

James Seymour
Warner-First Natl.
Studio

THE
Screen Writers'
M A G A Z I N E

In This Issue

•
VICKI BAUM

•
MARC CONNELLY

•
JAMES A. CREELMAN

•
RUPERT HUGHES

•
WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

•
GOUVENEUR MORRIS

•
DONALD OGDEN STEWART

•
TWENTY OTHER NOTED WRITERS

JULY 1934

VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 1

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE SCREEN WRITERS' MAGAZINE

To Our Members

After a few hurried weeks of preparation, THE SCREEN WRITERS' MAGAZINE herewith rolls down the runway on its maiden takeoff. We may not break altitude records in the journalistic heavens, but if we don't maintain a creditable height we deserve to be grounded.

This is your magazine. Whether it is to succeed or fail depends on you. On paper we have the largest contributing staff of any magazine in the world—637 to be exact. The only trouble is to get them on the paper. For this first issue the cooperation from our members has been splendid, considering the brief amount of time at our disposal; but we want to make the next number better and the ensuing numbers better than that. It has been charged that writers cannot work together. This magazine hopes to show that such charges are strictly the mallarky. So kindly rush copy.

In an aside to Guild members who sent material for this issue, the Editors would like to say (a) many thanks; (b) the blue pencil was used only when space demanded; and (c) some contributions were held for the next issue.

Also we want to holler good and loud that this palladium of light and liberty is open to anybody whomsoever with anything interesting to say on the motion picture industry. We want to hear not only from writers but from producers, directors, actors, juicers, supervisors, cameramen, stunters, censors, centaurs—everyone who can make good reading in 500 words or less. The one prerequisite is good clean reading. So kindly rush copy.

And, finally, we are not conscious of any enemies. The Five and Five has been appointed. There is no big bad wolf—except STUPIDITY. But in every industry there are those who are so myopic as not to see that the chief aim should be the advancement of the entire industry from which they receive their daily bread. In this particular industry the writer, the creative branch, should, we believe, point the way to advancement and lead in the fight against such stupidity as may stand in the path.

To this end THE SCREEN WRITERS' MAGAZINE is dedicated.

TRISTRAM TUPPER, Editor

Associate Editors

BRIAN MARLOW WILFRED MacDONALD
JOEL SAYRE

Art Editor - - - JOHN F. LARKIN
Assistant Editor - - - BILLY LEYSER
Advertising Manager - - - HAROLD SLOTT

Table of Contents

JULY, 1934

ARTICLES

WERE THERE MOVIES IN EDEN?	Mary E. McCarthy	1
"THE FIVE AND FIVE"	1
THE GUILD AND THE PRODUCER	Rupert Hughs	3
THE THEFT OF A TITLE	Laurence W. Beilenson	3
SCRIPTS	Gouverneur Morris	4
NOTES FROM AN EXILE	John Howard Lawson	5
MOTION PICTURE GAME LAWS	Johnnie Grey	5
BREED 'EM—AND WEEP!	Merritt Hulbert	6
"SOME OF BEST FRIENDS—"	Donald Ogden Stewart	6
CENSORABLE	William Counselman	7
LOVE CHILD	Sam Mintz	8
HOW TO WRITE A WESTERN	Lindsley Parsons	10
POWER OF THE GUILD	Marc Connally	10
THE OX OF THE ARGENTINE	Wm. Slavens McNutt	11
BEWARE OF YOUR DOG	Carroll Graham	12
HINTS TO PRODUCERS—	Steven Concord	13
HOLLYWOOD—CRADLE OF REFORM	William H. McKegg	14
AUTHOR?—AUTHOR?	Dudley Nichols	15
YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING	Ralph Block	16
PROSIT!	Jack Cluett	17
THE TWO-CENTURY DICTIONARY	Al Lowenthal	17
THE INDEPENDENT FIELD	Jack Natteford	17
DRAMATIC ART	Laurence Sterner	18
THE AGENCY COMMITTEE	Wells Root	21

SHORT SHORTS

FOURFOLD INFIDELITY	Vicki Baum	4
ARGUMENTS	Capt. William Outerson	18

VERSES Vs. VERSES

ACTION MELLERS	Jeyefenn	3
THE LOVE OF YESTERDAY	Robert Watson	6
WHAT OF IT?	John Natteford	7
IDLENESS	Bessie Lasky	7

NEWS AND GOSSIP

EAST IS EAST	James A. Creelman	5
THINGS YOU'LL LEARN—	Rex Elgin	7
M. G. M.	Leo, The Lyin'	9
UNIVERSAL	Barry Trivers	14
WARNER BROTHERS	Manuel Seff	15
WRITERS' CRAMP	Al Martin	16
UNITED ARTISTS	Nunnally Johnson	16
FOX WESTERN	Henry Johnson	18
FOX HILLS	Ernest Pascal	18
OUT O' SINC	Johnnie Grey	19
COLUMBIA	Jimothy Ocean	22

THE SCREEN WRITERS' GUILD

OFFICERS, BOARD MEMBERS, COMMITTEES.	20
TO GUILD MEMBERS	Edward E. Paramore, Jr.	20

WERE THERE MOVIES IN EDEN ?

By MARY McCARTHY

HOW Cato, the Censor, found so many things corrupting the youth of his day without the aid of motion pictures is difficult to understand.

Babylon and Nineveh, too, managed to sin quite elaborately (to say nothing of Sodom and Gomorrah) and the England of the Restoration knew something of sex without the tutelage of Hollywood's camera.

As a matter of fact, one is reluctantly forced to conclude that the little ones of every age, of every civilization, of even every generation, have had their impressionable young minds corrupted by SOME influence: else how account for this disconcerting fact that throughout the centuries so many little hands, which clasped so many mothers' knees in prayer, subsequently reached out to kill, to rob, to lock the boudoir door or to arrange the moonlit hay for illicit amour?

What are these baleful influences which have debauched the little ones into criminal or licentious adulthood?

A few years ago, it was the "dime novel." It must have been. The tender years of Sammy Insull, Ruth Snyder and "Bluebeard" Watson, were happily uncorrupted by motion pictures.

Indeed, the persistence of children to mature into other than the best people makes the parchment of history, when rolled back to its very beginnings, look like a gigantic Rogues' Gallery — with Cain a sort of pioneer among the little ones who refused to grow up into respectability.

Cain probably blamed it all on Adam and Eve for eating the apple. They blamed THAT on the snake. Surely, it is a very anaemic imagination which cannot take the leap from the snake — to 1934 and motion pictures.

Producers can counter with the undeniable educational value of the screen, but neither the ruination nor the education of children is the producer's goal. His goal is box-office success; his business, to entertain.

The goal of the church is the feet of God; its business, to inculcate virtue, to denounce wickedness. On several occasions, however, the church has furnished entertainment (to the sardonically-minded) by blessing the guns and the men who bore them just before they went out to commit murder; and producers have inculcated virtue and denounced wickedness by making anti-war propaganda pictures.

The producer, if wise, will remember "THE PUBLIC IS ALWAYS RIGHT." At the present moment, a large section of that public is telling him, via the Catholic Church and other churches, Women's Clubs, Parent-Teachers' Associations, Bar Associations, etc., that they do not want "smut"

(Continued on Page 24)

"THE FIVE AND FIVE"—A GUILD VICTORY

(The following telegram has just been received.)

Received from Sol H. Rosenblatt:
Washington, D. C., 19 259P

"HAVE SELECTED FOLLOWING FOR FIVE FIVE COMMITTEES STOP FOR WRITERS RALPH BLOCK HIS ALTERNATE GLADYS LEHMAN JOHN EMERSON HIS ALTERNATE RUPERT HUGHS JAMES GLEASON HIS ALTERNATE JOHN F NATTEFORD DUDLEY NICHOLS HIS ALTERNATE SETON MILLER WALDEMAR YOUNG HIS ALTERNATE COURTNEY TERRETT STOP FOR ACTORS KENNETH THOMSON HIS ALTERNATE ANN HARDING RALPH MORGAN HIS ALTERNATE CHESTER MORRIS RICHARD TUCKER HIS ALTERNATE PAT OBRIEN ROBERT MONTGOMERY HIS ALTERNATE PAUL MUNI CLAUDE KING HIS ALTERNATE MARY ASTOR STOP AS YOU KNOW CODE AUTHORITY IS TO MAKE PRODUCERS SELECTIONS STOP KINDEST REGARDS

SOL A ROSENBLATT

The Guild has come through.

The appointment of five Guild members to a Motion Picture Code NRA Committee of five writers and five producers is a Guild triumph.

Much remains to be done before the extent of that triumph can be estimated. For the first time in the history of pictures, writers will bargain with producers under Federal Government supervision for a set of fair practices governing their mutual relations.

Writers are backed in their conferences by a tightly knit organization, 640 strong — over 90% of the writers in the picture industry.

It was the Guild that fought and eliminated unfair writer provisions in the Code when it was being written in Washington.

It was the Guild that obtained Presidential exemption exclusively for writers from certain onerous conditions of the Code.

It was the Guild that obtained that section of the Code providing for the establishment of a Committee of five writers and five producers, just appointed.

It was the Guild that held the all writer elections nominating writers for Code positions.

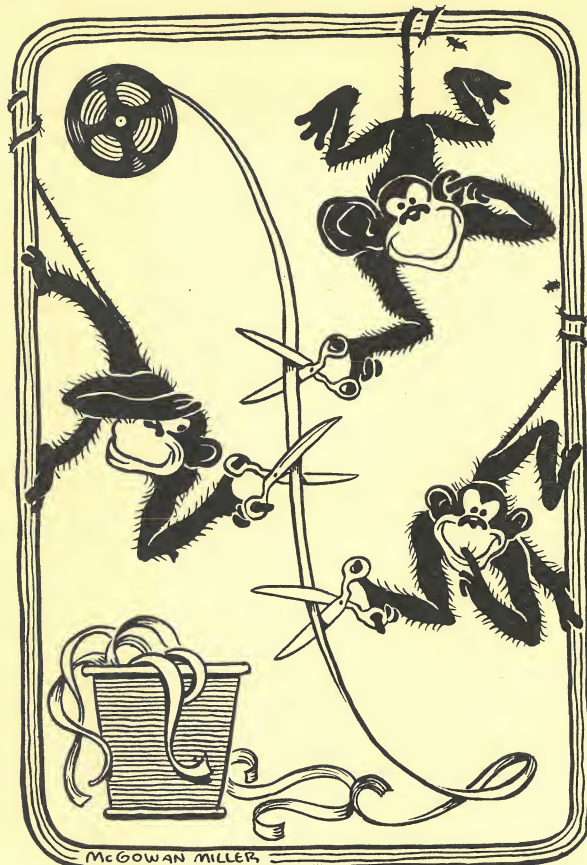
It was the Guild that by long, patient and careful effort obtained the appointment of Guild members as writer representatives on the Agency Committee

It was the Guild that by continued representation of writers' needs in Washington obtained the appointment of Guild members to the five and five committee.

Writers ask a minimum standard contract, better conditions for readers, permanent arbitration machinery and a code of ethics that producers and writers must adhere to.

The Guild intends to obtain them—now that it has obtained daylight collective bargaining—under Government supervision and protection.

The Guild has come through.



CENSORSHIP



"Shh! Don't disturb him—he's waiting for Bing Crosby!"

THE HANDSHAKE

by RUPERT HUGHES

PREDICT that the very people who now most bitterly resent and suspect the Screen Writers' Guild will soon be its most cordial friends and beneficiaries. And I base this prophecy on my experience in another branch of the writing profession—or trade, art, racket, or whatever you want to call the job of putting more or less useful ideas into more or less useful words.

When the Authors' League was first proposed many authors objected to joining since it implied, they thought, an insult to their good friends the publishers. Many of the publishers opposed it bitterly, claiming that it was an offense to them and a threat of hostility.

After the Authors' League had been at work for a year, the publishers hailed it as a most useful ally, and liked it so well that those who had at first denounced it actually asked to be taken in as associate members. When the matter of a standard minimum contract was broached, there was another shudder of resentment, even of ridicule, among the publishers. When the matter was better understood, many of the publishers actually took the Authors' League model contract and printed it as their own with their own names in the proper places and blanks left for the author's name and such terms as had to be settled by mutual agreement between the individual and the publisher.

Since that time I have never heard of a hint of ill feeling between the League and the publishers. The publishers realize that in giving the authors information as to what is customary, in protecting authors from their own temperaments, improving their understanding of business conditions, and in disciplining the outlaws, the Authors' League is helping the publishers. It saves the executives untold unpleasantness and infinite time in debate and dispute by standardizing practices. The League realizes and works to bring home to its members that the prosperity of the author depends on the prosperity of the publisher. If it convinces the publisher that a suspicious author with a grievance is not doing his best work for the publisher and that the happiness, prosperity and self respect of the author redound to the advantage of the publisher, this again is all to the good of the cause.

In the early history of the Screen Writers' Guild I see the very same steps being taken. The mere mention of an organized authorship made the producers uneasy and angry. This caused uneasiness among many authors who were most friendly to the producers as a result of their own happy

(Continued on Page 24)

THEFT OF A TITLE

by LAURENCE W. BEILENSEN

MOST bodies of substantive law result from a balance of conflicting interests which the law tries to harmonize. In the law of plagiarism the statutes and case have tried to strike a balance between the necessity of protecting literary property and the need of a free exchange of ideas.

Sets of facts, as Professor Beale of Harvard has pointed out, are as infinite as the points on a line, and despite the long history of the common law, new cases, not covered by precedent, are constantly arising. It is the difficulty of

dealing with the factual element in literary cases, rather than doubt about the governing principles of law that has caused the scales to tip against the author. Nowhere, however, in the law of literary rights is the thief so immune as in stealing a title.

There is no property right in a title, nor is it protected by copyright. No matter how unique is the author's label for his work, copyright will not cover it. The writer receives the benefit of the copyright law for every other part of his work, but not for the title.

However, here, as in many other branches of the law, courts of equity have corrected the narrowness of the law to some extent. On the principle of unfair competition, equity will in some instances protect a title.

The theory on which most of the cases have proceeded is borrowed from the law of trademarks, that of

secondary meaning from prior use. When a work has been published or produced, so that in the minds of the public, its title has acquired a meaning as descriptive of that work, the courts will protect the author against the public's being deceived by another publication or production under the same title. Under such circumstances a court of equity will grant injunctive relief.

The theory on which the cases proceed explains apparent anomalies. Since it is not a question of title, but of secondary meaning from use, the mere fact that the title has been used by others before the complaining party is not a valid objection to a claim of exclusive right.

The question of whether or not there is an actual piracy is likewise unimportant. But in cases of piracy, little prior use need be shown.

The test applied by the cases is deception of the public. In the field of unpublished works, this gives the author no protection.

A title cannot be preempted by an announcement of an intention to use it. In a well-known English case, the spon-

(Continued on Page 22)

ACTION MELLERS

First sequence, boy meets pretty girl—
(Romance must be never missed.)
The second, plot is in a whirl—
(The heavy craves the sexy twist.)
The third, a minor climax strikes;
You'll race two cars—or motor bikes—
Feed the dear public what it likes,
And hurry, hurry, hurry!

First story has a little touch
Of craftsmanship that's clever.
The second hasn't quite as much,
The tenth one almost never.
Write on! Who cares about your Art?
A tree's a tree; a tart's a tart—
You're smarter if you're not so smart,
And hurry, hurry, hurry!

Remember that you work for hire:
Fade in, the ankles of a looker.
A pip! It fits Police or Fire,
Or Quirt and Flag, they loved a hooker!
The game's a grind, from script to show—
Be hokey as old Boucicault;
Be anything, my boy, but slow!
And hurry, hurry, hurry!

JAYEFENN.

SCRIPTS

by **GOVERNEUR MORRIS**

ALMOST any successful play may be bought in book form and the secrets of its success examined into by anyone who is interested. But the same is not true of successful pictures. The best of them, it seems to me, should see print. Ready access to the best examples of the new and vigorous art is a matter of particular and general interest, and ought to stimulate a definite improvement of screen writing as a whole.

The venture of publishing successful scripts might very properly be undertaken by the Screen Writers' Guild, and ought, if not financially profitable, to be self-supporting. It would be to the advantage of the producers and of the writers to cooperate. And in the possible event of profits there would be equitable division.

A more uniform and readable method of presentation would inevitably result. And this would be of definite advantage to the producers, their readers and boards of editors. It would do no harm to those who have learned to think in terms of the screen and to present their thoughts surely and deftly. And of course it would be the greatest possible help to those who would like to write for the screen and who would write well for it if they had the slightest idea how to go about it. I am not suggesting, of course, the book or pamphlet publications of scripts in their final form, but the prior form in which the entire story may be read flowingly from beginning to end in a series of unbroken sequences. There is no earthly reason why a story in this form, if the right man has put his hand to it, should not be literature.

In composing a story, or the treatment of a story for the screen, the average writer (unless I malign him), while polishing the dialogue to the limit of his abilities, has the feeling that any rough and ready way of describing action and business is good enough. If he begins to see himself in print, he will think differently. He will remember with shame that "exit" is not any part of an English verb. And he will wish that he had not split quite so many infinitives.

Plays are written primarily to be played. Screen plays are written to be photographed. But as a preliminary, both species have to be written. The fact that stage plays have to be written has resulted in the world's finest literature. But the fact that screen plays have to be written has so far resulted only in ephemeral entertainment. Some of this, however, has been so excellent that it deserves the test of print. It seems to me high time that the screen began to have a literature.

Fourfold Infidelity

by **VICKI BAUM**

YELLOW light—heads up!

An overloaded bus approaches the crossing. It's old Number 12—busted springs and she rattles like a tumbrel. Beside her rolls a limousine with 110 horses nickering under the hood. Extra-special upholstery, a silver angel on the radiator cap, chauffeur AND footman. What a job!

9:34 of a Sunday evening. Dynamoed lightning cuts the city's smoky darkness, and everybody's out, out looking for a little pleasure. Wedged in a seat and very happy, too, are Jimmie Nugent, a broker's runner downtown, and Annie Weiland, steno to a sash-and-door concern. Both have the slenderness and that look in their eyes that are said to go with youth. He's blond and she's dark. He's hatless and she's wearing one of those cute little red dishes. He's nearly a head taller, and they're both terribly in love with each other. They've been to the beach and are now on their way to Jimmie's where she'll fight for her honor. Everything's swell.

In the limousine sit Director Arthur G. Eben and his wife, Florence. Director Eben does not direct motion pictures. He's a board of directors kind of a director. Director Eben's bank was one of the few that weren't made over into bowling alleys. A couple of classy citi-

zens. The Ebens are slim, too: they have an electric horse. He has sleek hair, shot with the conventional grey of the forties ("Life Begins At Forty") and a foxy and rather pawky look about the eyes. Florence is a pip with hennaed hair. She is wearing black, advantageously, and a blue fox furpiece is wrapped about her neck, also advantageously. She keeps caressing it with her chin. They've been married twelve happy, untroubled years, two children and a beautiful home in Bel-Air. A model couple, the Ebens. Ask anybody. Director Eben gives his wife's perfumed-and-gloved hand a furtive little squeeze.

Red light—STOP!

The bus and the limousine pull up at the crossing side by side for a dull half minute. The Ebens look over at the bus. The runner and the steno look into the limousine. And although everything is swell and model, the following celebration goes on for thirty second—

Jimmie Nugent:

Geez! Looka that knockout in that car . . . a pitcher actress . . . yeah, you I'm talkin' to . . . boy, I bet you smell good . . . looka them pearls . . . and them beautiful soft arms . . . maybe I couldn't go for you, baby . . . angel food

(Continued on Page 19)



By Stella Bloch

Al Jolson: "How'm I doin', baby?"
Al Jolson: "Baby, you're doin' swell."



NOTES FROM AN EXILE

By JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

This is not an article or a story or a scenario or an appeal. It is simply a personal letter from myself to the editors. I am unable to give you any Walter Winchell gossip about personalities or bright lights in New York, because I have had no contact with lights or people. Although I am earnestly following the affairs of the Screen Writers Guild, I feel it is a little presumptuous for me to discuss its problems from such a remote distance.

The only questions to which I have recently devoted serious study are tent-caterpillars on Long Island and labor troubles in Alabama. This hardly seems the place for a thesis on either subject. The problem about the tent-caterpillars (as with many pests which inhabit motion picture studios) is whether you shall burn them out or spray them—and the sad truth (as in the case of the studio pests) is that you can't really get rid of them by either process.

My visit to Alabama was short and melodramatic. I went in search of material for newspaper and magazine articles on the bloody disturbances in the coal and ore strikes and the industrial effects of the N. R. A. in this area. I obtained some excellent material—so good, in fact, that the police of Birmingham, with true Southern hospitality, arrested me, finger-printed me, and gently but firmly placed me on an outgoing train. I was relieved to discover that the train was going North.

Alabama is only one of many places where the New Deal is being met with growing complications and seething discontent. Obviously, Section 7-A of the Recovery Act is the storm-center of these disturbances. American labor, from coast to coast, is determined to have the right of collective bargaining. In its simple, honest and direct sense, the phrase is so simple that a child can understand it. It therefore seems strange that Washington has permitted so much subterfuge and trickery to obscure the rights granted under 7-A. The present violent struggles are the direct result of the cynical attempts of large industries to put over company unionism and evade the law.

I mention this because it seems to me that the labor-developments of the past few months have been of tremendous importance, indicating that the right of employees to full, responsible, honest representation (including the closed shop) MUST be recognized. The Federal administration's delay in enforcing this right has been very costly; further delay will simply increase the tension.

This has a direct bearing on the present situation and policy of the (Continued on Page 22)

Motion Picture Game Laws

JOHNNIE GRAY, Game Warden

A true sportsman or sporting woman conserves his or her game for defenseless posterity. He does not wantonly kill—except in the case of predators, which destroy more game annually than all other enemies combined.

A true sportsman will not let a wounded director, actor or supervisor go off in the brush to die. He will follow his quarry and administer the coup de grace if it takes the entire time of his assignment.

Put out your campfires . . . Conserve your game.

1934-1935

(White squares indicate Open Season)

GAME	Assignment	Story Conference	Shooting Period	Preview	BAG LIMIT
Directors					1 per picture; Dialogue Directors: 2 per picture
Actors					15 per day; 30 per week
Comics or Muggers					Use your own judgment
Gatemen					2 per day
Secretaries					Only between 9 a.m.-6 p.m. 1 per day
SUPERVISORS	Predatory	animals	no closed	season	No protection No limit See Note 6

There is no open season on actresses (unless imported), writers' secretaries, line girls, showgirls, doubles, stand-ins or cashiers.

License Provisions: For resident or naturalized screen writers: Screen Writers Guild membership card.

For foreign, non-resident or alien writers: No licenses issued.

IT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

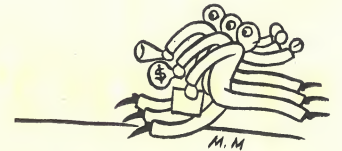
- To hunt, kill or possess the hides of mammals, directors, actors, comics, secretaries, gatemen on the premises of M.G.M., R.K.O., PARAMOUNT, UNITED ARTISTS, WARNERS, UNIVERSAL or COLUMBIA, unless under written permit from the Screen Writers Guild. No permission needed for independent studios.
- To hunt mammals, actors, directors, comics, gatemen, secretaries, excepting predatory animals such as coyotes, puma or mountain lion, skunks, civet cats or supervisors without a hunting license issued by the Screen Writers Guild. (This does not apply to agents, which multiply like rabbits and may be destroyed at any time.)
- To take, kill or maim more than 1 director, 15 actors, 2 gatemen, 2 secretaries, 25 baby-talking ingenues, 60 child prodigies during one assignment or to possess more than 8 routine girls, 4 showgirls or 1 comedienne by any one person during one assignment.
- To take or kill non-game birds or mammals, supervisors, directors, assistant directors, script clerks, recordists and cameramen during the closed season, except when destroying written property such as scripts, scenarios, continuities or dialogue or mutilating it in such manner that it is unfit for public consumption.

Wilful destruction of the above game is forbidden during the closed season—Lent, Yom Kippur, Week Before Christmas—except in the case of supervisors, on which there is no limit or protection and a sizable bounty offered in some studios as well.

- To shoot directors, actors, comics or gatemen from a blind or cover except in extenuating circumstances or on the rise, but in the case of supervisors a cane gun, machine gun, poisoned grain (alcohol) or sawtoothed trap is lawful and recommended. Gatemen, directors and actors are protected between the hours of sunrise and sunset. No protection or time limit for supervisors—24 hours per day, 365 days per year.
- To hunt supervisors without a supervisor tag license. To fail to attach to the horns—(see Bottin for French version)—of supervisor immediately on killing a properly filled out license tag and at the same time send duplicate to the Screen Writers Guild.

To fail to retain in possession during the open season and for ten days thereafter the skin or fur bearing evidence of sex (very difficult in some cases) and portion of head bearing brains (also very difficult in some cases).

For further information, write to Division of Fish and Game, Screen Writers' Guild, or see your agent.



EAST IS EAST

By JAMES A CREELMAN

New York.—Merger rumors bloom again with the spring. Tony's very bullish on report that Western Electric meetings plan to combine Fox, Paramount and Universal in September. Heavy buying at Twenty-One on tip that Eastern youth group will buy Columbia for \$3,000,000, provided the Cohn boys lay off that Oriental exchange system item. This group includes three polo playing millionaires, one young Broadway producer, one famous picture executive and one equally famous captain of radio, and is already lining up story material just in case. And what about the new production-distribution company plotted by Allied Theatres for Eastern studios?

More promotion than production here. Hecht-MacArthur busy at Astoria, where Paramount is also making six Spanish versions. Monte Brice starts "Benefit Performance" in three weeks. Units scheduled for production here include Eddie Dowling, Arthur Hopkins, Chester Erskin and Allied Producers. Sam Katz, Sam Harris and Max Gordon, who planned production this time last year, again have spring fever. Captain Bayne of Astoria Erpi says demand necessitates building two more stages. Caravell Films occasionally makes story pictures for big industrial accounts in their own Long Island studio. Gifford Cochrane and John Krimski about to close a deal with Erpi for three U. A. releases, one of which will be made here. Producers include all others in this community.

The Authors League is concocting a new scheme for financing if the Guilds will assent. Philip Hurn and Frank Vreeland want to join the Guild. The Unemployed Writers (an unaffiliated group) marched with the May Day Parade, fifty strong, and are still unemployed. Royalty arrangements for screen writers are under heavy discussion in some of the new independent groups; but how to arrange for writers, who take this gamble, to assume their admitted right to control over final script?

What distrustful Wall Street banking house has just sneaked three former and trusted employees into the accounting department of what major coast studio?

Eastern front office people wondering if mildly controversial politico-economic themes may not be acceptable in view of cycle of stage hits in this vein. Hays office doubtful, but will listen. The Revolution (as per Darrow) absolutely out. One front office top contemplates a Nazi script, but this columnist suspects this idea will be stored in the Dynamite Shed, having personally seen a Hitlerite smeared all over the orchestra by first night rioters at the Vanderbilt film.

In town: Louis Weitzenkorn, Adela Rogers St. John, Corey Ford, Clara Beranger, Grace Perkins, Monte Brice.

Breed 'Em and Weep

by Merritt Hulburd

I HAVE a scientific friend who has offered to help me out of my difficulties. It would never occur to anyone, I suppose, that there is anything very tough about finding the right writer for a picture. A writer is a writer, you'd say, and ought to be able to write anything from a Western to "Farewell To Arms." But this assumption is just as wrong as to assume that Wallace Beery could play Fredric March's part in "Death Takes A Holiday." So, in order that writers may be happy in spite of their small salaries, and so that we can make better pictures, the studio hires a fellow to be a sort of casting director for writers.

There are times, of course, when all his pet theories about weighing an author's qualifications for a particular job avail nothing. Joe Gish did a good job on this murder mystery and flops on the next, because he didn't like the producer's way of looking glazed in story conferences. There are other times when a writer fools you, and does well anything you ask him to do.

For instance, all the boys "in the know" said a certain writer—call him Nunnally Johnson for want of a better name—couldn't possibly write "The House of Rothschild." He was a funny writer, they said, who wrote funny stories for the Post and funny pictures for Paramount. But I hear "The House of Rothschild" was pretty good. And here's the topper: The other day a reputable and, as agents go, intelligent agent came into my office all indignant that Mr. Goldwyn had assigned this same Johnson to the new Cantor picture. Imagine, says the agent, the dramatist who wrote "The House of Rothschild" doing a funny script!

But maybe there's a way of getting rid of these obnoxious fellows in the front office. Say you are getting ready to start the script of "Murder at the Vanities." You hire one fellow to do the murder mystery, a funny man to write the gags for Oakie and McLaglen, a man experienced in musical comedy to spot the songs and numbers, and a good continuity writer to weld the seams. You can see with half an eye that this is difficult, cumbersome and expensive. Here's where my scientific friend steps into the breach with a suggestion which I think will revolutionize the industry. Why don't you, he says, breed writers? Scenario (Continued on Page 24)



By Dwight Taylor

Believe it or not, Eugene O'Neill (see above) and not Will Rogers, wrote "Ah, Wilderness."

Love of Yesterday

by Robert Watson

The ripple of the restless sea
Played in her hair, and tangled me;
The fresh and rosy glow of dawn
Mantled the cheeks I gazed upon;
The pale, pale blue of the prairie skies
Drowsed and languored within
her eyes.

Her breasts were rounded, and soft,
and fair,

A joy to my eyes and my heart's
despair;

Lissom and coy as a woodland sprite,
Ah, how I longed for her and night.
But a tale untold is a song unsung,
For she was young, and I was young,
And love was fickle, and hearts were
free,

And none ever dreamed of a weird
to dree,
With an airy kiss and a glimpse of
heaven

She sent me away—a soul unshriven—
And I wandered far over wood and
world,

In the tropic heat and the arctic cold,
Yet ever I glimpse through a mist of
tears,

The blue of her eyes and the long lost
years.

Ah, glad would I give my soul
unshriven

For that airy kiss and the glimpse of
heaven.

"Some of My Best Friends Are Catholics"

by Donald Ogden Stewart

THE trouble with being a humorist—or at least with having the reputation of being a humorist—is that when you write an article beginning, "The trouble with being a humorist," nobody reads any further. But, you see, I am not really a humorist any more—I'm Chairman of the Advisory Council of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America, Inc., and will you fellows in the back row stop eating peanuts and pay some attention, and I bet a lot of you haven't paid your dues either.

It seems to me that it is up to members of the Writers' Guild to do something about the Wave of Righteousness which is sweeping this country, and is probably going to result in some drastic form of censorship over motion pictures. Without going into the presumably justifiable reasons for this campaign, it seems to me that its success would mean the imposition of a great many silly and idiotic rules which would seriously cripple the creative film writer. The Authors' League has consistently and successfully fought the various attempts of the Reform Boys to impose a similar form of censorship on authors and playwrights, and while I am not maintaining that a lot of pictures don't deserve it, I do wish that every writer would realize that the actuality of a censorship would be much sillier and more destructive than any of us can possibly imagine.

Anyway, I don't see why it wouldn't be possible for screen writers to put up quite a fight against censorship. We have access to the columns of a great many magazines and newspapers, and I think that we might be able to carry on a self-protective campaign of ridicule in much the same manner in which the late Eighteenth Amendment was gradually laughed out of existence. After all, with the exception of the Catholic Church, the various organizations which are now screaming against filth in pictures are the same jolly little busybodies who put over Prohibition, and I suppose they are figuring that as long as they have got to reform something, they might as well take a crack at pictures. But before they get away with it—and before, under their loving supervision, we find ourselves writing pictures that are (Continued on Page 24)

Censorable

by WILLIAM CONSELMAN

I am a practical man.

No doubt that is why my solutions of motion picture problems have never received consideration, for in this _____* branch of entertainment we are dreamers all, from prop-boy to producer. And dreamers despise practical men exactly as practical men despise dreamers.

However—

My first practical, provable idea concerned ingenues. I had observed pretty, empty little girls promoted from nothing to something in the optimistic belief that there was more in them than met the eye. Since they had never experienced emotion they were unable to transmit it. So pictures that might have succeeded were failures. The law which defines failure and success has been made by another practical man: There are no good pictures and no bad pictures; there are pictures which make money and pictures which do not make money.

This made ingenues a financial problem. I proposed a practical solution:

An official Studio _____*

He would be a young, muscular, healthy _____* of tested virility. His function would be to _____† ingenues, develop their inherent, unexpressed emotions, plumb their souls and ready them to simulate feelings whose authenticity would stir audiences.

The idea, of course, was rejected by every _____* producer in the industry.

Then I trained my practical mind on censorship. Here it is:

Let the industry set aside a fund of ten million dollars to be used solely to _____* censors. After _____* ing them, part of the money would be used to frame and expose them. In time, the word censor would assume the same evil connotation as _____* and no decent person would take the job. The others could be dealt with as mercenaries.

For presenting my censorship plan I narrowly escaped assassination.

But no discouragement can stop a practical man, so I went ahead with my idea about picture criticism, another simple solution:

Suppose you saw a page advertisement in _____† urging the purchase of knit yellow sweaters; suppose you turned the page and found an editorial denunciation of sweaters, knit sweaters and particularly yellow sweaters. Your conclusion would be that the manufacturer was a fool to spend money with a publication which was trying to prevent him from making money. Yet the motion picture industry spends countless millions yearly in _____‡ papers, newspapers and magazines which more frequently than not attempt to prevent the public from spending money on its product. The way to correct this situation is the same obvious one that the

* Deleted by the Eds.

† Deleted by the Adv. Dept.

‡ Deleted by the Printer.

(Continued on Page 23)

READ OUR METERS

WHAT OF IT?

What if our beautiful maidens are immune to hunger and thirst?

What if our hellish villains never achieve their worst?

And what if our handsome heroes never require a shave?

And everything ends at the altar, instead of the open grave?

We write for the hundreds of millions, over the face of the earth,

Who long for the wine of beauty, starve for the bread of mirth—

And sicken of fear and worry. But after the day goes by

We open the prison window and show them the patch of sky.

With a Thought and a Lens and Shutter, a Gadget and some Wire,

We give them the Scheme remoulded, each to his heart's desire!

—JOHN NATTEFORD.

IDLENESS

Idle fingers that do no work—
Mold clay, turn soil.

Idle minds that do not think—
Dream dreams, speak forgiveness.

Idle arms that carry no burden—
Produce no labor, offer no love.

Idle tears that drain the heart—
Deplete form, depress humanity.

Idle fears that crush souls—
Narrow ambition, mar growth.

Idle speech cursing time—
Demoralizing ideals, killing hopes.

Idle eyes that see no beauty—
Shifting lights, old patina.

Idle thoughts that hurt the growth—
Kill the spirit, waste existence.

Idle ears that hear no goodness—
Wind chanting, mystic croons.

Idle feet that slow up progress—
Halt creation, retard Nature.

Idle souls bared of love—
Sheared of desires, empty, sterile.

Blaspheming God's production—
Toying with present life.
Oh! the futility of IDLENESS.

—BESSIE LASKY.

Things That You'll Learn in Hollywood

by Rex Elgin

—That a director photographing a scene with Isabel Jewell at Malibu Woods was promptly arrested for shooting a dear without a license.

—That a good press agent's line for Anna Sten would be: "The most mentally undressed woman on the screen today."

—That those self-seeking little bleach heads so indigenous to Hollywood are called by biologists "vitreous blondes."

—That in the working, the NRA Code has proven expandable, like a tariff law or maternity corset.

—That Edwin K. O'Brien still insists "Wild Boys of the Road," should have been a picture about traveling salesmen.

—That the phrase "Come Up Some Time" was originated years ago by an upstairs clothing company featuring suits for \$9.99.

—That on President Roosevelt's birthday, a group of local agents wired him enthusiastically: "We are behind you ten per cent."

—That in Hollywood a strong brain is no better than a strong back, neither having any place in the motion picture industry.

—That the real reason so many poor films are made is that producers can then scrap them for their silver nitrate value.

—That when a groom brings his bride South for the honeymoon, it's usually to make sure she won't be cold.

Love Child

or

"COAST TO COAST NETWORK"

by SAM MINTZ

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 1
GREATER FILMS INC
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
CONGRATULATE US JUST PURCHASED NOVEL LOVE
CHILD PAID FORTY THOUSAND BEST SELLER NEXT
TO ANTHONY ADVERSE GALLEY ON WAY

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 2
GREATER FILMS INC
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
CONGRATULATIONS THINK TITLE LOVE CHILD
TERRIFIC
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 3
GREATER FILMS INC
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
AUTHOR LOVE CHILD ENGAGED TODAY FLYING TO
COAST
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 4
GREATER FILMS INC
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
BROKE LOVE CHILD STORY CARSON COLUMN WAS
ENVY OF ALL PRODUCERS TONIGHT AT COLONY
CLUB
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 5
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
GAVE BLOWOUT TO PRESS RAVE OVER TITLE LOVE
CHILD
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 6
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
READ CALLEYS EXECUTIVES ALL FEEL STORY LACK-
ING SCREEN POSSIBILITIES BUT AGREE TITLE LOVE
CHILD WORTH PURCHASE PRICE
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 7
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
PLANNING WOW CAMPAIGN FOR LOVE CHILD TIE
UP WITH FOUNDLING HOMES
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 8
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
TURNED DOWN DEAL EXCHANGE GABLE FOR LOVE
CHILD STOP TITLE IS MINT
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 9
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
SEND US IDEA HOW STORY LOVE CHILD WILL BE
WORKED OUT
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 10
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
WRITING NEW LOVE CHILD SYNOPSIS ON WAY
FEW DAYS
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 11
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
HAYS OFFICE AGAINST TITLE LOVE CHILD WHAT
DO YOU SUGGEST
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 12
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
ILLEGITIMATE
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 13
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
HAYS OFFICE AGAINST ILLEGITIMATE
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 14
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
AUTHOR LOVE CHILD RESIGNED TODAY CANNOT
UNDERSTAND CHANGING TITLE
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 15
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
WHAT ARE OTHER TITLES FOR LOVE CHILD
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 16
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
WHERE ARE MY PARENTS OR WHO ARE MY
PARENTS
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 17
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
HAYS THUMBS DOWN ON BOTH TITLES LOVE
CHILD WHERE IS SYNOPSIS
SMITH

Alice In Wonderland-

An Illustrated Script



By William Cameron Menzies

CLOSE SHOT—ALICE AND DUCHESS AND BABY. COOK IN B.G.

ALICE
(looking angrily at the cook)

She nearly killed the poor little thing—

DUCHESS
(looking angrily at Alice)

If everybody minded their own business, the world would go round a great deal faster than it does.

Joseph Mankiewicz's screenplay for "Alice In Wonderland" was illustrated by the director, William Cameron Menzies, with more than six hundred drawings showing characters, costumes and camera angles. Someone named Carroll—Louie, Lewis or Nancy—did the original story.

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 18
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
WRITERS DISAGREE TREATMENT LOVE CHILD
FIRED BOTH NEW WRITERS ENGAGED TOMORROW
FULLER

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 25
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
THINK IT BEST TO MOVE LOVE CHILD OR WHAT-
EVER PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO WISH TO CALL
IT TO FALL PROGRAM OR LATER
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 19
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
NEW YORK OFFICE SUGGESTS FOR LOVE CHILD
CHILDREN OF LOVE
SMITH

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 26
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
CANT LOVE CHILD SOLD ALREADY
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 20
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
TOO TAME STOP HAVE NEW TITLE EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 27
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
AUTHOR LOVE CHILD COMING TO OFFICE TODAY
STOP HAVE YOU NEW TITLE
SMITH

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 21
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
NO GOOD STOP OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA
WOMENS CLUBS SENT SIGNED PETITIONS AGAINST
USING TITLE LOVE CHILD ADVISE
SMITH

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 28
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
DEFINITE NEW TITLE FOR LOVE CHILD IS OUT OF
THE SNOWS
FULLER

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 22
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
WHAT DO YOU MEAN ADVISE YOU BOUGHT IT
FULLER

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 29
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
HOLD EVERYTHING LOCAL HAYS OFFICE AGREE TO
CLEAR LOVE CHILD IF USE DIFFERENT TITLE FOR
PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO STOP MAKING NEW
TREATMENT ENGAGING TWO ENGLISH NOVELISTS
WILL MAKE IT SUPER EIGHT STAR NOTIFY ALL
DEPARTMENTS
FULLER

WILLIAM SMITH HOLLYWOOD JUNE 23
SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
COAST EXECUTIVES INSIST WE CALL IT LOVE
CHILD THE BLAZES WITH OHIO AND
PENNSYLVANIA
FULLER

CHARLES FULLER NEW YORK JUNE 30
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
YOUR WIRE TOO LATE SOLD LOVE CHILD BACK TO
AUTHOR TODAY FOR ONE THOUSAND STOP
GOING TO MIAMI FOR REST REGARDS
SMITH

M - G - M

by Leo, the Lyin'

NEW pledges in the D.O.S. House are Wells Root, Bobbie Presnell, Talbot Jennings, Larry Eyre and Joe Mankiewicz. Word comes from the National that Howie Estabrook and Hughie Walpole will arrive from the Old Country about June 15. John Farrow expects to be depledged any minute. Aye, there, Jawn!

The Ipsilon Theta House has had no rushing of late. Furthman, Wilson, Marion, Lovett and DeSano still compose the interfraternity council. The Dean in charge, however, is looking high and low for virgin material.

Herman Mankiewicz got all the credit for marrying Betty Young in the eastern papers, but Joe still goes home for lunch. Tie that fellows! . . . The Spewacks had an insane asylum all picked out in Laguna, but somebody bought it under their noses. Tough going, Bella and Sam . . . Sam Marx' pop, Max, high class custom tailor on B'way for years, will spend the summer with Sam and frau. Nice work, Sam. . . . Dickie Schayer took his pigeons down to his boat so that he could kill two birds with one stone, but the feathery friends aren't housebroke, so Rich is busy scraping decks. Didja hear Pink Wolfson's suggested theme song for the Pacific Coast Racing Pigeon Ass'n.? Good boy, Pinnie!

Howard Emmett Rogers can start passing the cigars around any day now. He's betting it's a boy all the way across the boards . . . Chas. Lederer only one in town hearing directly from Hecht & MacArthur. He goes to friends' homes and calls them long distance. Ah, there, Chas.! . . . Sin Behrman due back from Lunnon any day with a treatment in his valise—at least, that's what Stromberg thinks.

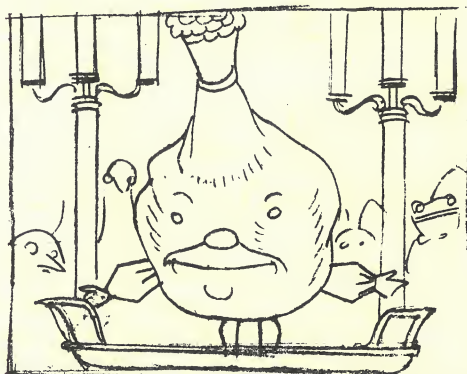
. . . Fran Goodrich and Allie Hackett are Skowhegan bound for the Maine part of the summer . . . Don Stewart gives his kid no more fire engines. The young arsonite lit conflagrations all over the house to see if toy would work. It didn't and Donnie Sr. is out four suits of clothes, a dining room set and two maids!

Zoe Akins trying to sell an orig. to pay for the I-F she just bought . . . If anybody wants a cheap car, get married. Fran Marion always comes through with a coupe for a wedding present, the dear . . . Ethel Borden won't do her parlor tricks any more. After the command performance for the Prince of Wales, she washed up! . . . Courtie Fitsimmons, author of three tomes on bridge, was the only guy who lost at a recent tourney . . . Herbie Yardley, the "Black Chambers"

otter, spent a week trying to find his supervisor!

Edgar Allan Woolf, the beans expert, was the only Arab invited to the Considine Sr. Irish-American Spaghetti dinner. Good thing too, for Edgar had to cart all the drunks home after 'twas over . . . Wells Root had a brainstorm and wanted studio to buy Gershwin's "An American in Paris"—title and score—for his "All Good Americans"—but Gershwin wanted Mayer and Mannix with Garbo thrown in. Rain, no deal . . .

Arthur Kober, back from Spanish junket with castinets clinging to the seat of his pants. Ah, there, Kober, heruf mishin im yenam's kessel! . . .



By William Cameron Menzies

CLOSE UP—LEG OF MUTTON. (THE ROOM AND CHARACTERS IN THE B.G. ARE ON A TRANSPARENCY. AN ACTOR IN A MASK, WITH ARMS AND LEGS WORKED AS PROPS—A LA HUMPTY DUMPTY)

The Leg of Mutton bows very elaborately, and speaks with an Oxford accent.

LEG OF MUTTON

Howjedew—
He lies down again on the platter.

Jas. McGuinness is doing ye late spots again . . . Carey Wilson didn't leave his wedding until he had counted all the silverware at Phil Berg's house. The only thing missing was the loving cup that Ruskin stole . . . Ruthie Cummings has had offers from over 50 national magazines for articles, due to her forthcoming Macauley book . . . Sister Mitzi has been loaned to Photoplay . . .

Rob Presnell came to us from Warners so that he could play polo with Wanger and, after Pres moved all his ponies over to the Tarzan set, Wanger blew for the Old Country. Tough going, Bobbie . . . Bob Hopkins has a show for Kaufman & Hart, but he's only got the title—and he hasn't got that completely licked yet. But he will. Look what he did to "Operator 13". . . Julie Furthman is an orchid

raiser. They take seven years to reach maturity. Fowler says: "Seven years from now, imagine Jules rushing to his greenhouse, embracing a bulb, his face dropping and, as he falls into a faint, screaming, 'My God, I'm a failure!'"

Johnny Mahin always has another excuse for being late in the morning. His God-father, Stromberg, sick of hearing a new one every day, made a chart listing all of John's excuses by number. Now all Jawn does when he comes in is, open Hunt's door and yell, "Number 11" . . . Robt. Pirosh, Art Bloch and Geo. Seaton are warming up "Broadway Melody of 1935" until Ralph Spence can put it into the semis . . . Joe Sherman is writing again, after having been in Publicity for years! . . . Flo Ryerson missed contributing to "Script" two weeks ago. Come, come, Flo—that's no way to treat Rob and ye Real Ed. . .

Joe Gollomb is murdering again . . . Hore Jackson keeps screaming, "Puleeze, Mister Hemingway!" But it's a studio secret—and they've put a new title on the property to fool the gate-man. . . Artie Richman in the tropics with "Indo-China". . . Joel Sayre trying to make those "Bugle Sounds". . . Ed Williams figuring out how to do "Soviet" and not insult anyone, least of all, Boris Ingster . . .

Oscar Hammerstein II is beefing about no grass courts around here. No studios around Forest Hills, either, Junior. . . Since Jack Meehan has been promoted to the Garbo epic, he's laid off the horses. Didn't even listen to "Cavalcade" on the radio. Junior Writers please copy—and forget . . . If Claudine West will write to this department, we'll send her a sales talk on why Vajda should join the Guild . . . Eddie Knopf came through, after learning that Herman Mank had refused to join!

Zelda Sears in Old Country with husband . . . Bernie Schubert is across the hall from Monkton Hoffe, but can't work the puzzle-game yet. . . Loos & Emerson are dripping with annuities, but still like to work for Hyman . . . Harvey Thew is learning about the Giants from Sedgewick, but Harvey Gates has never been heard from since he was loaned to Columbia. Dope has it that we're getting Capra in exchange, but nothing official yet. . . Salka Viertel looks a little wildish in her speeding roadster, so collegiate in fact, that she's a cinch for a bid from the Alpha Phis . . . Pink Wolfson has a tome on the stands about July 1. Vanguard, \$2 (a plug like this is worth money, no?) . . .

How To Write A Western

by Lindsley Parsons

Western picture manufacturing is different from any other phase of the picture construction business, and requires a different approach. The first thing is to get into the mood.

I would recommend that the writers and the director start by putting on sombreros, chaps and high-heel boots. Lariats, too, are essential, while spurs will keep heavy sleepers from falling over backward, away from the desks. Better still, remove all furniture and scatter hay over the floor. If the hay has been used for bedding it will contain, of course, one of the essential commodities of a successful story.

I have purposely omitted mentioning the producer among those who should wear character costumes. This is because the producer is to represent the horse (a western animal). If the writers and director have trouble riding him they should use the lariat, then the spur. In that order.

When the conference is ready to begin, it is well to remember that the trouble with most westerns is that they don't have enough action, or else they seem to have too much action. To obviate both pitfalls, divide the script into six or seven parts—corresponding to the number of reels—and into each part write one action sequence and one dialogue sequence. Each action sequence should top the one preceding it, so that there will be a gradually increasing tempo leading up to the action finale.

(Care must also be taken that none of the six or seven parts is lifted from the same story. This is regarded as unsportsmanlike, and shows a lack of consideration for others writing in the same field—or stable.)

Next you should determine whether it is to open fast or slow—with action preceding explanatory dialogue or with explanatory dialogue preceding the action. (This is getting complicated.) However, the opening action must never top the closing action. Further . . . or perhaps we better let the whole thing drop. . . .

In fact, writing Westerns is a gift, particularly at present prices.

POWER of THE GUILD

THE Authors' League of America is proud of the solidarity and vitality that dominate the Screen Writers' Guild, and the appearance of the Guild's own magazine should do a great deal toward establishing harmony between screen writers and motion picture producers.

For more than a century, in 1813, to be exact, since Scribe demanded the end of the patronage system and an honest remuneration for author's work, the dramatic writer has always met resistance in any effort toward organization; and, oddly enough, beginning with Scribe, the author has invariably won every honest battle. Because of Scribe and his supporters there came about the French Society of Authors, more powerful today than ever before. Eight years ago the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America discovered that by fighting shoulder to shoulder the American playwright could put an end to the gross injustices of unscrupulous managers and aid the enterprise of honest ones. In England, the League of British Dramatists is

constantly heartening British writers by its growing strength.

The Screen Writers' Guild faces a glowing future. Its own code is a dedication to high business and craft ethics. It is not too young to realize that all evil in industry cannot be stopped by one mighty blow; yet it is young enough to fight tirelessly for its rights. It recognizes the obligation of its members to refrain from the sharp practice it condemns in its enemies, and to offer the same fair play it demands of its friends among the producers. Nothing can defeat the Guild while that spirit dominates its actions.

If I seem didactic, it is simply because I know, as a veteran of the Dramatists' Guild's struggles during the last ten years, that we won our control of our work in the theatre because we have always rigidly maintained those responsibilities. More power to you! It is evident you will know how to exercise it as it comes.

MARC CONNELLY,
President, Authors' League of America

Story Conference



by JIMMY CIORGOLI

WHEN Angel Firpo, whom Runyon styled the Wild Bull of the Pampas, began his training grind for the championship crack at Jack Dempsey, I enlisted with him as his literary ghost.

What a man! Born in Buenos Aires. His father an Italian immigrant, his mother an Indian. Barely literate. At work since he was a child—odd jobs around the waterfront. Ultimately longshoring. Somewhere around 1915 he began boxing. He was a big moose then in his early 'teens with as much of an idea about the world and its ways as an Andean wild goat. I gathered from him that boxing wasn't much of a racket in South America at that time. Five dollars was big money for a main event. Seated in a dressing room one night in a small town in Chile, having socked his dollar and a half's worth, he read of Jack Dempsey winning the world's heavyweight title from Willard at Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A., on July 4, 1919. This bit of news gave Firpo an idea. He decided to make his way to the United States, lick Jack Dempsey, and become heavyweight champion of the world. A little more than a year later he landed in New York smelling of the steerage and wearing a celluloid collar with other apparel to match. He spoke no English and he had no manager. With a countryman picked up in a Spanish restaurant to act as interpreter, he somehow got to Tex Rickard, the fox, who, as one per cent fight promoter and ninety-nine per cent showman, was interested. He knew nothing about Firpo's fighting ability, but he saw box office from the big fellow's shaggy appearance and arranged to have him tried out against a broken down fifth rater, Sailor Maxted, in an obscure small town fight club somewhere in the state of New Jersey. Prior to the fight, Firpo showed up at the club with an interpreter and solemnly queried the local promoter as to the picture rights. An unknown spig from South America fighting Sailor Maxted in a tank town club asking about picture rights! What a laugh for the manager! To prolong the joke, the manager solemnly agreed to waive his share of the picture rights provided Firpo would stand the bite for having them taken. Firpo did. While one lone camera ground out the pictorial record, he clumsily out-fumbled the sailor for five silly rounds, and then knocked him kicking with a ponderous right that started from away back yonder and ul-

THE OX OF THE ARGENTINE

by William Slavens McNutt

timately came to business on Maxted's jaw.

A few days later this ox-eyed sap who had provided such amusement for the fight manager and his friends, boarded a steamer for the Argentine. He had with him the silly roll of film recording the minor fistic event to which he had been a party. When he got home, he sold that roll of film for fifty thousand dollars. It seems that the people down there were not as well aware of Sailor Maxted's rating as the tight club manager had been. The film depicted a home town boy shellacking an American fighter in an American ring, and, for some reason the tight club manager has never been able to figure out, they were willing to pay money to see it. With this little nest egg as a start, Firpo came back to the United States and started again in the business of carrying out his original idea: to lick Jack Dempsey and gain the world's heavyweight championship.

No manager ever cut in on Firpo's earnings. To be sure, he hired various American advisers from time to time, but he paid them very little money and took very little of their advice. No one ever had a piece of Firpo.

The fight writers all agreed that he couldn't box. That was true. He not only couldn't box, but he couldn't be taught to box, and he ultimately realized this and quit wasting money trying to learn. All he could do was fight one way. That was the way of the lion and the tiger and the wild bull of the pampas to which Runyon had likened him.

At the beginning of any fight he was no wild bull. He was much more akin to a bewildered ox. He would stumble around, fall over his own feet, flail away with absurd roundhouse swings that a dirt farmer could duck without interrupting his corn planting, until somebody hurt him. He was a hundred to one and no takers to get hurt. Anybody could hurt him and everybody he fought did. But when they did, it was just too bad. Something happened to Firpo when he was hurt. He exploded. You've heard of eyes blazing? His did. For the space of a few second he would go truly berserk. During those few seconds he would abolish anything animate that happened to be in the ring with him. He didn't box any better berserk than he did sane, but how he did fight! Any ordinary boxer could block those terrific blows, but the arms with which he did the blocking weren't much use after the first defense. They were paralyzed. And there was the exploded Firpo still swinging. And fighting thus, he swung himself through a crack at the championship just a little more than two years after the time he sat in the dressing room in Chile and first read about Jack Dempsey and the championship of the world.

The fight with Dempsey is history. On the floor seven times from the impact of those murderous Dempsey fists, he got up seven times, exploded suddenly in that irresistible fury that was characteristic of him when hurt, and socked the champion out of the ring into Hype Igoe's surprised and inadequate lap. It is history further that Mr. Dempsey was out of the ring for fourteen seconds and that a smart manager would have claimed the fight then and there for Firpo and the claim would have stood. He didn't have a smart manager nor smart seconds. They were all Argentines. People said he was dumb not to have an expert American in his corner. I know that he was only patriotic. He told me before the fight, "I will fight as an Argentine. If I win, it will be an Argentine victory. If I lose, I lose." That, you see, was an angle that the fight writers never quite got.

So Mr. Firpo went back to Argentine without the championship of which he had dreamed, but he took with him a total of over four hundred thousand good, round American dollars. And that, my brethren, is no bad take for a dumb spig from the Buenos Aires waterfront who split with nobody.

Beware of Your Dog

by Carroll Graham

READ in the public prints that Ruth Roland is suing Billie Dove for some stupendous sum because she was bitten by Miss Dove's police dog, and with no malice whatsoever, I hope she collects every dime of it.

Now understand me—I don't know Miss Roland, and I have known, and respected, Miss Dove for a long time.

The point is that for years I have been annoyed and terrorized by other people's police dogs and I think that anyone who permits his dog to bother anybody else should be boiled in oil.

I am afraid of dogs. They know it, and will pick me out of a huge throng of people as the one guy they want to bite. But that's neither here nor there. Anybody has a perfect right to own a dog, large or small, if he'll keep it to himself. But few dog owners do that. Because they hold an unreasonable love for the brutes, they assume that everyone else does.

I do not dislike police dogs especially, except that they are larger and more vicious. I can tolerate any dog up to and including Scotties in size,

because you can drop-kick them if they become annoying. But you can't get distance on a police dog, and if you try to boot them, you'll probably lose the boot with the foot still inside it.

Especially annoying are dogs on a public beach. I have yet to find a Southern California beach which is not infested with three or four police dogs whose owners permit them to run wild, galloping over sun-bathers, scattering sand and water about, and making a God-awful racket.

Another phase of this dog mania—while I'm being thoroughly unpleasant on the subject—is the affection bestowed upon them by otherwise reasonable persons.

Dogs are animals and nothing else, and should be so regarded. But are they?

A few summers ago I engaged a beach house, sharing it with a married couple. They owned a large and badly behaved police dog. Also a small and well behaved child. Every week-end we spent at the beach, the dog came

along, and the child was left in Hollywood with the nurse.

I ventured to comment on this odd situation one day, and was given an amazing explanation. They thought the CHILD might annoy me so they brought the dog!

In another discussion with this surprising pair, I pointed out that dogs held no real affection for their masters, but would fawn upon anyone who fed it. Both of them scoffed at this, declaring that police dogs, in particular, were one-man affairs until death do them part.

Consequently, I took over the feeding of the brute, and almost at once the thing was always at my heels, following me wherever I went, lying at my feet when I sat down, and utterly ignoring its masters.

And here's something else. Masters say they love their dogs. Then why treat them as they do? A dog's place is in the country, and it is cruel to keep them in the city, unless you have a yard for them to run in—an enclosed yard, I might add, so they can't get out in public. To keep a dog in an apartment is to deny the animal a normal, natural existence.



PARAMOUNT

Frances Martin, now working with Walter De Leon on "College Rhythm," has a Brooklyn accent since spending two weeks in New York dissecting Joe Penner for the lead.

John O'Hara, whose novel Harcourt Brace publishes in August and whose collected "New Yorker" pieces will also be brought out later by the same outfit, has arrived, loaded for bear.

Frank Partos, our Magyar pingpong flash, took a short leave of absence in New York.

Patterson McNutt, who rose from the rags of "The World's" golf writer to the riches of the producer of "The Poor Nut," has joined Paramount, and his brother, Willie Slavens, this mag's Firpo Editor.

William R. Lipman (no kin to Wal-

by Ole Man Mountain

ter) back after a short suntan at Universal for go at "The Red Woman."

Wally Young's annual hegira starts June 28 and lasts four months. He'll include the South Seas and the Orient with expenses partially covered by rental from his office couch.

Grover Jones, Nestor of Marathon Street, and Cy Hume, whose "Bride of the Centaur" slew 'em ten years ago, are colabbing on "Limehouse Nights" with Grover drawing on his memories of the Indiana Tong Wars for local color.

Harlan Thompson, who deplores bavardage on the tennis court, is busy on one for Crosby and Colbert.

Guy Endore, the werewolf specialist, is running up another for Georgie Raft, the Black Snake of Tenth Ave.

Humphrey Pearson, together with Donald Ogden Stewart, James Thurber, W. R. Burnett, Dr. Snook and O. Henry once lived in Columbus, Ohio.

Charles Brackett was Bob Benchley's predecessor as the New Yorker's dramatic critic. He is also a reformed lawyer.

Knicker: Who was that joke I seen you with last night?

Bocker: That wasn't no joke, that was my script.

Holly: I'm from Burbank.
Wood: Oh, are you?
Holly: No, R. I.

Sun: A cutter.
Set: What is an optimist, pa?



CLOTHIERS
HABERDASHERS
TAILORING

HEmpstead 8769

JACK BELL'S
1639 N. Vine St.
Hollywood



HOME OF
THE
**SCREEN WRITERS'
GUILD**
HOLLYWOOD
CENTER BUILDING

Hollywood Boulevard at Cherokee

UNIVERSAL

by BARRY TRIVERS

IT WAS that pause in the day's occupation known as "The Author's Hour." In the office of Leonard Spigelgass (1) a dim light bathed the various blue-bound scripts with an eerie, dust-powdered glow.

Suddenly from between the crisp covers of a script there appeared the purple-shirted shade of THE GREAT ZEIGFELD (2), giving an excellent IMITATION OF LIFE (3).

He knew he was only building CASTLES IN THE AIR (4), but THE HUMAN SIDE (5) of him was grateful. He had GREAT EXPECTATIONS (6), and deep in his heart he knew that they were going to be realized.

Suddenly he remembered having promised that, WEATHER PERMITTING (7), he would try and patch up the quarrel between the lovely PRINCESS O'HARA (8) and her boy with THE GIFT OF GAB (9). He wasn't a bad boy, he was just playing hookey from THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL (10), and, aided by THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD (11), he was trying to solve THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD (12).

He saw the first drops of a light drizzle beginning to fall (13). He saw the Princess waiting, and the boy come up, and he saw the birth of a ROMANCE IN THE RAIN (14). His arm around her, the boy led her to his open Ford (15), followed by a dull, booming rumble which might have been thunder and might have been THE RETURN OF FRANKENSTEIN (16).

"Ah Youth," he said, "Ah Love, poor and humble, yet living THE NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS! (17)"

Another sigh escaped him and he vanished into thin air.

The faint breeze, having found shelter, decided to be lost again, as breezes will. The chintzes stirred no more.



By William Cameron Menzies

MEDIUM CLOSE—ALICE AND CATERPILLAR

ALICE
(still angry)

Is that all?

CATERPILLAR

No.
He puffs away without speaking for a moment, then speaks.

So you think you've changed, do you?

ALICE

(more politely)

I'm afraid I have, Sir. I don't remember things—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes at a time!

CATERPILLAR

Can't remember WHAT things?

ALICE

Well, I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee"—but it all came different!

CATERPILLAR

Hmm. Repeat "You are old, Father William"—Alice folds her hands, and begins to sing—or recite—

It was that pause in the day's occupation known as "The Author's Hour." The scripts were quiet.

- (1) Scenario Editor
- (2) William Anthony McGuire
- (3) William Hurlbut
- (4) John Meehan, Jr. and Phil Cahn
- (5) Nat Ferber
- (6) Gladys Unger
- (7) Clarence Marks
- (8) Robert Rothafel
- (9) Paul Gerard Smith
- (10) Eugene-Ralph Berton and Karen De Wolf
- (11) Jean Bart
- (12) Leopold Atlas and Bradley King
- (13) Unusual California Weather
- (14) Barry Trivers
- (15) Henry S. Perren
- (16) John Balderston
- (17) Barry Trivers

HOLLYWOOD - Cradle of Reform

by WILLIAM H. McKEGG

Branded a cradle of iniquity, Hollywood has become a cradle of reform!

Regarded chiefly only as ridiculous nonsense, screen stories have proved more redoubtable to malefactors than the third degree! The screen writer has been a benefactor to his country and his fellow men. He has shown in picture form and action the hideous stains that darken the national spirit.

Racketeers have had to let lucrative coups slip out of their grasps. Gangsters have had to slink into obscure shadows to watch their erstwhile power fade before their eyes. Crooked officials have seen the writing on the wall. Prison walls have been pulled down before the public gaze. Inmates have been seen in all their degradation and soul torture. Chain gangs have had to stand a public cleaning too, and are being abolished.

And all because of the movies! It is only too plain that the stories of Hollywood have led the wave of propaganda for reform that has been flowing over the country for the last few years.

An individual might be stirred into action by a great book. But the masses don't read to any great extent. Movies are the most popular form of entertainment. And a human story, well acted, fires the emotional mind of the public easier than any other medium.

In the old times the people had to depend only on writers like Charles Dickens, Hattie Stowe and Charles Kingsley. Today America needs the screen more than any other medium to reveal to the masses the necessity of various changes. Crime has had a strong hold on the nation for the past fifteen years. Even public offices have been taken over by the public enemy.

The pictures of the last several years are now to reap the good they did. The average citizen has been roused as he has never before been roused—to the imminent danger, physical and moral, he is in if crime of all description is not thrown out of public life.

In entering the New Age, as America is soon to do, the screen writers who have written human stories for the public good can well be proud of having aided in the great cause.



Authorized  Dealer

REPUBLIC 5164
4606 WEST ADAMS
5 Blocks West of Crenshaw
LOS ANGELES

AUTHOR? AUTHOR?

by Dudley Nichols

"GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED!"—
Cosmic Productions, Inc. Produced
by J. Worthington Gribb. Directed
by Alonzo Blonk. An Alonzo
Blonk production. Previewed at
Hollywood Theatre. *Rating—6
Stars!

THIS Cosmic super-special, produced by J. Worthington Gribb and directed by Alonzo Blonk, an Alonzo Blonk production, starring Edyth Noolze and Will Sparks, costumed by Adrienne, superbly mounted by Clarence Wellington Jines, photographed by William Sykes, with lyrics and music and additional dialogue by Alonzo Blonk, is Class A entertainment—sure-fire in any house.

Mr. Blonk's genius is evident in his use of sparkling dialogue, the way he creates suspense, builds characterization, and the masterly way he tells the story on the screen. The picture is crammed full of "directorial touches" and his attention to small details, such as cutting to a pair of gold fish mating in the pool while the stars are making love openly in the park, is sure to win critical praise.

Mr. Gribb, upon receiving overwhelming congratulations in the theatre lobby after the preview, reiterated his determination to continue producing only epics of outstanding merit and cleanliness. As evidence of this latter he pointed out that the original title of the picture had been "Lie Down, Lady"; but after a talk with Mr. Will H. Hays, the Federal Church Council of America, Mrs. August Belmont and representatives of upward of fifty Protestant and Catholic organizations, the studio accepted its responsibility to make pictures only for the family and altered the title to "Gentlemen, Be Seated."

As for the acting, never have these two stars been seen to better advantage. Their efforts kept the audience in laughter and tears. Mr. Sparks received spontaneous applause for his daring rescue of Miss Noolze in the final climax. Baby Lena, the new child prodigy, cooed her way into the heart of this hard-boiled critic. She, too, spoke lines that left the audience wondering at her childish wisdom and cleverness.

While giving full credit to producer, director and the entire cast, this super-special could hardly be the epic it is

(Continued on Page 23)

WARNER BROS.—FIRST NATIONAL

by Manuel Seff

BEGINNING with Tom Buckingham, the second fellow from the left, reading downward, we shall work our way up to Tom Reed, the tallest writer on earth, with the possible exception of Bob Sherwood. Guides will be furnished on payment of a small fee. Mr. B., rosy-cheeked and in fine fettle, and that's only his second-best fettle, has returned from a short vacation, or hiatus, as Ben Markson says, to throw himself with renewed vigor into his beloved labors. The hiation (combining both words, thus pleasing all concerned) was spent on his eight-thousand-ton clipper, for which he has thought up the name, ILE DE FRANCE. The French Line is about to file a heavy plagiarism suit.

Which brings us to Charles Kenyon, dean of Laguna, the Westport of the Southwest. He has instructed us to spread the good news that his seashore villa is now serving free drinks to all comers, be they friend or foe. While this information was received from an unusually unreliable source, it is guaranteed.

Just left of him, as the crow flies, we find F. Hugh Herbert, bon vivant and scholar, discussing Socrates in the original Greek, with his bootblack, and quoting fluently. There is a movement afoot to enter Mr. Herbert as a quote thrower in the coming Olympics.

That spectacled lad with the reddish mane (Poil de Carotte) would be Erwin Gelsey, affectionately known all over the studio as "Mr. Gelsey." It has just been discovered that he is the same Erwin Gelsey upon whom Fielding based the character, Squire Western.

Now a quick tour through the foothills of the Pyrenees by camel and ox-cart. On the right, under that size nine foothill, we see Aben Finkel, renowned author, puffing on a dingah as he writes. You find yourself unconsciously humming, "Finkel, finkel, little star." Further along the road we unexpectedly come upon a strange figure, wearing a tropical helmet and

studying the dim trails with a microscope, as he shouts, in blood-curdling tones, "S. S. Van Dine! S. S. Van Dine!" It's Robert Lee, of course, paying homage to the novelist whose mystery yarns he adapts. Now back to camp for a good night's rest and an early start in the morning.

Having changed horses and fortified ourselves with a real southern breakfast, we move on to the office of Earl Baldwin, where his little Mary greets us with delicious helpings of aspirin, bromo-seltzer, bicarbonate of soda and cough drops. She proudly displays a certificate of thanks from the Druggists' Association who have voted Earl their best customer of the month.

Refreshed, we continue by plane to the home of Lillie Hayward, a member of Warner's left wing or female contingent. At the moment she is serving, as a main course, her noted pet, Myrtle, a baby lamb, well-roasted and seasoned, to an assorted group of scriveners. Gathered about the groaning board happily munching are Brown Holmes, Warren Duff, Ben Markson, Peter Milne, Sy Bartlett, Mike Boylan, Seton Miller, Dan Templin, Carl Erickson and Kitty Scola, all First National boys and true, with the exception of Kitty, who is a First National girl and true. We cheerily try to exchange the greetings of the season with them, but they are absorbed in Myrtle. So we pass on, with understanding nods among ourselves. We, too, once munched roast baby lamb at Lillie's.

Now our little journey draws to its close. As the sun begins to drop into the pallid sea to make room for the moon, our caravanserai has only time left for a rapid handshake with Lawrence Hazard, who convinces us that the horse is man's best friend, especially when he runs first . . . or even second.

We stand on deck saying a benediction for Delmar Daves, Our Boy Over There, in Europe. Among our tired group we hear a murmur of sympathy for the wanderer. What are we murmuring? You guessed it: "The lucky dog!"

HEmpstead 1200	Michigan 9708
 RALPH D. PAONESSA 	
COUNSELLOR - AT - LAW	
Hollywood Center Bldg. 1655 North Cherokee Avenue HOLLYWOOD	229 North Broadway LOS ANGELES

WRITER'S CRAMP

by AL MARTIN

I've seen directors come and go. I've seen stars come and go. I've seen writers come and go. You can see I've seen people come and go.

'Tis said that one of our six hundred members paid his dues the other day. Personally, I think it's just a rumor.

And did you know that Slim Summerville used to be a grave digger? No? Well, let me tell you. Slim Summerville used to be a grave digger.

If every dog has his day possibly the screen writer will have his. And when that time comes wouldn't it be ducky to be Down South with Mars. Byrd—where the days really amount to something?

Of course it wouldn't be so good for the pencil pusher who has just been told by a perspective employer to drop back and see him day after tomorrow.

It's plenty tough getting inside a studio these days. If St. Peter were as particular as studio gatemen, Heaven would be inhabited only by stars of the first magnitude and supervisors

Al Christie, the famous comedy producer, used to be a bell hop in a Canadian hotel. There are several producers who wish they had Mr. Christie's old job. In fairness to Mr. Christie, he should be given the preference.

Jerry Sackheim was assigned by a big executive (guess who) to make a synopsis of Roget's Thesaurus. Anything for a laugh, eh, what?

I hate to talk about myself, but one of our biggest producers saw one of my pictures and immediately gave me an assignment which he claimed was right up my alley. I am to write dialogue for Harpo Marx.

To those of you folks who are fortunate enough not to know me personally, I would like to confess—I have an enormous profile. In fact it is so large my last boss saw it a few seconds before I stepped into his office. When I entered, his jaw and stenographer dropped to the floor, and pointing to my beak, he cried: "Put that back in the prop room."

- U. A. -

by Nunnally Johnson

Vicki Baum to Goldwyn's for five months.

Brick ("Six Gun") Terrett seen on Barbary Coast.

Sheekman & Perrin getting echolalia from pondering on Riskin, Rivkin, Ruskin, Briskin, Praskins.

Bonnie Parker shot and killed by retired Texas Ranger.

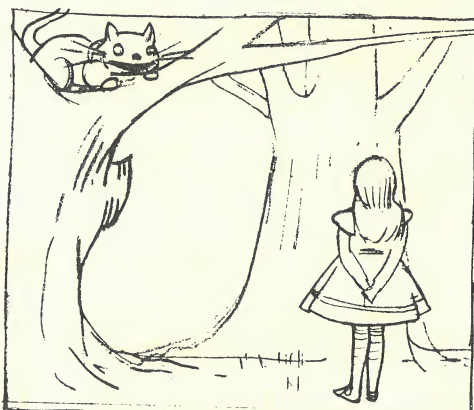
George Oppenheimer having his corns husked.

Bess Meredyth off to Europe.

Dwight Taylor can draw.

Cameron Rogers, Eastern belleslettresist, to work with your correspondent on "Richlieu" for Arliss.

That's all today. See you next month.



By William Cameron Menzies

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT—

ALICE AND CHESIRE CAT

As much as I like to kid about it, I hereby serve notice that my nose will not be the only one in town that I'm going to pick on. I'm organizing "The Schnozzle Club." There will be no initiation, for we of the anteatery type have been abused enough, but members must be able to stand two feet from the border line of California and inhale the ozone of Arizona.

I'm not sure whether Jimmie Durante is eligible. One of my spies reported that Jimmie stood in California and inhaled the ozone of New Mexico—completely missing Arizona. I'll have to look up our by-laws.

Running true to form, the other day I got a great idea for a story. I planned to call it, "An American Tragedy." The story was about a man who fell in love with a rich young girl and murdered the other one. I sure was burned up when I discovered a guy by the name of Dreiser had swiped my idea.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

by Ralph Block

WRITERS have strange ideas about freedom. They believe that a special Providence exists to guarantee them liberty. A part of this expectation is natural to the state of creating something. Mere rational invention requires no more liberal scope than building a house, which is limited at the outset by the laws of Euclid. But the creative process in its pure state is more mysterious, moves in a secret realm of its own, and is easily dissipated by the cold hand of restriction.

Realistically minded persons have rested for some years on the conclusion that in a complicated industrial world the idea of freedom is a wish fulfillment, carried over from our primitive and unrestricted past.

There are of course some liberties to be had in the world. But to have them and maintain them, you must first decide which ones are important to you. Society in its present state requires a kind of bargain; it will give you two items of freedom if you give up ten others. But the important thing to consider is that you can't have them all.

These apparently gratuitous philosophical observations are significant when considered in relation to the Screen Writers' Guild. When the Guild was first organized, a number of well known writers expressed their sympathy with its general purposes, but declared that as for themselves they were individualists and didn't like the limitation of personal action imposed by organization. This is a kind of dream state which is not uncommon among those more fortunate workers in American life and industry. It is a hangover from those idyllic pioneer days when the worker and his employer and their families went on picnics together and belonged to the same bowling club. Unfortunately the nostalgia for this happy gambol lingered long after the facts that supported it had disappeared. The ecstatic individualist has his fetters and doesn't know it, and if he does recognize them as such he loves them. Too late, he wakes to discover that the Damon and Pythias mood in which he plays golf with his employer doesn't keep this gentleman from returning to the role of John L. Producer when it comes to making disposition of the individualist's work at the studio or signing contracts for his services.

(Continued on Page 22)

PROSIT !

"The Peerless Motor Car Corporation notified the Stock Exchange today that it plans to go into the business of brewing ale."
—News Item.

The Peerless Motor Car Corp.,
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I note with alarm that you plan to give up the manufacture of automobiles and turn your plant into a brewery. Does that mean that I will no longer be able to get spare parts for my old 1924 Peerless or are you going to stock piston rings along with hops and malt?

If you're going from automobiles to beer, ignoring your faithful old Peerless owners, I'm going to trade in my boat for a new Plymouth without further delay. It would be no laughing matter to send for a new bushing and receive a case of 4 per cent suds by return post.

Incidentally, I am amazed by the flexibility of your organization. It isn't EVERY automobile concern that can tap its ingenuity to the extent of a limousine one day and a keg of brew the next. (Though I never saw a bottle of beer yet that was mechanically perfect until it had been put on the blocks for a 1000 mile factory test.)

What is General Motors' attitude toward the new Peerless? Are you going to be able to meet heavy competition from this direction? They will undoubtedly come out with an improved Cadillac, Buick and Pilsner and may even make an attractive trade-in allowance on emty bottles. Are you prepared for this?

The Peerless Company never put any "green stuff" on the market, to my knowledge, and I hope they never will. If I decide to trade my old car in for your latest model I don't want people referring to it as "belly wash," and, for Heaven's sake leave off those hideous radiator caps from now on.

See what the boys in the back room will have!

Yours truly,

JACK CLUETT

P.S.: Have you tasted the new Hupmobile?

PROTECT YOUR MANUSCRIPT
by Filing it With the
GUILD'S REGISTRATION BUREAU
Guild Offices
1655 North Cherokee Avenue
FEE—50c—Guild Members
\$1.00—Non-Guild Members

The Two Century Dictionary

By International News Service

Paris.—Jan. 5.—The new dictionary, on which the French Academy has only been working about two centuries now, was today brought up to half-way through the letter "p."

Unfortunately, however, so many words have altered during the last 200 years that the compilers are forced to go back over the early volumes. Then, when these have been revised, observers believe the "p's" will be out of date.

This is the fifth volume compiled. At this rate the dictionary ought to be ready somewhere about 2234 A. D.

The French, my dears, take many years To write a dictionary. As writings go, this seems quite slow I'd call it very very.

Two hundred years, it took, my dears To reach the letter P From A to L was quite a spell Perhaps a century.

But still, my dears, these many years Have been well spent, say I If in this scroll, the Gauls enroll Just one word, "P," "A," "Y."

—AL LOWENTHAL.

Hollywood Men's Shop

HOLLYWOOD CENTER BLDG.

6652 Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD 9629

Milton Goodman Harry Zigmond

Independent Field

by John Natteford

A SURVEY of the material offered to independent producers, and of their actual wants, leads to the conclusion that a number of writers and agents are misinformed as to what constitutes a good story for independent production.

It must be a good story, and it must be a story which can be cast and produced under current limitations of independent production. If a starring vehicle, the odds are against it. First, the major producers refuse to lend star names. Second, the trade itself doesn't want star names of the second grade. The decision of a recent sales convention is illuminating. A series of action pictures was suggested, starring a good Class B. personality. The salesman replied that they could sell the action pictures, and wanted them—without hitching them to the star. Take him out, and they'd bring back better money.

No matter how much the independent is willing to spend on production, he cannot borrow the great personalities that make a slim characterization story worth while.


And without great box-office names, he cannot afford to make a large production investment. He hasn't the production cost available, even if the story is as good as the writer thinks.

And is the story so good after all? If it were, wouldn't it have sold where it belongs?

It is a common fallacy to assume that the cheaper a picture is, the worse the story. On the contrary, the story must be better than many of the major's stories, before the independent producer can feel enough confidence to invest his money in it. He knows that as long as he cannot get star names, cannot get great directors, cannot show lavish backgrounds, he has left only one entertainment value to make and sell—story.

PROTECT YOUR MANUSCRIPT

by Filing it With the
GUILD'S REGISTRATION BUREAU
Guild Offices
1655 North Cherokee Avenue
FEE—50c—Guild Members
\$1.00—Non-Guild Members



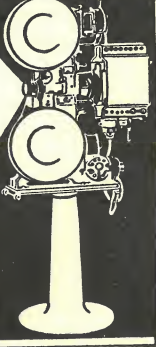
EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC

for Professional and Amateur

New and used. Bought, sold, rented and repaired. Camera Silencing. Send for Bargain Catalogue

Hollywood Camera Exchange

1600 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood
Tel: CL 2507 - HO 9431
Cable Address: HOCAMEX
Open 8 a. m. to 10 p. m.



FOX WESTERN

by HENRY JOHNSON

Dudley Nichols, who with Lamar Trotti, is writing "Strangers of the Night", left a heated conference the other afternoon and, to cool off, drove to the Beverly Beach Club.

Donning his trunks, he breasted the waves. His thoughts still on the story, he swam on and on. Suddenly he found himself out to sea. He was going to continue on to England, but an unpaid bar bill in Liverpool caused him to turn back.

Stuart Anthony, collaborating with Lester Cole on "Wanted" is a short hand expert. He'll take anything—including gum, cigarettes or odd fragments of watermelon.

Philip Klein and Rose Franken are unscrambling the book "State versus Eleanor Norton" for the screen. After a dinner at the Klein menage, Franken, up to her neck in Borst and Beef Strogoff, returned home and to her couch. During the dark hours of her slumber, Borst and Strogoff started to battle it out. La Franken, attempting to withdraw, rolled from her bed. Always putting her arm out as she goes around corners, she did and went places—on her arm and to the hospital.

William Conselman and your humble servant were caught red-handed by Sol Wurtzel sneaking into the studio Memorial Day. Excuse offered was interest in new Lillian Harvey picture. Charges were preferred against the two with the Guild. Later, Mr. Wurtzel issued the following statement: "I want the writers to get off the lot at 5 o'clock and keep off. Also, there is no necessity for their coming back and working nights. Furthermore, I don't want them around the place on Sundays or holidays."

Winifred Dunn, now working on "Flight of Love" is a Mrs. Her husband is prominent as a sculptor. To vary her activities, she expressed a desire to "sculpt". So, her fault finder started her off on wood carving. To date, she has whittled away an office desk and two chairs.

Officials of Sequoia National Forest have been notified that Miss Dunn plans to vacation there.

DRAMATIC ART

Dramatic Art is the basis of all the Arts. It is the mirror or "counterfeit presentment of the Tragedy and Comedy of life." The Screen employs all the Arts. Often a potentially fine production fails for lack of the technique of Dramatic Art. I recall two recent examples great stories, greatly acted, picturized, lighted, etc.—great in every respect but for the final scenes in which dramatic art values were missed. What every Studio therefore requires, if only on economic grounds, is a master mind of dramatic art through which every part of production is verified,—in fact, a Dramatic Art Department.

LAWRENCE E. STERNER.

ARGUMENTS

by Capt. William Outerson

The president of the World-Wide Clothing Stores was reading a letter and did not observe the entrance of a young man until he stopped before the desk.

"What right have you to come in here?" the president demanded testily.

"This is my right." The visitor pointed a revolver at the heart of the president, who threw up his hands.

"You needn't put them up," the youth declared. "I always give the other fellow a chance. Take the revolver from your desk and fire when I count three."

The president pulled his gun and fired without waiting for the count, and the visitor staggered back with his hands against his chest.

"My gun isn't loaded," he gasped. "How many shots did you fire?"

"Three," muttered the white-faced president.

The intruder unbuttoned his coat and produced three flattened bullets which he laid on the desk under the bulging eyes of the president.

"Sir," he stated confidently. "These are only the arguments I use, to prove that the Slam-Bang Bullet-Proof Vest is the best. Your order, Sir?"

"Good Lord," whispered the president, about to swoon. "I'll take a carload."

"I thank you. Good Day, Sir."

FOX HILLS

by ERNEST PASCAL

Samson Raphaelson, who has just completed a script, is leaving pronto on a three months holiday, during which he will write plays for next season in New York. (We cherish such dreams ourselves from time to time!)

Sonia Levein continues to pay taxes on her little farm back in Stonewall, Connecticut, just in case . . . !

Seton I. Miller is spending his spare time losing his office key and discovering more old friends on the Fox Lot than he thought he had in Hollywood.

A clause in Fox Writers' contracts prohibit writers from publicizing their studio work. Accordingly, during a run-around the studio, your columnist gathered the following choice news items:

T. B. Penfield says he is hard at work on — — .

Graham Baker says he is hard at work on — — .

Joe Cunningham says he is hard at work on — — .

Paul Green says he is hard at work on — — .

Gertrude Purcell says she is hard at work on — — .

Arthur Ripley says he is hard at work on — — .

James Gleason says he is hard at work on — — .

Finally, We WERE hard at work on — — , until we became a columnist. See you in August.

BOOKS

NEW . . . OLD . . . RARE
BOOKS

Your Money Will Buy More at
the Satyr.

SATYR BOOK SHOP

1622 North Vine Street
Gladstone 4185

GEORGE McGUIRE

IMPORTED and DOMESTIC

WINES and LIQUEURS

Hollywood 9377

7582 Sunset Boulevard

Hollywood

Fourfold Infidelity

(Continued from Page 4)

cake . . . use no hooks. . . .

Mrs. Arthur G. Eben:

Hello kid in the bus; I understand you, don't I? Yes—say yes. I love the way the hair grows off your neck, just back of your ear. I'd be awfully good to you, you young kid in the bus with the lovely skin. Are you poor? I know you are like a fierce young animal. I could be fierce too. I am going to kiss you—I am kissing you now, you young kid in the bus with the beautiful hungry skin! You aren't like anything I have—I don't care much any more about anything I've got, but I am getting a little hungry for you, you young kid in the bus. . . .

Director Arthur G. Eben:

Hmm, what a cute little number you turned out to be! How'd we do together? What do you want? Like to go shopping with Daddums? Some nice pearls? A caracul coat? How about this wrist watch? YOU aren't ever tired, are you, honey? I'd have to relax with you, get younger, dumber, let everything go. Would THAT be fun, you cute little trick with the funny nose! What's your mouth hanging open like that for? You mean me? Huh?

Miss Anna Marie Weiland:

It's NOT true that rich gentlemen are ugly. . . He looks like Otto Kruger, distinguished . . . and rich . . . wish I was rich . . . we'd travel together and eat lunch every day at the Roosevelt and take dinner every night at the Biltmore. . . . I like you, Mister Man in the car, you are my ideal . . . yes, look at me, you rich Mister Man in the car, you . . .

Yellow light—first bell!

And they all four wake up. Director Arthur G. Eben takes his wife's hand again and squeezes it, and Jimmie Nugent slips his arm around the waist of Miss Anna Marie Weiland. The carburetors begin to squirt gas into the cylinders.

Green light—GO!

The fourfold, half-minute infidelity is ended.

Public Stenographer

Dictation - Manuscripts - Typing
Secretarial Work

BERTHA E. CHILDS

334 N. Rodeo Drive CR 11240

OUT O' SYNC

RE-RECORDINGS FROM R. K. O.

by Johnnie Grey

Who are the only two feature writers on the R.K.O. lot not members of the Screen Writers' Guild?

(A coral bed-pan will be given to the person first sending their names to the Membership Committee.)

There is a rule on the R.K.O. lot to feed writers only salads at lunch time because solid foods make them drowsy all afternoon.

What did Arthur Caesar say to Dave Lewis the other day at tiffin? And was Dave's face red?

Dave Hempstead is now starting another course in "Finishing School."

Who are the only two feature writers on the R.K.O. lot not members of the Screen Writers' Guild?

(A lard thermometer will be given as a prize to the person giving their names to the Membership Committee.)

Jack Townley is all atwitter. . . . He leaves for the Century of Progress (Chi) within the next fortnight to make movies before the sightseers.

Joe Fields spent a dizzy day getting an itinerary of the French (The Welchers) high spots ready for Lou Brock who is leaving on the ILE DE FRANCE this week-end. Incidentally, Lou pulled a sneak sailing. Instead of leaving from the French Line pier, he had the boat take him on at 129th Street.

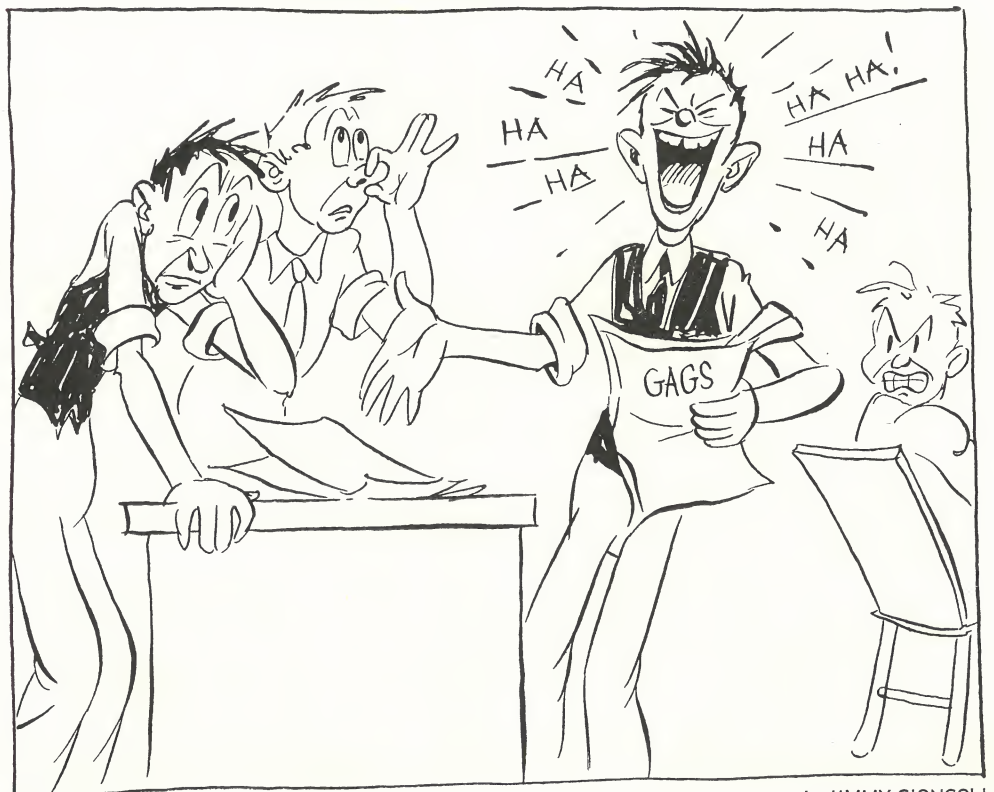
Lee Marcus, that genial supervisor, left Thursday for the R. K. O. Convention in Chi. He carried a toothbrush, a Clark and McCullough, and a Gene Austin short under his arm to show to the boys.

Arthur Caesar's definition of adolescence—that period in life when supervisors decide which sex they are going to follow.

Who are the only two feature writers on the R.K.O. lot not members of the Screen Writers' Guild?

(NOTE: Previous prize offers withdrawn. We know who they are . . . Shame . . . Shame! . . . SHAME!

Gag Department



by JIMMY CIONGOLI

THE SCREEN WRITERS' GUILD

of the Authors' League of America

1655 North Cherokee Avenue
Hollywood, Calif. Gladstone 5839

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

JOHN F. NATTEFORD, Chairman
JOHN GREY
SHERMAN LOWE
WILFRED MAC DONALD
GEORGE SAYRE
TRISTRAM TUPPER

ALTERNATES

ADELE BUFFINGTON
AL MARTIN
HAROLD SHUMATE

ADVISORY MEMBERS

RALPH BLOCK
ARTHUR RIPLEY
RAYMOND SCHROCK

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

BRIAN MARLOW, Chairman
RIDGEWAY CALLOW
CHARLES CONDON
MILDRED FLEMING
JOHN GREY
DAVID HEMPSTEAD
HENRY JOHNSON
MILTON KRIMS
DORIS MALLOY
MARY McCARTHY
ALICE D. G. MILLER
ERNEST PASCAL
GORDON RIGBY
ALLEN RIVKIN
BERNARD SCHUBERT
FRANK TUTTLE
GEORGE WAGGNER

THE SCREEN PLAYER

The current issue of THE SCREEN PLAYER contains an article that all members should read and read carefully. It is entitled: "The Wire to President Roosevelt."

In the same issue, Ann Harding speaks very plainly to members of both Guilds when she wrote "Frolic Versus Apathy! Pay Your Dues! Sign new members! Stick together for one long pull! And nothing can stop us."

Also there are excellent articles by Courtenay (Brick) Terrett and James Cagney and I wonder why Ken Thomson doesn't open a school to teach us all "How to drink wine." I would be the first to enroll and promise to pay dues in advance.

OFFICERS

RALPH BLOCK President
WELLS ROOT Vice-President
ERNEST PASCAL Treasurer
TRISTRAM TUPPER Secretary

* * *
ELSIE B. WILKINS . . . Ass't. Secretary

EXECUTIVE BOARD

RALPH J. BLOCK, Chairman
OLIVER H. P. GARRETT
RUPERT HUGHES
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON
WILFRED MacDONALD
FRANCES MARION
BRIAN MARLOW
SETON I. MILLER
DUDLEY NICHOLS
ERNEST PASCAL
ARTHUR RIPLEY
ALLEN RIVKIN
WELLS ROOT
RAYMOND SCHROCK
COURTENAY TERRETT
TRISTRAM TUPPER

ADVISORY COUNCIL

DONALD OGDEN STEWART, Chairman
WILLIAM CONSELMAN, Vice-Chairman
DORIS MALLOY, Secretary

ADELE BUFFINGTON
JOHN EMERSON
JOHN GREY
DON GORDON
RAY HARRIS
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
ROBERT LEE
GLADYS LEHMAN
SONYA LEVIEN
SHERMAN LOWE
JOHN LEE MAHIN
SIDNEY BUCHMAN
WALTER De LEON
FRANCIS FARAGOH
JOHN GOODRICH
ALBERT M. HACKETT
SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN
CYRIL HUME
FRANCIS HYLAND
AL MARTIN
SARAH MASON
MARY McCARTHY
WILLIAM S. McNUTT
JOHN F. NATTEFORD
ARTHUR RICHMAN
GEORGE SAYRE
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND
JOE SWERLING
GLADYS UNGER
WALDEMAR YOUNG
HORACE JACKSON
PHILIP KLEIN
BENJAMIN MARKSON
JAMES K. McGUINNESS
SAMSON RAPHAELSON
RICHARD SCHAYER
MANUEL SEFF
C. GARDNER SULLIVAN

CONCILIATION COMMITTEE

ERNEST PASCAL, ^{Seton I. Miller} Chief Commissioner
GLADYS LEHMAN
RAYMOND SCHROCK
WALTER ANTHONY
JOEL SAYRE
WINIFRED DUNN
SHERIDAN GIBNEY
EDWARD PARAMORE
WM. SLAVENS McNUTT
C. GARDNER SULLIVAN
BENJAMIN MARKSON

FISCAL COMMITTEE

WILLIAM CONSELMAN, Chairman
JOHN EMERSON
JOHN GREY
WILLIAM S. McNUTT

EX OFFICIO MEMBERS

ERNEST PASCAL
LAURENCE W. BEILINSON

CREDITS COMMITTEE

ROBERT PRESNELL, Chairman
LEONARD FIELDS
SHERIDAN GIBNEY
ERWIN GELSEY
C. GARDNER SULLIVAN
JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

SONGWRITERS' COMMITTEE

EDWARD ELISCU, Chairman
BERT KALMAR
HARRY RUBY
WILLIAM KERNELL
LORENZ HART

THE WRITERS' CLUB

Parking space is at a premium around the corners of Las Palmas and Sunset since the Writers' Club extended all privileges to Guild members. A quiet place to meet and talk over troubles or joys or what have you! We were there the other night. The Wampas Babies were rehearsing and . . . Oh! Boy! . . . go see for yourself.

Clarence R. Sharp, the congenial manager, is ably assisted by George Sutton and Marylin Fisher, with Florencio behind the bar (he never forgets a name) and Victor in the kitchen preparing those delightful luncheons and special dinners, what more could you wish? So let us see more and more old friends there to take advantage of the club's time-tested hospitality.

To the Membership of the Screen Writers' Guild

The local daily VARIETY printed an article in its issue of June 16th discussing a piece of mine in the DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB NEWS, to which it gives the false, misleading, and utterly unjustifiable title "Paramore Says Pic Guild Waning, with Purses Slim." I wish to state that the article in VARIETY constitutes a perversion of the entire spirit and content of my magazine piece. By skillfully selecting apparently damaging excerpts, divorced from their context, by adroitly altering tenses, and by actually misquotation, VARIETY succeeded in painting a picture of the Writers' Guild that is not only untrue but is not contained in my article.

I am placing a copy of the magazine article in the Offices of the Guild in case any of the members care to compare it with VARIETY'S version. I also wish to apologize to the Membership for being indiscreet and stupid enough to give VARIETY a pretext on which to hang perverted and false statements that might prove damaging to Guild morale.

Respectfully and Loyally Yours,
EDWARD E. PARAMORE, JR.

31
311
First N. R. A.'s mechanism directly affecting writers to get under way in Hollywood, the Agency Committee convened in April. Its job is to draw up a set of regulations designed to inject order into the confusion which pervades the relations of producers, agents and artists.

A major problem is the drafting of a code of fair practice among agents, artists and producers, together with penalties for violations and judicial machinery to judge violations. Clearly, this is a deviously complicated matter. Each point—and there are dozens—must be talked out exhaustively, at times violently. Although the committee seems in tentative accord on several major points, only one of them can be safely set down here. It seems virtually a certainty that the Committee will vote that any client may break his contract with his agent if the agent has not obtained bona fide offer of employment over a four months period on terms no less favorable than the terms of his last employment.

The Committee has faced one vexing internal problem. Authorized by the Secretary of the Code Authority to select a paid Executive Secretary, it picked a man unanimously after investigation. The Code Authority rejected the selection and advised the

THE AGENCY COMMITTEE

by WELLS ROOT

The Agency Committee, appointed under the Motion Picture Code of the NRA, consists of Winfield Sheehan (Carl Laemmle Jr., alternate), Jack Warner (Harry Cohn, alternate), B. B. Kahane (L. B. Mayer, alternate), Trem Carr (Nat Levine, alternate), Emanuel Cohen (Joseph M. Schenck, alternate), Frank Lloyd (Wm. K. Howard, alternate), George Frank (M. C. Levee, alternate), J. M. Nicholas, Adolphe Menjou, (Berton Churchill, alternate), and Wells Root (Ernest Pascal, alternate).

Committee that the Secretary would be one Major Donovan who has various other N.R.A. duties in Hollywood. Major Donovan is not acceptable to the writer and actor members of the Committee, owing to his association for many years with the vaudeville Managers Protective Association, an organization notoriously unfair to artists. Major Donovan was not acceptable to the Committee as a whole on

the grounds that the job is too important and too exacting for any man with other important duties. To the Committee's unanimous protest, Administrator Sol Rosenblatt replied that the Committee could have its own secretary if they would pay his expenses. There, at the moment, the matter rests.

The work of the Committee is proceeding, slowly perhaps, but definitely. Some may complain that the Committee works too slowly. If such complainants will get ten men, representing varied interests in the industry, together in one room and try to get them to agree on almost any picture problem, they will doubtless temper their complaint.

Press Representative

Who says that Guild members do not come through?

Ask any member of the Executive Board about Bernard Schubert — our press representative.

There is no better.

CATERED BY



is the stamp of assurance of the best food and the best service that your money can buy.

YOUR COCKTAIL PARTY . . . BRIDGE LUNCHEON . . . BUFFET DINNER

in all their details can be handled by The VENDOME, taking from your shoulders all the worry about food, its preparation and service. And the price is just as cheap (probably more so) as if you undertake the preparation yourself.

CALL HOLLYWOOD 1666

ask for Mr. Hoffman. He make you quotations and give you all the details, giving you the

BEST FOOD and BEST LIQUOR

at a price that will surprise you.

Exile's Notes

(Continued from Page 5)

Screen Writers' Guild. The Guild has been admirably restrained and conservative in pressing its demands for writer representation. I am heartily in accord with this policy; while I feel that the months of delay in carrying out the collective bargaining provisions of the motion picture code are shocking and inexcusable, I am nevertheless convinced that the Guild's rights under these provisions are recognized and will be respected.

But it must also be realized that the Screen Writers' Guild stands ready to INSIST on this recognition and respect. While our procedure is courteous and reasonable, we must rigorously stick to our long-term policy: uniform contracts, the function of the Guild as the sole representative of writers, the right of the Guild to protect its members in all disputes and to enforce its decisions, and—last but not least—the closed shop.

Curiously enough, I started to write an informal letter, and I find myself launched on a political speech. I should probably have been wiser if I had adhered to my own modest statement that it is presumptuous for me to discuss the Guild from such a distance. My only excuse lies in my continued and impassioned interest in the fate of the organization. The Guild's progress has been steady and important; so far its accomplishments have not been spectacular. But it seems to me that the greatness of the Guild's destiny is clear and must be apparent to every writer: it will play a vital role in changing and strengthening the writer's position in the industry; it will correct present abuses and, in doing so, will give the motion picture writer the chance for honest creative work which he deserves. The Guild has accomplished a lot; but a good deal of the struggle lies ahead. I hope I shall be able to take an active part in it.

You Can't Have Everything

(Continued from Page 16)

Some of these honest individualists in the early days of the Guild have already discovered that the individualist is lost in a machine that is so highly organized as the picture industry. For the writer to keep alive those states of freedom which are important to him, he will find that sooner or later he will have to give up less important liberties to the processes of concerted social action.

COLUMBIA

by Jimothy Ocean

THE scribes in the new writers' building have often been tempted to jump over their pretty railing and dash what was left of their brains in the garden below. Therefore, it is not surprising that Ethel Hill, arriving early at the studio the other morning, was startled by the gruesome discovery of a graveyard set erected in the patio overnight, just outside her office. "Think nothing of it," cracked Everett Riskin, the roaming supervisor, "it's just some writer who used to work here."

After a mouse threw the stenographic department in a panic, the writers came to their rescue with two thoroughbred Cocker Spaniels, BUCKY and RISKY, named after their proud fathers, Sidney Buchman and Bob Riskin.

Jo Swerling returned from his New York vacation and startled the studio with a delicate sea-green sweater which makes him look like a robust mermaid.

Trust the writers to discover the best place to recover from a hangover without being disturbed—the studio hospital.

Judith Kandel, just arrived on the lot, is terribly lonesome for her family. But her 7-year-old son manages to cheer her up with amusing correspondence.

Bill Parker believed Harry Cohn was a myth. Although he worked at Columbia, he never had seen or heard its president. But when Charlie Beahan finally introduced them, Bill was disconcerted to discover that Harry Cohn not only remembered meeting him before but could tell him just where and when.

And while we're on the subject of Bill Parker, he startled a pretty girl he thought he knew by addressing her familiarly as darling. But, realizing his mistake, he added "Sorry, right face, wrong girl."

(Continued on Page 23)

Theft of A Title

(Continued from Page 2)

sor of a new magazine advertised its title in a number of publications. One of the publications in which it was advertised, before issuance of the new magazine, started a magazine of its own under the same name. The Court refused relief.

The cases applying this theory, however, are not numerous, and we believe that properly presented a different result may be reached when the question of protection of an unpublished work arises in California. The doors have not been closed by the decisions of this state.

The basis of the law of unfair competition rests not only on deception of the public, but on the fraudulent purpose and conduct of the defendant and the injury to the plaintiff caused thereby. It is the failure to emphasize the latter basis which has caused the imperfect protection by equity of the title of unpublished works.

The law of fair competition goes far beyond legal rights. Even where there is no property right involved, as in the case of news, the courts will protect against unfair tactics. (See International News Service v. Associated Press, 248 U. S. 25, 63 Law. Ed. 211). In its essence the law of fair competition is the law of fair play.

Where outright piracy is proved, or where it is shown that defendant plans to take advantage of a forthcoming publication of plaintiff, the law should protect even an unpublished title. The California cases recognize the fraud basis as well as the deception of the public theory of unfair competition. There is no controlling precedent in this state. If the case is properly presented when it arises, California may well lead the way to a more perfect protection for the author's title.

- Our steady growth during the depression is an indication of our dependability . . .

IN HOLLYWOOD IT IS

TALMADGE JONES - - FLOWERS

GRanite 2911

8008 SUNSET BOULEVARD

PROTECT YOUR MANUSCRIPT

by Filing it With the

GUILD'S REGISTRATION BUREAU
Guild Offices

1655 North Cherokee Avenue

Fee—50c—Guild Members
\$1.00—Non-Guild Members

REGISTRATION BUREAU

The purpose of the Guild's Registration Bureau is to give the author proof of the priority of his work over any pirated version.

A copy of the manuscript is placed in an envelope, with registration number, date and time of receipt. This is filed. As many copies as the author desires, are stamped with the Guild seal, showing the registration number. An entry is then made in the Guild's records. Proof of the date upon which the author's work was completed is thus provided. No manuscripts are surrendered except upon absolute proof of ownership.

Any original stories, story ideas, continuities, etc., may be registered.

Manuscripts are kept for a period of ten years.

Talk About Annuities

*With An
Expert*

I HAVE spent years in specializing on annuities for members of the motion picture profession. I can tell you the exact type of annuity to meet your income, your plans for the future, your immediate needs.

BEFORE you decide on an annuity, it will be to your advantage to consult me.

TELEPHONE
HE 3862 or HO 1161

Benjamin Leven
ANNUITY COUNSELLOR

310 Guaranty Buiding
6331 Hollywood Blvd.
H o l l y w o o d

Columbia

(Continued from Page 22)

Vera Caspary is the most enthusiastic writer on the lot. She acts out her scenes—laughs out loud at the funny ones and cries over the sad ones.

Bob Riskin is touring Europe on his first vacation in years. He dropped all his pals at Columbia pretty post cards that did not wish they were there.

Sid Buchman has gone to San Francisco with the Capra troupe to do some rewrites on "Broadway Bill."

Marriage agrees with Fred Niblo, Jr. who has gained much weight during the past three years.

Herbert Asbury has inherited Larry Hazard's room but is living a more normal existence in it. Larry used to draw the curtains and turn on the light to make himself think it was night.

Matt Webster is in love and young enough to suffer all the pangs that go with it. Ah, youth!

Author? Author?

(Continued from Page 15)

were it not for the superb sets designed by Clarence Wellington Jines. Mr. Jines is a newcomer to Hollywood, but we predict, after seeing his superb creative efforts, that producers will soon be fighting for his services. One of his scenes was laid in China—a masterpiece! Another was laid in Algeria—redolent of the very odors! A third, surpassing all his previous efforts, was laid in Heaven—with a choir of angels led by Miss Noolze, and Mr. Sparks rendering a song which we predict will be one of the hit numbers of the season. We cannot describe the majesty of Mr. Jines's remaining scenes—they must be seen to be believed.

A special word of praise must be given to Mr. Sykes. The things Mr. Sykes manages to get on the screen are simply incredible, particularly in the fog sequence.

No less a contribution to the success of "Gentlemen, Be Seated" was made by Adrienne, particularly in the celestial episode where the actors all wore masks. Their voices were inaudible through the masks, except for the singing; but Mr. Blonk seized this opportunity for a superb directorial touch—putting all of his "exposition dialogue" in this scene. The music and lyrics of Mr. Blonk had all that haunting quality of Irving Berlin, the nostalgic charm of Victor Herbert and a strong reminiscence of George Gershwin. At one stroke Mr. Blonk has put himself in the front rank of our finest American composers!

H A R R Y
C O L L I N S

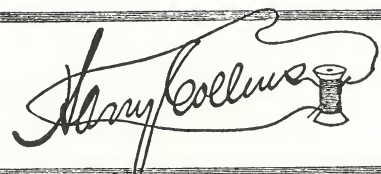
is pleased
to announce a
DRESSMAKING SALON

Where His
ORIGINAL SKETCHES
of
GOWNS AND COATS
are copied
to
INDIVIDUAL ORDER

•

Also
DINNER and EVENING GOWNS
Ready For Wear

•



ART IN DRESS

•

8268 SUNSET BOULEVARD
Hollywood, California
HEmpstead 3680

Censorable

(Continued from Page 7)

sweater manufacturer would use.

But a sweater is not a form of art. Neither is a motion picture. The latter is mass entertainment and so should enjoy the same immunity from criticism as other forms of mass entertainment such as circuses, carnivals, carousels, roller coasters, phonographs, bridge and evangelists.

The Handshake

(Continued from Page 2)

relations. To both these classes the Screen Writers' Guild appeared in no other light than that of a gang of banditti gathering to make trouble in a field where there is already enough trouble, God knows.

But, like the Authors' League of which it is a branch, the Screen Writers' Guild aims only at the removal of trouble, the elimination of sand from the gearbox or, if you prefer, gravel from the spinach. Authors are not accustomed to working in groups. Even though they meet in story conferences they separate to do their real work at their own desks. At the story-conferences, as a rule, they are hardly authors at all, mainly orators and conversation-lists, tellers of stories that have nothing to do with the story.

Just because they are by nature lone wolves—or lone she-wolves—when at work, they are not trained to cooperation and team play. This has caused great difficulty in the organization of the Guild, but the lack of the cooperative spirit causes far more trouble to the producers, who have to deal with them individually, finding each one a separate problem. For, while it is easy enough for a strict executive to make rules for his writers, he cannot get good work out of herded authors or count on extracting inspirations from people who believe that they are geniuses and resent being treated as if they were merely mechanics.

By instilling in screen writers a spirit of team work and cooperation, the

Guild is doing the producers a great favor that no other force could accomplish. By acting as a clearing house for countless little grievances that grow into grudges; by standardizing practices and relationships and serving as a court of etiquette and customary practices, the Guild is giving authors good business sense and a sense of responsibility. This in itself will prove a great boon to the producers.

The Guild in self defense if for no other reason must discipline lawless and unscrupulous authors and establish codes of conduct. In this the Guild will save the producers incalculable time, unpleasantness and wear and tear on nerves, schedules and office efficiency.

A man may be a great genius and pleasant to work with, or he may be a great genius in the clouds and in the office what can only be called a "stinker." Also a man may be a perfect dud and an excellent co-worker or an unutterable idiot and a stinker also. An appalling amount of the working hours, and the nerve-energy of the most expensive executives is spent in disputes that would never be prolonged if there were established standards of conduct for screen writers.

A code of etiquette and of all relationships is so essential to the happiness and efficiency of a studio that any executive sincerely eager for the best interests of his organization and his own peace of mind should be (and when he realizes the situation will be) glad to make the few concessions the Guild proposes.

The Guild aims only to establish standards that will benefit everybody.

Having gone through the early stages of the foundation of the Authors' League, and having seen it changed swiftly in the publishers' eyes from a bugaboo and a menace to a benefactor and an ally, I feel sure that it will not be long before the Screen Writers' Guild follows in the same footsteps and wins the respect and even the gratitude of every producer.

Some of my Best Friends are Catholics

(Continued from Page 6)

pure, sweet and wholesome enough to empty any theatre—I would like to see the members of the Guild make some kind of a gesture in defense of their essential rights as craftsmen, creators, and artists.

Movies in Eden?

(Continued from Page 1)

pictures. Even a group of his highly paid writers (according to a trade paper) has joined the chorus of protestation and the producer, like Caesar, has turned to them with a bewildered "Et tu, Brute?"

Rightly or wrongly, millions of mothers believe they are now fighting for their children. THEY are not seeking publicity. THEY are not seeking pay. Their strength is their honesty; our danger, their sincerity. You cannot laugh THEM off. You cannot sneer THEM into silence by calling them "bluenoses." Nor can you quell, mitigate or cajole their present indignation by "two million dollars" of propaganda.

Of course, you realize sadly or cynically (according to your natural bent) that, if motion pictures were to go out of business completely and forever, today's children would grow up into exactly the same percentage of thieves, murderers and rouses as the children of every generation have produced. Playing in the same schoolyard today is the little boy who will hang—and, catching his baseball, the little boy who will carpenter the scaffold for him.

But being intelligent or philosophical in answering your critics will not help the box-office, nor stave off the imminence of Federal Censorship. You will have to eliminate what they consider "smut" (and, at that, some of it has been very livery-stable-ish) and give them what they think they want.

You can continue to produce the same type of stories, still "reflect the times," still dramatize the truth about human nature by employing subtlety. The average theatre patron can distinguish that the star is female and not male without seeing her standing in a glass-enclosed shower bath.

Breed 'Em and Weep

(Continued from Page 6)

editors should become matrimonial agents, mate a lush lady novelist with a tough ex-newspaperman, raise the issue with care, give it a ten year contract at eighteen, and in twenty-five years your problem is solved. Then you won't need any more heads of writing departments. Wouldn't that be nice?

the HANGOVER

Operated by
LARRY and ELGIE

★ ★

★

Telephone
CRestview 9292

★

9131 SUNSET BOULEVARD
in Hollywood



The Best in Flowers . . . Always . . . For Any Occasion

6613 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Telephones: GRanite 8815 — GLadstone 4911

Bonded Member of F.T.D. Assn.



ARTISTIC
PORTRATURE

FOR

WRITERS
DIRECTORS
PLAYERS

BRUNO
STUDIOS

6412 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, Calif.
Member NRA

SPECIALIZING
IN A SERVICE
TO WRITERS

STANLEY
ROSE

FINE
BOOKS

1625 North Vine Street
HEmpstead 4300

MULTIGRAPHING

PUBLIC
STENOGRAPHERS

MIMEOGRAPHING

SCRIPTS - PLAYS - STORIES
(Duplicated)

WRIGHT-O

6223 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood

HEmpstead 6812

HEmpstead 7260

WE DELIVER

COLONY CLUB
Wine and Liquor
Company

*Finest Imported and Domestic
Wines and Liquors*

1513 North Vine Street
At Sunset, Hollywood, Calif.

DAVID JAFFE

EDDIE KAYE

TYPEWRITERS

All Makes of Portable Typewriters
Terms if Desired.



SOLD . . RENTED . . REPAIRED

We will send a new Noiseless
Portable for five days free trial
to any member of the Screen
Writers Guild.

**Office Appliance
Company**

6266 Hollywood Boulevard
Opposite Pantages Theatre
WM. A. HARNDEN GRanite 2171

Thirteenth Season

HOLLYWOOD BOWL

SYMPHONIES under the STARS

Opens **JULY 10th**

SIR HENRY WOOD

of LONDON, CONDUCTING



World Famous Conductors

Colorful Ballets

Renowned Soloists

Four Operas in Concert Form



THIRTY TWO CONCERTS — JULY 1st to SEPTEMBER 1st

Admission 25 cents if you buy season books

Tickets may be purchased at

SCREEN WRITERS' GUILD

or

HOLLYWOOD BOWL OFFICE

1711 NORTH HIGHLAND

Hollywood 3151

Scanned from the
Screen Writers Guild Records
Shawclson-Webb Library and Archive
Writers Guild Foundation
WGFoundation.org



Coordinated by the
Media History Digital Library
MediaHistoryProject.org