in a panic: "I've sucked him too! I think maybe killed him! Let me out!" With that he fled and wasn't seen again for days. Rumor had it he was hiding somewhere, but he managed to be searched for with assorted warrants.

A fall of Mrs. Johnson's that night to do top honors by the visiting Dalis, since, she, alone, of those present was familiar with the fashionable French language, was said by one on both sides and extended well into the small hours, and it was not until the next day that Mrs. Johnson could be found, to knowing no French whatsoever. Thyrza Winslow still claims they were speaking French.

Another tale that comes out of this one evening's entertainment was the

embarrassing moment when Mr. Lloyd Pantages spilled a bit of salt on the table and threw the salt shaker to the floor.

M. Dalì was later heard to remark that he felt that Hollywood was more than anything a continent in the midst of a vast surrealism and had, in fact, apparently anticipated his own exhibition of its gaudy mysteries.

Perhaps the outstanding party of the Fall-of-the-Bastille or St.-Bartholo-

mew's-Eve order ever to come out of Hollywood was the festival which at-
tended the super-monster, epoch-mak-
ing, eye-compelling, terrific-inexplicable world premiére of "The Good Earth."

Records of this epic convulsion were charted by the seismographs of Ford-
ham University, the gift from Mul-
seum, and Hollywood's saloons and powdering rooms are still a quiver over the positively world-record Gold and Platinum proportions of the premiere itself and the subsequent Morris Dancing at the home of the Phil Bergs (she was Leila Hyams).

The Carthay Circle Theater, where "The Good Earth" had its première, was heaven knows, Chinese enough. Such a Bannerman's window of paper lanterns, rickshas, water wheels, opium pipes, pottery vases, Chinese furniture, joss house interiors and varied Ming and Sung symbols of vaguely Oriental significance as were assembled outside the playhouse had never been seen since the Richard Barthelmess version of "Broken Blossoms" opened in the Colonial Thea-

ter in Boylston Street, where he happened to be living. The opening of Boston's Chinatown, some years ago. But the Berg's shebang, following the opening, was, in a word, something.

Mr. William Haines had been en-

agaged to transform the Berg villa into a modern setting of positively Honanq
opulence, for this party. In the front hall was a towering eucalyptus tree, stripped of its foliage, following and refurnished with what can only be de-

scribed as clumps of gardenias. A super lifelike statue of a Mandarin princes, with stretched hands, offered the ar-

riving chivalry still more gardenias in

wreaths, leis and corsages that would have hugged the eyes of M. Goldfarb or grated the nerves of M. Dalì. Many of the decorations were decorated in forms of undoubtedly transpecific origin, cunningly turned in Chinese materials by the Chinese artificer, Foo Haines. The coup de grâce, to borrow an interior decorator's phrase, was supplied by a number of white doves, conservatively es-

imated by trained observers at some-

thing in excess of two hundred brace, suspended by invisible wires and cords in lifelike attitudes from vantage points of the ceiling and convenient projec-

tion.

Among the guests were such notables as George Jessel, Norma Talmadge, the Raoul Walshes, Barbara Bennett, the Artie Shaw family, the Hal Roachs, Aileen Pringle, and an unidentified lady celeb rant, undoubtedly one of the many who, who went home with one of the stuffed doves worn at a fetching angle over one eye in the man-

ner of the moment in evening hair orna-

ments.

The polite sensation of the evening was supplied by the arrival of Mr.

Libby Holman Reynolds on the arm of

Lloyd Pantages, the latter variously identified, by two divided schools of art, was the leader of the rambles outside the Berg mansion, as Clark Gable and Leslie Howard. Mr. Pan-
tages, since he neither swallows nor the sideburns which Mr. Gable had adopted for his rôle in "Par-

nell," was bewildered but gratified by the welcome in which he and acknowledged the mistaken cheers with gracial salutations.

A famous studio cordons blues had been recruited by the Bergs for the special preparation of such traditional native dishes of the Manchus as Chicken Maryland, hams with melted cheese and Perrier Jouet, 1928. Everyone was home and in one bed or another by the next morning, and trained observers are of the opinion that there won't be anything so Chinese this side of a Frenchman. A new company call is issued for the next Charlie Chan episode.

I almost forgot to tell you about the interesting contest we have planned in connection with our story for next month. We're going to begin the New Year by presenting the Junior Legion Medal of Honor to a little star whom you all know very well—Shirley Tem-
ple, or to be precise, the gold-gold-

medallion which is given once a year to a child under seventeen years of age of whose outstanding accomplishments has made him or her merit distinction.

This is what I want you readers to do. Write a short story, not more than three pages, describing why you think Shirley Temple deserves this medal. The letters received will be judged upon the basis of correctness and logic and the prizes for the fifteen best letters will be beautifully bound Junior Legion snapshot albums.

And be very sure to put your letters in before midnight, December 5th (the closing date of the contest), so that the judges won't be faced by problems by Christmas Eve. Address your letters to Marianne, care of Photoplay Magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.
The Private Life of Deanna Durbin
(Continued from page 22)

out the address; the telephone number is changed every couple of weeks. These are Private Life Safeguards Number One. The least sneaky folks in Hollywood, the Durbins have found such precautions necessary if Deanna is to have a normal upbringing.

"This house is too big for us," Deanna observed now with a deprecating wag of her head, toward the expanse of walls and the vast rug. "I like tiny houses. Why, we have five bedrooms here! Of course, Daddy took it for the grounds. I think perhaps later we may build; just a small place. Just for ourselves, and my sister when she comes to live here.

Deanna would far rather talk about her older sister's success than about her own. She adores Edith, who, with money earned as a school teacher, paid for Deanna's first voice lessons.

Edith still teaches in a Los Angeles school, though recently she married; Deanna sang like a nightingale before the ceremony, then raced upstairs in time to descend sedately with the wedding party as bridesmaid. Incidentally, Edith is a champion fencer. "Lots and lots of medals," Deanna confided proudly. "She's—oh, she's perfectly—"

YES, but we were talking about a day's routine in this house on the hillside. Now, Deanna's story.

"Well, I get up in the morning," Deanna said practically, "but not any earlier than I have to. If I'm working in a picture, I have to be out of bed at six o'clock but if I'm not working—she giggled—I don't get up till they call me.

"Then, of course, I go to the studio every day, to school, picture or no picture. And I practice; scales, you know. And I go for my voice lessons.

"Breakfast? Oh, yes, I forget that. I don't like to eat breakfast; it's my worst meal, really. But if I'm in a picture, Mother makes me eat bacon and eggs beside the orange juice. Generally I have lunch at the studio, usually at school, no hour; a sandwich and fruit, something of the sort...

"They had to give Deanna a key to the safe deposit box at the Universal lunchroom, so that she could slip in without going around by the street entrance. So many people wanted autographs that she didn't have time to eat.

"If I'm working in a picture, I go out to the hokey-pokey cart—everyone does—for soda pop; the man comes by in the afternoon; no, I don't like ice cream cones, only soda pop. Dinner at night is my best meal; vegetables and meat.

"Well, then," Deanna proceeded in a conscientious attempt to sum up her day's play and living. "I wish I knew how to play tennis! And I swim whenever I get the chance—Mother has arranged for me to have some play hours, you see, each day when I'm not in a picture. And I go to the movies. I love that. Especially Mickey Mouse.

"Her chief playmate is a girl cousin from the near-by town of Inglewood. The cousin, by the way, was born only an hour and a half before Deanna. It's a red-letter week when the cousin arrives to spend a day or so.

"Things like that I used to go to public school with," Deanna added pensively, "but my hours are so funny now that I hardly ever get to see them. And it's no use my going to visit their classes—I did once or twice last season—because this year they're all scattered in junior high schools through Los Angeles. Still, I wouldn't have much time to spend with them, anyway. Unless perhaps they lived right next door.

"She sighed. But immediately brightened when somebody mentioned another so-to-speak playmate. Naturally, Deanna no longer plays with dolls; she's studying second-year high school subjects now—Latin and algebra and Shakespeare and world history, as well as reading such books as "Tish" and "Gone with the Wind"—but there's always Henry. She flew upstairs to get him; you could hear her feet bang as she leaped across the floor overhead, the floor of her blue, white and pink bedroom. She's unusually fond of color. Of blue, to wear; but of all colors, so that she couldn't pick out a favorite. Down she came with Henry clasped in her arms. Henry is the rabbit that Henry Koster, director of "Three Smart Girls" and "100 Men and a Girl," gave her at Easter; a velvet, soft white bunny of remarkable ears, remarkably garbed in pale strawberry plush rompers that match the lining of his great, floppy ears.

"Henry is a rabbit with personality. His large, brown eyes are so placed beside his cuddly white nose as to give him an effect of perky upward with a shy, ingratiating expression delightful to behold. Deanna has carried him to Boston, Philadelphia, Winnipeg. She keeps a special chair for him in the corner of her room.

SHIFTING Henry to a nonchalant pose beneath her arm, she held out her hand with another prize possession in it. A thin chain bracelet of gold hung with "charm" doudads. "See?" she said, spinning a gold bangle balanced on an infinitesimal bar, also the gift of Director Koster. "When this spins, it spells out 'Three Smart Girls.' And, watch!" She spun another bangle, the gift of her Associate Producer Joe Pasternak. "This one spells '100 Men and a Girl!' Your eyes have to get used to the letters whirling...

"She set down on the floor, her wide blue skirt spread around her, and from under the arm not busy with Henry, she took a huddle of small silver horses, three of them. She put each separately on his feet. "Aren't they cunning? They were on one of the sets; I liked them, so they gave them to me." Wild silver manes tossing, the colts stood in lovely, static flight. Deanna's hand hovered over them expressively.

"Gifts, however, don't inflate her ego. Her sense of friendliness is too keen for that. When Universal's executive producer, Charles R. Rogers, gave her a handsome sedan after her first picture, Deanna couldn't believe that it wasn't merely a loan.

ALK next turned to her schooling. She likes arithmetic; she even likes algebra! In public school, she was selected to tend the cash register in the cafeteria. She loved doing sums and making change. Her studies she finds pretty seriously. Member of a well-educated family, she is eager for knowledge. At the moment, history holds her spellbound.

"We've been studying the best history book," she exclaimed, "I'll show it to you." Up the stairs again—lightly two at a time—the dainty, trim—
per of feet overhead; a sweep down-stairs again. "There’s the most wonderful paragraph summing up the World War. Waa. I’ve marked it with red pencil."

Strange conversation for a juvenile! But it is with brains.

She pointed to the paragraph. Each word was underlined. It was Nicholas Murray Butler’s estimate that for the money spent on the war every family in ten countries could have had a $2,500 house, $1,000 worth of furniture, several acres of land—with enough money left over to build scores of universities. "Isn’t it dreadful?" said Deanna. "Not so much the money, as the millions of people killed!" So she’s a pacifist? "I am," answered Deanna with emphasis.

Notwithstanding the youthful manerisms that crop up now and again, the girl knows her own mind. Never the stars—another way she is high-handed, despite certain rumors of late to the effect that she can put people off the set if she likes—and sometimes does.

The truth of this story is that when one scene in her last picture required a杜绝, for example, Koster in embarrassment. "I just can’t cry with people looking at me," she confessed miserably. By "people" she meant a sentimental enough, the visitors were asked to leave till the scene ended. Deanna did not put them off. The studio reports she has no say as to whether visitors shall or shall not be admitted.

There’s the other story, too, about how she learned to pose for photographers. Well, she posed for all the publicity pictures they wanted till they asked her to be photographed in bed. There seemed no reason for her refusal, but Deanna simply didn’t like the thought of being photographed in bed. Since a star ought to be permitted some way in preferences, she got her way.

However, her associates will tell you that even after her mind is made up on a point, she will change it readily if the arguments sound sensible to her.

And, of course, all the feeling, all the sympathy of his dramatic gift slips into his behavior. Before she knows it, the girl becomes the heroine in his personal play, caught by the power of his emotional intensity. Now, just as no actor plays the same part for years, so a man like Barrymore, even without knowing it, begins to vary his role while of the excitement of a new romance.

Of course, all have something of that tendency, but it’s not so hard for ordinary people to keep from exercising it as for a screen artist. Creative natures in any field find it more difficult to keep their imaginations from being too active in their personal lives than do sedate natures. It’s easy enough for an accountant to remain loyal to the woman of his dreams. His fancy seldom bothers him. But for one whose feelings become intensely stirred, what vivid pictures race through his brain, it’s another story.

There’s more to the question than feeling and imagination, however. My Hollywood editor referred to Constance Bennett, whose romances and marriages have continually kept Hollywood on its toes. She pointed to those two early marriages of Connie’s—the first, an elopement with the young student, Osgood Moorehead, which ended promptly in an annulment; the second, the society marriage with young millionaires, Phil Plunk, which again ended diastastically. She followed through, in her remarks, with mention of Connie’s third marriage to Gloria Swanson’s husband, Henry B. Walthall, and told me of the prevailing gossip which indicated that Connie’s recent trip to Europe was a prelude to divorce.

Those marriages of Constance Bennett’s seemed to her to be a pretty fair indication of how their "chicks" hurriedly, recklessly, with no plan for marital permanence. There are plenty of other people with this same attitude, apparently, so it is not why the stars can’t stay married, but why, having married and remarried, they can’t stay happily so.

Of course, to generalize, marriage isn’t so simple as a business partnership, or even a friendship, and it must not be judged against the same standards. There are more intimate, more personal sides to it, and when those aren’t right most marriages will end. Not need to be—most people seem to think—a triangle to incur a couple’s unhappiness.

Miss Bennett’s marriages prove this point. Both of her first two marriages
occur when she was still very young, immature emotionally, as any girl is at that age. The Chester Moorehead type of marriage has happened to thousands of schoolgirls; the Phil Plant marriage was, on the surface, perfect in every way—the society bride and bridegroom. Notice that it was not until Connie herself definitely knew that she needed a cure that all the full happiness, that marital difficulties arose in this, her second marriage. There was no mention of another man in the case.

When she met Henri de la Falaise, her present husband, she was a mature woman, who knew without a doubt what she wanted. The Marquis, having been married to an actress, recognized and accepted at once Connie’s viewpoint and the fact that she wanted her to go on with her work.

And, for six years now, they have carried on what appears to be a successful marriage.

Will it last? I don’t know. No one knows; but whether it does or not, I am willing to bet that Connie, along with many another woman, has a feeling that marriage—every marriage—presents almost insurmountable pitfalls to anyone whose career depends on talent for emotional dramatization of everyday facts.

This is, after all, a pretty big battle between a career in pictures and our unconscious longing for domestic life; reason enough why many stars are afraid of marriage again. In every woman’s heart there is an age-old expectancy that her man will be a care-taking, protector, and earner. While part of her wants her own career, with its glory and its wealth, the rest of her wants her husband to bring her everything—be that as interesting and glamorous as her career itself. He must compete with the whole American public in making her happy. Obviously, no man can live up to that requirement.

Again, there are the things a man wants of his woman. He dreams of a wife in the home to take care of him and give all her attention to him, seeking in return, his affection. But he also wants the money and the reflected glory that her career makes possible. Of course, most artists aren’t conscious of this demand. This sort of thinking is not deliberate with them. It’s just human nature to wish all worldly wealth and power and, at the same time, to keep the beloved ones just to ourselves.

Many of my readers may insist that moving-picture people don’t do much for their marriage partners just to themselves, or set that sort of example. I didn’t mean to imply anything so unsophisticated. Just the same, these people are the ones who have the cake and eat it too. Did you ever hear of a man who wanted to be as free as air in his own home, and preferred to keep his little woman in the home?

The truth is, if the marriage is to be a success, he expects that little wife to be free, different persons in one—a beautiful girl, a brilliant listener, a passionate, intimate partner, a nice domestic caretaker, and, nowadays, a good provider. Can any woman’s nature incorporate all five facets? Take Carole Lombard, for instance. She has the looking-glass mind, and I don’t believe she’s patterned after a marble statue. But no one could suppose she was married to her husband. And maybe she has her own queer mixture of requirements. Anyway, a marriage fails when one isn’t satisfied, and not because of the evening of the other woman, or a more charming man.

I’ve never seen a triangle in my life, but I’ve known plenty of cases that seemed to be. Something is wrong with a relation before anybody else has a look in. I’ll admit this, however. Those who constantly come in contact with other stars, either ravishingly beautiful, or else full of magnetism, have much more temptation to be fault with their marriages than ordinary people.

If you’d lived all your life in a little Midwestern village, and never seen a girl with Carole Lombard’s looks, man like Clark Gable, you wouldn’t be so restless in the home.

People constantly ask me what I think of Gable, and why he wins love so easily. I’ve never had my mental microscope on him, but I’ll give you my guess. In the first place, he’s all male, but not a gorilla like some of our men. And next, he’s not afraid to be human: sympathetic without being soft. But maybe he’s protected by the memory of his mother. I don’t say he has what people call a complex on her, but you notice he takes to older women. All his wives to date have been several years his senior. Yet even that doesn’t seem to keep him married; it keeps him marrying.

Any sort of fixation will do that. In childhood, we seek what we psychologists call a contact person. It may be a mother, perhaps a nurse. Some men never get over the impression this youthful desire makes. Then the love pattern gets mixed up with this nursery image. And thereafter, those men will seek older women. If these good ladies don’t do their caretaking properly, then its height—ho for a new nurse every so often.

When I was a boy, I adored my grandmother. She was in her eighties, and she’d had all those decades to become wise and kindly and gentle. In my teens, I compared every girl I knew with the ideal I’d built on Grandmother. If they weren’t as smart, as patient, as understanding, I belledove like a mad bull.

You see, it isn’t just one thing that breaks a marriage and after a while causes a fear of wedlock. It’s many types of emotional maladjustment. Most people have a conflict between what they want in love and what they think they want. And some are so doubtful as to what they want, they can’t even decide what that is.

It may be that way with Robert Taylor. If one’s parents were happily married, one wants no less in one’s own love life. It’s just as great a barrier as when youth has witnessed the mess their seniors have made of double harness, or has counted up the cost of alimony. Few actors lack love, in any case. I’m told that before Taylor had his great romance with Barbara Stanwyck, he was very much in love with Irene Hervey. Now he seems just as devoted to Barbara.

Of course, it’s quite as possible to be monogamous in love as in marriage. In the ancient jungle, it wasn’t a matter of ceremony. Man and wife probably stayed together about as well as we do now.

In the final analysis, the success of an intimacy depends upon what each of the two give to it, and what each gets out of it. If each one doesn’t expect too much, and spends more time thinking about what he can do for the other than what is done for him, all is pretty likely to go well. It’s when we ask the impossible that trouble starts.

So you see that what’s wrong with our actors is this: if one experiment fails to produce the perfect mixture, they seek another—either in or out of wedlock.

But if you suppose they make these changes quite easily, you are only echo-
Whatever sort of hair Dame Nature gave you...its loveliness can be improved with a wave by ENDURA. More than half a million women throughout America have discovered that the smart, new way to radiant hair beauty is to

**PERMANENT WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME...with ENDURA**

Hollywood's original home permanent uses no unpleasant heat...no machine...no electricity...no harmful chemicals. And, best of all, no stunning blows to your pocketbook. Why buy high-priced waves when ENDURA is absolutely safe, simple, certain...and so inexpensive. Works perfectly on any hair and lasts as long as any machine wave. So easy to apply that anyone can do it at home. Fifty lovely curls for only $1, at drug and department store everywhere.

**IT’S SIMPLE! IT’S SAFE! IT’S SURE!**

First apply ENDURA lotion...wrap hair on the curlers which come in the package...and cover with foil. Remove...rinse hair thoroughly and set wave. A perfect permanent and that’s all there is to it!

**Hollywood’s Original Home Permanent Wave ENDURA**

Abigail, the opinion of thousands of censorious moralists, who think stage people can’t stand anything difficult in their intimacies. Everyone knows that Barbara Stanwyck was unhappy in her marriage to Frank Fay. Yet she stuck it out long after a strict Puritan would have run back to Mother. I’m merely speaking in defense of the screen stars. In the midst of their glamorous lives, they do about as well as the rest of us in the world at large. People, including the Lovely Ladies, don’t rush to the divorce courts quite so easily as many suppose. Like the rest of us, they don’t make the break until after they have taken quite a bit of drubbing!

People hate to face the fact that they have to separate, and hate to hurt each other. That’s certainly borne out in the case of Herbert Marshall. Anyone in Hollywood can tell you that Marshall was certainly infatuated with Gloria Swanson, and that for two years they practically never drew an individual breath. Perhaps that ended because love can’t be taken in such constant applications. Too much of anything leads to saturation. It seems strange that people can’t learn that lesson.

I’m told that when Marshall met Miss Swanson, his love to amuse wife, Mrs. Best, faded rapidly. But did it? Who knows? At any rate, Herbert Marshall is not on unfriendly terms with Edna O’Brien, for his recent trip to Europe he was frequently seen with her. And how could he be unfriendly to wards her? Weren’t they once known as the happiest couple in England? That means there were some centers of compatibility at least, and those would hold even after the marriage had ended. Miss O’Brien had a very object to seriously.

I’m not advising vaccinations separate domiciles and breakfasts apart to keep people together, but I’d like to see married couples try to get to each other as they are to strangers.

To make love permanent, we must never lose our hold on kindness.

A little reticence, a great deal of respect and much caring for the realities of romance are necessary to save it. Love has to be lived for.

It should be quickened and refreshed every day.

Heartaches in the Search for Scarlett O'Hara

(Continued from page 21)

Selnick studio. They all adore her, and when she flew out from New York all on her own and asked for a test they gave it to her. The only thing against her was that she never drew an individual breath. Perhaps that ended because love can’t be taken in such constant applications. Too much of anything leads to saturation. It seems strange that people can’t learn that lesson.

I’m told that when Marshall met Miss Swanson, his love to amuse wife, Mrs. Best, faded rapidly. But did it? Who knows? At any rate, Herbert Marshall is not on unfriendly terms with Edna O’Brien, for his recent trip to Europe he was frequently seen with her. And how could he be unfriendly to wards her? Weren’t they once known as the happiest couple in England? That means there were some centers of compatibility at least, and those would hold even after the marriage had ended. Miss O’Brien had a very object to seriously.

I’m not advising vaccinations separate domiciles and breakfasts apart to keep people together, but I’d like to see married couples try to get to each other as they are to strangers.

To make love permanent, we must never lose our hold on kindness.

A little reticence, a great deal of respect and much caring for the realities of romance are necessary to save it. Love has to be lived for.

It should be quickened and refreshed every day.

Heartaches in the Search for Scarlett O'Hara

(Continued from page 21)

Selnick studio. They all adore her, and when she flew out from New York all on her own and asked for a test they gave it to her. The only thing against her was that she never drew an individual breath. Perhaps that ended because love can’t be taken in such constant applications. Too much of anything leads to saturation. It seems strange that people can’t learn that lesson.

I’m told that when Marshall met Miss Swanson, his love to amuse wife, Mrs. Best, faded rapidly. But did it? Who knows? At any rate, Herbert Marshall is not on unfriendly terms with Edna O’Brien, for his recent trip to Europe he was frequently seen with her. And how could he be unfriendly to wards her? Weren’t they once known as the happiest couple in England? That means there were some centers of compatibility at least, and those would hold even after the marriage had ended. Miss O’Brien had a very object to seriously.

I’m not advising vaccinations separate domiciles and breakfasts apart to keep people together, but I’d like to see married couples try to get to each other as they are to strangers.

To make love permanent, we must never lose our hold on kindness.

A little reticence, a great deal of respect and much caring for the realities of romance are necessary to save it. Love has to be lived for.

It should be quickened and refreshed every day.

Heartaches in the Search for Scarlett O'Hara

(Continued from page 21)

Selnick studio. They all adore her, and when she flew out from New York all on her own and asked for a test they gave it to her. The only thing against her was that she never drew an individual breath. Perhaps that ended because love can’t be taken in such constant applications. Too much of anything leads to saturation. It seems strange that people can’t learn that lesson.

I’m told that when Marshall met Miss Swanson, his love to amuse wife, Mrs. Best, faded rapidly. But did it? Who knows? At any rate, Herbert Marshall is not on unfriendly terms with Edna O’Brien, for his recent trip to Europe he was frequently seen with her. And how could he be unfriendly to wards her? Weren’t they once known as the happiest couple in England? That means there were some centers of compatibility at least, and those would hold even after the marriage had ended. Miss O’Brien had a very object to seriously.

I’m not advising vaccinations separate domiciles and breakfasts apart to keep people together, but I’d like to see married couples try to get to each other as they are to strangers.

To make love permanent, we must never lose our hold on kindness.

A little reticence, a great deal of respect and much caring for the realities of romance are necessary to save it. Love has to be lived for.

It should be quickened and refreshed every day.

Heartaches in the Search for Scarlett O'Hara

(Continued from page 21)

Selnick studio. They all adore her, and when she flew out from New York all on her own and asked for a test they gave it to her. The only thing against her was that she never drew an individual breath. Perhaps that ended because love can’t be taken in such constant applications. Too much of anything leads to saturation. It seems strange that people can’t learn that lesson.

I’m told that when Marshall met Miss Swanson, his love to amuse wife, Mrs. Best, faded rapidly. But did it? Who knows? At any rate, Herbert Marshall is not on unfriendly terms with Edna O’Brien, for his recent trip to Europe he was frequently seen with her. And how could he be unfriendly to wards her? Weren’t they once known as the happiest couple in England? That means there were some centers of compatibility at least, and those would hold even after the marriage had ended. Miss O’Brien had a very object to seriously.

I’m not advising vaccinations separate domiciles and breakfasts apart to keep people together, but I’d like to see married couples try to get to each other as they are to strangers.

To make love permanent, we must never lose our hold on kindness.

A little reticence, a great deal of respect and much caring for the realities of romance are necessary to save it. Love has to be lived for.

It should be quickened and refreshed every day.
do you like best?" queried the queer-erogent. "The one at the box office," retorted Johnson.

It was Clark Gable who started the repetition of this line. Arlis was wont to go about unrecognized one day so he wore a smoked monocle! And, by the way, have you noticed that success hasn't changed Ginger? He's still the same old Arlis—in every picture.

Perhaps the best description of the cinematographer is that drawn by Groucho Marx when he went into a rhapsody on Hollywood at Director Tay Garnett's home recently. He concluded his monologue with, "...I like it because if, of an evening, I go out walking with my dogs, Mrs. Jones—any Mrs. Jones—will be walking with hers. My vicious brats attack her dogs, and I attack Mrs. Jones. Makes it pleasant living all around!"

JESTING is not solely a man's game. Let's give the distaff side their just—oh, if you will prefer it—due. Among the Josephine Millers list Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Tallulah Bankhead, Mae West, Margaret Sullivan, Clare Boothe Brokaw, and last—but far from least—Dorothy Parker, Queen of the It-Wits, who most recently referred to Buddy Clark as "Mary's Little Lamb." Prize Parkerisms include the following:

"Hollywood: The Land of Yes Men and Aequi—Yes Girls."

When a friend confided to Le Parker that she was in love with a movie star, Dot snapped back, "That isn't love—that's ZERO worship!"

On her last visit to New York Dorothy noticed an elderly man—about-town-cool with a young ingénue at one of the night clubs. "Isn't that sweet?" Parker purled. "PAPPY love?"

Dorothy Kilgallen, flying reporter for the Hearst papers, writes with a Parker pen, too. She reported recently of a certain high hat star, "She is frightened to death of crowds", and added: "...and crowds are frightened to death of her."

Ginger Rogers, an expert at the quick retort, once squelched a bore beautifully. The annoying fellow woman to carry her at a party.

After much dull conversation, he finally asked, "Who's driving you home?" Fixing him with a glare, Ginger snapped, "You are!" and stalked out alone.

It's difficult to decide whether to class Gracie Allen as a wit or a nitwit. However, here are some samples you can work on to figure it out for yourself. See Grace: "After reading 'The House of Seven Gables' I still don't know which one is Clark!" And not so long ago we overheard her say to a friend: "Call me sometime—even if it's only a post card!"

Out of the mouths of babies have come some of Hollywood's water cracks. Irving Berlin, writer of many a lollipop ditty, tells about small Linda, whose Sunday school teacher asked her one Sabbath, "What is Heaven?" "Dancing cheek to cheek!" piped up the little one.

Walter Winchell's sole topic of conversation these days—outside of himself—is Darryl Zanuck. Preparatory to making "Love and Hisses," his second pictures with Ben Bernie, Winchell had discussed the Zanuck contract at home at great length. Consequently, when the columnist's daughter Wanda was asked by her teacher who was the greatest president we ever had, the youngster replied, "Darryl Zanuck!"

Milt Gross, well-known film writer, was recently at work on an important assignment. Each evening he'd go home and report: "This afternoon I wrote a great scene!"

A few days later his son's tutor at a private school in Glendale asked Milt to come over in order to discuss the boy. "Mr. Gross," fumbled the embar-rassed teacher, "I don't exactly know how to go about this. It's rather personal, but for your child's sake, I must know. Is everything all right between you and your wife?"

Gross, puzzled, assured the teacher there was no rift in his home.

"Then I can't understand it," replied the instructor, "because your boy constantly comes to me and says Daddy made a terrible scene today!"

Another Hollywood instructor relayed this story. The ten-year-old son of a famous tippler was asked in the classroom to spell the word "straight." The boy answered correctly. "What does it mean?" the teacher asked next. "Without ginger ale," promptly replied the lad.

All the reels of film unwound since the birth of Hollywood would not equal in length the tales told about the producers and agents of blunderland.

At a studio conference the producer was one of those recruits imbued with ideas regarding the purity of the "dray-man" and full of a Halvahh accent. As usual, ideas were conspicuous by their absence, and George Jessel jumped into the breach with the outline of a story he believed was money-making cinematerial. When he finished his show spiel, the producer did everything but yawn and adjust a monocle as he remarked: "Oh, I suppose the story is O.K. for pictures"—to which Jessel (who doesn't pronounce it YAS-iel) corrected, "Well, what are you making here—Tootsie Rolls?"

Another producer recently asked Bob Benchley to view the screening of a film just completed at the studio. After he had seen the epic, Bob expressed the belief that it needed more action in one place. "Where's that?" eagerly inquired the producer. "In the cutting room," was Bob's barb.

An agent who put over a big deal for Frank Fay suggested they celebrate by getting drunk. Fay protested that he couldn't imbibe as he was on the wagon. "Aw, c'mon," insisted the agent, "fall off just this once. What's to stop you?" "I went to church and signed a pledge," Frank said. "Let me see it," suggested the agent. "I'll show you a way to break it!"

That gay group, the practical jokers of Hollywood, aroused loud laughter. Take, for instance, Charlie Lederer, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who are collecting $100 subscriptions for their new play. The $2 note entitles the donor to opening night ducats and a slight percentage of what is laughingly termed "the profits." The big scene of the play, which is a modern Noah's Ark, comes when a father warns his daughter that if she sins it will rain for forty days and forty nights. She refuses to heed his warning and then a sprinkling system on the roof of the theater goes to work, let down a shower of water . . . on the audience.

One of those fools who insist on being just too cute on the phone called Fred Astaire one night. "Are you good
INVIZ-A-Grips:

Woman throughout the nation are changing over to Inviz-a-grips this season. Leavens is one reason: the disastrous garter-button-train is eliminated, and hosiery lasts longer. A smooth silhouette is another: Inviz-a-grips are flax, can't show underneath the closest-fitting gowns. No uncomfortable garter-knobs to sit on. Inviz-a-grips are quickly and easily fastened, reduce stocking twisting, and anchor the foundation garments securely.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 53)

The story is a comedy, about a young divorced couple who form other attachments (Lyle Talbot and Claire Trevor), then meet accidentally on their second anniversary and fall in love all over again. It sounds like some make-believe with real-life possibilities for Tyrone and Loretta.

We see their meeting, in a hotel terrace in Miami. We see Tyrone accomplish a minor feast-lighting two cigarettes at the same time. He hands one to Loretta. She says, "Thank you, darling. I mean—thank you," and their leisurely conversation goes on from there.

The rehearsal over, the cameraman decides to re-light the scene for the take. Loretta and Tyrone do their own standing-in for this. For five minutes. Then five more. Facing each other all the time, hardly a foot apart. And they find nothing to talk about. Tyrone smokes; Loretta looks off into space. They don't seem uncomfortable at their proximity. Just disinterested.

This poses us with a pretty problem. Is this disinterest a bit of acting? Or are they acting in their love scenes?

Before we can arrive at any definite conclusion, we are arriving definitely, at Columbia Studios, in an atmosphere of hoy-nanny nonsense and hot-chacha. Columbia is making "College Folies of 1938." And don't tell us that "Varsity Show" didn't start a new film cycle.

A startling college hires a handsome actor to grace the campus, to swell the coed enrollment. Collegiate comedy and musical comedians involved in the frolic are Walter Connolly, Ernest Truce, Jean Perry, Charles Starrett, Gertrude Niesen, fifteen Pomona College football players, dancing damsel, and—Jimmie (Schmizzle) Durant. That man's here again.

When we were here before, he was the only one of his kind. No one else did dizzy comedy. Now, everybody's doing it. That makes him socially acceptable.
Only one thing worries him. The first time he came to Hollywood, he made his first scene on a location trip to Pomonola College. And this time, the same thing happened. (The company has just returned from location at Robert Taylor's alma mater. Today they're rehearsing musical numbers.) And Jimmie tells us, plaintively, "I guess I'll never get out of college."

Like Mae West, we like a man who takes his time. So, on we go to United Artists, where Samuel Goldwyn will be operating. Goldwyn and millions (two, no less) on what he calls his "monument." It is in Technicolor. Its title is "The Godwyn Follies."

We ask innocently if this is, in fact, a Hollywood cousin of "The Ziegfeld Follies." We are glared down to the end by Betty McCarthy. This, we are informed, is the one and only Goldwyn Follies.

It is a more revue. It has a plot. It also has everything from ventriloquism to grand opera. With a cast that includes Helen Hayes (this is her movie debut), Adolph Menjou, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, the Ritz Brothers, Phil Baker, Bobby Clark, Ella Logan, George Balanchine's American Ballet and a crop of Goldwyn Girls.

But the name that will top the cast is one totally new to moviers: the name is Vera Zorina. (Look for pictures of her on pages 34-35 this issue.) Like Sigrid Gurie, Goldwyn's other new property, she is Norwegian, tall, blonde, dramatically beautiful. When Goldwyn first saw her, she was, at nineteen, premiere ballerina of the world-famed Ballet Russe. She is twenty now.

We arrive too early to see her first appearance. But not too early to see Helen. And, they choose her. The picture starts with Helen in front of the camera. Blonde, with a voice that is Opera, but there that isn't.

The setting is a theater stage. On the stage is a scene of the opera, "La Traviata." With Charles Kuhlmann, also from the Metropolitan, she sings the Drinking Song. And, where she can see it from the stage, stands a huge basket of flowers. Attached is a card: "Good luck, Helen." That's "the Goldwyn touch."

Seeing one opera star gives us the urge to see another. We head for RKO-Studios which, as you see, is engaged in "Hitching a New High." And, without warning, we see more of Lily than we have seen any star in years.

Lily is in a costume such as no operatic star ever wore before. Perhaps no other operatic star could wear such a costume. It consists of a brief brazeniere of feathers, a brief skirt of ditto, and a large helping of brown skin paint. In the film, Lily plays the part of a girl who, because she can sing like the birds, has arranged to live among them, at least long enough to be discovered by two hunters (Jack Oakie and Edward Everett Horton). At the moment, she is walking out of a pool in a sexy sort of way. She has supposedly just had a dip.

Suddenly, her foot slips. With a start, she topples backward. No one is near enough to save her. She is under for the count of one before she finds her footing again. Her hair hangs in wet ringlets. Her feathers look damp and dreary. But Oakie makes her laugh. "If you aren't a sight for the joy birds we'll never see you!"

To see Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine do their dancing duet in "A Dance in Distress," we have to drive forty miles to a Malibu Pot O' Gold, on the way to the mountain country. The farther we go on the narrow, tortuous road, the wilder the landscape becomes. We begin looking for buffalo and redskins.

Just as the road pauses to debate whether or not to become a trail, we see a sound track parked on a side lane. We turn down the lane. We find ourselves in a grove of big, sparsely trees—a phenomenon in Southern California. Through the grove flows a brook. And, on the opposite side, on an expanse of greenwood stands—amazing to behold!—an old English castle, fronted with a formal garden. Neither the castle nor the greenwood nor the garden was there the day before. They won't be there tomorrow. All of them are props.

The dance that Fred and Joan do is something new in Hollywood tearjerkers. Refreshingly new. An outdoor dance, a country madrigal. From the castle steps, across a bridge over the brook, along the lane on the other side, through some stiles, and back over the brook on stepping stones. It is one of the simplest dances Fred has ever done. It may also be one of the best remembered. "Particularly by me," Joan says.

On the way back to Hollywood, we stop in Universal City for a glimpse of the bride, Alice Faye. She is honey-mooning on the set of "Young Man's Fancy." And not with Tony Martin, but with George Murphy, Ken Murray, crowds of comedians, bevies of dancers. It is a comedy of show business.

We find Alice, George and Ken around a table at a night club such as New York never was, or will be, able to afford. They are supposed to be having a good time. Actually, they are having anything else but. They are in a corner, beyond all ventilation. Hot lights are burning down on them. And they have to laugh, and look cool.

They make a pact to get the scene in one take. They get it. Then, in unison, "That's the temperature on this set!" The answer is: 122.

And that's how movies are made. At Warner's, our next stop, Francis is working with Pat O'Brien in "This Woman Is Dangerous."

On the set of this comedy about the advertising business, we see an unscheduled Hollywood comedy. The script calls for Pat to carry his bride up a flight of stairs, which will be easy enough for Pat to do.

Meanwhile, his stand-in, during the lighting of the scene, has suddenly found life difficult—carrying Kay's stand-in. He is a smaller man than Pat. She is a larger woman than Kay. Pat, an incorrigible better, had enough. It will last and loses.

We wander over to the set of "Hollywood Hotel," which is more than a set. It is architecture. It's a working model of the Hollywood hotelry of a billionnaire's, or a movie star's, dream. Nothing like it yet exists.

Dick Powell is in the grill, doing a scene with Rosemary Lane. She is a waitress. He is her boy friend, calling on her during working hours. Trying to ignore him, she starts to serve a couple. He helps her. The manager inter-venes. The man at the table rises in high dudgeon and verbally flays said manager, for crossing up young love.

It is a long scene, with difficult timing. They get it on the second try. That's like catching the brass ring on the merry-go-round on the first try.

Just as we arrive at Paramount we have a look at "The Buccaneer," Cecil B. De Mille's saga of the pirate who helped the United States win the War of 1812. It stars Fredric March. It starts Francisco Guit, another foreigner making a surprise first appearance. This Viennese glamour girl, blonde and petit, plays a Dutch peasant girl, even to the wooden shoes.

THOSE HOLIDAY THROATS NEED
A CARTON OF KODLS!

Throats get hot and dry after late nights and big parties. Your friends and family will appreciate KODLS, the mildly mentholated smoke that's soothing to your throat. Mind you, KODLS have just a touch of medicinal in them...merely enough to add a refreshing flavor...not enough to spoil the fine rich taste of the tobacco.

Coupoms come with KODLS, too...coupoms good in the U. S. A. for a wide choice of beautiful premiums. Give KODLS this Christmas! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

UNION MADE

MILD MENTHOL
CORK TIPPED

KODLS cigarettes...nOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

85
Leon Designs Original "Tish-U-Knits"

Style P-15'10

An Impressive Sweater of Fine-Gauge Zephyr Plastique, with a Stitch Motif Suggestive of Choice Tapestry.

LEON


to the company at work, we go on another location trip, this time to Catalina Island, where we appease South Sea fever and the movies make their sea shots. There, on the mainland side of the island, De Mille has built a pirate settlement of Barbary.

The ocean is so quiet here that it can pass for the Gulf of Mexico. But what of those mountains behind the settlement? They don't look like Louisiana. Simple enough. The magnets of the movies will turn mountains into sky in the finished film.

We see the scene in which the pirates, welcome the American fleet. They run down the beach, and in pirouettes, paddle toward the ship, only to be fired upon. The scene is photographed from a platform, a hundred yards from shore, where De Mille, in dungarees rolled to the knees, directs through a loud speaker.

The scene takes hours of preparation. Arranging of sun-reflectors. Testing of the compressed-air gadgets that simulate the explosions. Instructing every one of 300 pirate extras in what he is to do.

At last they are ready. De Mille barks "Roll 'em!" The pirates run down the beach, jump into their pirouettes, set out toward the camera. The first shells are thrown into the water. The survivors, panic-stricken, try to reach shore. "Cut!" calls De Mille.

A hundred extras, most of them dripping, all of them exhausted, wait for the verdict. "That," booms the voice on the off-shore float, "was a very, very mediocre rehearsal."

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

you've had an operation, don't have a permanent for six months afterwards, as the ether remains in your system for that length of time, and you won't like your wave.

I asked Olga, the hairdresser at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, (she does Garbo's and Jeanette MacDonald's hair-dresses when they are making a picture) what is the most common mistake women make in the way that they wear their hair. She says that as a woman grows older, the lines of her face begin to sag, and, therefore, to counteract this and to give her head a better balance, the lines of her hair should go up. You can achieve this by having it curled up, or off your face, or by parting your hair on the side instead of in the middle.

COIFFURES OF THE MONTH—One of the newest and loveliest wave-dos in Hollywood is the one Ginger Rogers wears in "Stage Door." Her hair at the back is rolled under a page boy, and at the side it is combed up from in front of her ears and brought up high on the crown of her head to curl in ringlets behind a soft wave rigging straight back from her forehead.

It looks very intricate, but is really very simple to copy; and if you have the true zeal of the experimenter, you'll dash to your mirror and start working on it right away.

Joan Fontaine's hair-do that you'll see in "Damsel in Distress" is charming for your girlish and particularly lovely for formal affairs this winter. Her hair is very softly drawn back from her forehead, and a twisted coronet set way back on her head is gathered into the turned-up ends of a long bob. Just the tops of the ears are covered, and if you have a pair of earrings, Californian girls wear them beautifully with this coiffure.

I saw Norma Shearer at a preview the other night looking more magnificent ever with a brand-new hairdressing. Incidentally, her hair is lighter now, and she is wearing it turned under in back, page boy fashion, and following the Juliet line in front. She has it curled back from her face with an extra curled row just below her hair smooth and glassy, and curls at the sides and back. Just above the temple where the waves begin to form, she fastens, her mascara and eyeliner pencil, a little bow of velvet ribbon the same color as her dress." It perches there so absurdly that it's smart.

MODERN MAKE-UP—Before I sign off, I want to tell you about a new wave of make-up, which has been introduced by Hollywood's most famous make-up men has perfected after six years of research. It's a wave out of the scene, and it's perfect for all types of skin except the extremely oily. It becomes invisible a few seconds after it's applied, but it now a make-up tool and glamorous all day long. It's caught on like mad in Hollywood, and you'll find every star's dressing table. If you write me, I'll be glad to give you the name.

TOMORROW'S SCREEN STARS

Sylvia of Hollywood

Sylvia of Hollywood says:

If you do what I tell you to do, you will have the loveliest screen stars—ever!

The radiant, glamorous beauty of the screen stars can now be yours. For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, No More Alibis.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia of Hollywood has just put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book. In No More Alibis you will find every ounce of knowledge that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years in making the human body ideally beautiful.

Carefully guarded secrets told

In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time all of her carefully guarded health and beauty secrets...the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with suggested exercises, illustrated by photographs and excellent text.

There is no other book like No More Alibis—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

You cannot have good looks, a beautiful figure nor a charming personality by merely wishing for them. But beauty should be yours—and it can be if you follow the expert advice and suggestions of Madame Sylvia as given in No More Alibis.

Only $1.00

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this book is only $1.00. If unattainable at your local department or book store:

Marshall Field Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.
to know. Miss Meeker said she meant a stock contract. Garbo nodded vigorously, and went to the telephone. 'This is Miss Garbo. I want you to give Miss Chris Meeker a stock contract,' she told the man in the casting office.

He laughed, and hung up. Some gaster, no doubt.

Eventually, however, the Swedish actress made herself understood, and her stand-in was put under contract. She has been there ever since, happy to be near her patroness, whom she worships.

It isn't often that Garbo does favors like that for people—not because she wouldn't like to, we suppose, but because her diligence keeps her from learning of the problems of others. Many of her coworkers never get to know her. Betty Dietrich, for instance, (yes, that's the name she goes by) has doubled for her, on and off, for three years. In all that time, they have never exchanged a single word.

You can drink a toast to Garbo, by the way, whenever you wish. Boothby's World Drinks, an authentic bar-keep's manual, lists the Garbo Gargle among the few items which deign to notice the existence of Hollywood. It's concocted of cognac, grenadine, French vermouth and orange juice (one-fifth of a jigger each), and one dash of crème de menthe—shaken, with a spoon of port wine floated over. Skoal!

**New Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"**

---

**Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood**

**(Continued from page 52)**

writers and director; at five more dry jobs before going home; at six dinner she couldn't eat. At seven she crawled into bed, only slightly conscience.

The inevitable comment: birthdays spent like that mean fewer birthdays, eventually.

A Melba for Rover

WHEN Ann Sothern left to join her husband, Roger Pryor, in Chicago, she warned her servants about picking the peaches that grow in her back garden—just the right time for picking! But each morning there were fewer and fewer peaches on the tree to pick until, finally, in desperation, the cook hit on a plan to discover the thief. She tied a bell to each tree and went to bed.

Sure enough the bell began ringing in the night and out rushed the cook in her nightie, to discover Ann's Doberman pinscher bumping the tree and gobbling the falling peaches.

A search in his doghouse revealed a large pile of peach stones.

The Man She Left Behind

JOE von STERNBERG is a changed man these days. Out in San Fernando Valley, near Chatsworth, he sits in the extraordinary house he and Neutra, famed modern architect, designed together; sits among his books and objects d'art, dreaming. Outside Josef's bedroom is a roof. It is a roof with no gutters, and the rain water collects there and stays. The view beyond is of low, rolling hills, the only signs of human habitation being the newly erected homes of Barbara Stanwyck and Zeppe Marx on distant knolls. It is von Sternberg's pleasure to sit at night looking out at the stars which seem to fill the heavens and, yes, the earth, too. For, you see, their reflection is caught up in the rain water collected on the roof.

When Marlene Dietrich left with her husband, Europe-bound, Josef came away from his extraordinary house to see her off. He was at the station, they say, and Mrs. Sieber's last embraces were for him. When the train started he ran back, waving and throwing kisses. Then he returned home.

That night the stars in the rain water shone with a strange desolation.

Aye Aye Do Good Deed

Garbo's stand-in, Chris Meeker, paints pastels when she isn't standing in. The news finally reached Garbo's ears, and the star exined considerable interest in the subject. One day she called Miss Meeker aside. "If you are an artist," she asked, "why do you work in pictures?"

The stand-in explained. She was trying to earn enough money to open a studio of her own. "If I could get in stock in added wistfully. "What is this 'stock'?" Garbo wanted

**PHOTOPLAY** announces that the Question and Answer Department "The Answer Man" is herewith discontinued.

---

**New Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"**

**BETTER THAN EVER FOR SKIN**

*Mrs. W. FORBES MORGAN*  
*OF WASHINGTON, D. C.*

---

***Skin-Vitamin!*** Who ever heard of that? Doctors have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the "skin-vitamin" that you now get in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Always grand for flaky skin

Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been especially good for smoothing out little rough places. That's why it is such a grand powder base and overnight softer. But now it is even better for the skin. Use it for helping your skin in every way. Its use makes the skin smoother, softer, softer, best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look!

**Some jars, same labels, same price**

The new Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream is on sale everywhere. The same jars, same labels, same price.

The cream itself feels just the same.

But remember—it now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vita-

**Smoothes Roughness Away**

**TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

_**Send for the New Cream!**_
WHAT AN AMAZING DIFFERENCE
Maybelline DOES MAKE!

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then apply pale, scanty lashes and actually bow to men who should be your most appreciative feature—your eyes? You'll be amazed at the added loveliness that can be yours, naturally, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

Simultaneously darken your lashes into long, curling, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Mascara—either the economical Solid-form or the popular Cream-form—so your eye appears instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smudging, and tear-proof. Keeps your lashes soft and resilient, and tends to make them curl. At any cosmetic counter—only 75c.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately take on brilliancy and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression.

From graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-lead Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, a perfect pencil that you will adore.

Every time you squat or blink your eyes, the tender skin around your eyes is creased, encouraged wrinkles. Help to avoid these, own foot, wrinkles and laugh lines—keep this sensitive skin soft and a joyful—by simply smootheing on Maybelline Eye Cream each night for your eye beauty sleep.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in pure sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and you will see an amazing difference.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

KEEPING FIT

By BERNARR MACPADDEN

You will find this book the most useful and the most interesting of the numberless books you may have seen to date, since here is a great household book in health. A handbook of the health movement and how to do it. It is simple, intelligible, but at the same time it is the book of the century of health, and all for the benefit of your family as well. Grades Bound 80c-PORTABLE PAK.

MACPADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. I-12, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully endorse a snapshot negative (film 8x10 or larger) if you enclose this ad with the negative for return mailing. Information on color printing in natural colors is immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS

MARRIAGE HYGIENE

Sanex

The New Great, Reserve Containing Modern Merman Wash and Modern Shampoo. A new a.m. and p.m. innovation. Sanes, one of the most promising of the American hairdressing industries, is a product of the largest and most modern facilities for producing and distributing hairdressing materials. Available in a complete line of retail and wholesale forms.

FREE Travel SizeSanex

For More Details Write for Sanex Booklet.

FREE Travel Size Sanex

Sanex

Mail order 115c—stores and drug stores.

FREE Travel Size Sanex

88

Skiing Through Life
(Continued from page 31)

honor and worship has disappeared, you must once again give these people cause for worship. After that you will never, for not one minute, give him a chance to forget that you are what you are, and that his compliance is your due. Her mouth made up, Sonja said to Wil- helm that night, standing beside his chair before the great fire: "There are many competitions and I want to win all of them. But this summer one is coming and the pond will be water again, and then where will I practice? There is no wind tonight."

"I can't make a rink for you, Little One," Wilhelm said equably. "Aren't you satisfied? Now, already, you are the world's champion."

"No." Sonja put her hand on his arm. "There are artificial rinks in London. The Ice Clubs—the Crystal Palace. I've read about them. Papa, please—"

I HE portrait of her from that time from until 1926 must be done with sound and color and short fragmentary pictures against a background of vital, traceable surroundings, and in the case of her dreams, a realization which at last had become an obsession.

Summers were London, at first, the training ground and the home of a dium-priced hotel suite (these Henies were not extravagant people, either) whom she had met, and the world of her own, lived, at the end of a greater metro- polis, the necessity for speaking English. Different food—stock pudding, savories. The surface cars. Ice cars carefully smoothed and lined with spectators' galleries. Going with Selma to see "Primrose" and Paul Whiteman in "Stop Flirting," and the sound of the steamer in the Thames; a new skater instructor; more people than were possible all walking on the same street; Piccadilly, the Mall, and Buckingham Palace—the inside of Buckingham Palace—tea with Their Majesties, because Queen Maud of Nor- way was George V's sister, and the Prince of Wales, with his court, almost stilted acknowledgment of their intro- duction.

She won the world's championship again the next year, and the next, and again, the next; she met more kings and her name was larger in type and her tutors were not exactly servile but even so— Lief, when she was home, went away for long, and her father who came down to the pond in winter came down by the scores. There was still another instructor, from whom she learned the cross-foot spin and three dozen new routines. She worked harder and harder and the world applauded until the sound of it was the sound of her absolute triumph. She was happy.

When the Olympics were held in 1928 she was ready for them. She knew what would happen. She had practiced this long and this faithfully, and her craftsmanship was directed and relative. She was a showman, instinctively: her costume would be startlingly all-white, well made. She would try the judges, offering to them her smooth flying grace and her bright Northern beauty, saying to them with these things: "Your greatest woman is the world. I am better than any of them in this competition. These spark- kniving most dangerous to play with soft and long lashes, and gifts from great monarchs, and the flowers presented to me at the end of my exhibition were from a king, because my skating is not merely skating but a dance on ice, intricate rhythm, a new kind of beauty.

The winter games were held at St. Moritz, and it was that easy.

DURING the next four years, until she no longer contended herself with winning the European women's skating championships and any other honor that could possibly be foreseen. So that she was busy, almost always. There were no hours given to introspection because there were no hours free; she was growing up, she was fifteen, and seventy, and finally eighteen, and the normal adolescent life she denied herself she did not comprehend.

Only sometimes...

Sometimes, when her practice at the Ice Club was over for the day, she would walk back to her hotel alone through the twilight. Twilight is a wistful hour, especially in London, and a favorite hour of hers. She would glance in the bright windows of great cafés and see men and women, in couples, seated at the tables, and she would look at them, and there would be special something in the eyes of these people that was not reflected in her own. For sometimes there was a strange and inexplicable loneliness, would enclose her; then, through the vague sadness, the murmured echo of many hands striking together, the Ice Club would come to her and she would smile, satisfied. She had this.

She was Sonja Henie.

Madame Karski, one of the famous Rus- sian with whom she studied dancing, was a sophisticate. Sometimes she said to Sonja, with a kind of arch suggestion in her low voice, "You work so hard. When do you find time for men?"

"There are no men."

"But you are young and very beau- tiful—oh well," Madame's shrug was ex- presive, "love is for the little people who have nothing better, for the provin- cial, all she had was a cosmopoli- te, a woman of the world—and a great personality, never forget that."

"Much later," agreed Sonja, seriously.

SET on her path, she found her own momentary carrying her higher and higher, to increasing peaks of glory. She gave command performances before the British sovereigns. She skated in France and Italy and Switzerland and Germany and in all countries, bowing afterward beneath the boxes of Hitler and Mussolini and a dozen lesser rulers. She came to America to Lake Placid in 1932 and literally retained her title there and she went back to Europe knowing that another nation was on her list of the conquered.

Back in Oslo, in the big sitting room with its great chairs and its constantly crackling fire, she gathered with Wil- helm and Selma for hours. There must be a new goal. She had wanted everything there was to win and made indisputable her title as the world's greatest skater.

"You must stop now, Little One," Wil- helm told her sternly, through the smoke of Selma's cigars. There was no man to tire you here. You and we go no further. It's time you began to live a different kind of life, to give it a lifetime to yourself."

And there, as a woman now, not a little girl—or an automaton. It isn't natural for a young
She was not sure all that night, nor in the morning; and even as she stood off-rink, waiting for her call, the decision waivered in her mind.

She had had so much of this—even now, when she should have been trembling with anticipatory excitement, she stood relaxed and even a little bored with the long wait.

Perhaps they were right, Wilhelm and Selma. Perhaps he was right—

Then she heard her name booming out of the loudspeakers, the sudden, alive murmur that preceded the ovation which recognized her.

She shot hastily out onto the ice, hearing, with a pleasure that was almost pain, the sharp rasping sound of her cutters. She saluted the clattering stands and the music blared.

"The music blared. In its rhythm she whirled and ran and drew her classic figures, feeling in her heart and through her whole body the rightness, the perfection of each motion."

When she had finished she stood on her skate points, flushed and laughing, all thought drowned in the immense thunder of applause that said so magnificently, so conclusively that she had won again.

And in the boxes there was only one man who sat silent: because he knew, now, what her answer would be.

She met him in 1935, while she was busy preparing to enter the Olympics to be held in Germany the next year, and she will not tell his name, which is right. He was a most elegant son, and extremely rich. He looked like a little one of those high, broad young men you see in the movies, being gay at winter retirement and clever with women. He had the smile, and the necessary clean-cut quality. He had the glamour.

They were correctly introduced, of course, since Selma was there, but after that they saw more of each other than Mrs. Henie knew. They did the things they do in London: the Savoy for dinner, when Sonja could make it, several musical comedies.

So it was at first, discovered, that the thing she had feared—awkwardness at the eternal game of romance because of its newness to her—was a fiction built absurdly in her own mind. The awareness of the feminine formula, of what to do and think and answer, was not as desperate with her, and she found, surprisingly, that here was a new facet of living which at times could be immensely rich. There were ever so many hours, when they were together, in which she was forgetful of skating and of the forthcoming games. She wasn't sure if she were in love with him, although he was openly sincere about her love for him. At least he asked her to give up the idea of entering the Olympics again this time, of continuing at all with her program of sports contests. "There are other important things for you now," he told her. "Me, for instance."

This final argument he offered at the hotel in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the competition would be held on the morrow. He had followed her there. He would admit of no compromise: "I want you, not a pair of silver skates," he insisted doggedly.

She said, "It's too late to back out now, at any rate. Perhaps... I will let you know tomorrow."

And he had to be content with that.

Like a Summer Memory

GERANIUM ROSE EAU DE COLOGNE—its rose-garden freshness, like a summer memory, permeates the entire combination set pictured below. Here you have the complete bathroom complement... BATH SALTS, BATH SOAP, SUPERFATTED CREAM SOAP, DUSTING POWDER, EAU DE COLOGNE... all invitingly and lingeringly fragrant with the alluring breath of GERANIUM ROSE.

TOSCA EAU DE COLOGNE— summoning another delightful memory of those evening formals when summer and romance and the lure of Tosca were in full bloom.

TROIKA EAU DE COLOGNE— at all winter sports its youthful fragrance is as appealing as it was on summer tennis courts, fairways, and leafy bridle paths.

"4711" CLASSIC EAU DE COLOGNE—the refreshing, stimulating, invigorating base of each of the above immaculate summer memories. Itself an international favorite with men and women of exquisite taste who for nearly a century and a half have testified to its superiority.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTING— "4711" full line of toiletries are attractively packaged, individually and in combination sets. Here is a wide variety of useful gifts for women and men, complimenting both the giver and receiver.
is what pictures used to be." Ye gods! What do audiences care what pictures used to be? Haven't the recent masterpieces produced beyond all doubt the huge advancement and limitless possibilities of the film industry?

The only trouble was that sometimes you couldn't convey a single emotion to the audience because the enamelled perfection of the film was too perfect. But once a while, if that alone isn't inept to the intelligence of the average audience! "It's as if nobody really cared about the picture." In Hollywood, certainly nobody does. May I add that in any community where A pictures are ever shown—be it even at irregular intervals—nobody does.

And out of... when viewing a B... one's problems fade. To me and my pals, one's problems are only beginning. To sit through a whole or a part of a B while waiting for the A picture is a decided problem; a boresome and ridiculous experience.

And then the lady in question [may she be in the doghouse by now!] taxes the readers' patience by relating the most farfetched tale of a man who appreciated Rainier in "The Good Earth" and was just out of everything as a result. One of those whose associates lack the intelligence to enjoy "rave" performances should cease to defend that which is inferior to the whole American public. In brief, K. S. Carpenter, Malone, N. Y.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

YESH—FRESHMAN!

Have you ever heard this verse? "Seniors think they're hot stuff, Juniors think they're smart, But it takes a little freshman To break a fellow's heart."

I've seen adults rave about actresses but have never heard them say they could take her off the screen and hug her. That's what they say about Jeanette MacDonald.

It used to make me mad when people said I was at the "awkward age" (I'm fourteen). I've heard some of us of our age aren't able to do anything that takes brains. If we aren't clumy, we're silly and giggly. When I first heard of Jeanette I may have thought that "she's show 'em" that we aren't so awful as we seem. When we became a sensation I certainly felt proud.

All my friends feel that she could be one of us since we read that she uses "bunk" and "swell" in her conversation, and sometimes even giggles. We lost no time telling our parents. "100 Men and a Girl" brought out Philadelphie's biggest crowd ever at its recent opening. I'm glad that I'm only fourteen.

Doris Peavy, Philadelphia, Penna.

**$1.00 PRIZES**

THE NEW PHOToplay CREATES A FUROR!

Your publication's new "dress-up" is perfect. For the first time in my life I sat down and for over two hours looked carefully at a movie magazine. I came out of the test raving over how well PHOTOPLAY looks, reads, and holds the reader's interest. The size is just right for photography superb. Congratulations.

Agnes Rader Finzer, Mount Morris, Ill.

Long live the new PHOTOPLAY. We love it! My husband and his friends were deeply interested. They exclaimed over the new writers, especially Lowell Thomas. We all raved over the fine pictures. The colored one of Carole Lombard is lovely enough to frame.

Mrs. Frederick Gooch, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAY is now distinctive not only in quality but in size. It looms out from other movie magazines on the newsstands like an oasis in a desert. Thanks a lot for the happy surprise.

Ruth Connell, Bailey, Colo.

A great change has come over PHOTOPLAY and I regret to say it is for the worst. It has been changed from a nice convenient size to an awkward, clumsy, unamusing magazine. As if that were not bad enough, it is now filled with pictures with comparatively little reading material. In fact it is what children enjoy—a picture book.

Miss Lois Blanchard, Malden, Mass.

The cover is a glorious creation and does justice to the beauty of Miss Crawford. "The Camera Speaks" section is a work of art.

Ed Lally, Fort, Ontario, Canada.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

THE PANGS OF BIRTH

Boo, "A Star is Born!" I really was let down. After expecting a fine truthful picture that would show how hard it was to get into pictures, I viewed a silly film full of coincidences and unreal characters. All Janet Gaynor had to do was to show her faith in the budding matinee idol and she got a screens test. Two minutes were shown of make-up, posture study, etc., in which the girl steps into a star's part and is a sensation. It doesn't ring true.

And the idea that a press agent as embodiment in Lionel Stander was outmoded five years ago. "A Star is Born" is trash as a picture, an example of how Technicolor can raise a mediocre picture to the level of a fairly good one.

Seymour Kapitsanky, Detroit, Mich.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

MUNI—THE MARVELOUS

Step aside all you Taylors, Powers, Crothers, etc. It's time to make Muni the new way for a real actor. I will admit he hasn't a toothpaste smile, a way with the ladies or a crooner's voice, but Muni has more than that. He has the true qualities of a fine actor. After seeing a picture in which he plays one of his immortal roles, I come away from the idea that there is a man in Hollywood that can play some other rôle besides that of a young man with a glass of liquor on one side and a girl on the other.

So well does Muni act his part that you love, hope and mourn with him. Indeed, the Harrison of the Ziegfield dream is put on realism and warmth that the character remains in your memory long after the pictures are forgotten. How truly Paul Muni deserved the Academy Award for this year.

Betie Sue Robertson, Chattanooga, Tenn.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

JEANETTE—a WOMAN APART

She sings! She dances! In fact, there doesn't seem to be anything that lovely Jeanette MacDonald can't do in her latest picture "The Firefly."

Every time I see Jeanette I say to myself, "This is surely her peak." But each time she has fooled me and gone on to bigger and better triumphs. She is delightful in "The Firefly." She has the just right touch for light, open, and there is no actress who can match her gaiety and pleasant manner.

There is a certain graciousness and womanliness about her that sets her apart from other Hollywood sirens. Her pictures don't need to be distorted by queer make-up, nor do her eyebrows reach her hairline. Her beauty is from the soul and the nearest thing to a Gainsborough painting I have ever seen. Jeanette's private life is commendable, too, and I wish her much happiness in her marriage to Gene Raymond.

Muriel Marks, New York, N. Y.
Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star

(Continued from page 71)

she gave us "This Modern Age" and "Possessed," then "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton." The change, the new scope, the added brilliancy, the new air of confidence, the increased charm were all noticeable and they were a great surprise. But they were also a true and fitting clincher for all time her right to be a star—a real star.

THEN she made "Rain"—her one real failure.

I saw the opening night of that picture. I thought it had never been more badly directed and I thought how bad Joan really was. It wasn't just a mediocre performance, it wasn't just under par—it was definitely and completely a failure. And no one knew it better than Joan.

It was another turning point in her life. By that time, her career had become the great and important thing in her life. Whether she knew it consciously or not, subconsciously she was aware, certainly, that she was an actress, that she was of the chosen few who belong under Kleig lights. Ambition—amplification—ambition to be a fine artist as well as a startling personality.

Two things contributed to the disaster of "Rain." I think, professionally, she made it too soon. Some day, I think, she will make it again.

Personally, her life at that time was in an uproar and she was nervously and vitally off balance in her emotions. I knew her of the cast and the center, who were on that long location at Catalina when they shot "Rain." Joan, most sympathetic of all actresses with whom she works, the most charitable girl in Hollywood, nearly drove them nuts. Her nerves were ragged, her temper was on edge, her tears near the surface. She kept her phonyograph going all day and all night, and it wasn't altogether because she was playing Sadie Thompson.

When she did finally sue for divorce she stated that her troubles with Doug was the result of a nervous breakdown. It is perfectly true that they had and that during the making of "Rain" she was at the breaking point most of the time.

For she was at another crossroads.

At the end of two years, the inevitable happened. Their marriage was no middle ground for these two. Joan, when she went domestic, went one hundred per cent. They put too great a strain upon their love. They concentrated their whole lives and emotions upon it. Love won't stand that.

The drama began to fade. The excitiment died out. Exactly as Joan Crawford wasn't, as an actress, ready to play "Rain," neither was she, as a woman, ready to play a married, conforming life—one man, routine, familiar things. To the one role, which she had already mastered, they added the Fairbanks, Jr. When the letdown, which always comes in a flaming love like theirs, came they had nothing with which to replace it. They were too young, too undisciplined, too avidly and eagerly curious about life, too greedy for its past moments and new sensations.

You see, the story Life was writing about Joan Crawford wasn't the peacefull, contented, easy story of a woman in love with the man she married. Her age woman, of everyday human tragedies and denials and happiness and heartbreak. It was the story of a Hollywood Movie Star. Heights and depths, but not—at least, not then—while she was so young, any smooth, easy, middle road.

But Joan and Doug got on each other's nerves. And Joan, who has that amazing emotional quality of understanding without thought or analysis, as so many creative people have understood that again she was at the crossroads. It made her desperately unhappy. But she had loved Doug, she had believed their love would last forever. She wept many tears over the passing of that love, and I think they tried to comfort each other, but the script was already written and they had to play it through as Life directed.

JOAN and Douglas went to Europe in one last attempt to find again the enchantment of their early days together. The trip (it was ironical that they had been trying to take a honeymoon trip to Europe ever since they were married, had planned upon it as a love journey filled with delight and romance) didn't heal the breach. When they returned their separation was definitely announced.

And in 1933, after Joan had her interlocutory decree, young Doug was in Hollywood. The court-appointed guardian of the irresponsible stage star, Gertrude Lawrence—and Joan Crawford was in Hollywood, already "being seen" often with her leading man, Frank Chotone.

We have had, through this story, perfect casting—Life, as the philosophers say, is like that when it gives its attention to the business. Joan—herself Ray Sterling—the cultured young man who gave her that needed impulse in the early days of her life, Joan—Edward Cudahy—the millionaire playboy. The Prince Charming—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And lastly the woman who fished exactly into the role of Joan Crawford's second husband.

There is the complete Joan Crawford. Not the little slavey, the raw chorus girl, the jazz baby of the Charleston era, the charming young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. But—the result of all these—Joan Crawford. Real now, having found herself, having taken from life and men and experience many of the experiences of nearly thirty of the most divine age, so poets tell us. Her beauty richer and more alluring than ever. Her art on the screen having reached a perfection where she could throw all her magnetism into any role. Not bothering now about being a "lady"—being very sure of being a woman, cultured, poised, beautiful, experienced. You saw that woman almost, I think, as she is in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

JOAN's intellectual interests had grown immensely from those early school days. Doug was an intellectual and she had learned from him, too. Henry was an intellectual and she was looking for something else. She was doing all the markdowns in her life—she had gained a gracefulness that lacked her old restlessness, but not her old vitality and vivacity. She had been learning. She was learning all the time, making adjustments. The marked domestic strain in her—all emotional actresses have it to some extent—she gave free rein to within limits. She knew now that it wasn't possible to be herself, Joan Crawford, Movie Star, and be thoroughly domesticated, too. She was growing in her love, and she took up embroidery, and today she sits for hours on the set making hooked rugs—that is a very real side of Joan, which must have an outlet. But the idea that she would some day retire to be "just a wife" she knew wasn't possible.

This new Joan Crawford was sure now—and it was dependent only upon herself. Joan Crawford was not only a great star, but by now a charming and completely acceptable woman of the world in her own right.

But being all woman, there must always be a Man. Her ambition to cause her Kansas City background, her mother's training, her schooling in the convent—all had impressed her deeply. Joan actually wanted to throw her cap over the windmill, no free love, no love affairs confined by friends and hidden from the public. Side by side in her complex nature, with its many sides which are all so real, side by side with the domestic strain is a wide solid strain of respecatability.

She has never done anything that she didn't think was right. She measures everything by her own emotions—and lives up to her own feelings.

So the new Joan Crawford met Frank Chotone. It's so obvious that there isn't much to say about this. A young man of great charm, the very best example we have on the screen today of what we call "a gentleman." Well-bred, highly educated, a college graduate, and a stage actor of the very top flight. A man of the world. He didn't want Joan Crawford to be="Mrs. Frank Chotone" and act domesticity. He understood her and loved her—apparently from the first moment they met on the set of "Today We Live."

But Joan was, by now, very, very a little cautious. She had been badly—very badly—burned by marriages. And when the rumors of her engagement to Tene were headlined she said, "No, I shan't ever marry while I'm still on the screen. A husband and a career don't work out."

She believed that. And, to some extent, she may be right. Joan Crawford has never yet stood against real love.

This was a different love, a more wonderful love. Different from her schoolgirl infatuation for Douglas Fairbanks, much different from her young first love for Doug. This wasn't based upon drama, or wholly upon natural chemistry. It was a friendship, a bond, a quality which made her reach out for a man who understood her, loved her as she was.

In this love was companionship. Friendship. Something deep and—for the first time in her throwing, restless, glamorous life—a thing called peace.

So today we have another Joan Crawford. The great Movie Star. The elegant woman of the world. The wife of Frank Chotone. Patroness of syn- phonie concerts—photographs—fancy dresses— Jazz parties. She is one of the most independent women who ever lived. She is one of the first women who ever recognized and believed in marriage for the right woman.

But the story of Joan Crawford will not end about this.

With all the Joan Crawfordes we have met, there are still more to come—and underneath she has always had much. She is still the emotional, dramatic, loving, loyal, terribly human girl who first came to Hollywood. Things always go on happening to people like Joan.

And we can watch Life write the final chapters which I can't write for you yet.
Party at the Baxters

(Continued from page 12)

its Persian rug, deep red velvet chairs, carved chests and sideboards polished so you could see your face in them, candle before her mental eyes. She saw the long oak table as it was just before the beginning of one of their formal dinner parties: its ivory-colored brocade upholstered, paintings of flowers, the 10 beautiful old silver, the ivory candies in the branched silver candleabra, the flat bowl of roses, and the finely lacquered china glass. She thought with no little pride of the definiteness of the service rendered by the English butler and her own personal staff.

"No," she said to Warner. "It's not going to be a formal. Have you forgotten Christmas?"

He looked out of the window. The sun was very bright. One corner of the English walled garden below still glowed pink with begonias. From here he couldn't read the wording on the sundial but he knew it well. "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be." He waved his hand to take in all the view, the near view of the garden, the far view of the sunny hills. "All this makes it very hard to remember," he said.

She came over and stood beside him at the window. "There are the Christmas flowers to remind you," and she showed him the big clump of poinsettias. "We'll have that in the living room, of course, besides the holy and mistletoe. I wish we could get real English holy out here, instead of the monastic berries."

"Maybe you'd like some English weather to go with them," teased Warner.

"How would be fun, at that," she replied. "Now I'll ring for Miss Carr to come up and help with the menu. After all, Christmas always seems like an English institution."

DOWNTAURS Miss Carr sat in her small, efficient office with its silent typewriter, adding machine, its neat stacks of letters and bills, its various telephones. She answered the house phone, told Mrs. Baxter she'd be right up. A red button lit up. "What do you want?" she addressed it severely.

Five hundred yards away, a door blown by the big iron gate, her voice echoed eerily out of the trees and a delivery man, with Christmas wreaths on his wagon, jumped backwards. Into the air he nervously explained his business. Five hundred yards away Miss Carr pressed a button. The wrought-iron gates noiselessly opened.

By the time he had reached the service entrance and delivered the tree Miss Carr was upstairs helping to plan the Christmas party.

"That afternoon," Mrs. Baxter was saying as she came in, "I'll go shopping for presents for everyone. And Warner, you'd better look at your Santa Claus outfit."

"I think I ought to get Ernie Westmore to make me up," joked Warner.

"Well, Miss Carr, what about this menu?" asked Mrs. Baxter.

"This is what I wrote down tentativel-

CHRISTMAS DINNER
Connor's with spinach balls Roast turkey—cranberry sauce Sweet potato salad Grapefruit salad Flaming plum pudding—brandy sauce Nuts—mince pies olives and such things After dinner mints— coffee, tea, chocolate, milk.

Not that anyone will be able to eat them after their Christmas dinner—but they will pop in a nice, merry Christmas way.

Adjoining this room, and opening out into it, is the big bar, which will be fixed up exactly like an old English Inn, with its beamed ceiling, a big blazing fire, the old-fashioned beer mugs and Toby jugs. Behind this again there is another of those kitschy little summer houses which delights Warner.

The room will be decorated with holly and poinsettias. In the center will hang a great Christmas tree. As each guest comes in he or she will be caught under the mistletoe. Someone will play the organs.

Warner will be behind the bar counter mixing up any kind of drink that people want.

Each year prior to the big day, he makes a bowl of fruit punch for those who don't want any Christmas spirit. He makes it from the juice of 6 oranges, 3 lemons, 3 cranberry, a pinch of grated pineapple, white grapes, mara-

schino cherries, 2 cups each of water and sugar and 2 bottles of sparkling water.

The Yule ruts to go with this are something very special. Then there are cinnamon, tree sprigs, and camphor, too.

Dinner is served with the food laid out on the dining-room table, which is assist in the yule. The guests sit at small tables: there will be two tables in the library, three in the ballroom, four in the living room.

After the salad course the lights are dimmed, the ceremonial procession of the pudding started.

Like a small barge on a silver charger the butler carries the pudding from room to room, the blue brandy flares wisping round it. "There is a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" in each room as it appears.

AFTER dinner Warner slips away and climbs into his Santa Claus suit. The screen is moved away from in front of the trees. Every guest and his wife receive Cries of "Is it just what I wanted?"

"Everyone thinks Warner he says: "Don't thank me—I've a purely selfish motive for all this. I think everyone should do his utmost to produce kind and happy feelings during the Christmas holidays. If for no other reason than the pleasant reaction one gets from making the other fellow feel good.

Each year at the Baxters the guests join in the old-world songs and carols. When time comes, as it does to the best parties, for the guests to go home. "Don't forget," Warner will remind all of them. "We like to have our friends know how the latchstring hangs out for them during the holidays, as always."

Five hundred yards away the electrically operated gates swing open, allowing the stream of autos to drive through.

The Christmas party will be over for another year.

P. S. The gravy to go with the goose is Grimston. And there are a whole lot more beverages, Christmas and other-

wise, that the Baxters serve. If any of you would like the recipes of these, or the cake rusk and the candy that go with them, let me know and I'll be glad to let you have them. Just write to Molly, in care of the OPP Magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Be sure and inclose a STAMPEd self-addressed envelope.
Babies Raise Hell on the Set

(Continued from page 21)

let live. She was a miniature edition of what the boys write home about. She was a real "find" (and the mother) several pink indigestion bumps.

Why not? She is entitled to indigestion.

At Warner Brothers they really wrecked the budget over Sheila. In a scenic scene this honey-bunch was only supposed to say three words. She was not the type. She just didn't care for it. They fed her hot milk. They brought her to her ideal set wrong at a demolition. They hired real good crooners to sing her all the Mammy songs in the Warner repertoire, and that's a dump!

Sleep? Hah! She thought the movies were grand. She loved it—all and she stayed wide awake.

They wondered whether Mr. "Dodd Takes the Air" would ever be finished.

Believe it or not, in this picture Ruth Connor, the baby's grandmother, played the mother. Mrs. Connor achieved an idea. She took Sheila for a long evening ride, in a limousine. Nighttime and motion of the car. It ought to work.

Out at the studio the whole technical crew drew everything. The big black car oozed silently through the gate. It rolled, gears muffled, onto the set inside. Lights were turned off. Thousands of candlepower illuminated the car's interior, where Sheila slept in Mrs. Connor's arms. Camera turned.

The baby didn't wake at all. She rolled on, was transferred to bed and slept the night out—not the first unconscious actress. They cut that nap into the picture scene.

You remember a man named D. Zanuck who took over the old Fox lot? Larrain Trotti, an ace writer there, had just done a scenario about Ramona. Zanuck read it. He cracked his heels together and emitted electric sparks. His big eyes glittered.

"Double the budget," he shouted, "and do it in color!"

That was the Boy Executive's big slip. He didn't realize there was a baby in the plot.

No infant was ever more beautiful than Beverly Firestone when she played Ramona's daughter. She's beauty now—all black eyes, raven hair and personality.

They remember her with mingled affection and trepidation at Twentieth Century. For one thing, the day they started to shoot her scenes, she began to teethe. That was a help.

Then the real trouble began. She loved Loretta Young with all her sweet heart. She cuddled. But when Loretta donned the black wig she had to wear in that picture, Beverly balked. Frightened, she screamed and howled.

This held up shooting for two days. Then someone had a stroke of genius. They put a man in a limousine, with a black wig. He rolled out to the Firestone home and Mrs. Firestone wore the wig, the cast and everything during the remainder of the picture.

Beverly decided that if Mummy could do it, then so could she. They finished the picture.

WHEN Director William Wyler was shooting "Dodsworth," he needed just one brief scene of a newborn baby. He had had experience, so he asked Central Casting to get him a baby from Los Angeles and Hollywood for a set of identical twins.

Mr. and Mrs. Tolmasoff had come to town, from up in Ventura County, so that Mrs. Tolmasoff could have the best of care. The twins were only about five hours old when Central Casting made the discovery. Two days later they arrived on the set. (It takes that long for Health Department and other formalities.) Wyler, under the rules, could shoot each baby only ninety and six seconds. The Goldwyn studio figures that having both available saved about $15,000. But even Mr. and Mrs. Tolmasoff can even be sure which son actually appeared in the picture—Edwin or Edward.

The "twindrich," EKO director, found the answer to all troubles—the original Heavenly Twins. They are Jean and Judith Kercher, used by Sandrich in "A Woman Rebels." Whenever Jean sees Kleig lights, she feels sad and droopy. She is apt to cry. And Judith, on the other hand, is sure to gurgle and laugh. You play 'em, alternating, in the role of one and lose no time whatever.

The idle Richard Boleslawski topped that. He was using Jean and Judith in dens. There was the triumphant entrance of Mammy Sue.

Sue, two hundred and sixty-five pounds and black as a moonless Georgia night, received a call from Warner Brothers, where "Green Pastures" was in the works, to join the large and many members of her race.

"Be on the set at nine o'clock, with your twins," came the welcome voice of the casting director.

Mammy Sue didn't fail. She was there on time, with her twins—three years of them. In an instant, the dreenishment that greeted her, she exclaimed:

"How'd ah know which two ob mah twins dey wanted?"

BEHIND the laughter, excitement, plotting and planning that mark the attempts of the studios to put babies into pictures without putting pictures into bankruptcy, operates a system of care and precaution—for the babies' sakes—that makes Hollywood justly proud. A three-way treaty, revised from year to year until it is nearly perfect (it stems from 1922 when Will Hays set up the Russell Sage Foundation to survey employment in the studios) brings together, in mutual guardianship, the Los Angeles Health Department, the Board of Education and the Producers' Association.

All children who work at studios come under this three-play watchfulness. Babies like those discussed here must undergo thorough Health Department examinations before and after studio appearances.

It's great for the babies, but, oh, the directors.

Edmund Goulding, wielding the megaphone for Bette Davis in "That Certain Woman," invented a variation on the twin trick. He needed a one-year-old boy. The lad he drew was just too temperamental—slew the works for him. So Goulding found a little girl who looked like the boy—and she took over the part. Not a trouble! Ed Goulding says, "women are better actors than men—at one-year.

The talent discovery of the season—pursuit of all-time—heightened the life of those on the set (and in the Treasurer's Office) during the filming of M-G-M's "Big City." Anita Louise and Lucile Rainer were the grown-up stars in this picture. But the script called for a christening scene.

Word came back that Donald Fenneu, five weeks old, had been visited by a casting official. He was declared "ideal." Some wisecracking occurred on the set because the description of Donald read: "blond." Spencer and Miss Rainer are both dark.

"Donald, the Perfect Actor," even solved that. He turned out, on arrival, to be practically bald.

The young Mr. Fenneu set this record:

He was on the lot only thirty-five minutes—on the set only two minutes. He sat against a caterpillar (so the lights wouldn't hurt them) with a bright smile. On demand, he looked exactly as they wanted him. The camera whirled just eight seconds.

Strange things sometimes happen in the cutting of a picture. Maybe Donald's scene won't be seen in the theaters.

But he could win a good-will contest at Metro. He has the studio's best wishes to become the Robert Taylor of 1950!

What's in a name? Mervyn LeRoy thinks there's plenty—for he bought the name of Vicki Lester, heroine of "A Star Is Born," for this newcomer. She has a role in "Patient in Room 18.""The Three Godfathers." But the company had to go on location. He decided to double-check. Excitedly, he demanded of Mrs. Dernice Saunders, Central Casting baby expert, that she find him another set of twins, identical with each other and with the Kercher twins. Mrs. Saunders pronounced the name "You laugh—I cry" characteristic.

This is said to have been the hardest assignment in fifteen years of rapid-paced casting, since Mrs. camera (It takes Jean and Joan Kelly are the angels. (They've had loads of work since.) All three were with the same doctor, went on location for a week. When "Bolky" wanted to shoot a baby scene, there was always a young actress there. Handsy four-born twins actually alike and one another was sure to be in the needed mood.

The "two rackets," used by studios because of the great economy involved, has occasioned many humorous inci-
Sylvia of Hollywood

Now Reveals How
You Can Acquire the Beauty of the Screen Stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, No More Alibis.

This book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price for this marvellous book is only $1.00, a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store mail your order to:

MACADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. P-12, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

LONDON BY NIGHT - M-G-M
Here is the truth behind the usual formulas, the first ingredient of which is the所谓的thrust. Though the murderer marks his identity behind an umbrellal, all of them, George Murphy finally solves the crime with the help of his girl Watson, Rita Johnson. (Nov.)

LOVE IN A BUNGALOW - Universal
A lighthearted picture story, this one has Lin Grey, a new girl in a bungalow, and Kent Taylor, a new boy in the same. Without benefit of clergy, they enter a happiest of marriages. Loretta Young and George Meeker make a serviceable team. Stay home and be comfortable. (Sep.)

LIVE UNDER FIRE - 20th Century-Fox
A new star, Ronald Reagan, makes his bow in this picture which is the work of the Kipling boys. He finds himself plunged into a gamblers' nest. June Freeman is his girl friend, in attractive, Ronald himself is excellent, and the cast is okay too. (Nov.)

MAKE A WISH - RKO-Radio
One of the wackiest Bobbobby-Bean vehicles, this takes the singing boy to a Marine camp where his plans for a series gets him assigned to open an opera. Marion Davies is Bobbie's mother. You'll find the music easy to hum. (Nov.)

MAN WHO CRIED WOLF, THE - Universal
Loaded with the iron weight of funny story construction, this one demands that you sit tight and stay there. Lewis Stone is the pro- fessional wolf. His partner in crime is the flower that never bloomed. Marvelous and un-implanted. (Nov.)

MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST - M-G-M
Deborah Robert Young raises this simple, second-class picture to Grade-A entertainment. The story concerns a crooked inventor who gets involved in a mud of advertisement playing good Satan to a girl. Horace Liver is a vivid heroine. (Nov.)

MARRY THE GIRL - Warners
Fancy the hysterical "mama-fooling" of Hugh Herbert and the foibles of Mary Boland, as read by a newspaper syndicate, and you have the story. Hugh Herbert is his usual, almost admirable self, and Mary Boland, Ted Healy, and Carl Hughes contribute to the fun. (Nov.)

MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR - Warners
Timely and colorful, this introduces Kenny Baker, of other fame, portraying a strawberry lady in England, "bears" the big, better half, in love. The girl is June Wayne. Baker proves to be a pleasant addition to the screen. (Nov.)

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH - M-G-M
Don't miss this unless you're in a tolerant mood. Here is a movie scene and a movie medium, shot by Maurice O'Sullivan. "The Globe," falls on knees with every "Peter Pan." Delightful, and also a little Jack-Oliver provides the only vitality. (Nov.)

NEW FACES OF 1937 - RKO-Radio
If variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there and plenty of hot sizzling music form your idea of amusing cinema, this is your dish. Warner Oland, Leo Penn, Milton De Poo, Maurice Morris and Patrick Curran are the principals around whom are built many sketches and minor acts. Outstanding. (Nov.)

NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE - Paramount
A showering, thrill-packed action picture of the famous Montana Kid. Wild, wild, the picture is. The usual playing Pairings. Poses as a bad man to find the murderer in a little, the is good news for a cropper. The scenery steals the show. (Nov.)

OFF AGAIN-ON AGAIN - RKO-Radio
Wheeler and Woolsey are a pair of quarrelling brothers who become a wrestling match to solve to their problems. The winner takes over the business, the loser goes violet to the jumpy, Patricia Wilmer, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord prove delightful. (Nov.)

ON SUCH A NIGHT - Paramount
Someone was bound to make a picture of the Mississippi flood, and this irritating murder mystery, "On Such A Night," is the result. Karen Morley and Grant Richards will do against the background of the downpoured river. The cast is good, but the story unbeautiful and cloying. (Nov.)

100 MEN AND A GIRL - Universal
Hitch is practically a perfect picture, combining as it does an impressively new and fresh story built around unusual characters, Jean Porter's engaging singing, and the superb production of Robert Flaherty. (Nov.)

1937 THE SLIPPERETTE CO.
Incorporated
825 Madison Ave. (At 92th St.) New York 21, N. Y.


**ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN - 20th-Century-Fox**

Bill Robinson's dancing and Fredi Washington's warm performance help this mild little underdog achieve its second finish around the bend. Worth a look. There are shootouts, prison breakouts, double-crosses and a newspaper wench who faces everything. (Oct.)

**PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE - Selznick-United Artists**

The ailing Gregory of Anthony Hope's vintage adventure story will thrill you with its colorful and fast-paced settings, the realistic acting of Ronald Colman as King and commoner, and Marlene Dietrich's portrayal of Madame Carlier as Princess Hest, Raymond Massey as countenance as the Marquis, Maxwell Schell, and Don Dunbar, Jr. is a deep-voiced villain. Go and see a splendid escapade. (Sept.)

**ROAD BACK, THE - Universal-International**

Just "All to Quiet on the Western Front," this one is about the German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their own land. Robert Mitchum, Richard Widmark, and Frank Morgan are all at their usual fine standad.

**RUSTLER'S VALLEY - Paramount**

Bill Boyd takes to his boots and saddle as Hulagu Cassidy. He feels his pal from acception as a bank robber, but by no means another Duke. (Nov.)

**SHE ADORED TO IT - Paramount**

Although as cinematic, this is good fare, there is an invigorating silly glue to the murder mystery theme. It is about the writer of blood thrillers who gets himself involved in the red McCree case. If you think yourself pretty as his but by no means another Duse. (Oct.)

**SHE HAD TO EAT - 20th-Century-Fox**

This story of the old-time slow-moving cowboys, including murdered, the diamond country boy and the clever little miss. They all miss. Jack Haley, Eugene Poliotti, Paul Henreid and others try hard, but the story yields only a few moments of hilarity. (Sept.)

**SHEIK, THE - Republic**

Ramon Novarro's screen comeback finds him in the gal of an Arab making his famous brand of romances. Romance, laughter, played to perfection. It helps Novarro's claim as effective as ever. See it for yourself. The songs you will hear will be for a laugh or two. (Oct.)

**SING AND BE HAPPY - 20th-Century-Fox**

An innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leigh Favre, working for rival advertising firms, sing and talk for jobs, made up of the usual song and dance material. "Public Songs" including - "Travelling Light," and "Sing and Be Happy" make it acceptable. (Sept.)

**SINGING MARINE, THE - Warners**

Amiable Dick Powell has the situation well in hand in this delightful musical. He plays a sailor whose shipmate's horse too big for his liking. The latter makes his capers. John Westen is the girl who walks at the same port. A completely musical but amusing. (Oct.)

**SMALL TOWN BOY - Grand National**

The backstage story of the village who sees a girl-guitarist brought out of its own. Barbara Stanwyck is a real find, who, finding a thousand bucks, immediately becomes a real beauty and wins the ballot of the boys. Joyce Compton. Stay home. (Sept.)

**SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT - Grand National**

James Cagney's latest picture presents him as a New York Harlem ex-boxer. Dick Powell stars as a charming new cook in a Harlem restaurant. Gene Lockhart the multi-producer. Well recommended. (Nov.)

**SOPHIE LANG WENT WEST - Paramount**

This is the story of a practical man for this half-baked, confused, dull, utterly interesting somewhat well directed film that is the best of the Edward Sullivan's former chief chief of stealing the Rajah's diamond and they simply don't care whether she did or not. (Nov.)

**SOULS AT SEA - Paramount**

An intensely interesting epic of men against the sea has been made in maritime history by W. S. Van Dyke. It is about the saga of the Josephine, a wreck in the Pacific and the boarders who survive the flood. Charles B. Fitzsimons is the producer and the cast is spectacular. (Oct.)

**STAGE DOOR - RKO-Radio**

The lullahulas of a theatrical boardinghouse is the title of this. It is the history of a group of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor name and at last win it. There is an excellent performance by Rogers but an exciting story of the lives of the girls is a bit and a half. Louisa Hooper does fine work. Andrea Leeds almost makes a name for herself. One of the best scenes is the laugh when RKO's leading philandering producer is highly amusing. Director is a brilliant director for a brilliant picture. Don't miss it. (Nov.)

**STELLA DALLAS - United Artists**

Samuel Goldwyn (who produced the silent version) gives this story about the childless mother of a small-town girl, Golden Storm. Stella Dallas is extremely long and repetitive. It is the story of a gentle woman who for a gentleman (John Boles), catches him, and in her own words, "This is no romance. It is the making of a self-sacrifice and devotion. Cast, production and direction are superb. (Sept.)

**SHEEPSLIP - RKO-Radio**

Jack Oakie wins, again, and turns corned to laugh at this comedy situation on all mystery stories. Playing a small-town sleuth who wants to be a detective, he discovers a would-be murderer, and the clues end in the crook house. It's an excellent police pro- cession. Just where the picture belongs. (Sept.)

**THAT CERTAIN WOMAN - Warners**

A remake of Gloria Swanson's "The Trespasser," this film promotes Betty Bronson as the young woman who falls in love with a stocky, toughminded, Henry Fonda. It is the story of the famous circus gangling Tyrone Power. There are three magnificent performance of Madeleine Carroll, and Billie Burke, his pretty wife, will leave you both satisfied with laughter. The production is A-1 too. (Sept.)

**THIN ICE - 20th-Century-Fox**

This splendidly filled drama by the primegroup of the "rocker heroes" of America's infan- tile Justoff-the-Civil War. Edward Arnold is the Agat Fish, Lord of Wall Street, France, Farnete is intelligent as Louis Worth. that, and Oakie's comedy scenes. Lively and spectacular. (Sept.)

**TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE - RKO-Radio**

A fine combination of romance and music, spectacles and comedy, starring Jonna Hertz, the young Hungarian beauty, and Tyrone Power. There are four magnificent performances by Madeleine Carroll, Madeleine Carroll, Madeleine Carroll, and Joan Davis. Simply elegant. (Sept.)

**TOPPER - Hal Roach-M-G-M**

Not as good as the two previous Screen classic- gorgeous. Connie Bennett and Cathy Grant who play the spirit of a dead boy. Their efforts to bring harmony into the marital difficulties of Robert Young and Helen Westley, are brought to a happy conclusion. (Sept.)

**TOURING THE GREAT - RKO-Radio**

Another epic of English history, the story of one of its greatest queens, has been made into a beauti- ful and moving characterization of a woman and an era. This is an outstanding picture. Extremely excellent in the title roles. Honest, amusing and entertaining. (Sept.)

**VOGUES OF 1938 - Warner-United Artists**

Never has Technicolor proved itself as screen- present. For the first time a moving picture and music has been united together with the trend of "singing" plays. Warner Brothers, a deejay, Helen Westley, are brought to the screen with an excellent and typical cabaret. A major screen achievement. (Sept.)

**WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE - 20th-Century- Fox**

With a simplicity and a lack of melodramatics that is very refreshing, this small story takes place in a hospital. Director Walter Lang has created a picture in the vein of "Doll Face," and Virginia Bruce his assistant, Loretta Young his heroine to hold them all together. Write your letters. All of them do splendidly. You'll love it. (Sept.)

**WILD MONEY - Paramount**

Edward Everett Horton is a stony newspaper editor. He goes on a hunting trip in the backwoods to forest his paranoiaismus. Horton's remarkable scenes are created by Edward Small, with the editing handled by Louise Campbell. This on a don't miss picture. (Sept.)

**WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES - Warners**

Marlon Brando takes care of the horses by gambling at the race track. Peggy Huber and Ann Southern are the two of the women and of poor vantage. You can do better reading a racing page. (Sept.)

**WOMEN MARRY, THE - M-G-M**

A stupid screwball comedy of the relation cult market — and George Murphy's nice performance saves the day. The heretical philosophy plays hearts with the finale. (Oct.)

**YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING - 20th-Century-Fox**

You can be everything in the world of entertainment but not both. That's the story of it. This is a picture that shows just why a young onus. best quality. Louise Post dreams of being an actress. Philosophy plays hearts with the finale. (Oct.)

**BEECH-NUT ORANGE - Chew and Gargle**

Each piece individually wrapped

### ORANGE

pronounced oral gene (mouth health)

### BEECH-NUT PRODUCT

SOLD WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS DISPLAYED

### CHEW WITH A PURPOSE

A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT

NOW!

**A Shadow-Faced Man**

**停着或移动的电插座**

**A Woman May Marry Whom She Likes!**

"... and Thackeray. This great author knew the power of wom- en. Beauty is the most powerful force in the world. Women are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such power. You can control them and turn them to your advantage. You can make a husband, a man and a home. And read the secrets of "Fascinating Womankind" — a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology."

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only life and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womankind" — an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womankind." Sent in plain wrapper.

Psychology Press, Dept. 4-M, St. Louis, Mo.
WIVES!
Help Your Husbands in Business
Help him make more money — with a Royal. See what a help it is — in your home at your risk!

ACT NOW! Free Home trial
Own a factory-new, latest model Royal Portable on your own terms — try it free — prove to yourself that it will do for your whole family — then pay cash, or only a few cents a day. RoyalPortable are most beautiful. Sturdy. Simple to use. Standard full-sized keyboard and smooth, easy typewriter. The cheaper brand is full details. No leasing.

ONLY FEW CENTS A DAY FREE CARRYING CASE HANDSOME, durable, attractive. Fits your case. Write and use for a week-end. Free!
OWN A ROYAL Portable Typewriter — on your own terms!

Why Wait?
ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., INC.
Dept. 1001, Paseo, New York
Tell me how it pays — for only a few cents — an investment Royal Portable Typewriter Costs £9.35 CASH.

Who would think that a nickel could buy so much relief? Cure a cold? No! But a single package of BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS can give welcome relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.

MOTHERS!
Send Your Children Through School Faster
Students with Royal Portables win higher marks. Let them try a Royal at home free!
"FIVE-AND-TEN"

I HAVE ANY PAIN NOW? I'M GOING TO PROMOTE YOU. REMEMBER THOSE WORDS, WE AND REMEMBER THAT NAME—MIDDL.

JOHN GAVIN, who plays the part of Captain Theron in the picture, "Alibi," is in his first feature picture. He has worked the past two years in off-Broadway, and is the son of the late Harold G. Gavlin, for many years an editorial writer for the New York Times.

JOEL BRAMMER, who plays the part of Mayor George French in "Middletown," is the son of the late Rudolph Brammer, who was a well-known actor and director in the early days of the silent screen. Mr. Brammer has also appeared in a number of Broadway shows.

BEAUTY SECRETS REVEALED

Sylvia of Hollywood has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alibis you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets. 

Only $1.00 postpaid.

Macfadden Book Co., Inc.

DEPT. 12
205 E. 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Galoned—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid daily. If it doesn’t, your liver bile is thick, as it is in the case of one of the judges who declared it to be "just as fit for you as your own stomach.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get all the stuff out. Your system is so constipated that your liver has to go to work to make up the deficit. It is a very inefficient way to operate a system.

Take it easy, and save your liver bile. After you eat, take a cup of water with a tablespoon of fluid extract of liver. It’s the thing to do to get rid of the liver’s hard work. It is easy, and it is good for you. You don’t even have to strain, and it is very efficient.
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE IN

PHOENIX Vita-Bloom HOSIERY

...a difference you can see, feel and experience

A new method restores to the silk, organic elements invariably removed in the making...regaining the original life and vitality of every silk fiber...and what a difference it makes!

A difference you can see and feel! An amazing liveliness of color. A texture that's softer...smoother...more flattering to your legs. A difference that tells in the wearing of this hosiery, too. You'll discover qualities in VITA-BLOOM not to be found in any other hosiery. Look at it—Feel it—Wear it!

*This patented process exclusive with Phoenix

PHOENIX
Vita-Bloom
GLORIFIED WITH THE PETAL TEXTURE
HOSIERY

YOU'RE SURE OF YOURSELF IN PHOENIX
"Girls—wouldn’t it be thrilling to have him give you one?"

SAYS: Rochelle Hudson  
Twentieth Century-Fox Star

YOUNG MAN . . . not so many moons from now, roses will be in bloom . . . And with them will come that rare day in June . . . your wedding day.

So this Christmas, give her a Lane Hope Chest. This intimate gift, which only a sweetheart or relative can give, will provide sanctuary for those treasured possessions that she must now hoard away in trunk, closet, or bureau drawer.

The Lane Hope Chest is staunchly built for generations of service. Its patented inside finish provides an interior that will never get oily or sticky. Exclusive construction features make it the only certified aroma-tight cedar chest.

That's why Lane can give you a free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

Select this glorious gift for your sweetheart, wife, daughter, or mother. Don't be satisfied with less. Latest Lane models now on display at your dealer's.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. E, Altavista, Virginia. Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors, Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

SIMPLIFY YOUR DRESSING WITH A LANE-ROBE

The modern Lane-Robe provides a plainly marked place for everything in a man's wardrobe. Room for eight suits. Moth insurance policy included.

LANE CEDAR CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME
The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY Win Fair

SOCIETY EDITOR

Mrs. Howard E. Whitney told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the Chinook, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her marriage to Mr. Whitney joined two of New York's prominent families in a charming wedding that was an outstanding social event of the season, witnessed by a throng of friends of the young couple. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin, net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. Since her marriage, Mrs. Whitney has taken a prominent part in the activities of the younger married set. Her committee work had much to do with the success of this year's colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel. I always have loads of Camels handy. I get a 'hit' with a Camel. And Camels are so mild. I can smoke them stealthily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." That is an important point which Mrs. Whitney brings up—about Camels being so gentle on the throat. It shows how mild they are! It's true that women are finding the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more refreshing and more enjoyable.

Among the many distinguished women who find
Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Goodhue 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. Drew '31, Philadelphia
Miss Wendy Morgan, New York

Mrs. Nicholas G. Pennington III, Baltimore
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller Jr., New York
Mrs. Rufus Prince Spalding III, Pennsylvania
Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Barclay Warburton Jr., Philadelphia

Costlier Tobacco!
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL
CONTACT SHEET: DO NOT SCAN

After scanning, these volumes & boxes should be held to be picked-up by:

Eric Hoyt
676 Kingswood Way
Los Altos, CA 94022
(310) 488-7043
erhoyt@gmail.com

RE: Media History Digital Library