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# PHOTOPLAY

5¢

OCTOBER

37  
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9-10

JOSE CRAWFORD

THE LOVE STORY JEAN HARLOW ASKED ME TO WRITE by FAITH BALDWIN

HOLLYWOOD MORALS, IF ANY! by ERROL FLYNN

DIXIE WILLSON GILBERT SELDES ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS LOWELL THOMAS



Share a secret with Hollywood...

"Choose your makeup by the color of your Eyes"

SAYS

Dolores Del Rio



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

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

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## LEARN THEIR BEAUTY SECRETS

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

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

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

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Mo.



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

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



Linda Yale, from Iowa, had always wanted to live in New York. She's "arrived" there now—in more ways than one. Her flashing smile and lovely teeth make her a favorite in New York commercial studios.

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of tooth paste in the  
double-size tube

40¢

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

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*Joan*  
**CRAWFORD**

*Franchot*      *Robert*  
**STONE \* YOUNG**



*She* was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!

*The* **BRIDE**  
**WORE RED**

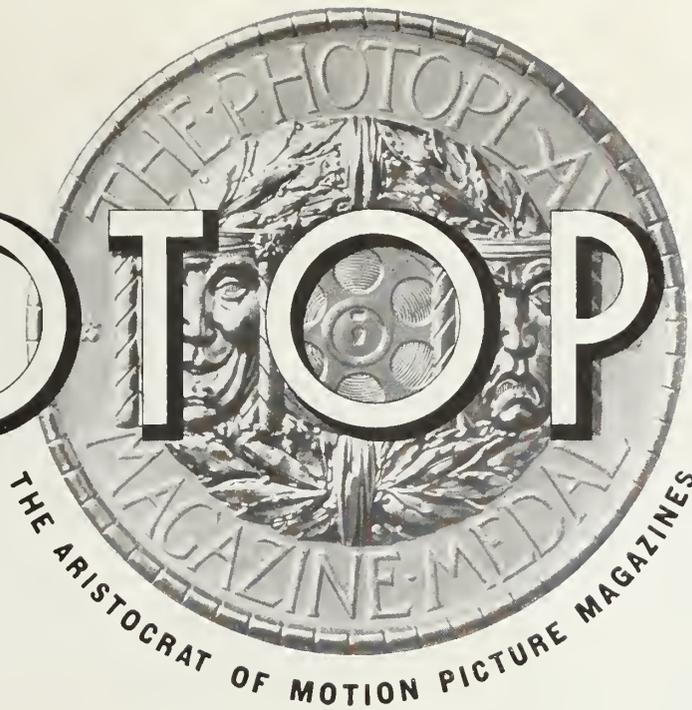


with **BILLIE BURKE**  
**REGINALD OWEN**  
*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*  
*Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote*



*Directed by*  
**Dorothy**  
**Arzner**  
*Produced by*  
**JOSEPH L.**  
**MANKIEWICZ**

# PHOTOPLAY



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**KEYWORTH CAMPBELL**  
ART EDITOR

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

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# HOLLYWOOD'S JUNIOR LEGION

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



For Jane Withers (the little girl who knows how to escape scoldings) Marianne made this real spinning wheel. Left, Shirley Temple, as she looked 3 years ago. She was Marianne's first real film friend

A CHILDREN'S PAGE  
Edited from Hollywood by  
MARIANNE



Marianne, the editor of this page, is of French birth, and through her aristocratic background, knows many important personages of both Europe and America. She writes regularly to Princess Elizabeth; is an intimate friend of the children of the king of Belgium. She came to Hollywood when she was fifteen; is the author-playmate of all the movie children

first friend. Shirley was tiny and cute and carried a huge Teddy bear almost as large as herself. She had the prettiest curls I ever saw, and not the slightest idea of what a very important little person she was.

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

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

When I first started the habit of having tea together with the boys and girls we had

(Continued on page 98)

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

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

You see there's nothing like getting off to a nice polite start. It really counts for a great deal. I learned that when I lived in Europe where everyone is extremely formal, and a lady or gentleman dresses for dinner, even if there's nothing but a glass of water and a napkin. You and I may think that is going a little too far, but after all it's better to be too polite than not polite enough. In Europe I used to take a walk each day with a dignified chaperon and often played with little princes and princesses in luxurious gar-

dens with fountains and roses, where stern-faced governesses and guards stood about in constant attendance, ready to say "No" even before you asked. I used to wonder what on earth had ever happened to make them that way, so stiff and formal and unyielding.

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

Then, all of a sudden, I came to live in Hollywood, to write books in English and French for boys and girls. Soon I learned to know the children who act so entertainingly in motion pictures. Shirley Temple was my

# Candidly

## HERE ARE THE HIGHLIGHTS OF HOLLYWOOD



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

**GRACE MOORE**  
**"I'LL TAKE ROMANCE"**  
With MELVYN DOUGLAS • Stuart Erwin  
Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH



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



**IRENE DUNNE • CARY GRANT**  
**"THE AWFUL TRUTH"**

With Ralph Bellamy • Alexander D'Arcy • Joyce Compton  
Produced and Directed by LEO McCAREY  
Associate Producer, Everett Riskin

Why did his wife have to hide Jerry Warriner in the bedroom when her best friend visited her? This and other novel romantic questions are answered uproariously in this brilliant version of a Broadway hit.



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

**MADELEINE CARROLL • FRANCIS LEDERER**  
**"IT'S ALL YOURS"**

With MISCHA AUER • Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT  
Associate Producer, William Perlberg

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

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

**COLUMBIA PICTURES**  
Ask your theatre for the dates of these attractions.



# BRIEF REVIEWS



It's curtains (in films!) for this combination for a while after "Thin Ice." Ty Power goes to work with Loretta Young on "Second Honeymoon"; Sonja Henie teams with Don Ameche in "Bread, Butter and Rhythm."

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

### ANGEL'S HOLIDAY—20th Century-Fox

Again Jane Withers proves herself a rare trouper in this rollicking comedy of a kidnaped movie star, and provides her uncle's newspaper with plenty of headlines when she locates the missing actress, helps capture the thugs. (July)

### AS GOOD AS MARRIED—Universal

Audacious, gay and slightly mad is this idea of an architect, John Boles, who marries his secretary in order to save on his income tax. But his frau really loves him, gets tired of his shenanigans. Giddy and good. (July)

### BANK ALARM—Grand National

This jumps for glory from murders to kidnapers to counterfeiters, and misses. Conrad Nagle is the G-man who ferrets out the crimes with the assistance of his comely lieutenant, Eleanor Hunt. Vince Barnett contributes several laughs as a slow-witted photographer. (Aug.)

### BEHIND THE HEADLINES—RKO-Radio

Lee Tracy is the energetic newshawk in this peppy tale. Through his short-wave set he saves the girl (Diana Gibson, a bright newcomer), and blocks the theft of a lot of gold bullion. Well paced and expertly acted. (Aug.)

### ★ BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M

The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, wife, nurse, directed in an unusually exciting and realistic way. Franchot Tone brings all his ability to the role of the surgeon, Virginia Bruce is his selfish but glamorous wife, and Maureen O'Sullivan the sympathetic partner in his lifework. Splendid. (Sept.)

### BIG BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox

The Jones family again delivers an excellent piece of entertainment in this tale of how they are almost ruined by Jed Prouty's (Mr. Jones) entanglement in a worthless oil deal. Russell Gleason is good as the procrastinating florist who woos the daughter; Kenneth Howell does well as the inventive son. (July)

### BORDER CAFE—RKO-Radio

John Beal, ne'er-do-well, goes out to the great open spaces, and, aided by cattleman Harry Carey and café dancer Armida, makes good after routing gangsters who try to bamboozle him out of his ranch. If you like Westerns. (Aug.)

### ★ CAFE METROPOLE—20th Century-Fox

This offers Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in an unbeatable combination of sly satire, speedy humor and a giddy romance built around café society. It's a casual story of a young man who poses as a Russian duke to snare an heiress. Adolphe Menjou, Gregory Ratoff (who wrote the story), Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, all the cast, are grand. Be sure to go. (July)

### CORNERED (FORMERLY WAR LORD)—Warners

This is "The Bad Man" done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well been left undone. Boris Karloff is the Oriental who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Raids, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Sept.)

### COUNSEL FOR CRIME—Columbia

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being obvious hokum. Douglass Montgomery is Kruger's illegitimate son who prosecutes his father on a murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and the love interest is flatter than an ironing board. (Sept.)

### DANCE CHARLIE DANCE—Warners

Stuart Erwin provides what comedy he can in this old-plotted picture of a small-town boy who inherits mazuma and puts on an unsuccessful Broadway production. Jean Muir is his sympathizing girl Friday. Allen Jenkins, Addison Richards and Glenda Farrell contribute. (July)

### DANGEROUS HOLIDAY—Republic

A child violinist who runs away from his parasitic relations, racketeers fleeing the law, a tepid romance between a forest ranger and an heiress compose this placid adventure tale. Twelve-year-old Ra Hould is particularly splendid. (Sept.)

### ★ DAY AT THE RACES, A—M-G-M

One of the grandest bits of nonsense in the whole Marx of Time parade. Gags that explode with the vim of a firecracker, dialogue that sizzles with insanity, tuneful melodies, and pretty girls are sketched in against a background that entangles Groucho, a horse doctor, Harpo, a jockey, Chico, a tipster, Maureen O'Sullivan, owner of a sanitarium, and Alan Jones who sings her love songs. A fun fest. (Aug.)

### ★ DEAD END—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

Sidney Kingsley's superb and poignant play of how society makes its own criminals along the New York water front where slums and smart apartments meet, loses none of its drama on the screen. Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie and Humphrey Bogart are the principals in the cast, augmented by the six little hoodlums of the original version. This is a "must" unless you don't like realism in the theater. (Sept.)

### DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Columbia

As propaganda against reckless driving this neatly contrived picture proves entertaining as well as educational. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the attorney who first defends, then prosecutes Elisha Cook, Jr. Reporter Joan Perry is charming. (Sept.)

### ★ EASY LIVING—Paramount

Nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish piece of silly sophistication which revolves around Edward Arnold,

Wall Street tornado, a sable coat which lands on the smooth back of Jean Arthur, and her romance with Ray Milland who works in an automat. It's a riot! (Sept.)

### ★ EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS, THE—M-G-M

Gorgeous production, exquisite cameo-like work by Luise Rainer, and the always satisfying performance of Bill Powell make this a fine picture, though the creaking story built around spy activities is antique and melodramatic. E. E. Clive, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Morgan make up the splendid cast. (Sept.)

### EVER SINCE EVE—Warners

Once again Marion Davies is a glamorous beauty posing as an ugly duckling to keep her job. When Bob Montgomery, her author-boss, discovers he loves his homely secretary, all goes quite as you would expect. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins provide the slap-happy comedy. (Sept.)

### FLY-AWAY BABY—Warners

Glenda Farrell, feminine Sherlock Holmes, again solves a murder mystery, but this time she takes to the air on a round-the-world trip to do it. Barton MacLane is the dick in love with her. Good comedy is provided by Tom Kennedy. And the finish is a surprise. (Aug.)

### GIRL SAID NO, THE—Grand National

With sixteen Gilbert and Sullivan tunes to create nostalgia and a surprise performance by Irene Hervez, this reaches the upper brackets as bright comedy. Bob Armstrong is the down-at-the-heel manager of a singing troupe. You should see it. (Aug.)

### GO GETTER, THE—Warners

Peter B. Kyne's famed story of a man, who despite the loss of a leg fights against all odds and finally wins out. Charles Winninger is grand as Cappy Ricks; Anita Louise is his charming daughter, and George Brent is sympathetic as the ambitious young man. (July)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



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*Mr. Paul* **MUNI**

*this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time*

THE LIFE OF

**EMILE ZOLA**

*He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!*

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: **Gale Sondergaard... Joseph Schildkraut**  
**Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern**  
**Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle** Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Haines Harold and Geza Herczeg

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*Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.*

# SO

## MEN CAN'T COOK, EH!

BY EDGAR ALLAN WOOLF

*But it's a different story when this famous Hollywood writer takes a pan in hand*

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

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

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

When a man cooks, there's something about the result that's entirely different from a woman's cooking, and I think the reason is he doesn't know how much butter costs a pound—and the current price of cream—in



fact, he doesn't bother. He knows it takes good things to make good dishes, and he puts them in, in goodly proportions.

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

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

### *Baked Beans à la Metro*

**O**F course, I soak them overnight, which really requires very little cleverness. And yet, after all, it does. My first experience as a bean soaker taught me that. You see, I didn't know that the pot in which I soaked them should have been large enough to allow for growing, and that the beans had to be more than just covered with water. In the middle of the night I heard little pitter-patters on the kitchen floor. I sat up in bed, convinced someone was breaking into the



The author, the most famous amateur chef of the screen colony, proves his culinary skill by letting Cecilia Parker act as Chief Taster. His dishes are the highlights of parties; he passes on the recipes to you

house. Grabbing up my trusty thirty-two (which is never loaded), I crept down to the kitchen, turned up the light, and there were the beans sneaking out of the pot, and tiptoeing over the floor. One even looked up at me with an expression which seemed to say, "So you think you're a cook, eh?"

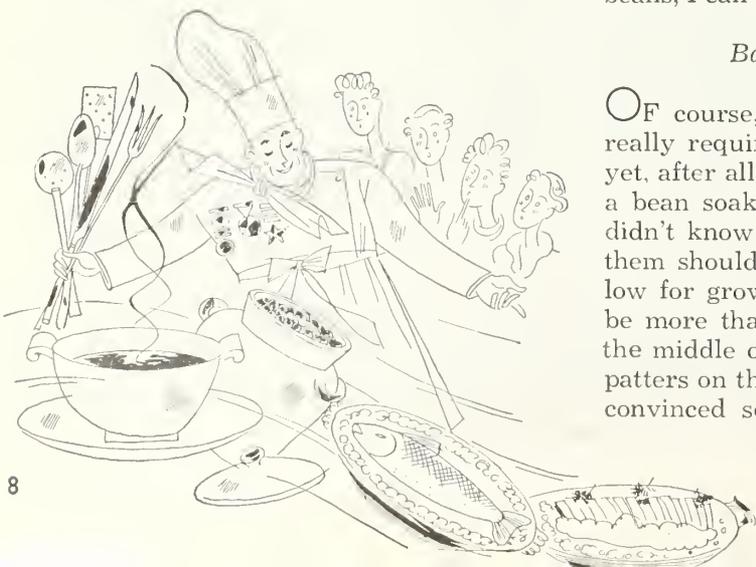
Well, to get back to the recipe! After the beans have been soaked all night—let's say you experiment with a pound—in the morning I boil them in very slightly salted water until, when the little beanlet is blown upon, its little jacket snaps open right in your little face.

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

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

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

*(Continued on page 99)*



**IT'S GAY! IT'S SWEET! IT'S HOT! IT'S SWELL! AND WHAT A STORY!**

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



**Swell Songs**

- "I Still Love to Kiss You Goodnight"
- "I'd Like to See Samoa of Samoa"
- "Don't Save Your Love for a Rainy Day"
- "Sing and Let Your Hair Down"
- "Nothing Can Stop Me Now"

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

**A WALTER WANGER Production**

Plus many entertainers who made 52nd Street famous  
**Jack WHITE**  
**ROCCO and SAULTER**  
**Georgie TAPPS**  
**COOK and BROWN**

Directed by **HAROLD YOUNG**

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

# BEAUTY



for the  
**VERY YOUNG**  
and  
**VERY BLONDE**

The most beautiful young girl in Hollywood, Anita Louise. Her beauty secrets are amazingly simple and clever

## BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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

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

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

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

way in which she uses her hands all bespeak breeding, poise and peace of spirit.

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

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

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

At night before retiring, she uses a cleansing cream—a thin one. Plenty of soap and

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

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

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

(Continued on page 99)

Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.



RAMON  
**NOVARRO**  
in  
*The* **SHEIK**  
**STEPS OUT**

with LOLA LANE • GENE LOCKHART • KATHLEEN  
BURKE • STANLEY FIELDS and BILLY BEVAN  
directed by Irving Pichel • original story and screen play  
by Adele Buffington • Associate Producer Herman Schlom

A *Republic*  
PICTURE

# BOOS and Bouquets



Gary Cooper having his costume and make-up tested for his rôle in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

## FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

### THE WINNER!

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

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

Looking back on my own kid days, I remember well the high school dances at a certain pavilion, the "spirits" in the back pockets of the boys, and the favorite parking

spots for those who had a case of puppy love. Many of us had our hides tanned when we got home, but the evening had been worth it, so we took the beating with an inward smile, and cried to make Dad think it hurt. The "flivvers" we went around in! They were at the breakdown point every minute.

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

ELEANOR BERGSTROM,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

## SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

### THE GIRL BEHIND THE HALO

Hats off to Bette Davis! At last Hollywood has a gal who is willing to portray characters true to form, and who is not continually worrying over whether or not the audience is getting the full benefit of her left profile.

I have long silently admired Miss Davis'

down-to-earth acting, but two incidents occurring in "Marked Woman" so impressed me that I just had to write this letter. First—after much sad experience with my own hair I always wonder how so many of film-land Cinderellas manage, under all circumstances, to keep every hair on their heads beautifully waved and curled. Therefore, when in a few scenes of that film I discovered Bette's smart coiffure reduced to not-so-unbecoming pin curls covered by a very realistic hair net I could have shouted for joy.

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

SHIRLEY L. GRAY,  
Pasadena, Calif.  
(Continued on page 86)

# Triumph for Joan— Triumph for Lux!

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

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

*A Bride in  
Blush Pink*

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

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

"THE EXQUISITE DELICACY of Joan Bennett's coloring is perfect for Technicolor," they say at the Walter Wanger studio. "Costume colors must be *equally perfect*. Any change or fading during work on the picture might cause us to scrap thousands of feet of expensive film.

"Everything possible has been done to guard the color and newness of the stunning clothes we show. Naturally, we insisted that everything washable be cared for with Lux. It's the safest care we know."

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



*Brilliance in  
the afternoon*

Joan loves' color! "Please don't risk washing things in anything but Lux," she always tells a new maid.



*Greek Goddess  
at night*

Pure white, difficult to photograph, must be kept flawlessly fresh. Gentle Lux won't yellow white things.

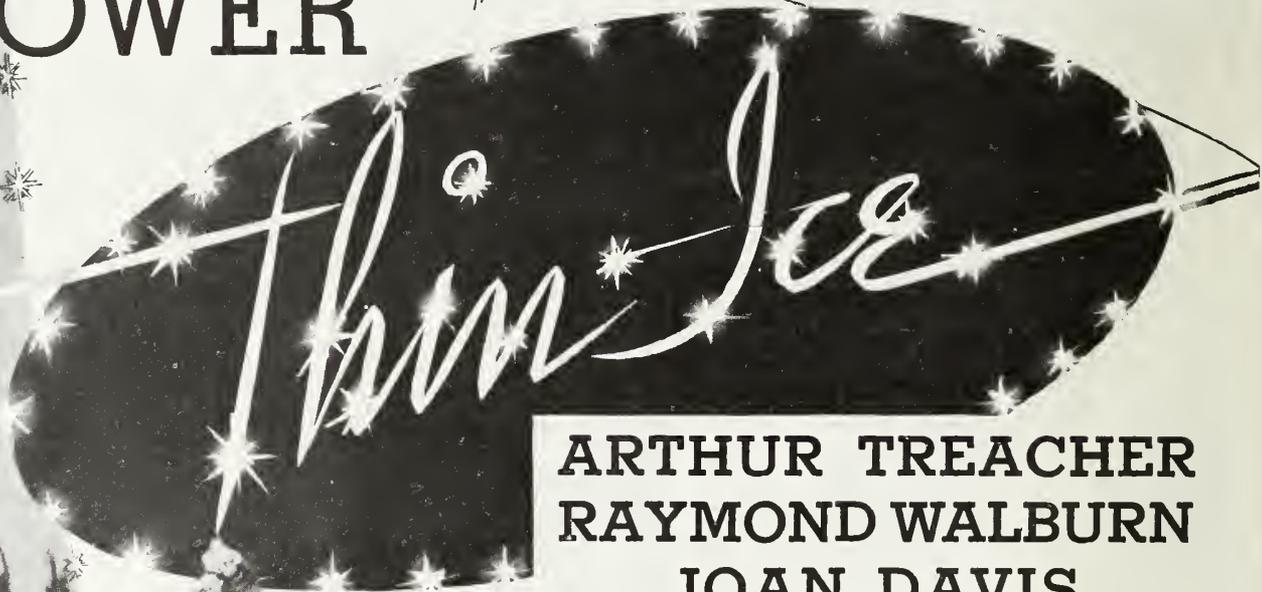
Specified in the leading Hollywood studios...





**SONJA TYRONE  
HENIE • POWER**

**A PLEASURE TO HEAR!**  
"My Secret Love Affair"  
"Over Night"  
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"  
By Pollack and Mitchell  
"I'm Olga from the Volga"  
By Gordon & Revel



**Y**our eyes  
will open wide with wonder!

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



**ARTHUR TREACHER  
RAYMOND WALBURN  
JOAN DAVIS**

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

Directed by Sidney Lanfield  
. . . who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing",  
"One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith  
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling  
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok

**DARRYL F. ZANUCK** in Charge of Production



Your guarantee of the best  
in entertainment!

# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



The von Sternberg - Dietrich - Sieber trio and a beautiful location shot from "Hurricane" have a glamorous bond

## BY RUTH WATERBURY

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

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

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



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

That tropical shot up there . . . the beauty of it put us in a dither . . . yet it is just a still . . . merely a background shot from Goldwyn's "Hurricane" . . . interestingly enough that same location was used in "Paradise Isle" too . . . one a gigantic expensive picture, "Hurricane," of course, and the

other just a little quickie . . . but both spared no effort or money to bring you beauty . . . naturally most of the action shots were made right on the respective studio lots . . . like Paramount taking the Colbert company to Sun Valley, Idaho, last winter because they thought you might like to see what that much-advertised place looked like . . . but ending by taking most of the scenes in an icehouse in Los Angeles . . . The cause of that being that you can't make nature behave in a close-up . . . too used to getting her own way. . . .

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

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

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

That place was jammed too . . . noisy. . . hot . . . song pluggers . . . dancers . . . chorus girls . . . bookers . . . they all spotted Martha . . . they all knew her . . . the ones who knew her best were the ones who had barely spoken to her a few years back . . . there were also an odd half-dozen at least who had always known she would be a star . . . Martha shook hands with them all . . . stopped and was cordial . . . while her food congealed on her plate and she got more and more tired . . . she finally had to rush back since she had only a little



For more reasons than one Martha Raye is like the famous "It" girl of days gone by

In other cities startled citizenry would tag Movita down the streets—but it's a different story in Hollywood

more than an hour before the show . . . stopping both as she left the restaurant and as she got back to the theater to sign more hundreds of autographs . . . "Well," said Martha, "I have one more show tonight, then tomorrow I just have to give out interviews and have a fashion sitting and go to the opening of 'High, Wide and Handsome'—you know, not really to the picture but to be there at the beginning so I can go on the radio and give the show a plug, and then I hop on the train for Boston where I'm playing a week" . . . she sighed happily . . . "I can hardly wait for tomorrow," she said, "that will be an easy day". . . .

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

LOOK on this page above right and you will see a very beautiful girl . . . her name is Movita . . . I don't know Movita what . . . the interesting thing is that she is so very beautiful . . . anywhere but in Hollywood the startled citizenry would be tagging her down the streets . . . in Hollywood she is merely a lovely girl under contract to one of the smaller companies, Monogram . . . but there it is again, that constant, unexpected



Ruth Waterbury—Photo by Avery Slack

discovery of beauty and personality everywhere . . . and all that beauty and personality meaning nothing at all until it earns its way to box-office greatness by talent and technique. . . .

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

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

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

Gary Cooper and George Raft

# "Souls at Sea"

Frances Dee

Henry Wilcoxon · Harry Carey

DIRECTED BY HENRY HATHAWAY

## BENGAL LANCERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS

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

*Another  
Paramount Hit!*





**FEDERAL**  
*Silver Foxes*  
 HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

W E A R A T R E A S U R E O F S I L V E R

Chic, good taste and rightful pride of possession distinguish the woman who owns lovely FEDERAL Silver Fox, whether it makes a stole or tops her winter coat. FEDERAL Foxes are abundantly silvered on a background of rich, pure, lustrous black. Exceptionally deep and silky, they are selected for *lasting* beauty. Look for the name "FEDERAL," sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side of the fur, when you buy silver fox.

# G A B L E A S R H E T T



*Drawings by Vincentini*

## PHOTOPLAY THROWS ITS HAT IN THE RING

Herewith we enter the Great Casting Battle of "Gone with the Wind," because to our mind there is but one Rhett—Clark Gable. So sure were we of our choice that we had Vincentini paint this portrait of Clark as we see him in the rôle: cool, impertinent, utterly charming. We like all the other handsome actors mentioned as Rhett—only we don't want them as Rhett. We want Gable and we're going to stick to that regardless



# THE LOVE STORY JEAN HARLOW

## PERSON-TO-PERSON CALL



### FOREWORD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Here is the story . . . .*

*Fate Baldwin*

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

One lamp was lighted. The piano, upon

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

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

She was unbearably lonely.

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

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

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

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

Raising her eyes she found herself in the

DRAWING BY BRADSHAW CRANDELL



# ASKED ME TO WRITE

BY FAITH BALDWIN

*Here is the most startling collaboration in the literary world of today—that of one of our great modern writers and a glamorous star who is gone*

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

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

ABRAMSON.

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

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

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

"Yes," she had admitted, smiling, flush—  
(Continued on page 82)

"I'm glad I gave you the Kohinoor before things smashed up," he said. It was their own special joke—that name for her engagement ring



*Bradshaw (Gandy)*

# TEARS FROM HIS HEART.

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

BY DIXIE WILLSON

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

From Warminster, County Wiltshire, comes this gray-eyed boy whose uncanny sincerity gave new life to "David Copperfield," to "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and later, so gloriously, to the little hero of "Captains Courageous."

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

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

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

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

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

The pathos of a little boy, helpless against decision to be meted out by law, is a picture Freddie could in no way connect with himself. He is simply Cissy's boy—and *nothing* can change it.

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

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

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

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

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

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



Aged five—and poised even then

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

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

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

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

Now, as we discussed the matter of his

# AND HIS HEAD



Since Freddie reduced his audiences to tears in "David Copperfield" (his initial important rôle, too), his journey to fame has been swift. He has his own explanation of why this scene in "Captains Courageous" was so heartbreaking

acting, his perfectly phrased, ever-fascinating "Oxford" English was intermittently punctuated with the rattle of a pair of bones he had received the day before as a party favor.

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

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

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

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

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# "HOW DID THEY EVER GET THAT?"

**N**OBODY had expected any excitement at Lakehurst, N. J., on that tragic evening of May 6th, 1937. For the news gatherers the assignment wasn't thrilling. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't have been there at all, not even to cover the arrival of the largest airship in the world, if it hadn't been the *Hindenburg's* first landing this year.

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

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

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

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

"I jumped off the truck and sprinted around the now molten mass of the airship's duraluminum framework. I hadn't gone three hundred feet when I ran across the men we had given up for lost. They weren't at all fazed, hardly even excited. They were hurrying to find another position for a different camera angle. Kennedy was wet to the skin. A thunderstorm had broken over the airdrome an hour before, and he had taken off his raincoat to protect his camera. Thanks to that, he had been able to work right under the blazing Zep

(Continued on page 100)



**RIOT**  
The whole U. S. was horrified



**AIR TRAGEDY**  
Routine assignment until—

—that's what you so often say when you watch newsreel thrills. How do they bring them to you almost as fast as they happen? The whole fascinating inside story is told

**BY LOWELL THOMAS**



**CORONATION**  
The Archbishop fumbled this



Lowell Thomas, famous author, radio and newsreel commentator

*Pictures actually reproduced from newsreels*

**ASSASSINATION**  
A life for a life—almost!



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

P R E S E N T S

JOAN CRAWFORD

S T A R R I N G I N

## THE DRAMATIC RISE OF A SELF-MADE STAR

**T**HE greatest story ever to come out of Hollywood is a real story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I can remember Joan in most of these astounding phases of her career. It is possible now to see them in some sort of perspective, to appreciate their incredible scope.

Perhaps it is of even greater interest to

me, because I must be honest and say that, while I have lived in Hollywood most of my life, seen its history unfold, I'd never realized exactly all that Joan had done and all that she stood for. I have known her ever since she first came out there—but never intimately, as I knew Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson and Jean Harlow and Clara Bow. I knew Joan just well enough to meet her sometimes at luncheon or dinner, to see

*No one has produced or written a story to equal that of Joan Crawford—no writer could tell it better than Adela Rogers St. Johns*

her at parties, to visit her home once in a while.

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

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

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

And somewhere I read that Joan was unhappy over the printing of those pictures.

Well, I could understand that. It was a perfectly normal, human reaction.

But then I began to think about it a little.

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

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

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

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

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

Every word of this story is true.

**T**HEY called Joan Crawford, "Billie," when she was a little girl, because that's the kind of a little girl she was. Freckled, curly-headed, with a square little chin and eyes that were too big for her face.

Billie Cassin. Not so fine a name for electric lights as Joan Crawford. Not so spectacular and stagey as Lucille LeSueur—which name appeared upon programs at the Winter Garden. Not so world-famous as Mrs.

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Today, poised, radiant, wealthy, beautiful, here is Joan with Robert Young and Franchot Tone in her latest picture, "The Bride Wore Red." What was the secret this exciting star learned as a child which helped her to win single-handed against odds that defeated girls with greater natural gifts?

With her brother, the plain little 5-year-old who was to grow up to be a glamour girl





Sonja knows how to avoid bulges in legs

PHOTOPLAY'S  
 OWN  
*Beauty Shop*  
 CAROLYN VAN WYCK  
 PROP.



Betty Furness has a lose-suntan method



Like MacDonal you too can become always more beautiful

*In this new feature PHOTOPLAY'S Beauty Editor will bring you the newest tricks of the glamorous women from the town where ugly ducklings are changed into lovely swans*

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

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

Whenever you talk of Hollywood fashions you have to concede the influence of Paris. When you talk of acting and writing you have to allow for New York and foreign in-

fluence. But there are no two ways about beauty. Every beauty trick that amounts to anything at all is started out here in this one town. There isn't a week that goes by in Hollywood but what some new girl is introduced to the movies, hired almost entirely for her personality, since usually there is something the matter with her face or her figure or both.

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

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

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

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



You can have hair as glossy as Katie's



Virginia has a trick for a lovelier skin

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

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

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

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

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

I asked Carole how she made up her eyes, and this is what she told me. She uses a blue-gray shadow to accent the blue of her eyes, and she extends the crease of her upper lid about a quarter of an inch with a brown pencil and then draws a line from her lower lid out to meet it, thereby forming a triangle at the outside corner of her eye.

She doesn't fill in this triangle or blend it in any way, but the very faint shadows formed by the delicate lines serve to highlight the ends of her eyes and make them appear longer.

I rushed home and tried this trick on myself and learned that it has to be done very carefully and the lines must be very faint, but it's worth all the trouble when you see the result. The tricky part is to be sure that

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# THE STAR WHOM MONEY DOESN'T TEMPT

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



BY MARIAN RHEA

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

That is, I thought I knew. Now, I realize I was wrong.

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

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

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

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

She introduced me to her husband,  
*(Continued on page 88)*

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



Errol Flynn

A love scene like this from "I Met My Love Again" doesn't mean a thing. That dreamy gleam in the eyes of Miss Bennett and Mr. Fonda is mere thought of home, according to our sage hero-writer. Do you believe it?

# HOLLYWOOD MORALS, IF ANY!

BY ERROL FLYNN

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

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

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

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

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

But I wouldn't know anything about that. It was all long before my day in Hollywood and I resent it just a little. By the time I had arrived, full of the legends of high jinks

in Movieland, the Missionaries had moved in and told Hollywood it was all wrong. Mr. Hays called the girls in and begged them to—please, for heaven's sake—to forget about this sex business for a while.

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

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

mate and everybody was thoroughly content with the whole setup.

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

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

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

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# HOLLYWOOD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND

# SEX!

*Passion, yes; love, ditto; but sex . . . well, read these witty words*

BY GILBERT SELDES

**A**BOUT three years ago a landmark in Hollywood's treatment of sex appeared. It came at the very end of "The Thin Man." Even before the end, the enchanted spectators were aware of something new in the movie world. They were seeing William Powell being rough and smart and openly affectionate toward Myrna Loy, and in that picture Powell and Loy were legitimately married.

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

care what else you do, but give me eight scenes between the man and his wife." Mr. Van Dyke is a fine director.)

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

In most of the "boycott" excitement of that year, "The Thin Man" was listed as "objectionable in spots." I always thought I knew one of the spots—the best spot in the picture.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Nick cracked at each

other during most of their encounters, but their cracking was their way of making love. In most pictures, wit is used as a substitute for passion, and it is becoming a terrible nuisance. Your hero and heroine have hardly sprawled on the grassy bank of the river and observed the swans, when one of them lets loose a flight of fancy, and when they ought to be embracing as if their young lives depended on it (which is the case), they are making believe they are shipwrecked mariners who remember, incorrectly, some of Dorothy Parker's moments of interest. Or they employ the new technique of love-making which consists of mutual insults. (You find it in songs, too: the songs in which you're ugly and freckled and bad-tempered but I love you.) Or they get whimsical, and each tells the other the ten things most important in the world, including good coffee and the smell of burning autumn leaves and a dog. You may not recall it, but way up there in the Yukon, in  
*(Continued on page 76)*

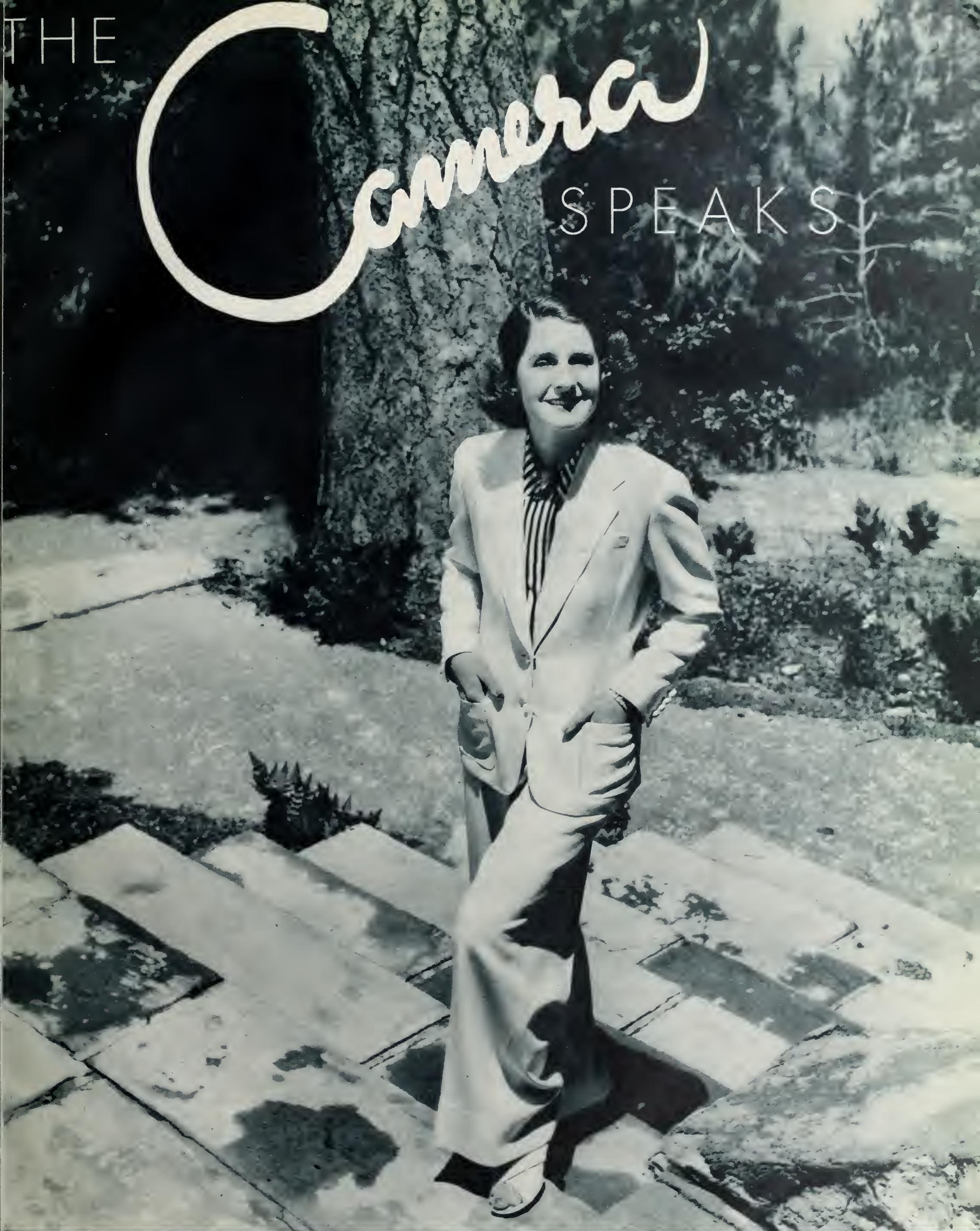
Banter in the snow in "Call of the Wild" sent love flying; the Powell-Loy "Thin Man" team tried a new technique and saved the day for sex



THE

# Camera

SPEAKS



Welcome to beautiful Norma Shearer who bravely returns to her screen career again

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



#### **ANITA LOUISE**

The beauty of youth indelibly marks the fragile, Dresden China loveliness of Anita Louise. She might have stepped from the golden canvas of a Watteau, bearing her French heritage regally. But her amazing vitality belies the ethereal quality of her slender oval face. Her beauty secrets—p. 10

#### **MARLENE DIETRICH**

Hers is the beauty of allure, the undefinable, the mysterious. There are other more classic faces—but none more fascinating. It changes with her moods. One moment it's the face of Mona Lisa, the next that of a mischievous child. It's an enchantment that forces men to kneel at her shrine



#### **DOLORES DEL RIO**

The exotic Latin, reminiscent of a Velasquez portrait, is typified in the mellowed ivory beauty of this convent-bred Mexican, with her finely chiseled nose and seductive lips. Restful, passive, gentle she is, but behind her glowing black eyes lies the restless spirit of her Spanish ancestry

#### **MADELEINE CARROLL**

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



**FOUR MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



# MUNI

## . . . MAN OF THE MONTH



Paul Muni, winner of this year's Academy Award, steps out and tops his "Louis Pasteur" performance with "The Life of Emile Zola." Born Muni Weisenfreud in Lemberg, Austria, forty years ago; educated in U. S. A., regards himself 100% American; stage debuted at 11, became Ghetto idol at Yiddish Art Theater where he met and married Bella Finkel 16 years ago; speaks seven languages; is interested in politics—American and European; is a fine violinist and adroit boxer; likes prize fights, hates parties; has unsuspected sense of humor; collects dictionaries of all sizes; lives simply in a Spanish farmhouse in San Fernando Valley—a swimming pool is the only Hollywood touch; threatens to retire in two years



Ginger's new home, with its swimming pool and tennis courts high atop Beverly Crest, was warmed when Hollywood's younger set turned out to help the hostess celebrate her 25th birthday. Top row: Andy and Mrs. Devine, Mary Brian, Ralph Forbes and Ginger's Mother standing behind Paula Stone. That's Lucille Ball, in her new autumn bonnet and gown, next to Ginger



All photographs taken exclusively for PHOTOPLAY by Hyman Fink



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

GINGER



Johnny Green

Betty Furness

Ralph Forbes

Lee Tracy

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



Manny Rubin

Mary Brian

Lee Tracy



Mrs. Jack Oakie

Anne Shirley

Jack Oakie

Phyllis Fraser

WARMES HER HOUSE

# SIREN



**THEDA BARA 1915**

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



**GRETA GARBO 1928**

The gilded drawing-room era: Sweden sent this spiritual siren from across the seas to raise seduction to the rank of soulful art



**POLA NEGRI 1923**

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



**CLARA BOW 1927**

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

# FROM BARA TO BARER

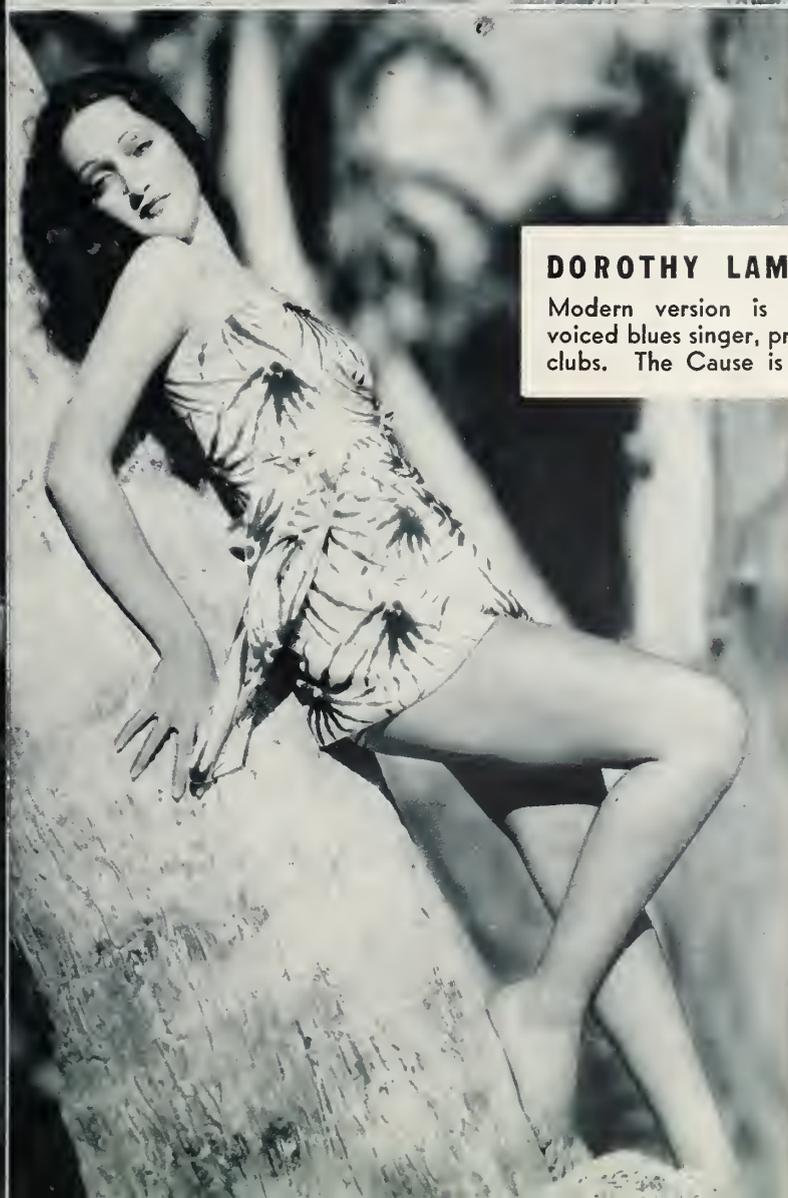
## MARLENE DIETRICH 1932

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



## MAE WEST 1934

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



## DOROTHY LAMOUR 1937

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



#### FREDRIC MARCH

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

#### SHIRLEY TEMPLE

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

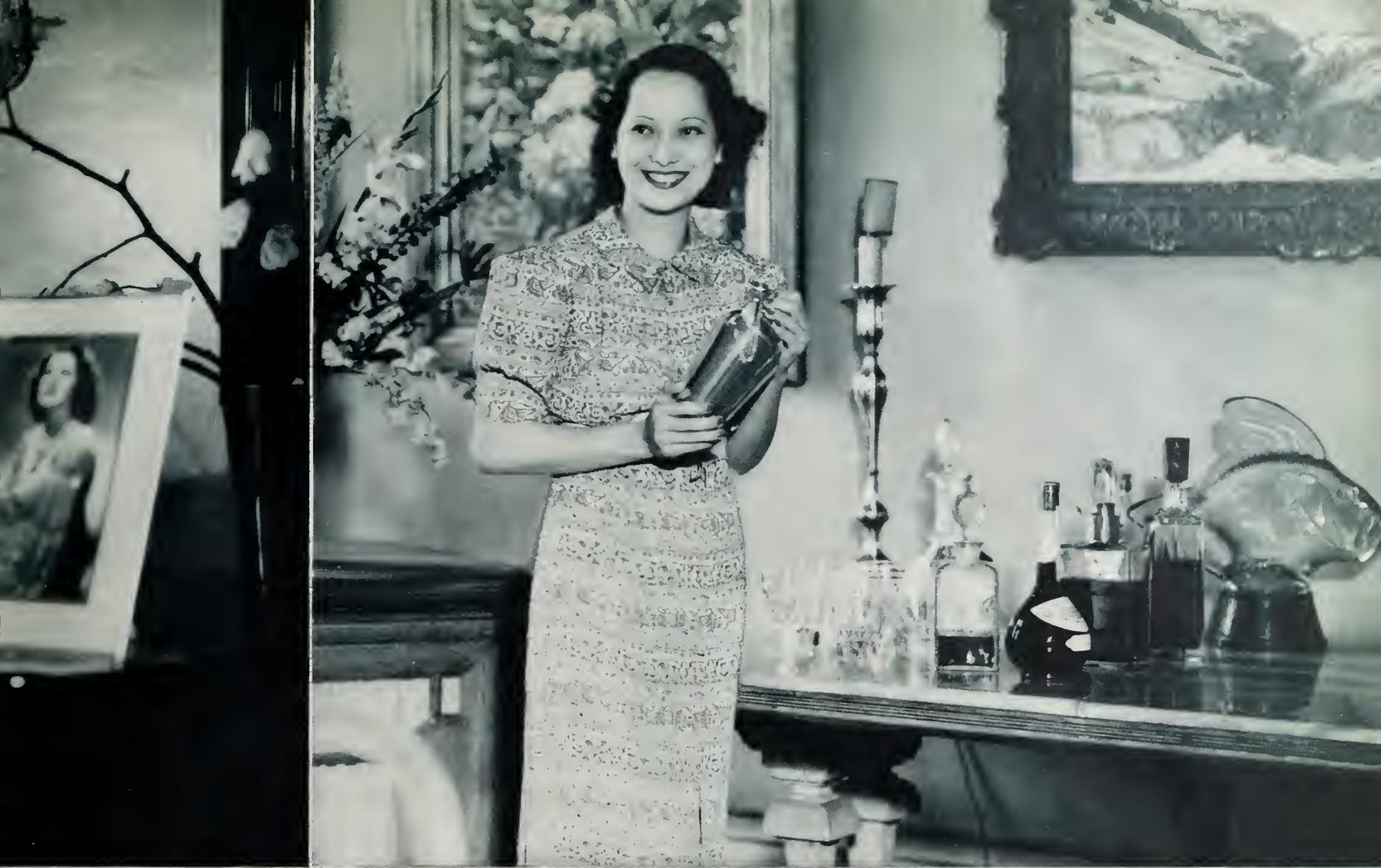




## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A LONDON LADY

Although she made her success in America, London will always be "home" to Merle Oberon. Her little three-storied house in Regent's Park, the most charming section of old London, reflects graciousness in every room—the tiny drawing room, with ever-burning coals in an open grate, containing her piano and picture of Norma Shearer, her best friend; the cocktail corner (the only American touch) in her bright dining room; and her lovely bedroom overlooking the park. Flowers are massed everywhere. You'll note that Merlie puts on a special fashion parade to show you through her home—a frilly negligee for her boudoir, an evening gown for the drawing room and a print for afternoon tea





# MR. HOWARD

GOES TO TOWN



*blithe and debonair English-  
turns his back on Broadway  
emote in a Hollywood farce*



Forgetting for the moment the ghost of Hamlet of N. Y.'s winter stage, Leslie Howard is at present starring in Warners' mad comedy, "It's Love I'm After." Cast as a matinee idol, he is in love with his leading lady, Bette Davis; pursued by an infatuated debutante, Olivia de Havilland. This rôle of a Shakespearean actor who dramatizes every off-stage situation in which he finds himself allows the Howard sense of the drama to have full play. With fine technique, Mr. Howard is coldly impersonal, suavely self-possessed and dramatically frenzied at the proper times, never forgetting which profile to turn toward the camera. He even manages to point with poise. With Spring Byington, Eric Blore and Patric Knowles in the supporting cast, Warners are sure Howard will emerge a successful comedian. As security that he will, Mr. Howard himself offers these facts of his background: he likes detective stories, bouillon and beer, and what's more has played Shakespeare in London and N. Y.





# CROSBY

## SWINGING IT

Rancher Bing turned impresario to racing steeds this summer when he opened his track at Del Mar. They call him lazy—but when Crooner Crosby swings into action it takes strong men to keep pace. Besides his screen, radio and horse-breeding activities, he plays a daily round of golf; owns several oil wells; has holdings in a fish packing concern; is interested in a music publishing firm; owns half interest in a couple of prize fighters



The typical plight of a Hollywood girl—surrounded by men, Margot Grahame becomes mere audience while Reginald Gardiner, Chester Morris and Louis Lewyn talk over their golf scores

# GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

## POWERHOUSE

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

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

## INTERVIEW

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

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

The disgruntled editor thereupon went a

*The low-down on the doings out there on the Coast where life is real but not too earnest*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

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

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

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

What interested us more than anything else was that the most confirmed New Yorker of them all had gone so completely Culver City—not emotionally, in the beret sense, but physically. He paid \$100,000 for

his new Beverly Hills house and knows it was too much but doesn't care.

## SHIRLEY AS WIT

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

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

Suddenly the voice of a weary, invisible Shirley came from behind the vase. "Don't

you think this one would be best? Then you wouldn't have hardly any trouble at all."

### REPLY TO RUMOR

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

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

Then pranced off, whistling Lohengrin.

### HEAP PRETTY PAPOOSE, THOUGH

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

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

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

### GOSSIP BARGAIN SALE

A LONG time ago, when the Jazz Age was new and there were such things as flappers and people were just learning about speak-easies, a girl named Jean Acker accomplished the thing every American woman wanted to do: she married Rudolph Valentino. As his leading woman, and later, after his death, she made a great deal of money—almost half a million dollars. The 1929 debacle took that away from her. Last week we spoke to her at the Selznick studios, where she had worked before under a long-term contract as a star. Now she's a dress extra; and the thing that got us was that she had no tale of woe . . . Dorothy Peterson reports a new kind of burglar. This one drove up to her front door (followed by a caravan of cars laden with gay, shouting people), jimmied a window, and threw a wild party that lasted all night. They ate her food but considerably brought their own liquor; however, Dorothy had to wash the dishes and empty the ash trays. Her night watchman saw the windows ablaze, heard the racket, but says he thought Miss Peterson had come home from the beach and was throwing the bender herself. Tactful person . . . Grace Moore, we see by the papers, has won a major battle which has been going on for



You heard those old tired rumors about divorce for Joan and Franchot? Nonsense! They get fun out of everything—even stray kittens

weeks between her and Columbia Studios. She will not, she announces triumphantly, sing "The St. Louis Blues" in her next picture.

### DOWN IN FRONT

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

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

Also, at another game, did not Miss Bennett take her pet dog for a stroll across the courts while the entire gallery was wondering who would take what set, with what technique, from what opponent? Motivation: Kindness to animals.

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

### OF FONTAINE AND ASTAIRE

It looks as if that young vice-consul in Seattle has said his farewell to happiness. When his best girl, Joan Fontaine, came to him and

said very frankly that she couldn't decide between a career and marriage, he told her to try the career first—hoping that somehow love would win.

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

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

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

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

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

\* \* \*

A friend named Scholfield, who at present is vegetating quietly at Elkhorn Lodge in Colorado's Estes Park, wrote us in New York. "The village," writes Mr. Scholfield, "was comfortably excited recently about the

(Continued on page 80)



A star can't even buy shoes without Hymie popping at her. Glenda Farrell tried but Hymie saw her first

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



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

One-punch Taylor on the night he socked the cop for mauling Barbara Stanwyck at the preview of "Stella Dallas." Barbara's still holding her wrist which was twisted in the melee



# WE COVER

*An experiment has been successful—*

*a new day dawns—here's the*

*good news by our Hollywood herald*

**T**O be in color, or not to be in color? That is the question, this early Autumn of 1937. And the answer is increasingly "Yes." Hollywood's next revolution is on the way.

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

## HOLLYWO

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

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

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

With Louella Parsons in Europe, daughter Harriet held the hoops for Bob Taylor,



In "Ebb Tide" Frances Farmer proved a point but gave Ray Milland the jitters doing it

# THE STUDIOS BY JAMES REID

this month, for the first time in Hollywood history, three big pictures are being filmed simultaneously by color cameras. A new day is definitely dawning in Hollywood. And the dawn is in Technicolor.

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

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

The occasion for the experiment is "Ebb Tide," a film adapted from the Robert Louis Stevenson story. It is no idyllic South Seas romance. It is melodramatic adventure. In

the Stevenson version of the story, there is no girl. But Homolka knew that Hollywood would get sex into it somewhere, and he was a bit worried about results. He insisted on seeing the final shooting script before signing his contract. He wanted to know what the girl would be doing. It must be that the addition of a feminine character doesn't damage the story, for here is Homolka staking a Hollywood future on a color debut in "Ebb Tide."

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

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

By a lonely, tortuous dirt road, which

winds around mountains, sometimes on precipices hundreds of feet above the Pacific, we reach Little Harbor on the sea side of the island. Here are two locations.

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

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

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

# ON THE AIR BY JIM NEWTON

*Bombs shattered the midsummer  
lethargy of West Coast "airaides"  
—but no casualties reported*

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

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

F'rinstance, when Franchot Tone played the ham in that dramatic sandwich, "Between Two Women" (purely a figure of

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

SPEAKING of marital felicity, good deeds, loving mates and stuff, we'll just have to report on the progress of the Make-Elaine Bar-  
(Continued on page 97)



Caliban said his Ariel had talent—the great test came when she aired "The Tempest." So now other big plans are afoot for the Barrymores. Alice Faye, right, made her bow on the Chesterfield hour, with band leader, Hal Kemp





★ STELLA DALLAS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

SELDOM, during Hollywood's recent fad for re-making the successful stories of silent days, has it produced a new version which could justify the repetition—until Sam Goldwyn took Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles and Anne Shirley and made, once again, the memorable and heartbreaking history of "Stella Dallas." With Director King Vidor playing restraint against shopworn dramatics for magnificent effect, the film rolls from the cameras as almost perfect cinema, telling with direct and brutal simplicity the unhappy story of a cheap little mill-town girl who married into impoverished gentry.

Background is established in leisurely fashion but after that the action is swift, impartially cut for time and the necessary brisk quality. Miss Stanwyck is superbly suited for her rôle, in which enormous vitality must justify crude vulgarity and leave the character sympathetic. As a girl who wants to achieve "class" she manages to marry conventional John Boles; but she can't make the adjustment and at last has to relinquish her child, Anne Shirley, to the quieter influences of her husband's genteel family. Anne's work, in view of her past minor performances, shows surprising ability; and both Boles and Alan Hale—who plays a race track tout friend of Barbara's—are exceptional. Barbara O'Neil brings grace and dignity as the urbane second wife, and Tim Holt, actor Jack Holt's son, is a lad to watch. A major screen achievement.



GANGWAY—GB

DEFINITELY Jessie Matthews' best musical to date, this gay and highly amusing crook comedy will have the luscious little English star's American fans clamoring louder for her appearance in an American picture. The songs and lyrics are appealingly synopated, and Miss Matthews' dances are graceful.

The story involves the efforts of a Scotland Yard man (Barry Mackay) to trail a woman who steals expensive diamonds from the economic royalists. Jessie is a newspaper film critic with extraordinary, but perhaps English, impressions of gangsters, gats and gyps. Before she gets through with her assignment, her ideas remain colored for life. Mistaken for the thief, she is followed to New York by her romantic detective. Love follows for them both.



★ THE FIREFLY—M-G-M

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S first venture into musical comedy without the aid of Nelson Eddy proves a point: M-G-M can, after all, use another romantic male lead for its operettas. In this case it is handsome, tenor-voiced Allan Jones. "The Firefly" is an expensively mounted, well-photographed, spectacular production in which Miss MacDonald somehow manages to be more beautiful than ever. The story has cohesion and unity.

There are faults which at times overshadow the brilliance of the picture. Pace is slow and uneven and dialogue is often saccharine. These things, however, merely accentuate the picture's many valid beauties of sight and sound.

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

The entire picture is sentimental fantasy and as such is refreshingly without a moral message. It doesn't give you Something to Think About—but at any rate, it's genuinely good entertainment.



VOGUES OF 1938—Walter Wanger-United Artists

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

Never has Technicolor proved itself so screen-worthy. Mechanically perfect, the prism lens project shade and tone so masterfully blended that you don't care whether or not there is a story. For those who insist on unity, there is a basting thread of a plot which offers Warner Baxter as a dress-maker, Helen Vinson as his wife; he backs her in a show, which flops, and to recoup he plunges again into the gown business with debutante Joan Bennett to help.

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

# The Shadow Stage

A Review  
of the New Pictures



★ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

HAVING found his formula for the box-office return perfect, Darryl Zanuck apparently has set his great plant in motion to turn out as many gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedies as the world market will absorb each month. "You Can't Have Everything" is a good example of this. Eminent 1937 in flavor, it presents a truly sure-fire plot in a frivolous what-the-hell kind of dress; its good song numbers are well sung, well played; its gags are funny; it has Don Ameche and Alice Faye for love and sex content, and Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee before her marriage to Cinema) for just sex.

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

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

Best melody: "Please Pardon Us, We're in Love."

## THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

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



★ THAT CERTAIN WOMAN--Warners

### BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

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

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

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

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

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



MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR--Warners

ASIDE from its worth as an amusing comedy, this is interesting for two major reasons: it introduces charming Kenny Baker, of ether fame, to the screen as a star; and it is a remake of C. B. Kelland's "The Great Crooner," which reached the screen three or four years ago. Many of you will remember the first version, and feel that such haste was unseemly.

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

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



★ SOULS AT SEA—Paramount

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

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

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



THE SHEIK STEPS OUT—Republic

SOME of you, who three years ago knew Ramon Novarro as one of the most romantic leading men of the screen, may find it a little pathetic to see him climbing the comeback path. Nevertheless his charm is as effective as ever, and so is his accent.

This particular little number presents Novarro as a desert sheik who, in the business of taming rich, spoiled Lola Lane, falls in love with her. There is the old gag of mistaken identity, a chase; he interrupts her wedding to an English lord in Paris and carries her off to the desert.

Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Burke and Stanley Fields all do their best to help. See this as Novarro's first American screen effort in a long time, for the several nice songs you will hear, and for a good laugh or two.



★ ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount

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

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

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

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY



VICTORIA THE GREAT—RKO-Radio

POPULAR literature and Helen Hayes' stage performance have made this story over-familiar, but the none-too-new material has been made into a beautiful and moving record of a beloved queen and her empire. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are more than excellent as Victoria and Albert. The supporting cast is splendid, particularly H. B. Warner as Lord Melbourne. Honest and inspiring.



IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia

THIS consists mostly of charm by Francis Lederer, beauty by Madeleine Carroll, and nonsense by Mischa Auer. There is much to-do about the plight of a playboy left penniless when his uncle leaves millions to his secretary, but true love comes out of a triangle romance. At times it's pretty funny, but despite generally high standards of production the piece is not by any means superior.



CONFESSION—Warners

EVEN Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the somber burden of this little number. It's a heavy, moody melodrama based on the *Madame X* theme, in which Miss Francis plays a fallen woman who commits murder to save daughter Jane Bryan from falling too. Basil Rathbone is the dog responsible for everything; Ian Hunter struggles along as the husband. Dorothy Peterson is competent support.



HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount

AS a combination of epic, musical, and thundering melodrama, this cinema experiment is a clutter of good and bad entertainment. At times it curdles badly; but Irene Dunne, in fine voice, is alone worth the admission price. She is presented as a carnival girl who marries farmer Randolph Scott. He discovers oil, sets up a battle for land rights, tries to make his wife happy. Jerome Kern's score is good.



EXCLUSIVE—Paramount

YELLOW journalism comes in for a good lambasting in this newspaper yarn. Fred MacMurray and Charles Ruggles are reporters for a clean sheet while Lloyd Nolan and Frances Farmer, daughter of Ruggles, represent the yellow sheet. The battle between the papers, with Frances reaping plenty of grief with her sensational scoops, provides exciting melodrama. It's lusty, gusty fare.



LOVE UNDER FIRE—20th Century-Fox

AS a new production in the current cycle of Spanish War pictures, "Love Under Fire" was fired at and missed. There is a certain amount of fast action and plenty of romance; but the antique story of a Scotland Yard man chasing a lovely woman thief through shot and shell does not make for entertainment. Don Ameche and Loretta Young try very hard. (Continued on page 96)



LONDON BY NIGHT—M-G-M

HERE is another murder mystery with the usual formula. There is the familiar reporter sleuth who solves a series of murders. This time the killer masks his identity behind an umbrella, but unfortunately for the suspense, most of the audience will guess who he is before George Murphy, the reporter, does. Montagu Love is a wealthy barrister. Rita Johnson, as his daughter, provides the love interest.

# PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

Deeply décolleté is Carol Lombard's gown of heavy brilliant black satin designed by Travis Banton. Tiny shoulder straps give a new look of simplicity and lightness to the formal elegance of the material





# SUPREMA

## BEAUT

In "It's All Yours," Madeleine Carroll wears this superb evening gown, designed by Kalloch. Striped silver lamé flows suavely from neck to hem, silhouetted against the gun-metal lining of the lamé cape. White fox frames the cape softly. A new coiffure shows curls high on Madeleine's beautiful head and low on her neck, and a diamond ornament crowns them. Diamond and sapphire bracelet and pin add drama to the gown

# SWING GOWN

Divinely tall is Barbara Stanwyck in a gown of heavy white crepe roma made for her by Edward Stevenson, RKO designer, to wear in "A Love Like That." Her rhythmic overskirt is of white fringe which falls from the shoulder yoke. A double clip of diamonds and sapphires blazes at her throat. Her sandals are of crepe





Ginger Rogers looks demure as a dryad in her Muriel King creations for "Stage Door." Water-green marquisette (above) is draped over an underdress of bright green, and under both is a light-blue satin slip. Two cellophane flowers catch the iridescence of the gown coloring. A tailored ermine cape with shoulder peaks is Ginger's choice as wrap. From the same picture is a turquoise-blue faille (right). Delft-blue and dark-brown faille band the hemline of the skirt and form double epaulets. The brown band is continued to form a girdle. The bodice has the fitted look so good this season



SUGAR

AND SPICE



Also, in "Stage Door," Ginger wears a cinnamon-brown crepe roma, left, by the same designer. The skirt is slashed at all four seams and the short bolero is lined with lemon yellow, its facing turned back to form cuffs and revers. The girde is of lemon-yellow velvet, burnt orange and brown. Piping of the same shades edges the jacket. A fingertip cape (below) of red fox is a perfect wrap for Ginger's spice gown



# FIRST LADY

## AND ACCESSORIES

In "First Lady" Kay Francis wears an Orry Kelly designed evening dress and cape of dove-gray satin with a crepe back. The low swinging cowl starts from the shoulders and falls to the floor. The crushed satin girdle is buckled in mother-of-pearl. The cape is made with the crepe surface showing and the cowl in the back falls to the knees, emphasizing the narrow swirl round the feet

The clever sets below are Kay's choices in accessories: first, a huge black antelope bag, antelope shoes designed by Aprile and hand-stitched white gloves; a blonde alligator skin bag with slide fastener closing under its cutout handle matches simple pumps of the same skin; Orry Kelly designed a wide belt to be worn with her Aprile designed pumps. The matching bag by John-Frederics





In "Artists and Models" Ida Lupino, left, wears a pale coral nightgown of soft satin with a yoke of real lace. Over this is a short negligee of deeper coral velvet, weighted with white fox and tied at the throat with coral satin ribbon. Below, Myrna Loy plays the rôle of a dressmaker in "Double Wedding." Adrian has dressed her in a perfect suit of navy woolen and white piqué. She is inspecting Florence Rice who wears an Adrian wedding gown of gray-blue satin embroidered in bugles. The Sphinx-like drapery of the headdress matches the gown and from it streams the long gray-blue tulle veil in misty bridal folds



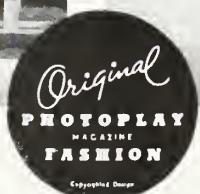
FOR THE

OCTOBER  
BRIDE

# PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION CLUBS

## WHERE TO BUY THEM

*The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 104*



**THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL  
PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION  
LOOK FOR IT**

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

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

Clever cutting characterizes the bodice of this heavy satin-back crepe frock, right, which comes in pine green, black or bronze. Folds are pulled up to the throat and turned under. From them casual folds circle the neck. Deep fringe sways at the hemline. The crepe belt has four diamond hearts





With bright plaid reversible lining, this ulster is made in heavy, soft woolen coating. It comes in brown, gray or black, all with hairy overlay. There are slash side pockets and widish shoulders. There is a self-scarf which may be worn as an ascot or tucked in. It is semilined in silk

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



## PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS



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

# MOLLY,

*The story thus far:*

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

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

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

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

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

*Now continue Molly's story:*

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

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

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

"Oh, my stars!" Molly exclaimed, in distress. "Suppose he happens to hear about

BY  
FRANCES MARION

*Concluding the great  
novel which Marie  
Dressler inspired*

Illustrated by  
R. F. SCHABELITZ



John Graham clasped her hand; a lump rose in her throat as she knew what he was about to ask—and her answer was

the play? Do you think he'll come to it?"

"What if he does?" Lily answered, sharply. "Then he'd get a good squint at himself. Might do him some good, the old grouch!"

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

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

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

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

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

"My dear, the list reads like a page from the Blue Book," Julia replied, with a large expansive gesture in the direction of Lily. "Of course I'd be delighted to have you, if you'll come, Lily," she declared. "I haven't said much about it, knowing your aversion to social functions."

"Don't worry, I won't be there!" Lily snapped.

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

"How that dame loves to put on the dog!"

Lily remarked, savagely, to Molly. "Yesterday when she showed up with a bird of paradise on her hat and two silver foxes hanging down her back like the old coon's tail, I told her she looked like a trapper's bride. And did you see her new eyelashes? They make her eyes look as if they were hiding behind palm trees."

"Aw, Julia's all right."

"She's a pain where I sit down if you ask me. I bust out in a rash every time she goes English on us. Lord, won't I be glad when she gets out of the show!"



# BLESS HER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 90)

## THE WOMAN WHO WILL PLAY MOLLY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

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

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

Mrs. Koverman called to her: "Come sit with us, Soph. Do you know Sophie Tucker, girls?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 94)

### SOPHIE TUCKER

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





Deanna Durbin, star of "100 Men and a Girl," sets out for school in a soft wool, single-breasted swagger coat (far left) and an off-the-face hat. Or in a "teens" suit with a wool jacket of dark green-and-brown plaid. Her skirt is beige flannel, her shoes and bunch bag brown suède, her socks green. Below, her wash dress is navy printed in red and white. White rickrack outlines pocket tabs and a scarlet zipper ends with two red pompons. Lower left, she goes Scotch in a dark-red velvet jacket and scarlet pleated skirt. The cap is red velvet banded in plaid

SCHOOL GIRL STAR



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

(Continued from page 26)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., nor so dignified and dear to her as Mrs. Franchot Tone.

But she was Billie Cassin for a good many years. When she was a small girl, standing spellbound in the wings of her stepfather's vaudeville and movie theaters, down in Oklahoma; when she washed dishes and made beds in a private school; when she worked as a hoptgirl for \$15 a week and waited on tables to get a year of college.

Joan Crawford hasn't had an easy life. I am almost sure that she has never known contentment. Some restlessness has animated her, some fire burned within her. She has known the heights—there were heights, for instance, when she was married to young Doug and the world knew Doug and Joan as they had known Doug and Mary as great lovers—and she has known depths, and many of them came in the first sixteen years of her life.

She was four, I think, when her mother and her stepfather moved from Kansas City, where she was born, to Lawton, Oklahoma. For a few years after that, she lived in a fairy world of make-believe and the fever of it got into her blood. It was then, actually, that she became a dancing daughter, that she learned to dance. She didn't guess, at that point, that she was to dance her way to world fame.

But right there is another amazing fact about Joan Crawford. When the time came, she stopped dancing. With some uncanny instinct, she has always seemed to know just when to change, just how to bridge gulfs. She moved with a sure step from being a dancing daughter—and she was America's dancing daughter—to being a serious actress in dramatic rôles. Few women have ever been able to do it. In the same way, when the talkies came, she survived, when her then greatest rival, Clara Bow, was swept into oblivion by the new medium. In the same way, she changed from the hoyden, the bad girl, to the dramatic parts that were to make her more and more famous.

Her stepfather, as I have said, owned a chain of small vaudeville and movie theaters—you remember when they used to have vaudeville acts and then a movie? Now, we call them stage shows and—if you'll pardon me—I liked the old vaudeville better. In those theaters, Billie was a pet. She ran way and crept through the stage door and watched this make-believe world with eyes as big as saucers. This was better than any play games. This was better than any playmates.

She wanted to become something in that magic world she watched.

But her mother decided that it wasn't exactly the place for a small girl, so Billie was sent away to a school.

Now, here is what I mean by the drama of Joan Crawford's real story, the things you'd hardly dare invent if you were making it up.

This child, who had had free run of the theater for years, now found herself in a strict school. She was a favorite pupil there. She had everything. She had the same clothes, the same privileges that all the other girls had. Because she was—this girl who would one day be Joan Crawford—a personality, because she knew so many delightful tales of the theater, she was one of the leaders.

Then—one Sunday—her mother came, as usual, to take her out. But she came alone. And she had been crying. All children, I suppose, have seen their mothers' tears, and sometimes they



Although three-year-old Joan LeSueur sets up a howl when she sees her famous aunt on the screen, she's playing a scene with big Joan in "The Bride Wore Red"

hurt more bitterly than the tears we mothers must see our children shed. Little Billie sat in her mother's lap and tried passionately to console her. And at last she discovered the cause of those tears.

Billie's mother had left her husband. Now they were quite alone in the world. She had to make a living for herself and her little girl.

Billie's mother made that living by becoming an agent for a laundry. That is, she opened a store where she collected and returned washings to customers, having in the interim sent those washes to a huge central laundry plant for the actual cleaning.

But what to do with her small daughter—that was the problem. What was to become of Billie when she was at work all day? How could she be sure she was protected and cared for? The one small room she could afford—she couldn't bring Billie up there.

So Joan Crawford became a worker. She stayed on at the school, but now she was no longer a favored pupil; she wasn't on equal terms with the other little girls. She washed dishes in the kitchen. She helped peel the vegetables. She scrubbed floors. So she was allowed to remain, and given her board and room and her education.

Remember, she was only ten years old. Perhaps there is something more sensitive than the heart of a ten-year-old. I haven't encountered it. It was pretty tough for this ten-year-old. The work was hard. The humiliation was bitter. But right there began the real education of Joan Crawford, right there came into being the courage and the determination that made her sure that she could succeed, made her rise from the ranks—the one in a million who gets clear to the top.

For the hardest thing this courageous little youngster had to face was that she couldn't—she mustn't—let her mother know what all this humiliation meant to her. When Sunday came, she went out that school door with her heart

bursting, her little throat aching, longing to put her head down on her mother's breast and weep it all out, as children do. But when she saw her mother's tired face, the eager joy that came at sight of her, she knew she couldn't—she mustn't. No matter what, she had to make her mother happy on those Sundays.

Today, Joan Crawford's beautiful home in Brentwood Heights is what's called a "show place." Servants—well-trained and expert—wait upon her slightest wish. At the studio, Miss Crawford—while she's democratic enough herself—is a great star, and naturally surrounded by service and attention. In her home, she has entertained every great name in Hollywood.

In those days back in Kansas City, she got up very early in the morning and washed and dressed the younger children. She helped with dinner, and with the cleaning of the rooms, and then, at night, she put the children to bed again. Always, she kept up with her lessons.

It was at this time that she once more began to dance. For there were vacations and week ends and the slim, big-eyed girl, with the freckles on her nose and the enormous eyes, was beginning to attract the attention of the boys she met. Not a beauty, by any means. No clothes, to speak of. No background or social position of any kind. But she was, even then, Joan Crawford in the making, and the boys she met realized it. So, she went dancing, and somewhere about that time, she won her first dancing contest, at a place called the Jack O' Lantern Cafe, in Kansas City.

Can't you see it? The Jack O' Lantern Cafe? A big brown room, with jack-o'-lanterns hung about the walls, an orange light, small tables about the dance floor, an orchestra playing jazz tunes. A cup—for the best couple. No famous dancers, no experts, just the young people, young working people, who came out to dance and laugh and

have what fun they could take. One couple—a boy, and a slim girl with bronze-red hair, in a cheap frock, but with a startling, provocative face. See her dancing? See her suddenly stand out from the rest of the dancers, while the others stand back and applaud? And then, when she and the boy she was with had won, how she stood there, young and awkward and very embarrassed?

I don't know whether the young man with whom Joan won her first dancing contest was Ray Sterling or not, but certainly, Ray Sterling was the first "man in her life," the first man who claimed any real part of her heart and imagination. They were boy and girl sweethearts in those early days, but they must have been great friends, too. And it is typical of Joan that from him she gained a great deal, for here was a boy of fine education, much culture, definitely her superior in everything intellectual. The things she had been learning, the things that to her were dreams and visions, were everyday and matter-of-course to him and so he opened a new world to Joan.

But it is also typical of Joan that when, not long ago, she gave out a list of her "best friends"—now, today, when she is a great star, the name of Ray Sterling is still upon that list. It happens to be my opinion that there is no greater accolade of character possible for a woman than that over the years she retains the friendship of men who have loved her. The boy and girl who were sweethearts in their young days back in Kansas City are now Joan Crawford, movie star, and Ray Sterling, writer. He hasn't married—he still comes to see her—they keep up a pretty regular correspondence. I like that.

I don't know whether he danced with her that night, but he was the first man who helped her toward her ultimate goal, by his easy acceptance of those things about which she had been a little shy, by his faith in her, by his friendship and companionship. Perhaps, for the first time, she began to believe that Billie Cassin might some day be Joan Crawford, not only a great dancer, a movie star, but also a woman of charm and culture.

SEVERAL years later, I saw Joan Crawford dance the Charleston in many cafés, under very different circumstances. Saw her dance in elegant ballrooms with the handsome boy, young Doug Fairbanks, with Clark Gable at the Coconut Grove.

But I seem to have just as clear a picture of her as she was that night in the Jack O' Lantern Cafe when she won her first dancing contest.

It did something to her. Dancing had come back to her feet, and had made its way—as dancing sometimes does—into her hot and determined young head. But she wasn't ready and, as she always seems to know, she knew it.

A year in a department store. A year at college, when she worked her way by carrying trays for the other students.

The girl who was to become Joan Crawford had then one of the things that has carried her to heights and kept her there—and believe me, for I have seen a great deal of Hollywood, it's easier to get there than it is to stay there. That's what makes Joan Crawford so important today. She's proved herself. You have to hand it to her. She's stayed the course.

Basically, the thing she had was a

real love of learning. Her whole life proved that. No matter how hard she worked, she went on learning and getting good marks. She went on to school, when a job not nearly so hard would have given her more money and freedom. She went to college, when there wasn't a thing on earth to send her but her own wish to learn—and always she had fine marks, better marks than girls whose families paid their ways.

As she climbed that steep ladder to stardom, she kept on learning. Reading. Studying. Improving her own taste for literature and for music. Finding out things. You'll see, as this story unfolds further, that from every one she knew, every situation she met, Joan learned things and added them to her-

self. They became a real part of her because instead of putting them on from the outside, as so many people do, she took them inside herself. That, I like to think, was because she had a real hunger for finer things, more beautiful things, and didn't just want them to show off or to be more important, or gain a better place in the world. When you learn things that way, sometimes they hang on the outside like jewels on a woman who doesn't know how to wear them. Joan made them a part of herself. It must be true, because of the reality with which she has held her great place.

So, after a year at college, she was ready to go dancing. She set off for Chicago—with two dollars in her pocket.

Actually, just two dollars, and not a friend in that great, roaring, threatening city.

That's true. The only thing she had was the name of a woman she'd met in Kansas City who told her to look her up if she ever came to Chicago and she'd get her a job. Joan's money dwindled while she looked for the woman. Panic descended upon the girl. She was very young. She'd never been out of Kansas City. She had no money, no friends, no job.

That was Joan Crawford.

Can't you see what I mean when I say every situation happened to her, everything you could think of? I've been broke and hungry; I know what it means. But never quite like that.

And when she got to the woman's address, she was away on the road and wouldn't be back for two months.

Can you see why I wanted to write the real story of Joan Crawford?

Next month—follow Joan through these dramatic episodes:

Her dancing days in Hollywood—

Her dates with Mike Cudahy—

Her meeting with young Doug, the terrific romance and marriage—

Joan's relationship with Mary Pickford—

The truth about the gossip that links her name with Gable's—

As told so graphically by ADEL ROGERS ST. JOHNS in November PHOTOPLAY

## We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 53)

worst moment. Frances Farmer is supposed to swim ashore from the ship—a distance of a good quarter-mile. Hogan has a stunt swimmer on hand to double for her. Frances balks at the idea. It seems that she likes to swim. Not only that. She insists that she is a stunt swimmer herself; she grew up near Puget Sound. She says she can swim in her 1890 dress—with a bathing suit under it. She talks Hogan into letting her try it. He and the worried Ray Milland talk her into having a dory load of Kanaka divers following her, out of camera range—just in case.

Nothing happens, except that Frances proves that a bathing girl can still become a movie star. And vice versa.

CHECKING our South Sea fever at Catalina for future use, we come back to the mainland to look up the other two color pictures of this practically epic month. Selznick International is producing both of them. The first one that you will see is the first one that we see—"Nothing Sacred."

This is a modern comedy about a country girl who hoaxes a star New York reporter. Carole Lombard is the Vermont Venus. Fredric March is the reporter. And William ("A Star Is Born") Wellman is the director who is insulting them.

We mean this literally. It's the Wellman technique.

Carole and Freddie are sitting in the rear of a small sailing yacht. The yacht is in the studio tank, which is filled with water.

Wellman is on the sidelines, spooning ice cream out of a cup. He says to Carole and Freddie, "Now that you've seen yourselves in color, I suppose you think you're something. Personally, I prefer vanilla. . . . Come on, let's get my misery over with." That's the Wellman way of saying, "Let's get to work, and let's make it good." The scene begins.

Carole says to Freddie, who is steering, "Would it interfere with your handling of the fleet if I asked you something personal?" Freddie says, "That's what we're here for—to get personal." As they continue talking, Carole has to trot forward on the sloping boat deck to fasten a rope, then trot back again.

There is only one flaw in the "take." A thin margin of pink shows below Carole's brief brown shorts. "The undies will have to go higher," Wellman tells her. Very, very pained, Carole complies. But, being Carole, she says, "You have no idea how high they are already."

From there, to see the second Selznick color picture of the month, we have to go on another location trip. "The

Adventures of Tom Sawyer" is at work in the foothills near Malibu Lake, on the Paramount ranch.

There, among countless other outdoor sets (the ranch covers 2,700 acres), stands a quaint old Middle West village. Paramount is renting it out to Selznick.

On this set, a new star is being born. His full name is Thomas Francis Xavier Kelly, but his movie name will be Tommy. He was born in New York's Bronx twelve years ago. His father's name is Michael Aloysius Kelly, and, until a day last April, his father's only job for two years had been on WPA. On that fateful day, scanning 750 boys in St. Raymond's School, a movie scout picked Tommy for a test for the title rôle of *Tom Sawyer*.

He had never acted in his life. He was only one of hundreds of boys being tested, in hundreds of schools. But when David O. Selznick saw Tommy Kelly's test, he said, "That's the one. He's natural, even if he does have a Bronx accent." It only took ten weeks to get rid of the accent. And here's Tommy Kelly becoming a movie star and getting ideas about earning enough money to go to college when he grows up, so that he can be discovered as a first baseman by the New York Giants.

GOING on to M-G-M, we see an actress take a fall, and this tumble isn't in the script. It happens on the set of "Double Wedding," costarring Hollywood's most popular costarrers—William Powell and Myrna Loy. The other two quarters of the title are John Beal and Florence Rice.

Bill is not working. He has been trying to work, but has been near a breakdown, and his doctor has ordered a complete and indefinite rest. Bill has taken Jean Harlow's death very hard.

While he is obeying his doctor's orders, the rest of the company is "shooting around" him. Myrna, at the moment, is making a scene with Jessie Ralph. Myrna is standing; Jessie is sitting in a small armless chair. As in all such shots, the chair has six-inch blocks under its four legs. This brings Jessie and Myrna closer together in the film "frame"; one won't be at the top of the film and the other at the bottom, with an awkward gap between.

Suddenly, in the middle of the "take," one of the chair legs slips off its block. The chair tilts crazily. Myrna makes a frantic attempt to grasp Jessie, but too late. No one else can do anything, except watch, with frozen fascination, an accident happening. The fall is eerie. It is almost slow-motion.

Everyone rushes forward. Jessie is helped to her feet. The grand old lady says: "Shucks! Not one bone broken!"

Myrna, it develops, is the one who is hurt. In her frantic clutch at Jessie's clothes, she encountered a pin and has a deep gash in one finger. She is the one who has to have first aid.

FROM seeing comedy, we turn to romance by heading for RKO, and the set of "Fight for Your Lady," occupied by John Boles, Ida Lupino, Jack Oakie and Margot Grahame.

John is a lvelorn young American who goes to Europe to commit suicide, and, with that in mind, makes love to the fiancée of a professional duelist. You guessed it. She falls in love with him; he falls in love with her. We see the scene in which they catch up with your guess.

It is a tête-à-tête on a balcony. Ida, who has temporarily traded in her British accent for a Hungarian one, tells John she has persuaded her fiancé not to fight him. John is aggrieved at first, then relieved, then astounded by a sudden thought. He acts upon it. He takes her in his arms. They kiss. Very convincingly, too.

Then we see what takes place after a screen kiss, even the convincing kind. Ida walks over to her portable dressing room to patch her make-up. John sits down with a good book. As soon as the lights are rearranged, the show will go on.

We go on down the studio street, to see "Don't Forget to Remember," costarring Ann Sothorn and—surprise!—Burgess ("Winterset") Meredith. Another surprise: he tells us, "This is one of the new-trend pictures. You know—everybody a little haywire." Still another surprise: "No, I'm not objecting. I'll play anything they give me. Where did people get this idea I'm high-brow, anyway? On Broadway, I once appeared in a play entitled ' Battleship Gertie!'"

A big sign outside the set of "The Awful Truth" says: "All Visitors Keep Out." But we can't miss this Irene Dunne-Cary Grant comedy. There are rumors that it is a mad farce. We have to investigate. (P. S. We can confirm the rumors.)

We come upon a rehearsal for a scene in the middle of the picture. The setting is a courtroom. Irene is on the witness stand, where she has just dizzily asked for a divorce from Cary. He stands a few feet away, looking cynical. Halfway between them stands a wire-haired terrier.

The divorce will be Irene's, when a custody question is settled. Which of them is to have the dog? The dog is being given his choice.

In private life, the canine answers to the name of *Skippy*. In "After the Thin

Man," he answered to *Asta*. Now he is supposed to respond to *Mr. Smith*. From opposite sides, Irene and Cary are now calling him that.

*Mr. Smith* pays no heed to either of them. He doesn't budge. He doesn't so much as turn his head. He just stares into the camera. This goes on for five minutes, ten minutes, until finally Director Leo McCarey suggests a halt, a consultation, and a rest for man, woman and beast.

Irene tells us, in explanation, "Do you know what I think? I think that dog's gone high-hat after playing with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy!"

WE edge our way toward near-by Warners-First National. Here one of the most-awaited pictures of the year is in the making, costarring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, directed by Anatole Litvak. Last month it was called "Tovarich" (Russian for "Comrade"). It is now "Tonight's Our Night." Tomorrow it will probably be "Tovarich" again. But it still is a delightful comedy about a royal Russian couple who become the best butler and maid in all Paris.

Monsieur Litvak is a great believer in repetition of a scene. After all, stage actors perfect their performances by repeating them. Why shouldn't screen actors do likewise? Monsieur Litvak takes a scene over and over and over in quest of perfection. Sometimes he gets it. Other times he gets—exhaustion.

We see the Litvak technique operate first on Claudette, then on Charles Claudette in a blonde hairdress, and very becoming, too. In a brief amusing scene she crawls on hands and knees across a plank over an areaway to their Paris garret. She plays the scene until she has to wear kneepads.

Boyer is in the tumble-down garret, practically smothered with blankets. There is a knock on the door. He tosses from his left side to his right. Another knock. He sits up, reacts. Litvak isn't quite satisfied. By the time he is satisfied, Boyer is perspiring.

FOR our own last "take" of the month, we take in "Something to Sing About" at Grand National. It doesn't sound like a Cagney picture, but it is. It doesn't sound like a comedy about Hollywood, but it is. And that isn't all. In it, Jimmy is more handy with his feet than with his fists. He steps out for the first time as a dancer.

If Jimmy lives up to this picture's possibilities, he may live down his past. He may even forget, himself, that he once had to push a grapefruit into a heroine's face.

# SMART SUEDES

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Frenchy



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

QUEEN QUALITY SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.  
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# FASHION LETTER



BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

The only photograph ever made of Carole Lombard, Travis Banton and Claudette Colbert in a dress huddle! Favorite fitter Mary O'Brien is pinning Claudette into the striped organdy dress which she wears in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

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

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

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

Outstanding, almost a uniform, this fall, is the little woolen frock with the short fur

jacket. They are grand investments, as they may be worn over dresses or suits, and even well into the spring, later in the season. Get one as trig, straight and tailored as possible.

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

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

Shorter skirts, higher hats. That is the law. But not the comic supplement height we had a few seasons ago. Up-a-little and out-a-little go the hats of today, whether they are the so-called profile hats with brims, or the turban type. Try on a whole flock of hats this year, before you decide which ones to buy; try them on *standing up*, so as to see

(Continued on page 103)

Complexions with **GLAMOUR** need  
 this Special care

"I use  
**Lux Toilet Soap**  
 to guard against  
**Cosmetic Skin"**

**JANET GAYNOR**

**This  
 girl  
 knows  
 Hollywood's  
 Beauty  
 Secret  
 too!**



Star of the  
 SELZNICK-  
 INTERNATIONAL  
 PRODUCTION  
 "A Star is Born"



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

Foolish to risk this danger—dull-

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

**REMEMBER, 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE THIS SOAP**



**HOW WE  
TESTED  
IT IN  
BEAUTY  
CREAMS**

**LABORATORY TESTS** on rats were conducted for over three years . . . .



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



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

*Now—this new Cream  
brings to Women the active*  
**“Skin-Vitamin”**



Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The red-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!



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

livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing"...

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

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

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

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

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

**great importance to women—**

There was something that might be of great importance to women.

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

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

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

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

**In the same Pond's Creams—**

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

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

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

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

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



**NOW IN POND'S CREAMS**  
*the active "Skin-Vitamin"*

(Continued from page 32)

"Call of the Wild," Clark Gable and Loretta Young got befuddled in just this way; their teeth should have been chattering with the cold, but they went on being bravely whimsical, and love flew back to the Aurora Borealis.

The simple fact which every experienced man or woman knows, is that wit is the enemy of passion. It is, as again every experienced man or woman knows, one of the best little helpers in a flirtation; for one thing, you can say wittily what it might be impossible to say seriously. Mr. Noel Coward's phrase about an unpremeditated roll in the hay can be repeated a hundred times, while the technical name for the same thing simply cannot. Wit lubricates social wheels; it eases all sorts of strains; it is a short cut to intimacy. But the girl who will squirm out of your embrace to utter an epigram is still taking an awful chance, because by that time, the opportunity for wit has passed. It has done its work.

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

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

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

BUT don't let the movies try Shakespeare until they have learned Shakespeare's lesson. For the next great enemy of love on the screen is history. In the past few years, Hollywood has gone crazy about history. Either because the producers are afraid to tackle the tremendously dramatic problems of today, or because they want to be safe from the sex-snoopers, they have turned to the past. They make pictures not only of historic episodes, like "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but chronicles of "Lloyds of London;" they are going to do the history of a trans-

atlantic steamship company; they have done Pasteur and Parnell and, given them time, they'll do Charles Darwin and the petrified man from Barnum's circus.

I haven't anything against these pictures when they are well made and interesting to watch; but as a substitute for a story of passion, they aren't so hot. And no effort to rechauffer them seems to work. After all, the central episode of Parnell's life was his relation to Kitty O'Shea; it was not only love, it was a sinful love. And it had political consequences. What more could a movie ask? Yet when Miss Loy cried "This is madness," about their love, it seemed alone in her opinion. History had drowned out passion. Either it was too important in itself, or had scared the producers; in any case, "Parnell" was a film of history, not of passion.

Long before "The Informer" was made, I saw the trailer of another film whose scenes were laid in Ireland, during the time of the Rebellion; and the trailer said that the love of these two people (its principals) was more exciting than the Rebellion itself. But you cannot hold the producers to the language of their trailers, it seems. I wish you could. In this case the trailer says what the producer obviously wanted to believe. And it is simply unbelievable. The thousand adventures, sacrifices, and heroic exploits (to say nothing of the tragedies) of any Rebellion flood over the private lives of any two individuals. We all fall in love; but we are far more excited by escaping from sudden death. And dumb as we are, we know that great historical events are often of supreme importance to ourselves.

When the movies show us "a love that toppled an Empire" they have to show us the Empire toppling—and toppling a better subject for movie treatment. It is spectacular, whereas passion is private. That is the dilemma of the picture-makers, and that is why, no matter how they push Loretta Young into the foreground, your memory of "The Crusades" remains a memory of armies in action.

ANOTHER type of picture, much favored nowadays, is the musical, and the musical is another enemy of love on the screen. (To be frank, I consider the musical show the enemy of the movie altogether, and when grand opera, the enemy of music, comes in, I won't know where to spend my evenings.) Most current musicals are meant to be funny, so the original quarrel between fun and passion starts all over again. And, of course, the worst defect of musicals is that they all carry a lot of songs. You and I have both seen the efforts of sopranos and tenors to look enamored while they are taking their high notes; the men look like cows in agonies of embarrassment; what the women look like, I will not put down. I am aware of the fact that Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald and dozens of others have followers in this world; but it isn't in the way they look while they are singing songs of love and devotion. If your intentions toward one of the opposites are serious (whether honorable or dishonorable) the formula is to keep the mouth shut; as few words as possible and action! No romance of a musical show can be taken seriously.

Further among the enemies of sex on the screen are two things we all wish we possessed: wealth and beauty. About money, the movies are peculiar anyhow.

(Continued on page 7)

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**HAS HER TABLE DRESSED WITH QUAKER LACE**

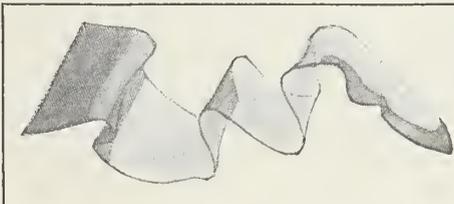


Table setting arranged by PHOTOPLAY



**C**RYSTAL and silver—the gleam of polished wood through a delicate network of lovely Quaker Lace! Unequaled for beauty of design and craftsmanship, you'll find as Joan Bennett has, that a Quaker Lace Dinner Cloth adds luxurious smartness to the charm of home entertaining.

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



**Invest One Dollar In Quaker Stockings**

There is no better silk stocking than the Quaker Genuine Crepe. You will want to try it. So, if your favorite store does not carry Quaker send \$1.00 for a pair in the latest suntan shade. Specify your size, please. Quaker Hosiery Co., 330 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

# RAIN OR SHINE

DOUBLE MINT GUM DAILY HELPS  
KEEP YOUR FACIAL CONTOUR YOUNG  
AND LOVELY

WRIGLEY'S  
DOUBLE MINT  
CHEWING GUM

PEPPERMINT FLAVOR



Except for derelicts who have to be saved by some brave woman's love, no one is really ever poor. Not the way you and I have been poor. A stenographer out of a job for six months still lives in an apartment three times the size you and I ever had in boom times. There may be shabby spots in the rug, but there's always a rug. And when love flies in at the window, money always comes with it; of the two people necessary to a love affair, one is always well-heeled. This gives the impression that love is a commodity reserved to the rich; and as in our experience we know this to be false, the whole thing takes on an artificial air.

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

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

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

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

In the movies no actress is allowed to grow old. Anyone may become old by a sudden jump, playing ingénues one day and character parts the next; but the slow and relentless process of aging is out. So our players have to devote most of their effort to projecting their youth and their beauty; they can't have any time and energy left to projecting those passions which, in fact, ravage both age and beauty. So nine tenths of our players give you the feeling that they are enchanted immortals, destined to everlasting youth. They

want to look dewy and with the sheers of innocence; in their minds, seven is the perfect age. Seventeen is the for the first encounter of romance sentimentality—it is not the great ag inspiring passionate love (except in breasts of boys of sixteen and of men who want to adopt the pretty tle things).

When an actress gets over this she she aspires to gentility. Only a few the entire lot are willing to play rôle of a nice tramp. I look back "an my souvenirs" and while I can re many instances of women taking dri I can remember not one instance woman wanting, taking, and actu liking a drink. (Bette Davis drank a fish in one picture, but she wasn't lowed to enjoy it; she was being graded.) They are almost equally icate about food. And as for sex, what do you mean? They may lo themselves sufficiently to let a man their lips, but all that sort of th well really! Miss West projected opposite character, and as I remar before, it was a pleasure.

I look at an old number of PHOTOPLAY and check the six best pictu of the month: "A Star is Born," "Galalahad," "They Gave Him a Gu "Cafe Metropole," "Night Must Fa and "Woman Chases Man." Four of six do not even bother to follow boy-meets-girl formula. The total devoted to the sexual emotions in six pictures put together would about seventeen minutes, or on a me generous scale, say five minutes picture. And the six on the follow page include a mystery story (anotr enemy of sex), a picture about two people, one about Jane Withers, ce about a one-legged man (Cappy Rich) and one wisecracking picture about a man who didn't believe in marria but married his secretary because was NOT in love with her. So you —of sex, a pinch. No more.

The next page: a shocker melodran a picture with Karloff, the Jones family again, "The Good Old Soak," a fam moving story about a doctor who war ed to better sanitary conditions in t slums and one love story—bringing the Great War. At best, sex: 15 p cent assay.

Why go on? Any month's releas are about the same. The Class B pi tures are even more sexless. The Sil Symphonies are positively reeking wi sex in comparison.

Now the answer to the problem: Ho Can Hollywood Rediscover Sex? I would advise the rediscovery not to be made public until a year from no because the time for being sensib about sex in the movies is always whe your enemies, the censors, least expe it. In the meantime, Hollywood nee to make only two or three notes on th desk pads of its executives:

1. Sex has never been handled cor rectly so far.
2. Passion occurs between human be ings, not between wax models.
3. The connection between sex an immorality has been grossly overrate Total: if any attempt will be made t say something true and simple abou sex, in relation to characters who ar real and interesting, Hollywood wi have another chance at the greates gold mine in the world.

If not, Hollywood will keep on mak ing big stuffy pictures and you and will take vanilla.

## MR. AND MRS. IS THE NAME

Their courtship was a crazy bit of business but the Jack Bennys took the count on marriage.

Read this amusing story by Ida Zeitlin in November PHOTOPLAY

BARBARA STANWYCK in "STELLA DALLAS"  
A SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION



"How  
Beautiful  
She Looks"  
they say of  
BARBARA  
STANWYCK

**POWDER...** Creating a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Face Powder blends in color harmony with Barbara Stanwyck's titian coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.



**ROUGE...** Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder... Max Factor's Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks... smooth, like finest skin texture, it always blends evenly.



**LIPSTICK...** Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof... the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.



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

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

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

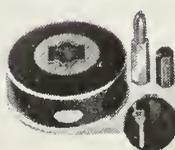
It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in new, original, harmonized color tones. Created to beautify living screen star types, you may be sure they will glorify the color appeal of your beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.

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

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

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

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



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"..... FREE 1-10-36

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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

(Continued from page 50)

## The plain and simple truth

about a new help  
for women's trying days

### KURB\* TABLETS

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex\*  
Sanitary Napkins



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

#### What will Kurb do?

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

#### No secret ingredients

The Kurb formula is no secret; its ingredients are well known to qualified physicians. And the formula is plainly printed on the box, so that if you have any doubts whatsoever, you may readily check it with your own doctor.

So we urge you to try Kurb Tablets and see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at drug counters everywhere.

If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply FREE! This offer is limited one to a family. Simply send your name and address, on a postcard if you prefer, to Kurb, Room 1498, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Do it today.

### KURB\* TABLETS

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex\*  
Sanitary Napkins

\*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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

visit of Wallace Beery, who, I believe, finally had to lock himself in his room. One person shoved his girl friend across the dance floor and persisted until the weary Wally danced with her."

On the day we got this highly descriptive note we rode up in the San Moritz elevator with Mr. Beery. In that hotel, and in all of New York, he was as anonymous as a confession story. He'd gone to Elkhorn Lodge for a rest; he'd come to the Metropolis on business.

#### Brain Versus Bruin

THE girl with the most remarkable memory west of the Rockies is easily found. You go to Warner Brothers, and try to get in, and she's the one who keeps you out—unless she knows you, and your name, and your business, which she does after the first time you visit her.

Named Grant Donley, surprisingly, she has sat from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. each weekday for nine years in her little reception room, answering telephones and pressing the electric door button for a chosen few of the six hundred-odd daily comers. Out of that number, an average of one hundred have been there before. She recognizes these usually undistinguished people on sight, says their names, admits them if they have legitimate business.

"It looks easy, but it's not," she told us. "Turning hopeful actors and actresses away is the hardest." Her memory, she admits, is just a gift, like writing or jumping on a Pogo stick. Don't let the time reference above date her, however, for she's a young and quite beautiful blonde, unmarried withal. In free hours she has dates, goes to the movies five times a week because she seldom sees a star (they come via the motor entrance).

The most hectic thing that happens to her, she complains, is that people think Warner Brothers is the United Airport and come rushing breathlessly in, tossing bags over her counter and shouting at her to hold the plane. And once a man walked in leading a seven-foot bear on a leash.

"What did you do?" we asked curiously.

"I went away from there. What," parried Miss Donley with a certain bitterness, "would you have done?"

And there she had us.

#### The Lady Is a Cissy

YOUNG Freddie Bartholomew tells us he is mad about airplanes now (this modern youth; once it was Robin Hood) and that so is "Cissy," his aunt—mad to keep both herself and her protégé out of the darn things. Until a few weeks ago she had succeeded, and then Freddie met Colonel Neblett, lawyer, who owns a plane. Anyway the Colonel invited Cissy and Freddie to drive to the airport one day last week and inspect his new ship.

"We can get in and sit for a moment, at least," suggested Freddie.

"See," said the Colonel, "these are the little gadgets that make it go."

And it went.

"We're moving, we're moving!" shrieked Cissy.

"So we are," admitted philosopher Bartholomew. "Well, we may as well make the best of it." And after the trip to San Pedro and back, during which Freddie took the controls and Cissy fainted twice, the boy remarked to us: "She's promised me a car on my twenty-

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

Meanwhile Master Bartholomew is kept in the news by the airsick Cissy, who threatens that he will leave the screen unless he is given a raise in salary. When Garbo, one remembers, first attempted this kind of thing the studio put her in the rôle of a maid as punishment. That, of course, was before she became the Great Legend.

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

\* \* \*

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

The fact that she is contesting the action is indicative of something, first. Warner publicity would call it heart-break. Then, too, Brent asserts that their Mexican wedding ceremony doesn't count because they didn't comply with the laws of the Southern nation. We checked and it would seem that, aside from smuggling Tequilla across the border to sell to the Indians, there's practically nothing you can do to offend, so long as you spend plenty of money and don't take pictures of the fort. But, of course, we don't know.

#### Did You Know This About Bing Crosby?

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

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

#### In Hollywood This Month

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

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

she will buy in Hollywood.

Sylvia Sidney dismantled her house in Hollywood, packed her belongings carted them to New York, and set up housekeeping there. This, according to her agents, can imply anything you want it to.

Simone Simon came breezily in from France, smiled when queried about the famous French gentleman who is supposed to be the reason for her trips abroad. So far as Hollywood and Hollywood men are concerned she announced her romance situation stands at nil. Whereupon Twentieth Century-Fox publicity assumed an injured expression and got busy.

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

#### Odd Ends

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

William Powell's vacation was reluctantly extended by the studio, we understand, not only because his continued unhappiness took the sparkle from his work, but because he had lost so much weight since Jean Harlow's death. Too much Thin Man is bad for camera angles; Powell is on a strict building-up diet. . . . Famous socialite Mrs. Jock Whitney, who long has been interested in the movies, visited the "Nothing Sacred" set last week and brought along her pet squirrel. Carole Lombard liked the squirrel, persuaded director Eill Wellman to use it in a scene, and got Mrs. Whitney ten dollars in payment. . . .

What Gary Cooper intends to name the child he at present anticipates is a subject of mild curiosity to us, because in earlier days Mr. Cooper made a solemn pact with Bing Crosby: each would call one offspring after his friend. There is already a Gary Crosby. Now then—is it to be Bing Cooper (or Bingsey, should the sex call for compromise) or is Gary going to put euphony above friendship? . . .

Spencer Tracy drove Mickey Rooney's new racing car to a garage the other day and had the cutout taken off the exhaust pipe. Just nerves. . . . Mary Astor and her new Mexican husband have taken a little Colonial house on California's Riviera, but she's been too busy to move in. This, Mary tells us, has been her dream for many years. Don't be surprised if she heads East in the fall for stage work. . . .

From Honolulu, where the Buddy Rogers and the Gene Raymonds honeymooned simultaneously, comes the news that Buddy and Mary Pickford mingled with the beach crowds while Gene and Jeanette MacDonald took their bliss aloof. With a bodyguard in attendance, too. Critical Islanders voted Buddy and frau most popular couple in Hawaii. . . . We're told that Jean Harlow's estate, what with inheritance taxes and all, wasn't so big as Mrs. Bello, her mother, thought it would be. At any rate, they say M-G-M's offer of \$100,000 for Jean's book has been accepted. . . .

TEN MILLION WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG!  
 THEY DEMAND GENUINE KOTEX\*, THE WONDERSOFT NAPKIN

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



**THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!**

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

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

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

**\* WONDERSOFT KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS**  
*made from Ceilucotton (not cotton)*



\*Trade Marks Reg.,  
 U. S. Patent Office



KOTEX\* SANITARY BELTS are designed to wear with Kotex Sanitary Napkins. These narrow-type belts adjust to fit the figure. Dainty, secure clasps prevent slipping. Three types: "De Luxe", "Wonderform", and "Featherweight" . . . priced to suit any purse.



"Darling of  
the regiment"

That's what you'd think to see lovely  
Helen Vinson in this classic Bradley  
sports frock, knit of French worsted.  
The trimming is gay regimental braid  
—three braid shoulder straps at the  
Vionnet neckline, and belt of braid.  
Breast pockets like bow knots.  
Sleeves and skirt in simple silhouette  
lines. I'm buying it in dark red, but  
it comes in other warm fall colors.

Fashioned by **BRADLEY** Delavan  
Wisconsin

## The Love Story Jean Harlow Asked Me to Write

(Continued from page 21)

ing, as he raised his tired eyes to hers. "Yes. It was my wedding dress. I had it made over. I wore it to a party last night and I spilled—"

She remembered why she had spilled the cocktail. Bill. Coming across the crowded room with that silent cat's tread of his, his brown hair disheveled, and his eyes dangerously bright. And how she had sighed with pride and relief, seeing him come. The fat man, urgently beside her, too close, half drunk, didn't matter. She could handle him. But there was Bill—that lift of the heart, that quickening of the senses when he neared her. . .

"Is he bothering you, Linda?"

"After a fashion."

The fat man gurgled in protest and removed his hand from her knee. He said belligerently, "Don't horn in on this date, young feller. Just because you're bigger'n me. I pick me out a swell little number, see . . . and . . ."

But Bill had lifted him by the collar and stood him on his feet. "Run away, fat boy," Bill had said gently. "I admire your taste, but you see, this swell little number's my wife."

And Linda had laughed so hard at the fat man's expression that she had spilled the cocktail.

The telephone rang. She picked it up with a hand grown ice-cold. The operator said, "Mr. Chester is registered at the St. Francis, Mrs. Chester. But his room does not answer. We were told to try the University Club and find he is expected there a little later. We will ring you again."

"Thank you," she said, slowly.

She put down the telephone, turned the pages of the book again . . .

### BELLOWS, ELSIE.

It was through Elsie Bellows that Linda Alcott and Bill Chester had met. In Connecticut. A Christmas house party. Young people, lots of them. Skating and skiing and dancing to the radio in the evenings. And a big young man lounging over the divan where she sat, looking down at her. "I'm Bill Chester," he had said, and his blue eyes had laughed at her. "Remember me?"

She had asked coolly, "How could I? I never saw you before in all my life!"

He'd said, "But you will. You'll see me a lot. All the rest of your life. Do you know you are the prettiest girl I ever laid eyes on?"

Frank Bellows had gone to school with Bill Chester. "He can vouch for me," Bill had added lazily, "in all the things that don't matter. I am comparatively sober, industrious—when necessary, and very willing—when it suits me. I dance well, play better tennis. I like to sleep late mornings, and I like ham and eggs, crêpes suzette, lobster thermidor, and New England boiled dinners. I'm a pushover for asparagus with hollandaise. But I warn you I never eat clams. And loathe champagne. I like Burns and Allen, books about the sea, poetry—if it's by Millay—and biographies of Napoleon. I also like tall girls with blonde hair and dark eyes and a cleft chin. I like the movies, Lombardo's orchestra, and Jack Benny's wisecracks. Now it's your turn."

Elsie Bellows had been her matron of honor less than three months later. She turned the pages again . . .

### CASETTI.

That was the grocer, Joe Casetti. Linda had liked Joe. He had had the blackest eyes in the world, the gentlest voice, and a quick flashing smile. "The

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

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

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

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

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

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

### DEAKIN, SARAH, R.N.

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

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

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

Perhaps being brave had had something to do with what had followed. Perhaps she had tried too hard. A year later things had been somewhat better for Bill, after his uncle had died and left him the legacy. They'd moved. She'd had new clothes. There had been the crazy haircut she'd tried, and the

(Continued on page 84)



*"Watch your step,  
young lady"*

**WOBBLY ANKLES**

are noticed by everyone but you

AUNT AGATHA is not lecturing on decorum. She is giving sound advice on walking grace. So many women unconsciously are guilty of wobbly ankles! Avoid this awkward fault with *Styl-EEZ* shoes. Their clever and exclusive *FLARE-FIT* innersole gently guides your feet... helps make each step trim and true. Their styling is equally flattering. And their price puts no \$ **6<sup>95</sup>** and up strain on your budget.



*Styl-EEZ*  
A SELBY SHOE



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



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

Her household work is never a drudgery. It is a service she gladly renders as a token of affection to her family.

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

Her friends are countless.

"Possessions" did not make her happy. It was when she learned to go "smiling through"! When she first discovered that the ordeals of womanhood need not mean pain, discomfort, weariness.

We know her!

We know her because she is the composite of more than a million women who have written us. Be-

cause for more than 61 years they have been saying, "At last we have found happiness."

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

That it may help bring you even more complete happiness.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts\* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age."

\*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound

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

EVANS, ROBERT, M.D.

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

But there had been no others.

Yes, they'd gone out a lot. "You mustn't brood," her mother had warned worriedly. "You'll make Bill unhappy."

She'd tried not to make Bill unhappy. Parties and people and, a couple of years later, the cabin at the Lake. She'd thought, we'll be alone here, we'll come close together again. But they hadn't been alone; there had always been people, and somehow, she'd welcomed them, as a shield between her and Bill.

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

GREGORY, KATHERINE.

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

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

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

"Linda . . .?"

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

Linda had whispered, "What have I done?"

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

Linda hadn't meant to make that sound of stifled anguish.

"I don't mean to be cruel," Kit had said softly. "Bill loved you once, I know, he's told me so. But after your baby died. . . Can't you see what you did to him—excluding him, sitting grieving . . .?"

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

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

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

"Don't talk like a bad play, darling. Of course he wants it. Now that he's will be more money. You will be taken care of, Linda." She had looked at her, lighted a cigarette, then added, placidly, "You aren't his type. . . I am."

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

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

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

HOWARD, R. G.

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

"But if you have grounds . . .?"

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

KIRK, PETER.

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

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

"I saw old Bill in San Francisco."

She had said nothing . . .

"Linda, what have you done to him, why are you so hard?"

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

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

"Yes; I knew." She'd seen Kit's name here and there, in the gossip columns . . . "It looks as if Kit Gregory, the business-girl wonder, has changed her mind. What happened to Bill Chester whose pretty wife Renovated him not so long ago? It's hands across the tables with Alan Harkness for Kit now." She'd said

"It seems that Kit changed her mind."

Peter had been angry with her. He had said, rising and standing there, in front of her, "I came back here to ask you to marry me and return with me to Hawaii—I've always been in love with you, dammit. But I saw Bill. I didn't expect to—he found my name on the passenger list and looked me up. Why wouldn't you hear his side, Linda?"

"Kit's side was his."

"It wasn't, you benighted little fool. He—oh, he played around with her—who wouldn't? She was gay and provocative, and she flattered him—of course she did. Any man's going to be flattered if a pretty girl like Kit—not that I've ever laid eyes on the woman, but I know her sort—makes it plain that she's fallen for him in a big way. Divorce was never discussed between them. He'd had his little flutter. He was ashamed of it. He didn't feel responsible toward her, Linda. She knew all the answers. But he was ashamed of himself, because of you. She tried to force his hand, that's all, by coming up and telling you what she did. She thought she could go back to him and

(Continued on page 86)

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say, ‘Well, it’s all settled, darling. Linda’ll give you up.’ But, you see, he didn’t want to be given up. He wrote you, he tried to see you. You’d have nothing to do with him. You were all washed up. So he thought he was.”

She’d said, “I didn’t know.”  
“You didn’t try to know. What got into you, Linda? Pride? Hurt? Or—didn’t you care?”

She’d answered, “What difference does it make now?”

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

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

“Oh, so that was it, was it?” He’d looked down at her, angrily, “And you let Kit convince you!”

“She was very convincing.”

“As light as a good omelette,” he’d answered harshly, “and as transparent as cellophane. My good girl, you’ve been an idiot. What did you get out of it?”

She had said, “A divorce. Emptiness And the knowledge that my mother and father are sorry for me.”

“They wouldn’t see him either.”

“No, I begged them not to, Peter.”

“I see. He told me you wouldn’t take his money.”

“I’ve been doing secretarial work for my father, to help a little,” she’d said.

“His secretary married while I was—West. Later I’ll look for a job.”

“If you have any sense,” he’d said, “you’ll look for it at the end of a long-distance telephone call. And you’ll fly to San Francisco—tomorrow. Don’t you know he loves you? And is lonely?”

\* \* \*

It was still tomorrow on the Coast.

The telephone rang. The operator was saying, “We have Mr. Chester for you now, Mrs. Chester. Ready with Mr. William Chester.”

“Hello,” he said, across the miles. “Hello—Linda?”

She was crying so that it would be difficult for him to understand. But he would understand. She knew he would understand. He must.

“Darling,” she said, across the singing wires. “Darling, may I come back to you?”

## Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 12)

### THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

#### ONE MAN’S POISON . . .

I am intensely annoyed with Robert Montgomery for his experiment in horror, “Night Must Fall.” Here we have a first-rate illustration of a good light comedy actor gone wrong. At a period in the world’s history when horror of one sort or another is our daily dish, it seemed so unnecessary for Mr. Montgomery to inflict this spine-chilling opus upon his public.

Furthermore, it is going to be hard to forgive and forget. Bob might take the title of the film to heart, and reflect that he must fall too, inevitably, if he continues to flout his fans in this fashion. My peeve isn’t lessened by the fact that he made a fine job of his rôle of murderer. But the good light comedy field is by no means overcrowded, and when he is such a wow as a “Piccadilly Jim” why in tunket should he try imitations of Peter Lorre? One might as well look for P. G. Wodehouse to turn out a novel on the lines of “The Murders in the Rue Morgue.”

G. BAGNE,  
Vancouver, Canada.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

I’ve just seen Fred MacMurray in “Champagne Waltz” and “Swing High, Swing Low,” and I think it is a shame the way they make him act. In both of these he plays the part of a famous music maker who, when he is disappointed in love, falls in the gutter.

The screen is our only remaining illusion of perfect romance, and certainly Fred MacMurray is a romantic figure. But how can we feel that way about him when he, a big husky fellow, wabbles all over the place on the sturdy arm of his loved one (who looks like a midget beside him), caving in at the slightest obstacle? It is positively sickening. If the screen must have men in clinging-vine rôles, for Romance’s sake don’t put Fred MacMurray in them!

CLARICE URSITTI,  
Detroit, Mich.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### NEW DEALS IN OLD FILMS

With reference to the prize-winning letter published in the August PHOTOPLAY, I have a few complaints to make. In the letter, the author said that constant rehashes of old movies were literally “a pain in the neck” to her.

I, as a representative of the new generation, like to see the old rehashes because I have not had the opportunity to see them when they were filmed before. When “The Last of Mrs. Cheney,” “Seventh Heaven” and “Personal Property” were filmed I and others of my age were too young to see them.

And another thing, it is nice, even if you have seen and remembered the old films to see the many changes in styles, modes of living, speech, music, in people and even in the film itself. Take Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and some of the other “old-timers.” You would hardly recognize them by their pictures taken seven or eight years ago. It sort of gives a person pleasure to see how we improve in everything as time marches on. So, Hurrah for Rehashes!

HELEN VEIT,  
Columbus, O.

LILLIAN KUBOTA,  
Metaline Falls, Wash.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### FREDDIE IS GREAT BUT . . .

I'll grant you that Freddie Bartholomew is a very brilliant little actor, but I don't think he's so brilliant that a studio is warranted in subordinating Mickey Rooney to him. And that's just what happened in "Captains Courageous." There was Freddie with all the choice lines, and there was Mickey holding the sack. Sure Freddie is a star; but so is Mickey. They didn't give that tough little guy half a chance. They were afraid he would steal the picture.

Frankly, I'd rather have had someone else in Mickey's rôle than to see such a stellar little performer humbled so unfairly. Freddie Bartholomew may be great, but not so great that he can snub Mickey Rooney.

THELMA LOUISE SMITH,  
Memphis, Tenn.

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

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### CAPTAIN SPENCER TRACY COURAGEOUS

A man of strength and courage, a man of purpose and determination, a man of talent and ability . . . that's Spencer Tracy. Picture after picture he has turned out, all masterpieces of performance, and now comes recognition. To those of us who were aware of this wrinkle-browed young fellow's great gifts, this at long last recognition comes as a distinct and almost personal pleasure. Spencer Tracy has come into his own.

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

J. TIMOTHY PAPPAS,  
Memphis, Tenn.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### WHERE IS MY WANDERING GABLE?

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

HELEN T. MOORE,  
Asheville, N. C.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### A SURPRISE PACKAGE—HE PACKS A VALLOP

Step aside Messrs. Taylor, Gable, Power, Flynn et al.—a new star is born! We've just seen "Kid Galahad" and haven't topped raving over Wayne Morris.

Holding your own with such troupers as Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart is no easy task, but Wayne did it, and came close to stealing the picture besides. Although he's not exactly handsome (that is, not in the Robert Taylor way), he possesses the same boyish appeal that once was the personal property of Wallace Reid. Take a bow, Warner Brothers, for bringing us this sensational new star, and please don't make us wait too long for his next picture.

HILDA CHERKOFF,  
South Fallsburg, N. Y.

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

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### KISSLESS CONTROVERSY —

Take Sides Please!

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

GWENDOLYN NELSON,  
Shreveport, La.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

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

BEVERLY CAMPBELL,  
Montclair, N. J.

## \$1.00 PRIZE

### COMEDY IS ON THE SKIDS

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

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

JOSEPH P. ANDRIOLA,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

# Lady in danger..

## OF LOSING HER MAN!



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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED  
**CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

(Continued from page 30)

Sonnie Hale, who once costarred with her in big-time musical comedy and is now her director. Immediately, then, her conversation ignored the pronoun "I," in favor of "we." And immediately I began to understand why Jessie Matthews, to whom Hollywood has beckoned, has remained so gaily, indifferently aloof. The thing is very simple. She likes it where she is.

Still, I asked her: "Why haven't you come to see us? I know there have been offers . . ."

"Yes, there have been offers—of long-term contracts, too," she said. "But—well, why should I? I have everything I want here. I have friends. The British people seem to like me. Sonnie and I make enough money to live as we like. To go to America for any length of time would mean to disrupt my home, disrupt my life. True, I may go to Hollywood to make one picture, perhaps before this year is over. I think I should like that. But to stay for any length of time—" She broke off and smiled at homely, engaging Sonnie Hale. "We know how preposterous such an idea is," that smile said.

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

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

JESSIE, one of eleven children, was born on Berwick street in Soho, which is one of London's poorer districts. She herself told me the address, so I got into a taxi one morning and rode over there to see it for myself.

The house in which she once lived has now been torn down, but Berwick street is the same as always, a tiny market place a block or two long, dark and dingy and crowded with stalls of fruit, vegetables, fish and meat. The displays are meager. The venders plead shrilly with you to buy their wares. Cats and dogs scamper disconcertingly underfoot. Children, hundreds of them it seems, throng the place, noisy at their games.

Jessie was one of those children—a little undernourished, shabbily dressed waif with enormous eyes, a milk-white skin and twinkling feet that could never stay still when an organ-grinder came around.

It was like her to give me the exact address of her old home. I don't suppose it ever occurred to her to conceal her beginnings. Her father was a fruit vender—and still is. Her brother George has a fruit stand in Berwick street, too. She and Sonnie go back there every once in a while and when they do, it is always: "ello, Jess, how's th' girl?" And: "'owdy, Jess, ol' thing." Yes, they're friends still, Jessie Matthews, the great screen star, and the inhabitants of Berwick (you call it "Berrick") street.

It was a sister, Rosie, who, Jessie will tell you, was really responsible for her

success. Rosie made her learn to "recite" as well as dance, "so you can be getting behind the footlights, one day." Rosie was a hard taskmistress. She never gave up her coaching and her prodding, even when, at times, Jessie by her own admission seemed hopeless.

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

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

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

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

"In fact, my dreams of the fine time I should have in America began to fade the day we docked. All of the others had someone to meet them, and in the excitement everyone forgot about me. They went away amid exclamations and gay plans, leaving me at the customs. Lonely and panic-stricken, I sat on my funny-looking trunk crying heart-brokenly for two hours. Finally, a uniformed man (I know now he was a New York policeman) called a taxi and sent me to the Martha Washington Hotel where, still weeping, I went to bed in my cotton flannel nightgown clutching my bonzo bear for dear life, terrified at being fourteen stories up in the air."

JESSIE was a success in New York, though. She was singled out from the chorus to be Gertrude Lawrence's understudy and later, when Miss Lawrence was taken ill, she became star of the show.

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

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

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

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



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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The show went even worse on the road. In Detroit the audiences threw pennies at us as though we were music hall entertainers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In this gracious atmosphere, Jessie Matthews makes her pictures. Even on the set everything seems strangely tranquil. The workmen don't rush around coatless, perspiring, as they do between scenes in Hollywood. No one shouts. No one gets excited. Nor does Jessie remain aloof from the rest, ensconced in a chair labeled "Miss Matthews." She sits around just anywhere, knitting. She always knits she told me. While I was there she was at work on a pink sweater for her adopted baby daughter. When they are ready to shoot, Sonnie simply says: "Come along, darling," and they make the scene, usually with no more than two or three rehearsals.

She and Sonnie live most of the time in Hampton, not far from the historic palace, Hampton Court. But it is a certain cottage of theirs in Cornwall—a little hidden place to which they steal away whenever they can—that gives, I think, the true index to their philosophy of living.

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

Can you imagine Joan Crawford,

Carole Lombard, Kay Francis spending weeks at a time amid such primitive conditions? Yet Jessie Matthews loves it.

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

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

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

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

She stopped and smiled apologetically. "Perhaps all this sounds pretty primitive to you, but we love it," she finished.

Even their establishment at Hampton is small and unpretentious—a picturesque old English house (staffed by a housekeeper and a nurse for the baby) and a small garden which Jessie and Sonnie tend themselves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



"THAT girl has something."

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

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

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

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

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

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# MUM



**ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS** is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

**takes the odor out of perspiration**

# Molly, Bless Her

(Continued from page 67)

"I saw you in 'Higher Than High,' and you were simply wonderful!" said the girl, rapturously.

"Thanks, dear."

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

"Never believe anything you hear, child, and only half of what you see," Molly answered, evasively.

Then, as she turned to go, she faced John Graham!

"How do you do, Miss Drexel," he said, in some embarrassment. "I wouldn't have known you if I hadn't heard that young lady call your name."

"Oh, Mr. Graham!" Molly felt as if a sudden fever had swept her body and had settled in a pool of fire on her face and throat. "Oh, Mr. Graham!" she repeated, unable to think of anything else to say.

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

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

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

"That's simply swell." Her voice had grown husky with emotion which she bravely tried to hide. "Tell him that Daisy's grown, too. She's magnificent now. Maybe Peabody could take her down to see Jimmy some Sunday. She—even Daisy's an actress now, Mr. Graham. She acts in our play."

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

"Couldn't we have tea together?"

She was startled when he asked this, and was furious with herself because she giggled like a schoolgirl. "I'd like to, Mr. Graham, but your former parlor maid, Julia, is giving a ritzy tea here this afternoon, and I'll have to be on exhibition," she explained, with twinkling eyes.

"Hmm!" Graham wanted to linger. "You—I understand—I'm glad that you've had a great success," he began, falteringly.

"By the way, Mr. Graham," Molly cut in, desperately, "I've got another awful confession to make to you. Our play—well—we based it on our experiences in your home. I'm terribly sorry, but it's done and—" She hesitated, choked by her embarrassment. Finally she managed to say, "Please don't go to see it! Please don't!"

"But why?"

"Because—oh, just because," she floundered. "It wasn't fair of us to do it, and I'm afraid, oh, you'd be terribly angry with us if you saw the way we pictured you—not a bit like you, really, and I'd hate to have you angry with me again." Afraid that she had said too much, Molly was eager to escape. "Pardon me if I run along now. I'm rather late, and Julia is such a stickler for everybody being on time."

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

"Oh, Mr. Graham!"

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

Though he smiled, Molly was conscious that his pride still was hurt. A little ashamed, she held out her hand to him. "You'll never now how sorry I am," she said, humbly. "It was nice of you even to speak to me again." Her eyes unexpectedly filled with tears and she hurried away, quite unconscious that she had not said the conventional good-bye to him. Had she turned around, she would have seen him staring after her. As if suddenly propelled by a desire to recall her, he hastened toward

James Gleason,  
Walter Winchell  
and Josephine  
Hutchinson the  
night they aired  
"Front Page" for  
Cecil B. de Mille



the elevator. Before he reached it, the elevator door telescoped noisily and she was gone.

THOUGH Molly, for days, tried to put all thought of John Graham out of her mind, she could not forget their brief and disturbing meeting in the lobby of the Plaza. Often she relived the entire scene, piecing it together as if it were a picture puzzle. She tried to recall every detail, but she could remember only fragmentary bits of their conversation. He had asked her to tea. He had seen the play. She had spoken about Jimmy. But she was not certain whether she had given him the impression that she was pleased to see him again or that she hoped, after his kind invitation to tea, to have him ask her again at some future date. That, she decided, was where she had made her mistake—running off like an idiot without even saying good-bye to him! At night, this unhappy thought churned in her mind, but she confided it only to Lily and Ronnie Burgess.

Several evenings later Julia rushed breathlessly into Molly's dressing room. "Mr. Graham's out in front! What on earth do you suppose he will do? He's right in the third row on the aisle! I just discovered him when I was looking through the peephole. But he doesn't look as if he were angry. Oh, heavens, Molly, do something! Say something!" Molly smiled wisely and talked unflurriedly, though her heart was beating unusually fast. "I know he's there, Julia. At the end of the first act he sent me a note asking if he could come backstage."

"Oh, ye gods, Molly, how perfectly thrilling! Did he mention me in the note?"

"Not particularly. He said he'd like to see all of us." Her face glowed happily. "Jimmy's with him, too."

When the last curtain had fallen and Graham and Jimmy made their way to-

ward the stage entrance, Graham was hoping that Molly would meet them at the stage door. He was disappointed and slightly embarrassed when Julia swept toward them with both hands outstretched, as proud of her appearance as a peacock of its tail. "Oh, you dear Mr. Graham!" she said cloyingly, "tell me that we're forgiven or I'll be the most unhappy woman in New York."

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

"You lamb!" she cried. "And here you had me worried to death!"

"I'm sorry," he muttered, unconsciously disentangling his arm from her

clutching grasp. "Where is—where are all the others?"

"Yes, where's Mrs. Bunch?" Jimmy asked eagerly.

Julia wheeled around and stared at Jimmy as if she scarcely recognized him. "Why, if here isn't your little boy!" she exclaimed with well-simulated joy. "I'd forgotten all about you. Goodness! how you've grown! Or have you grown, my dear?"

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

"Jimmy!" Burgess cried, clasping the boy's hand warmly. "Hey, Daisy! Look who's here!"

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

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

Before Burgess could marshal his thoughts, Julia pounced upon Graham again. "I'd love to stay and have a nice little visit with you," she said as she gave him a playful pat, "but Lady Carlisle is giving me a party tonight. Are you living in New York now or out in the sticks?"

"In New York."

"How charming! Have you taken a house?"

"No, we're at the Park Lane."

"Ah, the Park Lane! I'm at the Plaza, Mr. Graham. Do drop in any afternoon for a cup of tea and a nice little English biscuit."

Graham's face brightened when he saw Molly's name on the dressing room door. "Come, Jimmy!" he called. "Here's Mrs.—Miss Drexel!"

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

"Jimmy!" Molly cried, her gaze riveted on the boy's flushed, happy face. "Why, you look simply wonderful! You—you're almost a head taller!" Then, embarrassed because she had overlooked Graham, she held out her hand to him. "Forgive me, I was so excited seeing Jimmy. My, but that trip abroad helped him a lot. He's sort of filled out, hasn't he?"

"I'm on the football team at school," Jimmy said proudly. "And say, when I told the boys I knew you personally, my stock sure went up."

"That's good, Jimmy," she said, rather lamely. She struggled to keep the tears out of her eyes. "Have you seen Daisy?" she asked, keeping her face slightly averted from Graham.

"Have I! And I nearly died laughing at her on the stage. I hope you don't mind, Mrs.—Miss Drexel, but I couldn't resist telling them at school, that in a way, Daisy once belonged to me."

"Why, she's still yours, Jimmy!" Molly explained, eagerly. "We've only borrowed her from you. And whenever you want her, we'll send her right over."

Jimmy hastened to protest. "Oh, no, I'd never think of taking her away from you. Besides she's a swell actress and it gives me an awfully important feeling to have a member of my family, so to speak, on the stage. I'd like to have a picture of her, though, if you don't mind."

"You shall have a large crayon portrait in a gilt frame!" Molly laughed. "Daisy's a camera hound. She loves to pose for a photographer. She's as vain as any actress. Wait till you see her walking through Central Park on Sunday! She refuses to go out unless she has on her best brass-studded harness and she's positively snooty to all the other dogs she meets."

MOLLY heard herself rattling on, saying none of the things she really wanted to say. However, when Jimmy left the dressing room to see Daisy again, she faced Graham soberly and began a faltering apology. "About the third act, Mr. Graham, I should have spoken about it the other afternoon, but I didn't have the courage. Heavens! I don't know what you think, but it came about merely because Ronnie didn't have a satisfactory ending for his play. He thought, considering that it wasn't a problem play, it should have rather a sentimental climax—"

"Yes, I must admit it's sentimental," Graham interrupted, smiling. "but what I can't understand is how that nice jolly woman in Burgess' play could ever fall in love with that old grouch, as Burgess portrayed him. Or me," he added, with a twinkle suddenly appearing in his grave eyes. "It was unmistakably meant to be me."

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly. "But, you see, Mr. Graham, we often exaggerate a little on the stage, especially in comedies. Now, really, you weren't as severe or unsociable as we made you out, but just for the fun of it—"

"Please don't apologize," he interrupted again. "Some day, when we have more time, I'd like to explain more fully what I feel about the play—even the sentimental third act where the old grouch proposes to his housekeeper. But tonight I was wondering if the whole company wouldn't enjoy a little supper with Jimmy and me. It would mean quite a lot—to both of us."

That evening, after Lily and Molly returned to their apartment, Lily con-

ded that she had grievously mis- judged John Graham. Molly was right about him—he could be charming when e wanted to be and he had quite a sense of humor. During their supper at the Savoy he had revealed himself as man whom she felt she could instinctively trust. Molly made no response to all this, but her pretended indifference did not deceive Lily, and when she usually mentioned that she was going for a drive with Graham the following unday afternoon, Lily laughed in her eeve.

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

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

"Maybe she's decided to be a blonde and wants your advice about it. Why do you go trotting down there? You now you wanted to rest before you went out with Mr. Graham this afternoon so you could look your best."

"Partly because she made it sound as if it were a matter of life and death, and partly out of curiosity."

When Molly arrived, Julia excitedly exhibited an enormous box of flowers that she had just received from John Graham. At first Molly stared at it, refusing to believe that he had sent them until she saw his card. A prickling sensation traveled over her, and

after its sharpness had slowly disappeared she was aware of a curious numbness.

"Well, Julia, that's very nice," she said in a dull voice.

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

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

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

"Known what?"

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

"How come?"

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

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

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

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

Julia nodded wisely.

"Well, I guess I'll be toddling along," Molly rose heavily. "I've got several things to do before I go out this afternoon."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is that so?"

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

Graham coughed slightly. "Yesterday, she sent me eight tickets to your show for next Sunday night. She said she thought I might like to invite a party of my friends and we'd all meet in back of the stage afterwards. Of course I know she meant that as a polite gesture, but I must admit that I was most embarrassed. At first I was at a loss to know what to do. I couldn't send the tickets back very well and I didn't know whom on earth to give them to." He paused and turned a troubled face toward Molly. "I did want to call you and ask your advice, but I hated to bother you. So, at last, I decided to send her a box of flowers with a note of appreciation, and if you can only help me think of some way of getting those tickets back to her without hurting her feelings—"

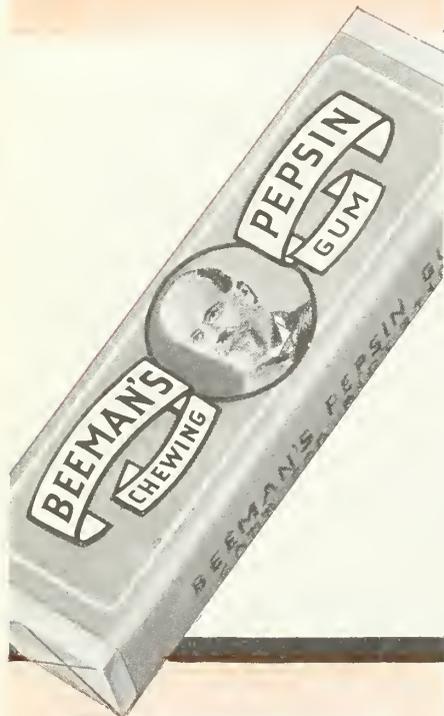
# Taste... as keen when the day is done

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**Beeman's**  
AIDS DIGESTION...

John Graham was startled when Molly burst into joyous laughter.

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

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

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

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

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

Thinking about Julia, Molly sighed. Julia would find little happiness because she looked too far afield for it. Already she was weaving a web for her own undoing. She was turning away from her old friends and was seeking new acquaintances who, she hoped, would advance her socially. Molly comforted herself with the thought that her arms always would be open to welcome Julia when life failed her again.

She was glad that Musette and Pea-

body were conservative in their tastes and that each was saving a little nest egg to defeat old age. When the time came for their retirement from the stage, at least they could go home to her little farm in Connecticut and find peace waiting for them.

Life was incredibly wonderful to Molly. Though John Graham had not asked her to be his wife, Molly felt his need of her, and she hoped that, when the time was right, he would realize it, too. Though they had lived in worlds apart and though he was a man with a cultured mind and she had learned only from the book of life itself, their ideals were on the same plane and their interests largely in common. She realized how easily she could learn, through his kindly tutelage, to appreciate the things he loved in art and literature. Now that fame was hers again, it seemed so much less important than the protection and peace that would come with a happy marriage. The fear of growing old alone always hung like a shadow over her.

The thought of Freddy Markham came to Molly's mind. She no longer clung sadly to her memory of him, and deep in her heart she knew that she had freed him at last. Freed not only Freddy, but herself! No one, not even John Graham, could ever steal from her the memories of the past, but they had become painless as a beautiful melody that lingers in one's mind long after the song itself is forgotten.

MOLLY and John Graham, on the veranda of the Mayfair Yacht Club, gazed at the wavering silver path the moon threw across the dark waters of the Sound. A long-desired peace lay upon them. They leaned back against the soft cushions in the deeper wicker chairs and listened to the lapping of waves and the dolorous mooring of the small boats that drifted among the mir-

rored stars. Though neither spoke, they felt as if they were conversing freely with each other about the thing that lay closest to their hearts, the truth that neither had had the courage to voice; that during these months of their companionship they had found in each other the remedy for their loneliness.

Graham had wanted to be fair to Molly. She had had such a struggle, and to find success again must be a sweet reward for her patience and courage. Then she seemed such an integral part of the theater and so beloved by her audiences. "Would she be content with the appreciation of one after the plaudits of many?" he asked himself often.

Somehow, Molly had drained him of all bitterness that he had felt against his first wife. She painted such a sweet and pathetic picture of Jimmy's young mother that John Graham was aware of his own selfishness. How delighted Jimmy had been when his father told him of his increasing fondness for Molly! The boy had flung his arms around his father's shoulders. "Bless her, Dad!" he said quietly. Into that one phrase had gone his earnest prayer for his father's happiness.

The moon rose higher over the waters of the Sound, and the happy laughter on the passing boats rippled into silence. Through the door of the clubhouse drifted lilting strains of music that filtered romantically through Graham's thoughts. Gratitude welled in his heart as he laid his hand on Molly's. Somehow, he knew that she understood.

"Molly," he said, suddenly, clasping her hand as if to reassure himself of her nearness, "you will marry me, won't you?"

"Yes, dear." Though Molly's face was transfigured with joy, a lump swelled in her throat. "Lend me your hankie, John. I can't feel really happy until I've had a darn good cry!"

## Hollywood Morals, If Any

(Continued from page 31)

Today the moral code is strict to the last detail.

The upshot of it was that everybody agreed that if the papers must have leg art, let them have it, but you can't pose the pictures so any of the inside of the lady's thigh shows on the plate. If I may hazard a comment, that is like splitting a leg between Nor' and Nor'-East. But maybe I'm wrong. Maybe that's morals.

The ex-convict trying to go straight had nothing on Hollywood. In both cases, their reputations were against them. And the silly part of it is that Hollywood had never been so terribly bad. In every town there are a few bad eggs, but why damn the whole place for that? The major difference between Hollywood and any place else turned out to be that in Hollywood the mildest misdemeanor, which would be forgotten any place else, was instantly magnified and publicized into a tremendous scandal.

Since I've been here, for example, there have been half a dozen incidents of a more or less unsavory nature, incidents, however, that can and do happen in every other town in the world almost daily. The real difficulty is that a sensational press broadcasts the marital difficulties, say, of an actor and actress throughout the world, not because the difficulties are interesting in themselves to anyone other than the people involved, but because the victims are, in a sense, popular.

Men without number have been sued, rightly or wrongly, for alleged misdemeanors involving ladies in their pasts. No one pays any attention to it. But let that man be a member of the theatrical profession and the same indiscretion, true or false, makes international news.

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

HOLLYWOOD has been forced, therefore, to adopt a new and passing strange sort of moral code. Of course, being Hollywood, they built the moral code like a studio set—all front and rather undressed-looking behind.

I remember when I first came out here, I wanted to take a woman friend of mine out dancing one night. I asked a pal where to go and he began naming a lot of little hideaways. I told him that I was fresh from Ireland and had heard about the wild life in Southern

California and was fairly champing at the bit to get at it. Gravely he shook his head. "You've got a lot to learn, my boy. If you go out to one of the big spots you'll get your name linked with hers and—well, don't you see?"

I didn't. I still don't. As near as I can get it, everything is all right in Hollywood providing no gossip columnist sees you and if you're sure Hymie Fink won't pop out at you from behind a bush with his trusty Leica. The cardinal sin of Hollywood is to be caught.

They even have it in all the standard form contracts—a long paragraph about moral turpitude. It's not that anything is ever done here that isn't done in your own home town, but in a normal community if you step out of line a little bit when the family isn't looking, you're not apt to trip over five photographers and seven reporters who will then run like mad to the nearest newspaper yelling, "Looky, looky, looky what I saw!"

Along with the morals came a code of everyday actions that would make the compiled Mosaic Laws look like child's play. Emily Post, for example, wrote with considerable authority that when that awful moment occurs and divorced husband meets divorced wife they should positively not start throwing hors d'oeuvres at each other, but should bow formally, like complete strangers, and move on surrounded in a cloud of dignity.

Try that in Hollywood! The silence

of the grave would fall upon every party in town and people would have to start learning to wigwag at each other. The rule out here is to greet each other with a wild show of laughing enthusiasm and slap the "ex-" on the back, after having first made sure that there is no knife in the hand. In other words, "We're the best of friends but, for the sake of our careers, we just had to separate." It's just as well that they did formulate that idea because, otherwise, Hollywood hostesses would have to start giving their dinner parties in relays.

Another thing that is considered very bad form is to make dates with your producer's wife. This is important, but like all generalities, it has its exceptions. If the lady in question is winsome and has shown a predisposition in your favor, and—if the producer in question is out of town, or is dating your own wife on the side—then the rule may be discreetly suspended. On the other hand, if the said producer is known to be jealous and is well entrenched in his job, it is considered the worst taste imaginable to dally around his swimming pool in his absence. Still again, if the gentleman's wife is not lovely, winsome, and so forth—well, what's the use? After all, a code is a code so you might as well follow it sometimes . . .

HAVE noticed that people all over the world have a tendency to cock an eyebrow or two at Hollywood when the subject of matrimony is mentioned. Suppose, for sake of argument, that there is a difference in that grand old custom when it is applied to the life of this unusual community; very well—why shouldn't there be? Acting is a peculiarly difficult manner of earning a living if you are lucky enough to be within the first five hundred of the profession. It places demands on marriage that sometimes cannot be withstood and divorce follows. Immediately there are protests from utter strangers, squawking about the awful example being set to the nation. These Paul Prys don't seem to realize that in most cases, if they closed the divorce courts, they would lower the marriage rates in Hollywood appallingly. Hardly a moral goal, that! The alternative in a professional marriage would mean that one or the other would have to give up a career—which is neither fair to the individual nor to the profession they serve.

Players, of necessity, are a more than average self-centered group of people. They have to be, for they draw upon their own confidence and ability to spend long periods in profound self-

analysis in order to articulate later upon the screen the emotions and authentic actions required of them. While they are working they cannot spend the time upon domestic management that is sometimes necessary.

On top of that, many a leading lady has met and fallen in love with an actor, only to find, after marriage, that what she had fondly hoped was love turned out to be nothing more than having been as stage-struck as any amateur fan waiting in the theater alley for an autograph. Don't think that professionals are not so susceptible to their comrades' charm and acts as the public in general. We are, but we also have more opportunity to be subsequently disillusioned.

There are, of course, many contributing factors, such as that terribly obvious and much discussed status when the wife is knocking over three times as large a weekly stipend as the husband. That used to be a far greater hazard in Hollywood than it is now. I, personally, know of several very happy families out here where both people work, and the husband, professionally, is paid in a scale far below his wife's. The girls themselves seem to realize the psychological jeopardy this condition imposes upon their private lives and, consequently, make ample allowance for the matters of petty but important pride in the bosoms of their men, both in courtship and in marriage. Still, it's a hazard.

In many communities a man wouldn't live long if he made love to the wives and sweethearts of four other men in one day. He couldn't live any longer here if it weren't for the fact that professional love-making for the screen isn't much different than boxing or anything else. Half the men I know sweep Sadie Glutz, the big European svelte-and-sex girl from Prague, into their arms before the camera and start thinking about their wives. In other words, they give nothing that means anything from the depths of their own private hearts. Most players' wives and husbands realize that, and nothing much is thought about adolescent jealousies.

Any time that you hear that Hollywood is immoral and a den of iniquity just tell your informant for me that he doesn't know what he is talking about. One thing he should always remember. Glamour is its own best protection. You really can't lose your head over a girl when somebody is always standing by on the side lines telling you not to rumple her hairdress and lipstick, and, for heaven's sake, not to throw a shadow on her nose, no matter how passionately you kiss her.

## Tears From His Heart and His Head

(Continued from page 23)

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

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

He has often wished, he told me, sliding out of his chair to stretch full-length on the floor, a serious chin cupped in his hand, he has often wished especially that he'd taken a picture of William who, it seems, was quite a par-

ticular sort of frog, and who, along with Horace, was never seen again.

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

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

On a dim unused set, the dusty steps of an Emperor's throne, a small apprehensive actor and Cissy talked long and seriously. Then, everything else failing, Cissy suggested imagining that she had died.

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

But already the tears were there. "By buckets full, weren't they, my Love?" Freddie laughed, looking roguishly up at Cissy as he recounted the tale. And thus was accomplished his first crying scene, a record in celluloid which, then and there, started a small boy named Bartholomew well on his way "to town."

HIS second crying scene came next day; the scene of *Copperfield's* beating by *Murdstone*.

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

For it seems that, though our small actor was well padded, the pad slipped, and the inspiration Freddie had for what did indeed photograph as decidedly realistic distress, remained as black-and-blue ribbons across his back for a week!

"But you should have told us instantly," said Director Cukor, much upset.

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

But Freddie's stoic acceptance of the mistake was quite different from the attitude of Mr. Basil Rathbone *Murdstone*, who had to stop work for the day. (And who arrived at the studio next morning with the finest toy motorboat to be had in Hollywood.)

It was *Copperfield's* third crying scene, however, which taught Freddie the principle which he has made fundamental for all tears from then until now.

A starved, ragged *David* was to arrive, in tears, at the home of *Betsy Trotwood*. Shortly after, two travelers astride donkeys were to appear.

But the starved, ragged *Copperfield* made the grave mistake of preceding his work before the camera by a morning's play with the donkeys, creating so gay a mood that subsequent crying was all but impossible!

"Since that time," he told me sagely, "when I am to cry, Cissy and I, first of all, stay by ourselves and think only of quiet things.

"Other people's being quiet, too, is very helpful," he added. "It never has happened to me that the others on the set have been laughing and talking, but I can imagine it would be very hard to do good crying then."

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

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

No thought had Freddie that it was

his own genius which moved the on-lookers to tears. Indeed, one of the unbelievable things about him is his complete unawareness of any importance attached to himself. He is probably more genuinely unconscious than any child in the world, of the success of Freddie Bartholomew.

THOUGH Freddie's weekly salary has long been written in four figures, he recently authored, for \$75, his own story of his "past." The arrival of that check provided the greatest thrill of all his thirteen years.

"Just think," he exclaimed, when indeed \$75 had come, "the first money I ever earned!"

With \$35 he bought Cissy a chair. With \$22 he bought her a table light. With \$10 he bought her a flower pot. He banked \$3 for his "school fund," and spent the remaining \$5 at stands along the beach where you throw baseballs for prizes.

"No, I don't especially mind crying scenes," he went on, answering my question about it, "although we always have a headache afterwards, don't we, Cissy?" and he flashed her a very personal smile. "And now that I think of it," he considered, "I realize I always feel nervous before, and maybe that's partly how I can do it. When I am thinking over and over that presently I will have to do a very good scene of feeling pretty terrible about something, maybe just knowing I have to do it, puts my mind into a sort of desperation that makes it very easy, pretty soon, to cry."

"What helps most of all," he conceded, "is when the script is so that I don't have to do exact lines. You can see how much easier it would be," he suggested, "just to cry and say lines that come to you."

The big scene in "*Captains Courageous*" was like that, he explained.

Spencer Tracy, as *Manuel*, was already in the water when Freddie came before the camera. In the dressing room, he and Cissy had been talking over this most important scene he had ever had to do: the biggest moment in a picture for which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had gambled a million and a half dollars on the acting ability of a boy of thirteen!

Cissy had impressed on his mind the really great importance of these next few moments before the camera; this to justify herself in both his eyes and her own for what she was about to do in bringing forth the one suggestion she knew would not fail; the suggestion that, as he looked down into that swirling water, he was to imagine that hers was the face he saw there.

There were no lines to be remembered. Freddie went into the scene and, in a terror of convulsive tears, "wrote" his own words. Afterwards, the assistant director came to the dressing room,

to say with regret, that an important detail had been overlooked; Freddie was to have turned back to plead with the Captain. The scene would have to be done again.

"Please tell Mr. Fleming I'm very sorry," Freddie said, "but I could *never* do that scene again!"

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

OF course, it worries me to put such terrifying thoughts into his mind," Cissy told me, when we were alone. "It seems very cruel. But we both understand that what we do to accomplish a scene, is only what we *must* do, since Freddie has chosen this profession."

And thirteen years old, after all, is but thirteen years old and a very few minutes after that piece of acting which, by the magic of sound photography, will never be lost, Freddie, still in oilskins and sea boots, was racing down the block-long sound stage shouting for everybody to look out, as he made his initial run on a flashing new blue motor bike—the reward for the tears of a gentleman.

I wondered what Freddie's mental reactions are when he sees his tears bring a copious response from an audience. As, for instance when, at the preview of "*Captains Courageous*," he heard on all sides uncontrollable sobs, as a sea of white handkerchiefs mopped a sea of overflowing eyes.

"Well, of course," he said brightly, "I think that's all very nice, because then I know I've done what's expected of me."

I had but one more question to ask. Did other actors in emotional screen situations ever bring to *his* eyes sympathetic tears?

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

But Cissy reminded him of a scene in which an actor of whom he is personally very fond was sentenced to die in the electric chair.

"You *did* cry *then*," she said.

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

He snapped the picture, one eye solemnly squinted.

"Are you *sure* of that, my Love?" said he, returning the camera to its case.

"Well, of course I suppose you *are*," he said, stuffing both hands deep down in his pockets, "or you wouldn't have said it, but" . . . remarked this actor whose tears have traveled over five continents to earn for him a wide world of fame . . . "but I must say I'm a good deal surprised at myself for crying right out in public where people could see me!"

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

## The Woman Who Will Play Molly

(Continued from page 67)

"When do you start?"

"In a week."

"In a week you'll know it upside down."

Every day these two went to the café together. Sophie was director, master of ceremonies and audience. Tirelessly she drilled Marie in the technique she herself had learned through the years. Nervousness vanished, confidence returned, and on opening night Marie did her turn like a veteran floor performer. Their paths never crossed again.

Now Sophie is approaching what she

considers the peak of a career crowded with peaks, because she is to do a story inspired by Marie Dressler's life.

SOPHIE TUCKER'S own spirit is nothing to be sneezed at. Out of hopeless poverty, out of a spot where a lesser woman might have whined, "I never had a chance," she arose by her own unaided efforts.

Second of a family of four, Sophie was born while her parents were en route from Russia to the ship which was to take them to America. Her

earliest memories are of the little rooming house they ran in Hartford, and the cheap restaurant below, where they served twenty-five-cent meals.

She came home from school and worked. She served, she washed dishes, she scrubbed floors. . . .

One thing she enjoyed—using her voice. She also had an instinct to please. The little restaurant was near the theater, and actors would drop in for a bite. Sophie would throw in a song free with the soup, and when they laughed it made her feel good.

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There was a boy living next door who asked her to marry him. She was fifteen. She still doesn't know what made her do it, except that her childish mind held a hazy notion that through romance you escaped from misery into happiness. The boy made ten dollars a week. She escaped from nothing, not even from her mother's kitchen. Soon, despite her marriage, everything was as before.

Till the baby came. The baby's birth mystallized all her rebellion. One day she left her baby at her mother's home. With him, she left a letter where her mother would find it when she went to bed. "Don't look for me," she had written. "If you leave me alone, I'll take you away from the love."

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

By prowling around she discovered that there were cafés in the Forties, where girls sang for a living. She picked at the most likely one, went in and asked for a job. "Let's hear you sing," and after she'd sung, "G'wan home, kid."

She tried other spots, with the same result. But she kept going back to her original choice, haunting the place until they threatened to throw her out. One day the boss saw her. "Who's the kid?"

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

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

A week later she was stuffing into an envelope, with fingers that shook, a five-dollar bill and a scrawled note: "I have a job. I will send money every week for you and the baby."

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

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

She takes no applauding pats for the burden she shouldered. "It's what anybody who could, would do for his own. Besides, who was getting the biggest kick out of it? Little Sophie."

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

TEN years ago Sophie took part in a picture called "Honkytonk," over which she feels a veil had best be drawn. She takes no bones about the fact that she eyed the movie industry with longing.

"Of course I wanted to become a part of it. Why not? It's only the greatest industry in the world, that's all. Whatever success I gained in other fields—and I've been grateful, mind you, always will be—ever since this movie business started, I've hoped, dreamed, lain awake nights scheming how to get into it."

She came to Hollywood to sing at the crocadero. All the big shots turned out for her. She sang "Jealousy," she sang "Life Begins at Forty," she sang "Why Do They Call It Gay Paree?" It was the first time these people had heard her in a floor show. They thought she was swell.

On her way to the dressing room, a man stopped her. "A woman who can make people laugh and cry the way you do," he told her, "must have something for the screen."

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

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

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

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

He backed his faith. Next day came a wire from her agent in Hollywood. Sam Katz was casting "Broadway Melody of 1938." There was the part of a rough-edged diamond who ran a theatrical boardinghouse. They wanted Sophie Tucker to play it.

It's a part she can play convincingly. She's probably listened to more hard-luck tales than any other member of a profession famous for hard-luck tales. Sit with her for an hour, and the phone will ring six times. Five calls out of the six will be bids for help. A boy is trying to build up a trade in paper napkins and doilies. She promises a list of addresses, and makes a note of the promise on her pad. Will she sing at a hospital benefit? She will. Another boy has a voice. She's taken the trouble to hear him and thinks he's good. "So-and-so's coming to dinner Friday," she tells him. "Drop in—like an accident, you know?—and I'll see that he hears you sing." On her desk lies a letter from an old rabbi in Hartford, with whom her mother used to work hand-in-hand. He's sent her a bunch of raffle tickets to sell for the benefit of an old people's home. She'll get rid of them all.

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

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

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

Until then, Metro gives you Sophie Tucker, bless her!

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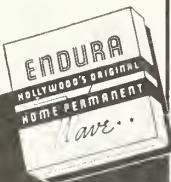
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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 56)

### VARSITY SHOW—Warners

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

### DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount

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

### FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio

INTENDED as a minor production, this thrilling story of planes and fliers in the Andes has all the symptoms of being a hit picture. Well directed, well paced, and with every performance made to count, it concerns a brutal setup at a small airport in the Andes. There headman Onslow Stevens sends aviators out to certain death in ruined planes. Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne together find the answer to liberty and love.

### THE BIG SHOT—RKO-Radio

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

### WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES—Warners

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

### HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

THE situations and gags that enliven Fred Stone's predicament as the shiftless yokel whose farm is used as a hideaway by a gang of crooks provide good comedy. Complications enter into the story when a rival mob also descends upon Stone's farm. Emma Dunn is his energetic wife; Marjorie Lord his

pretty daughter. Ray Mayer has a hilarious scene, and your whole family should enjoy it.

### ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox

BILL ROBINSON'S dancing and Fred Washington's warm performance in this mild melodrama from utter mediocrity. The complicated story revolves around a white child and a colored woman who claims its parentage, and there are attempted kidnappings, various shootings, and a prison break. Sally Blane is the child's real mother and Claire Trevor is the newspaper girl who solves everything with the help of Douglas Fowley.

### HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox

HERE comes that Jones family again and in trouble, as usual. Pa Jones played by Jed Prouty, is a candidate for mayor on a reform platform, but almost loses the votes when enemies frame his son Kenneth Howell in a messy scandal just before election. But son Roger uncovers the base plot in time and Jerry wins. Russell Gleason, Spring Byington, Florence Roberts and Shirley Dean in the cast.

### IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Warners

THOSE of you who see this picture with too close a memory of Bea Davis and Leslie Howard together in "Of Human Bondage" will find, not disappointment, but a new delight in the team. Because for the first time Mr. Davis does not have to suffer and Mr. Howard has no occasion to look pinched around the nostrils; this, in its suavest and smoothest form, is farce comedy.

Covering the canapé of intelligent, detached portrayal with the caviar satire, these consummate players create the characters of two conceited stars who are in love with each other but temperamentally allergic. He has Romeo trouble offstage as well as on stage agrees to help disillusion the fiancée of his friend, Patric Knowles. Olivia Havilland plays with understanding and sympathy the young, lovesick girl.

Miss Davis takes a firm hand while Howard proves himself susceptible to lovely Olivia, and the piece ends in laughter. For that matter you will find much dialogue in the clamor of an amused audience, most of which is caused by business anyway, and part of which is due to Eric Blore.

### ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount

SOMEONE, of course, was bound to make a picture about last spring's Mississippi flood, and this irritating little murder mystery is it. You can't imagine what Karen Morley and Grant Richards will do against the menace of Eduardo Ciannelli's gun until Fernando's great waters to help them out of the East is good, but the entire story is unbelievable and forced.

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of *The Shadow Stage* does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of *The Shadow Stage*.

# Hollywood on the Air

(Continued from page 53)

An-Actress campaign, which shifted definitely to the air waves last month with John Barrymore. It—the campaign—is doing all right, to the surprise of a lot of smarties. Mrs. B. has something, if radio means anything and we double dare you to say it isn't. The gal was good! Didn't you ask so? Here's the secret: John has always thought Elaine had talent, and is determined to show the scoffing world he's right. Result: he's turned himself into a dramatic maestro par excellence. Now the ambition of Barrymore's life, he admits, is to knock audiences cold with Elaine in a stage production on Broadway. Maybe this fall. Incidentally, they rigged up a little back-guard fence to keep John from noting too strenuously at NBC. It worked and now they're thinking of duplicating all NBC actors with the same thing!

Jack eased off the air until September nineteenth with Bob Montgomery and George Evans romping through "Beau Brummell." We never saw anyone have good a time as Bob being the fashion fad. He picked the show himself, just as he did "Night Must Fall" for movies, and so everything was up-to-date. We popped out behind during histrionics and caught Bob's chauffeur hunched up in the car, windows rolled tight, getting a load of his master's voice.

The best Luxitement of the month, however, in our opinion, was "The Front Page" and Walter Winchell. Walter took his big chance to stir up radio waves in the punchiest performance these old eyes have seen since Hollywood started muscling in on the radio district. Not that that's any credit to Hollywood, because W. Winchell, after all, is a transplanted blossom—not, gentle reader, not destined to bloom unseen.

Things started popping the minute Winchell signed up on the running board of a Lux agent's car. The rest was like a page out of "The Front Page," if you get what we mean. Walter breezed into the Theater, sailed his hat across the stage, tipped his hat back and started pouring it on. Even tongue-tongued Jimmy Gleason's eyes popped and after the show, Josephine Hutchinson, who can act on our stage any time, said she got a real lift out of electric delivery.

The only tragic note on Lux last month was the announcement Cecil B. DeMille made twice. Once he said, Miss Amelia Earhart will be our guest when she returns next week from her round-the-world-flight." The next time, "—if she returns . . ."

But that guest spot was never filled. Show Boat, pardon, the new Show Boat heads the list of late arrivals to the West Coast. Hal Kemp and his boys, with Alice Faye in the hot throat, started plugging Chesterfields in the most satisfying manner, also. The only side of a radio show was never more evident, though, than the other night on that bill when Alice sang "Good Night, My Love" and the announcer cooed, "Y Listenin', Tony Mar-?" And all the time Tony was right there in the studio—in the front row! Charlie Winninger and Jack Haley started Show Boat off to the race upwards and onwards again, although Jack, you know, is just warming up in act show. He's booked to have his own program in October for Log Cabin rum and is as nervous as a bride about

it. Jack is the last of the old-time song, dance and gag men to hit the big-time air waves. He's a pal of Jack Benny's, Fred Allen's and George Burns', and with all of them out of town except George and Gracie, three guesses who the Haleys partied with following Jack's air debut.

MAYBE it's because opposites attract or maybe it's just that dummies, like gentlemen, prefer blondes—anyway, Don Ameche hasn't invited up nearly so many brunettes to tease Charlie McCarthy on the Chase and Sanborn Sunday hour. Last month it was Sonja Henie, Gladys George, Ann Sothern and Mary Pickford who held up the Nordic parade. Mary's showup was the nearest thing to a radio scoop the bright boys could figure out last semester. It was all arranged by radiophone in Honolulu, where Mary and Buddy were taking a Hawaiian honeymoon. The Philippine Clipper helped hustle America's perennial sweetheart over the waves to the mike and very lovely she looked too.

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

The Sunbonnet Boys, meaning Bing Crosby, Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor, being still away gathering daisies, chiggers, sunburn and culture, we'll whip right into our russet résumé and falling leaves of radio's autumn Hollywooders, to wit: Lanny Ross takes Fred Astaire's place on the new Packard show . . . The loveliest young singing star on the air, Florence George, qualified for a Paramount ticket t'other day—you'll be seeing her . . . Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz broke Hollywood Bowl records again this season. If they aren't married why do they have identical license numbers—LP-13 and AK-13? . . . After wooing and coaxing Jeanette MacDonald on the air, Vick's are having a terrible time getting any time for her—all sold out! . . . Jammind stars are making plenty of pilgrimages to Benny Goodman's School of Swing . . . When you compliment George Burns on the program, he says, "It's Gracie's show." . . . Jimmy Ameche, Don's brother, who used to be Jack Armstrong, is a Paramount term ticket-eter. That brings all the Ameches out to Hollywood . . . Husband Herbie Kay flies out from Chicago on week ends just to look into those lovely Lamour eyes . . . Bill Fields is grumbling about the censors; they're slowing up his stuff . . . Since Werner Janssen has been knighted by Finland, must we call her Lady Ann Harding?

The newsboys were snapping pictures at one of John Barrymore's streamlined Shakespeare rehearsals. Suddenly a flash bulb exploded like a Mills bomb, rocking the place and showering glass in all directions. Elaine screamed and ran across the room hysterically. But John never batted an eyelash.

"That," he stated calmly, "is nothing—after you've been married four times!"

# WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY SHADE



Only about  
3 out of 10 women ever find  
their lucky shade of  
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This is your chance!

Ten new—absolutely new  
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You have never seen the  
like of them before.

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prove your "lucky" shade. It will  
show you a new "you"—a more  
youthful "you"—a more vivid  
"you"—a more glamorous "you."

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surprise for  
every  
woman

You don't have to take  
my word for this. You can  
prove it to yourself! Just  
mail the coupon and you  
will receive all ten of my  
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Powder shades postpaid  
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Try, not one or two shades, but *all* ten!  
The very one you think least suited to  
you may prove a breath-taking surprise  
to you. It may, for the first time, dis-  
close your "lucky" shade of face  
powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

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(37)

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

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario)

(Continued from page 4)

# Why women want Revlon Nail Polish



Smart women know that real charm lies in cultivating personality—individuality.

Thus it is only natural that you want Revlon Nail Polish. For Revlon offers 21 exclusive shades, all in perfect taste, from which you may select those best suited to your very own hands, complexion and costumes.

Of course, Revlon wears better—keeps its lustre longer. Next time try Revlon. "He" will admire it, too.

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Fashion Right — NAIL ENAMELS — Fashion First

a great deal of difficulty keeping adults away. We loved having lots of children come because it meant making new friends, but their parents were a terrific problem. Finally, someone, I think it was Bobby Breen, suggested that we hang a sign on the door every afternoon reading *Smallpox . . . Quarantined*. It seemed to be a good idea at the time, but it didn't work. For one thing it frightened the children as well as their parents, and it was there only three days on account of the policeman on our beat told us it was against the law anyway, and suggested that we remove it without delay.

Jane Withers thought up our present sign. It it painted on a sheet of white cardboard almost as large as the door and the letters are six inches high. It reads like this: *Notice To Grownups . . . This Is Station K-I-D . . . Scram . . . PS And Double Scram . . . PPS This Means All Adults Except Those Bringing Homemade Cookies And Ten Cents Cash.*

At first I was doubtful. "It wouldn't be *comme il faut* in Europe, Jane," I said. "Do you think it's all right here?"

Jane, a daughter of one of the finest families of the old South, answered, "Nowhere except in Hollywood; it's different here, people understand the difference between impoliteness and pretending. But in case somebody from Georgia should come we won't want to hurt his feelings so we'll just write underneath: *Dear Grownups, This Is Our Make-believe Butler Saying 'Madame Is Not at Home!'*"

It was just the thing we needed.

Jane Withers is like exclamation points and dynamite. She's the grandest fun, has all kinds of splendid ideas, and can think of more things to do in five minutes than anyone else could in a week. Of course, they sometimes turn out to be rather mischievous things, but Jane is never without a good excuse handy—well, not always a good excuse, but, as she has often told me, even a poor excuse is better than none.

Once I scolded her for biting her nails, telling her that she might get a germ in her mouth. She seemed to be quite impressed, but several weeks later I looked at her hands and saw that she had not stopped the habit. Before I had time to speak she said quickly, "O Marianne, you needn't worry about the germs anymore. Ever since you told me about them I've been careful to wash my hands before I start to bite my nails."

When Jane is around everybody is happy. There is something about the way her eyes twinkle that makes the world suddenly become a most cheerful place. To me, she has always seemed more like some gleeful prankish little sprite than a real child. I suppose that is because she wasn't born like other children, in a little white bassinet in a hospital. In fact, you could hardly say that she was born at all. It was just that Mrs. Withers left the kitchen window open by mistake, one spring morning, and Jane danced through on a sunbeam. It seemed such a nice place that she decided to stay, so they had to keep her.

She never does things like ordinary people, but that's because she isn't an ordinary person. In her French lesson the other day she had a sentence which an ordinary person would translate, "You're lovely, little one, what a wonderful thought!" Jane translated it, "You're the tops, kid, that's a bright idea."

She's a tomboy most of the time and loves being out of doors with her goats, chickens, and dogs; but her real red-letter days are the ones when her father takes her fishing. She can sit on a wet rock all day, and go home perfectly happy, even though she hasn't had a nibble. Her one regret, since she has a great fondness for buttermilk, is that she hasn't a cow. Her delight knew no bounds when her milkman took her down to his dairy and taught her to milk. When she came home her father asked her how she liked being a milkmaid. "Oh, just fine," she told him, "but I couldn't discover which one of those spouts the buttermilk came from."

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

Sometimes Jane reminds me of the little girl in an old-fashioned daguerreotype, and I can well imagine her seated at the spinning wheel, in a little ankle-length challis dress, the firelight shining on her black curls and in her eyes. I guess everybody in the world loves Jane. Out here, we call her the All-American.

We printed a great many of the snapshots of Jane and her spinning wheel, and if you'd like to have one for your own album just read the little announcement at the end of the copy.

And now for a secret! Shirley Temple told me that she would have a snapshot too; taken for you, maybe next month. You mustn't ask to have these photographs autographed, though, for there wouldn't be time for that; but we do wish you'd send us your autograph for our own collection.

Autographs always make me think of Joan Blondell. Once she invited me to bring some of the children to her home for tea. Among them was my five-year-old friend, An Margareth, who had never seen a star before and was jubilantly delighted at the prospect, Miss Blondell being her special favorite. She made me promise again and again to ask Joan if she might have a photograph of her. Joan, always gracious, pretended to be flattered at the request, and went into her study and autographed a beautiful photo especially to An Margareth. The other children crowded around, so Joan didn't see An Margareth, with an expression of infinite disappointment, walk to where I was standing and hand me the picture, saying, "Here, I don't want it."

"But why?" I asked, surprised. "Because," answered the little girl who had never even heard of an autograph, "because, it's not good. It's ruined. It's been 'wrote' all over!"

If any little readers of this page would like the snapshot of Jane Withers and her spinning wheel, they may have it simply by writing a letter, stating their request, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address all letters to MARIANNE, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

## Step Out TO-NIGHT PRETTIER THAN EVER



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Leading Lady In  
"ATLANTIC FLIGHT"

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### "WHIRLPOOL" BRASSIERE

Presenting a "sister" bra of the famous V-Ette "Whirlpool" from that glamorous city of Hollywood! Featuring an extremely low front decollete for lovely new low-cut Fall gowns, in lovely imported lace with lower part of the cups reinforced with satin. Original "whirlpool" stitching of the cups gives a firm uplift to the most sagging bust and criss-cross satin ribbon effects a complete separation. Worn by many of the stars and used exclusively in Paramount Pictures. Sold in leading department stores and specialty shops. Ask for "Suz-Ette."

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## So Men Can't Cook, Eh!

(Continued from page 8)

don't think my Beans à la Metro have sex appeal?

HERE'S another recipe I just hate to give away, but after all, I want something to live after me. It's the recipe for my barbecued spareribs.

### Barbecued Spareribs à la May Robson

I've named my spareribs after dear Muzzie May, because my ribs are the only ones she'll ever pick on.

First, I spread out my ribs in a pan under a high flame, turning them to brown them crisply on both sides.

Next, I pile them in a roaster and half cover them with this barbecue sauce:

To one cup of vinegar, one of water, and two of catsup, I use a tablespoon of freshly ground black pepper and one of salt, a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of chili powder, one of brown sugar, and a half-teaspoonful of cayenne. This is, of course, if I am expecting guests who like things hot.

Then I let the ribs simmer, with the top on the roaster, very, very slowly, for at least an hour and a half, always basting the top ones when I haven't anything else to do. Why they turn out so good I don't know. Maybe it's because I put a few bay leaves in and don't want to tell you about it. But no matter how many I make there's never a rib left for my little dog Pico to play with.

THERE'S a certain psychological effect that the first course of a meal produces, which lasts through the entire dinner. That is the real reason why I always like to try to start the meal off

with a potage, which extracts some such remark as, "Oh, isn't that delicious! What is it?" And here's a recipe that's very simple and yet so unusual that I don't believe you'll ever cook it. But I'll give it to you anyway.

### Sorrel Soup à la Una Merkel

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

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

As one good beat deserves another, I beat into this a quart of chicken broth. When the mixture is thoroughly whipped, I put it in a double boiler and let it come very slowly to a boil, stirring most of the time. Of course, I season it with pepper and salt to taste, and a squirt of onion juice. (Be sure to squirt the onion juice into the soup and not eyeward.) Just before serving, I add about six tablespoons of cooked wild rice.

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

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

## Beauty For The Very Young

(Continued from page 10)

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

A salt-water rinse after her tooth brushing orgy daily keeps her gums healthy and her teeth gleaming white.

Her hands, which have been modeled by sculptors and acclaimed by noted artists as among the most beautiful in Hollywood, are regularly cared for in her beauty routine. She keeps them soft by using lotion, smoothing it on gently and massaging from the tips of the fingers toward the wrist. Her beautifully shaped nails are protected from shredding and cracking by occasional castor-oil baths. They are only moderately long. She dislikes nails that are startling in their length—she thinks that they look too much like claws—and her own are just long enough to accentuate the tapering length of her fingers. Her hands show their care to the best advantage when she plays the harp.

Anita's diet rules are few and easy to follow. Simple, tastefully prepared vegetables and meats; but never any overly starchy or richly spiced desserts. Two glasses of milk a day, one of orange juice and never, never more than one cup of coffee or tea. Potassium broth, cooked with a bouillon cube or a soup bone, is a daily ritual. She eats a great deal of fruit and particularly likes it for luncheon, served as a dessert with sour cream. With simple fare such as

this, it is easy to see one reason why the clarity of her beauty is so undimmed.

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

"There is nothing that will develop poise and grace of movement more quickly than fencing," she says, "and grace of motion is an integral part of beauty."

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

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

## PROTECTING a \$40 JOB



MODERN women no longer give-in to functional periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable relief for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol brings quick relief which usually lasts for hours. Its principal ingredient has often been prescribed by specialists.

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

### KEEP YOUR BABY HEALTHY

"How to Raise the Baby." By Bernarr Macfadden. Will set you on the right track! How to feed, clothe, bathe, and exercise your little one. Send \$2.00 for a copy to

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NEW CINEMA CREAM METHOD

Everywhere blondes are more popular! You, too, can have beautiful—lustrous—fluffy blonde hair that wins admiration INSTANTLY! Now in 5 to 15 minutes—at home—you can lighten your hair to any flattering shade you desire with one application of LECHLER'S "509" INSTANT HAIR LIGHTENER, the New Cinema Cream Method. Brightens hair immediately! Looks natural! LECHLER'S applied as an antiseptic white cream—easy to use—lightens only hair where applied. Not a liquid bleach! Does not run to hair ends and so cannot streak! And LECHLER'S does not affect your permanent wave.

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## Important NEWS for Radio Listeners

WHY wander around the dial hunting a good program when, with a glance at the Radio Mirror Almanac, you can turn instantly and surely to the best broadcast on the air?

The Radio Mirror Almanac is a big eight-page section of day-by-day program listings and valuable news about the features scheduled. It covers every important station in the country for the entire month. A moment devoted to it each day will tell you the highlight broadcasts for that day, what they are, where they are, who is in them—guest stars, new shows, special features—



everything you want to know. This very minute thousands of men and women are using the Radio Mirror Almanac and enjoying their radios more than ever before. Get a copy of Radio Mirror for October today and use this great innovation. Once you've tried it you'll never be without it. And the Almanac is only a small part of radio's own big magazine.

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Correct Your  
Figure Faults**  
●  
**Perfolastic Not Only  
CONFINES, It also  
REMOVES Ugly Bulges!**

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IF YOU  
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**Reduce**

**3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**  
... it will cost you nothing!

**BECAUSE** so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making the above unqualified agreement. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. "Reduced from size 42 to size 18," says Mrs. Faust. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere . . . and afterwards . . . the difference is amazing!



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Reduces Hips,  
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Perfolastic  
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## "How Did They Ever Get That?"

(Continued from page 24)

without burning either himself or his clothes."

MEANWHILE what was happening in New York, at the studios? Dan Doherty was in the office on the late shift. Everybody else had left except a telephone operator, a doorman and the watchman. Producer Truman Talley was in Europe, supervising the preparations for covering the Coronation. General News Manager Ed Reek was at dinner. As I said before, the *Hindenburg* assignment had been expected to be routine stuff. Suddenly the telephone rang, a toll call from Philadelphia:

"Dan? This is Dennis Welch. The *Hindenburg's* on fire."

"Are you kidding me?" asked Dan, rather impatiently.

"Would I be calling you from Philly to kid you?" was the answer.

"I s'pose not—thanks Denny—get off the wire, will you? I got work to do."

Whereupon Doherty made himself exceedingly busy on the telephone.

"Get Mr. Reek," he ordered. "Get Jack Haney (the news editor), get all the lab crew, developers, printers. Get the office boys and tell them to take it on the run."

General Manager Reek left half his dinner uneaten. Before long, a hungry but highly keyed-up staff began pouring through the Movietone door on West 54th Street: sound crews for scoring, cutters, projectionists, even the chef, since it was bound to be an all-night job with no time to go out for even a sandwich. While we imagine them getting ready for the biggest sensation in their lives, let's go back to Lakehurst and see what was happening there.

Gold, Kennedy, Tice and De Titta had been busy making pictures around that holocaust. But the man who had to worry most was A. A. Brown. On him devolved the problem of getting the film to New York, an almost impossible feat, for the field was a bedlam.

Brown remembered that one A. F. Cofad, Customs Broker for Movietone, was somewhere on the field waiting to clear a shipment. By a miracle, Brown found Cofad after only a few minutes' search. Pouncing upon the broker and handing him the cans of negative Brown said, "Quick! Back to New York as fast as that car will take you!"

Cofad happened to know all the back roads in New Jersey. He broke all records. The Movietone films of that *Hindenburg* disaster were in the office by eleven o'clock—and ordinarily a man is driving pretty fast if he makes New York from Lakehurst in two hours. By 12:30 the film was back from the laboratory and in a half-hour it was all cut and ready to be scored. Before daybreak prints were being carried by airplane all over the world. The picture was being shown all over the United States and Canada on the following day. French, German, Spanish, Portuguese and English commentators and title writers had been among the emergency staff so hastily summoned by Dan Doherty. All night they worked, so that prints for all over the world could be sent out little more than twelve hours after that first burst of flame from the *Hindenburg*.

That is how one scoop was accomplished. The Movietone film of the *Hindenburg* disaster was shown to American audiences hours before that of the nearest competitor. Partly due, as you may have observed, to an organization

geared up to meet any emergency and eat it alive, and partly to Broker Cofad's knowledge of New Jersey's back roads. For the crowds of curious whose cars jammed up all the approaches to Lakehurst fatally slowed up most of the other newsreel men.

On the continent of Europe that Movietone film had a scoop by three days. Because the only ship sailing out of New York on that Friday was a slow one, the cans were flown to Montreal and rushed to London aboard a C. P. express liner.

But the liner reached England on what is known as a bank holiday. Of course, no Englishman thinks of doing any kind of work on a holiday. An American in the London office rushed to the dock, got that film and shipped it immediately by plane to Paris, whence prints scored in foreign languages were dispatched immediately all over Europe.

WHILE there is nothing daredevilish to tell about the filming of the Coronation, it was exciting enough for anybody's taste. Consider this one bare circumstance: never before had anybody even dreamed of such a secular, material thing as a camera being allowed within the sacred precincts of Westminster, let alone photographing that high sacrament, the crowning of a British king.

You may have heard that the British public squawked loudly because American audiences saw much more of the actual Coronation, the scenes in the Abbey. Thereby hangs a tale. The English newsreel companies had decided that 150 feet of those inside pictures would be plenty. The Americans, thinking the English knew what they were talking about and that the inside shots probably wouldn't be so good, made similar plans.

In the evening we were sitting in the projection room, watching the "rushes" and biting our nails, wondering whether the film would come through in time to be cut, scored and hurried to the *Normandie* which was to leave Southampton the following morning. The inside scenes were inevitably delayed because, by general agreement, they had to be censored by Their Graces the Duke of Norfolk, as Hereditary Earl Marshal, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The procession shots came in early and could be cut in plenty of time. But they were so cut as to allow of only those 150 feet of inside-the-Abbey scenes.

Their Graces arrived eventually and were most gracious. They proved to be about as easy and liberal censors as we ever encountered. Had I been the Archbishop of Canterbury I am sure I would have ordered the elimination of the shot in which he appeared to be fumbling with the crown, although it was said later the fumbling was actually the blessing of the four knots at the corners. However, he didn't.

But when Truman Talley saw that film (of the inside scenes), he nearly had a fit. Not because it was so bad but because it was so amazingly good.

"A hundred and fifty feet of this!" he exclaimed. "Not if I know it! Eight hundred and fifty at least."

That precipitated a dilemma and an emergency. There was nothing in our agreement with the British to prevent our using more of those Coronation scenes if we saw fit. But all arrangements for releasing had been made on the supposition that there would be only 150 feet. And S. R. Kent, head man of Twentieth Century-Fox, was already on his way to America, in fact was some-

where on the Atlantic. The question had to be decided then and there, immediately, pronto. Talley did his durndest to get Kent on the radiophone. No luck. Finally he said:

"Nuts! I'm going to take a chance. We'll use 850 feet of that inside-the-Abbey Coronation stuff and swim or sink by it."

As everybody now knows, he swam with gusto. Those Coronation pictures were a raging success. What was more, Talley scooped the world. Not through any daredevil stuff but by a singularly cagey prevision. He had taken a full crew to London with him. The result was that he was able to develop, cut and score the film on the spot. Other companies sent the negative to New York to be cut and scored which entailed a delay of, to be sure, only a few hours. But the difference of a few hours is something that newsreel men feel entitled to crow about for many weeks.

THE most harrowing story about a scoop concerns the one that didn't come off. It almost ended with the death of six men. One of the group actually did perish.

Jack Kuhn of Fox Movietone conceived of a plan to scoop the country on the pictures of the assassination of King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia and Foreign Minister Barthou of France. They were aboard the S.S. *George Washington*, bound for New York. The idea was to meet the liner some 600 miles out at sea with a plane, pick up the film and fly back, thus beating every other newsreel by at least one whole day. The can of film, tied to a life preserver, was to be thrown off the stern of the ship and be picked up by means of a grappling hook lowered from the plane.

Elmer Grevenburg, one of the most audacious of pilots, undertook to handle the controls. With him in the plane were Jack Kuhn, Ed Reek, his boss, who went along for the ride, as did a radio operator, a mechanic and a co-pilot. The latter never came back.

A gale was blowing. When they met the *George Washington* she was ploughing through monster waves. Captain George Fried slowed his vessel up and gave the signal to drop the film can tied to the life preserver. Kuhn lowered his grappling hook—a miss! On the next try, better luck. But only for a moment. With a ping, the line parted; it wasn't heavy enough. Away went the grappling hook to the bottom of the sea. Life preserver and can floated off.

Captain Fried then radioed the men on the plane that he would swing his ship around and create a wake of smooth water on which the plane could alight. Then Kuhn could pick up the can, Fried would head his vessel into the wind and make another wake from which the plane could take off. Meanwhile "Grevvy," the pilot, was circling the *George Washington* about thirty feet from the surface at about eighty-five miles an hour. Suddenly out of nowhere arose a huge wave. The plane crashed into it with terrific force, throwing the radio operator and the mechanic out into the sea.

Grevvy and Johnson, the co-pilot, were up in the nose, strapped in. The plane went down nose first. The only way for everybody to get out was through a small door up near the tail, which now stood almost vertically in the air. Captain Fried threw life preservers overboard, but the struggling men couldn't reach them. Kuhn and Reek

got hold of a broken piece of pontoon. But it was attached to the wreckage of the plane by a small steel cable, so that the half-drowning men were being crushed between pontoon and wreckage by the force of the waves. The co-pilot grabbed a kapok cushion, but the waves washed him, cushion and all, completely out of sight within ten minutes. When the lifeboat from the *George Washington* approached the wreckage, wave after wave drove it away. After endless effort the sailors rescued Grevenburg, the mechanic, and the radio operator. Grevvy was unconscious. They threw a line to Reek, but nobody was holding it, so he sank with a hundred feet of line dragging him down. One sailor dove and brought him up, but the line got tangled and they both sank. A second sailor had to jump in and save them both.

By this time Johnson, as I have said, was completely out of sight. Kuhn's pontoon had broken loose and he was rapidly drifting into the distance. He saw the lifeboat heading back to the *George Washington*. The sailors had given him up for lost. In desperation he took off his white muffler and waved it frantically. He would have been hopelessly lost but for Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin who was on the bridge. It was he who caught a glimpse of that white muffler through his binoculars. The lifeboat crew had to row two miles to pick Kuhn up, so far had he drifted.

Sometimes I am inclined to think that these newsreel men are the most resourceful, wily fellows I know. If they aren't, they don't last. In the nature of their jobs, they often have to go where they aren't wanted, where there are strict "verbotens" and elaborate systems to prevent them from penetrating. Like the good reporter's, their slogan is: "Get the story."

LET me illustrate with an experience of husky, round-faced Bill Jordan. With his blond hair and blue eyes he looks like the most guileless of individuals. On the occasion I am thinking of, he was covering the cataclysmic eruption of Mt. Etna in 1928. With him was his foxy colleague, Ettore Villani. They went to the mouth of the crater and made simply historic shots of the volcano in full eruption, beating the world, but escaping death only by crawling back through streams of lava under a terrific bombardment of noise and sulphur gas.

But they wanted to do still more, to get some shots of towns that were literally being swept under by rivers of lava. To do this, they had to go around the base of the mountain. Let Bill Jordan tell the story.

"We had left Rome in such a hurry we hadn't bothered to get special permissions of any kind," says Jordan.

"When we got to a town that was fairly near where we were headed for, we were stopped by soldiers of the regular army. It seems martial law had been declared. We had no permission to pass through the lines, and they wouldn't recognize any arguments. Villani then pulled a fast one. He asked if he could go into the town on foot. The soldier figured it was okay and let him do it. Villani went in, located the mayor of the town, and asked his permission to bring the truck into the town and park it, so we could go to a hotel.

"He got the permission and, like all Italian permissions, it was a piece of paper with red seals, ribbons, and looked most authoritative. He came back to the car, and showed this permission, and we got by the soldiers. Villani then took this piece of paper and put it on the windshield and held his hand on it, while I drove the car like mad. So we went right through that town. And

every town we went through where there were soldiers we refused to stop. I kept my hand on the horn, drove sixty miles an hour, and Villani pointed urgently to this red seal he was holding to the windshield. The soldiers would put up their guns and try to stop us, but when we got up close they'd see this red seal and salute us, and let us go through. And it was only a parking permit! We went through three or four towns that way.

"Finally we got to the actual lava zone. This river of lava from the crater was flowing down slowly, and as it came along it completely wiped out houses. The lava piled up the sides and then spread over the tops, causing them to collapse. The way we photographed them was to get on top of a house and get the picture of the lava coming up the side. Then when it got up to the point where it wasn't safe for us to stay any longer, we'd get off the roof, go back to the next house, and then photograph the one collapsing, that we'd just left. We just kept backing up. We stayed there all day long, got enough in one day, so immediately drove back to Naples and then to Rome, to ship the film. We got out the same way we came in."

THEN there was that exciting bit of camera reporting, the newsreel film taken during the Memorial Day steel clash at Chicago. This graphic visual record, the horror of it enhanced by its roar of sound, was suppressed by Paramount, you remember, for an entire month after the riot, for fear of inciting further labor battles throughout the country. This was the film that was run off before members of a Washington investigating committee—a drama-packed account of an occurrence of grave national importance, whose accuracy could not be questioned. Once again the boys behind the cameras had scored!

If you question the newsreel men, you'll find that they are usually in agreement on the point that industrial warfare is one of the meanest assignments in their job. Beatings, camera smashing are an old story to those men who cover labor battles and, oddly enough, the boys are usually viewed with suspicion by both sides. However, they love their work, and they do it—fearlessly, courageously and well. And there are amusing compensations.

One of the funniest yarns they tell around the newsreel studios concerns the now historic anti-Prohibition parade in New York. The principal figure in that march, as you will remember, was the jovial, effervescent Mayor Jimmie Walker. Now, it is the custom of the biggest newsreel companies to bring its European cameramen to America from time to time, to give them an idea of American technique, American requirements and so forth. So it happened that the brunt of the anti-Prohibition parade assignment was given to a visiting cameraman from Vienna.

As his film was shown in the projection room that evening it was quite good. But the news staff was puzzled by the frequent shots of one particular marcher, a dignified, almost pompous old party with a long gray beard. In fact, there was footage upon footage of the Gentleman with the Beaver. But not an inch of Mayor Jimmie Walker, the leading man, the star, the principal attraction of the whole show. Finally the news editors broke forth in a roar:

"Where in — is the Mayor?"

"Why," stuttered the bewildered cameraman from Vienna, "you yust saw him—dere he is again, de gentleman mit de viskers."

In Europe, especially Teutonic Europe, the Herr Bürgermeister (Mr. Mayor) invariably wears a long beard!

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**"ARTISTS AND MODELS"**—PARAMOUNT—A screen musical by Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin based on an adaptation by Eve Greene and Harlan Ware of a story by Sig Herzig and Gene Thackrey. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The Cast: Mac, Jack Benny; Paula, Ida Lupino; Alan, Richard Arlen; Cynthia, Gail Patrick; Jupiter Pluvius, Ben Blue; Tools, Judy Canova; Lois Townsend, Kathryn Kay; Stella, Cecil Cunningham; Mrs. Townsend, Hedda Hopper; and The Yacht Club Boys, Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra; Louis Armstrong and his orchestra; Specialty by Martha Raye; Specialty by Connie Boswell; *Water Walkers*, Mary Shepherd and Gloria Wheeden; *Model*, Sandra Storme; *Marjorie*, Madelon Grey; *Craig Sheldon*, Alan Birmingham; *Dr. Zimmer*, Donald Meek; *Lord Dell Henderson*; *Early*, Harry Hayden.

**"BACK IN CIRCULATION"**—WARNERS—Screen play by Warren Duff. From a *Cosmopolitan* Magazine story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: *Bill Morgan*, Pat O'Brien; *Timmy Blake*, Joan Blondell; *Arline Wade*, Margaret Lindsay; *Murphy*, Eddie Acuff; *Mac*, George E. Stone; *Sam Sherman*, Ben Welden; *Attorney Battsford*, Raymond Brown; *Dr. Evans*, Granville Bates; *The Sheriff*, Spencer Charters; *Dr. Eugene Forde*, John Littel; *"Snoop" Davis*, Craig Reynolds; *Carlton Whitney*, Walter Byron; *Buck*, Regis Toomey; *Dr. Hanley*, Gordon Hart; *Dist. Attorney Saunders*, Herbert Rawlinson.

**"BIG SHOT, THE"**—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by Arthur T. Horman and Bert Granet. Directed by Edward Killy. The Cast: *Mrs. Simms*, Guy Kibbee; *Mrs. Simms*, Cora Witherspoon; *Peggy*, Dorothy Moore; *Chet*, Gordon Jones; *Drake*, Russell Hicks; *Murdock*, Frank M. Thomas; *McQuade*, Dudley Clements; *Police Chief*, George Irving; *Gloria*, Maxine Jennings; *Mamie*, Barbara Pepper; *Bugs*, Tom Kennedy; *Deuces*, John Kelly; *Soddy*, Eddie Gribbon; *Spots*, Al Hill; *Johnny Cullen*, Donald Kirke.

**"CONFESSION"**—WARNERS—Original screen play by Hans Rameau. Adaptation by Julius J. Epstein and Margaret LeVino. Directed by Joe May. The Cast: *Vera*, Kay Francis; *Michael Michailow*, Basil Rathbone; *Presiding Judge*, Donald Crisp; *Mrs. Koslov*, Dorothy Peterson; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Robert Barrat; *Xenia*, Veda Ann Borg; *Reporter*, Anderson Lawlor; *Russian Interpreter*, Michael Mark; *Leonide Kirow*, Ian Hunter; *Lisa*, Jane Bryan; *Illegard*, Mary Maguire; *Stella*, Laura Hope Crews; *Defense Attorney*, Ben Welden; *Wanda*, Helen Valkis; *Dancer*, Matty King.

**"DOUBLE OR NOTHING"**—PARAMOUNT—Based on a story by M. Coates. Screen play by Charles Lederer, Erwin Gelsey, John C. Moffitt and Duke Atteberry. Directed by Theodore Reed. The Cast: *Lety Boylan*, Bing Crosby; *Lisa Lou Lane*, Martha Raye; *Half-Pint*, Andy Devine; *Vicki Clark*, Mary Carlisle; *Peterson*, William Frawley; *Sailor*, Benny Baker; *Jonathan Clark*, Sam Hinds.

**"EXCLUSIVE"**—PARAMOUNT—Based on a play by John C. Moffitt. Screen play by John C. Moffitt, Sidney Salkow and Rian James. Directed by Al Hall. The Cast: *Ralph Houston*, Fred MacMurray; *Vina Swain*, Frances Farmer; *Tod Swain*, Charlie Ruggles; *Charles Gillette*, Lloyd Nolan; *Mrs. Swain*, Fay Holden; *Colonel Bogardus*, Edward H. Robins; *Elliot*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Springer*, Harlan Briggs; *Formby*, William Mansell; *Beak*, Horace MacMahon.

**"FLIGHT FROM GLORY"**—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by David Silverstein and John Twist. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Smith*, Chester Morris; *Lee Wilson*, Whitney Bourne; *Ellis*, Onslow Stevens; *Wilson*, Van Heflin; *Hanson*, Richard Lane; *Jones*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Icky*, Solly Ward; *Hilton*, Douglas Walton; *Old Timer*, Walter Miller; *Molly*, Rita LaRoy; *Pepi*, Pasha Khan.

**"FIREFLY, THE"**—M-G-M—Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Based on the book and lyrics by Otto A. Harbach. Adaptation by Ogden Nash. Music by Rudolf Friml. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The Cast: *Nina Maria*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Don Diego*, Allan Jones; *Major De Rougemont*, Warren William; *Innkeeper*, Billy Gilbert; *General Savary*, Henry Daniell; *Marquis De Melio*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Etienne*, Leonard Penn; *King Ferdinand*, Tom Rutherford; *Lola*, Belle Mitchell; *Secret Service Chief*, George Zucco; *Duval*, Corbett Morris; *Wellington*, Matthew Boulton.

**"GANGWAY"**—GB.—Music and lyrics by Sam Lerner, Al Goodhart and Al Hoffman. Directed by Bonnie Hale. The cast: *Pat Wayne*, Jessie Mathews; *Inspector Bob Deering*, Barry Mackay; *Nedda Beaumont*, Olive Blakeney; *Greta Brand*, Liane Ordey; *Carl Freemason*, Patrick Ludlow; *"Smiles" Hogan*, Nat Pendleton; *Otterman*, Noel Madison; *Taggett*, Alastair Sim; *Mrs. Van Tuyl*, Doris Rogers; *Tracy*, Laurence Anderson; *Benny the Gobb*, Blake Dorn; *Joe*, Graham Moffatt; *Ass't Commissioner*, Peter Gawthorne; *Smithers*, Henry Hallatt; *Foreign Dancer*, Warren Jenkins.

**"HIDEAWAY"**—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by Robert Bren and Edmund L. Hartmann. Directed by Richard Rosson. The Cast: *Frankie*, Fred Stone; *Emma*, Emma Dunn; *Joan*, Marjorie Lord; *Clarke*, J. Carroll Naish; *Bill*, William Corson; *Eddie*, Ray Mayer; *Al*, Bradley Page; *Norris*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Oscar*, Tommy Bond; *Sheriff*, Dudley

Clements; *Nolan*, Alec Craig; *Yokum*, Charles Withers; *Hank*, Otto Hoffman; *Mooney*, Bob McKenzie.

**"HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME"**—PARAMOUNT—Original story and screen play by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Additional dialogue by George O'Neil. Music by Jerome Kern. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The Cast: *Sally Waterson*, Irene Dunne; *Peter Corlandi*, Randolph Scott; *Molly*, Dorothy Lamour; *Doc Waterson*, Raymond Walburn; *Red Smith*, Charles Bickford; *Grandma Corlandi*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Mac*, William Frawley; *Veresi*, Akim Tamiroff; *Samuel*, Ben Blue; *Brennan*, Alan Hale; *Zeke Smith*, Stanley Andrews; *Gabby Johnson*, Frank Sully; *Boy*, Tommy Bupp; *Mrs. Lippincott*, Helen Lowell; *Mr. Lippincott*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mr. Stark*, Irving Pichel; *Colonel Blake*, Purnell Pratt.

**"HOT WATER"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Robert Chapin and Karen D. Wolf. Original story by Ron Ferguson and Eleanor De Lamater. Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: *John Jones*, Jed Prouty; *Bonnie Jones*, Shirley Deane; *Mrs. John Jones*, Spring Byington; *Herbert Thompson*, Russell Gleason; *Jack Jones*, Kenneth Howell; *Roger Jones*, George Ernest; *Lucy Jones*, June Carlson; *Granny Jones*, Florence Roberts; *Bobby Jones*, Billy Mahan; *Bebe Montaine*, Joan Marsh; *Isabel Enfield*, Marjorie Weaver; *Dr. Enfield*, Willard Robertson; *Hal Lynch*, Maxwell Glieker; *Walter Whitaker*, Arthur Hohl; *Maxwell*, Selmar Jackson; *Mayor Roberts*, Joseph King.

**"IT'S ALL YOURS"**—COLUMBIA—Story by Adelaide Heilbron. Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: *Linda Gray*, Madeleine Carroll; *Jimmy Barnes*, Francis Lederer; *Baron Rene de Montigny*, Mischa Auer; *Constance Marlowe*, Grace Bradley; *City Clerk*, Victor Kilian; *License Clerk*, George McKay; *Alexander Duncan*, Charles Waldron; *E. J. Barnes*, J. C. Nugent; *Judge Reynolds*, Richard Carle; *Dabney*, Arthur Hoyt; *Reporter*, Gene Morgan.

**"IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER"**—WARNERS—Original story by Maurice Hanline. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The Cast: *Basil*, Leslie Howard; *Joyce*, Bette Davis; *Marcia West*, Olivia de Havilland; *Henry Grant*, Patric Knowles; *Digges*, Eric Blore; *William West*, George Barbier; *Grace Kane*, Bonita Granville; *Aunt Ella*, Spring Byington; *Mrs. Kane*, Georgia Caine; *Elsie*, Veda Ann Borg; *First Butler*, E. E. Clive; *Joyce's maid*, Valerie Bergere; *Mrs. Hinkle*, Sarah Edwards; *Mr. Hinkle*, Thomas Pogue; *Mrs. Babson*, Grace Fields; *Mr. Babson*, Harvey Clark; *Mr. Kane*, Ed Mortimer; *Second Butler*, Thomas Mills.

**"LONDON BY NIGHT"**—M-G-M—Screen play by George Oppenheimer from a play by Will Scott. Directed by William Thiele. The Cast: *Michael Denis*, George Murphy; *Patricia Herrick*, Rita Johnson; *Bessie*, Virginia Field; *Correy*, Leo G. Carroll; *Inspector Jefferson*, George Zucco; *Sir Arthur Herrick*, Montagu Love; *Bill*, Eddie Quillan; *Squires*, Leonard Mudie; *Tims*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Inspector Sleet*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Postman*, Harry Stubbs; *Barrroughs*, Ivan Simpson; *Jones*, Corky.

**"LOVE UNDER FIRE"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Gene Fowler, Allen Rivkin and Ernest Pascal. Based on a play by Walter Hackett. Directed by George Marshall. The Cast: *Myra Cooper*, Loretta Young; *Tracy Egan*, Don Ameche; *Pamela Beaumont*, Frances Drake; *Tib Conway*, Walter Catlett; *Captain Delmar*, John Carradine; *General Montero*, Sig Rumann; *Lieut. Chavez*, Harold Huber; *Rosa*, Katherine de Mille; *Captain Bowden*, E. E. Clive; *Lieut. Cabana*, Don Alvarado; *Captain Contreras*, Georges Renavent; *Bert*, Clyde Cook; *Lieut. De Vega*, George Regas; *Cunningham*, Claude King; *Officer*, Francis McDonald; *McWhirter*, David Clyde; *Civilian*, Egon Brecher.

**"MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR"**—WARNERS—FIRST NATIONAL—Original story by C. B. Kelland. Screen play by William Wister Haines and Elaine Ryan. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The Cast: *Claude Dodd*, Kenny Baker; *Mme. Moro*, Alice Brady; *Marjorie Day*, Jane Wyman; *Gateway*, Henry O'Neill; *Hiram P. Doremus*, Ferris Taylor; *"Sniffer"*, Frank McHugh; *Jessica Stafford*, Gertrude Michael; *Lidin*, John Eldridge; *Doc Quinn*, Harry Davenport; *Information Desk Girl*, Linda Perry; *Taxicab Driver*, Al Herman.

**"ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Based on the original stories of Judge Ben B. Lindsay, Robin Harris and Alfred Golden. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: *Lucy ("Tex") Warren*, Claire Trevor; *Barbara Harrison*, Sally Lane; *Jim Tabor*, Douglas Fowley; *Flora Jackson*, Fredi Washington; *Sunnys*, Joan Carol; *Moxie McGath*, Ralf Harlowe; *Jerry Harrison*, John Eldredge; *Johnny*, Paul McVey; *Mortimer Atlas*, Ray Walker; *Peter Brindell*, Russell Hopton; *Charlie Milford*, Chick Chandler; *Henry Bangs*, Eddie Anderson; *Judge Clarke*, Howard Hickman; *Officer Joe*, Bill Robinson.

**"SHIEK STEPS OUT, THE"**—REPUBLIC—Screen play by Adele Buffington. Original story by Adele Buffington. Additional dialogue by Gordon Kahn. Directed by Irving Pichel. The Cast: *Ahmed Ben Nesib*, Ramon Novarro; *Flip Murdock*,

Lola Lane; *Sam Murdock*, Gene Lockhart; *Gloria Parker*, Kathleen Burke; *Ahu Saal*, Stanley Fields; *Manson*, Billy Bevan; *Polly Parker*, Charlotte Treadway; *Lord Byington*, Robert Coote; *Allusi Ah*, Leonid Kinskey; *Mario*, Georges Renavent; *Kisub*, Jamil Hasson; *Minister*, C. Montague Shaw; *Lt. Bordeaux*, George Sorel.

**"SOULS AT SEA"**—PARAMOUNT—Based on a story by Ted Lesser. Screen play by Grover Jones and Dale Van Every. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The Cast: *"Nuggin" Taylor*, Gary Cooper; *Powdah*, George Raft; *Margaret Tarryton*, Frances Dee; *Lieut. Tarryton*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Captain of the "William Brown"*, Harry Carey; *Babsie*, Olympe Bradna; *George Martin*, Robert Cummings; *Court Prosecutor*, Porter Hall; *Woodley*, George Zucco; *Tina*, Virginia Weidler; *Gaston de Bastonel*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Captain Martisel*, Gilbert Emery; *Toymaker*, Lucien Littlefield; *i-olinist*, Paul Fix; *Pecora*, Tully Marshall; *Mate*, Monte Blue; *Granley*, Stanley Fields.

**"STELLA DALLAS"**—SAMUEL GOLDWYN—UNION ARTISTS—From the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty. Screen play by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Fred Vidor. The Cast: *Stella Dallas*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Stephen Dallas*, John Boles; *Laurel*, Anne Shirley; *Helen Morrison*, Barbara O'Neil; *Richard Grosvenor*, Tim Holt; *Ed Munn*, Alan Hale; *Mrs. Martin*, Marjorie Main; *Mr. Martin*, Edmund Elton; *Charlie Martin*, George Walcott; *Carrie Jenkins*, Gertrude Short; *Mrs. Grosvenor*, Nella Walker; *Con*, Bruce Satterlee; *Con (grown up)*, Jimmy Butler; *Lee*, Jack Egger; *John*, Dickie Jones; *Miss Phillibrown*, Anne Shoemaker.

**"THAT CERTAIN WOMAN"**—WARNERS—Screen play written by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The Cast: *Mary Donnell*, Bette Davis; *Jack Merrick*, Henry Fonda; *Lloyd Rogers*, Ian Hunter; *Fibb*, Anita Louise; *Merrick*, Sr., Donald Crisp; *Virgil Whitaker*, Hugh O'Donnell; *Mrs. Rogers*, Katherine Alexander; *Amy*, Mary Phillips; *Tildon*, Minor Watson; *Valko*, Ben Welden; *Detective Neely*, Sidney Toler; *Dr. James*, Charles Trowbridge; *Fred*, Norman Willis; *Dr. Hartman*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Kenyon*, Tim Henning; *Jackie*, Dwan Day.

**"VARSITY SHOW"**—WARNERS—Original story by Warren Duff and Sid Herzog. Screen play by Warren Duff, Sid Herzog, Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. Directed by William Keighley. The Cast: *"Chuck" Daly*, Dick Powell; *Ernie Mason*, Fred Waring; *"Babs" Steward*, Rosemary Lane; *Betty Bradley*, Priscilla Lane; *"Rubelegs" Stevens*, Lee Dixon; *Prof. Washburn*, Roy Atwell; *Prof. Biddle*, Walter Catlett; *"Scotly"*, Scotty Bates; *William Williams*, Ted Holey; *Cuddles*, Mabel Todd; *"Trout"*, Sterling Holloway; *"Hap"*, George McFarland; *Buzz Bolton*, Johnny Davis; *"Polly"*, Poley McClintock; Specialty Number by Buck and Bubbles; *"Hammer"*, Ben Welden; *Dean of the College*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Mrs. Smith*, Emma Dunn; *Mike Barclay*, Ed Brophy.

**"VICTORIA THE GREAT"**—RKO-RADIO—Scenario and dialogue by Miles Malleon and Charles de Grandcourt. Produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox. The Cast: *Queen Victoria*, Anna Neagle; *Prince Consort*, Anton Walbrook; *Prince Ernest*, Walter Rilla; *Duchess of Kent*, Mary Morris; *Lord Melbourne*, H. B. Warner; *Baroness Lehzen*, Greta Wegener; *Archbishop of Canterbury*, C. V. France; *Wellington*, James Dale; *Sir Robert Peel*, Charles Carson; *Lord Conyngham*, Hubert Herby; *Palmerston*, Felix Aylmer; *Gladstone (Young)*, Derrick De Marney; *Gladstone (Old)*, Hugh Miller; *Stockmar*, Paul Leyssac.

**"VOGUES OF 1938"**—WALTER WANGER—UNION ARTISTS—Original screen play by Samuel and Bella Spewack. Directed by Irving Cummings. The Cast: *George Carson*, Warner Baxter; *Wendy Van Klettering*, Joan Bennett; *Mary Carson*, Helen Vinson; *Prince Maratolo*, Mischa Auer; *Mr. Morgan*, Alan Mowbray; *Mr. Brockton*, Jerome Cowan; *Sophie Miller*, Alma Kruger; *Mrs. Lenka*, Marjorie Gathorne; *Miss Simms*, Dorothy McNulty; *Betty Mason*, Polly Rowles; *i-iolet*, Marla Shelton; *Mrs. Van Klettering*, Hedda Hopper; *Lawyer*, Roman Bolnen; *Entertainers*, Georgie Tapps, Virginia Verill, Fred Lawrence, Gloria Gilbert, Olympic Trio, Wiere Brothers, Rocco and Sautler, The Four Hot Shots, Victor Young and his orchestra.

**"WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES"**—WARNERS—Screen play by Roy Chanslor. From a novel by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Jim Turner*, Barton MacLane; *Valerie*, Ann Sheridan; *George Mayhew*, Dick Purcell; *Marjorie Mayhew*, Peggy Bates; *Pres Barrow*, Walter Cassell; *Mrs. Mayhew*, Lottie Williams; *Bright*, Kenneth Harlan; *Eight Ball*, Eugene Jackson; *Broadway*, Charlie Foy; *Joe*, James Robbins.

**"YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Harry Tugend. Jack Yellen and Karl Tunberg. From an original story by Gregory Ratoff. Music and lyrics by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: *Judith Poe Wells*, Alice Faye; *Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *George Macrae*, Don Ameche; *Sam Gordon*, Charles W. Miller; *Lulu Riley*, Louise Hovick; *Rubioff*, Himself; *Bobby Walker*, Tony Martin; *Bevins*, Arthur Treacher; *Evelyn Moore*, Phyllis Brooks; *Specialty* Tip, Tap & Toe; *Orchestra Leader*, Louis Prima; *Hotel Clerk*, Tyler Brooke; *Romano*, George Humbert; *Mr. Whiteam*, Jed Prouty; *Jerry*, Wally Vernon; *Alderman Barney Callahan*, Robert Murphy; *Blonde*, Dorothy Christy; *Tom*, Paul McVey; *Lady Shopper*, Clara Blandick.

## Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 29)

the triangle is not noticeable. And speaking of pencils, Mr. Stanhope says that you must never, never use a black pencil to extend your brows, even if your brows are naturally very black. A dark-brown pencil gives the same effect and looks softer.

APROPOS OF NOTHING AT ALL—If you want to look your best when you're being photographed in your wedding dress, have the color of the dress a very pale shell pink, and it will photograph a pure white. Jeanette MacDonald's wedding dress was a soft pink, and Perc Westmore is making Norma Shearer's wigs in "Marie Antoinette" the same color, so that they will photograph a clear white. I saw Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly" and was so impressed by the whiteness of her skin that I dashed over to see her immediately and practically demanded to know how she did it. Here's the secret: Jeanette abandons her—and your—regular cold-cream cleansing once in a while—and cleans her face with three oils, using them in rotation on successive nights. The first night she uses almond oil to remove the make-up; the second night, coconut oil; and the third, olive oil. It's simple enough, isn't it? And Jeanette's lovely skin had me gasping with envy.

NO BULGES, PLEASE! — Maybe this hasn't any particular place in here, but I just want to pass on something that struck me as very interesting for girls who have ambitions to be professional dancers. Sonja Henie told me that she rehearses only two hours in the morning and then not again until evening, when she rehearses another two hours. She says that rehearsing for a longer period of time is what is responsible for those unsightly bulges and muscles on the legs. When you see her in "Thin Ice," notice the fluid grace of her lovely legs. And Sonja tells me that she has never needed to have her legs massaged because she doesn't overrehearse.

HEPBURN'S HAIR—I tried Katharine Hepburn's special way of washing her hair, and I must pass it along to those of you who have brown or reddish hair. Make four eggs and beat the yolks and whites separately until each is as foamy as possible. Rub the yolks in your scalp and massage thoroughly for five minutes. Then add the whites and rub for five or more minutes. Rinse with fresh lemon juice and cool water.

ODDS AND ENDS—Garbo eats raw carrots at intervals during the day to give her added vitality. . . Rosalind Russell mixes cologne with olive oil in equal proportions and uses it as a cleanser. For a powder base, she rubs in a little of the same mixture, wipes most of it off, and then powders over it. . . Virginia Bruce washes her face in soap and water, then rinses first in clear water, then in water with a little lemon in it. The lemon is whitening.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.



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## Radio MIRROR

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## Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 72)

that they balance your skirt length. Don't be afraid of novelty, but, also, don't forget that the hat which may amuse you today may turn out to be but a giggle in a few months or so, when the novelty has worn off and only the craziness persists. Yes, a bit of caution should be used as to millinery in your planning, unless you can afford to wear a hat only a few times and then pass it on to someone.

A CALL from Katharine Hepburn brought Muriel King swooping through the air to design her clothes for "Stage Door." She has done Ginger Rogers' and Gail Patrick's also, in the same picture. Two contrasting types, Ginger with her airy, natural spontaneity; Katharine, with her sophisticated, greyhound streamlines, gave Miss King a great opportunity.

For Katharine, with her wide shoulders, she has designed with almost military severity a knockout coat of heavy, soft shaggy black wool, which has a braided front and brass buttons. Another coat of this type is of gray-blue cloth, its outstanding curved lapels lined with brighter blue. Long lines of dark-blue silk braid are on the front and back of the top of the coat and are squeezed into frog fastenings. The dress to be worn with this coat is of the blue materials of the lapels.

Layers of rounded petals trim an evening gown of gray marquisette which Katharine will wear. Petal layers surround the armholes, start at the shoulder on the bodice and taper to the belt, repeat this line in the back, and flow in a long line down the side fronts of the enormously wide skirt. A wide belt of magenta suede, buttoned in front, confines the waist.

A charming afternoon frock for Katharine is of black silk crepe, with wide grosgrain bows spaced at intervals on its surface. The V neck is filled in with a jabot of dozens and dozens of tiny grosgrain ribbon loops in white, and these also edge the long sleeves. There is a black chiffon negligee which is a dream. It is tucked from throat to hem in sun-ray pin tucks. Oh! the labor of that! There is a ruffle at the throat and another at the waist and both are confined with black velvet ribbons. White flowers are tucked into the belt.

So smart as to be outrageous is a short jacket of black heckle feathers, cut with a pointed standing collar. This Katy wears over an evening gown of black chiffon, made with harem-skirt loops on the sides of the skirt. The neck is high and transparent and has an inch-wide standing collar, tightly fitting the throat. A flat band of silver edges the neck and ends the short sleeves. Silver thread scrolls its way above these bands. Every edge of the dress is hand-rolled.

Ginger wears more youthful clothes. Watch for a suit of powder blue with a swagger coat. Her figured silk blouse is of blue with a red, chartreuse and white pattern.

Make an evening dress of bright green marquisette, yards and yards of it; then cover it with another entire dress of palest water green in the same material and you have one of the evening gowns Ginger wears. Add two cellophane flowers and you will look like something you might find floating through the woods on a midsummer's night. See it on page 60.

These are only a few of the delights in "Stage Door," for I saw dozens of clothes I should love to tell you about; on Katharine, Ginger and Gail, three distinct types.

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	Evansville	Schultz's					
	Wayne	Frank's					
	Indianapolis	Hillman's					
	Kokomo	Wolf's Apparel Shop					
	Marion	The Hat Box					
	Litchfield City	Russell H. Kramer					
	Muncie	Ball Stores, Inc.					
	So. Bend	Ellsworth's					
	Terre Haute	Silver Specialty Shop					
IOWA	Cedar Rapids	Newman Merc. Co.					
	Davenport	Abrahams					
	KANSAS	Pittsburg	The Vogue				
		Salina	Kaufman's				
		Wichita	Allen W. Hinkel Co.				
		KENTUCKY	Ashland	The Parsons-Faulkner Co.			
			Hartan	Powers & Horton			
			Hazard	The Boston Store			
			Hopkinsville	Arnold's			
			Lexington	The Mitchell Baker Smith Co.			
Louisville			Alis Shop				
Mayfield			Vanity Shoppe				
Middlesboro	Arnold's						
Paducah	Wolfson's						
LOUISIANA	Alexandria		Ames Co.				
	Lake Charles	New Palais Royal					
	Monroe	Bella Scherck Davidson					
	Shreveport	Raye's Ready to Wear					
	MAINE	Bangor	Miriam Wardwell Shop				
		Calais	J. Unohsky				
		Lewiston	The Hat & Frock Shoppe				
		Portland	Smiley's				
		MARYLAND	Salisbury	R. E. Powell Co.			
			MASSACHUSETTS	Boston	Fredley's		
Holyoke				Sheehan Shop			
Lowell				Katherine C. Mack			
Pittsfield				Madame Fillion			
Wellesley				Fredley's			
Worcester	The Woman's Shop						
MICHIGAN	Detroit			B. Siegel Co.			
	Grand Rapids			Fine Bros.			
	Lamtracck			The Paris			
	Pontiac	The Style Shop					
	Port Huron	Arthur's					
	MINNESOTA	Duluth	M. C. Albenberg				
		MISSISSIPPI	Columbus	The Fashion Center			
			Greenville	Dave Weinberg			
			Jackson	Fields, Inc.			
			Meridian	Fine Bros. Matson Co.			
Vicksburg			Marks-Rothenberg				
MISSOURI			Columbia	Suzanne's			
			Hannibal	Suzanne's			
			Joplin	The Newman Merc. Co.			
			Moberly	Mrs. R. M. Johnston			
	MONTANA		Bozeman	Braten's			
		Butte	Ed Marans				
		Glasgow	Flaten's				
		Great Falls	The Paris Fligman Co.				
		Missoula	Haines Style Shop				
		NEBRASKA	Lincoln	Mapees			
NEW HAMPSHIRE			Berlin	Naboshok's			
			Manchester	Meltry, Inc.			
			NEW JERSEY	Atlantic City	Joseph Elfman		
				Camden	W. L. Hurley Co.		
	East Orange			Ada Shop			
	Elizabeth			Joyce Shop			
	New Brunswick			Zarra Dress Shop			
	Paterson			Mikolot's			
	Perth Amboy			Arlene Shop			
	Trenton	Nevius Bros.					
NEW YORK	Auburn	Kalet's					
	Binghamton	Sisson Bros. Weidon Co.					
	Buffalo	The Buffalo Jenny Co.					
	Elmira	E. Hazel Murphy					
	Glens Falls	Merkel & Gelman					
	Hudson	Mary B. Cole					
	Jamestown	La Mode					
	Ithaca	H. Karch					
	Lockport	Hall's Fashion Shop					
	Plattsburg	David Merkel					
NEW YORK (cont.)	Ogdensburg	Leon Friedman					
	Poughkeepsie	Boeckel Shop					
	Rochester	Kroll's					
	Port Chester	Mantell & Martin					
	Syracuse	Flah & Co.					
	Troy	Denby's Stores, Inc.					
	Utica	Doyle Knower					
	Watertown	The Mabel Bentley Shoppe					
	NORTH CAROLINA	Albemarle	G. M. Dry & Co.				
		Burlington	B. A. Sellers & Sons				
Fayetteville		The Capitol Dept. Store					
Greenville		C. Heber Forbes					
Goldsboro		Neil Joseph					
Raleigh		E. J. Ellisberg					
Rocky Mount		Rosenblum-Levy					
Southern Pines		Mrs. Hayes Shop					
Tarboro		Rosenbaum's					
Winston-Salem		Arcade Fashion Shop					
NORTH DAKOTA	Wilmington	J. K. Hoyt					
	Belk Williams Co.	Belk Williams Co.					
	OHIO	Minot	Stutt's Store for Women				
		Alliance	Spring Holzworth				
		Cleveland	C. Zimmerman				
		Dayton	Field's (Spater's, Inc.)				
		ALABAMA	Mobile	Reiss Brothers			
			Montgomery	A. Nachman			
			Troy	Rosenberg Bros.			
			CALIFORNIA	Los Angeles	The May Co.		
Sacramento				Hale Bros.			
San Francisco				O'Connor Moffatt & Co.			
CANADA	Calgary			Hudson Bay Co.			
	Winnipeg, Manitoba			Hudson Bay Co.			
	COLORADO			Colorado Springs	The Wilbur Suit Co.		
				CONNECTICUT	Bridgeport	Fashion Millinery	
		Danbury			Stanley's		
		Hartford			Sane Allen & Co.		
		Stanford			C. O. Miller Co.		
		DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	Washington		Woodward & Lothrop		
			FLORIDA		Miami	Nordell's	
					Pensacola	Bon Marche	
GEORGIA					Atlanta	Davison Paxon Co.	
					Macon	Maysons	
	Savannah				Leopold Adler		
	ILLINOIS			Charleston	Dress Well Shop		
				Chicago	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.		
				Decatur	Bloch & Kuhl Co.		
				Elgin	Joseph Spiess Co.		
		Galesburg		Kellogg, Drake Co.			
		La Salle	C. B. Blakely Co.				
		Moline	Bloch & Kuhl Co.				
Peoria		Clarke & Co.					
Quincy		Halbach Schroeder					
Roseland		The New Worthams					
INDIANA	Anderson	The Fair					
	Eikhart	Ziesel Bros. Co.					
	MINNESOTA	Minneapolis	Dayton Co.				
		MISSOURI	Hannibal	The Famous			
			Kansas City	Geo. B. Peck Co.			
			St. Joseph	Townsend Wyatt & Wall Co.			
			St. Louis	Stix Baer & Fuller Co.			
			MONTANA	Butte	Hennessy Co.		
				NEBRASKA	Omaha	Thomas Kilpatrick	
					NEW HAMPSHIRE	Nashua	Gaby's Exclusive Shoppe
NEW JERSEY						Atlantic City	Green Shops, Inc.
						Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
	Trent					Lillian Charm	
	NEW YORK	Binghamton				Fowler, Dick & Walker	
		Brooklyn				Abraham & Strauss	
		Buffa				Flint & Kent	
		Glens Falls				Nugent's	
		New York City	Leon Friedman				
		Ogdensburg	Boeckel Shop				
		Poughkeepsie	Hollywood Milliners				
Tr		Irving H. Iron					
Ut		Pierre Campbell					
Yonk		Pierre Campbell					
NORTH CAROLINA	Ashevi	Glendale Shop					
	Durha	Ellis Stone & Co.					
	Greensb	Ellis Stone & Co.					
	Madis	Rosenbaum's, Inc.					
	Tarba	Sher-Lynn Shoppe					
	Wilmington	Sher-Lynn Shoppe					
	Winston-Sale	Wm. Robin Co.					
	OHIO	Cant	The Bon Marche				
		Columb	The Fashion Co.				
		Hamt	Robinson-Schwenn Co.				
Lin		Feldman's, Inc.					
MAINE		Lakew	Betty Lawlor Shop				
		Li	The Leader				
		Lewist	The Hub				
		Steu	Abrahams				
		Warr	House of Fashion				
		OKLAHOMA	Ardm	Baum's			
	El		Newman Merc. Co.				
	Law		The Vogue				
	Oklahoma C		Taylor's				
	PENNSYLVANIA		Ambric	Venner's			
Allent			Williams Fashion Shop				
Beaver Fa			The Edrie McKee Shop				
Bedfe			Barton's Fashion Shop				
Danvi			Judy Miller Shop				
Greensbu			Brlen Smith & Royer, Inc.				
Hazel		Hyman's					
Johnsto		Martin's					
Lewis		Danks & Co.					
McKees		Cox's					
SOUTH CAROLINA	Mount Carr	F. C. Menapace					
	New Cas	Ann McKee App'l Shop					
	Philadel	Freeman's					
	Philadelph	Hark's Dress Shop					
	Pittsbu	Rosenbaum's					
	Scrant	Scranton D. Co.					
	Shar	Arthur Lewis Stores, Inc.					
	Shamol	Shapiro's, Inc.					
	Somer	Polly Jane Shop					
	State Coll	Schlow's Quality Shop					
Unionto	Rosenbaum's, Inc.						
Warr	E. L. Stein						
Williams	Brozman's						
Wilkes-Ba	Bell's Corset Shop						
Y	Gilman's						
TEXAS	Abil	Ernest Grissom's					
	Amari	Regent's					
	Corpus Chri	Goodfriend's Spec. Shop					
	Dal	The Engle Shop					
	Ft. Wor	Wendell's, Inc.					
	McAll	Monnig D. G. Co.					
	Valley	Valley Merc. Co.					
	Sherm	Marks Bros.					
	San Ant	The Mayfair Shop					
	Tem	Roddy's					
VERMONT	Burling	W. G. Reynolds					
	VIRGINIA	Charlottesvi	Style Shoppe				
		Chase C	Pauline Shop				
		Danvi	L. Herman				
		Harrisonbu	Jos. Ney & Sons Co.				
		Norri	Ames & Brownley				
		Staunt	Natalie Shoppe				
		Staunt	Timberlake D. G. Co.				
		WASHINGTON	Seat	Delman's			
			Tacoi	The Fisher Co.			
Walla Wa			A. M. Jensen Co.				
WEST VIRGINIA	Bluefi		The Vogue				
	Charlest		F. A. Deming				
	Huntingt		Smart Shop				
	Morgant		The Foradoro Shoppe				
	Wheeli		Geo. E. Stifel Co.				
	WISCONSIN		Applet	Bee Frank			
			Green B	Jacobs			
		La Cro	Wm. Doerflinger Co.				
		Milwauke	Cinderella Frocks				
		Milwauke	Milwaukee Ck. & Suit Co.				
Sheboyn		Alfred Jung Co.					

## PHOTOPLAY PRE-VUE HAT FASHIONS

ALABAMA	Mobile	Reiss Brothers					
	Montgomery	A. Nachman					
	Troy	Rosenberg Bros.					
	CALIFORNIA	Los Angeles	The May Co.				
		Sacramento	Hale Bros.				
		San Francisco	O'Connor Moffatt & Co.				
		CANADA	Calgary	Hudson Bay Co.			
			Winnipeg, Manitoba	Hudson Bay Co.			
			COLORADO	Colorado Springs	The Wilbur Suit Co.		
				CONNECTICUT	Bridgeport	Fashion Millinery	
Danbury					Stanley's		
Hartford					Sane Allen & Co.		
Stanford					C. O. Miller Co.		
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	Washington				Woodward & Lothrop		
	FLORIDA				Miami	Nordell's	
					Pensacola	Bon Marche	
		GEORGIA			Atlanta	Davison Paxon Co.	
					Macon	Maysons	
			Savannah		Leopold Adler		
			ILLINOIS	Charleston	Dress Well Shop		
				Chicago	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.		
				Decatur	Bloch & Kuhl Co.		
				Elgin	Joseph Spiess Co.		
Galesburg				Kellogg, Drake Co.			
La Salle	C. B. Blakely Co.						
Moline	Bloch & Kuhl Co.						
Peoria	Clarke & Co.						
Quincy	Halbach Schroeder						
Roseland	The New Worthams						
INDIANA	Anderson	The Fair					
	Eikhart	Ziesel Bros. Co.					
	IOWA	Cedar Rapids	The Killian Co.				
		Davenport	M. L. Parker Co.				
		Des Moines	Younker Bros.				
		Dubuque	J. F. Stampler's				
		Fort Dodge	Gates D. G. Co.				
		Iowa City	Yetter's				
		Ottumwa	Emporium				
		Sioux City	T. S. Martin Co.				
KANSAS		Fort Scott	The Vogue				
		Louisville	Brinckerhoff, Inc.				
	LOUISIANA	Lake Charles	New Palais Royal				
		New Orleans	D. H. Holmes Co.				
		Opelousas	Abdalla's, Inc.				
		MAINE	Lewiston	B. Peck Co.			
			MARYLAND	Baltimore	Hutzler Bros. Co.		
				MASSACHUSETTS	Brockton	M. E. Cain Hannigan	
					Lawrence	Cherry & Webb Co.	
					Lynn	T. W. Rogers Co.	
New Bedford					C. F. Wing Co.		
Waltham					Grover Cronin, Inc.		
Worcester	John C. MacInnes Co.						
MICHIGAN	Battle Creek				Seaman's		
	Detroit				J. L. Hudson Co.		
	Grand Rapids	Paul Stekete & Sons					
	Jackson	Elaine Shop					
	Kalamazoo	Gilmore Bros.					
	Pontiac	Style Shop					
	Saginaw	Chase's					
	Saginaw	Heavenrich Bros.					
	MINNESOTA	Minneapolis	Dayton Co.				
		MISSOURI	Hannibal	The Famous			
Kansas City			Geo. B. Peck Co.				
St. Joseph			Townsend Wyatt & Wall Co.				
St. Louis			Stix Baer & Fuller Co.				
MONTANA			Butte	Hennessy Co.			
			NEBRASKA	Omaha	Thomas Kilpatrick		
				NEW HAMPSHIRE	Nashua	Gaby's Exclusive Shoppe	
					NEW JERSEY	Atlantic City	Green Shops, Inc.
						Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
	Trent					Lillian Charm	
	NEW YORK	Binghamton				Fowler, Dick & Walker	
		Brooklyn				Abraham & Strauss	
		Buffa				Flint & Kent	
		Glens Falls				Nugent's	
New York City		Leon Friedman					
Ogdensburg		Boeckel Shop					
Poughkeepsie		Hollywood Milliners					
Tr		Irving H. Iron					
Ut		Pierre Campbell					
Yonk		Pierre Campbell					
NORTH CAROLINA	Ashevi	Glendale Shop					
	Durha	Ellis Stone & Co.					
	Greensb	Ellis Stone & Co.					
	Madis	Rosenbaum's, Inc.					
	Tarba	Sher-Lynn Shoppe					
	Wilmington	Sher-Lynn Shoppe					
	Winston-Sale	Wm. Robin Co.					
	OHIO	Cant	The Bon Marche				
		Columb	The Fashion Co.				
		Hamt	Robinson-Schwenn Co.				
Lin		Feldman's, Inc.					

The John Ross Co. Middletown  
Edward Wren Co. Springfield  
The Hub Steubenville  
Lamson Bros. Co. Toledo  
Bontwitz Co. Van Wert  
Litt Bros., Inc. Wilmington  
Livingston's Youngstown

**OREGON**  
Chas. F. Berg, Inc. Portland

**PENNSYLVANIA**  
The Adams Co. Allentown  
Leonardson's Du Bois  
Henry & Fisher Hat Shop Harrisburg  
Bowman & Co. Greensburg  
Ann's Millinery Johnstown  
Gimbel Brothers Pittsburgh  
Scranton D. G. Co. Scranton  
Leonards Uniontown  
Caldwell Store, Inc. Washington  
Brozmann Williamsport

**RHODE ISLAND**  
Bon Ton Millinery Newport

**SOUTH CAROLINA**  
May Bond Simpson Columbia  
Glendale Shop Greenville

**TENNESSEE**  
Grace's Nashville  
Morgan-Verhine Union City

**TEXAS**  
Goodfriends Spec. Shop Austin  
Volk Bros. Co. Dallas  
The Smart Shop Houston  
Georgianna Shoppe Wichita Falls

**UTAH**  
The Emporium Ogden  
Kieth-O'Brien, Inc. Salt Lake City

**VIRGINIA**  
Style Shop Charlottesville  
nyder & Berman, Inc. Lynchburg  
Capin Hats Norfolk  
Jonas Shop Richmond  
S. H. Heironimus Co. Roanoke  
Margaret L. Hodgson Winchester

**WASHINGTON**  
Alexanders Spokane

**WEST VIRGINIA**  
Hollywood Shop Huntington  
The Floradora Shop Morgantown  
L. S. Good & Co. Wheeling

**WISCONSIN**  
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Gimbel Brothers, Inc. Milwaukee

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Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....

Fairfield, Iowa..... Ladies Fashion Shop  
Fairmont, W. Va..... Frances Dress Shoppe  
Findlay, Ohio..... Simons  
Fitchburg, Mass..... The Rogers Co.  
Flint, Mich..... The Vogue  
Forest City, Iowa..... R. R. Jacobs  
Fort Dodge, Iowa..... Gates D. G.  
Fort Fairfield, Me..... Ellis Green Co.  
Fostoria, Ohio..... H. O. Ahlenius  
Framingham, Mass..... Rayfield's  
Franklin, N. H..... Max Solomon  
Frederick, Md..... J. D. Hendrickson  
Freeport, Ill..... Hecht's  
Fremont, Ohio..... A. L. Bintz Co.

Galesburg, Ill..... O. T. Johnson Co.  
Gardner, Mass..... Winchester Specialty Shop  
Gary, Ind..... Broadway Style Shop  
Germantown, Pa..... Quality Dress Shop  
Grand Rapids, Mich..... Houseman's  
Greenfield, Mass..... W. L. Goodnow Co.  
Greeley, Colo..... Greeley D. G. Co.  
Greenwich, Conn..... A. B. Salvatore, Inc.  
Green Bay, Wis..... Richards, Inc.  
Greensburg, Ind..... Levenstein D. G. Co.  
Greensburg, Pa..... La Rose Shop

Hamilton, Ohio..... Robinson-Schwenn  
Hartford, Conn..... G. Fox & Co.  
Hazleton, Pa..... New York Style Shop  
Herkimer, N. Y..... M. Lurie & Co.  
Hibbing, Minn..... Sapero Bros.  
Hickory, N. C..... Klein's  
Homestead, Pa..... Robins Shop  
Hoquiam, Wash..... Nail's  
Hornell, N. Y..... Tuttle Rockwell Co.  
Houston, Me..... S. S. Greene & Bros.  
Howell, Mich..... John W. Goodnow  
Huntington, W. Va..... Kurzman's

Idaho Falls, Idaho..... Frock & Bonnett  
Indiana, Pa..... Molly Ann Dress Shop  
Indianapolis, Ind..... Rink's Store  
Ironwood, Mich..... B. Krom & Son  
Itasca, N. Y..... Holley's

Jackson, Mich..... Jacobson Stores  
Jacksonville, Ill..... The Emporium  
Jamestown, N. Y..... Abrahamson-Bigelow's  
Janesville, Wis..... Hagen's  
Jeanette, Pa..... E. Weiner  
Jefferson City, Mo..... Peltason's  
Johnstown, Pa..... Glosser Bros.

Kankakee, Ill..... Chicago Store  
Kansas City, Kans..... Young D. G. Co.  
Kenosha, Wis..... Segal's  
Kewanee, Ill..... Kewanee D. G.  
Klamath Falls, Ore..... Adrienne's

Laconia, N. H..... R. Wein  
La Crosse, Wis..... E. R. Barron Co.  
Lafayette, Ind..... Palais Royal  
Lakewood, Ohio..... The Bailey Co.  
Lancaster, Pa..... Watt & Shand  
Lansford, Pa..... J. C. Bright  
LaSalle, Ill..... Hottel's  
Lawrence, Mass..... Empire Fashion  
Lead, S. Dak..... Chase's  
Leaksville, N. C..... O'Mansky Bros.  
Lebanon, Pa..... Bon Ton  
Leominster, Mass..... The Vogue Shop  
Lewiston, Me..... Peck's  
Lewistown, Pa..... Danks & Co.  
Lexington, Ky..... Ship's  
Lincoln, Neb..... The Famous Mercantile  
Little Falls, N. Y..... Strand Shop  
Little Rock, Ark..... Gus Blass Co.  
Littleton, N. H..... MacLeod's  
Livingston, Mont..... A. W. Miles Co.  
Lockport, N. Y..... Williams Bros. Co.  
Logan, Utah..... Allens Ladies Store  
Lowell, Mass..... Bon Warehouse D. G. Co.  
Lynch, Ky..... The United Supply Co.  
Lynn, Mass..... Goddard Bros.

McDonald, Pa..... Chambon's  
McKeesport, Pa..... Cox's  
Madison, Wis..... Woldenberg's  
Manchester, N. H..... Pariseau's  
Mankato, Minn..... Stewart's  
Marquette, Wis..... The Bell Store  
Marquette, Mich..... Lou's  
Marshalltown, Iowa..... Brintnall's  
Marshfield, Wis..... McCain-Johnson  
Mason City, Iowa..... Damon's  
Massillon, Ohio..... Erlanger D. G. Co.  
Mattoon, Ill..... Lester's  
Mechanicsville, N. Y..... P. H. Penn & Son  
Medford, Oregon..... Adrienne's  
Milford, Mass..... Louis Fashion Shop  
Milwaukee, Wis..... Schuster's  
Minerva, Ohio..... Ralph C. Smith Co.  
Minneapolis, Minn..... Powers  
Mishawaka, Ind..... Milady Shop  
Missoula, Mont..... C. Preiss  
Mitchell, S. Dak..... Feinstein Bros.  
Moline, Ill..... La Rose Shop  
Monroe, Wis..... The Link Store  
Montgomery, W. Va..... Floradora Shoppe  
Moscow, Idaho..... Fashion Shop  
Mt. Airy, N. C..... J. G. Harrison  
Mt. Holly, N. J..... Orchid Shop  
Mt. Pleasant, Mich..... The New Yorker  
Mt. Vernon, Ill..... Morton's Apparel  
Mt. Vernon, Ohio..... Dows-Rudin  
Muncie, Ind..... Roth's Smart App.  
Muscatine, Iowa..... Batterson Store  
Muskegon, Mich..... Wm. D. Hardy

Nashua, N. H..... Smart Shop  
Napoleon, Ohio..... The Fashion Center  
New Bedford, Mass..... W. M. King & Co.  
Newburyport, Mass..... Goldsmith's Style Shop  
New Castle, Ind..... Morton's Apparel Shop  
New Hampton, Iowa..... Sheakley & Kennedy Bros.  
New Haven, Conn..... Morrison's  
New Kensington, Pa..... Silverman's  
Newport, Vt..... Flint's  
Newport News, Va..... The Broadway Store  
Newton, N. J..... The Leader  
Niagara Falls, N. Y..... Bellevue Dress Shop  
Niagara Falls, N. Y..... Mack-Friedman  
Niles, Ohio..... Lippy's  
Northampton, Mass..... McCallum's  
Norwalk, Ohio..... L. M. Preiss  
Norway, Mich..... Joseph R. Ruwitch & Son  
Norwich, Conn..... Frister & Raucher  
Norwich, N. Y..... The Fair Store

Oakland, Calif..... Zukor's  
Ogden, Utah..... Brittan's  
Olean, N. Y..... The Kinter Co.  
Olympia, Wash..... M. M. Morris  
Oneonta, N. Y..... Oneonta Drug Store  
Orange, Mass..... Orange Clothing Co.  
Oswego, N. Y..... M. J. McDonald  
Ottumwa, Iowa..... T. J. Madden Co.  
Ottawa, Ill..... Hecht's

Painesville, Ohio..... Daniels, Inc.  
Parkersburg, W. Va..... Franquette's  
Passaic, N. J..... Montauk Shop  
Patterson, N. J..... Quackenbush Co.  
Peoria, Ill..... Hecht's  
Perry, N. Y..... Royce & Wright Co.  
Petersburg, Va..... Rucker-Rosenstock  
Petosky, Mich..... Welling's Dept. Store  
Pittsford, Pa..... Frisbie & Seder  
Pittsford, Pa..... Waldman's, Inc.  
Pocatello, Idaho..... Style Shop  
Pontiac, Ill..... Wendland's  
Port Angeles, Wash..... Leader Dept. Store  
Port Huron, Mich..... Ballentine's D. G. Co.  
Portland, Me..... Porteous, Mitchell & Braun  
Pittsburg, Pa..... Meier & Frank  
Port Richmond, S. N. Y..... Schwartz App. Co.  
Portsmouth, N. H..... Schwartz App. Co.



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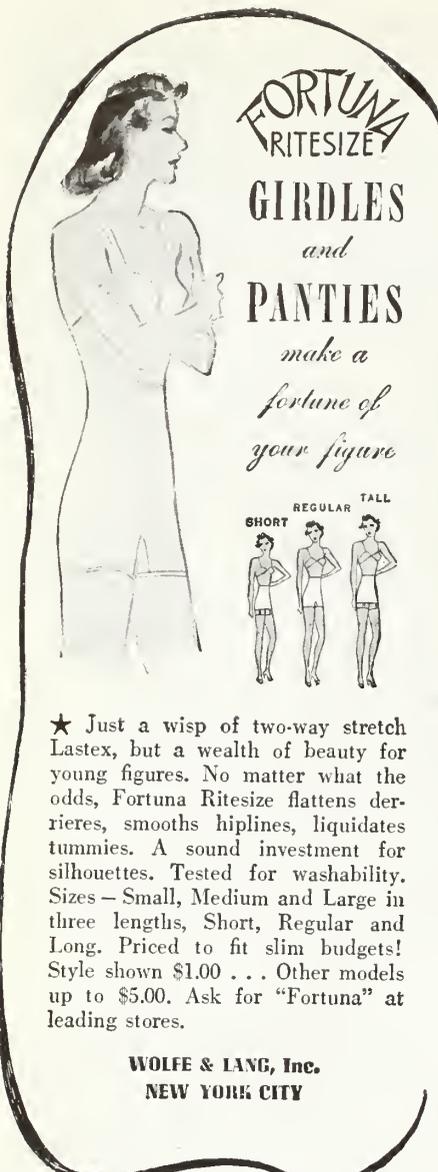
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## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

### GOOD OLD SOAK, THE—M-G-M

Wallace Beery as the wayward rum-guzzling father finally untangles his family's problems involving Eric Linden's passion for a night club gold digger, Judith Barrett. Una Merkel and Janet Beecher exceptionally fine support. Hokum but good. (July)

### HOLLYWOOD COWBOY—RKO-Radio

A movie cowboy proves himself a two-fisted outdoor lad when he is mistaken for a real cowhand. George O'Brien is the hero who outwits ranch racketeers, wins Cecilia Parker. Joe Cais is the riotous stooge. Fast, furious and funny. (July)

### HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE—Monogram

A timely, homespun and sometimes satirical picture of everyday American life given reality by the forthright performance of Mickey Rooney, the misunderstood urchin battling for his father's reputation. Anne Nagel is the understanding school-marm; Frank Shields, her beau ideal. (Sept.)

### HOTEL HAYWIRE—Paramount

A conglomeration of good actors lost in a melee of ancient buffoonery that manages to be very funny. Leo Carrillo is the fake seer whose bad advice breaks up the family of Lynn Overman and his wife, Spring Byington. The amateur detective work of Benny Baker and Collette Lyons adds to the marital confusion. (Aug.)

### ★ I MET HIM IN PARIS—Paramount

As modern as tomorrow's hat, this sophisticated conversational comedy reveals what happens when two boys meet one girl. Claudette Colbert is the department store designer out for a fling. Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young see that she gets it. The dialogue is delicious and as catchy as measles. The snow scenes taken at Sun Valley are breathtaking. Simply swell. (Aug.)

### IT HAPPENED OUT WEST—20th Century-Fox

Paul Kelly, a big business man, is sent West on an undercover deal to purchase a dairy ranch from Judith Allen. He falls in love with her, becomes involved with Leroy Mason, heavy. You write the rest. (Aug.)

### ★ KID GALAHAD—Warners

An exciting story of the prize ring with Edward G. Robinson as the self-centered manager of Wayne Morris. Eddie hotheadedly tries to sell Morris out when he discovers the fighter is in love with his doll, Bette Davis. Humphrey Bogart, Bette, and Eddie himself are perfect. Punchy he-man material with Morris proving a winner. (July)

### KING OF GAMBLERS—Paramount

The shocker-type melodrama reveals the sinister maneuvers of Akins Tamiroff, slot machine racketeer, who murders anyone who stands in his way. In love with Claire Trevor he lures his rival Lloyd Nolan into a trap which catches the wrong feller. Top-notch. (July)

### KING SOLOMON'S MINES—GB

Based on the novel by H. Rider Haggard, this depicts the harrowing experiences of five adventurers seeking the lost diamond mines of the Biblical king. Paul Robeson contributes some superb singing; Roland Young and Cedric Hardwicke play with their usual finesse. Somewhat à la serial, but you'll enjoy it. (Sept.)

### ★ KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR — London Films-United Artists

James Hilton's story of romance and danger during the Russian Revolution, beautifully produced and superlatively photographed. Marlene Dietrich, as the exquisite countess, drops her mask, becomes really human. Robert Donat, as the secret service agent who saves her life, is perfect. Exceptional. (Aug.)

### LADY ESCAPES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Another grade Z attempt at whimsical farce that fails miserably to amuse. Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart are a pair of battling hyenas who, after a year of assault and battery, decide on a divorce. What happens? Who cares? (Aug.)

### LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID—Paramount

An action-packed drama of modern Spain with timely subject material and a good story, but the dialogue is an insult to intelligence. Included in the cast are Lew Ayres, Dorothy Lamour, and Gilbert Roland, all of whom overact. (Aug.)

### LET THEM LIVE—Universal

Vivid and fast-moving story of a young doctor's efforts to better sanitary conditions in the slums. John Howard is splendid as the medico; Edward Ellis true to type as the crooked politician who balks Howard's efforts. The cast is good. (July)

### ★ LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Warners

Warner Brothers prove once again their aptitude for combining fascinating biography with dramatic entertainment. Paul Muni does epochal acting as the French writer, champion of the underdog, who risks his life and career to fight for *Captain Dreyfus*, unjustly condemned to Devil's Island. Joseph Schildkraut as *Dreyfus* is superlative. The entire cast scores. See this as one of the year's worthiest pictures. (Sept.)

### LOVE IN A BUNGALOW—Universal

A lightweight little story, this has Nan Grey, hostess in a model bungalow, and Kent Taylor,



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breezy salesman, bickering in the modern manner. Without benefit of clergy, they enter a happiest married contest, are forced to live up to the terms. Stay home and be comfortable. (Sept.)

### MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW—Paramount

A tender heart-stirring story of two old people who are unwanted by their children. Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore (in a serious rôle for once) offer a richly sympathetic portrait of a devoted couple. Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter and Porter Hall among the strong cast. It's splendid. (July)

### MAN IN BLUE, THE—Universal

The story of a cop, Edward Ellis, who adopts the son of a thief he killed in line of duty. The boy, Robert Wilcox, allows his heritage to throw him for a loop on the wrong path, but all ends well with the help of his heart throb, Nan Grey. Take it or leave it. (Aug.)

### MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST—M-G-M

Debonair Robert Young raises this simple second-class picture to Grade A entertainment. The story concerns a crackpot inventor who gets involved in a night of adventure playing good Samaritan to a strange girl. Florence Rice is a vivid heroine. (Sept.)

### MARRY THE GIRL—Warners

Fancy the hysterical "woo-hooing" of Hugh Herbert and the fuss-budgeting of Mary Boland, as heads of a newspaper syndicate, and you have some idea of this giddy-gabby laugh riot. Mischa Auer, Frank McHugh, Alan Mowbray and Carol Hughes contribute to the fun. (Sept.)

### MEET THE MISSUS—RKO-Radio

Miss America contests come in for some fancy razzing in this Victor Moore-Helen Broderick snicker-flicker. Helen enters a better housewife contest, dragging hubby along. The judges finally pay them to leave town. Anne Shirley is romantic. Looney and lively. (Aug.)

### MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Republic

A sentimental, sobby drama of a frivolous wife who befriends two orphans to win back the custody of her own children. When Wynne Gibson, the wife, grows to love Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt, her husband becomes convinced of her sincerity. The kiddies are cunning. (Aug.)

### MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Warners

Based on the famous Edith Maxwell case, this reveals the brutalities of a sadistic father (Robert Barrat) who beats his daughter (Josephine Hutchinson). She kills him, goes to prison. George Brent, as her attorney, does his bit. Too repellently cruel. (Aug.)

### ★ MOUNTAIN MUSIC—Paramount

This screwball story of a hilly-billy with amnesia is a rollicking comedy of the knock-down drag-out tradition. Martha Raye is the homely hen whom no man but Bob Burns wants. Things get raucous when the mountain people accuse John Howard of murdering Burns. If you like fun, here it is! (Aug.)

### ★ NEW FACES OF 1937—RKO-Radio

If variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there, and plenty of hot swing music form your idea of amusing cinema, this is your dish. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Harriet Hilliard and Parkyakarkus are the principals around whom are built many sketches and minor acts. Outstanding. (Sept.)

### NIGHT KEY—Universal

The transformation of Boris Karloff from bogeyman to sympathetic character is the important feature of this pleasing picture. Karloff is an inventor of electrical burglar alarms. There is humor and suspense in his revenge when crooks use his brain child for their own ends. (July)

### ★ NIGHT MUST FALL—M-G-M

Sheer stark horror marches through this unusual, imaginative but superbly produced picture. Bob Montgomery steps out of his playboy rôles to appear as an English bellboy with an insatiable blood lust, and does a knockout job ably supported by Rosalind Russell and Dame Mary Whitty. Exceptional. (July)

### NIGHT OF MYSTERY—Paramount

This tries to follow the tradition of the *Philo Vance* series and fails miserably. When a murderous someone seems bent on exterminating the whole *Greene* family, you wish they would get it over, so you could go home. (Aug.)

### NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE—Paramount

A shooting, tooting action story of the famous *Hopalong Cassidy* series with Bill Boyd as usual playing *Cassidy*. Posing as a bad man to find the murderer of his brother he nearly comes a cropper. The scenery steals the show. (Sept.)

### OFF AGAIN-ON AGAIN—RKO-Radio

Wheeler and Woolsey are a pair of quarrelsome Babbitts who decide on a wrestling match as a solution to their problems. The winner takes over the business; the loser plays valet to the lucky one. Patricia Wilder, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord add pep. (Sept.)

### ★ PARNELL—M-G-M

A moving and educational portrait of the "uncrowned King of Ireland" and the woman for whom he gave up his power, directed with restraint and scrupulous attention to historical detail. Gable in the title rôle is dignified, Myrna Loy as

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*Kitty O'Shea* is completely charming, and Edna May Oliver, Montagu Love, Neil Fitzgerald and Edmund Gwenn offer able support. Superior entertainment. (Aug.)

**RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS—Republic**

Better than most, independent "quickies" his offers Pat Ellis as an unsuccessful musician of music and Warren Hull as the big-shot musician he manages to compromise. Put it on your see-if-necessary list. (Aug.)

**ROAD BACK, THE—Universal**

Sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," this is a slow-moving psychological study of German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their defeated fatherland. Richard Cromwell, John King and Andy Devine offer keen portrayals of the youthful patriots. (Sept.)

**RUSTLER'S VALLEY—Paramount**

Bill Boyd again takes to his boots and saddle as *Hopalong Cassidy*, frees his pal from accusation as a bank robber, finds time to woo and win Madge Evans. Better than the average *Hopalong*. (Sept.)

**SARATOGA—M-G-M**

Jean Harlow's last picture and the consensus is that her portrayal in this fast-moving comedy drama built around the well-known race track was one of the best of her career. Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Una Merkel, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan are all up to their usual fine standard. (Sept.)

**SHE HAD TO EAT—20th Century-Fox**

Here are jumbled all the old time-tested comedy devices, including mistaken identity, the screwy millionaire, the dumb country boy and the clever little maid. They all miss. Jack Haley, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn and others try hard, but the story yields only a few moments of hilarity. (Sept.)

**SING AND BE HAPPY—20th Century-Fox**

An innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leah Ray, working for rival advertising firms, sing and bicker for reels, make up at the best of Helen Westley, "Pickle Queen." Songs include "Travelin' Light," and "Sing and Be Happy." (Sept.)

**SINGING MARINE, THE—Warners**

Amiable Dick Powell has the situation well in hand in this nicely produced musical. He plays a bashful soldier whose head becomes too big for his hat. China restores his equilibrium. Doris Weston is the girl who waits at the home port. Completely unoriginal but amusing. (Sept.)

**SLAVE SHIP—20th Century-Fox**

A rugged and skillfully directed drama dealing with the African slave traffic of 1850 somewhat rose-colored by a romance between Captain Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan, a Virginia belle. Wally Beery, Joseph Schildkraut and George Sanders graphically villainous. Mickey Rooney steals all the honors. (Aug.)

**SLIM—Warners**

Sizzling with excitement, this high voltage tale reveals the bravery of telephone linesmen in their hazardous work. When love for Margaret Lindsay upsets the palship of Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda, the triangle is squared with a terrific climax. A hummer. (July)

**SMALL TOWN BOY—Grand National**

The hackneyed story of the village sap who becomes a go-getter is again brought out of its wrappings. This time Stuart Erwin is the suppressed lad, who, finding a thousand bucks, immediately becomes a new man and wins the belle of the borough, Joyce Compton. Stay home. (Sept.)

**STAR IS BORN, A—20th Century-Fox**

The best Hollywood story to date, and in Technicolor too! It portrays the joys and sorrows of an extra girl who achieves stardom and the fall of the male idol whom she marries. Janet Gaynor makes a glorious comeback as the extra. Freddie March is the fast slipping screen king. Scrumptious cast. A "must see." (July)

**SUPER SLEUTH—RKO-Radio**

Jack Oakie mugs, slugs, and turns cartwheels to create laughs in this comedy satire on all mystery yarns. Playing a dim-wit actor who yearns to be a detective, he discovers a would-be murderer. The chase ends in the crazy house of a beach concession. Just where the picture belongs. (Sept.)

**TALENT SCOUT—Warners**

Lively entertainment results from this gay story of a talent looker-over, Donald Woods, and his singing find, Jeanne Madden. When she becomes a hit and falls in love with Fred Lawrence minor complications result. The cast has plenty of vim and the songs are catchy. (Aug.)

**TALK OF THE DEVIL—GB**

An extremely diverting mystery involving the ability of Ricardo Cortez to imitate anybody's voice. This aptitude gets him into hot water when Basil Sydney, a smooth forger, uses Cortez for a blind, brings Sally Eilers to the brink of ruin. (July)

**TENTH MAN, THE—GB**

John Lodge blusters his way through English politics, big business and marital troubles in a very loud way. Antoinette Cellier is his long-suffering

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(Continued from page 105)

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Princeton, W. Va.	Nelson's Ladies Shop
Providence, Ky.	Dixie Bargain Store
Providence, R. I.	The Duttlet Co.
Provo, Utah.	Christensen's
Racine, Wis.	Avenue Shop
Reading, Pa.	Gilmans
Reno, Nev.	Wonder Millinery & Dress
Richmond, Ind.	Palais Royal
Ridgeway, Pa.	Ladies Bazaar
Roanoke, Va.	Kann's, Inc.
Rochester, Minn.	Stevenson's
Rockford, Ill.	Husch Mercantile
Rock Island, Ill.	McCabe D. G. Co.
Rockland, Me.	Senter Crane Co.
Rumford, Me.	E. K. Day Co.
Rutland, Vt.	Wolk's Style Shop
Saginaw, Mich.	Esther Shop
St. Johnsbury, Vt.	Berry-Ball
St. Louis, Mo.	Young's Dept. Store
St. Louis, Mo.	Sonnenfeld's
St. Paul, Minn.	Husch Bros.
Salem, Ohio	Hansell's
Salisbury, Md.	R. E. Powell
Salina, Kans.	Shelton's
Santa Fe, N. Mex.	Blatt, Inc.
Salt Lake City, Utah.	Boston Store
Sandstone, Minn.	Klein's Dept. Store
Sandusky, Ohio	Wm. S. Frankl. Papas
Sandwich, Me.	J. B. Koppel
Schenectady, N. Y.	Rosaly Specialty Shop
Scheraton, Pa.	Wallace Co.
Sherbyville, Ind.	Seranton D. G. Co.
Sheldon, Iowa	Mary Lou Shop
Shenandoah, Pa.	Grey Shop
Skowhegan, Me.	Goldberg's
Souix Falls, So. Dak.	Senter Crane
Sioux City, Iowa	W. B. Koppel
South Bend, Ind.	Davidson Bros. Co.
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson Bros. Co.
Sparta, Wis.	Dodge & Davis
Spencer, Iowa	T. H. Jones & Sons, Inc.
Spokane, Wash.	Zukor's
Springfield, Mass.	Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Ohio	The Ed. Wren Co.
Springville, N. Y.	Simon Bros.
Stamford, N. Y.	Florence Shop
Starkville, Miss.	Rosoff's
Steubenville, Ohio	Reiner's
Sumter, S. C.	Ben E. Ness
Sunbury, Pa.	Fehr's
Syracuse, N. Y.	The Addis Co.
Tamaqua, Pa.	Scheidl's Dept. Store
Terre Haute, Ind.	Silver's Specialty
The Dalles, Oregon	The Paris Shop
Titusville, Pa.	Bennett Davis
Toledo, Ohio	La Salle & Koch
Towanda, Pa.	W. L. Ruggles
Troy, N. Y.	B. Weinberg
Twin Falls, Idaho	Cummins, Inc.
Uniontown, Pa.	Kaufman's
Utica, N. Y.	J. B. Wells & Son Co.
Van Wert, Ohio	Ruckles Shop
Vandergrift, Pa.	Maxline's
Vineland, N. J.	Shore's
Vincennes, Ind.	Joseph's
Virginia, Minn.	Sapero Bros.
Walla Walla, Wash.	Bergman's
Warsaw, Ind.	Joseph's
Waseca, Minn.	Herter's
Washington, Pa.	S. C. Work & Son
Waterloo, Iowa	New York Fashion
Watertown, N. Y.	Globe Store
Watertown, Wis.	Elliott's
Waukegan, Ill.	Rubin's
Waukon, Iowa	Hale & Sons
Waynesboro, Pa.	Sherman's
Welch, W. Va.	The Beryl Shop
Wellston, Mo.	La Belle Fashion Shop
Wellsville, Pa.	Rockwell Bros. & Co.
Wenatchee, Wash.	Wenatchee Dept. Store
Westfield, Mass.	Block's Woman's Shop
Wheeling, W. Va.	Geo. R. Taylor Co.
Whitewater, Wis.	Whitewater Dept. Store
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Williamsport, Pa.	L. L. Stearns & Sons
Wilmington, N. C.	La Mode Shop
Winona, Minn.	Stevenson's
Williamatic, Conn.	Tubridy's
Wilmington, Ohio	Lacy's
Woonsocket, R. I.	McCarthy D. G. Co.
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wife all decked out in every thing but the window drapes. A few nice character parts. Stuffy. (July)

**THE CALIFORNIAN—20th Century-Fox**

The pattern of this Western is old, but the treatment is entertaining. Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish don who frees his people from the hated gringos. Katherine de Mille is the jealous menace; Marjorie Weaver the heroine. (Sept.)

**THERE GOES MY GIRL—RKO-Radio**

The aged setup of two newspaper people who fall in love while covering a murder. There are a few good comedy situations but even Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are hard put to make anything of this film but second-rate entertainment. (Aug.)

**★ THEY GAVE HIM A GUN—M-G-M**

Excellent characterizations by Spencer Tracy, Franchot Tone and Gladys George make this artistically good; an abundance of action makes it thrilling. It concerns war buddies who fall in love with the same woman, and bringing the action to the present day, shows what happens to a coward. Unique and worthwhile. (July)

**★ THEY WON'T FORGET—Warners**

Here is emotional dynamite, artistic cinema, and excellent entertainment. Based on the best seller "Death in the Deep South" it relates with truth and power the story of a murder case which involves the nation in sectional hatred. Newcomer Gloria Dickson shines; Claude Rains is outstanding. Don't fail to see it. (Aug.)

**THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M**

This old thriller has lost none of its terrors by having its face lifted. Dame May Whitty is the medium who solves the murders, saves her daughter Madge Evans from suspicion, and Thomas Beck is the Governor's son who loves Madge. Plenty of suspense and shivers. (July)

**★ TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio**

Stirring drama inspired by the grandiloquent careers of the "robber barons" of America's industrial turmoil after the Civil War. Edward Arnold is a lusty *Jim Fisk*, Lord of Wall Street; Frances Farmer is intelligent as *Josie Mansfield*; Jack Oakie's comedy scores. Lavish and spectacular. (Sept.)

**★ TOPPER—Hal Roach-M-G-M**

Gay mad nonsense involving two mischievous ghosts (Connie Bennett and Cary Grant) who have the power of materializing themselves at will. Their efforts to bring harmony into the marital difficulties of Roland Young, a whimsical banker, and Billie Burke, his prissy wife, will leave you gasping with laughter. The production is A-1 too. (Sept.)

**UNDER THE RED ROBE—New World-20th Century-Fox**

Old-fashioned in theme and treatment, this reveals Annabella, the current toast of the Continent, and Conrad Veidt in a story of dukes, duels and diamonds in the days of Cardinal Richelieu. Veidt is miscast, Annabella is pert and pretty. Romney Brent is excellent. (Aug.)

**★ WEE WILLIE WINKIE—20th Century-Fox**

Kipling's famous tale of British Army posts revamped to allow Shirley Temple the name role, and full scope for her undisputed powers of capturing the affections of dour officers as well as American audiences. There is action and plenty of it when Shirley delivers a spy message, is kidnaped by an Indian Khan. June Lang and Michael Whalen carry the romance; Victor McLaglen is excellent as usual. A "must see." (Aug.)

**WILD MONEY—Paramount**

Edward Everett Horton is a stingy newspaper auditor on vacation when a kidnaping makes him forget his parsimoniousness. Horton's spending spree is all there is to it, and the slight love angle introduced by Louise Campbell. Catch this on a double bill. (Sept.)

**WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Universal**

An effective story dealing with the stresses of the naval flying service on newlyweds Wendy Barrie and Ray Milland. After many marital complications they discover regulations and love can mix. William Gargan and Kent Taylor are splendid. Nice. (July)

**★ WOMAN CHASES MAN—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists**

Brilliant non-stop comedy with Miriam Hopkins as a penniless architect, Charles Winninger as the screwball promoter and Joel McCrea as the reactionary son. Miriam chases Joel up hill and down dale, finally corners him in a tree while you are hysterical with laughter. Go. (July)

**WOMAN I LOVE, THE—RKO-Radio**

Paul Muni is the wronged husband. Miriam Hopkins, the woman, and Louis Hayward is the too solemn lover in this war triangle. The three work out their destiny with the help of God and German air aces. Very grim but see it for fine direction and acting. (July)

**YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE—RKO-Radio**

Here is screwy comedy which manages to be consistently funny. Silk-hatted Preston Foster is tied up in politics, meets Joan Fontaine, falls in love. Herbert Mundin troups nicely as Foster's manservant, and Barbara Pepper is hilarious. You'll laugh. (Aug.)

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CYCLING is a favorite sport of Miss Wendy Morgan (*left, above*) debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellows Morgan, Jr., of New York. Following her bow to society at the Hotel Pierre,

Miss Morgan cycle-toured in Ireland and the Tyrol. After a tiring spin, Miss Morgan admits that "cycling does take it out of you, all right . . . but Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"



IN THE STATES, Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting—for which she has a genuine talent—and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"

**TYPICAL OF THE YOUNGER SET WHO GO IN FOR VIGOROUS OUTDOOR SPORTS**

## MISS WENDY MORGAN OF NEW YORK



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EMBER



Shirley Temple

The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future by DIXIE WILLSON  
THE MAN WHO GUIDES NORMA SHEPHERD'S FATHERLESS CHILDREN

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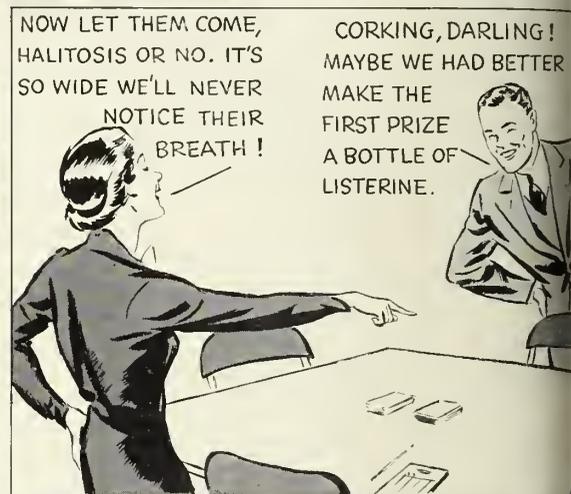
MAKE IT TWO FEET WIDER ALL AROUND-SO PEOPLE CAN'T GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

O.K. LADY, BUT IT SOUNDS NUTS TO ME.



NOW LET THEM COME, HALITOSIS OR NO. IT'S SO WIDE WE'LL NEVER NOTICE THEIR BREATH!

CORKING, DARLING! MAYBE WE HAD BETTER MAKE THE FIRST PRIZE A BOTTLE OF LISTERINE.



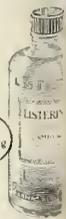
*So she built her bridge table two feet wider*

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SAMUEL S. HINDS · LUCILLE BALL · FROM THE PLAY BY EDNA FERBER AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN  
DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA · PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN



SCREEN PLAY BY  
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CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

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A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER



# PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by James Doolittle

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# BOOS AND

# BOUQUETS

## FIRST PRIZE—\$25.00

### THE WINNER!

I RETURNED recently from a trip which took me to remote sections of South America. During my travels, I discovered that nearly every South American wants to visit the United States. Most of them want to go to Hollywood which, as far as they're concerned, is composed of castles, grapefruit and blonde movie actresses. In Mollendo, Peru, I saw Lily Pons and Henry Fonda in "I Dream Too Much." Afterwards, a Peruvian friend shook his head, "I don't understand how you Americanos can go through that seven nights a week." "Why, who told you we go to the movies seven nights a week?" I asked. "Everybody knows how the Americanos live," he replied simply.

The glamour of the screen is accepted as a faithful representation of our life. To South Americans we are a fascinating, terrifyingly active and very unconventional people. Child stars are very popular and Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew are responsible for the style of clothes worn by many native children.

South Americans are enthusiastic fans, too. A rumor that Errol Flynn was sailing to Peru brought hundreds of queries. When it became known that he had turned up in Spain instead, an audible sigh of disappointment could be heard. Gable landed in Santiago by plane, stepped out into such a mob of admirers that he was able to autograph only a few pictures, step back into the plane and fly away again.

Good-looking men are supposed to look like Gable, ugly ones like Wallace Beery. Such a setup made it difficult for an ordinary man to impress the pretty South American señoritas. It was all very sad indeed.

DON FRANK,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

## SECOND PRIZE—\$10.00

### MOVIE SCENES I CAN'T FORGET:

—Marlene Dietrich rouging her lips as she faced the firing squad in "Dishonored."

—Charles Winninger's face as he told Irene Dunne to smile when she was singing "After



Oh, he flies through the air—does dancing Jimmy Cagney in the film "Something to Sing About"

the Ball" in "Show Boat."

—Warner Baxter in "The Prisoner of Shark Island" when he was looking through the bars of his prison cell and John Carradine asked him what he was looking at, and Warner said, "Just outside."

—Charles Laughton reciting the Gettysburg address in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

—Mary Astor's face at the end of "Dodsworth."

—Myrna Loy talking out of the side of her mouth in "After the Thin Man."

—Bette Davis as they found her dying in "Of Human Bondage."

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

—The Yacht Club Boys singing the Alphabet Song in "Thanks a Million."

—Norma Shearer trying to climb the stairs in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

—John Barrymore telling Carole Lombard about the Passion Play he was going to produce in "20th Century."

—The cocktail glasses smashing without being touched in "One Way Passage."

—The theft of the necklace by the Devil Doll in the picture by that name.

—Elisabeth Bergner accidentally coming across the clothes belonging to her dead baby in "Escape Me Never."

—Franchot Tone's speech to the court in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

RUTH TRAVERS,  
New York, N. Y.

## THIRD PRIZE—\$5.00

### MAYBE YOU BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION!

Surrealistically speaking, the stars appear to me as:

A cigarette glowing in the heart of an orchid—Joan Crawford.

A red scarf, a blue kite and three woolly white kittens tumbling out of a basket—Katharine Hepburn.

Mint juleps, blood spilling over grey uniforms—Walter Connolly.

Silver slippers soaring through space—Ginger Rogers.

Etchings, a tuxedo coat thrown over a polo mallet—Gary Cooper.

Robins and roses, Paris and Pullmans, tea and crumpets—Merle Oberon.

Ocean waters split by twilight, wine goblets crashed against an open fireplace, men in uniform, smoke, thunder and rain in crescendo—Greta Garbo.

EDWARD KISSELT,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

(Continued on page 92)

# IF YOU WANT TO BE A GLAMOROUS BEAUTY

BY JAN FISHER

**L**OOK at that face!  
Gaze upon that figure and study the way Marlene handles it.

Then hum to yourself one of the favorite-at-the-moment Hollywood dance tunes about "the most beautiful girl in the world—isn't Crawford, isn't Garbo, isn't Lombard—" and you'll be humming the truest words ever hit upon by a song writer.

For—it's Dietrich—with no pro's, no con's—no doubts.

Even those who say they aren't Marlene's fans will bow to her glamour and admit her beauty. She's the one Hollywood refers to most often as "the most beautiful woman on the screen." And no matter what else her enemies may say, they'll have to agree that her glamour, her beauty, her utter loveliness and allure have all been acquired and cultivated by Marlene herself, since she arrived in this country.

It may be painful to Marlene to realize it, but some of us remember what she looked like when she first hit Hollywood. No matter how hard it may be for you to believe it now, Marlene in 1930 was a heavy (fat is such an ugly adjective), horribly dressed, overly made-up German girl. The people who saw her the first day she visited Paramount Studio say that she wore a dress of baby-blue chiffon, a huge bow-trimmed pink hat and, before Allah!—pink satin shoes!

Today, besides being Hollywood's leading glamour girl, Marlene is notoriously well-dressed. And no outsider taught her what was right and what was wrong; she figured it all out for herself. She turned that fantastic German girl into a graceful, proud beauty who has topped everything Hollywood has ever been able to term as "glamorous." Do you grasp the staggering enormity of that fact?

It's useless to tell you, step by step, just how Marlene puts on her lipstick, her mascara and that famous "shaded" make-up she wears both on the screen and off. You've read those formulas countless times and so have I.

But I can tell you the one really important point which made Marlene Dietrich's transformation possible. She divorced herself, as a person, from that abstract second nature—her capacity for beauty. She became two forces: the living, vital person, and the ethereal, immortal being.

Don't scoff at such talk. Look at what that attitude has done for Dietrich. And if you're frank enough to admit that you, too, long to have glamour, shake off whatever foundation for beauty you have, hold it at arm's length, and after you take an honest inventory, start working. That's what Marlene did and the results speak for themselves.



*the very symbol of today's glamour . . .  
learned this art in Hollywood*

Seven years ago, Marlene sat for this official portrait (above left). Compare that picture, product of careful photography and lighting, with the one at the right. Yet this is but a casual grab shot, snapped between scenes on the "Angel" set

**O**NE important step Marlene obviously took right at the start of her glamour quest was to shut her eyes and ears to all the common formulas one is offered. Diets, exercises and all the rest are plentiful. But they're for the "common herd," not for potential, immortal glamour queens like Marlene, and perhaps not for you!

With due respect to whomsoever it may concern, Marlene didn't follow the average routine for losing weight. Instead of taking "so many" hours of exercise and getting her

full quota of sleep she took her exercise quite casually and gave up a general sleeping routine. She slept as little as was humanly possible. A definite, direct quote which startled me more than a little was repeated to me by a friend of hers who happened to hear her say one morning, "I've gained five pounds—that's because I slept too much last night!"

It wouldn't be safe, even if I were sure, to broadcast here just how niggardly Marlene became about her hours for rest. With her vision before you, you're apt to go on a slumber strike and die, and that would be Marlene's fault—and mine. But the truth of the matter is that for many months she spent her nights reading, dancing, walking, or baking her famous cakes until the wee, small hours of the morning. That's what got her figure down. No matter how many times

*(Continued on page 86)*

# B R I E F R E V I E W S

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

★ **ARTISTS AND MODELS**—Paramount

A conglomeration of skits and songs engagingly held together by Jack Benny as the screwball promoter of an Artists' Ball who gives you the chance to see and hear Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick, the Yacht Club Boys, Connie Boswell, Andre Kostelanetz, Ben Blue and a bevy of artists and models. Definitely dizzy. (Oct.)

**BANK ALARM**—Grand National

This jumps for glory from murders to kidnapers to counterfeits, and misses. Conrad Nagle is the G-man who ferrets out the crimes with the assistance of his comely lieutenant, Eleanor Hunt. Vince Barnett contributes several laughs as a slow-witted photographer. (Aug.)

**BEHIND THE HEADLINES**—RKO-Radio

Lee Tracy is the energetic newshawk in this peppy tale. Through his short-wave set he saves the girl (Diana Gibson, a bright newcomer), and blocks the theft of a lot of gold bullion. Well paced and expertly acted. (Aug.)

★ **BETWEEN TWO WOMEN**—M-G-M

The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, wife, nurse, directed in an unusually exciting and realistic way. Franchot Tone brings all his ability to the rôle of the surgeon, Virginia Bruce is his selfish but glamorous wife, and Maureen O'Sullivan the sympathetic partner in his lifework. Splendid. (Sept.)

**BIG SHOT, THE**—RKO-Radio

Hilarious situations enliven this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits his gangster uncle's swag, backs an anti-vice crusade, discovers he's the gang's big shot. Cora Witherspoon gives a fine performance as Guy's socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores. (Oct.)

**BORDER CAFE**—RKO-Radio

John Beal, ne'er-do-well, goes out to the great open spaces, and, aided by cattleman Harry Carey and café dancer Armida, makes good after routing gangsters who try to bamboozle him out of his ranch. If you like Westerns. (Aug.)

**CALIFORNIAN, THE**—20th Century-Fox

The pattern of this Western is old, but the treatment is entertaining. Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish don who frees his people from the hated gringos. Katherine de Mille is the jealous menace; Marjorie Weaver the heroine. (Sept.)

**CONFESSION**—Warners

Even Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the somber burden of this moody melodrama based on a *Madame X* theme. Basil

Rathbone is the dog responsible for Miss Francis' downfall. Ian Hunter struggles along as the unsympathetic husband; Jane Bryan is the daughter. (Oct.)

**CORNERED (FORMERLY WAR LORD)**—Warners

This is "The Bad Man" done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well be left undone. Boris Karloff is the Oriental who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Raids, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Sept.)

**COUNSEL FOR CRIME**—Columbia

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being obvious hokum. Douglass Montgomery is

Kruger's illegitimate son who prosecutes his father on a murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and the love interest is flatter than an ironing board. (Sept.)

**DANGEROUS HOLIDAY**—Republic

A child violinist who runs away from his parasitic relations racketeers fleeing the law, a tepid romance between a forest ranger and an heiress compose this placid adventure tale. Twelve-year-old Ra Hould is particularly splendid. (Sept.)

★ **DAY AT THE RACES, A**—M-G-M

One of the grandest bits of nonsense in the whole Marx of Time parade. Gags that explode with the vim of a firecracker, dialogue that sizzles with insanity, tuneful melodies, and pretty girl-sketched in against a background that entangles Groucho, a horse doctor, Harpo, a jockey, Chico, a tipster, Maureen O'Sullivan, owner of a sanitarium, and Allan Jones who sings her love songs. A fun fest. (Aug.)

★ **DEAD END**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

Sidney Kingsley's superb and poignant play of how society makes its own criminals along the New York water front where slums and smart apartments meet, loses none of its drama on the screen. Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie and Humphrey Bogart are the principals in the cast, augmented by the six little hoodlums of the original version. This is a "must" unless you don't like realism in the theater. (Sept.)

**DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE**—Columbia

As propaganda against reckless driving this neatly contrived picture proves entertaining as well as educational. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the attorney who first defends, then prosecutes Elisha Cook, Jr. Reporter Joan Perry is charming. (Sept.)

**DOUBLE OR NOTHING**—Paramount

Disappointing after Bing Crosby's former smash hits, this vague musical is based on the familiar device of four funny people benefiting from the will of an eccentric. Mary Carlisle is Bing's foil. The score is nice. (Oct.)

★ **EASY LIVING**—Paramount

Nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish piece of silly sophistication which revolves around Edward Arnold, Wall Street tornado, a sable coat which lands on the smooth back of Jean Arthur, and her romance with Ray Milland who works in an automat. It's a riot! (Sept.)

(Continued on page 95)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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When a lady like Loretta lies a-luring Warner Baxter, the answer is—watch for the forthcoming "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"

# Zola

—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!

The outstanding prestige picture of the season. —Time

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.

—Kate Cameron,  
N. Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.

—Frank Nugent, N. Y. Times

So far superior...so superlative... that this department temporarily abandoned its job of being critical.

—The Digest



Warner Bros. proudly present

## Mr. Paul MUNI in THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING:

Gale Sondergaard . . . . Joseph Schildkraut  
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore •  
Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern • Morris Carnovsky • Directed  
by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.

✱

Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks at \$2.20 a seat. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.



Soon to be shown  
at popular prices!



HEY! HEY!  
HAYWIRE  
HILARITY!

YEA! YEA!  
SINGING!  
STEPPING!

HI! HI!  
CUTIES!  
BEAUTIES!

HA! HA!  
WOTTA  
LIFE!  
WOTTA  
RIOT!  
WOTTA  
LAFFA-  
PALOOZA!

Those merry-  
maniacs of  
melody! That  
three-Ritz circus!  
Madder and merrier,  
wilder and whackier  
than in "Sing,  
Baby Sing...  
"On the Avenue"  
and "You Can't  
Have Everything!"  
The fastest,  
funniest,  
tuniest hit  
that they  
or anybody  
else ever  
made!

# The RITZ BROTHERS in "LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"

with a glo-roarious cast  
of entertainment's top-  
notchers!

JOAN DAVIS  
TONY MARTIN  
GLORIA STUART

FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON  
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH  
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY  
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE  
WEAVER • J. C. NUGENT

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen  
Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger  
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell  
Wore • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by  
Sam Pokross, Sid Kuller and Roy Golden



Maybe it's football..  
maybe it's screwball..  
but it's screwier by far  
than 'Pigskin Parade'..  
no maybe about that!

Tunes to make life  
begin for you!...  
"Our  
begin for you!...  
"Big Chief Swing It"  
"The  
Team Is On The Wopoth"  
"Foir  
Rhumbo Goes Collegiate"  
"Foir  
Lombardy"  
"Why Talk About  
Love?" by Lew Pollock  
and  
Sidney D. Mitchell  
"Sweet  
Varsity Sue" by Charles Tobios,  
Al Lewis and Murrey Mencher



Darryl F. Zanuck  
in charge of production

# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



In an open letter to a reader Miss Waterbury explains why she chose the Ballet Russe star, Madame Zorina (above), to illustrate this page

Helen Jepson (left), of the Metropolitan Opera, radio and now movies, exemplifies another fact



Please clear up this doubt for me, and cure the skepticism of my friend. I want to keep my faith in the writer and show other "Doubting Thomases" among my friends just where they err.

Gratefully yours,  
signed CORINNE URBAN  
(Mrs. Leo Urban)

SOOOOOO—here is my reply. . . .

Dear Mrs. Urban:

First of all, thank you for writing and giving me a chance to answer your letter. We have been corresponding quite a long while now, you and I—three or four years, if I remember rightly, and all of your letters have been so friendly and intelligent.

Those of us in the world of "make-believe," as you say I am—though please don't feel that I ever do think of myself as belonging to the glamour world, being just a hard-working editor trying to get along—do like to hear from people like yourself, because all of us out here in Hollywood, regardless of our jobs, do face a common danger—the danger of loss of perspective. We do have to guard constantly against our values becoming distorted due to movies being so powerful, so unique and so utterly creative that they form their own patterns of conduct almost automatically.

For example, I talked to one of Hollywood's more important stars yesterday, and he was in a pet because from \$5000 he had earned for an hour on the radio he had received, after his agents fees were collected and his taxes paid, a mere \$854.

## BY RUTH WATERBURY

ALWAYS, believe it or not, answer all fan letters. I'm like Bob Montgomery who said his fan mail picked up after "Night Must Fall." "Up from seven to nine letters a week," he said. But this particular letter I want to answer in public. . . .

It comes from St. Paris, Ohio . . . "Saint" Paris . . . I love that . . . It must be a completely typical little American town . . . just the kind of town in which movies and radio mean most . . . more than a bit I fancy like the little town I came from originally . . . that so many of us have come from and which means so much to American life . . . But here is the letter to speak for itself. . . .

St. Paris, Ohio.

Dear Ruth Waterbury:

Ever since your letter of last month, I've wanted to sit down and tell you the genuine happiness your sincere remarks brought to me. Those of us who do not happen to lead so colorful a life as those in the world of "make-believe" appreciate all the more the

consideration given by individuals like yourself who seem to find pleasure in receiving our letters.

Now there is one thing which I'd like to have made clear to me. I'm asking you for an honest answer to my troubled thoughts.

In the August issue of *Photoplay* was an article by my favorite writer, Adela Rogers St. Johns, on Jean Harlow. I sat reading this—to me a grand article—to a friend of mine, and when I had finished she said, "Yes, I know, Corinne, but I simply can't believe all the things they publish in the movie magazines. I take them rather lightly. It's all a publicity stunt."

Now I think the world of this friend of mine and her thoughts usually carry much weight with me. So that her casual remark had me worried and set me to thinking. And for my own satisfaction I wanted to write someone "in the know"—someone in whom I have confidence; hence, I turn to you for this information, believing you will be perfectly frank with me.



Mrs. Leo Urban, whose letter inspired this frank editorial on a subject which probably puzzles many of you

It touches Hollywood and those who know and love her that Mrs. Bello still wants to be known as "Jean's Mother"—that and nothing else



That is, of course, completely screwy. Out of \$5000 earned in an hour the individual should get more than \$854. And yet—\$854 for an hour's work! It has to be looked at from that angle, too. From the point of view of you and your friend in St. Paris, as from my point of view, sitting here behind my desk in Hollywood, it is almost as bad to think of any person's getting \$854 for an hour's work (which isn't even the person's main work) as it is for him to get \$5000 on paper.

Well, Hollywood is entirely composed of confusions like that—extraordinary values that belong only to Hollywood, on which there can be two entirely conflicting points of view and both of them right.

Now as to your friend's accusation that everything out here is publicity. Well, it isn't. I sometimes wish it were—and this is the reason why.

On the preceding page you saw two pictures—one of a new ballet dancer, Vera Zorina, for two years a star of the Ballet Russe, rehearsing a routine for "The Goldwyn Follies" with George Balanchine, the ballet master; the other of Helen Jepson, the opera star, also imported for "The Goldwyn Follies." The reason those pictures were sent to me was literally because the press agent wanted what he got—space in *Photoplay* on them. The reason I ran them is because I thought the photograph of Madame Zorina was photographically one of the most striking I had seen in months, and the one of Miss Jepson was so illustrative of what pictures are doing—bringing you the world's finest talent for just an instant's amusement and delight. In other words, that was out-

and-out publicity. I got pictures, and the press agent got space, and everybody was satisfied, and nobody was fooled.

But about the Jean Harlow story—please tell your friend this. I had just come back to America the day that story broke. It was my first day back in the office when suddenly over our wire from Hollywood to our New York office came the dreadful news about Jean. It was morning in Hollywood, but afternoon in New York, and we were on what is known as a dead line; that is, *Photoplay* was due on the press. There wasn't time for thought—and I sat there with my hands shaking with emotion. It was imperative to act at once—and all I wanted to do was to cry.

In that instant Jean Harlow had ceased to be a person, a gay, laughing, ardent, sincere girl, and had become a "story." She had become headlines in the press of the world, and you and your friend in St. Paris, like millions throughout the world, wanted to know and had a right to know what had happened.

Well, I could see as though I were there what was happening at the studio at that moment, and at the hospital, and at Jean's house, and Bill Powell's house. The incessant ringing of the telephones, the incessant delivery of telegrams, the stream of reporters and cameramen and wire services. Everyone feeling deeply moved but nevertheless demanding, screaming for news to give to you and the world.

Publicity? Oh yes, indeed—the brutal, ferocious publicity that lets nothing be hid.

I could see those poor harried human beings, the reporters on one side, trying to hold their jobs, the tragic people who had adored

Jean, her mother and Bill and all the studio workers on the other—that tragic, beautiful woman, Mrs. Bello, to whom always Jean was "Baby," who still signs her letters, "Jean's Mother," just that and nothing else.

That woman, and Bill Powell—sensitive, intelligent Bill, trying to deceive people with his wit and laughter into forgetting what a subtle serious-minded artist he really is, Bill wanting to hide somewhere a while until he could get over his worst grief, and yet even at the grave having photographers' flashlight bulbs popping at him.

Ah yes, that is publicity, the sheer horror of it, and it is the most fearful price that is paid for stardom.

And there, I hope, is where you will understand me when I say that I wish it were all "just publicity." I wish I could, in my job, publish only the pictures the studios want me to run and reproduce only the news items they send me. Over and over again I have wished that I never had to deal in human emotions, that I had not had to ask, as in this case, Mrs. St. Johns to write the story that both of us knew about Jean and the sadness that had shadowed her life. For when you love people and respect them as I definitely love and respect so many stars in Hollywood, you feel very sensitive about telling their emotions to the world. But, for that very reason, I do want to assure you, Corinne Urban, and your doubting friend, that in *Photoplay*, we do try conscientiously and constantly to give you these gallant people as they really are—living, experiencing human beings who, underneath all their glitter and beauty, are very much like you and me.



You've heard the hit  tunes from this great Kern-Hammerstein musical adventure romance on the radio . . . "Can

I Forget You?" "The Folks Who Live On the Hill."

You've seen stories  about it everywhere.

At two-a-day showings in New York, Los Angeles,

 and London audiences have paid two dollars a ticket. The  N.Y. Times called it...

"The Best Show In Town," topping even the big summer  musicals, the hit plays. Now, "High,

Wide and Handsome" comes to your  home town theatre at popular prices...with all the excite-

ment, the beauty,  the drama of this picture which combines the adventure of "Cimarron"

with the charm of "Showboat."  Watch for it.

Irene Dunne

**"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"**

Randolph Scott

Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn  
Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian



## SILVER GLEAMS ON THE SMART NEW COAT

Divinely becoming . . . because FEDERAL Silver Fox is generous: silvered on a pure and lovely black background; because the fur is deep-piled and silky-soft. The name "FEDERAL," sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side, insures silver fox of *lasting* beauty



P R E S E N T I N G

# MISS PHOTOPLAY

CREATED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTIST

JOHN LA GATTA

## HER CREDO:

She would appreciate a combination of Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Bill Powell for romance's sake, and she would like a "Thin Man" marriage, and a Shirley Temple daughter

She would love to own Connie Bennett's custom Rolls Royce but would be satisfied with the fast little roadster Luise Rainer drives

She would like her nails to be as long and as perfectly kept as Marlene Dietrich's but if they break off in a badminton game, that's all right too

She's at home in a drawing room and happy in a penthouse and congenial in a shanty. Likes hamburgers and crêpes suzette

She would rather dance with Fred Astaire than have a new dress and he probably would tell her that she was very good which would be true

She wants Claudette Colbert's charm, Myrna Loy's poise, Alice Faye's voice and the indefinable something that Jean Arthur has

She enjoys Bing Crosby, is rapt over Benny Goodman and does a nose dive when Nelson Eddy sings. She laughs well

Above all, she is intelligently honest



JOHN LA GATTA

# SKATING THROUGH LIFE



Today at 24, as at 8, Sonja has but one force that drives her on

*Beginning—the only authorized life story  
of Sonja Henie, who at the age of 5 knew  
where she was going and how to get there*

BY HOWARD SHARPE





Skiing at 4 (her brother Lief, above, taught her), skating at 8 (a professional was her instructor then), —but Sonja was born with the secret that made for her success in winning world championships at 11

**S**ONJA HENIE was born on a mad April night while the winds applauded and a howling storm painted peaceful Oslo's red-tiled roofs with snow; and all her life has been like that.

The Norwegian spring, in the year 1913, had been late in coming. There had been a few warm rains, a few flowers blooming with a tentative, hesitant air—and then, as a top-  
per to the long winter, had burst this final magnificent display from the skies, this shrieking white clamor.

Through it, along the drifting sidewalks, with his coat whipped snug and his head down, Wilhelm Henie, the fur merchant, walked quickly home on his way to a belated supper. He was troubled, but not by the storm. If the advance reports he had were true, if Europe even then was polishing its guns and drawing its maps for war, heaven alone could predict what would happen to tariffs and export contracts. He plunged furiously against the wind. Fools. Fools.

At home his good wife Selma awaited with

impatience their second child. The doctors had said that any day now . . . and storms like this one were bad for the nerves at such a time. He tried to walk faster.

At the door of the big, two-story stone house he stamped the snow from his shoes and banged the knocker. Inside, he said, "Madame? She's feeling well?"

"Very well," said the maid. Then she smiled. "And your new little daughter."

**Y**OU know her now, twenty-four years later. You know her from the headlines that have shouted her name: "Sonja Henie Wins!"—like that—so many, many times; from the glimpses you've caught of her through crowds and straining shoulders; from those splendid motion pictures, "One In A Million" and "Thin Ice."

You think of her as small and lovely and incredibly graceful and apple-cheeked and ingenuously childlike. She is all of these, save possibly the latter. There never, for one moment, has been anything ingenuous about Sonja Henie.

This is her story, from the beginning until the present. As a chronicle it must move swiftly, impatiently fast, since the pace of her existence has always been breathless. I can write no colored trivia of a beautiful child who grew up in poverty and sang and danced and loved her way to transient Broadway fame, whence the movies took her. There has been no poverty, no glittering tuxedoed temptation, no tears, until the recent death of her beloved pal—her father.

There has only been beauty, a magnificent willful determination, years of solid healthy work set to the music of silver skates ringing against ice; to the bellowing, approving roar of crowds and the swift, eternal clamor of applause. There is the story of her brilliant path to glory, during which she won the figure-skating championship at the Olympic Games three times and the World Championship ten times, and more medals, cups, titles, and honors than any other human being, man or woman, in the world today.

Sonja and I talked for an entire afternoon, first in the big studio café and later at a vague somebody's office, while Tyrone Power hovered restlessly about, waiting. Her clear mind analyzed, frankly and honestly, the many processes that guide her, remembered for my benefit the years that have passed and the significance of those years.

Hers is a vital, uncomplicated personality, essentially; and at the same time she is inherently a woman of the world. You must understand that, despite her deceptive appearance. Too many people, having seen her, remark, "She's like a little doll!" In-  
sippid phrase! True, the gilt of her hair was never purchased in a beauty salon, the glowing color of her cheeks comes from no little mirrored tin; these are hers, by right of birth and health. But the thing that marks her is

(Continued on page 80)



Movies gave him very queer ideas



4-a-week Gustaf



Gable and Garbo by proxy



Sly digs at "Gold Diggers"



He speaks—the cinema suffers!



They like films—of certain relatives!

# THEY LOVE

*Royalty and rulers of the world are movie fans! The cinema tastes of the great are disclosed for the first time in this article*

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

"MOVIES are changing the face of the world," is a common line of conversation today. And, take it from one who has rambled about some, it is actually so. No catchpenny phrase is this well-worn expression. To prove it, make a hasty survey, just for fun, of the many big and little shots from sunup to sunset who are making our world go round, and then acquaint yourself with their taste in movies. You'll soon find out that the famous know their films—even as you and I.

Late in the spring of 1937, I visited Herman Rogers at Château Cande, at Monts, near Tours, France. Mr. Rogers, if you re-

member, was the likable chap who acted as sort of major-domo for the Duke of Windsor and Madame Warfield, in the then absence of the Charles Bedaux, and Aunt Bessie Merryman. Hundreds of newspaper men and photographers representing the eyes and ears of the world were constantly stationed outside the château gates. It was physically impossible for any one of the distinguished occupants to leave without being descended upon by a veritable band of literary vultures. So, during all their long confinement, the principals in the world's greatest love story spent half an hour every single evening in a private showing of 16mm films of each other

which they had taken and developed themselves. Thus were they able to see themselves as others saw them. And to try, if they were sufficiently interested, to rectify their faults.

Again, at Castle Wasserleonburg in the Carinthian Mountains of Austria which I also visited at about this time, I found a full-sized motion-picture projector of American manufacture set up in readiness for the royal honeymooners by their lessor and good friend. This chap—a young German—has an American mother and all his life he has been able to go to the movies whenever he felt like it. Thus it was inconceivable to him that Wally and Davy hadn't seen the latest films, which, incidentally, he gave to them as a wedding present. The first film they saw in their honeymoon home was "Kid Galahad"; next, "Captains Courageous."

From their 16mm films of themselves, extra prints were made and rushed to England, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent and other friends and admirers of the exiled ex-king devoured them from time to time. Even George VI and Queen Elizabeth were given a private showing of these very private films, set to the tune of "Small Hotel," which was the former Edward VIII's and his lady's favorite modern melody.

A few days prior to the Coronation I had been asked by friends to attend a private



One picture peeved him greatly



No grunts—no applause



Rulers of warring nations—they have one common bond



A celebration film one night (?)



He was a flea-bitten fan



Their favorite film fare leaked out

# MOVIES TOO

showing, given for the Duke and Duchess of Kent, of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance." The distinguished audience of English nobility went wild with excitement over the film—an excitement actually more genuine than most of the thrills of the Coronation. At its termination, one of the Duke's equerries confided to me that little Princess Elizabeth never missed a "Merrie Melody"; but that Margaret Rose preferred "Mickey Mouse"; and that well-censored pictures of both were shown often in the royal nursery in Buckingham Palace. Oh, yes—the English royal family likes their movies, too.

To show you also that even India's great little man has his ideas about motion pictures, here is an amusing incident that happened when I interviewed Gandhi at the outdoor prison at Poona, in southwestern India. To all questions submitted, Gandhi, the Hindu mystic, remained silent. It began to look as if the eighty-five hundred mile trip had been made in vain; then, just as I was about to leave him, the interpreter said that India's great man wanted to ask me a question. I listened attentively to the almost inaudible sing-song of his voice. Finally the interpreter spoke forth: "I know little about America, sire," said he, "except from what I see from the occasional motion pictures I

**This article reveals the film preferences of these noted people. Reading top row, left to right; bottom row, left to right, they are:**

- Gandhi
- Gustaf of Sweden
- Duke and Duchess of Windsor
- President Roosevelt
- Adolf Hitler
- Josef Stalin
- Emperor Hirohito of Japan
- Chiang Kai-shek
- Mussolini
- Duke and Duchess of Kent
- Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard zu Lippe
- General Franco
- Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose

attend. To what class there, sire, do you belong?"

My first impulse was to tell him that, as far as I knew, America had no classes. But instead, I decided to ask him first to clarify his statement.

"Well, sire," came back that even-leveled, age-old voice, "are you a gangster, gentleman, or cowboy?"

Amusing? Yes—and perfectly understandable, too, when you think of the type of film foreign exhibitors choose from our home producers.

And again up at Hsinking, the new and very filthy capital of Manchukuo, which the Japanese were trying to build up, I attended a motion-picture show with the Emperor Pu Yi. The picture was a Warner Oland one and quite amusing; but the audience didn't think it so, and voiced their disapproval audibly. The Emperor became so worried he rose and walked out. Later he confided to me that he hated scenes such as these. He feared that some day they might provoke an international incident.

That American movies influence the customs of nearly all foreign countries cannot be disputed. Any visitor to the Orient—even the out-of-the-way places—will notice almost instantly a difference in the people, in the way they dress and look at life, if American

(Continued on page 68)

# GIVE ROBERT TAYLOR



*The adulation of a million fans has put him on the spot. Now squeeze yourself, American public!*

**W**E Americans used to enjoy the reputation of being pretty good sports. You could usually rely on us to give the other fellow a square deal. We loved a fighter, and cheered him whether he won or lost. We liked to extend a helping hand to the boy climbing up. And we used to say "more power to him," when somebody passed us on the ascent.

We didn't pick on anyone who didn't deserve to be picked on. We never sniped at anybody who couldn't fight back. And it was comparatively seldom that we hanged a man before we gave him a fair trial.

"Everybody in this country is entitled to a break," we used to say, "whether he earns it or not."

The case of Robert Taylor, however, makes one wonder if we have outgrown our

reputation, or whether all these years we've just been kidding ourselves about how big and square and noble we are, for we certainly haven't given Taylor a break.

For no good reason, we've tried to sneer him out of pictures. We've made him a shining target for ridicule—the kind of ridicule that poisons the victim. We've made him a sort of pariah. We've treated him abominably, and he's done nothing at all to merit it.

Recently he came across the country on his way to London. He flew to New York, to take the first boat sailing. It was purely a business trip.

But, if you read your papers, you probably thought it was a cheap and asinine attempt on Taylor's part to get some publicity for himself. For, wherever the plane landed,

photographers and reporters by the dozen waited to interview and snap him—and scores of women waited to mob him.

It wasn't his fault. He hadn't solicited the attention of the gentlemen of the press. He had not invited the women who thronged to see him—who mobbed him at the air fields, at his hotel in New York, at the pier, and on the liner.

He wasn't looking for publicity, especially. He was in a hurry to get to London. He had a picture to make. Had he sought publicity he would have taken a slow train, "à la political candidate," and made speeches from the back platform at every stop.

Now, don't misunderstand me, Taylor wasn't an object of derision to the women. To them he was an idol, a sort of superman, a living thrill.

# A BREAK!

BY EDWARD DOHERTY



Wherever Taylor goes, he is mobbed by fans. But what do those fans really think of him—and why?



"Doc" Brugh's boy and the mother who reared him



A happy date—Irene Hervey and Bob—but Hollywood said "No"

But to the ladies and gentlemen of the press he seemed more or less "an upstart," "a show-off," "a phony," and "a freak."

A girl reporter from a Midwest paper rode part of the way in his plane, kissed him while he was asleep—a goofy assignment if you ask me—and reported she received no particular thrill from the kiss. She also wrote that Taylor slept with his mouth open.

Reporters in New York asked the young

chap if he thought he was an actor, if he thought himself Metro's little gift to American womanhood, if he had hair on his chest, and if he thought he was beautiful.

In every interview printed there was a wry note. Some of the stories were cleverly written. Others were remarkable for their cheap wit and their bad taste. But in nearly every one it was evident the writer took Mr. Taylor lightly, and wanted that fact fully understood.

The grand thing about Taylor was that he stood up against all the interviewers, all the jostling, clamoring, pushing women—and smiled. He never lost his temper. He took everything, cheer and slur, subtle innuendo and boisterous greeting, sarcastic question and fervent plea. He took everything and laughed.

A man who can do that has stamina and breeding.

How would you like to stand up before a gang of sharpshooting reporters and answer questions that inferred it took nine Taylors to make a man—supposing you were Taylor? Could you smile at your tormentors, as he did, joke with them, be as gracious and tolerant and cool as he was? And could you keep your head, when, at the same time you ran that gauntlet of questions, dozens and dozens of wild-eyed women were crying out your name, begging you to smile at them, fighting to get close to you?

How would you like to have some strange girl get a strangle hold on you as you napped in the plane, kiss you—to the merriment of all observers—and then write a story telling the world of her disappointment over the thrill-less kiss?

How would you like it if you never could go anywhere—even across the street to get a package of cigarets—without turning in an alarm that brought seething crowds of women around you, and put columns of ridicule in the newspapers?

The price of fame? Nonsense! Lots of other actors are mobbed now and then by women, yet they are still treated with some sort of dignity by press and public.

Why, then, do reporters keep sniping at Taylor, who can't possibly snipe back, who has to take it and like it, and who doesn't deserve any of it?

Blame the noble old, square old, just American public.

Reporters are agents of the public. They sense the public estimation of every prominent man and woman. Their job is to give the public what it wants, to crystallize public sentiment in print.

If the public hadn't made Robert Taylor fair game, the newspaper men would have been as generous to him as to any other male star.

The whole truth is that the American public resents Taylor's obvious good looks, his genuine charm, his tremendous appeal to women, and his phenomenal success in the movies. That's the truth of the matter. The reporters merely voiced that resentment.

What's the answer? Plain old-fashioned jealousy!

"He's too beautiful," says the American male; yet the same fellow probably spends half an hour or more adjusting the knot in his tie in an attempt to please some femme he has his eye upon, and wouldn't miss a Robert Taylor picture for anything.

What if Taylor is beautiful? He was born  
(Continued on page 86)

# THE MAN WHO GUIDES

# NORMA

**A** YEAR has passed. . . . Twelve months ago, in September of 1936, a lovely woman dressed in black stood beside the bier of the man named Irving Thalberg and said good-by to her great love, to nine years of beauty, to a surpassing personal happiness—and to the father of her children.

Then she went quietly home to begin the colossal task of creating a new future for herself, for her young son and her baby daughter. There could be no looking back; there could be small concession to sorrow and little room in her heart for the bitter-sweet, nostalgic memories of things that were gone.

Here, inexorable and challenging, was the trust she must keep. Toward twilight of that blackest afternoon of her life Norma Shearer stood on the beach before the home Irving Thalberg had built for her, and there, while the late sun set on her past, she made a promise to the present—that no dream of his should be left unfulfilled.

Knowing Norma at all, you know that she determined that the great fortune left her would be well managed, and the charities Irving Thalberg loved and supported would go on being supported by her. But these things had to be secondary to their children. Before she thought of herself or her career, she determined that her son and her daughter would be brought through the most important years of their lives with taste and understanding and intelligent guidance.

A few weeks ago great crowds gathered in front of the Carthay Circle Theater in Hollywood, attracted there by the streamers of light in the sky for the première of "High, Wide and Handsome," and they saw—whether they knew it or not—the symbolic proof that at last she has done these things.

Norma stepped from her car to the sidewalk, smiling; and the dress she wore was white. Her widow's black was discarded for the first time in public since Irving Thalberg's death.

After the première she gave a party—her first—for Helen Hayes and a group of friends at the Troc—and there was music, and there was laughter, and those who saw her said that her eyes could smile again.

**T**HIS, then, is the story of that year that has passed, and of an inspiring courage and—because he was one of the main reasons why Norma wore white the other night or went out at all—of a young man named Kenny Cameron.

Norma could gather about her her friends and go to the première and give her party in perfect freedom, you see, because she knew that in the great house at Santa Monica

*In a young college lad a troubled mother found the solution to a problem which enabled her to keep faith with the memory of a true love*

**BY BARBARA HAYES**



A year ago Norma Shearer made a promise to herself. Now that promise has materialized and Norma can smile happily again

# SHEARER'S FATHERLESS CHILDREN

young Irving, Jr., and little Katherine were in capable hands. She knew they were safe and happy, and that any questions they might ask would be answered reasonably and intelligently by affable young Cameron. Knowing these things, she could laugh and be amused, forgetful of time.

Norma Shearer found Kenny Cameron, after ten months of searching, on the beach at Lake Arrowhead, below the lodge—a long, tanned boy in swimming trunks, lounging in a deck chair in the sun but alert, neverthe-

less, for visiting old ladies who might venture too soon after a hearty lunch into the ice-cold blue water. He was the lifeguard.

But these ten months, for Norma a period of inhuman work and of complete readjustment to life without Irving, are part of this story; and they must come first so that you may understand just how important the discovery of Kenny Cameron was to her.

You've not read or heard much of what she has done during that time. One of her first actions was to ask Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer's publicity department to forget she was a movie star; to put her name away in the portfolio of "No Longer Under Contract" people—although her contract was still good and she practically owned the studio under the terms of the Thalberg will.

Surrounded by a kind of invisible wall made of secrecy she gathered Irving, Jr., and Katherine and a mass of luggage and a governess and a man from the studio, and went off to Arizona—to escape the pace and bril-  
*(Continued on page 70)*

DRAWING BY FREDERICK GRUGER





## MR. AND MRS. IS THE NAME

Mary does the talking, Jack does the listening; she's the tempestuous one, he's the calming influence—but their interests they share in common. They work together, play together, laugh together and in their little adopted daughter, Joan, have found the key to complete their happiness.

*Their courtship was a crazy bit of business but the Jack Bennys took the count on marriage*

BY IDA ZEITLIN

JACK and Mary Livingstone Benny probably lead an existence as ideal as can be achieved in this vale of tears. Mary calls her husband "the nicest man I've ever known." Jack is no talker, but his eyes, when his wife comes within range, speak for him. It is safe to suppose that by now they can thumb their noses at the financial hazard. They share every interest. Jack doesn't have to turn himself inside out in a vain effort to explain to the sheltered little woman the intricacies of his latest business deal. She's in on the deal with him. They work together at work they both enjoy; they play together; and they worship together at the shrine of their three-year-old Joan. Most important of all, perhaps, they laugh together.

What lends special interest to this state of affairs is Mary's declaration that "I wasn't madly in love with Jack when I married him. In fact, I was wearing somebody else's ring." This is not said for effect. Miss Livingstone is crisp and casual as the character

she's developed on the radio. Her life has held drama but, outwardly at least, she plays that drama for high comedy.

"I think it's much better that way than to fall wildly in love and wildly out again. That's been my experience, anyway, which is all I can judge by. I don't know whether Jack felt the same way or not. I never asked him. I married him because I liked him, and because I had more fun with him than with anyone else I'd ever met. The same things tickle us both. Even now we laugh, and nobody knows what we're laughing at. Sometimes we couldn't tell you ourselves. But we never have to explain it to each other.

"Later I learned to love him because he's such a grand person. But there's nothing wild about that. It's just common sense. Sometimes I sit and shudder at the thought that he might have picked somebody else. Makes me feel so good when I come back to earth and remember he didn't.

"I've never known him to lose his temper.

He gets up sweet in the morning, and stays that way all day. I'm the one with the bad disposition. I'm not saying that to throw flowers at Jack or mud at myself. I'm saying it because it's true. I've got a vile temper. Any arguments we've ever had have always been my fault, never Jack's. You can't argue with him. He just shuts up till I'm all through. I stand there yelling and stamping and he looks at me, till we both start laughing and it's all over.

"The only time he gets annoyed with me is at rehearsal. I'm awful at rehearsal. I don't know why and there's nothing I can do about it, but I can't seem to give them anything. He goes over and over it with me and I keep getting worse and worse. Finally, he gets this patient look on his face. 'Let it go,' he says. 'When it comes to the test, she'll probably die for dear old Jello.'"

Mary and Jack met when Mary was seventeen. Jack was playing the Orpheum in Los Angeles. Mary's sister, married to a man in show business, knew Jack and suggested they go down to see him.

Mary's lips curve in a reminiscent smile as

*(Continued on page 84)*

# BEHIND

## MARTHA

## RAYE'S

# DIVORCE...

was a mad romance—and  
in two bewildered kids become  
victims of a Hollywood bugaboo

BY EDWARD CHURCHILL

**D**URING the Decoration Day holidays Martha Raye was the happiest girl in the world. Desperately in love with Milton (Buddy) Westmore, youngest of the famous Hollywood make-up men, she had just returned from a wild, sudden and secret elopement to Los Vegas, Nevada. Three months later, almost to the day—September 2, 1937, to be exact—Martha Raye's attorney was filing suit for divorce. Martha, tears streaming down her cheeks—the most unhappy girl in the world—was reading:

"Don't ask me what happened. I don't know. All I know is that I'm sorry it's all over. And it is over—definitely. Nothing can be done about it."

Hiding away from the public and even from her friends, she was a picture of hurt and bewilderment.

Hollywood had watched the sudden, nightclub love of the twenty-year-old singing, dancing and comic star and the twenty-year-old Buddy Westmore with eyebrows raised and tongue in cheek. It had been a mad affair, startling, beginning with jolting suddenness.

You perhaps recall the circumstances. Martha, her face half made up by Wally Westmore, found herself being introduced to Buddy, Wally's kid brother. When Buddy had left the make-up room, Martha said to Wally:

"That's my man!"

The next night she and Buddy were out making the night clubs. The night after. And the night after that. Until, two and one-half months later, at two o'clock in the morning, at still another night club, Martha said:

"Buddy, let's get married."



Rumors flew while Martha was on tour but this affectionate embrace with which she greeted Buddy on her return threw reporters off the scent



Those who had watched the whirlwind courtship said:

"It can't last. Hollywood won't let it last."

They were only partly right. Hollywood did its share; so did fame; so did money. Put those three ingredients into the scales and balance them against love and you have the answer.

Bear in mind from the beginning that in Martha Raye and Buddy you have two very sweet, very normal people. Very young people. Undoubtedly, had they courted in a sane, quiet manner in a sane, quiet town under everyday circumstances, ninety days would have found them even more in love, planning a conservative future.

But their meeting wasn't sane and sensible, nor was their background. Picture Martha, born in a dressing room, reared on the road, learning more about life—firsthand information—in a month than the average child does in years.

Then there's Buddy, youngest of the five Westmores, baby of the family, fresh out of school, getting his first jobs through his brothers.

It would be hard to imagine a sharper contrast between two people. Types so different could never meet but in Hollywood.

Martha was glamour to Buddy. She said:

"Let's go places."

And they went.

The older Westmores took the romance with detachment. They really didn't worry about it.

"They're just babies," they said.

Peggy Hopper, Martha's mother, was more upset. In fact, when Martha told her that she and Buddy had been married in Los Vegas, after an all-night ride with Dr. Frank Nolan and his wife, the ex-vaudeville trouper, Mrs. Hopper, collapsed. In the three months that followed, there was never entire understanding or entire forgiveness on the part of Peggy Hopper.

**M**ARTHA at the age of nineteen smashed to success in Paramount's "Rhythm on the Range." Before this she'd shared penury with her father and mother, her family.

Then came in rapid succession, Hollywood, fame, money. Too fast. Too giddily. It was more than a girl of twenty could take, when you consider the background of tremendous struggle just to live that was behind her. Shortly after that picture was made, Martha said to me:

"I don't know what Hollywood's all about. I can't understand it."

(Continued on page 72)

THE  
ANSWER  
TO  
SHIRLEY  
TEMPLE'S  
FUTURE

BY

DIXIE WILSON



No child before her has carried uninterrupted stardom through the period of growing from little to big. Will this box-office idol, pictured (left) with the author and (right) with her parents, be spared the adolescent jinx?

*The whole world wants to know what lies ahead for Shirley. The answer is here—  
in this author's unusually intimate glimpse of the amazing little star's true self*

HE is the little girl nobody knows. And since it is the best-known little girl in the world of whom we speak, here is a paradox if ever there was one.

Every calorie of her diet, every toy in her nursery, every hour of her day has been written in every language. From lantern-lighted cabins of icebound freighters in the northern seas to the sun-baked forts of the desert's "Lost Legions," you may see the sunny dimpled face of the little girl who, at eight-and-one-half years of age, is the most famous star stage or screen has ever produced. Not since her fifth year has it been possible for Shirley Temple to appear in public, because of the crowds which hysterically, dangerously surround her, anticipating every familiar gesture and smile. But no screen,

no perfection of sound mechanics, no avid world has yet discovered the little girl who is really Shirley Temple, in which cryptic fact lies, without doubt, the answer to the question Hollywood (with an echo from all the world) is asking: "What will be Shirley's future?"

She is now going on nine. No longer is she just a lapful of enchanting baby girl. Very soon she will be that indeterminate young creature, an adolescent. And though once or twice in some specially written rôle, a boy or girl in this indescribable state of arms, legs and dental braces has attracted attention on stage or screen, never has any child headliner carried uninterrupted stardom through the period of growing from little to big.

The world is inevitably and delightfully peopled with a proper proportion of persons between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, but that proportion somehow simply doesn't seem to rate when balanced with results in actual box-office dollars and cents.

But now comes Shirley Temple—Shirley Temple whose unprecedented success is, after all, a case apart, a case which, without doubt, now furnishes the screen its most interesting experiment in many a day.

It will be something closely akin to a family affair as the world of her fans waits from one of Shirley's pictures till the next, to watch her growing tall, to watch her shedding cunning tricks of wide-eyed surprise and spontaneous tears for the more sophisticated mien of poised sedate nine, tall worldly eleven, serious algebra-conscious thirteen . . . and fifteen . . . and seventeen . . . and twenty. It will be something not alone of histrionic interest but of really personal interest to those fans who have loved her, have laughed with her and cried with her through the four continuous years during which she has held the world by its tail. An entirely new screen story is this, for since no child has ever climbed to so sensational a height, never will there be a drop so far if Shirley at nine or ten suddenly ceases to be a star!

But for your information, Hollywood does not expect Shirley Temple's bright star to wane. For, from her first rôle, this little girl went at the serious business of being an actress with a keenly capable little mind. It was a long time before even her father and mother were aware of the seriousness with which, at five, she was taking her "profession." Even now they are constantly amazed at chance remarks which show her real analysis of values. And many an older, more worldly-wise screen star could profit by Shirley's self-imposed rule that she shall completely understand a characterization before she attempts to play it. Never has she been satisfied merely to learn lines and speak them. She insists upon knowing why she is supposed to say those lines and what is supposed to be the beginning and the ending of tears, if she is to shed them.

WHEN first I talked to her about pictures she had just finished "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper, her big scene a spasm of tears upon the discovery that her adored and trusted young dad is the thief responsible for the disappearance of the fifty-thousand-dollar emerald necklace about which the story centers. Shirley had done a beautiful and convincing scene of heartbreak. I asked her how she had managed such perfect tears, asked what she had made herself think about, in order to produce them.

It is never expected of children, not even of grown actors, that they shall feel the actual emotion they are to play. When scenes require tears, a substitute emotion is built up for camera purposes. But this is not Shirley's idea of the correct way to do a rôle. Before every picture, she demands to hear and know the complete story until she can actually feel the reasons for joy and sorrow,



and from the moment she is given a part to play until the conclusion of the picture she wishes to be called by the name of this new personality. As nearly as possible she adjusts her own small life to fit the required new pattern, and in her own mind, and quite by herself, she reasons out the natural feelings and reactions of whomever she is now to be.

With a sweet lack of total comprehension, her interpretation of emotion oftentimes miscarries, but the principle is certainly a decidedly sound one, sound enough, at least, to have made a great star—one who we sincerely believe is to be a still greater one.

Naïvely, but with an intelligence far beyond her five years, she explained to me how

she had done those tears I asked about in the scene concerning the necklace. Unable quite to grasp the supposed shock and disappointment of the child of the story, as the author had written it, Shirley, analyzing as best she could the circumstances surrounding the tears which were to be shed, had picked out the only point of the scene which could seem like tragedy to *her*, and, dutifully, and in a workmanlike way, she had built this detail up to seem as heartbreaking as possible.

The necklace, if you remember the picture, was finally to be discovered hidden inside her teddy bear, which, she reasoned, would then have to be ripped open to accomplish the necklace's return.

"To have those pretty green diamonds

lost," she explained to me, "would make anybody almost sad *enough*, but to have a hole ripped in my big white teddy bear was worse, so I cried and cried and cried!"

FROM the first, Shirley has schooled herself in the offering of convincing performances. That she can also dance and sing is additional entertainment value . . . and certainly phenomenal; but in the final judging of Shirley Temple's real ability, these pretty tricks are surprisingly unimportant. That she is growing beautiful as she grows older is incidental also to the fact that she has shown the mind, the instinct, and the genius to be a really great actress.

I say she is "growing" beautiful because (though in the face of her radiant personality you have not been aware of it) she has not *always* been beautiful. A pretty child, yes, but many of the children you meet in the ordinary course of a day are much prettier, as witness the story of a certain gentleman who, without doubt, has been Hollywood's sorriest director during Shirley's coining of several fortunes for Mr. Fox-Twentieth-Century:

Some four years ago the Hal Roach studio, casting a children's picture, sought a leading lady of four or five. Among some nine hundred applicants the decision finally lay between a little miss from London and a curly-haired Californian. And because little Miss London was so much the prettier, it was she who signed on the dotted line . . . while Shirley Temple went home.

Until now the beauty of the Temple family has been Shirley's decidedly beautiful mother. But it appears that dark-haired Gertrude Temple is about to have a run for her money, for Shirley's features, which by actual analysis have heretofore been merely rounded, dimpled and adorable, are maturing into a new and exquisite beauty.

Of all this Shirley herself, however, is totally unaware, for due to this same mother who is wise as well as beautiful, Shirley is in no sense of the word a spoiled child, in spite of the fact that people were already saying when she was five that nothing could possibly save her from it. And the chances of her being spoiled were much more likely, too, than anyone unfamiliar with contributing factors could possibly have imagined. Strangers seeing her on the studio lot, or in those unavoidable moments when she would go from the Temple car into a shop or a restaurant, would cry out with little gasps of ecstasy, would instantly cut off any escape, would grasp her chin and turn her small face up to be stared at and commented upon in extravagant language, which included eulogies also upon her cleverness and charm, her adorable eyes, her wonderful curls!

But always afterward her mother would painstakingly explain that people loved her so much because she was good and obedient and mannerly. Never has Shirley been allowed to suppose that adulation is connected

(Continued on page 69)



As rounded, dimpled features mature into a new and exquisite beauty, Shirley is shedding cute tricks for the more sophisticated mien of an actress going on nine



Telephone calls are the only romantic highlight in the marriage of Dorothy Lamour and orchestra leader Herb Kay. The author has a reason for believing they may be a detriment to lasting love.

# LONG DISTANCE ROMANCE

BY FAITH BALDWIN

A NUMBER of years ago a very prominent and charming business woman of my acquaintance said to me at a luncheon, "I am thinking of taking a long vacation—several months or so. Of course, my husband can't go with me, but I think people are right when they say that these marital vacations are good for marriage, don't you?" To which I responded flatly, "No." She looked at me in astonishment. At that moment one of the speakers rose to his feet and the room hushed in obedience. Later my friend cornered me outside the luncheon room and demanded, "Just what did you mean by what you said?"

Well, it was a little hard to explain. I hadn't thought much about it really, only vaguely and in general terms. But I tried to explain to her that while now and then you heard of a marriage which succeeded when—perhaps *only* when—its component parts lived under different roofs and met for dinner occasionally, such an arrangement was not suitable for the average man and woman.

In Hollywood there are several marriages

conducted, one might say, by remote control—not, I assume, because the people concerned wish their marriages to be at long distance, but because they must be. An outstanding example is the marriage of Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor. They were, of course, both in pictures originally, but Mr. Pryor, son of the famous bandmaster who was an idol of my girlhood, left picture making for music. His work as orchestra leader took him, of course, out of Hollywood. The result of this is that between his musical engagements, he flies to the Coast so that he can be with Ann—only to have this happen! Ann is so busy on the set, that Roger discovers he has flown 2,600 miles just to watch another man make love to his wife!

Then, too, a girl in Miss Sothorn's publicized position, with her beauty, charm and youth, cannot remain with her light hidden under a bushel, as it were. She must go out, be seen,—and a woman in that situation is always open to speculation and gossip. Unfortunately, human nature is so organized that if a Hollywood star, married or unmarried, is seen twice hand running in the com-

pany of the same man—although there may be a dozen other people in the party—rumor starts its snowball building-up.

Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson constitute another case in point. Mr. Nelson has encouraged and assisted Miss Hilliard's career from the very first but did he, I wonder, foresee that Hollywood work would take her to the Coast? He is with her as much as possible, but naturally he is kept in the East a great deal of the time because of his engagements and his radio work.

Another star who married a bandleader is Bette Davis. She and her husband, Harmon Nelson, have been separated a good deal during their married life. But "Ham" has given up his music career and has opened an office which will keep him in Hollywood.

And then, there is Dorothy Lamour, the new singing star, and her orchestra leader husband, Herbert Kay, who is forced, for the most part, to conduct his career outside of Hollywood. This marriage has not been greatly publicized, as the studio build-up for Miss Lamour is of the glamour girl variety. But Miss Lamour herself is more than willing to talk of her marriage, is devoted to her husband and goes out as little as possible, preferring to be alone as long as she cannot be with the person for whom she cares most. So the gossips will not have much chance to link Miss Lamour's name with anyone's, unless it be with that of Charlie McCarthy. (And by the way, I am very envious of Dorothy Lamour, personally, as Charlie is decidedly my big moment.)

Madeleine Carroll's husband is reputedly in a position to give his wife everything she would ever want, materially. But she is ambitious, and her career matters to her and so

(Continued on page 83)



In order to see Roger Pryor at all, Ann Sothorn had to meet him on the set in her old clothes, something she would never have let happen if she could have helped it. Is it worth the price?

# "WHAT HAVE THEY GOT I HAVEN'T GOT?"

*That question is always being asked about important stars and here is an answer that will inspire you*



Robert Taylor



Fred Astaire



Jeanette MacDonald

## BY JEROME BEATTY

THE other day in New York I met a young man I had known for several years. He was handsome in a nice, Gableish sort of way; he could act—he had proved that in college dramatics and in a small part in a Broadway show which he had handled so well that a motion-picture scout had sent him to Hollywood. We met on Fifth Avenue, not on Broadway where you are most likely to find youngsters who are fighting their way into show business.

"I'm through with pictures," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "They told me in Hollywood I wouldn't do. I learned my lesson. I'm all over being stage-struck. I've gone to work for my father." Then he took a deep breath and asked plaintively, "What have those folks out there got, that I haven't got?"

I told him I was sure I didn't know and said good-by. I hurried away for fear I would break down and tell him the story about Max Baer and W. S. Van Dyke, which would show that I *did* know, and which

would only make him angry without doing a bit of good.

In my opinion Van Dyke is the best director in pictures. In Van is that quality I never have found to be missing in any truly great motion-picture star or director—a tremendous, eager, contagious vitality that reaches out and, seeping into you, stimulates you like a shot in the arm.

Van Dyke left school at sixteen to earn his own living. He called trains in the Seattle railroad station, sold electric vibrators in the door-to-door fashion, worked his way through business college by acting as janitor of the school, bucked logs in a lumber camp, punched cattle, and finally got into pictures as an eighteen-hour-a-day assistant to D. W. Griffith. He's conscientious, fearless, indomitable.

When Van Dyke was directing Max Baer in "The Prize Fighter and the Lady," Maxie became a little temperamental. Van tamed him with sharp words, a cool eye and a threat to knock Baer's block off.

Before the picture was finished, Baer worshiped Van Dyke. Baer told a friend, "I'd hate to meet that guy in a ring."

"Is Van *that* good a fighter?"

"No. The trouble is," Baer answered grimly, "you'd have to kill him before he'd drop."

That was the story I wanted to tell my young friend who had quit the first time they told him he wouldn't do.

Every star, during his fight to the top, was told that same thing a hundred times. Not only was it told to him—it was proved, to the satisfaction of everybody except his own staunch, obstinate self. Look over the careers of the great and you'll find that they won because they stuck through hell and high water and, working furiously night and day, made something fine and desirable out of their scorned hulks. Like the bonefish and the Old Guard, they die, but never surrender.

In this world are thousands of young men and young women who possess everything you'll find in the Norma Shearers, the Claudette Colberts, the Clark Gables and the Joe E. Browns—except the courage to fight on, the wit to keep at it until they learn their trade superbly well.

The girl whose ambition is to become a buyer in a department store, the boy who

*(Continued on page 90)*

THE

# Camera

SPEAKS



Theodora goes wilder when Irene Dunne and Cary Grant go in for a bit of hi-jinks in that delightful domestic comedy, "The Awful Truth"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST





IT'S no pose with him—this Gable he-  
stuff. Fifteen minutes after the director calls "It's in the can,"  
Clark Gable's off on a camping trip. Sometimes it's Kaibab Forest  
in Arizona, or Utah, or perhaps just the Santa Barbara mountains.  
It's always an isolated spot, away from women and those who  
treat him like a movie star rather than the regular guy he is. But  
whether he's roughing it or not, Clark has the instinctive taste of a  
dressed man:—leather breeches, suede jacket, silver-studded belt





Still new enough to fame to enjoy immensely what fame buys, Tyrone Power, long-legged, long-lashed boy wonder of the screen, drives an expensive car, wears expensive clothes, but gives "inexpensive" gifts to the girls he dates, of whom we might add, there are many. Decided six years ago he'd be successful, and chose the Eastern stage as the best route. Prefers milk to Scotch; N. Y. to his native Cincinnati. Confident, candid and charming, he owes his victory to his genuine ability, his Irish grey eyes and his determination never to fail two generations of ancestors.



She's been called a prima donna on roller skates—a Jenny Lind in socks. She has that vocal rarity—a woman's voice in a child's body. She became a star in her first picture—and giggles when she sees herself on the screen. She wasn't surprised at her own success—a "fortune in rhyme" punchboard told her she would rise to movie fame. She hates spinach and algebra; chocolate nut sundaes and Tippy, her dog, are her pet passions. She rates a huge amount of fan mail—China's powerful war lord, Chiang Kai-shek, likes her too. (See page 16.) She's had more than fifty fan mail proposals—despite her fourteen years. She's the girl in "100 Men and a Girl"—petite Deanna Durbin



The host, Clarence Brown in sweat shirt and shorts, superintends the preparations of the barbecue while his "Conquest" guests watch



# A PARTY



The Browns' new barbecue oven with its electric spit, is the last word

*Clarence Brown's party, for Garbo and the rest of the "Conquest" cast, will give you a swell idea of how successful directors live in Hollywood*



The guest of honor didn't show up but her stand-in, Chris Meeker, amuses George Huston



Whole loaves of crusty French bread are toasted at once by the host while Charles Boyer, with his wife, Pat Paterson, supervise the process

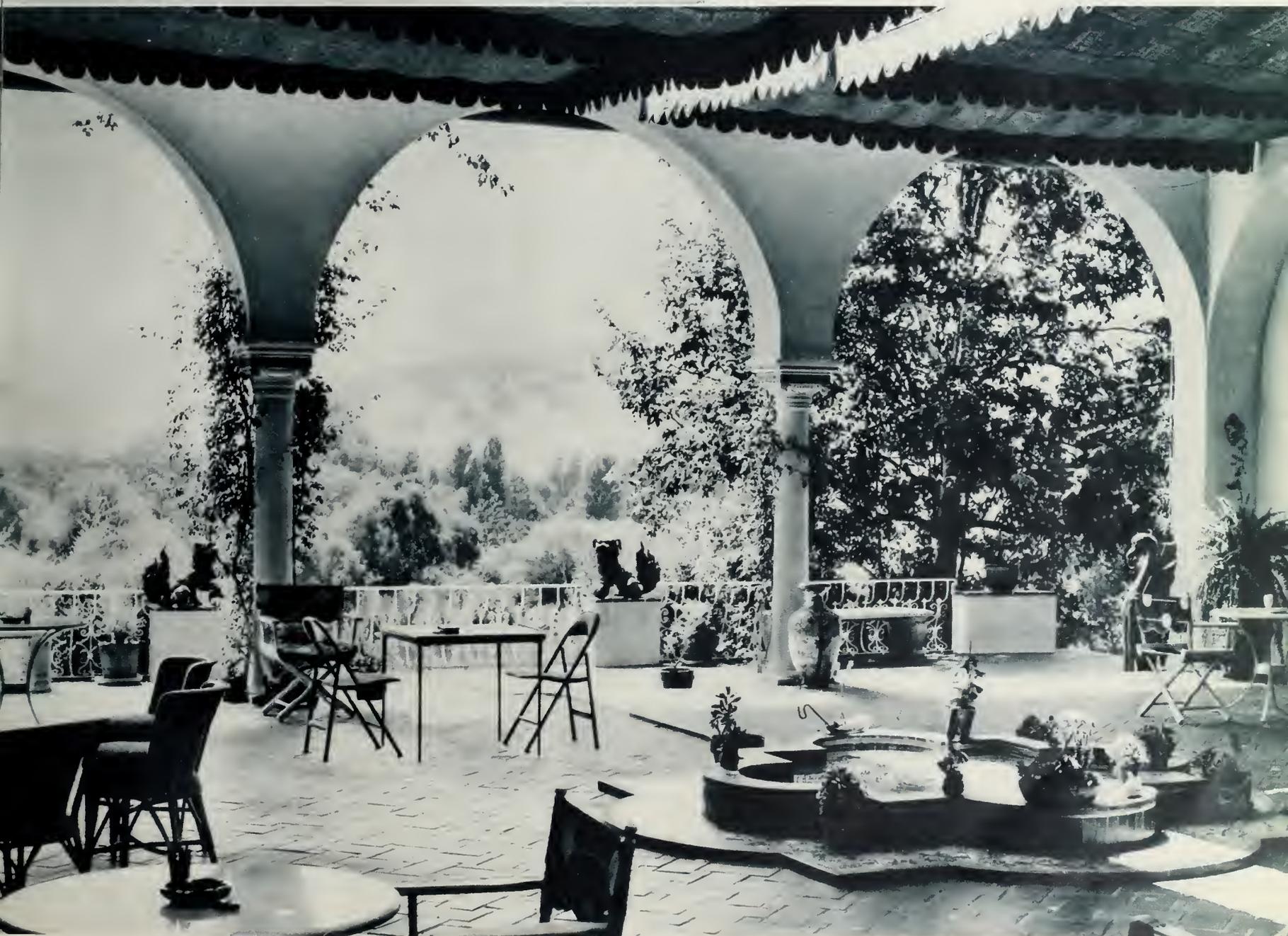


# OR GARBO

(that Garbo didn't attend)



The daughter of the house, Alyce Moore, has fun too! She is the daughter of Tom Moore and Mrs. Brown (Alice Joyce)



Ranching de luxe—the spacious patio of the Brown house which lies in that section of Hollywood called Hidden Valley. Garbo and Clarence Brown have made seven most successful films together

# ESPER-SUPER

1 Remember how you gasped with laughter when the alarmed chap perched on the teacart tried to learn how to fly an airplane? The picture was **Going Up**; the star was:—**Johnny Hines, Charles Ray, Douglas MacLean, Edward Horton, T. Roy Barnes**. Do you recall which one of these comedy classics the same actor played in:—**Twin Beds, The Hottentot, Behind the Front, Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave, or Oh! Doctor!**

2 The padre pointing the accusing digit is brighter star today than when he appeared Essanay's **The Primitive Strain**. The name is:—**Frank Morgan, William Farnum, Edward Arnold, Spencer Tracy**. You also see him in:—**Captains Courageous, Slave Ship Emperor's Candlesticks, Toast of N.**



3 Whoa! Can it be that Walter Long entertains ideas of a fate worse than death for the tragic-eyed queen:—**Louise Glaum, Theda Bara, Beverly Bayne, Dorothy Dalton, Kathlyn Williams**, who was divorced from Lew Cody and remarried:—**Lowell Sherman, Arthur Hammerstein, Florenz Ziegfeld, Bert Lytell, Kenneth Harlan**

4 **Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Mary Astor, Mary Philbin** would have to have been more robust than she looks here to have recovered from an illness in the appalling bed which looms in this scene from **Stella Maris**, a Universal picture shown in 1926. Incidentally, the man from whom Maurice Chevalier may have got some ideas on how to protrude the lower lip is none other than:—**Thomas Meighan, Elliott Dexter, Conway Tearle, Rod La Rocque, Owen Moore**

# COLLOSSAL

5 The wide-eyed gal below typified a new idea of sex appeal in the period when F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote *This Side of Paradise* and Percy Marks turned out: *The Plastic Age*, from the picturization of which this photo is taken; her name (this is too easy) is:—*Bessie Love, Anita Page, Sue Carol, Clara Bow, Billie Dove*

6 If you were dining at the Trocadero in Hollywood and saw the man in the photo below, you would probably nudge your companion excitedly and say, "Migawsh, there's:—*Bill Powell, John Barrymore, Monte Blue, William Desmond, Bobby Harron.*" Do you remember seeing him in the picture, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, in which he played with:—*Madge Bellamy, Marion Davies, Mildred Davis, Edna Purviance, Billie Burke*



7 More famed as a statuesque siren than rôles such as she took in *Nomads of the North* was:—*Betty Compson, Betty Harte, Marguerite De La Motte, Mimosa, Barbara La Marr*, who also acted in:—*Anthony Adverse, Modern Times, The Gorgeous Hussy, The Country Doctor, The Great Ziegfeld*

8 The Oriental proffering the popposy is here rebuffed by Gypsy Fair, a rôle taken by:—*Mae Marsh, May McAvoy, Dorothy Gish, Carol Dempster, Anita Stewart*, in the film:—*Broken Blossoms, Dream Street, House of Whispers, The Tong Man, Limehouse Nights*

9 Doubt us if you will but it's a fact that the gent of this lynching act won PHOTOPLAY'S popularity contest in 1913. He was:—*J. Warren Kerrigan, Dustin Farnum, Francis X. Bushman*. The movie was:—*Days of '49, Winning of Barbara Worth, Hearts and Flowers, Girl of the Golden West*

Check the words in italics which make correct answers for these stills from films that have passed into movie history. If the face is familiar but you can't quite place the name, turn to page 82 for the correct answers



Impressions of Hollywood au naturel, achieved through the modern magic of artistic photography. Left—Sunlight: a Paramount extra girl, posed against an ordinary set background. Below—Devotion: Mrs. Oakie and son, Jack. Near right—Reverie: Kay Francis, seen through the door of her portable dressing room. Far right—Shadow: Gary Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, and Gary Cooper alone. Right, below—Power: Paul Lucas, as aeronaut



C A M E R A L O O T





# STAGED DOOR





Hollywood has proved that it can take a kidding and can even kid itself—but when Margaret Sullavan's New York stage success of last winter hits the screen little more than the name will be intact. After all, a serious drayma that's so obviously a slap in the face at Hollywood—well, that's asking too much. Rumors of bitter feelings between Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers evaporated into thin air when the costars got going on this story of stage-struck girls in a theatrical boardinghouse, with Director Gregory LaCava at the helm; Adolphe Menjou, Constance Collier and Gail Patrick to lend support



# THOSE AWFUL

*There's where the Stars have to slave!*





## ACTORIES



Presenting that glorified institution of the Hollywood proletariat—the star's dressing room. Nelson Eddy, in a knotty-pine atmosphere, relaxes on a soft chaise lounge; Lionel Barrymore, at ease with his newspaper, is proud of his ship model (hobby hangover from "Captains Courageous"). The feminine contingent has other ideas of soul-soothing decoration. Jeanette MacDonald chooses an all-white piano to match her all-white room; Ginger Rogers likes old ivory work and peach satin; Ann Sothorn goes for blue dots and taffeta upholstery; but Joan Crawford's forte is that big picture of Franchot Tone enthroned on her piano



# KAY FRANCIS

IN FIRST LADY

She's an enigma even to Hollywood. Although Kay goes on her way with no spectacular successes to her credit, her average is better than six pictures a year. Now she wants better rôles and is fighting to get them. She makes a huge salary, yet lives quietly in the same unpretentious house she moved into when her salary was small. She's considered the screen's best dressed woman, but her personal wardrobe contains fewer clothes than an extra's. Though she's seldom mentioned in romantic gossip, she's been married three times and currently Delmer Daves, scenario writer, is her constant companion



Cal York's

Hollywood love in three stages—Virginia Field, beamed by Blake Owen-smith; recently divorced June Lang with Michael Whalen; latest bride, Anne Shirley with groom John Payne

# GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

*Here's an intimate squint into the doings of those West Coast adobe dwellers—by the tattler who tells only that which is worth repeating*

## HOLLYWOOD THIS MONTH—

HAS been vegetating quietly, like a turnip someone forgot to yank up . . . everyone who was anyone went off on a vacation and lay in the sun, or fished, or rowed in little boats . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, always humming with activity, sat in a state of torpor with only five productions running . . . all the other studios were on nearly the same basis . . . and nobody cared. . . .

But when things look quiet, especially in this town, then it's time to be suspicious . . . So we were suspicious . . . and as a result discovered that under the general torpor *much* was going on . . . and learned, too, that even in the most dormant of summer periods the glamour and vitality and heartache and laughter and the sentimental human kindness and the brutality that are Hollywood keep going right along at the same pace. . . .

So that one of the most famous marriages in the colony came within a fraction of breaking up, but didn't quite . . . and an equally famous friendship, once a romance, was reportedly blasted for always . . . and a little girl star was bitten by the strangest animal . . . and there was a minor crime

wave . . . and another mother trouble wave with a young man insisting he would—and his mother wishing he wouldn't—marry . . . and a spicy little boudoir tale all about pink ruffles in a bachelor's bedroom . . . and so forth, and on. . . .

## ALARUM

OUR special agents came rushing into the office not long ago bursting with the news that Clark Gable, supposedly absent on a hunting expedition, had, without his studio's knowledge, made a hurried—and secret—trip to New York.

"You can guess why!" hissed our informants, portentously.

Well, we couldn't. "Why?" we asked.

"Because Rhea Gable has fallen in love—everybody says so! And that'll make it easier for him to get his divorce, at last."

It sounded interesting. We checked.

There was no authentic news about Rhea except that she was still living quietly in her small house, seeing few people, going out little, biding her time.

Metro admitted readily that Clark had gone to New York, and that they didn't have his address and that they didn't know why

he didn't stay home where he belonged. Yes, his departure had been sudden—they'd had to cancel a dozen interview appointments half an hour before they were due—with no explanation, either. Fine thing.

Whereupon we put our feet back up on the desk. If anything goes on involving any of its stars, M-G-M knows it, make no mistake. And if Gable had been in New York for any reason other than pleasure, the studio would have insisted with its last breath that he was in Wyoming slaughtering coyotes.

Make something of it if you will.

## INNOCENT ABROAD

THE journeying of Robert Taylor from Hollywood to London, for the purpose of making "A Yank at Oxford," is, however, a different matter.

Robert stymied his studio's attempt to make a publicity coup out of his departure by leaving too soon, without telling anybody but his mother and Barbara Stanwyck. A great group of photographers and reporters gathered to see him off, waited an hour at the station, and then discovered he'd planed out the evening before.

As for the rumors—nay, the certain declaration—that his romance with Miss Stanwyck is over, and that this trip is the perfect opportunity for them to let the whole thing drift off: Barbara, almost immediately after he left, took her vacation and went eastward to Canada. Thus there could be no

chance that if she went out for an evening with a friend the newspapers would take it up, and Bob would hear of it, and there would be a misunderstanding. Close sources tell us that before Bob left he made a pact with Barbara: if anything serious happened to either, that person would tell the other. Aside from emergency, mutual trust would do.

At any rate, when he comes back to Hollywood for the holidays he's got another surprise—a pleasant one this time—awaiting him. He'd okayed all the plans for his home on the valley ranch, but hadn't given the order to go ahead; right now he expects that when he gets back he must still go through all the troublesome details of building supervision and what not. But Barbara has made arrangements, and when he steps off the plane at Burbank his new home will be completely finished, to the last detail, ready for occupancy. Consider that, scandalmongers!

#### IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE TYPEWRITER

WE are very touched over how much Jean Harlow's death has affected Bill Powell. We saw him walking down a studio street the other day and hardly recognized him. Pale, tired—he's lost pounds of weight—and almost never smiles anymore, doesn't ever tell his famous stories. Everyone thought he'd start drinking too much, but he hasn't. "Double Wedding," his latest picture with Myrna Loy, was made and finished on a

closed set. Even studio employees were to keep out. Those who managed to sneak in say Bill's been working madly, that the only time he's himself is when he's before the cameras, and that as a result he insists on remaking each scene again and again until it is perfect. The rest of the cast gets awfully tired, and it costs Metro a great deal of money in time, but they humor him—which is kind.

He spent two weeks in a friend's lodge up at Arrowhead, and then began getting ready for a long trip. Has a passport and no plans—he'll just go to Europe and wander about until he's himself again, he says. His bosses are resigned. He's no good in his present state, at all. The only thing that worries us is: suppose he isn't able to make the adjustment he must? Suppose the memory of that bright beauty lost to him is too haunting? Suppose he never returns to the screen? . . .

There has been a lot of argument about who took the last picture of Jean before her death, but we know that it was a full-color photograph made by studio people. It was sent on to a great New York daily before she died, and Powell asked that the original be shipped back to him. He wanted to frame it and keep it.

The picture was duly returned, and one of the publicity boys was detailed to cart it over to Bill's house. The kid put it into his car, remembered something at the last minute, and dashed back into the studio, leaving his roadster—and the photograph—out

in front. When he returned, the package was gone.

Metro doesn't care about catching the person who took it, but they want their picture. If whoever swiped it will send it back, with any old address attached, he can have in return any group of Harlow stills he wants—no questions asked, understand.

#### NEWS ITEM

NELSON EDDY was dancing at the Coconut Grove the other night with a beautiful blonde. This makes twice we've been obliged to report that Nelson has gone stepping with a girl who wasn't his mother. We couldn't identify the blonde, although she wasn't any employee of his and that makes her interesting, from the romance angle; golly, you don't suppose. . . ?

#### REGRETS

THAT sorry mess, in which George Brent and Constance Worth are still involved at this writing, has had a deeper effect on George's happiness than the misery of rotten publicity. You'll remember that not long ago Greta Garbo returned from Sweden and began again seeing a lot of this so-called "woman hater." That cooled after a time, but the two remained good friends.

Now, we're told, Garbo isn't even at home to him over the telephone. She's seen about now, from time to time, with Leopold Stokowski, but not even the most optimistic whisperers in Hollywood can get up nerve enough to say she is in love with the famous musician.

We were driving past Miss Garbo's house in Brentwood one sunny afternoon recently, by the way, and suddenly had one of those crazy impulses you get sometimes. We were familiar with the grounds and the building, because Jeanette MacDonald had lived there; and we knew that if we drove down the street in back, and slithered along a dirt lane, and climbed up through a vacant lot, we could peer through the openings in the great canvas curtain that protects the garden from neighbors' opera glasses.

Dignity and conscience put up a good fight, but lost—three minutes later we stood, covered with burrs, by the fence, looking curiously through a slit at the swimming pool and tennis court and stretch of lawn. Yes—there, on a gigantic towel, reclined the Nordic Enigma, eating a cookie and reading a magazine. Pretty soon she put the magazine down, threw the remainder of the cookie away, turned over, yawned, stood up, sat down again—all with a kind of indefinite vagueness like a person who was trying to think of something to do, and couldn't.

It occurred to us suddenly, "This woman's bored. She's bored silly with this garden and this sun and that cookie and that magazine." The temptation to call to her through the fence was strong, but before we could gather the necessary brass she got up once more, picked up the towel by one corner, and dragging it behind her proceeded listlessly to the house.

Later that evening we remembered the look of her shoulders—the utter lassitude they expressed—and wished we had spoken

(Continued on page 74)



Hum-m-med, hum-m-med gossipers when Bart Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck (below) lunched together. A triangle, said some; studio publicity, said others. The fact remains—Bob Taylor, having his birthday cake cut (left), is still the head man



Lee Russell (left) just smiled when she heard those Marshall-Stanwyck rumors, for she's the suave Englishman's real thrill

# LILY HITS A NEW HIGH



There is a definite musical clique in Hollywood, led by Mrs. L. A. Irish, President of the Hollywood Bowl Association. This year she awarded Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz a gold bowl trophy when their concert drew a record audience of 29,000



Mischa Auer may be funny on the screen but he takes music seriously



Janet Gaynor, too, with publicist Russell Birdwell, is one of the musical highbrows



This is no publicity gesture on Robinson's part. He adores symphonies



The Jean Hersholts always go in for cultural events. Jean's hobby, besides music, is first editions

Naturally you expect other singers to be there to compare notes. Hence Irene Dunne and husband



Grace Moore and husband Valentin Parera, right, never miss a concert. Leelee is one of Grace's best friends

Little Deanna Durbin, the youngest of the songbirds, listens with rapt attention





Once Gary Cooper nearly gave up his career because of a scene like this one with Sigrid Gurie

# WE COVER THE STUDIOS

BY JAMES REID

**D**ON'T look now—but we think we just saw Boom Times return.

We just saw some producers untying studio purse strings that have been knotted for years, reaching down deep, and then, as they say in Shanghai, shooting the works.

But we wonder if you are prepared for the other news that we are about to bring to you? The news that Hollywood is suddenly going modest?

Perhaps you, like us, can remember 'way back to yesterday, when Hollywood was not modest.

A producer, for example, would return from a junket abroad. In his wake would follow a new foreign find with a certain amount of charm. Immediately, before anyone else had a chance to see her, he would announce that she was a sensation. She would back Garbo and Dietrich and Hepburn and Crawford right off the movie map!

It was great ballyhoo. But, somehow, it never worked. It made the public expect too much.

Producers are finally admitting as much, at least to themselves. Today, they are not boasting about their foreign finds. They are hiding them, going into shy silences about them. They are giving the girls a chance to make their own first impressions.

Even Samuel Goldwyn, the Great Goldwyn who once spent a year—and a million dollars—to make one of his foreign finds famous before the public ever saw her, has changed his ways. For nearly a year, he has had a new foreign find under wraps, waiting for the psychological moment to put her into the game. Meanwhile, his publicity staff has had orders *not* to publicize her. Even Sam is trying the experiment of giving the public a surprise. And our hunch is that the public will like the surprise.

Her name is Sigrid Gurie (pronounced *See-grid Goo-ee*). You will see her for the first time, and hear her (which, we promise you, will also be something), in "The Adventures of Marco Polo," starring Gary Cooper. Sam is spending only a million and a half on the picture.

Sigrid is twenty-three, Norwegian, naturally blonde, with eyes of a clear Scandinavian blue. The picture does not make use of her blonde beauty. She plays a slant-eyed Chinese Princess with black lacquered hair. But the picture makes full use of her voice. The Princess' name is Kukachin—"Golden Bells." She is so called because of her voice.

The setting is Thirteenth Century China. There, to the court of mighty Kublai Khan, comes Marco Polo, swashbuckling Venetian adventurer. Promptly, he loses his heart to the Princess Kukachin, and thereafter has a time of it, trying not to lose his head.

**T**WO months ago we saw the picture start, under the direction of John Cromwell, as a dramatic epic with romantic sidelights. Since then, it has undergone story changes and a change of directors. Archie Mayo is now in charge, and the picture is shaping up as a semi-historical fantasy, exciting, romantic, lavish, but with a light touch.

We watch what promises to be the most difficult scene of the revised version—the first love scene between Polo and the Princess, in a garden of the palace.

The first time Gary was ever called upon to kiss a girl before a camera, he went into hiding and nearly gave up his screen career. In the ten years since then, he has been dodging kissing scenes whenever possible. They still fuss him. And this is Sigrid's first love scene before cameras. This, in fact, is her first picture, either here or abroad.

In the Thirteenth Century, it seems, kissing was unknown in China. Yet, when Marco Polo first meets the Princess Kukachin, and succumbs at first sight to her charms, he obeys that Venetian impulse—and kisses her. Her reactions, in quick succession, are amazement, surprised delight, then indignation. He blandly persuades her that kissing is the Occidental form of greeting. They end in a passionate embrace.

**W**E talk to Sigrid before the scene. She is unflurried, at least on the surface. We look for the explanation. We come upon this information: Goldwyn has forbidden any, and all, dramatic coaching for her screen career. "It will only make you self-conscious," he has told her. "I signed you as you are. I want you to stay that way—natural." Sigrid is doing her best to obey orders.

Mayo calls for a rehearsal. Gary and Sigrid go through the scene, not once, but several times. We overhear a prop man tell another prop man, watching Gary, "It's nice work, if you can get it." Gary, however, is perspiring. No man was ever more embarrassed. But he's game; he keeps on trying to look natural. Until, finally, Mayo says, "All right, let's shoot it. Let's make history!"

The scene is difficult enough for the bashful Gary. But the really difficult acting in the scene devolves upon the newcomer. Her reactions call for subtle shadings of emotion.

As Mayo calls "Cut!" at the end of the scene, he shakes his head in mock self-amazement, and tells Gary and Sigrid, "We *did* make history!"

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## O N T H E A I R

BY JIM NEWTON

NEW cold weather clambakes furnish the hot Hollywood radio news this month. If you've been worrying about those long winter evenings, rest easy—there won't be room enough on the air for a snowflake to filter through when the Hollywood winter gold rush gets going. Every star you ever heard of is completely mikedushy at this point. As for the menu, signed, sealed and all but delivered—have a look:

The new shows: "Silver Theater" (nice name?) will start about the time your big round eyes will read this. It's a variety show tarring a big-time screen star four weeks in a row, according to present plans (CBS network) and from our overstuffed perch it looks as if Rosalind Russell starts the first pitch . . . Then Tyrone Power, Jr., breaks into the big time with his own spot on NBC's blue chain. Ty will give a dramatic sketch every Sunday with Hollywood guestars in support . . . Charlie Butterworth and Lanny Ross salvage Fred Astaire's old Packard show with a new dippy diet . . . Jack Haley goes to town on his own Log Cabin split hour taking that honeyous Virginia Verill and Warren Hull along with him from Show Boat and letting in his movie pals to kibitz from time to time . . . We've told you about Jeanette MacDonald's Vick's concerts . . . but did you know that John Barrymore and his Ariel were such a click last summer on Shakespeare that they're set again for a vintereading of "Animal Kingdom" and "Accent on Youth"? NBC sustaining, of course . . . George Jessel joins up with your pal, Al, the Jolson . . . and Prez. Jack Dakie cuts classes down to a half-hour, making Benny Goodman walk the other half mile or a Camel . . . Sorry, no Judy Garland—he's too busy at M-G-M, they say, but we understand she's also too high-priced now . . . And—we've been saving this one—Myrna Loy and Bill Powell begin airomping soon in their favorite dramatic dish—you guessed it—a "Thin Man" series! You like?

Of course, the old stand-bys snap out of the summer slump in a big way. Meaning that Bing Crosby is back taking star introduction worries off the frail shoulders of Robin Burns on the comfortable Kraft hour, and that Cecil B. De Mille is clucking together his Lux Radio Theater for another season of the best Hollywood dramatic star-conditions money can buy.

No diminuendo either, in the evergreen hours, although if you ask us, Chase and

Sanborn could do without quite so many stars—five regulars, now that Nelson Eddy punches the clock, and a guest star or two every Sunday! They trip over each other. Incidentally, with all Radio Row holding its breath, the fair-haired boy, Nelson, made his long-delayed debut, and what a pleasant surprise when he turned out to be a regular guy instead of the prima donna we had been led to believe. Of course Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy were laying for him, but Nelson up and fooled them all by grabbing that objectionable young McCarthy gentleman and planting him firmly on one knee. Wendy Barrie guested that Sunday, and before the show, like all the cuties, she had to have a session with Charlie.

"Without a doubt," she told him, "you are the most wonderful man in Hollywood."

"That's what all the girls tell me," piped Charlie in a childish falsetto. Only it was Nelson Eddy, cracking his famous voice, à la Bergen. Charlie didn't get back at him until the next week, but plenty then. It happened like this: Nelson was deep in the throes of a song when the audience began to titter. Well, you don't titter at an Eddy when he lets the song box work, so in mixed

anger and surprise he glared over his cheaters, but the chirrup only swelled. That's right, it was Charlie, giving him the quiet bird with the audience loving it!

HOLLYWOOD is still slightly teched on the subject of Charlie and Bill Fields, who incidentally, is so fully recovered that he says he'll have to start wearing himself down again. Golf does it, Bill told us; he plays indoors, he says, with a cotton ball (can you take it?) and makes up his funny business in between shots. A few weeks ago either the shots or the funny business didn't work, because just three hours before the show Bill didn't have a word to say! He begged off the show but no go, so he thought up his script while shaving—some guy!

Tickets for that show are as rare as Democrats in Vermont, and as for the hired help—not even accidents can keep them away. Alice Brady showed up in a wheel chair with her sprained ankle in a brace, the afternoon she emoted in "Electra" with Don Ameche. They closed down shooting Twentieth Century-Fox's biggest picture, "In Old Chicago," because Alice couldn't hobble around, but

(Continued on page 89)



Imagine McCarthy's surprise when Nelson Eddy took him for a ride—but Charlie had his innings later



★ THIN ICE—20th Century-Fox

WHILE Robert Taylor's professional status quivers under blows like "Broadway Melody," the man named Zanuck is assuring the success of his new star, Tyrone Power, by making box-office hits suitable to the youngster's talent. This latest happy combination of romance and music, spectacle and comedy, in which Powers costars with Sonja Henie, is—to understate—a knockout of a show.

The lovely little skating lady, in her second screening, proves again her innate showmanship and her really fine ability. Here is no flash in the cinema pan; she plays her rôle with assured artistry, her accent is more understandable but still adorable, her routines are varied. No need to detail the story—these Cinderella, mistaken-identity yarns are entertaining without analysis. Power is a prince in disguise, Sonja's the resort skating teacher. They meet while skiing, fall in love, get tangled in the international intrigue their romance has engendered.

As an example of pure film technique, of almost perfect production, this should stand as a lesson to other studios. No story, however good, however well acted, is convincing if the sequences are jerky and badly cut. Photography is of standard excellence and the pace of action is adjusted so that no single scene is allowed to drag. You'll appreciate Arthur Treacher as the Prince's aide-de-camp, Raymond Walburn as Sonja's rascally uncle, and Joan Davis as the orchestra leader. There are four magnificent skating dances, to a Strauss-like score.



BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—M-G-M

AGAIN Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell are teamed in the annual Metro musical, this time a follow-up to the last highly successful "Broadway Melody." The picture is a typical kind of thing, well mounted, stuffed with much of Hollywood's best talent at its best. But Taylor's rôle, meant as the lead, is lost somewhere in the melee. George Murphy, given his due at last, is a brighter personality; Bob can only do his best, which is handsome enough. He plays a producer who discovers Eleanor Powell, a horse-lover who also tap-dances. When his show needs money, she enters her nag in a prize race. Buddy Ebsen, Judy Garland (a new and potentially great star!), Sophie Tucker and many others contribute highly entertaining features.



★ THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—Selznick-United Artists

IF, not too long ago, you were a devotee of the kind of romantic adventure as typified by Douglas Fairbanks—with fair ladies in distress and swaggering heroes and swishing swords and castle dungeons—you will find great nostalgic pleasure in this. Produced with all the 1937 technique that a modern studio and a million dollars can achieve, this nevertheless is frankly melodrama. That it succeeds in being one of the most entertaining pictures of the year is a compliment to John Cromwell's fine direction and Ronald Colman's believable portrayal.

You probably remember Anthony Hope's famous story: *Rudolf Rassendyll*, handsome Britisher, comes to an obscure Balkan kingdom and is immediately entangled in political intrigue. He is a distant cousin of, and resembles perfectly, the young king whose evil brother *Black Michael*, plots to snatch the throne. When the drunken monarch is drugged and abducted on coronation eve, *Rassendyll* takes his place—is king for a time, during which he falls in love with the kidnapped prince's fiancée.

Colman, in his dual rôle as *Rassendyll* and the King, is superbly cast. Lovely Madeleine Carroll plays the Princess and helps make the various love scenes beautiful in the extreme. You'll like Mary Astor as *Black Michael's* conniving mistress; Raymond Massey, as heavy, is positively Machiavellian. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., however, is cast as a rascally adventurer and is just too rascally for words. Aside from this one fault, it's blood-stirring cinema.



BIG CITY—M-G-M

THIS is hardly susceptible of classification. It is not an epic of a taxi war nor a drama of an immigrant's problem nor altogether a slapstick comedy; yet it partakes liberally of all three. Admittedly it's a clever production, a combination of "Thin Man" romance and the fight of New York chauffeurs for freedom. Luise Rainer plays the foreign wife of a cabby, Spencer Tracy; when a garage is bombed, officials pin the crime on her and try to deport her. She hides, and the chase is on. The story doesn't do justice to Tracy's talent nor Miss Rainer's charm; she is coy and he is a little ponderous. Others in the cast are generally convincing although everyone overacts a little. You will just have to overenthusiasm the finale, in which Luise has a baby in an ambulance while famous fighters (Jack Dempsey and others) tangle with an army of cab drivers.

# THE Shadow Stage

A Review  
of the New Pictures



★ ANGEL—Paramount

MARLENE DIETRICH is more than usually gorgeous in this superbly produced cinema. Those who first hailed her as a great actress in "The Blue Angel" will not be disappointed in her latest picture. Fragile and lovely, like a fine old portrait, she plays the wife of a titled British statesman who, despite his deep love for her, is more interested in politics.

Herbert Marshall is most urbane as the preoccupied husband, and you probably will like Melvyn Douglas as the romantic lover.

The story centers itself around the eternal triangle but is set to sparkling dialogue, moves against a background of beautiful photography and there are many new situations. Miss Dietrich flies to Paris under an assumed name and accidentally meets Douglas, another visitor, at the Salon of the *Grand Duchess Anna*. They dine together and he falls in love with the mysterious stranger, whom he calls *Angel*, since he does not know her real name.

Coincidentally, Marshall and Douglas were friends in war days, so that when they unexpectedly meet, Marshall invites his old friend to dine at his home and introduces him to his wife. Thereafter you must watch reel after reel of suspicion, of subterfuge, of Miss Dietrich's pale mask trying not to betray pain but succeeding too well. One must confess that portions of the picture are ponderous, and that the theme is dated in the modern conception; these objections, however, are standard in almost any of Marlene's vehicles, and seem to be overlooked by her great audience.

## THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

**Angel** Back in Circulation  
**Big City** Broadway Melody of 1938  
**First Lady** 100 Men and a Girl  
**Stage Door** The Prisoner of Zenda  
**Thin Ice** Wife, Doctor and Nurse

## BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

George Murphy in "Broadway Melody of 1938"  
 Judy Garland in "Broadway Melody of 1938"  
 Kay Francis in "First Lady"  
 Verree Teasdale in "First Lady"  
 Deanna Durbin in "100 Men and a Girl"  
 Leopold Stokowski in "100 Men and a Girl"  
 The Hundred Men in "100 Men and a Girl"  
 Ronald Colman in "The Prisoner of Zenda"  
 Madeleine Carroll in "The Prisoner of Zenda"  
 Katharine Hepburn in "Stage Door"  
 Andrea Leeds in "Stage Door"  
 Loretta Young in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"  
 Virginia Bruce in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"



★ STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio

FROM the hullabaloo of a theatrical boarding house comes this genuinely great story of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor fame and a scant living.

Although the fine stage play has been tampered with, it is to screen advantage. Brilliantly directed by Gregory La Cava, the almost completely feminine cast handled their funny, sometimes bitter, dialogue and their frequent dramatics with exquisite finesse. Amazingly, here is a magnificently entertaining picture without a love story.

Quickest at repartee of all the seldom working wisecracking young ladies is Ginger Rogers, who after years of being Mr. Astaire's dancing partner gives an excellent account of herself in a purely dramatic rôle. Ginger's roommate is Katharine Hepburn, well-dressed and pretty swank, who in reality is an heiress out to make a name for herself before the footlights. Her disapproving father angles a play and has her cast in the lead hoping she'll make a fool of herself and come home. Andrea Leeds, desperately in need of work, covets the same rôle. It is through this pathetic girl's climactic action that Hepburn discovers the right thing to do.

That's all there is to the story, but it is played against the background of a greater theme: that of a group of desperate girls who take refuge from failure in a humor of their own creation. Miss Hepburn does her usually fine work, but in some scenes resembles her caricatures. Miss Leeds' performance has great power and Adolphe Menjou as the philandering producer is highly amusing.



★ WIFE, DOCTOR and NURSE—20th Century-Fox

ALTHOUGH Director Walter Lang when he began this picture apparently meant to create an hour of pure entertainment only, he has in any analysis done more than that. Perhaps because he found in his script the elements of a sophistication seldom brought to the screen and a wealth of human drama of passionate emotion against a background to be played with restraint, he couldn't resist turning his production into pretty great cinema anyway.

It is a portrait of today's cultured lives lived furiously with a kind of rollicking humor in the face of a troubled decade. You will find it the first hospital picture ever to be completely convincing, perhaps because there is no insistence on melodramatic situations. The scene is simply a newer and a less bitter "Design for Living." Warner Baxter is a good successful surgeon who has grown to depend very much on his assistant, Virginia Bruce. He gets Loretta Young as a patient when she falls from a horse, and she is very charming and he marries her. Both women then are in love with Baxter, and both are supremely necessary to his happiness—Loretta in a physical capacity, Virginia professionally. This situation is worked out for you with such simplicity, with such lack of dramatics, with such humor that you believe implicitly in the truth of every single scene.

Loretta is completely charming; Miss Bruce handles ably a tough assignment, and Baxter although at times a bit fatigued, does a convincing job.



BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warners

AGAIN this studio makes cinema material that is pointed at natural audience sympathy for those who are about to die. Less dramatic and artistic than "They Won't Forget," this picture deals again with the part newspaper people play in railroading innocent persons to death.

Remarkably good as the woman reporter is wisecracking Joan Blondell, who helps tabloid editor Pat O'Brien build up a maze of circumstantial evidence against show girl Margaret Lindsay, unjustly accused of murdering her husband. After the damage is done, Joan is convinced of the girl's innocence, works hard to save her.

There is good production work in the opening train crash and suspense throughout is well paced.



FIRST LADY—Warners

HERE is one of your favorite stage plays nicely translated to celluloid. For those of you who have no interest in politics this brutal satire on Washington folk and their machinations will hold little fascination. The cat chat between the women, however, should hold universal appeal. Kay Francis, multi-gowned as usual, does a brilliant job as the ambitious wife of Preston Foster, Secretary of State. She wants the Presidency for him, but her intrigue goes awry and she almost nominates Walter Connolly, pedantic old court justice.

Verree Teasdale, as Connolly's philandering wife, gives the most outstanding performance of her career. Louise Fazenda is a photograph of the typical clubwoman and each supporting player is good.



★ 100 MEN AND A GIRL—Universal

IN her second picture, charming Deanna Durbin keeps faith with the many friends she won by her screen debut in "Three Smart Girls." Much is demanded of the young actress in the way of both acting and singing, but she comes through with flying colors.

As Patsy Cardwell, daughter of an unemployed trombone player, Adolphe Menjou, she is an engaging Mary-Mixup in her efforts to organize an orchestra composed of her father and ninety-nine other jobless musicians. The men's only chance to get wealthy Eugene Pallette to act as their sponsor depends on persuading Leopold Stokowski to direct them in a concert-hall appearance. So Miss Deanna goes to work, using her ingenuity and her lovely young voice, to obtain the renowned Philadelphia symphony leader's consent, and finally, by a clever trick, obtains a hearing for her protégés.

The picture is a natural for all lovers of fine music. It is a rare treat to listen to the country's finest symphony orchestra play such a classic as Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody," and to hear Deanna Durbin sing Mozart's "Alleluja" with full orchestral accompaniment. And while the director, Henry Koster, allows us this privilege, he has by no means neglected the story, for the music and singing are carefully blended into the plot development.

Leopold Stokowski again gives a satisfactory close-up of how a famous conductor looks and acts both on and off the concert stage. It's perfect.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY



**SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT—Grand National**

JAMES CAGNEY'S newest picture is built on the "Star is Born" theme, presenting him as a New York hooper gone Hollywood. Evelyn Daw (a graceful new singer) is his charming bride, Mona Barrie the actress-temptress, and Gene Lockhart the stubborn producer who brings Jimmy fame. You'll enjoy Cagney's natural portrayal, the generally fine production, the nice direction. Well recommended.



**MAKE A WISH—RKO-Radio**

ONE of the weaker Bobby Breen vehicles, this takes the singing boy to a Maine camp where his silvery voice inspires Basil Rathbone, Broadway composer, to finish an operetta. The rest concerns itself with the friendship between the two and the return to glory on the stage of Bobby's mother, Marion Claire. It's a human little story and you'll find the music easy to hum.



**ANNAPOLIS SALUTE—RKO-Radio**

HERE is a worthwhile, simply presented story of rival middies at Annapolis. James Ellison and Van Heflin, classmates, are in love with Marsha Hunt. Harry Carey, Ellison's father, objects to his son marrying, but when Jimmy accidentally involves Marsha in a scandal, both father and rival leap to his aid. Background flavor is refreshingly genuine, since the picture was made on the Academy campus.



**ALL OVER TOWN—Republic**

OLSEN AND JOHNSON fans will love this bit of bright hysteria wrapped around two "angels" who attempt to back a Broadway show only to find themselves with a murder mystery on their hands. There in neither rhyme nor reason to any of it, but it's fun just the same. Franklin Pangborn is a panic as a swish designer. The boys themselves are twin riots, and there are some nice musical interludes.



**LIFE OF THE PARTY—RKO-Radio**

JOE PENNER'S juvenile whimsy, Gene Raymond's blond hair and a half-dozen famous comedians are high lighted in this rather good musical. Harriet Hilliard, a socialite in search of a career, runs away from rich-boy Raymond. That's the thread of story which holds together a hodgepodge of specialty acts by Billy Gilbert, Parkyakarkus and Helen Broderick. Many laughs and some good songs.



**LOVE IS ON THE AIR—Warners**

MORE important than the story itself is the work of Ronald Reagan, who makes his screen bow in this tale of radio. Ronald, as the "Uncle Andy" of the kiddies' hour, finds himself plunged into a gangster's murder mystery. His fearless exposé of their schemes lands him the job of radio commentator. June Travis is attractive as the girl. Excellent cast throughout. (Continued on page 79)



**BAD GUY—M-G-M**

"BAD GUY" equals bad picture. Bruce Cabot, in real life much reformed, plays an unholy fellow who, after getting into scrape after scrape, comes to grief. Edward Norris is the good boy who tries to aid Cabot, and reaps his reward in the love of pretty Virginia Grey. Somehow you like Bruce better, though you know you shouldn't. Our advice is that you don't give any of it another thought.

# PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Claudette Colbert's gown, designed by Travis Banton, stresses a new circular silhouette with backless draped bodice. The skirt accents the importance of slimness in repose, dramatic fullness in motion



# COOL BEAUTY

Orry Kelly shows how charming the lowered waistline can be in this gown, designed for Anita Louise in "First Lady." The white velveteen bodice, with short sleeves and high round neck, is quilted in gold thread and the skirt is a cloud of white chiffon. Flat mother-of-pearl buttons are inspirational ornaments



Over a simple beige frock Anita wears a wide-shouldered white fox cape which has been treated to resemble lynx. A brown pillbox, brown gloves and brown shoes add contrast to this chic ensemble



# TAKEN BY STORME



This season fur achieves upmost importance when combined with fabric. For Sandra Storme, Paramount newcomer, to wear in "Sophie Lang Goes West," Edith Head designed a spectator sport or street ensemble of leopard and Kelly green nubbed wool. The sleeveless jacket with front of leopard is held snugly at the waist by a stitched belt of the dress fabric. A calot, on the back of Sandra's blonde tresses, has the casual chic of youth



This hat is worn back on June's head and juts daringly into the air. Fashioned of alternating stripes of velvet and felt, it is trimmed with a stiff double bow of the contrasting fabrics



June's extravagantly veiled turret-shaped hat of black felt with accent of Irish green grosgrain ribbon carries out the new trend toward high, brimless hats, veiled for day or night, and combining two or more colors

June Lang, who lends feminine charm to Eddie Cantor's 20th Century-Fox musical, "Ali Baba Goes to Town," selects black styled with youthful chic for that dressy, informal frock so important in fall wardrobes. Short-sleeved, its simple lines are relieved by a deep white vestee of ruffled satin and a large clip of brilliants. On the left is a close-up of the smart hat which completes a perfect autumn costume



Simplicity is the keyword of smart fashion for the career girl or student. Fabric should be selected for durability and trim should assure chic contrast. Helen Taylor created two such practical costumes for Joan Blondell to wear in "Stand-In." Joan's rust sheer wool with sand crepe collar, front panel and underlay pockets, is suitable for office wear

Her two-piece pajamas are neatly tailored of printed challis vibrant with coloring of red and green to assure cheer at home when the outside world is bleak and cold. The revers and sleeve bandings are of red



# PHOTOPLAY'S

## FASHION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MONTH

### BECAUSE

—this three-piece ensemble of homespun with its well-chosen accessories steps smartly into the wardrobe of any climate and any part of it may easily combine with other costumes to reappear with equal chic

—two colors interwoven are smarter than one and Virginia Bruce's two-piece tailored frock carries both copper and cinnamon tones. The collarless swagger coat is striped in copper, tangerine and russet

—embroidery on hats is a new fashion note and Virginia carries an emblem of tangerine and gilt on the front of her brown felt toque from John-Frederics. The large bag and tie oxfords are of brown suède. Virginia is currently appearing in M-G-M's "Bad Man of Brimstone"



Tailored street frocks of woolen declare a new note of formality with their trims of glitter and their demand for hats shadowed by veils. Right, silver kidskin is appliquéd on double pockets to brighten Virginia's black wool frock neatly tailored with a Peter Pan collar and five-eighth length sleeves. Silver dots spot the veil of her black antelope hat which is trimmed in front with silver kidskin



Gold kidskin combines with brown wool, left, to fashion another daytime costume. The frock, which boasts front skirt fullness, long tight sleeves, simple blouse and tiny roll collar, is belted in gold kidskin studded with multicolor jewels. The lovely Bruce's brown antelope hat from John-Frederics hides beneath a veil dotted with gold to match the tiny kidskin bow which trims the hat



The tunic, sheath and bouffant silhouettes share equal honors for gala evening fashion. Travis Banton created a tunic gown of midnight blue taffeta shot with threads of silver for Carole Lombard to wear in "Nothing Sacred." Tiny straps hold the fitted bodice. The sheath underskirt is slit in front to allow graceful movement. Carole's clips, bracelet and ring of blood rubies give exquisite color accent to the gown



Gwen Wakeling sprinkled the skirt of this short-sleeved bouffant gown of white tulle, worn by Loretta Young in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," with myriads of tiny mirrors, silver beads and brilliants, and clustered a flexible corsage of them at the deep V-décolletage. The skirt, six layers deep, falls over a petticoat of horsehair braid

# PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION CLUB STYLES

## WHERE TO BUY THEM

*The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 88*



FOR SPORTS Mary Carlisle, playing in Paramount's "Hold 'Em Navy," wears a frock of light-brown wool crepe with draped, shirred bodice, sleeves shirred at seams and belt of material to accent back. Corded ties have very amusing cork ornaments

FOR LUNCHEON, or afternoon, this short-sleeved black satin-back crepe dress is sure to fill the bill. Important detail is supplied by an interesting tucked bodice treatment, as well as a belt of crepe embroidered in gold and studded with colorful stones

BLACK CREPE and velvet combine in this "date" dress (upper right). High neckline, widened long sleeves and panel drapery in front are important. A metal clasp studded with rhinestones serves to highlight the bodice

FOR STADIUM, for classroom, or for fall street wear, this taupe shirtmaker frock of homespun is perfect. Tiny jeweled studs and narrow rows of fringed selvage add interest to the front. Calfskin belt matches dress





an Parker, star of "The Bar-  
," chooses her fall hats

This tag identifies an original  
Photoplay Hollywood Fashion

# PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

Especially becoming to Jean's Juliet type of hairdress is the off-the-face black felt turban with embroidered stitching and two colored whips (above). A new version of the pillbox is this brown felt tricorné with gold buckles adding a smart metal accent. The crown is shallow and stitching again adds subtle detail on tabs of the felt across the front and right side (above, right). Brown felt with swagger lines is just right for sportswear. Air tucking adds the detail and a silver buckle fastens the band of brown belting ribbon around the crown

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS  
PRESENTS  
JOAN CRAWFORD  
STARRING IN  
THE DRAMATIC RISE OF A SELF-MADE STAR

PART TWO

THE Joan Crawford of today is familiar to all the world—the elegant and glamorous lady whose name spells millions a year at the box office, who is surrounded by the aura of fame, who has become a great and finished artist to whom all doors are open.

But it wasn't always so.

A short twelve years ago—ten years ago when the drums rolled and the saxophones moaned and the floor cleared, there was a redheaded girl, chewing gum, who used to do the Charleston. Sometimes you thought she never stopped doing it. Even at lunch at the Montmartre, when the band played, she danced—her skirts above her knees, her red hair flying. Strangers watched and marveled at her grace and vitality, but those of us who lived in the movie capital, looked, sometimes shrugged, and went on talking. We had seen Joan Crawford doing the Charleston before. I remember once going to a very large party where the guest of honor was an English earl of great wealth and prestige. Someone had brought Joan Crawford and she did the Charleston and he was simply entranced and begged to know who she was. Only ten years ago.

The hey-hey girl. The jazz baby. "I used to be pretty harum-scarum in those days," Joan said later, very gently. Yes, she was harum-scarum. Madcap Joan Crawford.

Remember a dance called the Black Bottom? Joan was one of its first great exponents. She illustrated it with pictures so other people would know how. Hands on hips, knees bent, one foot on the floor, she begins.

Joan Crawford had twenty-seven silver cups on the shelf in her dressing room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. When she gave up the Charleston for the Lindy Hop in 1927, it was news. Winner of fourteen Charleston contests in a row was her record. The Santa Monica Beach Club offered a membership to the winner of its Charleston contest, and the movie stars stood around and applauded while an extra-girl bit player named Joan Crawford, dressed all in black, her red hair flying, won it from hundreds of eager girls.

The New York chorus girl called Lucille LeSueur, formerly little Billie Cassin of Kansas City, who had been, as she said herself, almost a slavey, was making Hollywood sit up and take notice. But it wasn't exactly the right kind of notice.

Today Joan Crawford is the patroness of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Los Angeles. Her home in Brentwood is the favorite spot of the stars of the musical world. She has her box at the Hollywood Bowl and when she walks down to it—lovely, poised, gracious—a little ripple runs through the vast audience.

But through her life, right up to this present moment, runs a mad strain of the music that is nearer to the pulse of the people. Joan loves swing music, today, as she loved jazz in its day. Dance music seems to bind her incredible life story together with a sort of thread.

A few weeks ago, Joan sat alone one night in a little cabin where she was on location for her latest picture, "The Bride Wore Red." The snow was piled up to the window sills. The wind whistled outside. Inside, there was

*Only Life could write the  
dramatic scenes of heartbreak,  
glamour, chance that changed  
a madcap girl into a star*

asmall iron stove and beside it sat Joan Crawford, wrapped in furs, with her bare feet right up against it. For hours, in that cold, still night, the phonograph played on—the latest swing music.

When she works, one man is employed to do nothing but keep the phonograph going every moment she isn't actually before the camera. Bill Gargan told me that when they were making "Rain"—on location at Catalina Island—she played Bing Crosby records all day and all night, until he almost went crazy.

Only when the tears must flow, the music changes—to something deep and magnificent, Wagner or Beethoven or Chopin.

She must have music wherever she goes. It's never failed her. It's almost part of her.

WATCH now, the unfolding of this perfect story of Hollywood. Watch the dramatic scenes that are the perfection of their kind, the casting of the other characters, the play of heartbreak and tragedy, of glamour and

chance, that lead to the great Joan Crawford of today.

A New York night club.

By way of Chicago—where, as you remember, she had landed with two dollars in her purse, alone and friendless, and procure a job in a cheap little night spot called, I think, the Friars.

New York and the Winter Garden and the Club Richman. The Winter Garden three afternoons and six nights a week—Harry Richman's famous night spot from midnight until seven in the morning.

It's funny, but I hardly ever watch the floor show in a New York night club today without thinking of Joan Crawford, wondering if there is any girl in that line-up who might reach as great heights from such a beginning, wondering if an all-seeing eye could spot such a girl through all the noise and lights and artificial good times.

As an all-seeing eye spotted Joan back in 1924.

One night a quiet little man with silver hair sat at a ringside table. His name was Harry Rapf and he was and is one of Hollywood's great producers, one of the men who make Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer what it is.

And the great producer saw that one particular chorus girl, separate from all the others. A break for her, sure. But she must have had something that made her stand out from the rest of the girls who were doing just what she was doing, dancing, kidding the customers, turning on a dazzling smile, turning on the old pep.

She wasn't, believe me, the sleek and glamorous Joan of today. A little overweight, crude, terribly young, still Middle Western. When Joan Crawford comes to New York today, it's a sensation. She has suites at the exclusive Waldorf, the Waldorf-Chryslers give glorified parties for the Creation of Society in her honor, her name shows from front pages and twinkles over Broadway. But then she was just a lonely, homesick kid from Kansas City, doing her best to make a living in the Big Town, without backing or pull or much opportunity. Catching distant glimpses of the celebrities and staring peeking into the windows of the big, rich stores, walking breathlessly along Park Avenue, one of the crowd, and going home to her hall bedroom to make herself dresses out of the cheap materials she bought in bargain basements.

What did Harry Rapf see in the girl that made him give her a movie contract as a stock extra girl?

I asked him once and he told me that two

things struck him, two things made Joan Crawford stand out. That brilliant, vibrating vitality—the joy of living that animated her and made her so terrifically *alive*; and the real structural beauty of her face and body, a thing much more lasting, much more sure than any mere prettiness of the flesh.

Later, when Joan was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and had been admitted to the sacred portals of Pickfair, Mary Pickford, who knows as much about movies as anyone alive, mentioned that same structural beauty to me. We were sitting beside the swim-

ming pool at Fairford, the beach home of Doug and Mary, watching Joan sun herself. And Mary said, "You know, Joan has the most perfect bone structure I have ever seen. That's what makes her camera perfect." That, I suppose, was what made her the modern Venus whose measurements were to be compared so often with those of the immortal Greek statues.

So Joan Crawford went to Hollywood as an extra girl. Went through the big gates as just one of the mob—the very same gates

that today swing wide to Metro's ranking star, the darling of the box office and the pet of the powers that be, Miss Joan Crawford.

In the newspapers of 1925-26 you will find pictures of a girl in a Christmas costume climbing down a chimney, of a girl being blown up by Fourth of July fireworks. If you look carefully, down in the corner in small type will find the words, "Posed by Joan Crawford of M-G-M." And lots of pictures of Joan doing the Black Bottom, the Charleston, the Lindy Hop.

(Continued on page 75)

This dancing daughter who loved life and lived it defiantly, grew up when she fell in love with young Doug Fairbanks



A new note of barbaric glitter is found in the natural oak wood necklace studded with jewels and gold to dramatize the sports frock designed by Kalloch for Luli Deste to wear in "I Married an Artist"

gold kidskin; or trim a tweed with jeweled pockets?

The tailored suit and untrimmed frock of wool do not "bow out" with the advent of glittering fashion. Rather do they triumph as perfect "background" costumes for important accessories which have never before been so gala.

Handbags claim the spotlight. They are as large as overnight cosmetic cases and almost as complete in their elaborate fittings. Some of these bags are styled of leathers to match your shoes and others duplicate the fabrics of your hats.

Howard Shoup accents a black, grey and French blue tweed suit designed for Jane Wyman to wear in "Larger Than Life" with an "eighteen inch" oval bag of black lizard plus suit buttons and four-eyelet oxfords of the same leather.

Sweaters in contrast colors have smartly replaced blouses as complement for sport suits. The collarless, single-breasted jacket of Jane's suit mentioned above conceals a cashmere sweater of French blue to match the thread of the tweed.

Novelty tailleurs are rare indeed, but here's one that sounds like a grand college fashion. Eleanor Powell is stepping smartly about town in a West Point cadet suit of blue with gold buttons and braid, telling everyone she "swiped" the idea from Dolly Tree who designed the identical suit for Eleanor to wear in "Rosalie."

NO need to worry this season if your wardrobe budget does not include new furs, for cloth coats and suits with cuffs, yokes, bands, ascots and panels of fur win top favor.

For Simone Simon to wear in "Love and Hisses," Royer does a full-length coat of beige woolen in combination with Safari brown Alaska sealskin. The sealskin, carefully tumbled so that it closely resembles the suppleness of velvet, is moulded into a deep circular back yoke, softly gathered three-quarter length cape sleeves and full-length front panels. The coat has skirt fullness and is squeezed in at the waist with a matching fabric belt.

Casual coats of gay, striped woolen are bound to bring cheer into dull winter days.

Orry Kelly selected white and yellow stripes on a grey background for a full-length, unfurred sport coat he designed for Kay Francis to wear in "Return From Limbo." And what a clothes picture that will be! Kay wears twenty-eight striking costumes.

With a season full of dazzlingly fashions be mindful lest you fail to heed the "stop and look" warning as you plan your wardrobe.

Large waistlines should not be girdled in glistening belts of jewels; frocks that are moulded below the waistline with gathers, drapes or shirrings are only for those who have thirty-six inch hips or less; short skirts are not becoming when legs are not shapely, and all-over plaids in coats, dresses and skirts give added weight.



## LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

THERE'S glitter and sparkle in the clothes that the stars are wearing in Hollywood's parade of first winter fashion.

Somber black, so uninviting and yet so important to chic, has taken on new life as it is glorified this season with trims of jewels, gold and silver kidskin and metallics. Appliqué work, embroideries and belts of these glistening mediums distinguish daytime and sports frocks as well as gowns for afternoon and evening.

Gwen Wakeling embroiders epaulets and yoke motif of gold lamé with heavy gold braid and adds encrustations of varicolored

stones to accent a black velvet dinner gown she designed for Loretta Young to wear in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse."

Kalloch introduces this note of gilt and glitter in a collar and bracelet of natural wood studded with jewels and gold to give lively interest to an amber tweed frock designed for Luli Deste, Columbia's exotic foreign star, who will appear opposite John Boles in "I Married An Arist."

Why not captivate Hollywood's "brilliant" idea and embroider a motif on one of your plain frocks using jewel-tone metallic thread centers to replace encrustations of jewels; appliqué and girdle a dark wool with

**A CHILDREN'S PAGE**  
 Edited from Hollywood by  
**MARIANNE**



Marianne, editor of this page, is a favorite author for children all over the country and has a total of twelve thousand children readers

delighted us with the most entrancing music imaginable and as she sat there with the sunlight on her golden hair and in her sparkling blue eyes, I thought that she must certainly be someone from an old-fashioned fairy tale, and not a real girl at all. I'm very much afraid that I, as well as Cora Sue and Sybil, have joined the Anita Louise worshippers.

SYBIL JASON is amusement enough for any party. I can't help laughing at her; she has such an entertaining way of saying, "My word!" and "Ripping!" and "I love Mr. Pat O'Brien and Mr. Dick Powell." I happen to know which of the two gentlemen she likes best, but I promised faithfully I wouldn't tell, and I won't either, not, anyway, so long as Sybil keeps on being as nice to me as she has been so far. I'd hate to get Mr. Powell and Mr. O'Brien all upset.

One day, Mr. Powell visited Sybil on the set where she was working with Pat O'Brien. Was he ever given a royal welcome! Mr. O'Brien didn't say anything but he did look hurt, very hurt. Finally the caller left and Sybil walked over to Pat. "You said you'd be my girl," he accused, gloomily, "and now you say you're his girl."

"My word, Mr. O'Brien," said Sybil plaintively, "you just can't tell when I'm fooling, can you?"

Sybil has never acquired the rude habit of addressing older persons by their given names. Everyone is Mister or Miss and, while she is very friendly, she manages to keep thoroughly intact that British dignity of hers. When she pays a call she stays forty minutes and leaves on the dot. She doesn't talk much, but her funny little crooked smile and quaint ways make you just wish you could keep her.

One day, as luck would have it, during a ball game with some of the children, the ball went sailing straight through an irate neighbor's window. The other youngsters ran, but Sybil didn't. After a while the lady went back into her house and brought out a big red apple and handed it to her.

"What did you say to her?" chorused the children when she returned to them.

"I didn't say much of anything," replied Sybil. "I just stood still and acted polite, then she gave me this apple."

Sybil lives with her Uncle Harry in a big house in Hollywood, set away back on a sloping lawn. She is taught by a private tutor and looked after by a soft-voiced colored girl, who takes great pride in caring for her nursery and tiny frocks. Sybil's dresses are mostly plain and tailored and she wears black patent leather slippers and white socks. Sometimes, when she shops, she is allowed to choose her dresses for herself, but she is never allowed to argue or be naughty if her choice isn't approved of by her Uncle Harry. British children must always be obedient.

All British children do have so much admiration for their parents and guardians. Sybil made one remark that made me see

(Continued on page 94)



It was for a gala occasion that Sybil Jason donned special Highland togs

*The Junior Movie Colony invites the young readers of PHOTOPLAY to share their thrill in meeting and having tea with a beautiful young starlet*

WE of the Junior Legion love special occasions, so it was extremely extra special when we had the privilege of having our tea in Anita Louise's back yard. Tea in someone else's back yard is always better than in your own, anyway, but in Anita Louise's it's—well, extra, extra special.

Sybil helped Anita pour tea for Cora Sue and me. We were really the honor guests. We had talked it over and decided it was no more than right that we should be, and you'll agree when I tell you how it was. I was feeling sorry for myself because I had written a new book in which there were lots and lots of pictures of Anita Louise and Sybil Jason. You see what happened, don't you? You're perfectly right! Nobody ever reads my book, they just look at the pictures. Bobby Breen even said to me, "Why should we look at just plain words when Miss Louise and Sybil are so beautiful?" I hope Bobby was only trying to tease me, but he might not have been, so I was very glad to have the extra special tea.

We all went in costume. Sybil looked sweet in her Scotch Highland togs. Anita was dressed as Titania, the fairy queen, while Cora Sue was a little Colonial girl. I wore my Chasseur Alpine soldier suit. We read fortunes, as usual, from the teacups, and Cora Sue and I presented Sybil and Anita with their very first Junior Legion Albums, autographed and inscribed by all the Legionnaires. After that we took snapshots of each other. See what I have to say about those snapshots at the close of this article.

THE Junior Legion does love Anita Louise. She is not yet old enough to be sophisticated, but just the right age to seem gloriously grown-up to very little girls like Cora Sue and Sybil. Descended from one of the old royal families of Alsace-Lorraine, she has been brought up in an atmosphere of culture and old-world tradition. Unlike most young girls of today, she is nearly always accompanied wherever she goes, by a chaperone or her mother, and she still has that shy sweet smile and charming manner which I hope she will never lose. Anita has a great talent for playing the harp and is considered the finest of the young artists. She

# They Love Movies, Too

(Continued from page 17)

movies have had a widespread showing. Some travelers tell me that American movie publicity abroad has caused a loosening up of morals. Others believe it's been responsible for a spreading of the doctrine of world friendship and peace. These latter argue that people who live in constant dread of their neighbors a scant hundred miles away forget their fear (a cause of war) when they see how freely we live in America. Of course, many of our pictures give an exaggerated idea of the typical American to the desperately poor and undernourished of the world who see them, the result being that in each American he visualizes a millionaire. He cannot differentiate, because every American picture he has ever seen has illustrated us thus.

It is quite evident in Russia that no one knows anything about America except what Russia's leaders want him to know. Although Russians do have movies, so few people go to them (except to their local newsreels) that the average Russian will actually stop an American on the street, even in some of the large interior cities, and examine him from head to foot like some new animal. If they attended foreign movies more regularly, their opinion of us would no doubt be more accurate, and their attitude a more natural one.

The many times I have interviewed Stalin, I have never found him changed much, insofar as his attitude toward American films is concerned. Twice I have sat alongside him while he watched some American-made films, and never heard him even grunt one way or the other. One of the films I saw with him was "Private Lives." When he was asked for his opinion of it afterwards, he refused it. The picture was, as usual, "rejected."

Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times," which I saw Charlie make more than a year ago in Hollywood and San Pedro, was the only American picture I ever remember having seen in Moscow. This film packed the theater and was shown twenty-four hours a day. On the other hand, right across the Russian border in Finland, President Svinhufvud told me he permitted almost all American films to be shown in his little country; and that throughout the winter they have a wide picture value. For in winter there are but three or four hours of daylight in the middle of the day, so that picture shows are extremely well patronized. I don't think there is a nation in Europe today that attends American movies as thoroughly as do the Finns, nor one whose towns and ways of life are so wholesomely American.

Much of the guerilla warfare in Spain I blame personally on American movies. A broad statement, and yet one which I feel sure other American correspondents who saw what I did there in 1936-37 will uphold. Class hatreds in Latin nations are more fiery and prone to be aroused than they are elsewhere. For months before the wholesale murder in terrified Spain broke out, the countryside fairly seethed with gangster films.

One night in Burgos, Rebel headquarters, in August, 1936, I sat in a filthy flea-bitten movie house and saw Generals Mola and Franco, two of the Fascist supreme command, watch one of the most bloodcurdling gang-moll American films I ever remember seeing. Outside, I could fairly hear the rat-a-tat of machine guns mowing down the prisoners, none of whom was ever set free,

Years before, I had watched a showing of "Henry the VIII" in the gorgeous Imperial Palace in Madrid when Alfonso was King. Exactly one year later to the day, I sat with Zamora, Spain's first president, a few hours after he had overthrown Alfonso, and in the very same room of the palace saw on the screen this time a film depicting the most proper of Hollywood society problem plays; later I listened to the new president tell me how he proposed to reorganize Spain, in order that she, too, might live life as Americans did. Again the movies had played an important part in a drama of foreign affairs.

Many Mexican presidents from Calles down the line had been filling my ears with sweet film nothings for many, many years. When Ortiz Rubio was shot I happened to be within twenty feet of the shooting. Somehow I managed to wedge my way back to his house with him. From that incident developed a friendship which was for a time most propitious, journalisticly speaking. From him I learned the Mexican reaction to films. It was interesting to know that they laughed at "Pancho

proudly told the "journalists" present that she expected another heir to the Royal Family very, very soon. That evening she and her popular husband took the Queen Mother to see "Turn Off the Moon!"

And a few days before this up in Copenhagen the beloved King of Denmark had astonished half his court by attending a Laurel and Hardy comedy at a neighborhood beach theater, when his country was celebrating his silver jubilee! But I wasn't surprised, for back in July, 1936, we'd been seatmates in a Copenhagen city theater at a widely advertised comedy, "A Gentleman Goes to the City," which, when I returned to America, I learned was none other than Gary Cooper's simply swell "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town!"

SOME years before, down in Athens, Greece, I had had a near pugilistic encounter with Premier Tsaldaris, the then leader of his nation, who swore that American social themes in movies were "so overdone as to be nauseating to ordinarily decent people." Yet a few years later the reinstated king of Greece,

lon, where I once interviewed the Grand High Priest and Keeper of Buddha's Tooth, I was nearly knocked over backwards to have him ask me if like to see Shirley Temple in a picture. We were miles from civilization, but sooner had he announced his plans than natives appeared from everywhere, as we were watching little Shirley act and talk just as if I'd been at my old friend, Rob Wagner's, in Beverly Hills, as Shirley and her sweet parents had just walked into the room.

Travel where I might in the past two or three years, I found Shirley's popularity ever gaining. She is the only film star about whom there is no argument, though, in foreign popularity, Deanna Durbin, little star of 1936, isn't faring so badly either. Last year in China, I went one afternoon to a very American-looking motion-picture theater. After the film, I was invited to the home of T. V. Soong, China's J. P. Morgan. There I recognized my next-seat neighbor of the afternoon as China's most powerful war lord, Chiang Kai-shek. We'd both been watching Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls."

THE Emperor of Japan is more like Stalin in his public ways, but I'm told by members of the diplomatic corps in Tokio that he and his Empress and his official concubines often see the best major American productions. The American pictures that are shown in Japan have a special interpreter for the Japanese audience.

Having been in France over a long period of years, I have discovered these habits among the movie fans there. Lebrun, president of the Republic, cannot attend frequently, but American movies are shown every Friday evening at the Elysée (White House); France's foreign minister, Delbos, is a Shirley Temple admirer; Herriot, many times past-premier and recently president of the French Senate, swears by Charlie Chaplin, whom, like the rest of the French, he calls "Charlot."

No story would be complete without the mention of Mussolini's name. American films are, he thinks, for the most part, outrageously disturbing; and only a few inoffensive and innocuous ones are permitted to enter Italy.

But up in the lands of the midnight sun, Norway and Sweden, two very popular kings pass on practically every single film that bears the American censor's mark. Gustaf of Sweden sees an average of four American-made movies a week; and Haakon of Norway goes him one better and sometimes squeezes in, what with matinees and things of that sort, eight American pictures a week, during the long cold dark winter days.

While in our own United States, President Roosevelt frequently entertains dinner guests by special showings of popular films. Nor does his sense of humor desert him when it comes to selecting the proper film for the evening's entertainment, as witness his choice of "Gold Diggers"—with which to entertain the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany. Shortly before, these nations had once again defaulted on their debt payment!

But the wily Chief Executive plays no favorites. Mrs. Roosevelt, however, bows like the rest of the world to the charm of Miss Temple and even mentioned her twice in her column, "My Day," for her work in "Wee Willie Winkie."

## NEXT MONTH!

### BABIES RAISE HELL ON THE SET

It's a hilarious revelation, magnificent fun—this yarn by Lupton Wilkinson, explaining those "little bundles from heaven" and their not so heavenly antics when frantic directors place them on the set and shout, "Coo . . ."

Villa," the film which everyone in America thought great.

FEW people knew that the late King of the Belgians was an inveterate moviegoer whenever American mystery films appeared. He worshipped at the shrine of Bill Powell and is said to have seen "The Thin Man" eleven times.

Hitler often goes into the censorship booth with Goering, presumably to watch the latest antics of non-Aryan American actors. I'm told, though I have no proof for this statement, that the Marx Brothers are his favorites; however, his national policy allows him to pass upon only a very few, very dull American pictures. It might interest you to know that five years ago he expelled me from Germany for making a film which showed interiors of concentration camps.

Ever since his abdication from the German throne the Kaiser has had a regular biweekly ration of American films. As far back as 1927 I well remember chronicling the American-made projection machine in the golden drawing room of Huis Doorne in Holland. Here every Wednesday and Saturday nights for the past nineteen years, the man who broke up the world's equilibrium in 1914 watches patiently and eagerly the most excellent American or British films of the week. I was back there again this summer, but the Kaiser was out in the farmyard of his 120 acre estate gathering the royal eggs from atop a haystack, and didn't have anything to say. So there!

But the Princess Juliana and her Consort at the Hague were being photographed on the same day, and she had

an ardent Walt Disney admirer, told me the reverse. So whom can we believe?

Turkey, of all the nations in Europe today, with the possible exception of Russia, is making the fastest rise to American standards of modernity. This is due primarily to Kemal Pasha's attitude on foreign affairs. Istanbul and Ankara are rapidly being rebuilt into up-to-date Americanized cities. I know of no capital city in the whole world today as clean and modern as Ankara, save Nanking, China, and Washington, D. C. Turkey wants the American movie, while Russia does not. Everywhere you go throughout the old Ottoman Empire, you'll see little Turkish girls wearing the same hairdress and clothes as the girls featured in American films.

In 1930, after a perilous flight over the Sahara Desert from a point not far from Cairo, I dropped out of the heavens in a French Army plane upon a marvelous tented city. More than 100,000 Bedouins were said to live here. Their chieftain, I was told, was king of the many roving North African tribes. He granted me a regal interview, and later invited me to a twenty-three course banquet. After it was over he fell asleep in a sheltered little open place between many carpeted tents. As he awoke a squeaky noise that sounded like an old-fashioned phonograph awoke me too, and there, before our eyes, was unfolded one of the earliest Charlie Chaplin films I ever remembered having seen. And, three years later, down at Suez, one of the world's most heathen spots, I ran into the king of Transjordan, laughing himself silly at Charlie's antics.

Even on the wondrous island of Cey-

# The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future

(Continued from page 26)

way with her work in pictures. "Everybody loves all good children," she told, from the first, and grew to that this extravagance of attention was merely an expected delivery of every good child's childhood.

Eight, after all, a very great past five, and one impression still retains is the simple one of a child who tries to be good, and mannerly, will be loved. Her simple and understandable way, that because people see her in this way they are curious to see her though this curiosity she does, feel is a "bit thick."

Last summer's circus was in the neighborhood, for instance, the problem of how she might be taken to

her," she said, "don't you think people will just know how much I see the circus and let me alone to see it?"

Optimism proved to be prophecy, only with the aid of a police officer. Although Shirley's own interpretation credited the police with guaranteeing the people, safety from the rather than to Shirley Temple, from the people.

Her first playtime with Shirley was after "Little Miss Marker" had her an overnight sensation of eight-four. Already her nursery room and wardrobe were run over with priceless gifts from advertisement manufacturers: frocks of various chiffon, of velvet and imitation, of sheerest handmade linen; toys with actual motors; life-size dolls to walk, talk and cry. Already her mailbox was some four hundred letters per day.

Her outdoor playhouse (two rooms and a porch and complete miniature) she was absorbed, the day I showed her, in the contents of one of her morning's four hundred letters, a pencil-drawn doll made of ordinary writing paper with six crayon colors. The little girl who sent the Shirley is four years older now. She received no answer, for Shirley's letters always been too overwhelming. But, little girl, whoever you are, Shirley loved that pencil-made doll very much. She named it Anna and it lived in her playhouse and under her naps, her mealtimes and her hours for many a day.

For chairs for the three of us, Shirley, my wife and myself, she arranged a private tea party with her Mickey Mouse dishes, the menu consisting actually of nothing at all, although she urged me to help myself to as much as I

please," she said, "don't use the word 'please'." It takes so long to get it back to her that she said, "naffkin ring."

She remarked that her playhouse was the best I had ever seen.

"I don't suppose you'd think so," she said, "compared to Gloria and Peggy because their faucets turn on water. But I like my house best because all my children live

in my picture taking had become a bore only with fortitude. During teatime she saw a studio man arriving for stills.

"I don't suppose you'd think so," she said, "compared to Gloria and Peggy because their faucets turn on water. But I like my house best because all my children live

shut the door and pretend we're home. I tried it yesterday."

Efficiently, capably, graciously, she

sat, stood, played, smiled, for half a hundred pictures, an almost daily routine which already she took as much for granted as ordinary children do the boring business of ear and elbow washing.

She told me, that day, about another tiny house which belongs to her; the bungalow which had just been built for her at the studio, a house of four rooms and bath all just a size or two smaller than your house or mine would be. A white bungalow it is, with rose-covered gables, a latticed gate, bird houses above, a rope swing on a daisy-specked lawn, a bunny house, a Persian kitten pen, a high white picket fence surrounding the half acre of additional playground. And one day later, as she proudly showed me the details of this, her own personal estate, she took me

she was as responsive to the brightness and fun of it, and as gracious in her thanks, as for the diamond bracelet charms and the electrically lighted doll houses to which she is quite accustomed.

But her life, after all, is a simple one: morning bath and breakfast, a little play with big brother George, or the nurse, or Ching, her Pekinese puppy, then lessons (at the studio if she is working, and at home if she is not), more play, a swim before dinner in her blue swimming pool at the end of the rock garden at home; dinner and tag, hopscotch or tennis with her dad, then an hour of reading, curled in his lap... until eight o'clock bedtime.

Little aware is this quiet, busy child of what the name and fame of Shirley Temple means; little conscious of a

star since all her best friends are also stars.

I asked her once how it seemed to see herself walking, talking—*alive* upon the screen.

"Well," she said, after a moment's thought, "maybe I can get you a part in a picture and then you'll know how it seems."

Actually, there is but one abnormal detail in the life of the child who holds the unique position of being the world's Number One Box-Office attraction, this detail of mob adulation which precludes her ever being allowed just the ordinary fun of going ordinary places. Though, of course, since she knows nothing whatever about such plebeian joys as browsing past toy shop counters, or romping down the block to sit on a high stool in the corner drugstore for that thrill of thrills, a pineapple soda, she doesn't actually miss these things or know that other children have them. And no doubt you think you would be quite willing to trade what you have that Shirley misses, for what you miss that Shirley has.

SHIRLEY is unusually spiritual. Long before she played her first rôle in pictures she knew and loved the Lord's Prayer. Her favorite stories have ever been those of her Bible book, the story especially of David who slew Goliath, because, she explains, the ending is such a good surprise.

She is a thoughtful child, sympathetic and tender; greatly concerned, just now, about the homeless children in Spain. Repeatedly she has seen to it that some of her money is sent to them.

Her very favorite color, she says, is blue and red and yellow and purple... and also green, she adds.

But she is a mischievous imp too, as mischievous as she is serious, forever scheming jokes to play on her dad during their evening hour together.

Shirley has never considered whether or not she will go on being an actress, probably because it has never occurred to her that her life could be planned without her profession. But she loves the studio, the friends she makes there, the fun of wearing costumes and of acting, and if decision ever rests with Shirley herself, it is most unlikely that her choice will be to give up the screen.

Which brings us back to our premise: will Shirley Temple be the first child star ever to have carried success through sweet thirteen, fourteen, fifteen?

If she were dependent upon the dimples and tears of her baby fame, the answer would undoubtedly be "No." But the Shirley Temple whom nobody knows is the Shirley we are to know, for under the tumbling curls of the world's littlest big star is a rare understanding, an indescribable something which, in the final analysis, leaves mere prettiness far, far behind.

What is this something, you say? What then, does the exquisite and incomparable Maude Adams possess? How did Eugene Field put together the immortal words of "Little Boy Blue?"

For that there is no answer. But if you're interested in our guess as to what the future holds for this tiny celebrity, we'll gamble dollars to doughnuts that we'll be looking backward with Shirley at eighteen on a career which has only begun, as we look backward with Shirley at eight—on a career which indeed will have set a new pace for all little stars who, by destiny, have to grow up.



Tiny Francisca Gaal, Hungarian screen star, gets her first American break opposite Fredric March in "The Buccaneer." "A youthful combination of Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford and Elisabeth Bergner," says De Mille about this newcomer

also for a walk around the studio park, the small central block of beauty in that eighty acre city of sound stages, offices, and laboratories. We stopped to look into the pool where a bevy of wind-blown magnolia leaves drifted on the water.

"Look," she said, after a minute, "the ocean is as big as this big pool, and the ships are as little as the leaves, and God can watch all of them just the way we are watching them now."

We followed a roundabout path back to the bungalow, came out of the park along the far end of the half acre of white fence.

"Well look," she exclaimed in surprise, "here's my little house still going on!"

MORE of the miracle of Shirley is that her surplus of extravagant thrills has robbed her of none of the usual eight-year-old's delight in gay trinkets. When, not so long ago, I took her a bouncing balloon from the ten cent store,

world of children who envy and idealize her, and who all over the world are buying Shirley Temple socks, Shirley Temple hairbows, Shirley Temple breakfast food, adding fame to her fame, money to her money, and success to her success; little aware that in a Los Angeles office, Mr. Loyd Wright, one of her several personal attorneys, is occupied all of every business day doing nothing at all but reading, investigating and answering requests from merchants, designers, creators and manufacturers of every country, to use Shirley Temple's name and photograph on still other products.

To Shirley herself it is no novelty that she is Shirley Temple. True she has had every toy, every gift, every luxury a child could possess. But other wealthy children have the same. She has a private governess, but so have other children. She sees every Shirley Temple picture, but so do many children, and to her it is neither event nor novelty that she appears in them as the

# The Man Who Guides Norma Shearer's Fatherless Children

(Continued from page 21)

liance of Hollywood, to plan the course she must take in rebuilding her life. Predictions were made about her: that she would sell the Santa Monica house because the associations which pervaded its walls were unbearable; that she would never make another picture; that she would go to Europe and live quietly; that she would exercise the enormous power her stock holdings in Loew's, Inc., gave her; that she would do this and that and any incredible number of other dramatic—but impracticable—things.

She considered them all. The house she would keep for the reason it was said she would sell it: namely, its associations—the memory of years well lived; the faint medley of many songs, mutually liked, that must linger somewhere there; the sound of the surf they had heard together—these were dear to her. And, too, it was the home in which her children remembered living with their father.

Her career in motion pictures, she decided, could wait for a while, but not for long. Norma Shearer was too young, too lovely, too vital a being to live idly. Besides Irving had had plans for her and she knew he would want her to carry them out. Nevertheless, that could wait.

There were other things, more important. There was the great fortune he had left, first: a fortune reportedly estimated at more than five millions of dollars, mostly in common stocks. She had to make her decision at once. If she left it in that form she would hold a controlling interest in a great production plant; she would necessarily be forced to fill her husband's chair on the board of directors. "There could be no freedom then, no time to be with the children and make up to them the inestimable loss the death of their father had meant.

Discreet newspaper paragraphs recorded her eventual return from Arizona to Hollywood, guessed vaguely at her activities while she stayed in California, grew a little excited—to the extent of adding another stick of type—when she went to New York suddenly. Then the story broke: Norma Shearer had liquidated the entire Thalberg estate, had sold her interests in Metro to Louis B. Mayer.

She was clear, at last. Now she could breathe again, now again she could concentrate on the problem of making the perfect arrangements for Irving, Jr., and Katherine, so that when finally she was ready to put on make-up and once more face the camera, she need have no worry about their well-being.

She thought, "There's the governess. And if I could find a young man to guard my children, to be a companion to them, to teach them the little ways of living and answer for them the questions Irving would have answered—if I could only do that."

These were her major activities, her primary considerations during the ten seemingly interminable months. These, and under them always the thread of her grief which only she could harbor and know, until it resolved itself into simple memory. The nights she must have felt, inexplicably, a quick fierce fury at fate for the thing it had done; the other nights and days when, without bitterness, she must have caught from the shadows the echo of his personality—this undefined emotion, and the more clearly etched nostalgia of

places and music and laughter they had shared; and the *singleness of things*—one train ticket instead of two, one theater seat, one place at a table, one cigarette crushed out in an ashtray; and the weeks becoming months, and "Since Madame is alone perhaps she would prefer our special service," and advertising circulars addressed to him from firms that didn't read the papers, and this new spring, and the year nearly over, and the hurt a little less. . . .

LAKE ARROWHEAD is a bright big puddle caught and held by the mile-high pines of the Sierra range, and along its edge the rich of California have built lodges such as you see in the movies. The water itself is liquid ice and the air is sharp, impossibly clear, and smells like expensive hand lotion; it's at once



Arizona's famed marrying judge had a couple more customers over Labor Day week end when Alice Faye and Tony Martin flew to Yuma to say "I do." Co-starred in "You Can't Have Everything," Alice and Tony think there's something wrong about that title

a restful and an exhilarating place, so that both the tired and the young go there. Dowagers and businessmen and college students and overworked actors and the busy junior socialites—and occasionally a writer with dead-line fever, like myself—go to Arrowhead to sit or to aquaplane or to dash around the lake in small speedboats.

The latter you rent from the hotel, the huge and very swank main Lodge, on the south shore. Here the dowagers and those movie stars who don't own cottages may come and find comparative privacy. On an afternoon last month the noisy little boat my party had chartered came swerving around the point and slowed down to enter the inlet; even so, the wash it made set a rowboat near the beach to rocking violently.

There were two children in it, and a young man; and the kids held onto the edges, laughing excitedly, and the fellow grinned. He held his oars out for balance and said something to the little boy, who nodded and hitched over in his seat. The other child was a girl in a brief sun-suit, hardly more than a baby.

"Those kids look familiar," one of the girls in my boat said. She stood up and

stared as we idled in. "They are. They're the Thalberg children! Norma Shearer must be up here. . . ."

She was right. The lean seven-year-old, with his freckles and his sandy hair and his strangely mature expression, was Irving Thalberg, Jr., and that vibrant little creature with the curly brown hair and the enormous dark eyes was Katherine.

"That one's awful nice," said the girl next to me, critically.

"Yes," I agreed. "One of the most beautiful she-kids I've ever seen."

The girl shook her head. "I meant the man," she said simply.

"Norma must have a lot of faith in him," I muttered, "to trust him alone with the children. I don't even see the governess anywhere."

My friend was still staring. "O boy!"

she said now.

"Hey!" objected the man she was with, plaintively.

I watched them all afternoon, the two thoroughly happy children and their companion. "Kenny Cameron," the boatman at the pier had answered, when I asked for the fellow's name. "He's up here for the summer from USC and"—enviously—"do I wish I was him! What a spot he's got!"

Cameron apparently was having fun. He brought the rowboat in and lifted his two charges out; he spent half an hour showing little Irving, Jr., a new stroke, just offshore; he restrained the enthusiastic Katherine from thrashing out into deep water; he lay on the hard beach and chatted earnestly with them about something for a long time. Later, when the sharp breeze coming through the trees grew cool, he took them up the steps to the Lodge.

LEARNED Kenny's success story—and with it the true tale of how Norma Shearer had found the answer to her greatest problem—from sundry Lodge employees.

You would know this young man if you saw him: there are a few of him in every college as big as the Univer-

sity of Southern California. He's tall, dark-haired boy whom every ternity rushes, whose way from classroom to classroom is a series of stops and halts to talk with determined young females who like way his nose tilts. He's got a worth in all relationships—business personal—twenty points of any staked intellectual's superior I. Q. ra It will get him farther.

He looks, as a matter of fact, a like Robert Montgomery. That should be studying law, and serious is a little hard to reconcile with his pearance. But it was this combination of sheer charm with intelligent attention that finally convinced Norma Shearer.

He was at Arrowhead when she came there. The job of lifeguard for the Lodge was a pleasant way of spending a summer vacation and still make money, and he was well along with tan when the Thalberg children were brought down to his beach by governess.

They liked him instinctively, and informants smiled at this point of (rative) so did the governess. He courteous and gentle with little Irving and Katherine. By his friendly interest in them, he made the governess' responsibility much less burdensome. She Madame Thalberg about him, almost once.

There had been difficulties. The bodyguard Norma had hired had to it necessary to leave; then, at Arrowhead, she had asked the Lodge management to look for someone among employees to take his place. One from the desk, had qualified—and stayed on for a few days—and then gone suddenly East to attend a ternity convention.

So Norma watched young Cameron . . . saw the patience with which answered the children's innumerable questions, saw the care with which guarded them in the water, heard the carefree laughter and saw their trust in him. And he was doing all this cause he wanted to, because he liked them . . . Norma waited no longer.

She hired him, so they tell, at a salary of one hundred a month and his plus ten dollars a month for the children's private pocket money. His instructions were that from the time the children got up in the morning until they went to bed at night, he was to leave them for an instant.

He understood her instructions. He liked the responsibility.

THEN, very suddenly, Norma Shearer began the return to normalcy and business of being—once again—the lady of the screen. Telephone calls from her suite to the studio lasted an hour and a half; great black limousines came driving into the motor court of the Lodge and from them piled products and officials, laden with scripts, for conferences.

Her first picture, Metro admits cautiously, will be "Marie Antoinette" which her late husband wanted her to make; which she started once and finished, because she wanted to have a second child. After that may come "Pride and Prejudice."

And so a year has passed. It has with it has gone the shock of grief from Norma's mind, and that it has brought the promise of a future that will be must be—a brilliant, glowing thing for her. She has kept her promise.



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WARNER BROS. STAR



**✓IT'S MILD ✓IT'S PURE ✓IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER**

# Behind Martha Raye's Divorce . . .

(Continued from page 23)

Picture the kaleidoscope of her life in the town: singing in a night club, a contract, a flood of fan mail, several successful pictures, a new contract—calling for more money in a week than she at times had seen in a year—radio and personal appearances, so much work she lost as much as seventeen pounds in two short weeks.

Beaux?

Plenty of them, Robert Florey, her director. Jerry Hopper, of the studio music department. Leon Janney, the erstwhile child star. David Robel, who danced with her in "Mountain Music." Many others. A merry, mad round of play after a very nerve-wracking, driving series of days that brought her new fame and new rewards.

Then, at last, what she thought was love.

Martha said, very seriously:

"I wanted marriage; I wanted a home. I wanted to settle down and have children."

When Martha said that, she thought she could have everything she wanted. Today, she has found out that she can't. It's a cruel lesson for a girl of twenty to learn.

Consider the money angle of the marriage. In a small town Buddy Westmore would be considered the outstanding young man of the community. He makes, when he works—and he works most of the time—one hundred and twenty-five dollars every week. There are few lads outside of Hollywood who command salaries of that kind.

But Hollywood is screwy.

Martha is generous, is carefree. When she started to click, she began spending money.

She bought a white limousine of expensive make; hired a chauffeur; engaged a secretary. She bought fur coats, fur scarves, jewels and gowns. She went everywhere and did everything. She was openhanded with her family.

Martha, with her radio, stage and screen contracts, was making just about twenty-five times as much as Buddy when they were married, yet Martha's thoughts on love were quite normal, just like any young bride's.

"We'll buy a little place in the San Fernando Valley and settle down," she told Buddy. This was the natural expression of a girl of twenty who yearned for comfort, security, and a home of her own. She and Buddy chose the house, made the down payment and everything was arranged so that he could make the monthly payments, as he wanted to do. Joyously thrilled, Buddy and Martha bought the furniture for that house, planned their future.

That home has never been lived in.

Instead, Martha, in demand throughout the nation, was summoned to New York City for personal appearances. A storming, exciting, mob-cheering, autograph-signing, five-shows-a-day grind. Buddy acted very admirably. He had a job to do. So he stayed in Hollywood, lonesome, out of the milling and the shouting and the acclaim.

That is, until long-distance call after long-distance call resulted in his mad rush East by plane to be with his bride. Time together?

There wasn't any such thing. Not

with interviews, so many shows, radio engagements, life on crowded Broadway with thousands who wanted to get to Martha, praise her, wheedle her, and say:

"I knew you had it in you, kid."

The place? Clanging, crashing, driving—terrific!

beginning to get a vague perspective on this love that career, excitement and speed wouldn't allow to jell. Just at the time when that small-town bride would be learning how to make biscuits that didn't crack plates and the husband would be swinging in at the gate, whistling, come dinnertime, she was realiz-

Chicago because she wanted to think things out for herself. Hollywood was gossiping, but she didn't care what the celluloid city said. Martha, more mature by many years than Buddy, mentally, was weighing the cases of two people—herself and Buddy.

When she finally arrived, Buddy met her at the train.

For reporters, who had come armed with rumors and bearing spear-like questions, they kissed. It was strictly a defensive embrace—an embrace to keep the inquisitive gentlemen of the press from hurling those spears. Later, there was a conference.

"I think we'd better call it quits Buddy," she said. "It just won't work out."

Buddy thought that over. He was deeply hurt, just as Martha was hurt. The whole thing had a nightmarish quality to it.

He temporized.

"But, darling—let's just separate. For six months. Maybe—"

Martha didn't tell Buddy that she had put the case into the hands of her attorney when they had their last date together. That night they went to the midget auto races and later to the Seven Seas Club. They looked and acted very affectionate but Martha, at that very time, was going ahead with the divorce. It was during an altercation between himself and a friend of Peggy Hopper's, Pete Baumann, that Buddy found the out. He was a very sad, very unhappy young man.

But even when he discovered the Martha had started a divorce suit, Buddy did not give up. He determined to fight the suit—for the sake of the girl he loves. Whether he actually does so or not remains problematical.

**D**ID Peggy Hopper, Martha's mother, have anything to do with the separation?

I think not.

Martha is financially independent, carefree as she pleases as far as matrimony or anything else is concerned. Was there another man, or another woman or any jealousy involved? There was none of that, either.

It was just a tragedy of career.

Today, Martha is very sadly disillusioned—a little bitter at Hollywood, a fame and at money. The three villains of the piece.

She herself says:

"I think, in any other place, under normal circumstances, we could have made a go of it. But not in Hollywood."

"It just didn't work out. I'm back, and I'm going to work. I have a career, and when you have a career there doesn't seem to be anything else—much. I'm going to work harder than ever and just forget about all this."

"I will say, definitely, that there won't be any more marriage—for quite a while."

Something seems to have gone out of Martha when she says these things. Normal, healthy, happy, she is entitled for all her work, to the things she craves. Home. Husband. Children. A feeling of security as she looks into the future.

Perhaps some day these things will be given to her.



Leif Erikson and Betty Grable receive their first copy of the beautiful new PHOTOPLAY



Akim Tamiroff tries to get a peep but Freddie March and De Mille have their hands on it first

A Western Union boy invades Cafe Vendome to deliver a copy to Orry Kelly and Helen Vinson



Mary Carlisle is presented with one while lunching in the Paramount commissary



Finally, Buddy said:

"I think I'll go home, Martha."

She told him:

"I'll be back with you in another week."

But she didn't mean that. She was

ing that a dream was being crushed beneath inequality of money and importance.

She didn't come back to Hollywood in a week.

She deliberately spent three weeks in

# Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active “Skin-Vitamin”

Applied right on the Skin—  
this special Vitamin helps  
the Skin more directly

**“IT’S WONDERFUL,”  
says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.**

Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr. was one of the first women to use Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream. “It’s wonderful,” she says. “My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond’s—and to all women.”



Badminton and horseback riding are Mrs. Mellon’s favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors. And the out-of-doors dries your skin. Mrs. Mellon says: “The new Pond’s Cold Cream with ‘skin-vitamin’ in it keeps my skin better than ever. It’s never dry or rough now, in spite of sports.”

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the “skin-vitamin.” When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin healthy. But when this vitamin is applied to skin, it aids the skin more directly. This is great news for women! Scientists and doctors found this out. Pond’s found a way to put “skin-vitamin” in Pond’s Cold Cream. Now everyone can have the new “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream. Just apply it to your skin for a wonderful new cream for yourself.

**Famous beauty cream now  
has “Something More”**

Pond’s Cold Cream has always been more than a skin cream. Patted into the skin, it invigorates, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women who have tried this new cream say its use makes their pores less noticeable,

softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

**Same jars, same labels, same price**

Already this new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond’s Cold Cream now contains the precious “skin-vitamin.” Not the “sunshine” vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not “irradiated.” But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby’s!

**SEND FOR  
THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond’s, Dept. 15-CL, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_  
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# Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 46)

to her, after all. The incident might have diverted her a little.

## BUSINESSMAN

**ARTHUR TREACHER** bought a lot in Encino, sight unseen. He decided to build on it at once, as an investment. He went out to look at it. It was covered with a peach orchard. He decided to wait a few months before building. There might be a crop.

## PSYCHOLOGY

**THE** story behind that unusually fine performance of Marlene Dietrich's in her English-made picture, "Knight Without Armor," has just seeped back to Hollywood, and should be of interest to all her future directors.

It seems director Jacques Feyder had known Marlene for many years and was completely unimpressed with her Hollywood glamour, beauty and wealth. After each scene the director would shrug and say, "Well, I guess that's about as good as you can do, anyhow, so we'll print it. Go on, go on, let me prepare the next scene."

Dietrich, astounded, would hesitate. "But I can do better."

"No, no, go away," the director would insist, "go away somewhere and rest."

In the end, it was Dietrich who was begging the director for another chance at each scene, instead of the director coaxing Marlene.

## GAG

**CONSIDER** Director Gregory La Cava's rarest of all parties, given at the completion of "Stage Door." Instead of the usual cake and ice cream jamborée, La Cava had a loud speaker hooked up to a victrola record which he himself had recorded—and entertained his cast, including Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou, with a broadcast on the set.

The record began by saying Fred Astaire had really offered La Cava five hundred dollars to take Ginger Rogers off his feet, and that after a week of shooting La Cava had offered Fred one thousand dollars if he would take her back. Fred, he claimed, refused.

Hepburn was next. La Cava congratulated Katie on her constant imitations of Hepburn and her inability to forget she had once plucked a wild flower in a meadow.

The record went on to say the director had always associated romance with youth but he supposed as long as Menjou continued to wear baggy pants and keep his collars clean, he'd be the romantic screen idol.

By this time producer Pandro Berman was doubled up with laughter. Then over the speaker came the statement that he, La Cava, had never understood how that baby-faced Berman ever got into movies in the first place and what did he think he was doing around there, anyway?

When we used to play this game at school parties, it was called "Truth," and no one ever spoke to any of the others present again.

## SINGER IN THE SHOWER

**VALENTIN PARERA** has been bitten by the trailer bug and with his famous wife, Grace Moore, tucked inside, spends half his time trailering up and down the highways of California.

A certain spot near the beach finally lured Parera into permanent residency. In fact, he liked the place so well he built a small fence all around his trailer home. And what's more, he rigged up an outdoor shower that is the envy of all his trailer neighbors. But Mr. Parera refuses to be selfish.

He permits his neighbors to use the shower for ten cents a bath. Miss Moore enjoys the privilege free.

## CAPRICE

**KAY FRANCIS** is building herself a home in California. When several of her neighbors, also in the process of building houses, discovered their new address was actually "Gopher Gulch," Beverly Hills, they speedily got out a petition and ran to Kay with it.

To their astonishment, Kay refused to sign. "But I think it's a swell name," she insisted. "I want it to stay that way."

## MOUTHFUL

**JANE WITHERS** now is able to exhibit, with some pride, the teeth marks of a chimpanzee that bit her during the making of her recent picture.

"You see," Jane explains, "he had never been trained for movies. Even I might bite someone in a movie if I didn't know what he was doing. People do awful screwy things in movies sometimes."

A monkey has been substituted for the chimpanzee.

## UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

**AN** authentic source tells us George Raft will marry Virginia Pine just as soon as his new house is finished. The former Mrs. Raft, we understand, got the \$100,000, or some part of it, which has been in the National City Bank for weeks awaiting the revision of a few minor clauses in the agreement. . . Question: what famous star of stage, screen and radio is married to his own aunt? What beautiful actress is now having to fight the rumor that she recently adopted her own child? . . .

Add to the list of Hollywood mothers who don't want their star children to marry: Mrs. Coogan, whose son Jackie—now adult—intends to marry Betty Grable this December. (Betty has already picked out the church.) What we didn't know before is that the fortune Jackie made when he was a kid is solely in his mother's care until he reaches the age of thirty, which makes her opinion a weighty one. Understand, she has nothing against Miss Grable personally; just doesn't want her son to marry for a while yet. We'll let you know who wins. . .

Mae West (you remember, she made some picture or other once called "She Done Him Wrong" or something) found a little restaurant out in the valley, liked its steaks, and became a patron. One day she heard a rumpus in the kitchen, investigated, discovered the owner being evicted for nonpayment of rent. So Mae bought the place, gave the proprietress six months' rental free, told her to get out of the red quick-like. . .

The Jack Barrymores up to date: he's being a good boy, she's sticking close, and they've changed the Beverly Hills mansion for a modest apartment in Hollywood. . . Bel Air citizens have fun these days watching rotund W. C.

Fields speeding about on his now motor bike. He yells "Clang Clang Clang!" when taking corners on high. . . Mickey Rooney, having yearned all his life to talk into a microphone at a big première, was called to say a few words at the opening of "The Firefly." He said, "I'm sure 'Rosalie' will be a good picture" . . .

Gary Cooper, after the robbery at his house in which thousands of dollars worth of jewelry was stolen, decided to turn detective and find the culprit himself. Says he's got a lot of good clues. Meanwhile a watchman armed with a shotgun has been added to his pay roll. . . Myrna Loy, several years ago, hurt her knee when she was dancing. Now it's bothering her again. Husband Arthur Hornblow took her to Mexico, where she'll bake in the sun for a while. . . The Virginia Bruce-David Niven romance is over—she's interested now in a young architect; wonder if she'll ever find another Jack Gilbert. She tells us she'd like to, very much. . .

Jimmy Stewart doesn't have so many dates with Virginia as he used to, by the way. He's well enough again—his ailment was arthritis—to work in pictures, but has to diet and go to bed very early. While he was gone his roommates, Josh Logan and John Swoppe, took a new furnished house and left him the room that had been the female owner's boudoir. "A kidney-shaped dressing table!" Jimmy complained to us, sternly, "and ruffled hangings in French blue and pink, and a dainty little bed, and millions of lace pillows and mirrors all over" . . .

## POINT-BLANK ANSWER

**WE** know most of you are pretty discouraged with Mr. David Selznick for being such a long time about starting his "Gone With the Wind" movie. The general consensus is that if he waits much longer nobody'll care any more. We thought there must be some good reason for the delay, because, after all, Mr. Selznick's pretty smart and sure wouldn't let a little matter like casting stand in his way.

A point-blank question got a point-blank answer: whereas the sale of the book in America has reached its peak and is sloping off now, people in Norway and European countries generally are just getting the *Scarlett* habit. An whether you like it or not, at least half of the picture-take must be from abroad. A good publicity campaign will reawaken American interest in the film when it's ready at last.

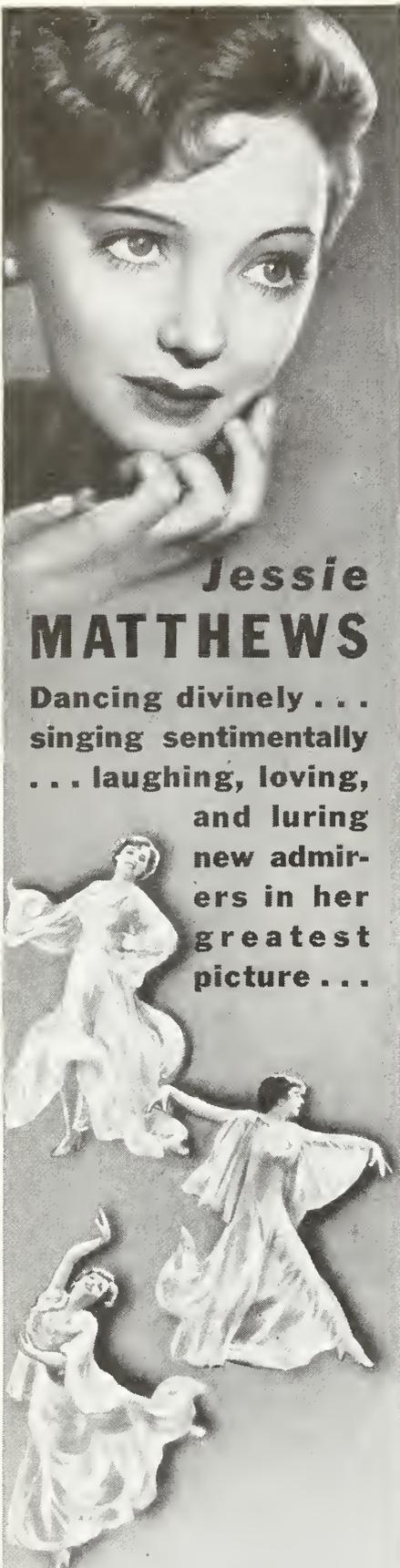
## NEWCOMER GETS CHANCE

(From a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity release)

**AFTER** playing Ibsen, Chekhov, and such dramatic material with Eva L. Gallienne in New York, pretty Josephine Hutchinson 'crashed' a long-term screen contract via radio. She was yesterday signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after an executive had heard her play Hildy Johnson's fiancée in Walter Winchell's broadcast of "The Front Page."

"She recently came to Hollywood, and between radio engagements played in 'Oil for the Lamps of China,' 'The Story of Louis Pasteur,' and others, but has made radio her principal work. . ."

Why Mr. Warner! And where have you been?



**Jessie MATTHEWS**  
Dancing divinely . . .  
singing sentimentally  
. . . laughing, loving,  
and luring  
new admirers in her  
greatest  
picture . . .

**"GANGWAY"**  
with **NAT PENDLETON**  
**NOEL MADISON**  
(Hollywood's goofiest gagsters)  
**BARRY MACKAY**

New song hits by  
**LERNER, GOODHART and HOFFMAN**  
"Lord and Lady Whoozis"  
"Moon or No Moon" • "When  
You Gotta Sing" • "Gangway"

*A*  *Production*

# Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star

(Continued from page 65)

Today everyone in Hollywood fights invitations to Joan Crawford's exclusive parties. They are exclusive because Joan doesn't like crowds. When you dine there, you seldom find more than six people. Joan believes, with her cultured, well-bred, cultured husband, Franchot Tone, that conversation is the most interesting thing in the world and more than six people usually spoil conversation.

In the early days, no party was too small for Joan and there was no time for conversation. The Hollywood society now clamors at her door turned a cold shoulder upon the hey-hey and her Charleston cups. Even when in 1926 she was a Wampas Baby, even though in small bits in "The Dancer" and "The Understanding Girl" she was beginning to be noticed, she was new "Society" of the film capital roughly glared at the jazz baby through frosted lorgnettes. The Society dominated and utterly controlled then, now, by Mary Pickford—but that becomes very important later in the story. One of the reasons was Mike Cudahy, heir to the Cudahy packing millions. A younger son with an allowance of \$100 a month, a roaring roadster, a life for night life, a family background was sensational, Mike Cudahy, 17 years old, black-haired, black-eyed, and startlingly handsome. In Hollywood to go into pictures but actually to have a big time in the exciting, glamorous picture colony.

He millionaire playboy and the extra they were a couple, on the dance floor, to knock your eye out, as the say-ings go. Joan wore black a lot in those days, with big picture hats, and with too much make-up. Scarlet lips, mascaraed lashes, flaming hair,—hard, pitifully defiant. Substituting excitement for happiness, drama for entertainment, and laughing just a little loudly in the face of Hollywood's approval.

They were going to be married. She set up in the glorified Italian chateau on the Hollywood foothills sat a black-eyed, bejeweled lady—Mike Cudahy's mother. And Mrs. Cudahy wasn't having any Joan Crawford, a movie siren, out of the extra ranks, as a daughter-in-law. And Mike wasn't of age—his \$1,600 a month would vanish at the touch of Mama's hand.

But she must, now, seem far away and long ago to Joan Crawford. Not that Joan has no friends. No one has ever been so loyal to her old friends, no one has kept so many friends from the past. Harry Rapf, who discovered her, is still on her list of twelve "best friends." So is Katherine Albert, a slim, dark pretty girl who worked in the publicity department those days. So is Douglas Fairbanks, and Ray Sterling, from Kansas City. But I think there is, to Joan, an unquenchable thirst for the past, and that is why she doesn't appreciate how much dearer she makes her to us, how much more we value her for what she's done and what she's made of herself out of the fire and clay that has come through the fire. Her emotion is like a bright light and she can't see beyond it into the shadows. She is, for instance, so passionately and completely Mrs. Franchot Tone that the girl who wept bitter tears in a determined mother stepped between her and Mike Cudahy, the girl who swore she'd wait until Mike was of

age and then marry him, must seem like a different person altogether. Perhaps she is right.

BUT even from Mike Cudahy, even in her violent and undisciplined youth, Joan Crawford learned much. When she became "Our Dancing Daughter" and "Our Modern Maiden" of those mad, hectic days before the depression she took with her all that she had learned with Mike Cudahy on the floor of the Pom-Pom, the Coconut Grove, the Montmartre. She knew the glitter and the merry-go-round pace, knew it to its smallest detail.

Oh yes, she was Our Dancing Daughter of 1928-1929—the "younger generation" that caused so much concern, as younger generations always do.

Mama Cudahy dragged them apart—and Joan tasted a broken heart. Kid infatuations like that hurt a lot, even if they aren't the real thing.

Front pages, headlines, and Joan Crawford more defiant than ever, burning the candle at both ends. Making friends, close friends, because somehow you couldn't help loving her. Working hard. Playing harder.

On her birthday, March 23, 1927, Joan Crawford gave a luncheon at the Montmartre, then Hollywood's most popular café. I wasn't at the luncheon, but I saw the gay, flowered table across the room and as I remember it, Joan's guests were Sally O'Neil, Priscilla Dean, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Dwan, Pauline Starke, Helen Ferguson, Anita Stewart, Evelyn Brent and Joan's greatest pal, Dorothy Sebastian.

Today the only one of that group—and all of them were famous then—who is still on the screen as far as I know is Joan Crawford.

Yet that day I should have said the betting was a hundred to one that in two years she'd be out of the picture. It looked like the oldest story in show business. The merry-go-round. The girl men were crazy about, the lonely girl trying to warm her hands at the bright lights, sliding down the swift and easy primrose path into—outer darkness.

Thousands of girls get as far as Joan Crawford was then—perhaps farther—and fall like skyrockets after a brief flare. It's hard sometimes to tell the difference between a star and a skyrocket when you gaze into the sky.

I THINK we are judged in life by the measure of our temptations. That's why I have more respect for Joan Crawford than any other woman on the screen. She was the exception. She was the girl who kept on going up and up and by her own efforts making of herself a great lady, a cultured woman, a real movie star.

What changed her suddenly? What settled her down at exactly the right moment so that when her real opportunities came she was ready for them?

She once told a friend of mine that she missed out on her first chance at a really big part because—well, because the studio didn't think she was serious enough, didn't think her hey-hey reputation would help any. I don't think that alone would have wrought one of those sudden changes in Joan, making her a new and completely different person.

The greatest dramatist in the world, whose name is Life, must have become

## FOR WINNERS' POISE ...VITALITY



RAMONA



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### VITALITY shoes

\$6<sup>75</sup> AND \$7<sup>75</sup>

COMPLETE RANGE OF SIZES AND WIDTHS

WATCH the winners in any group... it's vitality that takes the show! Radiating high spirit and collected poise, this quality reveals itself in every movement. Walk with vitality and you walk with beauty. This is the gift that Vitality shoes impart. New styles for fall achieve a new degree of smartness.

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For children and young moderns of teen age, Vitality offers specialized fit, all-leather quality and smart styles. Priced according to size \$2.50 to \$5.50. Vitapoise feature shoes \$3.50 to \$6.00.

*Walk with Vitality*



DEDICATED TO THE STARS

*A Lovely New Pattern..All the pieces you've always longed for, now..at a special low price*

A gorgeous new pattern, pierced in the latest mode. A high quality of plate, reinforced at wear points by *extra heavy* plating. A big complete set for eight persons composed of all the staples and many of the extra occasional pieces you've wanted so long!

## 62 PIECE SET

- 8 "Airflo" Dinner Knives
- 8 Dinner Forks
- 8 Dessert or Oval Soup Spoons
- 16 Tea Spoons
- 8 Salad or Pastry Forks
- 8 Butter Spreaders
- 2 Table Spoons
- 1 Cold Meat Fork
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- 1 Butter Knife
- 1 Sugar Spoon

*Special Offer*

IN A BEAUTIFUL CHEST

**\$24<sup>95</sup>**

The open stock value of these 62 pieces is \$40.00

## TWO MORE LOVELY PATTERNS IN LUXOR PLATE

to choose from . . .  
beautiful, modern,  
distinctive . . .



Here's an opportunity to set your table at once with all the pieces you've always wanted so much but thought you couldn't afford. A beautiful new pattern, of pierced design, the very latest and most modish silverware. In Luxor Plate, by Wallace Silversmiths, a high quality that's reinforced at points of wear by heavy extra silver plating, and at a bargain price!

# Wallace Silversmiths

FOUNDED 1835

\*

WALLINGFORD, CONN.

intrigued with the character of Joan Crawford and the story up to that installment. The next sequence was the kind we poor creators of fiction don't dare to put on paper. Only Life dares do things like that.

The little slavey who had actually, on her own statement, been dragged down stairs by her hair and beaten with a broom by an irate schoolmistress because she didn't work hard enough. The frightened girl, possessor of only two dollars, landing in the roaring maze of Chicago. The chorus girl dancing in New York night clubs and being seen by the Great Producer. Hollywood—the hey-hey girl—dancing furiously, and the millionaire playboy and the haughty mother crashing into the big romance.

Joan Crawford stood then at the crossroads. She had a new contract and she was getting better and better parts. One way led up; one led down. But she was a favorite heroine of Life. She loved Life and she lived it, defiantly, joyously, bitterly—but always she loved it and Life in return loved her.

So upon a certain night Joan sent a telegram. I think it was the greatest event of her life, that telegram. I think it weighed the scales more than any other one thing, though it may be that Joan being Joan the end was inevitable.

She went to a Hollywood theater and saw a stage play called "Young Woodley." The star was young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. After the performance, Joan sent a wire to congratulate him upon his performance.

ENTER, then, Prince Charming. Young, blond, handsome, and—a Fairbanks.

Ten years ago. Ten years ago Pickfair was Buckingham Palace. To be received there was exactly like being presented at court. Doug and Mary were still King and Queen of Hollywood. For years, Mary had been America's Sweetheart. But she was more than that. She was to Hollywood itself an idol and an ideal. For years before she married Doug she had been an almost mythical figure. After their marriage, they lived in seclusion—with Charlie Chaplin as their own close friend. They were never seen in public, only half a dozen people were invited to Pickfair.

At last, because Doug, Sr. grew restless, the doors were thrown open—to the most select group. Kings and princes, visiting dignitaries and celebrities went to Pickfair. The great Hollywood stars went to Pickfair. Mary was Social Dictator—a small, glorified, gracious figure, formal, and with an all-pervading influence in the motion-picture industry. Doug and Mary—there was something about them and their great romance that no one else has ever even approximated. You probably remember.

And young Douglas was the Crown Prince of Hollywood.

"It was love at first sight, as far as I was concerned," Doug told me, not so very long ago, "and there never was and never will be a finer girl on this earth."

It was love at first sight with Joan, too; young love, with all its romance and beauty and fragrance; young love that was sweet and overpowering and that changed the face of the universe; young love that needed no props, no night clubs, no synthetic stimulation. Once to every woman—that particular love, that first love.

BUT the course of true love didn't run smoothly.

Doug, Sr. and Mary have always denied that they had any real objection to Joan Crawford as young Doug's wife. At the time, his father simply com-

mented, "Well, the boy's eighteen." I young, of course, for marriage.

But it can certainly be told now, a I think without fear of contradiction that Joan wasn't the girl Doug and Mary would have selected for their daughter-in-law. Of course the boy was young. But the idea of the girl who danced the Black Bottom, who won Charleston contests in public cafés, who had been on the front pages with young Mike Cudahy, as the daughter the serene and formal Pickfair, of small, shy, but regal Mary Pickford, who steel hand was so well hidden by the most beautiful and scented of velvet gloves, was a little bit appalling.

Joan grew up then, I think. Defiant was in her still, but this time she moved softly.

SHE settled down. A new, serious fine young Joan Crawford appeared through the glamour, the lure, the vividness of her. For two years the world watched the young lovers—and the older lovers. Doug and Mary, Doug and Joan. Two years while Joan really working now, beginning to find herself, became "Our Dancing Daughter" and "Our Modern Maiden."

Soared upward until her name, on the screen, far outshone the dimming star of America's sweetheart. But in a that time not once did the doors of Pickfair open to young Douglas' sweetheart. It cut deep, but Joan met it with courage, with dignity. You can't blame Mary—nor young Doug's father. They were thinking of the boy's happiness of his future. He was so very young. They didn't perhaps realize that young Doug, who started his screen career with a heartbreaking failure when he was thirteen, was older then, than many other boys at twenty-five. And, being human themselves, perhaps subconsciously they fought against the young lovers, Doug and Joan, who would shine now as brightly as Doug and Mary and who must, in some wise, take from them a little of their romantic and shining glory.

But this time Joan did wait. Waited and worked. And grew and learned.

On October 8, 1928, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford announced their engagement.

On November 21, 1928, Joan Crawford was made a star officially by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

In June of 1929, young Doug and Joan made a hurried trip to New York to visit Doug's mother, the former Beth Sully, and with his mother beside them they were married in St. Malachy's Church, by Father Leonard.

"In about two years, when my contract is up," Joan said, "I'm going to retire from the screen and be just a wife. No, more than a wife, because we want children—several children."

It didn't work out that way. Joan was the wrong heroine for that kind of an ending and Life never makes dramatic mistakes.

Eight months went by before the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. went to Pickfair. And that was one of the greatest dramatic scenes ever played, as you will see.

WHAT separated Doug and Joan, who were so desperately, madly, completely in love that they couldn't bear to be out of each other's sight?

In the concluding installment of the amazing story of Joan Crawford, you meet a new character—Joan, the wife. The author tells, for the first time, the real truth about the breaking up of Joan's first marriage and the intimate details of her subsequent marriage to Franchot Tone, exactly as it all happened.

# HOW A WRINKLE UPSET A UNIVERSITY DOCTOR

*and made a woman beautiful*



"CAN'T YOU HELP ME, DOCTOR," she pleaded. The noted Boston specialist examined her skin minutely. There were the premature lines . . . dryness . . . characteristic pores—possibly indicating need of Vitamin D, as in many such cases.



TYPICAL OF TESTS are these microphotographs, taken at medical university. ABOVE — skin before using Vita-Ray Cream. BELOW — 28 days later. Reduction in pores and lines is even more vivid in full size, as seen by magazine editors, with no blurs due to printing. Gladly sent to you on request.



BUT HOW TO REPLACE VITAMIN D through the skin? . . . "Suppose," he reasoned, "I combine Vitamin D with *cholesterin*—one element skin *can* absorb. Perhaps life-giving Vitamin D will be *absorbed with it* . . . to revitalize the tissues."



HIS THEORY WORKED! Lines faded . . . enlarged pores were reduced...dryness disappeared. On the 28th day of vitamin cream treatment she stood before him...radiantly happy . . . her skin clear and smooth—*actually appearing younger each week!*



WOMEN BEGGED TREATMENT! Magazines and newspapers praised his discovery. It was honored in the famous Hall of Science. And now . . . as Vita-Ray Vitamin Cream . . . it has been *tested and approved for you* by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



## Why this doctor's discovery makes your skin look *noticeably younger* in 28 days

Just a way has been found to feed Vitamin D directly through the pores of the skin . . . with Vita-Ray Cream. The results have astonished doctors who tested this cream on "normal" skins, "dry" skins—skins of any type.

Improvement showed from the first day. Pores became smaller, closed back to normal size. The skin lost its dryness.

Even the exacting tests of photomicrographs revealed an outstanding change. The skin actually appeared to be *growing young again!*

### Praised by Beauty Editors, Honored in Hall of Science

Beauty editors of leading women's magazines were invited to view these experiments. They, too, voiced their praise in the glowing records of this scientific beauty-aid. Good Housekeeping tested and approved Vita-Ray Cream, authorized the use of its coveted seal.

And now a crowning triumph! Vita-Ray, because of its outstanding scientific research, was invited to sponsor the vitamin exhibit in the Hall of Science.

To the eye, Vita-Ray is just a delightful white cream. Its fragrance is delicately fragrant, smooth to the touch. The great difference is that Vita-Ray contains 1250 A.D.M.A. units of Vitamin D . . . to make your skin look fresh, young, and younger than you ever dreamed possible.

If you use just one jar of Vita-Ray Cream, feeding the wonderful sunshine Vitamin D right through to the tiny capillaries which carry the blood that nourishes the skin, your skin will look noticeably younger. Lines and wrinkles will begin to grow dim and become smoothed out.

Soon any enlarged pores you have will become smaller. Your complexion will take on a new soft freshness. If your skin has a tendency to dryness, it will appear firm and fresh and young again.

Vita-Ray also contains special *cleansing ingredients* which penetrate deeper down into the pores and remove from them every trace of make-up and dirt.

Just use Vita-Ray as you would any other cream. After your pores are thoroughly cleansed, apply another thin film of Vita-Ray Cream and leave it on as a powder base. Thousands of women have found that Vita-Ray is one *all-purpose* cream for day and night. And it is one cream that can actually make the skin look young again.

### Seeing is Believing—Try Vita-Ray Under This Inviting Offer!

Only a few outstanding stores have been appointed to sell Vita-Ray Cream. If your favorite store hasn't yet been selected—send \$1.10 direct to us for a jar containing 5 to 6 weeks supply. Use it daily—following instructions carefully. Unless you begin immediately to find the freshness and beauty which Vita-Ray gives, we will refund your money without question or delay.

Vita-Ray also offers Vitamin D in preparations designed for especially difficult skin conditions. If unable to consult Vita-Ray representative in leading stores—write us direct.



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vitamin ALL PURPOSE  
CREAM



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EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parabydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parabydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an “overdose” or “burn.”

### MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet, “*The New Way*.” It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist’s today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentine.

# NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as “Vagifarms”

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## We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 48)

GOLDWYN may be taking an unusual way to introduce a new Viking Venus to the world. But, going on to Paramount, we discover he has no monopoly on novel introductions.

There Sam’s onetime cohort, Cecil B. De Mille, is unleashing the purse strings and spending a million or more on a picture called “The Buccaneer,” in which he introduces a new Viennese find, as a little Dutch peasant girl.

Her name is Franciska Gaal (pronounced Fran-ches-ka Gahl). She is in her early twenties, and is tiny—no taller than five feet one or two. She has corn-gold hair and eloquent brown eyes. A year ago, when she arrived, practically without fanfare, she did not speak a word of English. Now she has only a trace, an intriguing trace, of foreign accent. But, she tells us apologetically, she still is “having difficultee *thinking* in English.”

LEAVING Paramount, we cross Melrose Avenue to the B. P. Schulberg Studios, to see the man most responsible for the rise of Early American screen epics. We mean Edward Arnold. And what do you suppose we find him doing at the moment? Playing in a mad musical entitled “Blossoms on Broadway.” Moreover, he sings in it.

We fall to talking with Frank Lesser, who wrote the lyrics for the Manning Sherwin’s melodies in “Blossoms on Broadway.” We ask him how movie songs are born. He tells us:

“When we’re working, we can’t bear the sight of each other. We collaborate by telephone.”

Mulling over that formula of How to Succeed Though Partners, we squeeze our car into the last sliver of space on the RKO-Radio parking lot, and go in to see “A Damsel in Distress,” the big RKO-Radio news of the moment. It is Fred Astaire’s first picture without Ginger Rogers.

Contrary to rumors, this doesn’t signal the end of the Astaire-Rogers teaming. They are scheduled to be together again in the late fall, probably in color.

This first solo picture of Fred’s was delayed for weeks by a search for a feminine costar. She had to have a reputation for glamour, yet be capable of comedy. She wouldn’t have to dance, but it would be a matter of thanksgiving if she could. The rôle finally fell—after the preview of “Music for Madame”—to Joan Fontaine.

The story is a comedy of misunderstandings by that mastermind of frothy humor, P. G. Wodehouse, with music by the late George Gershwin. We see one of the misunderstandings in the making.

The setting is the interior of an English country house, rented by the Yankee Fred. There is a knock on the door. Joan, who has walked over from the near-by manor house, wants to apologize for slapping Fred the night before when he kissed her in the dark. It was all a misunderstanding, on her part. But her explanation brings on a misunderstanding on Fred’s part.

Here again we see a seasoned trouper with the jitters, and a novice at ease.

Fred nervously loses a line somewhere in one “take,” and in another he misses his “toe-mark” in front of the camera. Joan is letter-perfect and action-perfect.

“But wait until we start dancing. If we do. Or, rather, if I do,” says Joan, after the scene. “Oh, if only Pavlowa were alive, and could double for me!”

COLUMBIA is next on our list. There we come upon another scene of understanding. And there, for the time this month, we find a foreign tress making her first American picture—without benefit of ballyhoo.

Luli Deste is her name. The name of the picture is “I Married an Artist.” The star, on the billboards, will be Boles. But the story was written especially for Luli. And it is an unbeginning for a foreign exotic. It is comedy.

We watch a rehearsal for a domestic quarrel between John and Luli and his model (Frances Drake).

Director Marion Gering rehearses the scene over and over, until we know the lines as well as John and Luli do. It seems, is too dramatic in the scene. We see her follow Gering’s instructions to a T, and she still looks dramatic. Maybe she can’t help herself.

We step next door to see Grace making a scene for “I’ll Take Romance” with Melvyn Douglas.

The setting is the interior of a stateroom on a ship. As the scene opens they enter—Grace in a black fur coat, a glistening black dress, a black cloche-shaped hat, and Melvyn in a topcoat and hat in his hand. A moment later the assistant director off-stage calls out, “ashore who are going ashore!” Melvyn starts to leave. Grace says she can’t let him go like this. He kisses her quickly, again starts to leave. She tells him to write (kissing him) and tell everything he’s doing (another kiss), what he’s eating (kiss), whom he’s kissing (kiss)—every little detail (kiss), finally gets away. She leans against the closed door, ecstatically. “Cut,” says Director E. H. Griffith.

He thinks there was “some confusion on the kisses.” Grace feigns indignation, particularly when she sights her husband, Valentin Parera, on the lines. For his benefit (he has a sense of humor), Grace says, “Confusion! Why, I knew what I was doing every second!”

WE hop from Columbia to Universal City to catch New Universal’s “Movie Go Round of 1938.” The principal players are Mischa Auer, Alice Brady, Louise Fazenda, John King, Joy Hodges—three Broadway comedians new to movie audiences—Bert Lahr, Jimmy Ivo and Billy House.

We catch a love scene, if you can imagine such a thing, between Alice Brady and Bert Lahr, on a bench in a gigantic garden. In the scene, Bert has Alice believing he is an old boyhood sweetheart of hers. She reminisces fondly about the old days. She tells him, with a Brady giggle, “You were always headstrong!” He raises his mobile eyebrows, and tells her, confidentially, “—strong all over.”

Director Irving Cummings forgives where he is and laughs. There has to be a retake. Afterward he tells us, “It’s just a fall guy for comedians. But it’s gradually going insane on this: Every one of them is buzzing around me, giving me ideas about how to make things funnier.”

Alice says, “You can’t accuse me of ever giving you ideas!”

“No,” he says, “you just come out with them in front of the camera!”

On a 20th Century-Fox set, we see the greatest spectacle of the month—the fire scene from “In Old Chicago,” another Early American epic, costumed well over a million, with a cast topped

Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Alice, Brian Donlevy, Tom Brown and others.

The colorful story is part fiction and part fact, centering around the four O'Leary brothers, fictional sons of the woman whose cow kicked over the lantern that started the burning of the wooden city. We watch one of the brothers when the refugees are driven from the waters of Lake Michigan by the force of the fire at their backs.

Hundreds of extras in the garb of the mill about in the scene, in the foreground of which Tyrone—bleeding, fighting for Don—stumbles upon Tom Power and June Storey. Prominent in Tyrone's lap is a baby. The real thing, a doll.

The infant must sense that June has not been a mother. He squirms and wails until Director Henry King is fit to be tied. A baby this young can be photographed only a few minutes a day. Instantly, they can show a city going up in flames. But they need three weeks and infinite patience to show the small baby exhausted.

BEING to M-G-M, we encounter a surprise. Between pictures just finished and pictures about to start, only one film is in production on this big set. This is "Madame X," with Gladys George, John Beal and Warren William. Also, we come upon the climactic scene—Gladys' trial for murder.

The magic of make-up has transmuted her into a wan old woman, unspirited. The effect is so realistic that it is startling to see her smile when "takes." She sits with bowed head, directly behind John Beal in black, as the young lawyer makes an impassioned plea in her defense, not knowing that she is his mother.

Talking with Beal, we ask him if the picture has been changed much in its 1937 presentation. "Modernized a little—nothing at all," he says. "If you're going to 'Madame X,' you might as well get the whole hog, and get every tear out of it."

He tells us what has affected him the

most. "The set is full of extras who once played my rôle on some stage, somewhere, maybe twenty years ago. It makes me wonder if, twenty years from now, I'll be watching someone else play the rôle, and having my turn of wondering if I wasn't better."

It's things like this that—sometimes—keep people from going Hollywood.

The month would not be complete without a glimpse of the newest color picture, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," at Selznick-International.

Here we see some behind-the-scenes drama that tops anything they are filming today.

When Tommy Kelly, late of The Bronx, was first brought to Hollywood by his father, who used to be on WPA relief and now is a studio cop, the studio insisted on Tommy's living with a dramatic coach—to lose that Bronx accent. The separation was hard for Mike Kelly and his boy; but they both had to think of Tommy's future. Mike knew, however, how Mrs. Kelly, back East with their other children, would feel if she heard about it. He never told her.

Finally, Mrs. Kelly could bear her own separation from Tommy no longer. With her little girl, June Marie, five, (who will have a bit in the picture, by the way), she has arrived in Hollywood only this morning. Mike has brought her directly to the set, without telling Tommy that she would be coming. He has only promised him "a big surprise."

We see the family reunion. Director Norman Taurog engages Tommy's attention. Meanwhile, Mike, Mrs. Kelly and June Marie tiptoe up behind Tommy. Finally, they are very near, Taurog asks him to turn around.

He turns, and is so surprised that, for a moment, he can do nothing but shake from head to foot. Then, his arms are around his mother's neck. They are hugging each other. "Mom—Gee, Mom!" he says, and in his voice is all the pent-up emotion of a small boy's loneliness in new surroundings. People can't watch. It is too affecting. Even Taurog turns away.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 52)

### ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warners

PREWITH a breezy edition of *Torchy Blane* series with newspaper woman Linda Farrell out to get her man. He's son MacLane, a police lieutenant who is very busy most of the time trying to catch a murderer. You'll enjoy Linda's forthright methods but the picture is rather like an adventurous comic strip. Anne Nagel and William Hopper are in at the chase.

### THE MAN WHO CRIED WOLF—Universal

WEADED with the iron weight of faulty story construction this "who dunnit" mystery sinks to the bottom and stays there. Lewis Stone becomes a professional murder confessor in order to free himself of suspicion from a crime he has committed. When his son, Tom Brown, is accused of the father's offense, Stone's confession is naturally discounted. It's a bid, patchy, and uninspired.

### SHE ASKED FOR IT—Paramount

ALTHOUGH as cinema this is good hash, at least there is a refreshingly original angle to the murder mystery theme. William Gargan is the playboy killer of blood thrillers who has married a troublemaker, gets himself involved in the actual murders and solves every-

thing. New Orien Heyward is pretty as the wife, but by no means another Duse.

### SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—Paramount

THERE is almost nothing good (except possibly that blonde Gertrude Michael looks very beautiful) that can be said for this jumbled, confused, dull, utterly uninteresting picture. In it Miss Michael again plays a reformed jewel thief accused of stealing a Rajah's diamond; you don't care whether she did or not.

### THE WOMEN MEN MARRY—M-G-M

PROVOCATIVE story theme and George Murphy's nice work make this hurried little picture worth-while. Reporter Murphy's wife, Claire Dodd, has an affair with editor Sidney Blackmer, who melodramatically sends George off on a dangerous assignment. Josephine Hutchinson, good as always, plays the other woman.

### MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—M-G-M

DON'T see this unless you are in a tolerant mood. It's a very minor newspaper picture in which Maureen O'Sullivan inherits the "Globe," falls in love with editor Walter Pidgeon. Edna May Oliver provides the only vitality.

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Skating Through Life

(Continued from page 15)

that above everything else, she is a showwoman. Showmanship is the secret of her great success and the persuasive force behind everything she does. She has possessed it from the time she could talk, or understand anything.

Sonja Henie is completely incredible, anyway. At twenty-four she is the friend of kings and the companion of the world's most famous people; she has the appeal of a Garbo without the anemia, the grace of a Pavlova without the melodrama, a peculiar beauty comparable to no other's beauty. At twenty-four she is beginning a great career (greater than anything most women get in a lifetime) merely because she could go no further in another just as great.

SLO is a peaceful town, lounging under the mighty mountains along the Christiana Fjord. While the rest of the anxious world shot itself to pieces in the World War the stolid Norwegian folk pursued a quiet bent, attending to business, building their fires against the fierce long winters. In the big stone house of the wealthy Henies little was changed.

Sonja's first memories are of big open rooms, of enormous fireplaces and the smell of burning pine, of polished staircases and great tables laden each day with steaming food. She remembers the high-back sleighs with the crunching sound of the cutters and the feel of the fur rug which covered her, the horses trotting fast and breathing frosted plumes.

In autumn, before the snows, Wilhelm Henie sent men to cut huge logs from his own woods on the mountain slopes, and to this end dispatched two-wheeled carts called stolkjaerres which clattered along behind sturdy ponies. On the stolkjaerres tiny Sonja rode gleefully, banging on the wooden sides with a stick, and screaming.

When she was only three the family discovered how mobile was her mind, how adventurous her small spirit. That was the afternoon when she glimpsed a neighbor's kitten from a window and went toddling forth, without permission, to see what this engaging furry thing was like at close hand.

Mrs. Henie had left her playing by one of the cavernous fireplaces and when she found the child gone drew immediate, hysterical conclusion.

The frantic woman aroused the neighborhood and, between fainting spells, wept to her husband over the telephone that their daughter had been cremated alive. In the midst of the flurry someone found heart and time to investigate a piteous mewling from behind a fence. There was found the indignant kitten, with Sonja pulling its tail.

So they gave her a kitten and installed screens before all the fireplaces.

Her childhood, until she was seven, was the particularly sheltered casual existence that apparently is the birthright of every Norwegian girl of good family. It wasn't very exciting.

She was spoiled fatuously by friends and parents, who exclaimed at frequent intervals over her fresh baby beauty and could only repeat, at each of her minor escapades, "How cute! How sweet!" Naturally it affected her ego.

You may say to her today: "You are beautiful." And she smiles a little, and is a little bored. Oh, not consciously, of course. But she is used to adulation.

A major portion of her personality and basic attitude is built on the knowledge that when she appears anywhere, any time, people will stare and people will applaud.

They always have—and with cause. Sonja's enormous poise is synthesized from that knowledge, and her casual acceptance of fame and publicity. You see from the time she could understand what the grown-up world was saying she knew she was lovelier than other little girls, knew that she had a more special gift. Visitors to Oslo, glimpsing her, said to the Henie governess, "Do you mind?"—and brought out their cameras and took pictures of her.

In time she learned to stand very still, put her head slightly and amusingly to one side, smile engagingly, and thank the nice people for being interested in her. The need for applause seeped into her young mind early, was nurtured there by applause, and by applause became a living, splendid force which has driven her to do the things she has done better than anyone else, better than she knew how.

WILHELM sent her to a dancing school when she was four, and this represented first opportunity. With a sense of rhythm inherent in her pretty little legs she tapped and swayed and whirled so exquisitely that her teachers were wont to throw up their hands and whisper among themselves with delight. From the corners of her eyes Sonja saw them, and with little difficulty interpreted their antics as a milder, but nonetheless sincere form of hand clapping.

"So in the evenings at home, when there were guests," she told me grinning, "I used to switch a brightly colored tablecloth off a table, and I would wind this cloth around me and come out and do a little dance for the people."

From the other side of the room boy friend Tyrone snorted, amused.

"What a horrible little brat you must have been," he said. "People must have always been saying, 'I'd like to go over to the Henies' tonight but if we do that kid'll come in with her tablecloth and do her dance. So let's just sit home and read the paper.'"

Sonja grimaced at him. "I was horrible," she agreed, "but they went to the Henies' anyway."

She did all the other things little girls do. She had a playhouse on the grounds with a real stove in it and here, with a neighbor's child named Lellei Neilson, she prepared and ate numerous soggy messes which she proclaimed as pancakes. Lellei was made to eat them too, and since she hadn't Sonja's incredible constitution was often bed-bound with the stomach-ache.

There were rolling hills nearby, deep with waving grasses and pocketed with holes. One of the first memories Sonja cherishes is of standing on the top of one of the hills under the summer sky, with the steep slope before her. With the wind in her face she would run to the bottom breathlessly, dodging the punchboard of holes. She might have snapped her ankle, but she never did—and of course, the practice gave her early an excellent physical awareness.

It was her brother, Lief, two years older than she and offensively proud of it, who taught her to ski. High in the mountains behind Oslo, hidden in a tall cluster of pines, squatted the rambling, white logged hunting lodge that for

many years had belonged to the Henie family. Here, during the clear days of winter, the two children raced and played over the crisp snow. Sonja in six months had learned every trick her brother knew about the long treacherous runners, and had begun to make up a few of her own. It wasn't long before she had what she wanted: people from near-by lodges came wandering over, and stood looking, and eventually remarked, for her expectant ears, that that Henie child already was skiing better than anyone in the community.

Then, when she was five, the family took her to Grenen, in Denmark, for the swimming season—and she entered a foot race sponsored by the resort hotel. She won it, along with a little copper medal. This was first, magnificent, utterly thrilling triumph. The little crowd of guests had shrieked her name; the judges had patted her head and smiled; for a time she was the absolute center of a glittering, fascinating limelight.

And it was the beginning. She knew then that acclaim to her was food and drink and air to breathe. She knew that she must always have it, no matter the cost—

Up to this point she'd never been allowed to skate because hard, frozen ice represents a tangible danger to young, thin bones. This was gall to her spirit, since Lief had his own skates and made a point of doing difficult figures on the frozen pond near the house. Some of this was for her benefit, but mainly Lief was concerned with showing off before a certain, and hateful, little Miss of the neighborhood.

Sonja did what a girl could. She crept silently downstairs on the nights when she knew Lief was planning to go skating the next day, and with a common brick rasped the fine edge of the runners into nicked dullness. Then, in the mornings, she would follow him to the pond, watch with a certain glee the awkward spills he took before the scornful eyes of his affinity.

But this in no wise made up for the fact that she possessed no skates of her own. On her seventh Christmas she opened each package with hopeful fingers, tossed the contents away in disappointment, and reached for the next. When, finally, she had gone through the lot she burst into wailing tears, plopped her plump little self on the floor and started up such a sincere tantrum that her parents feared for her health. Wilhelm, alarmed, ran to the house of a neighbor who owned a sports shop, lugged him down to his store, and returned at top speed with a pair of silvered skates.

And changed Sonja's whole destiny, along with that of his wife and himself. The child dried her eyes, made gasping noises of gratitude, and clutching her new treasure trotted happily down to the pond. Lief good-humoredly showed her how to adjust the straps, led her out onto the ice, went swinging away while she tottered unsteadily, alone.

FROM then on, she was in her element. Each fall she took, without fury and without sound, taught her shrewd young mind a lesson; already she had developed a sense of timing incomprehensible to the unathletic mind. Each morning after that she followed her brother to the ice, listened attentively to the rudiments of the art as he explained them, practiced knee bending exercises, skated and skated and skated.

Until finally one day, less than a year later, she heard about the competition which any junior girl of Oslo might enter. Without asking permission of her family, she put in her own name. It takes enterprise, superb self-confidence to do a thing like that when you're only eight years old; but Sonja had it. She

had all the other requisites for success, too.

She won that contest hands down.

She got a sterling silver paper knife with a mother-of-pearl handle, and her picture in the local paper; and for her great private pleasure she saw the look of enormous pride in the eyes of Wilhelm and Selma Henie. After that, the course of her young life was inextricably associated with the work of winning—tournaments and exhibitions and contests—anything, so long as it could be done on skates, and so long as the public was there.

Extraneous from this obsession, the days passed with normal but heightening tempo. She went to a private school, exchanged pictures of movie stars (Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Jeanne Eagels) with classmates, stole fruit in ebullient forays on neighbors' orchards, danced in ballets given by respectable instructors before respectable, attentive audiences, ate and slept and laughed.

She shot grouse with her father and brother, using a 16 gauge double-barreled gun and scoring an impossible ratio of hits—and this was fun. The short, crowded weeks spent at the lodge were interludes, separate from the supreme activity which had become her life.

From tutors and private masters she learned much of history, of mathematics, of languages, of literature, of fine arts; nothing of love, and little of the world. Yet she *knew* Humanity and the knowledge of it was a science integrated with her primary emotions at her birth, and neither tutors nor schools were needed to teach her that.

When she was nine years old she was mature enough to enter the senior girls' figure-skating contest at Oslo. And she did, streaking skillfully through the most exacting routines, buoyed up by breakers of applause. And won it. Of course.

When she was ten they held the national Norwegian fancy-skating contest—for the championship—at Oslo. And she entered. And won.

And the applause grew louder.

The Henies owned another house several miles out of town, a towering building perched atop a hill beside the blue Christiana Fjord; and here they moved, the next winter, at Sonja's earnest request, so that she might practice on wider fields. She came home from skating, one afternoon, white-lipped with excitement—tossed her skates in a corner, ran up the long stairway, found her mother reading in the sunroom.

Casually, kneeling beside Selma Henie's chair, she said: "They have decided to have the world's championship in Oslo this year. Everyone will come, from every country. The King and Queen and all the Royal Family will be there." Sonja paused breathless. "I—we can go?"

Her mother sat looking at the tense child for a long time. Then she smiled, touched the bright head with her fingers. "You had better ask Papa before you enter this one," she whispered.

Like a minor tornado Sonja rushed for the stairs, bound for Wilhelm's study. But at the bottom she paused, suddenly. Papa, she recalled, had been very concentrated and somewhat irritable for the past few days—something connected with business. Perhaps—

"I will wait," thought Sonja, "until a better time."

The time came three nights later when Wilhelm came home from a short trip bringing with him a sales contract and a broad grin; she caught him after his mighty supper of smörgasbord, salmon, roast reindeer, potatoes and pudding, as he sat smoking by the fire.

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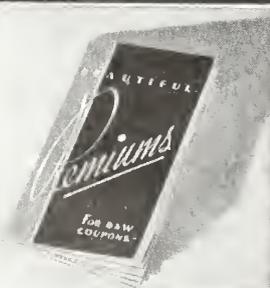
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He answered heavily, "If it will please you, Little One. Enter, by all means." Thence the days to little Sonja were a white mist during which she practiced old routines and invented new ones, perfected style, exercised and skated from early morning until late afternoon. Nights were periods first of wide-eyed worry and later of exhausted, troubled sleep.

She and her mother worked furiously on a costume; and one by one, Sonja discarded patterns, colors, styles. Finally, one afternoon, came inspiration: she would wear all white, with a wide circular skirt that would whirl as she turned! Showmanship!

When the day of the great meet came at last, "I discovered I was the youngest entry ever to compete for the world's championship," she told me. "And I was frightened to death."

But the costume helped. No one else had dared such stark, dramatic simplicity; and no one else had managed to combine, with such effortless skill, the graceful rhythm of ballet dancing with

the more difficult finesse of skating. At a peak of nervous energy built up through the waiting weeks, she flashed over that special rink before the delighted crowds like Beauty incarnate.

When, at the end, she stood motionless on the tips of her skates and heard the great arena explode into detonating sound, saw the great mass of people rise involuntarily as one, she knew the honors were hers. She knew that now, incontestably, she was the best skater of all the skaters in all the world. At eleven years, she stood and knew such triumph as few men or women dream of.

And it was not enough. She determined she would find other worlds to conquer.

*Spurred by applause and by the enormous, egoistic ambition which now inspired her, Sonja Henie flashed on to even greater triumphs. Read the incredible history of her Olympic achievements—and of the love she found—in next month's installment.*

# Answers

THIS "TEST YOUR MEMORY" QUIZ (PAGE 36) WAS PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR PHOToplay BY STEWART SCHACKNE

1. Douglas MacLean is the amusing fellow who had to fly to win the girl, although he got dizzy even on a stepladder. He also starred in "The Hottentot."

★

2. Edward Arnold who recently played the rôle of Jim Fisk in "The Toast of New York."

★

3. This is Dorothy Dalton as she appeared in "Moran of the Lady Letty," a sea-play in which Rudolph Valentino had the masculine lead. Her second husband is Arthur Hammerstein.

★

4. She of the flowing blond hair is Mary Philbin; the man—Elliott Dexter.

★

5. The red-haired "It" girl—ladies and gentlemen, we present Clara Bow.

★

6. If you were accurate, you'd say, "Migawsh, there's Bill Powell." The lady on the receiving end of his intense gaze is Marion Davies, lately seen in "Ever Since Eve."

★

7. Betty Blythe, probably best remembered for the title rôle in "The Queen of Sheba," is the frightened lady in the maternal pose. She was seen last year in "The Gorgeous Hussy" in which Joan Crawford had the feminine lead.

★

8. Carol Dempster's fragile charm won her a place in millions of hearts when she played in "Dream Street." She was a talented dancer, having toured the country with the Denishawn troupe before entering movies.

★

9. J. Warren Kerrigan had what it took to set feminine hearts fluttering in 1913. The film, made some years after the Photoplay Magazine popularity contest, was "The Girl of the Golden West."

## Long Distance Romance

(Continued from page 27)

another separation is necessary. As a matter of fact, most of our English feminine stars are married to men who are forced to conduct their lives and business on the other side of the Atlantic, and therefore, for a good part of the year, husband and wife must be separated.

FOR some time after their marriage, Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin were apart, as his professional work kept him in New York. But recently he has moved to California and is practicing there, which looks, on the surface, as if they had decided that the arrangement was too difficult for them. And I seem to have heard that Aline MacMahon's husband was a New York architect.

One could go on indefinitely citing examples, but what I am most interested in is the psychology of such marriages. As I have said, the arrangement may work very well for a few. In fact, there are some people temperamentally unsuited to living in the same house even with the person they love best in the world . . . temperamentally unable to adjust themselves to the everyday demands of marriage . . . which are not romantic demands . . . and hence if two such meet and marry, each is very fortunate . . . it would be a pity were they to marry anyone else. But for the average run-of-the-mill human being, long separations, for any reason whatever, are unnatural and bound to cause unhappiness.

The first things which come readily to mind are jealousy and loneliness. It is entirely human for a man separated from a young and lovely wife to be jealous, or at least potentially so. And it works both ways. Any woman separated from a young and attractive husband is going to be jealous too. And in the event that the wife is a star in Hollywood and the husband an orchestra leader with a large following, neither is permitted to sit home day in and day out and never come in contact with those of the opposite sex.

That's where loneliness comes in. Days, weeks, months—and you grow so plain darned humanly lonely that you have to go out and see people and amuse yourself a little in order to feel less alone. Letters, wires, telephone calls from coast to coast, just take the edge off loneliness. But marriage, a real marriage, is the only insurance anyone has against loneliness. And a real marriage cannot be conducted at long distance.

Here you may argue that people who trust one another are not jealous, and people who truly love one another are not ever really lonely in their hearts. And both arguments are perfectly true in one sense, and yet, as most of us are fallible human beings, jealousy does enter in, fight it though you may, and loneliness is always present. Not loneliness of the heart, perhaps, but loneliness of the senses . . . not to see or hear or touch the beloved is a bitter deprivation.

BUT to my mind, the most dangerous thing about the long-distance marriage is the growing apart. Look at it this way: marriage, the real thing, is built, not on romance, but on common memories and common ties, on sharing; on silly, personal, entirely homemade jokes; on the things you hear and see and experience together.

People who are forced to live apart

for the greater part of the year are also forced to make each his own life, with a separate set of friends and experiences. Of course, when they are together again they can share the experiences, secondhand; and also the friends. But the fact remains that each has had to build up his or her own way of living. And the sad and perilous thing may be that after the first glow and rapture has worn off, as it must in time, after the reunions have ceased to be in the nature of recurrent honeymoons, so little is left, because so little has been built—together. Each has become accustomed to his or her way of living; and the need of the other partner in marriage has become less. You grow away from each other and you grow away from dependence on each other, which is a big part of marriage, and you grow away from missing one another.

If these long-distance marriages need remain for a short time only at long distance, after which the two people who love each other can be together again for all time, the danger passes. But if remote control is to continue over a long period—well, almost anything is apt to happen to such an alliance.

Passionate love, romance, glamour, these must, and do, play a definite and important part in a successful marriage, and if this were all there were to marriage, perhaps the long-distance arrangement would work out. But there has to be more. It isn't that the exciting, romantic phases of marriage pass utterly—but that they serve as an introduction, not a conclusion. Other things do not "take their place," as people say; there is nothing to take the place of the first glow and headiness of a love marriage. But other qualities follow, are built into marriage and stem from that first understanding.

There must be a sharing of laughter and sorrow, disappointment and uncertainty . . . lived with, lived through, together. And you can't do it unless you are together. And the average run-of-the-mill man and woman want to build a home—and by that, I don't mean necessarily the same four walls, year in and year out, but a home for the heart, a lasting and abiding place.

Marriage is composed of two people, with their backs against the wall, fighting together for all that means security and happiness to them. It means, of course, emotion. But it also means partnership.

Children can be a great factor in holding a marriage together, but by no means the greatest factor. And many marriages have gone on the rocks despite children, just as many childless marriages can be, and are, radiantly happy. I am convinced that the greatest single factor in a worthwhile marriage is the daily sharing of each other's needs and the daily adjustments to each other's demands.

These remote-control marriages of Hollywood may work out. I hope they do. There is certainly a chance if the people who assume them realize at the same time the dangers to which they are subjected. And there is always a chance that the separate careers will dovetail and that a way can be found in which two people, each with a career to pursue, can be together again. Then there is always the solution that one of the two may decide to submerge, to sacrifice his or her career for the other partner. But what may possibly happen in such a case is a different story. . . .



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## Mr. and Mrs. Is the Name

(Continued from page 22)

she tells about it. That faint smile is the only thing about her recital that isn't wholly businesslike and matter-of-fact.

"I was going with a boy at the time who was studying law. One night he phoned that he'd have to work and wouldn't be able to see me, so I thought it was a swell chance to go down with my sister and see this Mr. Benny she'd been talking about for so long. After the show, we went out dancing some place. I thought he was very nice, and that was all. He didn't talk much. He never does. He's a very quiet person really. People get the impression that he's always clowning around. Nothing of the kind. When we go out with Burns and Allen, who are our very dear friends, it's George who's the funny one. All Jack does the whole evening is fall down and split his sides roaring at George. You couldn't ask for a better audience.

"Well, that night, when it came time to go home, I said I'd go with my sister and brother-in-law. He didn't seem impressed with me either, and I thought he'd just as lief have it that way.

"NEXT morning I went to work—I was assistant lingerie buyer in May's, right across the street from the Orpheum. At about ten, who should come strolling in but Mr. Jack Benny, and start asking me a lot of silly questions—like where could he buy a couple of Ubangis and what floor the herring department was on. Finally, he asked me to go to dinner with him that night, and I did.

"A couple of nights later, this other boy wanted to go out and I suggested the Orpheum. We sat in the second or third row, and Jack spoke to me from the stage. Well, for some reason that made the boy friend very indignant. After the show, we had a big argument, one thing led to another, and we broke up. It was all pretty silly. There was certainly nothing to be jealous about at that stage. But I didn't shed any tears over it. And I didn't shed any tears over Jack either, when he left at the end of the week for San Francisco and points north."

The Livingstone household was wrapped in slumber a month or so later, when the telephone bell shattered the stillness of 3 A. M. Mary's father stumbled to the phone, while the others clustered round him, shaking with cold and panic.

"Long distance?" they heard him say. "Vancouver? Who? Mary? Who wants her? Mr. Benny? What's the matter, Mr. Benny? Are you sick? Did you have an accident? No?" He shrugged helplessly, and turned the phone over to his daughter.

"Hello," she said.  
 "Hello," said Jack, with a beam in his voice.

"What's the matter?"  
 "Nothing. I just wanted to say hello."

"At three in the morning?"  
 "Oh, that's right. I forgot you people weren't in show business. Say, I didn't wake you up, did I?"

She laughed, though the family didn't. She was still laughing when she hung up and they clamored to know what it was all about. Her father went off muttering to his bedroom. "In the middle of the night he wants to say hello—in the middle of the night—" With his hand on the knob, he turned, struck by a sudden thought. "Say, is that man crazy?"

Benny went to New York. Mary didn't hear from him again, nor spend

much time thinking about him. Christmas came, and with it a small white box, unheralded, unannounced, containing a diamond wrist watch and a chaste white card, bearing the name of Jack Benny. Nothing more, no letter, no message, no greeting. She wrote to thank him, but for all the answer she got, he might have dropped into the middle of the sea. She shrugged and laughed and echoed her father's sentiment: "I guess the guy's crazy."

The following fall she gave up her job and went to visit her grandmother in Seattle, where she had lived as a child. There she met a boy she'd gone to school with, and they became engaged. "Was I in love with him? I don't know. I must have thought so, and yet I couldn't have been, or what happened wouldn't have happened."

In October she returned to Los Angeles to prepare for a January wedding. She wired the news to her sister, then in Chicago. By return mail she received an almost frantic reply. "You're too young to get married. You haven't been any place or seen anything. At least, come to Chicago for a visit before you make up your mind."

Mary was puzzled. She had made up her mind and she really couldn't see how a trip to Chicago would enlarge her horizon sufficiently to push marriage off the map. Besides, there wasn't time. She had too much to do. Still, there was something funny about it. Her sister wasn't in the habit of going off half-cocked.

She was still wondering two nights later, when she got her second long-distance call from Benny. He was in Chicago. His sister was going to be married. He thought it would be nice if Mary came to Chicago for the wedding.

"Don't be silly," she said. "I don't know your sister. Besides, I'm going to get married myself."

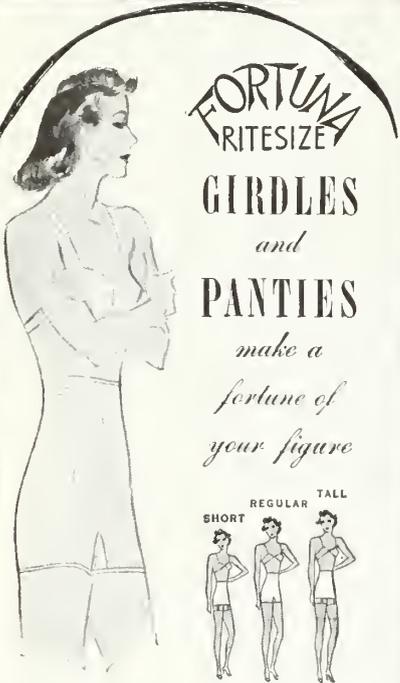
"You're too young to get married." This was beginning to sound strangely familiar. "And another thing. I thought when I got married, I'd like to marry you."

"At first," says Mary, "I thought he was joking. Then I saw he wasn't. But that was a little too insane even for me. He'd never shown any sign of interest, except for the watch, and that was so long ago, and I hadn't heard a syllable since. So I told him I might go to Chicago to see my sister, but the other thing was out. Then I couldn't keep my mind off him. I kept thinking: I kind of like him too. Maybe, subconsciously, I made up my mind on the spot. If I did, I never admitted it, even to myself."

He was waiting with her sister and brother-in-law at the station. It was a Saturday, and they all went to his father's home at Lake Forest for the week end. Jack and Mary sat up talking after the others had gone to bed. Jack asked her to marry him, and she said she would, "with the other man's diamond staring me in the face."

"I knew it was an awful thing to do. I felt mean and low-down, but none of that seemed to make any difference. I felt it was right to marry Jack, no matter how many wrongs stood in the way. So I wrote the other man a letter. I said: 'By the time you get this, I'll be married.' And the following Friday Jack and I went to Waukegan and got married."

Jack was touring in a musical, and Mary toured with him. It was a new experience and not altogether pleasant, at first. She wasn't used to theatrical



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life or to show people. But her good sense clarified a problem that might have thrown another woman. "I couldn't expect him to change to my ways, so I changed to his. It was the least I could do in return for all his kindness. Honestly, I think the man lay awake nights figuring out things he could do to please me. Sometimes I wanted to sneak into a corner and cry."

When the show closed, Jack started rehearsing a vaudeville skit with a girl partner. They were scheduled to try it out in Port Chester, New York. On the afternoon of the tryout the girl was taken ill. Mary, always hanging around backstage, knew the act by heart.

"Think you could do it?" Jack asked. "You know it's important, Mary. All the bookers and agents 'll be out front."

As Mary describes it, she didn't have sense enough to be frightened. Privately, she thought they made an awful fuss about nothing, these actors. What was so hard about getting up on a stage and reeling off lines someone else put in your mouth?

Jack was closeted with the agents for a while after the show. When he joined Mary, he had "that look on his face that he gets when he has to tell you something disagreeable. Like a kid that's lost his dog. Only I didn't know it so well then as I do now."

"You know, dear," he said carefully. "I don't think you ought to go into show business. I think you should just be my wife and not work."

Whereupon she went off into gales of laughter. "What's the matter, honey?" he pleaded. "You're not hysterical, are you?"

"No," she gasped. "But you look so scared—trying to let me down easy—I know I was awful, but the funny part is—I don't give a darn," and she collapsed in mirth against his shoulder.

So they went on tour with the act—Jack, his partner, and Mary, quite content to be just his wife. They played the big towns, and then came a series of small ones.

"You know," Jack said unexpectedly one day, "we're not making much. I think I'll let the girl go and put you in. Just for the small towns," he added hastily. "I'll get her back for Los Angeles."

That was all right with Mary. Anything Jack said was all right with Mary. They played the small towns, and Jack got his girl back for Los Angeles. After the third performance, the manager came into Jack's dressing room. "There seems to be something wrong with the act. I don't think you work so smoothly with this girl. Who was your partner in Vancouver? We got some nice reports about her."

"That was Mary," beamed Jack.

"Mary! What did you take her out for?"

"I didn't think she was good enough for Los Angeles."

"Well, do me a favor. Put her back in again, will you?"

"Do you a favor!" Jack jumped up to pump the other's hand. "What do you think you're doing me?"

They were booked for two weeks and stayed seven. "If they liked me," says Mary, "it was no credit to me. Jack trained me like a baby. I just did what he told me to do. He taught me everything I know. Same way with this picture I just did for Paramount—'This Way, Please.' He went over my lines with me every night. He was on the set, coaching me, keeping me from getting too scared. I tell you frankly I couldn't have done it without him. When he's there, it's all right. When he's not, I'm lost. He looked at the rushes, I couldn't. If he thinks it's O. K., that's good enough for me."

Jack's first radio job was on a program with George Olsen and Ethel Shutta. He came home one night and told Mary that the script was a little short. "How would you like to do a bit as my secretary? It's not much, but I'd kind of like to have you hanging around."

Several bits followed, till at last people began writing in to say that they liked the voice called Mary, and who was she anyway? "Give her more," said the sponsors. "Keep her busy." And when the series was ended, they asked for Jack and Mary together. "To look at him when he told it," says his wife, "you'd have thought I'd won the Nobel prize or something."

THE one thing lacking to their happiness was children. Mary thought she wanted one. Jack knew he did. When George Burns and Gracie Allen adopted their Sandra, they were living at the same hotel in New York as the Bennys. Mary always knew where to look for Jack. He was watching Sandra in her bath or Sandra at her bottle or Sandra falling asleep, her hand firmly clutching his forefinger. When Mary came in one day, he said: "What are we waiting for?"

So they filed their application, and presently started their baby-shopping. Jack said: "I don't care, so long as it's a kid. The rest is up to you."

Mary had her own ideas. "I wanted a baby that really needed help, not a gorgeous darling that anyone would snap up at sight. Other than that, I didn't care either. And it's a funny thing. You look at a lot of babies, and you just say no. Then I saw this one. Everything was wrong with her. She had a cast in one eye, she was undernourished, she had a skin rash and a cold on the chest. She wasn't a good-looking baby, but I liked her. Jack was in Washington with a show, but I knew it would be all right with him, so I took her."

He came home a couple of nights later, and Mary took him in to see their child. He looked—and said nothing. "Isn't she a darling?" prodded his wife.

"Well, yes, I guess she's cute." His voice was flat. "What's the matter with her eye, anyway?"

Mary smiled. "Don't worry, Doll." (Doll is the family pet name. Jack is Doll to Mary, Mary's Doll to Jack and Joan is Doll to both of them.) "Don't worry, we'll have her fixed up."

Her eye was straightened, her cold was cured, her skin was healed. Within two months Jack couldn't be pried away from her. Now that she's three, they're boon companions.

It's hard to believe that she was ever anything but lovely. Under a cloud of pale gold hair, her blue eyes regard you with grave interest. Then the delicate little face breaks into a smile.

"I was on a birthday," she tells you. "I was free years old. Daddy took me in the elevator. I like elevators to go in. Daddy and Mommy are going for a vacation. They won't see me for a long day. They will send me a pelegram." All this on one eager breath.

Mary insists that she takes after Jack. "She's got his mannerisms. Don't ask me how. Maybe she copies 'em. She's got his disposition, too. Tell her to eat and she eats; tell her to go to bed and she goes. Never a whimper, just sweet. Maybe that's from being with him. But then she's with me, too, and she hasn't caught my ways, thank heaven."

Her dark eyes turned soft as she looked at the baby.

"Who's your daddy, Joan?"

"Jack Benny," came the prompt reply. "Best in the world."

"You said it, Toots," echoed her mother heartily.

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## Give Robert Taylor a Break!

(Continued from page 19)

that way. And anyway, does beauty in a man connote any weakness, any lack of virility? Does a man have to have a pug nose and jowls before he's considered a he-man? Must an actor be an abysmal brute to possess ability to act?

Taylor's background is no different than that of millions of other American boys. He was born in a small town, Beatrice, Nebraska, about twenty-three or twenty-four years ago. He was the son of rather well-to-do parents. His father died when the boy was young. His mother reared him. When he was old enough she sent him to college. He elected to go to Pomona.

At Pomona, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout found him. And after that there was nothing natural or normal in his life.

He was put under contract, entered in a movie school, given a screen test. He was studied by experts. Make-up artists tinkered with him. They pulled out the hairs of his head, one by one, with a pair of tweezers, to make a widow's peak. They gave a more graceful arc to his eyebrows. They made slight alterations in his teeth.

Perhaps Taylor had the idea that he was a free agent, that he was directing his life along the lines of his own will. But he got over that quickly. He was intelligent enough to see that forces outside himself held the reins, drove him where they wanted to.

They gave him a new name. They spent hours tailoring his clothes just so. They spent days posing him for photographers, trying various lights on him, shooting him from various angles. They spent weeks "building him up" with publicity.

They gave him small parts to try him out. Then they entrusted him with more important rôles. They put him into one of those "crime doesn't pay" pictures, and he made such an outstanding success he astonished everybody, including himself.

"I'm really an actor," he thought. He was proud, because he'd taken the work seriously, worked hard, fought to learn all they could teach him, put his heart and soul into the part they gave him.

But he soon got over the pride of achievement because, no matter what rôle he played, no matter how good or bad it was, the emphasis was always on his beauty, his physical appeal—never on his talent as an actor.

The next picture of any consequence in which he was cast was "The Magnificent Obsession." Not since then has he been given a chance to prove himself an actor—and he was good in that, wasn't he? Since that picture his parts have been Taylor-made, designed to show off his charm, never his ability. He has been Robert Taylor in every rôle. It wasn't his fault. He wasn't allowed to be anyone else.

In spite of that, and in spite of mediocre stories, he made every picture into a box-office success. He became a star, a big star. It was exhilarating at first. It would be to any normal boy. But it wasn't long until he grew sick of fame, sick of playing himself, sick of reading about himself.

You see he was famous for his beauty, his so-called "woman-appeal," not for his brains. Nobody knew he had brains.

He was "America's Glamour Boy." And what could he do about it? Nothing but suffer and endure.

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C-14 Wm. Fox Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

The public began to sneer; the press became satirical; fan mail fell off; Taylor's popularity began to wane. Taylor worried. Popularity is so easily destroyed. It takes no skill, no ingenuity, no bravery to kill it. The least little thing will snuff it out—venom, gossip, unjust criticism, malice, envy, the twitter of some nitwit in the gallery. So what?

So—unless you want to hang the kid without a fair trial—give him a break, a chance to show what he can do in an honest rôle. Cut out discussing his beauty. Take that for granted. Suspend judgment for a time. After all, he's only a kid, and he may have as much latent talent as any man you can name. Give him time to develop it.

The New York reporters asked if he were taking lessons from Spencer Tracy. They thought they were belittling him, perhaps. He replied that if he were, he couldn't go wrong, that Tracy was a master, and that anyone could learn from him.

That would indicate, first, that Taylor is a modest young man, and not the conceited prig he's sometimes been painted; second, that he knows an actor when he sees one; and third, that he'd like to be as fine an actor as his idol, that he's ambitious.

He's ambitious, and he has the courage to go ahead, in spite of all the sourpusses, in spite of all the catcalls and the jeers. With ambition and courage like that, he'll go far—if you let him.

You can stop him. You can throw him out of pictures. Or you can give him a break. It's all up to you.

Oh, and another thing—don't you think it's a bit snide, and a little cowardly, to question his virility? If some one openly doubted your manhood, or womanhood, you might poke him in the eye, or scratch his face. Taylor can do nothing. He's a movie star, and movie stars may not engage in brawls. You can attack him and get away with it. Sure you can. But doesn't it make you a sort of heel?

What difference does it make if Taylor has spinach on his chest or not? Who cares? The beaches are full of hairy apes. But would you like to see one of them holding Garbo in his arms?

Maybe it was some hairy ape that started the Bronx cheer for Taylor. He'd be just the type. Maybe there are more of them in America than I thought. Maybe that's why we've lost our reputation for good sportsmanship. What do you think?

If You Want to Be a Glamorous Beauty

(Continued from page 5)

she may deny it now (that's a pet habit of Marlene's), there are close friends in Hollywood who laugh about being up until "all hours" at a night club with Marlene, only to receive, with their breakfast tray at home a few hours later, a fresh-baked, still-warm-from-the-oven cake from this lovely creature.

Marlene plays tennis, too. She plays a pretty good game. And she loves to walk in the right kind of low-heeled brogues too few of us possess today. But the "nighthawk" method was really what banished the bulk she brought across the ocean with her.

Another beauty step, which sounds at first like something way over the heads of most of us, is one Marlene launched in Hollywood, perhaps most unconsciously, but with a lasting effect

on the social set. Let's call it the essence and study of dramatic entrance and effect.

Compare the way you decide what gown you'll wear to an important party and how you'll wear your hair (which is about all you'll bother to consider) with what prefaces a Dietrich "evening out." The answer will be what amounts to the vast difference between your everyday smartness, perhaps, and the illusive Dietrich glamour.

Mind you, part of Marlene's mysterious rôle in Hollywood is secrecy, so this is what we might call "hearsay." But "they say" that Marlene takes into consideration the coloring of the room into which her presence is to be projected; the lighting; the length of time she'll be there; the type and favorite colors of the other women apt to be included in the guest line. Then she spends as many hours as she needs to dress, make up and create a startling, dramatic contrast to the entire scene.

She may have learned a bit of this from motion pictures. It's the sort of thing upon which great Hollywood designers like Travis Banton and Adrian base certain costume effects. But how many feminine stars have been clever enough to adopt such technical practices in their own personal glamour campaigns?

Try this yourself, just once, and see how you'll outshine every other woman in the room. Then go "expert" (after all, you know what the interiors of your friends' houses look like and whom you'll probably meet there) and make this sort of thing a ritual, so you'll be armed at all times just as Marlene is.

It's like starting to learn a difficult profession from the bottom up. Hard at first, but gradually it becomes second nature.

That's what Dietrich's beauty is—to Dietrich.

She walks into the Trocadero at night, or the Vendome at noon and every other woman in the place becomes panicky with a sudden tidal wave of inferiority. No other feminine star can hold the glamour spotlight against Marlene's spell. And they know it!

**WATCH** her eat! No water-cress salads or fragile bits of fresh, raw fruits and vegetables. She eats meat and bread, most frequently steaks, and drinks wine with her luncheon or dinner. I understand that in her home she herself prepares heavy meals of meat and vegetables and always has a supply of those delicious cakes she loves to make. But she apparently studies her own system and knows just how much and what type of food her body demands. She must have to keep her system well-supplied to indulge in that "slim-sleep" schedule.

Because Marlene changes her ways like a flash of lightning and with about as much warning, this next beauty step may be passé by now. But she told someone, not so long ago, that she considers "air bathing" almost as important as one's soap and water bath.

The body beautiful, in other words, should have its scrubbing in a bath of scented, softened water and one should use either a brush, loofa, or coarse washcloth. Then a good, brisk rub with a man-sized towel and at least ten minutes of complete relaxation without clothing before using any powder, vegetable, cologne or whatever after-bath preparation you prefer. Lie down and relax or stand at ease before your mirror, in the nude, and check upon your posture. But whatever you do, give your entire body a "breathing spell" immediately after your bath and see what an improvement you'll make in the general condition of your skin.

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You can tell by the way Marlene moves that she has studied poise tirelessly. There's one simple, easy rule behind this, too, after you've stopped to think about it. Stand sideways in front of a full-length mirror and draw yourself, from the ankles, up to your full height. Keep your stomach in, your chest out and your shoulders back, so that everything about your figure follows an upward and outward movement. Hold this and check the difference in your figure at this moment against the usual posture into which you allow your body to fall.

Keep that word glamour before you, and gradually school yourself to move gracefully with this new poise you've acquired because you have Dietrich as an inspiration.

Think back and remember Marlene in some of the pictures in which you first saw her. Then consider "Desire" and "The Garden of Allah" and steel yourself for even more breathtaking glamour in "Angel," her new Paramount picture. You can see, after you've analyzed it, how she has built this beauty she possesses. Step by step. Marlene Dietrich has glorified herself. No matter how much of a failure some of her films have been, her beauty has put them over.

How many times have you wished your hair had a sheen like Marlene's? But even though you may have tried her famous "gold powder" trick you probably haven't been able to match her shining halo. The secret is that she has a special hairdresser. It's a woman she discovered (whose name she seems to guard from the rest of Hollywood's fair members) who brushes and washes and then brushes her hair again—every day. That isn't Hollywood exaggeration. It's actual fact.

You'd like to be glamorous like Marlene. Of course you would! But I'll bet you fidget like mad during that one weekly shampoo and under-the-dryer siege you allow yourself. I know I do.

Almost last, but by no means least, is the one outstanding phase of the beauty triumph Marlene has so certainly achieved. It is her originality. She pays no attention to fads. She starts her own and as soon as they become universal she deserts them and finds a new set. Remember her eyebrows? Everyone copied them when they first arched into that dangerously thin line, so she gave them a newer, more exotic line the rest of us can't imitate. We can't get away with it.

Another fad which Dietrich has scorned is the suntan craze. Only a clever beauty could figure out the startling effect of one gardenia-skinned lady in a gathering of mahogany damsels. That clever beauty was Marlene. And Hollywood was burned, in more ways than one. For against her white face she drew a vivid gash of a mouth which she matched with nail polish and a ruby ring. Effect—with a capital E!

Sum it all up. It's more unbelievable than your wildest dream. This girl who couldn't even speak English very well when she landed, in her horrible pink shoes and her blowsy blonde tresses, might easily have taken one look at Hollywood's proud beauties and fled in a flood of tears. But instead, acting as though she were a silk worm wrapped in a fuzzy cocoon, she hid her broad hips in gentlemen's attire until she was ready to emerge.

When she was ready, she shed her cocoon, and emerged to reign—the most glamorous of butterflies! She's the only one who can snub Hollywood, infuriate everyone, behave as no other star would dare—and yet retain, unchallenged, her title, "Queen of Glamour." Long live La Dietrich!

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**DISPOSABLE TISSUES**  
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# Hollywood on the Air

(Continued from page 49)

when the doctor tried to keep her off the air, she yelled like a Comanche.

Winter will very probably bring a vacation—of all things—to Gracie Allen, the fifty-two-weeks-a-year wonder gal. Leave it to Gracie to twist things around. She's been having a go with laryngitis, and last month, if you'll remember, came on the show sounding like a cross between Andy Devine and a frog with quinzies. Gracie is very proud of her non-stop record, though, and insisted on doing the show very much against the doctor's mutterings. She's stubborn that way. You know it's strictly against the rules for personal greetings to go out on the air. But a few weeks ago when Gracie found her program a little short she stepped up to the box and said, "Good night, Ronnie and Sandra—I'll be right home." Ronnie and Sandra, of course, are the Burns' two babes, and Monday night is the only night they get a taste of the high life. Usually on this night, Gracie and George defy pediatricians' dictums and let them stay up until after the show.

BOB BURNS stumbled down the home stretch in the Crosby-less Kraft Music Hall, gently assisted by loving friends and star neighbors who moved heaven and earth to rally round. For instance, the day Claude Rains and Fay Wray guested, Claude kept a good farmer from cutting his wheat crop just so you could have a radio load of his personality. The movies had him booked for a scene in a ripe wheat field due for the reaper, but Claude said radio came first, which might have been tough on the farmer

and the starving Armenians, but was all right with us. Fay never looked lovelier but was as nervous as a bride despite the fact that hubby John Monk Saunders had poured over and revised her script. "Never touched one of Fay's scenarios in my life," said he, "but this radio is important stuff." That's how they all feel these days.

Bob showed up several times with a swell crop of whiskers bringing realism to the Arkansas hillbilly stuff. Then they decided to write his funny business around the beard. But the night that went on the air, disconcertin' Bob showed up with a smooth shave! The audience was slightly baffled throughout; it didn't make sense—like the night Jimmy Stewart planted a gag with his accordion that fizzled. Jimmy thought it would be nice to start off his number, "Sweet Sue," with a sour note—just to get a laugh. Well—when he tried it he couldn't stop—and most of the notes were sour! Very discouraging! Jimmy takes his music seriously.

Not so seriously, however, as Alice Faye. The Faye is so anxious to be a big hit on the air that she buys records of every song she's due to sing and plays them while she eats, showers and rests between picture scenes. She's that busy. Alice used to have a great big picture in colors standing out in front of the Wilshire Ebell Theater where she lets herself go with Hal Kemp. The other day, after the show, a mob of fans swept out of the place and took the picture right along with them. Alice ducks out side doors now—afraid she's next!

Incidentally, the fans are making it

tough for stars to get in and out of the broadcasting studios. The rush and crush is being evaded in this manner. The escorts drive around in back of the studios and sit in their cars. When Mary Pickford guested at Chase and Sanborn, everyone oh'd and ah'd because she showed up alone. Little did they know that Buddy Rogers was taking it all in from his auto-radio around back.

The system didn't work so well, though, with "Sandy," the very elegant, perfumed cocker pup of Connie Bennett's. Sandy is a very cloying dog, as we've told you before, with the habit of getting in everyone's hair—so when Connie came on the Music Hall a few times back, they decided he'd better be locked in the car outside until all was over. That was all right with Sandy, especially when tender-hearted Bennett turned on the radio to please his canine ears. But when she came on, Sandy went mildly insane and tore up the inside of the car like an old shoe. His mistress' voice does things to him!

The nicest new voice of the month, according to those old ears, was Allan Jones', the miner-choir boy, who finally came into a spot tailor-made for him with Werner Janssen's Fleischmann program on Sundays.

FALLING radio leaves from the autumn Hollywoods: Marian Talley returns to Ry-Krisp minus her appendix but still with her long distance marriage. . . Bing Crosby has hiked and horsebacked his midriff down to the size of a cider barrel. . . Tyrone Power started in radio less than three

years ago reading funny papers over the air for \$7.50 a day. Ask him what he gets for his air spot now! . . .

Kenny Baker is headed for the big time in the movies. . . Irene Rich is back in town after four years wowing 'em on the air from Manhattan. . . John Barrymore is proudest of a thank-you letter from a steel puddler about his Shakespeare stuff. . . Rudy Vallee opens at the Los Angeles Coconut Grove as you read this. . . Bert Wheeler looks like a Show Boat trouper on the steady pay roll. . . Edgar Bergen is thinking about installing a workshop and manufacturing dummies commercially. . . Virginia Verrill was turned down by MGM because she looked too much like Myrna Loy, so Goldwyn grabbed her. . .

Don Ameche needs a haircut—but it's all for art. . . The phoney Show Boat romance of Nadine Connor and Tommy Thomas is getting to be sure enough. . . Adolphe Menjou is trying to get Bob Burns to try his tailor! . . . Frances Langford has a studio car with a built-in bed, so she can play possum between studio and radio. . .

And—how would you like Shirley Temple for a radio Christmas present?

No, we're not headed for the squirrel cage. Hollywood's number one air hold-out will weaken any day now. We'll even call the program—Al Pearce and his Gang! Al is a great pal of George Temple, Shirley's pa, and if Shirley hadn't hopped across to Honolulu, you probably would have heard her before now!

Garbo's next!



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## "What Have They Got I Haven't Got?"

(Continued from page 28)

wants to become a general manager, usually settle down with one company and work their way up. Their salary, large or small, goes on for fifty-two weeks a year. But with youngsters who want to get into pictures it is different. The thing that usually breaks their spirit is the long, precarious apprenticeship in New York or Hollywood. The competition is terrific; there is no such thing as steady employment. The moment they get one job they must start looking for another. Day after day they go from office to office, seeking work, hungry, tired, scorned, trying hard to fight off despair, determined to smile and to fight on.

Casting directors, stage managers and critics tell them they aren't any good. And what hurts is the fact that these people are telling the truth. Every one of our great stars, at the start, was as gawky and as inept as a high-school boy speaking a piece. But they could take criticism; they could see their faults, and try to correct them; and they worked, took their punishment, never gave up until they reached their goal.

TAKE them at random. Let's look at Jeanette MacDonald. It's been only in the last year that she has been recognized as one of the best. It was brutal, the punishment that Jeanette took during nearly fifteen years of climbing up and slipping back, before she got a firm grip on the top rung.

When she was a youngster in New York, barely making a living by few and far between chorus jobs, she heard that James Montgomery Flagg was looking for a model for a magazine cover. She called on him.

"I'm sorry," said Flagg, after two glances. "I'm looking for a beautiful girl. You're not even pretty."

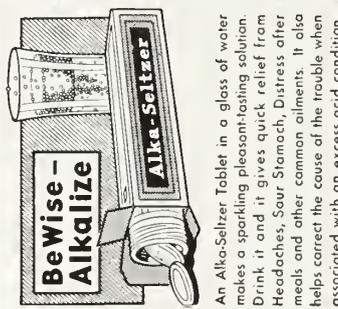
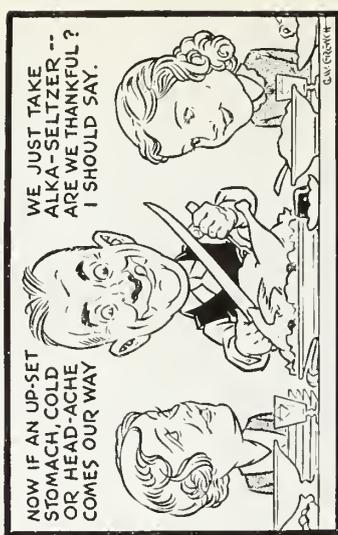
Undoubtedly this authority on beauty was right. But the verdict didn't stop Jeanette. She set about to make herself beautiful.

Fighting along, she played a few minor parts in Broadway shows. At last she was given the prima donna rôle in "The Magic Ring." The show opened in Boston, but to Jeanette it was Broadway that counted. She was waiting breathlessly for the New York première, her first chance to show them that she had the stuff.

On the last day of the Boston run she was told that she had failed. They were putting in another prima donna but if Jeanette wanted it, she could have one of the unimportant rôles.

She didn't quit, she didn't sulk. If she had, she might never have been in pictures. She took that small part and on the Broadway opening night she gave it all she had. It happened that a motion-picture scout was sitting out in front and was so impressed that he gave her a screen test that eventually took her to Hollywood to sing with Maurice Chevalier.

In Hollywood she clicked. She was sitting pretty. Then, *soco!* along came seven years of bad luck. Her chief asset was her voice and, because the producers began to make some pretty bad musicals, motion-picture fans began to shun musical pictures as though they were poison. Nobody wanted singers and so Jeanette MacDonald had to start over again on a different angle and establish herself as an actress. At that time, remember, if she had quit, nobody would have missed her.



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But she hung on, and at last her talents were recognized. She was put in "The Merry Widow" with Maurice Chevalier. It was, alas, a flop. She studied, improved her voice and her acting, courageously awaiting the time when she would get into a hit. Then when "Naughty Marietta" came along, she was ready. She became a great star at last.

Norma Shearer's father's business failed and, with her mother and sister she went to New York, determined to become an actress. She went through the usual heartbreaking routine that wears holes in the shoes of the ambitious. One day she applied to a casting director. "Do you think you have to get in pictures?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. There wasn't any doubt about it.

He shook his head sorrowfully. "That's tough," he said mournfully, and wrote down her name. "There's nothing for you today. And probably there won't be—ever."

She worked as an extra for D. W. Griffith. One day she asked if there wasn't a small part she could play. He looked her over and shook his head. "You'll never photograph well," he said. "Your eyes are too blue."

Eventually she was sent to Hollywood. A part was ready for her. After a test they changed their minds, and gave it to Marie Prevost. But at last Norma was given a real chance. For three days she worked as hard as she could. Then the director came to her and said, "I'm afraid I'll have to drop you. You don't seem to know what it's all about."

She went to her dressing room, which overlooked a lion's cage. She pulled herself together. "I'm going to be a lion," she declared. "They can't lick me. I'll go down and rip the dickens out of that part." And she did. That one rôle gave her a start. Norma rose, because in addition to possessing beauty and talent, she never relaxed; she used her brains; she worked and studied and never was content to give anything but her very best.

TEN years ago Claudette Colbert made her first picture. It was called "For the Love of Mike" and was one of the worst pictures ever made. For three years before that Claudette had struggled to get on the stage. She had had a few parts, mostly in bad shows, but at last she had been given a rattling good rôle in "The Barker." She had done a grand job and had been the talk of the town. Half a dozen motion-picture producers had offered her contracts. She had accepted what she thought was the best, worked hard—and out came that terrible picture.

Now the five producers whose contracts she had rejected smiled smugly. She might be all right on the stage, but in pictures—no. It turned out that she photographed badly, her nose was too wide, her eyes too far apart and she had a bad habit of keeping her eyes down as though she were sorry she had come to wherever she was.

For some unknown reason, although she had been a great success in "The Barker," the theater had nothing more of importance for her. So she studied her face and with make-up narrowed her nose and fixed her eyes and learned to keep them up, just as she did her chin. She got into pictures again, made "Manslaughter" and then a string of no-goods. She was through, folks said. Cecil B. De Mille was casting "The Sign of the Cross" and Claudette saw an opportunity. She had looked over those punk pictures and decided she had become typed as a wishy-washy good girl. She made up her mind to turn herself upside down, to become, on the screen,

a wicked woman. She wanted to play *Poppaea*, the hellcat.

De Mille grinned at her ambition and shook his head, so she went back to her dressing room, pulled out her nice-girl eyebrows and penciled in a wicked line. She cut her hair and gave herself mean bangs. She dropped the corners of her mouth, and donning a snappy, loud dress went back to De Mille and shot him an eyeful of iniquity.

De Mille was flabbergasted. When he recovered his breath he gasped, "I think you'll do." And she did. Nothing stopped her after that.

Joe E. Brown left his poor home, with his parents' permission, when he was ten years old, to become an acrobat in a circus at \$1.50 a week. He was one of three boys who were tossed back and forth by two men. For thirteen years he worked at that, suffering tortures that would have made most boys give up. In his first performance he cracked his jawbone and had to wear a helmet to hold it in place. He sprained ankles twelve times, never was given a rest so they would heal quickly, and was forced to turn twisting somersaults, suffering intense pain as he landed on those ankles on the mat. His knees were dislocated, his fingers were broken a dozen times, his leg smashed and his shoulder dislocated. They almost did kill him, but he stuck it out.

One thing he learned—never to admit he was licked. When he failed to do a trick he had to go right back and try it again until he perfected it. When he missed they beat him on the shins with a broomstick. Eventually he got into musical comedy, then, nine years ago, into pictures. That never-quit spirit, backed by hard work, carried him on.

THERE has been much talk about how Myrna Loy "accidentally" became a great star because somebody discovered she was better as her own sweet self than as the exotic, slinky yellow girl she had been playing. It was no accident. It was a result of intense work, a never-say-die spirit.

She had been getting nowhere for eight years and was advised by many producers that she had gone as far as possible, that she might as well be resigned, for there weren't many good parts for her type of girl.

She went to Oliver Hinsdale, then dramatic coach at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, determined to show the producers that there was a real Myrna Loy they had overlooked. She had to study to be herself. So long had she played exotics that she had innumerable bad habits to "unlearn." Day after day she worked under the direction of the dramatic coach, developing her voice, her smile, letting that grand sense of humor show in her face and her actions.

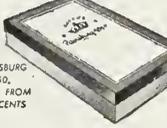
After months of work she was ready. She was given a chance to be herself in "Penthouse." Then eventually in "The Thin Man" and from that point on she was hailed as a new Myrna Loy, the greatest wife the screen had ever presented. It was in her all the time, but it took long hours of labor to bring it out.

Fred Astaire, as a child, was in vaudeville for years with his sister Adele. They were taken up by musical comedy and were a hit. Then Adele married Lord Charles Cavendish and Fred had to go it alone. There was a question as to whether he would do, without Adele. He went into "The Gay Divorce." The critics tore him apart. "Two Astaires are better than one," one of them said. Another wrote, "Astaire is quite unattractive physically and would not look out of place jerking soda in a prairie town drugstore." But the show ran thirty-two weeks and he was signed to go to Hollywood.

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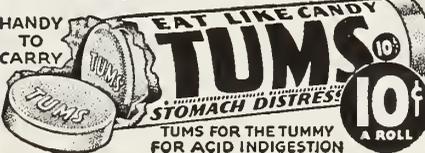


I ALMOST STARVED UNTIL I FOUND TUMS. NOW I EAT THINGS I LIKE AND FEEL FINE.

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HANDY TO CARRY EAT LIKE CANDY TUMS 10c STOMACH DISTRESS 10c TUMS FOR THE TUMMY FOR ACID INDIGESTION A ROLL

His first picture was "Dancing Lady," with Joan Crawford, and although on the stage he was one of the Bigs, they gave him very little to do in the picture. Experts said he wasn't handsome enough. He made "Flying Down to Rio" and when he saw it he wanted to burn the film. He thought he was out of pictures forever and so he went to London to appear there in "The Gay Divorce." To his amazement he began to get cables telling him that he was a hit, a new star, the biggest thing in pictures. They wanted him back in Hollywood immediately to make some more. Unbelieving, he returned—and you know the rest. He's on top, but he never lets down. No man in any profession works harder, practicing, inventing new ideas and perfecting his talent, than does Fred Astaire.

Clark Gable, as a youngster, wanted to be an actor. His first chance was with a tent show in which he played a cornet in the parade, drove stakes to put up the tent and acted in between times. He landed in the Northwest and for four years worked at all sorts of jobs, playing now and then in Little Theater productions.

Thirteen years ago he was an extra man in Hollywood. For two years he hung around the studios but nobody paid any attention to him. Often he was hungry. He left, got small parts in New York and finally returned to Hollywood to play in "The Last Mile" on the stage. He was given a test—as a Hawaiian—and was found to be no good. Struggling along, he was put at last into "Laughing Sinners" with Joan Crawford. He went up, then he went down, until "It Happened One Night" proved that Gable wasn't just a good-looking man—he could act.

And the reason he could act, the cause of his success was this: he had been studying doggedly for fifteen years, most of the time with Josephine Dillon, a great dramatic coach, once his wife. And he isn't through studying yet.

Robert Taylor, you may say, jumped right into stardom. He made the trip faster than usual, but only after two years of intensive study under a dramatic coach. And he's still studying. For nobody knows yet whether Robert Taylor will last. He landed on top because of his charm and his beauty, but charm and beauty alone won't keep him there. He must learn to act, as Gable learned, or begin to fade.

So, if your friends tell you "You ought to be in pictures," or if your mirror makes you quite sure you're a Taylor or a Loy, hold up a minute before you hop a train to Hollywood. Ask yourself, and answer truly, "Will they have to kill me before I drop?"

If the answer is "No," stay home, youngster, stay home.

Did you ever hear that tall tale about Tom Mix and his butler? Do you know what happened when a very certain person parked her best and biggest piece of jewelry with an attendant at a Hollywood night club? . . . Well, if you don't, you can find out next month, when Lucius Beebe, grand spinner of yarns, takes you behind the scenes and tells you all about . . .

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Next month in Photoplay

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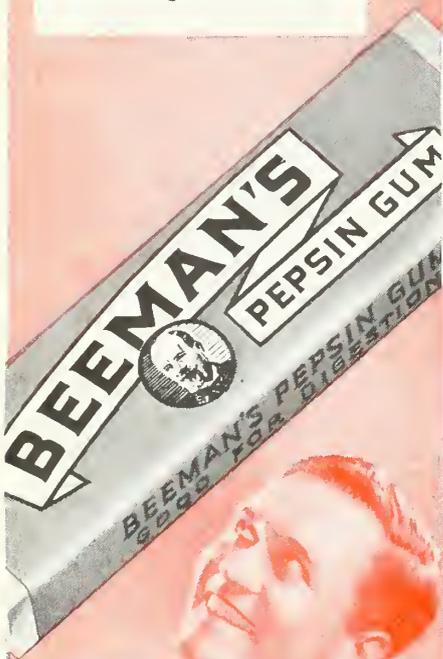
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## Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

## Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

### \$1.00 PRIZE

OH WAS SOME POWER THE GIFT TO GIVE US!

The other night I saw myself in "Love Is News." That is, I saw myself the way producers seem to think we newspaper people are. I'm just the editor of a small paper, but when I saw Don Ameche as the too-explosive editor, I wondered if I really weren't more important than I had thought. I remembered other films, too, in which the editors, à la George Bancroft, had bellowed out orders occasionally decorated with pungent words and spicy phrases.

No wonder the young people want to be reporters if they can't be movie stars! The films certainly have spread a halo of glory around the newspaper world.

But I don't mind. On those days when advertisements are slow coming in, and dead lines creep up on one, and leads just won't be anything but words, I think of the film newspaper people, and thank my Fates that I have a job which some people think is romantic and colorful and worth having!

F. K. BECKWITH,  
Seattle, Wash.

Reader Beckwith should be pleased to hear that David Selznick intends to glamorize the newspaper business in a really big way. He will soon produce "Freedom of the Press," ballyhooed as a "cavalcade of American journalism in all its exciting and romantic aspects." Specifically, it will be a history of the Associated Press, the largest news-gathering organization in the world, from its beginnings in 1848 to the present day.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?

Ward Greene gave us the novel as "Death in the Deep South"; then Mervyn LeRoy brought it to life on the screen as "They Won't Forget." It is one of the few novels that the motion pictures have improved on. I believe a great share of credit goes to Claude Rains as the perfect Andrew Griffin. In my eyes his performance was noble. I also enjoyed Gloria Dickson who portrayed Sybil Hale.

Please, Warner Brothers, give us lots more of the honest to goodness human stories and less sugar and spice.

RUTH LANGFORD,  
Seminole, Okla.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

Recently Warners gave us "They Won't Forget." It is the worst piece of farfetched unrealism that I have ever seen. Whoever did the sets hadn't the remotest idea of the South. The characters were no more Southern than this fellow from Harlem who calls himself De Lawd. Their dialect was a good mixture of the accents of ignorant negroes and uneducated hillbillies.

The story was false from beginning to end. The South holds no hatred for the North. We've forgotten everything that ever happened during the Civil War. We've forgiven everything and everyone except Sherman's March Through Georgia, and surely you'll agree that he wasn't human. Our lawyers are gentlemen, educated, cultured, polished, and not the sort of officials they pictured as being in the District Attorney's office in this film. They seemed to stop at nothing that would give the South a black eye, no matter how untrue or unreal it was—even to the lynching party



## TOO OFTEN NEGLECTED

Take care of your face . . . but don't forget your figure!

Your brassiere, for instance, should be more than an attractive-looking piece of material. If you wear "H&W" Props, with the clever corded support, you'll find your figure taking on a youthful vivacity. Unlike the average brassiere, which merely holds . . . it molds!

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Name . . . . .  
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City . . . . . State . . . . .  
Color of your hair? . . . . .

that looked like a group of thirsty mountaineers settling a feud.

The times are restless enough as they are. We are Americans united, and not a house divided.

RUTH BARNETT,  
New Orleans, La.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

TAYLOR—WAKE UP AND FIGHT!

I should like to know if Robert Taylor will be killed by public affection as so many other actors were? Does the public—especially the women—want to see him always portrayed as the spoiled, pampered son of a papa and mama millionaire? If that is so, I am sorry, for I am a woman too.

I have just come home from "Private Number," and I am hot with rage. The cinema was crowded with women, and sighs of "Oh, isn't he marvelous?" were heard up and down. The only moment when the men applauded was when Mr. Taylor hit Basil Rathbone.

Is not Mr. Taylor worth a chance to show his art? Isn't he amiable and handsome enough to play—well, play anything but that nonsense they keep starring him in? I'm not interested in whether Mr. Taylor and Miss Stanwyck were seen together here and there, but only in why Mr. Taylor doesn't struggle to get parts worthy of him.

EVA SAFRANKOVA,  
Prague, Czechoslovakia

### \$1.00 PRIZE

I am writing this letter in reference to Robert Taylor's work in pictures. He is simply marvelous, and I (and many other girls) go for him in a big way. But it seems to me that he is always cast in such a sissy part. In my eyes he has enough acting ability to be put into pictures that will give him a chance to play some heroic and fighting character, and I cannot understand why M-G-M will not give him a chance. Maybe there was a crazy idea that his handsomeness didn't quite fit in with such characters, but I don't think that is a good enough reason.

Why not give him a crack at some he-man rôle such as those played by Warner Baxter? The Taylor fans would get a real thrill.

ELAINE DOREMUS,  
Jersey City, N. J.

Actor Taylor goes British for his next, "A Yank at Oxford," but his admirers may be consoled, for he will then appear in "U. S. Smith." In that film he will be a fighting hero in the best tradition, along with Spencer Tracy who also will appear in the picture.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

WE WANT MORE MOORE—

Why don't they give Miss Grace Moore a new picture to sing in? I've seen her in the same picture four times, with slight alterations as to title. This practice of pigeonholing actors into type received a rude jolt when Victor Moore stepped out of his nincompoop comedy parts to literally triumph in "Make Way for Tomorrow." Orchids to Mr. Moore for this performance.

JAMES HORNER,  
Boston, Mass.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

Oh, why do the powers that be allow Grace Moore and other artists with operatic voices to sing songs so far below their artistic capabilities! There is no deprecation intended when I say there is a veritable endless chain of singers to supply the oop-adoop stuff, in comparison with the few who can ren-

der the beautiful operatic arias in a creditable manner.

We need and enjoy good popular singers, but an opera singer is no more able to put across a popular number than a blues singer would be able to do a complicated coloratura solo from a famous opera.

MARIE MURPHY,  
Saint Louis, Mo.

Diva Moore has always sung what might be termed "popular" sentimental music in her pictures. In her last one, however, "When You're in Love," she was persuaded to give a more or less restrained version of "Minnie the Moocher," to which no doubt Reader Murphy refers. In Miss Moore's new picture soon to be released, "I'll Take Romance," the lovely singer will have nothing but classical music to sing.

#### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### SYLVIA SIDNEY—THE SCREEN'S SOB SISTER

Just a few words about that really fine actress, Sylvia Sidney. Why is she continually given the rôle of the poor unfortunate in a picture that generally has an unhappy ending?

Her portrayals are excellent; her work sincere and filled with great emotional depth. Nevertheless, I usually leave her films with a morbid, melancholy impression. In the future, I would like to see a new Sylvia Sidney—a vivacious, gay, sparkling person in light comedy and romantic rôles. And no more tragedy for the little Sidney girl!

HARRIETTE CASSIDY,  
Tulsa, Okla.

#### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### WE'LL BITE—WHY DO THEY?

Why do producers always get a good star, or two good ones, and after casting them in one good picture turn around and cast them in a bad picture? Not content with this, they advertise the bad picture so highly that the fans think they are really going to get their money's worth out of that picture.

I am talking about Martha Raye and Bob Burns in "Waikiki Wedding" and "Mountain Music." "Waikiki Wedding" was a grand picture with plenty of good comedy and a sensible plot, but "Mountain Music" was the nearest to nothing I've seen in a long time. Come on, producers, and give Martha a real break. Let her star in a picture where she isn't so awfully silly and backwardish. She's a marvelous comedienne, and there isn't any one who can beat her when it comes to swinging a swing song.

Mrs. A. W. GARY, JR.,  
Mayersville, Miss.

#### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### NEW DEALS FOR OLD FAVORITES

It was a distinct thrill to read "The Shadow Stage" in the July PHOTOPLAY. It was a thrill because in some respects it was a "welcome home" to several stars who have not had a good film to their credit in many a moon.

I cite: Robert Montgomery (without a cocktail shaker) in "Night Must Fall"; Janet Gaynor (without whimsey) in "A Star is Born"; Fredric March (without costumes or uniforms) in "A Star is Born"; Loretta Young (without tears) in "Cafe Metropole"; Miriam Hopkins (without heavy dramatics) in "Woman Chases Man."

It's always nice to see newcomers reach the top in kaleidoscopic Hollywood, but I think it ever so much nicer to see some star, neglected by the studio, but not by his loyal fans, really come back and regain his rightful place in the movie sun.

LLOYD C. ARMOUR,  
Chicago, Ill.



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**YOUR EYES** are the most compelling feature of your face. When they are thrillingly bright, lustrous, eloquent... men are fascinated!

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Get **ibath** at any good drug department. Only 50 cents — the price of a manicure! An eye-cup comes with every bottle. **ibath** is made by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians and hospitals for over 100 years. So you see — it *must* be safe.

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Large, theatrical size . . . \$1.00

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Drug or Department Stores or write

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## Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTUROUS BLONDE"—WARNERS.—Original story and screen play by Robertson White. Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: *Torchy Blane*, Glenda Farrell; *Steve McBride*, Barton MacLane; *Gahagan*, Tom Kennedy; *Grace Brown*, Anne Nagel; *Mortimer Gray*, Robert Barrat; *Theresa Gray*, Natalie Moorhead; *Hugo*, Anderson Lawler; *Mugsy*, Hugh O'Connell; *Pete*, George E. Stone; *Mat*, William Hopper; *Dud*, Charles Foy; *Capt. McTavish*, Frank Shannon; *Harvey Hammond*, Leland Hodgson; *Mrs. Hammond*, Virginia Brissac; *Dr. Bolger*, James Conlon; *Dr. Holly*, Granville Owen; *Sergeant*, George Guhl.

"ALL OVER TOWN"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Richard English. Screen play by Jack Townley and Jerome Chodorov. Directed by James Horne. The Cast: *Olsen*, Ole Olsen; *Johnson*, Chic Johnson; *Joan Eldridge*, Joan Howard; *Don Fletcher*, Harry Stockwell; *Costumer*, Franklin Pangborn; *MacDougal*, James Finlayson; *Bailey*, Eddie Kane; *Slug*, Stanley Fields; *Davenport*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Martin*, Lew Kelly; *McKee*, John Sheehan; *Barker*, Earle Hodgins; *Mamie*, Gertrude Astor; *Miss Wilson*, Blanche Payson; *Phillips*, Otto Hoffman; *Inspector Murphy*, Fred Kelsey.

"ANGEL"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a play by Melchior Lengyel. Adapted by Guy Bolton and Russell Medcraft. Screen play by Samuel Raphaelson. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. The Cast: *Maria Barker*, Marlene Dietrich; *Sir Frederick Barker*, Herbert Marshall; *Anthony Dalton*, Melvyn Douglas; *Graham*, valet, Edward Everett Horton; *Greenwood*, Herbert Mundin; *Walter*, buller, Ernest Cossart; *Grand Duchess Anna*, Laura Hope Crews; *Prince Vladimir*, Ivan Lebedeff.

"ANNAPOLIS SALUTE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The Cast: *Bill Martin*, James Ellison; *Julia Clemmens*, Marsha Hunt; *Chief Martin*, Harry Carey; *Clarke Parker*, Van Heflin; *Bunny Oliver*, Ann Hovey; *Tex Clemmens*, Arthur Lake; *Bob Wilson*, Dick Hogan; *Mary Lou*, Marilyn Vernon; *Dwight Moore*, John Griggs.

"BAD GUY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Earl Felton and Harry Ruskin. Based on an original story, "High Voltage," by J. Robert Bren, Kathleen Shepard and Hal Long. Directed by Edward Cahn. The Cast: *"Lucky" Walden*, Bruce Cabot; *Kitty*, Virginia Grey; *Steve Carroll*, Edward Norris; *Betty*, Ann Chatburn; *"Hi-Line"*, Cliff Edwards; *Dan Gray*, Charley Grapewin; *"Shorty"*, Warren Hymer; *Warden*, John Hamilton; *Bronson*, Clay Clement.

"BIG CITY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Based on an original story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Frank Borzage. The Cast: *Anna Benton*, Luise Rainer; *Joe Benton*, Spencer Tracy; *The Mayor*, Charley Grapewin; *Sophie Sloane*, Janet Beecher; *Mike Edwards*, Eddie Quillan; *Paul Roya*, Victor Varconi; *John C. Andrews*, Oscar O'Shea; *Lola Johnson*, Helen Troy; *Beecher*, William Demarest; *Buddy*, John Arledge; *Jim Sloane*, Irving Bacon; *Danny Devlin*, Guinn Williams; *Fred Hawkins*, Regis Toomey; *Tom Reilly*, Edgar Dearing; *District Attorney Gilbert*, Paul Harvey; *Inspector Matthews*, Andrew J. Tombes; *Grandpa Sloane*, Clem Bevans; *Mary Reilly*, Grace Ford; *Peggy Devlin*, Alice White.

"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938"—M-G-M.—Original story by Jack McGowan and Sid Silvers. Screen play by Jack McGowan. Music and lyrics by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed. The Cast: *Steve Raleigh*, Robert Taylor; *Sally Lee*, Eleanor Powell; *Sonny Ledford*, George Murphy; *Caroline Whipple*, Binnie Barnes; *Peter Troy*, Buddy Ebsen; *Alice Clayton*, Sophie Tucker; *Betty Clayton*, Judy Garland; *Nicki Papaloozas*, Charles Igor Gorin; *Herman Whipple*, Raymond Walburn; *Duffy*, Robert Benchley; *The Waiter*, Willie Howard; *James K. Blakley*, Charles Grapewin; *The Sneezzer*, Robert Wildhack; *George Papaloozas*, Billy Gilbert; *Jerry Jason*, Barnett Parker; *Emma Snipe*, Helen Troy.

"FIRST LADY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Rowland Leigh from a play by George S. Kaufman and Katharine Dayton. Directed by Stanley Logan. The Cast: *Lucy Chase Wayne*, Kay Francis; *Emmy Page*, Anita Louise; *Irene Hibbard*, Verree Teasdale; *Lavinia May Creevey*, Louise Fazenda; *Belle Hardwicke*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Ellsworth T. Ganning*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Ives*, Lucille Gleason; *Charles*, Harry Davenport; *Bleeker*, Olaf Hyttin; *Stephen Wayne*, Preston Foster; *Carter Hibbard*, Walter Connolly; *Gordon Keane*, Victor Jory; *Sophy Prescott*, Marjorie Gateson; *George Mason*, Henry O'Neill; *Tom Hardwicke*, Eric Stanley; *Mrs. Mason*, Sara Haden; *Gregorovich*, Gregory Gays.

"LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Joseph Santley. Screen play by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby and Viola Brothers Shore. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Penner*, Joe Penner; *Barry*, Gene Raymond; *Parky*, Parkyakarkus; *Milti*, Harriet Hilliard; *Oliver*, Victor Moore; *Pauline*, Helen Broderick; *Dr. Molnac*, Billy Gilbert; *Betty*, Ann Miller; *Hotel Manager*, Richard Lane; *Beggs*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mrs. Penner*, Margaret Dumont; *Countess Martos*, Ann Shoemaker; *Susan*, Jane Rhodes; *Mr. Van Tysl*, George Irving; *Mrs. Van Tysl*, Winifred Harris; *Maitre d'Hotel*, Charles Judels.

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"LOVE IS ON THE AIR"—WARNERS.—Original story by Roy Chanslor. Screen play by Morton Grant. Directed by Nick Grinde. The Cast: "Andy," Ronald Reagan; Jo, June Travis; J. D., Robert Barratt; Dunk, Eddie Acuff; Weston, Raymond Hatten; Nicey, Ben Welden; Grant McKenzie, George E. Stone; Les Onimby, Willard Parker; Eddie Gould, William Hopper; Nichol, Addison Richards; Mouse, Tommy Bupp; Pinkie, Spec O'Donnell; Mrs. Copeland, Mary Hart; Lang, Walter Miller.

"MAKE A WISH"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Gertrude Berg. Additional dialogue by William Hurlbut. Comedy sequences by Al Boasberg. Screen play by Gertrude Berg, Bernard Schubert and Earle Snell. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The Cast: Chip, Bobby Breen; Selden, Basil Rathbone; Irene, Marion Claire; Moretta, Henry Armetta; Mays, Ralph Forbes; Brennan, Leon Errol; Pee Wee, Billy Lee; Joseph, Donald Meek; Dr. Stevens, Herbert Rawlinson; Moe, Leonid Kinskey; Minstrel, Fred Scott.

"MAN WHO CRIED WOLF, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Grayson and Cy Bartlett. Directed by Lewis R. Foster. The Cast: Lawrence Fontaine, Lewis Stone; Tommy Bradley, Tom Brown; Nan, Barbara Read; Captain Walter Reid, Robert Gleckler; Jock, Forrester Harvey; Helligan, Billy Wayne; George Bradley, Jameson Thomas; Amelia Bradley, Marjorie Main.

"MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Herman L. Mankiewicz. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: Mrs. Atherton, Edna May Oliver; Martha Aldrich, Maureen O'Sullivan; Ken Morley, Walter Pidgeon; Ellen Warfield, Rita Johnson; Mrs. Sinclair, Janet Beecher; Mr. Sinclair, Paul Harvey; Mr. Warfield, Charles Waldron; Mr. Talbot, Walter Kingsford; Ted Martin, Roger Converse; An Attendant, Guinn Williams; A Waiter, Leonid Kinskey; Gregory, Brent Sargent; "Doc" Howe, J. Farrell MacDonald; The Major Domo, Robert Greig.

"100 MEN AND A GIRL"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Hans Kraly. Screen play by Bruce Manning, Charles Kenyon and Hans Kraly. Directed by Henry Koster. The Cast: Patsy Cardwell, Deanna Durbin; Stokowski, Leopold Stokowski; John Cardwell, Adolphe Menjou; Michael Borodoff, Mischa Auer; John Frost, Eugene Pallette; Mrs. Frost, Alice Brady; Pappos, Bill Gilbert; Mrs. Taylor, Alma Kruger.

"PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE"—SELZNICK-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on Edward Rose's dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel. Adaptation by Wells Root. Screen play by John L. Balderston. Directed by John Cromwell. The Cast: Rudolf Rossendyll, King Rudolph V., Ronald Colman; Princess Flavia, Madeleine Carroll; Rupert of Hentzau, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Antoinette de Mauban, Mary Astor; Colonel Zapt, C. Aubrey Smith; Black Michael, Raymond Massey; Frits von Tarlenheim, David Niven; Dechard, Montagu Love; Kraftstein, William von Brincken; Lanegram, Philip Sleeman; Cook, Eleanor Wesselhoft; Duenna, Florence Roberts; Black Michael's Butler, Torben Meyer; Marshal Stryakene, Lawrence Grant; Cardinal, Ian Maclaren; Bersonin, Ralph Faulkner; Master Johann, Byron Foulger; Josef, Howard Lang; British Ambassador, Ben Webster; British Ambassador's Wife, Evelyn Deresford; Master of Ceremonies, Boyd Irwin; Lord High Chamberlain, Emmett King; Orchestra Leader, Al Shean; Passport Officer, Charles Halton; Luggage Officer, Otto Fries; Porter, Spencer Charters; De Gault, Alexander D'Arcy; Man at Station, Henry Roquemore; Wife at Station, Lillian Hermer; Two Guards at Lodge, Pat Somerset and Leslie Sketchley.

"SHE ASKED FOR IT"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Frederick Jackson, Theodore Reeves and Howard Irving Young. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The Cast: Dwight Stanford, William Gargan; Penelope Stanford, Orien Heyward; Celia Stettin, Vivienne Osborne; Ted Hoyt, Richard Carle; Randolph Stettin, Roland Drew; Mr. Switch, Harry Beresford; Conrad Norris, Alan Birmingham; Jenkins, Harry Fleischmann; Old Man Stettin, Tully Marshall; Kaulo, Miki Morita.

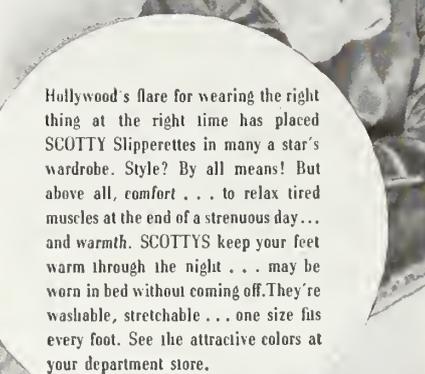
"SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT"—GRAND NATIONAL.—Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The Cast: Terry Rooney, James Cagney; Rita Wyatt, Evelyn Daw; Hank, William Frawley; Stephanie, Mona Barrie; Producer Regan, Gene Lockhart; Pinky, Harry Barris; Fuzzy, Candy Candido; Happy, Bill Carey.

"SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Doris Anderson, Brian Marlow and Robert Wyler. From an original story by Frederick Irving Anderson. Directed by Charles Riesner. The Cast: Sophie Lang, Gertrude Michael; Eddie Rollin, Lee Bowman; Helga Roma, Sandra Storme; Steve Clayton, Larry Crabbe; Archie Banks, Barlowe Borland; Sultan of Padaya, C. Henry Gordon; Clerk, Archie Twitchell; Taxi Driver, Nick Lukats.

"STAGE DOOR"—RKO-RADIO.—From a play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Directed by Gregory LaCava. The Cast: Terry Randall, Katharine Hepburn; Jean Mailand, Ginger Rogers; Anthony Powell, Adolphe Menjou; Linda Shaw, Gail Patrick; Catherine Luther, Constance Collier; Kaye Hamilton, Andrea Leeds; Randall, Samuel B. Hinds; Judith Canfield, Lucille Ball; Carmichael, Pierre Watkin; Dizzy, Jean Rouverol; Annie, Ann Miller; Early, Margaret Early; Olga Brent, Norma Drury; Madeline, Harriett Brandon; Mrs. Orcutt, Elizabeth Dunne; Ann Braddock, Jane Rhodes; Mary McGuire, Frances Gifford; Bernice,

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"THIN ICE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling. From the play, "Der Komet," by Attila Orbok. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: Lili Heiser, Sonja Henie; Prince Rudolph, Tyrone Power; Nottingham, Arthur Treacher; Uncle Dornik, Raymond Walburn; Orchestra Leader, Joan Davis; Prime Minister, Sig Rumann; Baron, Alan Hale; Singer, Leah Ray; Krantz, Melville Cooper; Count, Maurice Cass; Alex, George Givot; Martha, Greta Meyer; Janitor, Egon Brecher; Chauffeur, Torben Meyer; Waiter, George Davis.

"WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Kathryn Scola, Darrell Ware and Lamar Trotti. Directed by Walter Lang. The Cast: Ina, Loretta Young; Dr. Judd Lewis, Warner Baxter; Steve, Virginia Bruce; Mrs. Krueger, Jane Darwell; Dr. Theberg, Sidney Blackmer; Pom-pou, Maurice Cass; Constance, Minna Gombell; Mrs. Cunningham, Margaret Irving; Bruce Thomas, Gordon Elliott; Glen Wylie, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Bill, Paul Hurst; Dr. Hedges, Hal K. Dawson; Red, George Ernest; Nick, Georges Renavert; Uncle, Spencer Charters; Miss Farrell, Claire Du Brul; Chauffeur, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Chef, Charles Jody; Delivery Man, Stanley Fields; Doorman, Olin Howland; Supt. of Nurses, Jan Duggan; Specialty, Brewster Twins.

"WOMEN MEN MARRY, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Ruskin, Donald Henderson Clarke, and James E. Grant. From a story by Matt Taylor. Directed by Errol Taggart. The Cast: Bill Raeburn, George Murphy; Jane Carson, Josephine Hutchinson; Claire Raeburn, Claire Dodd; Walter Wiley, Sidney Blackmer; Jerry Little, Cliff Edwards; Brother Nameless, John Wray; Mary Jane, Peggy Ryan; Sister Martin, Helen Jerome Eddy; Peter Martin, Rollo Lloyd; Brother Lamb, Edward McWade; Sugar, Toby Wing; Quinn, Leonard Penn; "Pop," Walter Walker.

## Junior Legion

(Continued from page 67)

so clearly how she feels about her uncle. "Isn't Uncle Harry splendid," she exclaimed. "He must be just like the King!"

Her best friend and constant playmate is Michael, a black Scottish terrier. She was telling us about having been taken to visit Westminster Abbey in London before coming to Hollywood. "I didn't like it," she whispered. "It was cool in there and rather dim. I held tightly to Uncle Harry's hand and I'm glad I didn't take Michael. Michael wouldn't have liked it either." Her eyes were big and solemn.

"Would he have liked the Corona-tion?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Michael loves parades. He thinks they're ripping!"

Lately Michael has been joined by Peter, a nondescript little animal brought from Baltimore by Uncle Harry as a special gift to Sybil for being a good girl. Peter has none of Michael's dignity. When we were introduced he landed with a bound in my lap, turned around six times, climbed up my shoulder and started to chew my ear. Peter has no British restraint. He is a 100% American Dog. Poor Michael!

Sybil and I are going over to play dolls with Cora Sue Collins. I've known Cora Sue since she was four, and the first time I saw her I asked her to come and play with my dolls. She looked at me rather queerly but thanked me politely. As she was walking away she said to her mother in a loud whisper, "Just think, Mother! Still playing with dolls! At her age!"

Next month is "Big Surprise" month for the readers of "Hollywood's Junior Legion." Marianne will hold court under a spreading Christmas tree and—but read for yourself all the delightful things she will have to tell you.

Remember—if you want a snapshot of this month's party, write to Marianne, in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal., and enclose a self-addressed, STAMPED envelope.

## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

### ★ EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS, THE—M-G-M

Gorgeous production, exquisite cameo-like work by Luise Rainer, and the always satisfying performance of Bill Powell make this a fine picture, though the creaking story built around spy activities is antique and melodramatic. E. E. Chive, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Morgan make up the splendid cast. (Sept.)

### EVER SINCE EVE—Warners

Once again Marion Davies is a glamorous beauty posing as an ugly duckling to keep her job. When Bob Montgomery, her author-boss, discovers he loves his homely secretary, all goes quite as you would expect. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins provide the slap-happy comedy. (Sept.)

### EXCLUSIVE—Paramount

Yellow journalism comes in for a lambasting in this newspaper yarn. Fred MacMurray and Charles Ruggles are reporters for the clean sheet. Frances Farmer and Lloyd Nolan come to plenty of grief representing the muckrakers. Its lusty, gusty fare. (Oct.)

### ★ FIREFLY, THE—M-G-M

Jeanette MacDonald's newest venture into musical comedy without Nelson Eddy is a well-photographed, spectacular piece with a Napoleonic Spanish background involving spy activities. Allan Jones is Miss MacDonald's love this time, and they both contribute some blue-ribbon singing. (Oct.)

### FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio

This thrilling story of planes and fliers has all the symptoms of a hit picture. It concerns a brutal setup at a small airport in the Andes. Headman Onslow Stevens sends men to their death in ruined planes. Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne finally find the answer to liberty and love. (Oct.)

### FLY-AWAY BABY—Warners

Glenda Farrell, feminine Sherlock Holmes, again solves a murder mystery, but this time she takes to the air on a round-the-world trip to do it. Barton MacLane is the dick in love with her. Good comedy is provided by Tom Kennedy. And the finish is a surprise. (Aug.)

### GANGWAY—GB

Definitely Jessie Matthews' best picture to date, this gay crook musical has delicious song and lyrics and Jessie's dancing tied together in a giddy story of a young English girl's mix-ups with gangs, gunmen and Scotland Yard men. One of the latter helps her straighten out her love life. (Oct.)

### GIRL SAID NO, THE—Grand National

With sixteen Gilbert and Sullivan tunes to create nostalgia and a surprise performance by Irene Hervey, this reaches the upper brackets as bright comedy. Bob Armstrong is the down-at-the-heel manager of a singing troupe. You should see it. (Aug.)

### HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

The situations and gags that enliven Fred Stone's predicament as the shiftless yokel whose farm is used as a hide-out by a gang of crooks provide some good comedy. Emma Dunn is Stone's energetic wife; Marjorie Lord his pretty daughter. Your whole family should enjoy it. (Oct.)

### HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount

As a combination of epic, musical and thundering melodrama, this experiment sometimes curdles, but Irene Dunne, in fine voice, is alone worth the admission. She is presented as a carnival girl who marries farmer Randolph Scott. They finally discover oil for the lamps of Erie under the cabbages. Top-notch. (Oct.)

### HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE—Monogram

A timely, wholesome and sometimes satirical picture of everyday American life given reality by the forthright performance of Mickey Rooney, the misunderstood urchin battling for his father's reputation. Anne Nagel is the understanding school-marm; Frank Shields, her beau ideal. (Sept.)

### HOTEL HAYWIRE—Paramount

A conglomeration of good actors lost in a melee of ancient buffoonery that manages to be very funny. Leo Carrillo is the fake seer whose bad advice breaks up the family of Lynn Overman and his wife, Spring Byington. The amateur detective work of Benny Baker and Collette Lyons adds to the marital confusion. (Aug.)

### HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox

Here comes the Jones family again—and in trouble as usual. Pa Jones (Jed Prouty) is a candidate for mayor, but almost loses the election when blackguards frame his son in a messy scandal. Spring Byington, Kenneth Howell, Shirley Deane and the usual Jones cast. (Oct.)

### ★ I MET HIM IN PARIS—Paramount

As modern as tomorrow's hat, this sophisticated conversational comedy reveals what happens when two boys meet one girl. Claudette Colbert is the department store designer out for a fling. Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young see that she gets it. The dialogue is delicious and as catchy as measles. The snow scenes taken at Sun Valley are breathtaking. Simply swell. (Aug.)

### IT HAPPENED OUT WEST—20th Century-Fox

Paul Kelly, a big business man, is sent West on an undercover deal to purchase a dairy ranch from Judith Allen. He falls in love with her, becomes involved with Leroy Mason, heavy. You write the rest. (Aug.)

### IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia

This consists mostly of charm by Francis Lederer, beauty by Madeleine Carroll, and nonsense by Mischa Auer. There is most to do about an inheritance, and True Love comes out of a triangle romance. At times it's pretty funny. (Oct.)

### IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Warners

This allows Bette Davis and Leslie Howard to drop their previous sufferings and romp through one of the gayest and smartest of the new comedies. Playing stage players in love with each other but



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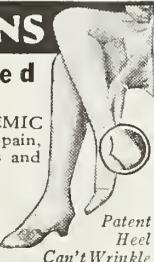
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temperamentally allergic, they are ably supported by Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, and particularly Eric Blore, whose brand of humor grows increasingly contagious. (Oct.)

### KING SOLOMON'S MINES—GB

Based on the novel by H. Rider Haggard, this depicts the harrowing experiences of five adventurers seeking the lost diamond mines of the Biblical king. Paul Robeson contributes some superb singing; Roland Young and Cedric Hardwicke play with their usual finesse. Somewhat à la serial, but you'll enjoy it. (Sept.)

### ★ KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR—London Films-United Artists

James Hilton's story of romance and danger during the Russian Revolution, beautifully produced and superlatively photographed. Marlene Dietrich, as the exquisite countess, drops her mask, becomes really human. Robert Donat, as the secret service agent who saves her life, is perfect. Exceptional. (Aug.)

### LADY ESCAPES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Another grade Z attempt at whimsical farce that fails miserably to amuse. Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart are a pair of battling hyenas who, after a year of assault and battery, decide on a divorce. What happens? Who cares? (Aug.)

### LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID—Paramount

An action-packed drama of modern Spain with timely subject material and a good story, but the dialogue is an insult to intelligence. Included in the cast are Lew Ayres, Dorothy Lamour, and Gilbert Roland, all of whom overact. (Aug.)

### ★ LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Warners

Warner Brothers prove once again their aptitude for combining fascinating biography with dramatic entertainment. Paul Muni does epochal acting as the French writer, champion of the underdog, who risks his life and career to fight for *Capitaine Dreyfus*, unjustly condemned to Devil's Island. Joseph Schildkraut as *Dreyfus* is superlative. The entire cast scores. See this as one of the year's worthiest pictures. (Sept.)

### LONDON BY NIGHT—M-G-M

Here is the usual mystery with the usual formula, the first ingredient of which is the reporter sleuth. Though the murderer masks his identity behind an umbrella, of all things, George Murphy finally solves the crime with the help of his girl Watson, Rita Johnson. (Oct.)

### LOVE IN A BUNGALOW—Universal

A lightweight little story, this has Nan Grey, hostess in a model bungalow, and Kent Taylor, breezy salesman, bickering in the modern manner. Without benefit of clergy, they enter a happiest married contest, are forced to live up to the terms. Stay home and be comfortable. (Sept.)

### LOVE UNDER FIRE—20th Century-Fox

As a new production in the current cycle of Spanish war pictures, this one was fired at and missed. It is built around the antique story of a Scotland Yard man chasing a beautiful woman thief through shot and shell. Don Ameche, Loretta Young and Borrah Minnevitich try very hard. (Oct.)

### MAN IN BLUE, THE—Universal

The story of a cop, Edward Ellis, who adopts the son of a thief he killed in line of duty. The boy, Robert Wilcox, allows his heritage to throw him for a loop on the wrong path, but all ends well with the help of his heart throb, Nan Grey. Take it or leave it. (Aug.)

### MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST—M-G-M

Debonair Robert Young raises this simple second-class picture to Grade A entertainment. The story concerns a crackpot inventor who gets involved in a night of adventure playing good Samaritan to a strange girl. Florence Rice is a vivid heroine. (Sept.)

### MARRY THE GIRL—Warners

Fancy the hysterical "woo-hooing" of Hugh Herbert and the fuss-budgeting of Mary Boland, as heads of a newspaper syndicate, and you have some idea of this giddy-gabby laugh riot. Mischa Auer, Frank McHugh, Alan Mowbray and Carol Hughes contribute to the fun. (Sept.)

### MEET THE MISSUS—RKO-Radio

Miss America contests come in for some fancy razzing in this Victor Moore-Helen Broderick snicker-flicker. Helen enters a better housewife contest, dragging hubby along. The judges finally pay them to leave town. Looney and lively. (Aug.)

### MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Republic

A sentimental, sobby drama of a frivolous wife who befriends two orphans to win back the custody of her own children. When Wynne Gibson, the wife, grows to love Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt, her husband becomes convinced of her sincerity. The kiddies are cunning. (Aug.)

### MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Warners

Based on the famous Edith Maxwell case, this reveals the brutalities of a sadistic father (Robert Barrat) who beats his daughter (Josephine Hutchinson). She kills him, goes to prison. George Brent, as her attorney, does his bit. Too repellently cruel. (Aug.)

### ★ MOUNTAIN MUSIC—Paramount

This screwball story of a hilly-billy with amnesia is a rollicking comedy of the knock-down drag-out tradition. Martha Raye is the homely hen whom no man but Bob Burns wants. Things get raucous when the mountain people accuse John Howard of murdering Burns. If you like fun, here it is! (Aug.)

### MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR—Warners

Tuneful and colorful, this introduces Kenny Baker, of other fame, portraying a strawberry festival songbird who is "discovered," hits the big time, falls in love. The girl is Jane Wyman. Baker promises to be a pleasant addition to the screen. (Oct.)

### ★ NEW FACES OF 1937—RKO-Radio

If variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there, and plenty of hot swing music form your idea of amusing cinema, this is your dish. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Harriet Hilliard and

(Continued on page 97)



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Parkyakarkus are the principals around whom are built many sketches and minor acts. Outstanding. (Sept.)

**NIGHT OF MYSTERY - Paramount**

This tries to follow the tradition of the *Philo Vance* series and fails miserably. When a murderer someone seems bent on exterminating the whole *Greene* family, you wish they would get it over, so you could go home. (Aug.)

**NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE - Paramount**

A shooting, tooting action story of the famous *Hopalong Cassidy* series with Bill Boyd as usual playing *Cassidy*. Posing as a bad boy to find the murderer of his brother he nearly comes a cropper. The scenery steals the show. (Sept.)

**OFF AGAIN-ON AGAIN - RKO-Radio**

Wheeler and Woolsey are a pair of quarreling Babbitts who decide on a wrestling match as a solution to their problems. The winner takes over the business; the loser plays valet to the lucky one. Patricia Wilder, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord add pep. (Sept.)

**ON SUCH A NIGHT - Paramount**

Someone was bound to make a picture of the Mississippi flood, and this irritating murder mystery is it. You can't imagine what Karen Morley and Grant Richards will do against the menace of Edwardo Ciannelli, nor do you care. The cast is good, but the story unbelievable and forced. (Oct.)

**ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN - 20th Century-Fox**

Bill Robinson's dancing and Fredi Washington's warm performance lift this mild melodrama from utter mediocrity. The complications revolve around a white child and a colored woman who claims parentage. There are shootings, prison breaks and kidnappings. Claire Trevor is the newspaper wench who fixes everything. (Oct.)

**★ PARNELL - M-G-M**

A moving and educational portrait of the "uncrowned King of Ireland" and the woman for whom he gave up his power, directed with restraint and scrupulous attention to historical detail. Gable in the title role is dignified, Myrna Loy as *Kitty O'Shea* is completely charming, and Edna May Oliver, Montagu Love, Neil Fitzgerald and Edmund Gwenn offer able support. Superior entertainment. (Aug.)

**RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS - Republic**

Better than most independent "quickies," this offers Pat Ellis as an unsuccessful composer of music and Warren Hull as the big-shot musician she manages to compromise. Put it on your see-it-necessary list. (Aug.)

**ROAD BACK, THE - Universal**

Sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," this is a slow-moving psychological study of German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their defeated fatherland. Richard Cromwell, John King and Andy Devine offer keen portrayals of the youthful patriots. (Sept.)

**RUSTLER'S VALLEY - Paramount**

Bill Boyd again takes to his boots and saddle as *Hopalong Cassidy*, frees his pal from accusation as a bank robber, finds time to woo and win Madge Evans. Better than the average *Hopalong*. (Sept.)

**★ SARATOGA - M-G-M**

Jean Harlow's last picture and the consensus is that her portrayal in this fast-moving comedy drama built around the well-known race track was one of the best of her career. Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Una Merkel, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan are all up to their usual fine standard. (Sept.)

**SHE HAD TO EAT - 20th Century-Fox**

Here are jumbled all the old time-tested comedy devices, including mistaken identity, the screwy millionaire, the dumb country boy and the clever little miss. They all miss. Jack Haley, Eugene Palette, Franklin Pangborn and others try hard, but the story yields only a few moments of hilarity. (Sept.)

**SHEIK STEPS OUT, THE - Republic**

Ramon Novarro's screen comeback finds him in the garb of an Arab making his famous brand of love to a corkscrew heiress, played by Lola Lane. Novarro's charm is as effective as ever. See it for the several nice songs you will hear and for a laugh or two. (Oct.)

**SING AND BE HAPPY - 20th Century-Fox**

An innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leah Ray, working for rival advertising firms, sing and bicker for reels, make up at the best of Helen Westley, "Pickle Queen." Songs include "Travelin' Light," and "Sing and Be Happy." (Sept.)

**SINGING MARINE, THE - Warners**

Amiable Dick Powell has the situation well in hand in this nicely produced musical. He plays a bashful soldier whose head becomes too big for his hat. China restores his equilibrium. Doris Weston is the girl who waits at the home port. Completely unoriginal but amusing. (Sept.)

**★ SLAVE SHIP - 20th Century-Fox**

A rugged and skillfully directed drama dealing with the African slave traffic of 1850 somewhat rose-colored by a romance between Captain Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan, a Virginia belle. Wally Beery, Joseph Schildkraut and George Sanders graphically villainous. Mickey Rooney steals all the honors. (Aug.)

**SMALL TOWN BOY - Grand National**

The hackneyed story of the village sap who becomes a go-getter is again brought out of its wrappings. This time Stuart Erwin is the suppressed lad, who, finding a thousand bucks, immediately becomes a new man and wins the belle of the borough, Joyce Compton. Stay home. (Sept.)

**★ SOULS AT SEA - Paramount**

An intensely interesting epic of men against the sea based on an incident in maritime history in the 1850's. When his ship is wrecked, Gary Cooper decides who shall survive, is put on trial for his life later because of his decision. Cooper, George Raft, Frances Dee and the entire cast are superlative. (Oct.)



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**★ STELLA DALLAS - United Artists**

Samuel Goldwyn (who produced the silent version) again brings to the screen this poignant story of mother love. Barbara Stanwyck is splendidly sincere as the flamboyant mill girl who sets her cap for a gentleman (John Boles), catches him, and in her love for her daughter (Anne Shirley), reaches the heights of self-sacrifice and devotion. Cast, production and direction are superb. (Oct.)

**SUPER SLEUTH - RKO-Radio**

Jack Oakie mugs, slugs, and turns cartwheels to create laughs in this comedy satire on all mystery yarns. Playing a dim-wit actor who yearns to be a detective, he discovers a would-be murderer. The chase ends in the crazy house of a beach concession. Just where the picture belongs. (Sept.)

**TALENT SCOUT - Warners**

Lively entertainment results from this gay story of a talent looker-over, Donald Woods, and his singing find, Jeanne Madden. When she becomes a hit and falls in love with Fred Lawrence minor complications result. The cast has plenty of vim and the songs are catchy. (Aug.)

**★ THAT CERTAIN WOMAN - Warners**

A remake of Gloria Swanson's "The Trespasser," this now promotes Bette Davis as the gangster widow who falls in love with shilly-shallying Henry Fonda. Their stolen love yields nothing but sacrifice and misery for everybody. The cast is splendid. Take two hankies with you. (Oct.)

**THERE GOES MY GIRL - RKO-Radio**

The aged setup of two newspaper people who fall in love while covering a murder. There are a few good comedy situations but even Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are hard put to make anything of this film but second-rate entertainment. (Aug.)

**★ THEY WON'T FORGET - Warners**

Here is emotional dynamite, artistic cinema, and excellent entertainment. Based on the best seller "Death in the Deep South" it relates with truth and power the story of a murder case which involves the nation in sectional hatred. Newcomer Gloria Dickson shines; Claude Rains is outstanding. Don't fail to see it. (Aug.)

**★ TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE - RKO-Radio**

Stirring drama inspired by the grandiloquent careers of the "robber barons" of America's industrial turmoil after the Civil War. Edward Arnold is a lusty *Jim Fisk*, Lord of Wall Street; Frances Farmer is intelligent as *Josie Mansfield*; Jack Oakie's comedy scores. Lavish and spectacular. (Sept.)

**★ TOPPER - Hal Roach-M-G-M**

Gay mad nonsense involving two mischievous ghosts (Connie Bennett and Cary Grant) who have the power of materializing themselves at will. Their efforts to bring harmony into the marital difficulties of Roland Young, a whimsical banker, and Billie Burke, his prissy wife, will leave you gasping with laughter. The production is A-1 too. (Sept.)

**UNDER THE RED ROBE - New World-20th Century-Fox**

Old-fashioned in theme and treatment, this reveals Annabella, the current toast of the Continent, and Conrad Veidt in a story of dukes, duels and diamonds in the days of Cardinal Richelieu. Veidt is miscast, Annabella is pert and pretty. Romney Brent is excellent. (Aug.)

**VARSITY SHOW - Warners**

Here is a rollicking three cheers for dear old Rutgers musical with Fred Waring and his band, Dick Powell, Walter Catlett, Ted Healy and others leaping the goal post for a touchdown. Dick is the successful alumnus who does his bit for Alma Mater by putting the pretty co-eds on Broadway. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane go to town. (Oct.)

**VICTORIA THE GREAT - RKO-Radio**

Another epic of English history, the story of one of its greatest queens, has been made into a beautiful and moving chronicle of a woman and an empire. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are excellent in the title roles. Honest, dignified and entertaining. (Oct.)

**VOGUES OF 1938 - Wanger-United Artists**

Never has Technicolor proved itself so screen-worthy as in this pageant of beauty, fashions and music basted together with the thread of a plot involving Warner Baxter, a dressmaker, Helen Vinson, his wife, and Joan Bennett, a decorative deb. A major screen achievement. (Oct.)

**★ WEE WILLIE WINKIE - 20th Century-Fox**

Kipling's famous tale of British Army posts revamped to allow Shirley Temple the name role, and full scope for her undisputed powers of capturing the affections of our officers as well as American audiences. There is action and plenty of it when Shirley delivers a spy message, is kidnapped by an Indian Khan. June Lang and Michael Whalen carry the romance; Victor McLaglen is excellent as usual. A "must see." (Aug.)

**WILD MONEY - Paramount**

Edward Everett Horton is a stingy newspaper auditor on vacation when a kidnaping makes him forget his parsimoniousness. Horton's spending spree is all there is to it, and the slight love angle introduced by Louise Campbell. Catch this on a double bill. (Sept.)

**WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES - Warners**

Barton MacLane takes care of the horses by gambling at the race track. Peggy Bates and Ann Sheridan are the women. The wine, if any, is warm and of poor vintage. You can do better reading a racing sheet. (Oct.)

**YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE - RKO-Radio**

Here is screwy comedy which manages to be consistently funny. Silk-hatted Preston Foster is tied up in politics, meets Joan Fontaine, falls in love. Herbert Mundin troups nicely as Foster's manservant, and Barbara Pepper is hilarious. You'll laugh. (Aug.)

**★ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING - 20th Century-Fox**

You can have everything in the way of entertainment here. This gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedy has Don Ameche and Loretta Young for love content, Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee) for sex, the Ritz Brothers for fun, and a sure-fire plot about an ambitious young thing trying to crack Broadway to hold them all together. What more do you want? It's a pushover. (Oct.)

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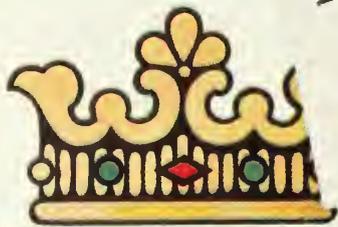
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**HEYWORTH CAMPBELL**  
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**RUTH WATERBURY**  
EDITOR

On the Cover—Loretta Young, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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## LINES TO THE GIRL ON THE COVER

BY

**FAITH BALDWIN**

Flowers of flame and a starry gleam,  
Carols and candles and mirth;  
A prayer for the ancient, immutable  
dream,  
Peace and good will on earth.

Youth looking out with radiant eyes,  
Fixed on a far, shining way,  
Lovely and seeking and trustingly wise,  
As fair as her flowers, as gay.

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# BOOS

AND

# Bouquets



PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

Upper right: "Best bit performance of the month" goes to cabby Frank Jenks, seen with Deanna Durbin in "100 Men and a Girl." Above: a duet, with special rendition on Cary Grant's part and due fervor on the canine side

## FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

### THE WINNER!

SINCE seeing Robert Taylor in Hollywood last month I read with an enlightened mind all these newspaper accounts about his snubbing his fans, avoiding autograph seekers and trying to slip unnoticed in and out of crowds.

I saw him at the Brown Derby in an interesting open-at-the-neck sport shirt, seemingly enjoying Barbara Stanwyck and supper. Miss Stanwyck looked at him dotingly and showed interest in all he said, and vice versa. Apparently they were carrying on a normal conversation, but they must have had master minds to be able to do it among so many craning necks and sputtering whispers. All the while an impatient mob outside the door grew larger. With a hundred minds and twice as many eyes concentrated on Barbara and Bob, no doubt it was difficult for them to eat comfortably, talk rationally or relax, all of these being things which we, the bourgeois, have the privilege of enjoying undisturbed.

Then, after dessert, came the problem of dealing with the gang at the entrance. Robert Taylor mustn't snub them, yet he doesn't want souvenir chunks torn out of his cloth-

ing. If all those people close in on him he mustn't resist, because then the headlines would have it that Taylor struck women and children. Heavenly days! And that was only one infinitesimal occasion, and to think he goes through that every day. In no uncertain terms, I extend my sympathy to him. Now every time I hear he has surreptitiously avoided a mob, I'm glad. After all, he is worth more to all of us if he remains unman-gled. Incidentally, I acquired such a kink in my craning neck that I couldn't even finish my spaghetti.

MAXINE SWEGLE,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

## SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

### "TOPPER" AT THE TOP!

Roland Young, Constance Bennett, Cary Grant and Billie Burke certainly triumphed in "Topper." It is beyond a doubt the most enjoyable comedy I have ever seen, excluding none—not even Harold Lloyd's most hilarious hits. I am afraid that "Topper" will cause the automobile death toll to mount considerably for the next several months. Even I—a below fifty driver—felt like rounding some nice curves at eighty-five per in the hope of not being too late to join up with Connie and Cary who, after their fatal crash,

had such a grand time with the befuddled Roland Young.

Unfortunately there was really too much hearty and continuous laughter among the audience, for although I saw "Topper" twice, I missed much clever conversation because of audience hysteria. I'm wondering if theaters couldn't furnish some kind of laugh-silencer for audiences whenever a laugh-burst like "Topper" comes along.

RALPH G. PETERSON,  
Casper, Wyo.

## THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

### SOCKO! FROM C TO A ABOUT B

This letter is a scathing denunciation of one Katherine Albert who bit the hand that's fed her for lo! these many years. I know, because I've read PHOTOPLAY for about ten years and seen the above mentioned "tag" attached to several articles. Never before has one of PHOTOPLAY's staff so insulted the readers and lowered the integrity of PHOTOPLAY itself as Miss Albert did in her recent discussion about B pictures in the August issue. Her very arguments condemned the issue she sought to defend.

To quote—for I can find no better arguments myself—Miss Albert says: "Now this  
(Continued on page 90)



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and Pencil Sets at  
\$12.50 and \$15.

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Go to any good pen counter today and see Parker's two new de luxe editions—the Major and Maxima Vacumatics—in smartly laminated Pearl style with double ink capacity and Television barrel, now gracefully slenderized for restful balance.

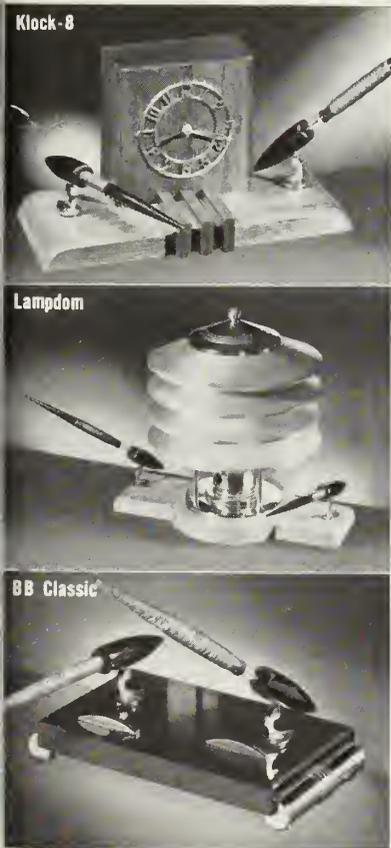
And see the stunning new Parker Vacumatic Desk Sets,—and the new Pen and

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It's a Pen that gives a person second sight by letting him SEE the ink level at all times—so he can refill at any odd moment—so it won't run dry.

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Holds 102% More Ink  
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**VACUMATIC** REG. T.M.  
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Juniar or Juniarette, \$5 · Standard or Slender Standard, \$7.50 · Major, \$8.75  
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Full  
TELEVISION  
Ink Supply

# BRIEF REVIEWS

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

## ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warners

A breezy edition of the *Torchy Blane* series with forthright Glenda Farrell as a newspaper gal out to get her man in the person of Barton MacLane, a busy, bustling police lieutenant. Anne Nagel and Bill Hopper join the chase. If you like adventurous comic strips. (Nov.)

## ALL OVERTOWN—Republic

Olsen and Johnson fans will love this bit of bright hysteria wrapped around two "angels" who back a Broadway show, find themselves with a murder mystery on their hands. Franklin Pangborn is a panic as a swish designer. (Nov.)

## ★ ANGEL—Paramount

The languid Miss Dietrich in a velvety mixture of romance and European politics surrounded by Lubitsch's direction, sparkling dialogue, perfect photography and a splendid supporting cast. Herbert Marshall is the preoccupied husband, Melvyn Douglas rounds out the triangle. Better not miss it. (Nov.)

## ANNAPOLIS SALUTE—RKO-Radio

Here is a worthwhile, simply presented story of rival muddies at the Naval Academy. James Ellison and Van Heflin are in love with Marsha Hunt whose father objects to her marrying. When scandal rears its ugly head, the rivals become friends. The background is refreshingly authentic, as the scenes were actually taken at Annapolis. (Nov.)

## ★ ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount

A conglomeration of skits and songs engagingly held together by Jack Benny as the screwball promoter of an Artists' Ball who gives you the chance to see and hear Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick, the Yacht Club Boys, Connie Boswell, Andre Kostelanetz, Ben Blue and a bevy of artists and models. Definitely dizzy. (Oct.)

## BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warners

A better than usual newspaper yarn dealing with the part journalists play in railroad-ing innocent persons to death. Joan Blondell is remarkably good as the lady of the press, Pat O'Brien is her editor and Margaret Lindsay is the unfortunate victim of their go-getting zeal for sensationalism. (Nov.)

## BAD GUY—M-G-M

"Bad Guy" equals bad picture. Bruce Cabot plays the unholy fellow who gets into scrape after scrape, finally comes to grief.

Edward Norris is the good boy who reaps his reward in the love of Virginia Grey. Don't give it another thought. (Nov.)

## ★ BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M

The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, wife, nurse, directed in an unusually exciting and realistic way. Franchot Tone brings all his ability to the rôle of the surgeon, Virginia Bruce is his selfish but glamorous wife, and Maureen O'Sullivan the sympathetic partner in his lifework. Splendid. (Sept.)

## BIG CITY—M-G-M

Rough and ready drama of the taxi war in New York, combined with an immigrant girl's problems in a new world, tangle Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer in many romantic though exaggerated situations. Tracy is a bit ponderous, Luise a bit coy, but it's a clever production and there is a fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

## BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Radio

Hilarious situations enliven this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits his gangster uncle's swag, backs an anti-vice crusade, discovers he's the gang's big shot. Cora Witherspoon gives a fine performance as Guy's socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores. (Oct.)

## BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—M-G-M

Stuffed with much of Hollywood's best talent, this follow-up of "Broadway Melody of 1936" again teams Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell. Bob's rôle as a producer seems lost in the melee of song and dance acts, but Eleanor is lithesome as usual and George Murphy shines brightly as do Judy Garland, Sophie Tucker and others. (Nov.)

## CALIFORNIAN, THE—20th Century-Fox

The pattern of this Western is old, but the treatment is entertaining. Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish don who frees his people from the hated gringos. Katherine de Mille is the jealous menace—Marjorie Weaver the heroine. (Sept.)

## CONFESSION—Warners

Even Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the somber burden of this moody melodrama based on a *Madame X* theme. Basil Rathbone is the dog responsible for Miss Francis' downfall. Ian Hunter struggles along as the unsympathetic husband; Jane Bryan is the daughter. (Oct.)

## CORNERED (FORMERLY WAR LORD)—Warners

This is "The Bad Man" done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well be left undone. Boris Karloff is the Oriental who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Raids, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Sept.)

## COUNSEL FOR CRIME—Columbia

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being obvious hokum. Douglass Montgomery is Kruger's illegitimate son who prosecutes his father on a murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and the love interest is flatter than an ironing board. (Sept.)

## DANGEROUS HOLIDAY—Republic

A child violinist who runs away from his parasitic relations racketeers fleeing the law, a tepid romance between a forest ranger and an heiress compose this placid adventure tale. Twelve-year old Ra Hould is particularly splendid. (Sept.)

## ★ DEAD END—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

Sidney Kingsley's superb and poignant play of how society makes its own criminals along the New York water front where slums and smart apartments meet, loses none of its drama on the screen. Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie and Humphrey Bogart are the principals in the cast, augmented by the six little hoodlums of the original version. This is a "must" unless you don't like realism in the theater. (Sept.)

## DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Columbia

As propaganda against reckless driving this neatly contrived picture proves entertaining as well as educational. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the attorney who first defends, then prosecutes Elisha Cook, Jr. Reporter Joan Perry is charming. (Sept.)

## DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount

Disappointing after Bing Crosby's former smash hits, this vague musical is based on the familiar device of four funny people benefiting from the will of an eccentric. Mary Carlisle is Bing's foil. The score is nice. (Oct.)

## ★ EASY LIVING—Paramount

Nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish piece of silly sophistication which revolves around Edward Arnold, Wall Street tornado, a sable coat which lands on the smooth back of Jean Arthur, and her romance with Ray Milland who works in an automat. It's a riot! (Sept.)

## ★ EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS—M-G-M

Gorgeous production, exquisite cameo-like work by Luise Rainer and the always satisfying performance of Bill Powell make this a fine picture, though the creaking story built around spy activities is antique and melodramatic. E. E. Clive, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Morgan make up the splendid cast. (Sept.)

## EVER SINCE EVE—Warners

Once again Marion Davies is a glamorous beauty posing as an ugly duckling to keep her job. When Bob Montgomery, her author-boss, discovers he loves his homely secretary, all goes quite as you would expect. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins provide the slap happy comedy. (Sept.)

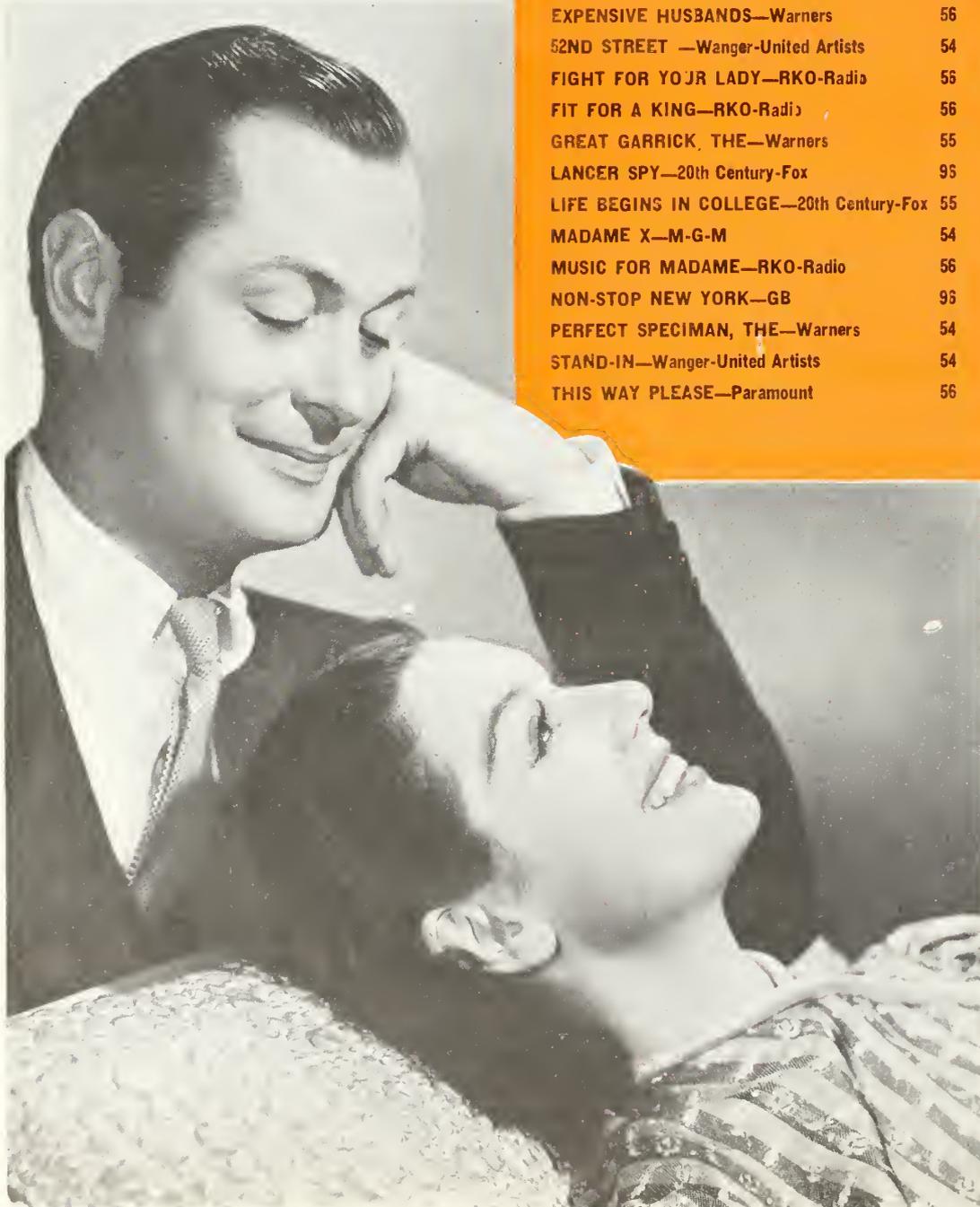
## EXCLUSIVE—Paramount

Yellow journalism comes in for a lambasting in this newspaper yarn. Fred MacMurray and Charles Ruggles are reporters for the clean sheet. Frances Farmer and Lloyd Nolan come to plenty of grief representing the muckrakers. Its lusty, gusty fare. (Oct.)

(Continued on page 94)

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In private, Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell feud politely, but in public, they go on costarring in perfect—and profitable—equanimity. "Live, Love and Learn," is a new comedy about the troubles of a young Hollywood couple

THE MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT OF ALL TIME!

The favorite play of America is  
**THE SCREEN HIT OF  
THE YEAR!**

A year of preparation—3 months before the cameras—production costs breaking all studio records—and now the love-and-laughter show that enthralled New York and London stage audiences for two seasons is ready to flash its glories on the nation's screens.



*"Tonight's our night  
—there may never  
be a tomorrow."*

WARNER BROS. present:

*Claudette* **COLBERT**

*Charles* **BOYER**

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!

★ **"TOVARICH"** ★

supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

**BASIL RATHBONE**

★ **ANITA LOUISE** ★

**MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS**

**MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture**





Those Mauch imps are real carpenters. You should see the beautiful Christmas gift they're making for their mother



Marianne had her hands full when she invited redheaded Jane Isbell (above) to tea with three other Irishers. The doll is Patsy Ann, Tommy Kelly's Christmas gift for his little sister

A CHILDREN'S PAGE  
Edited from Hollywood by  
MARIANNE



### *The Junior Legion stops for tea under a spreading Christmas tree and wishes you all a merry Yuletide*

"CAN you imagine it?" asked Bobby Mauch, looking up from his chisel. "She'd rather have this thing than a catboat!"

Billy laid down his hammer. "Women," he announced firmly, "are awful queer."

They were working on a beautiful mahogany glove chest, a Christmas gift for their mother. They had designed it themselves and toiled over it for weeks. Dressed in old sweaters and disreputable cords, reeking of shellac and turpentine, the impression they gave was far from the general conception of what the famous Mauch twins are like. Rather, they resembled any small boys badly in need of soap and water.

"She doesn't know about this yet," said Billy, "it's to be a real surprise."

"And we're going to buy gloves to put in it," added Bobby, "just so she'll be sure to know what it's for."

I still can't tell the boys apart although I've known them for a long time. Each time I speak to Billy, calling him by name, he answers, "I'm Bobby." Lots of times I doubt it. They like to keep people confused, I think.

In fact, they told me that it might be of

benefit to them later. "We want an automobile some day," they said, "and in case one of us should get his license suspended for speeding on Hollywood Boulevard, we could easily get along on one license so long as no one could tell us apart."

Their teacher told me she had asked Bobby to use the word "mistaken" in a sentence. He looked at her and said, "I'm sorry, but you have mistaken me for my brother. I'm Billy!"

These days the Hollywood Legionnaires come to tea bringing their sewing, knitting, chisels and saws. Their collective Christmas spirit has been steadily gathering momentum since Edith Fellows started making a pink silk dressing sacque for her grandmother last September.

They have so much to do, these boys and girls, and making motion pictures takes up a great deal of their time. Just now it's all a grand rush and, while I'm really not terribly old as years are counted, I look each morning in my mirror and am astonished that my hair didn't turn white the night before. My dreams are crowded with gifts, ribbons and tinsel and I have nightmares about Christmas trees coming to life!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE just can't decide what to get for her father and mother. She's knitting mufflers for her two brothers, in their school colors, and doing them splendidly, too, for an eight year old.

"Oh, I drop a few stitches now and then," she said, "but it doesn't matter because I pin them up with little safety pins. After I've finished I'll sew them all together on the wrong side. And," she added in an offhand manner, "they'll never notice it."

"It's strange," she confided over her teacup, "what makes you love brothers so much. Why most of the time Sonny says I'm a pest and pulls my hair every time he walks past, but if I feel like teasing him he says he'll spank me if I don't let him study in peace!"

"Then what happens?"

"We-l-l," replied Shirley, "if I don't let him study in peace he just—does."

"What about Jack?" I asked.

"Oh, Jack says there might be *some* people who are crazy enough to want my autograph, but he'll take Greta Garbo's!"

"And you love them in spite of all that?"

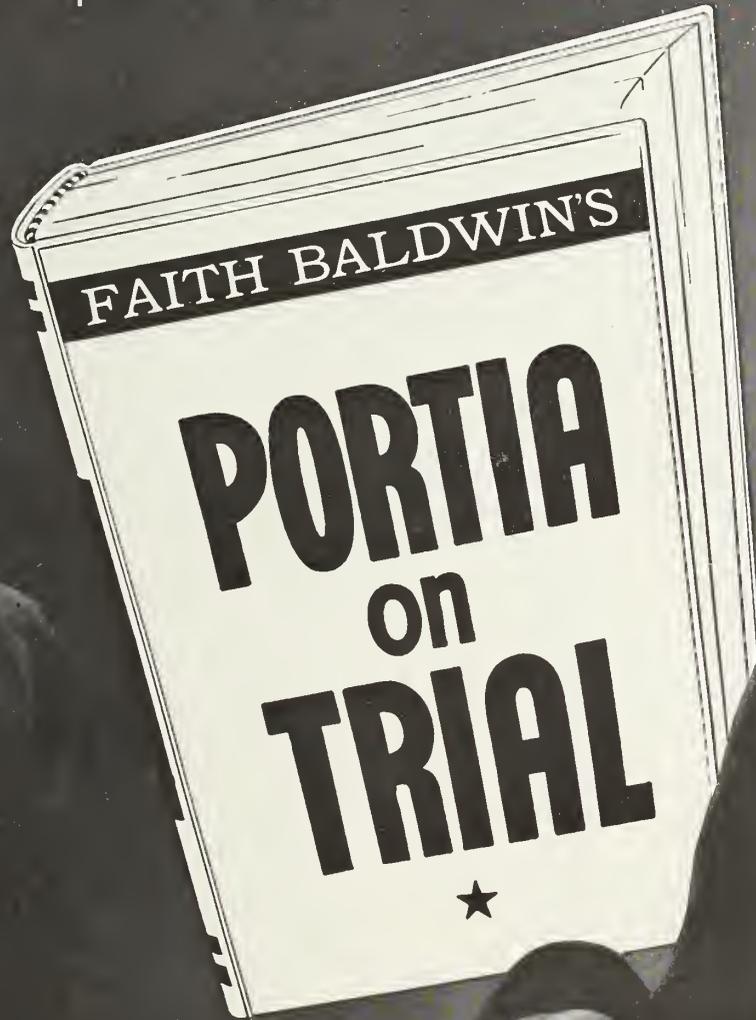
"That's what is queer," she puzzled. "I love them much more than people who tell me I'm sweet all the time." Then she said, sighing, "Oh, dear, I do wish I could think of something that's good enough to give my mother for Christmas!"

Tommy Kelly, Jackie Morrow, Jane Isbell and Ann Gillis came in to tea yesterday. It was a big mistake on my part, for Ann and

(Continued on page 78)

*"...but for the Grace of God, there sit I, Portia Merriman, facing a verdict of life or death!"*

A heart-tugging mother-and-son story as only Faith Baldwin could write it. Played to perfection by a superlative cast.



*with*

**WALTER ABEL  
FRIEDA INESCORT**

**NEIL HAMILTON  
HEATHER ANGEL  
RUTH DONNELLY  
BARBARA PEPPER**

Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.  
Screen Play by Samuel Ornitz • Adapta-  
tion and additional dialogue by E. E. Para-  
more, Jr. • Original story by Faith Baldwin  
Associate producer, Albert E. Levoy

A *Republic*  
PICTURE



# PHOTOPLAY'S

## OWN *Beauty Shop*

CAROLYN VAN WYCK  
PROP.

Joan Fontaine (above left) experiments with a new hair-do that's charming for girls and simple to arrange. Rita Johnson (right) tries a new makeup foundation that has caught on like mad

Lots of the stars use the many excellent shampoos already on the market. All of them, rest assured, see to it that their hair is always perfectly clean.

And the theme song of everyone around Hollywood when questioned about hair is, "Brush it every night with a good, strong brush, and you won't have to worry about keeping it soft and shiny."

*New, refreshing and simple are these vital aids to loveliness brought to you from Hollywood's most beautiful*

**L**ET'S TALK ABOUT HAIR—Now that you've gotten your new winter formals and are all set for the holiday parties, do you find that you can't do a thing with your hair, that you look very glamorous from the tips of your toes just up to your chin, and that a mop of dried-out hair is ruining the smooth perfection of your appearance? If you've made that sad discovery, you have a lot in common with me. So, being one who never can suffer passively, I set about finding out what the Hollywood girls do about such a situation, and, like the good girl scout that I am, I'm passing all the information on to you.

I caught up with Janet Gaynor and with a do-or-die look in my eye demanded to know how she takes care of that lovely hair of hers.

She told me that she massages her scalp with a special hair oil as a corrective for dryness, and then, to give it a heightened sheen, she applies a few drops of lemon juice and rubs it into her scalp. She leaves the oil on over night and shampoos her hair in the morning.

Janet sets aside one night a week for this and calls it her no-beau night because with oil in her hair, cold cream on her face, and a bath towel around her neck, she offers up herself as sacrifice on the altar of glamour. And don't we all!

Jane Bryan, too, keeps her hair glossy by soaking it in hair oil before retiring and washing it the next morning, and Mary Maguire tells me that she's found the best way to keep her hair in good condition is to change her part a little after each shampoo.

Mary uses a bit of scented cologne in the rinse water to give her hair a soft sheen and a faint fragrance, and Anne Nagel perfumes her hair by pouring over it, after the last rinse, a glass of warm water in which several drops of rose-scented oil have been mixed.

Jeanette MacDonald tells me that she rubs table salt into her hair and then brushes it out with firm brisk strokes before shampooing it, in order to stimulate her scalp and increase the circulation.

**HAIR-DOS AND DON'TS**—If you have bleached hair, or are planning to lighten your hair, here's some advice I got for you from a famous Hollywood beauty salon: have a bleach every three weeks, but be sure to have your hair toned down every two months so that it doesn't become brassy and obviously artificial. And ask for an oil dye to keep your hair from becoming too dry.

Have a new permanent about every three months, so you don't look bedraggled. It's really better for the texture of your hair if you have the permanent all over your head instead of just on the ends. Tell the operator to leave the curlers on the top of your head a very short time and longer on the ends, so they'll be nice and curly; and you can still wear the rest of it straight and smooth if you like.

If you find that the ends of your hair are splitting and drying, there's a wonderful hair tonic on the market now which is a splendid cure for this and which will restore the natural oils and luster. Also, don't ever wet your hair when you comb it, as water is very bad for splitting hair. Use a good brillianine instead.

If you're having a new permanent, don't take even one cocktail the day before, because the alcohol in your system won't allow the wave to show the best results. And if

*(Continued on page 86)*

# A MILLION SPENT TO MAKE YOU LAUGH!

A great all-laugh show in the tradition of the mighty Chaplin and Lloyd comedies! Spiced with music, youth and romance! Over-brimming with the funniest merry-makers of stage, screen and radio led by

## THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF HILARITY!



Bert Lahr

Mischa Auer

Billy House

Jimmy Savo

THE NEW  
UNIVERSAL  
*presents*

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC

# MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938

with BERT LAHR • JIMMY SAVO • BILLY HOUSE • ALICE BRADY • MISCHA AUER • JOY HODGES • LOUISE FAZENDA • JOHN KING • BARBARA READ • DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

Screen Play by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otvos • Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers • Directed by Irving Cummings

Produced by **B • G • DE SYLVA**

who made "Sing, Baby Sing" and other big hits!

In Charge of Production, **Charles R. Rogers**

### HIT SONGS!

"I'm In My Glory"  
"More Power To You"  
"You're My Dish"  
by JIMMY McHUGHSON and HAROLD ADAMSON  
who gave you "Where Are You"?

# PARTY

AT  
THE

BAXTERS



Right: the recreation room of the old English house which will be the scene of the festivities

*—who invite you, through the author, to enjoy with them the preparations for their yearly Christmas party, a Hollywood institution*



## BY MOLLY CASTLE

"NOW about this party," said Mrs. Warner Baxter.

Warner put down the morning paper and looked over at her. He was feeling relaxed and lazy. Here it was ten o'clock of a sunny morning and he was still in his bathrobe, still sipping coffee. It was grand to have a one o'clock studio call and a lazy morning once in a while. The Baxters were breakfasting upstairs in the little book-lined sitting room. Presently he would go into his gymnasium and have a workout, follow it up with a cold shower, then stroll around the garden until it was time to go to work. But for half an hour he would just relax.

"Party?" he inquired. "What sort of party is it to be this time?"

But his wife was chewing the end of a pencil, and concentrating over a list, and she didn't hear.

He thought over the parties he liked best. These took place in the summerhouse. He particularly liked the summerhouse; anyone would. He liked the big, comfortable, three-sided sitting room, its fourth side open to the green swimming pool. He liked the snug little bar on one side, the remote-control

radio, so that they could dance after dinner if they felt like it, the open fire and the charcoal-broiled steaks that he himself cooked on the iron grill. And he liked to putter around in the diminutive all-electric kitchen making some of his famous chile con carne. He'd been making chiles ever since he'd been tied to his mother's apron strings to prevent him from falling into the stewpan: small ones for Sunday suppers at home, large ones for the cast at the completion of his many pictures. That made an awful lot of chiles: he had been at 20th Century-Fox almost since the 19th Century.

He knew the recipe by heart. Into 1½ cups of olive oil he put 3 medium chopped onions; simmered them for ten minutes and added 2 pounds of ground lean pork and 1 pound of lean ground steak. He let that simmer for twenty minutes and then added 2 cans of tomato juice, 2 quarts of boiling water, 1 cup of chile powder and 6 pods of grated garlic; salt to taste (and the tasting was part of the fun). Then he put a tablespoonful of kumis powder and another of oregano into a cheesecloth bag and suspended them in the stew. The idea then was to leave all this to simmer for 1½ hours (meanwhile having a swim or a game of tennis or one of the crazy, juvenile games they played around the pool to work up an ap-

petite). He would then come back and have another taste and maybe add beef extract or more pepper or salt and herbs. And certainly 1½ pounds of Mexican beans which had been soaked overnight and cooked till tender.

It made his mouth water even to think of it. A pity chiles were not so cool as they sounded. As it was, during all those years of tasting a little bit here, a sip there, he had practically burned out his innards.

BUT perhaps this party that Winnie was talking about wasn't to be a chile picnic, nor even one of the buffet suppers they sometimes served downstairs in the big recreation room. Maybe it was going to be a formal party with cocktails served by the butler in the drawing room, instead of mixed up by Warner in the bar and sipped from the playroom's leather-topped stools. Not that he minded the formal, dress-up parties once in a while, though they were really for the benefit of English Miss Carr who was so much more than a secretary and liked a little English formality now and again.

"Is it going to be a formal party?" he asked his wife.

"Formal?" she repeated, looking up. A satisfactory picture of the dining room with  
(Continued on page 92)

The Producer and Director of "A STAR IS BORN"—DAVID O. SELZNICK and WILLIAM A. WELLMAN now give you

THE TENDEREST, TOUGHEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD



CAROLE LOMBARD AND FREDRIC MARCH  
IN SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S SENSATIONAL TECHNICOLOR COMEDY  
**NOTHING SACRED**

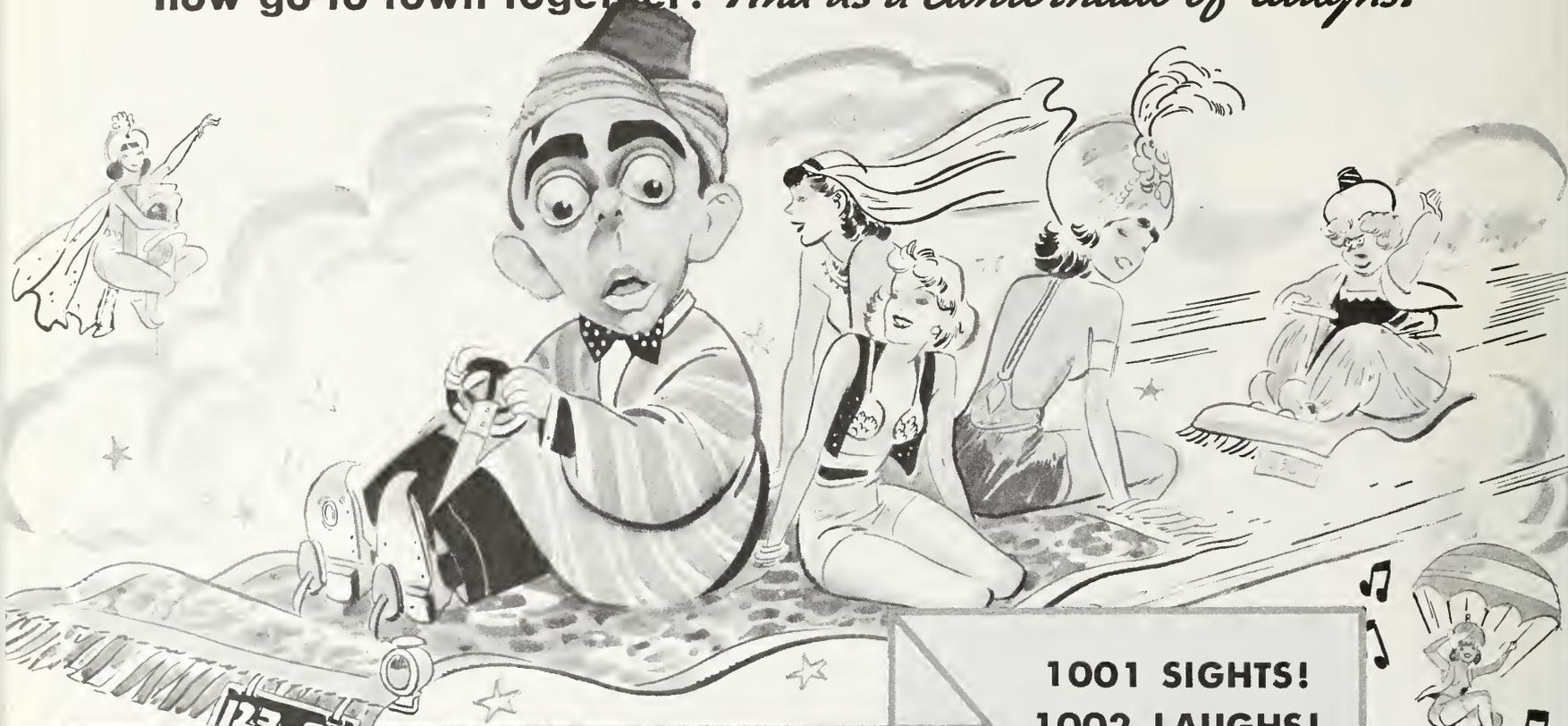
WITH  
**CHARLES WINNINGER**  
**WALTER CONNOLLY**

SCREEN PLAY BY  
**BEN HECHT**  
RELEASED THRU  
UNITED ARTISTS



*Hold on to your Turbans, folks!*

Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together! *And it's a Cantornado of laughs!*



*Eddie* **CANTOR**  
**ALI BABA**  
**GOES TO TOWN**

WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

**TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG**  
**JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK**

**JOHN CARRADINE      DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**  
**VIRGINIA FIELD      RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET**  
**ALAN DINEHART      PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON**

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab  
 Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on  
 a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

**1001 SIGHTS!**  
**1002 LAUGHS!**

*...as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swindom!*

Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (*Whoopsie doops!*)

About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (*all after Eddie!*)

The Raymond Scott Quintet (*putting the heat in swing!*)

Countless kisses under the desert moon (*as Tony sings to June!*)

1938-model Magic Carpets (*with floating power!*)

A hundred or so other hi-de-highlights!

Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surpriseful Cantortainment!

*Yes! You've got something here!*



WE WANT CANTOR  
 WE WANT CANTOR



**NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!**

"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"  
 "Vote For Honest Abe"  
 "Swing Is Here To Stay"  
 "I've Got My Heart Set on You"



Darryl F. Zanuck  
 in Charge of Production



David O. Selznick (middle), product of the second generation of the motion-picture business and the brains behind his studio, makes it possible for an unknown like Tommy Kelly to zoom to stardom (as he undoubtedly will in "Tom Sawyer") under the guidance of a wise director, Norman Taurog (right)

# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

**A**N editor's month in Hollywood can be very thrilling . . . comes a note saying that Mr. Clark Gable is very keen on the Vincentini drawing of himself as Rhett Butler that ran in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY and when we are all through with it, would it be possible for him to have the picture or wouldn't it . . . now what does Mr. Gable think we can reply to that . . . doesn't he know the editor of this magazine is a woman and has he heard any woman say no to him in the last five years. . . .

Comes a day or so later a very fine afternoon call from Miss Joan Crawford who says that rushing as she did from the production of "The Bride Wore Red" right straight into the production of "Mannequin" she didn't have time really to work out her characterization of the girl in the first scenes of "Mannequin"—a working girl who was determined to climb from an ugly, poverty-

stricken environment and make something of her life—well, Joan declared that she read the first installment of Adela Rogers St. Johns' story about her (Crawford's) life and she suddenly not only understood herself but the girl in "Mannequin" as well . . . so she is modeling that girl on the PHOTOPLAY version of herself . . . nice compliment what? . . . .

And we knew it was a great day when we first caught sight of Alan Curtis, who will be, with Spencer Tracy, the Crawford love interest in "Mannequin" . . . we have always been very proud that we were the first person to run a picture of Clark Gable in any magazine, and the first to print his life story . . . so we want to say we are definitely pro-Curtis right now . . . for us he has more than Robert Taylor . . . in fact he is like Gable only much younger . . . very handsome, very assured and he does look as

though he definitely knew his way around . . . on the next page we are presenting M-G-M's first picture of him. . . .

**B**UT the very best moment of all the month was a long talk we had with David O. Selznick about himself, "Gone with the Wind," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the fact that good can come out of relatives in the motion-picture business. . . .

Now for those of you who merely go to pictures . . . who aren't as I am mixed into the background of things here in Hollywood . . . a producer may seem a much less glamorous person than a star . . . possibly you regard him as just a businessman sitting behind the scenes . . . pulling strings . . . being struck with the good luck of finding a lucky star . . . and making millions thereby. . . .

Only that isn't true . . . a man like David Selznick is much more colorful than half the stars he presents . . . and it is his talent and his intelligence and his energy that keep his stars where they are. . . .

I met him originally one night at dinner at Claudette Colbert's . . . I don't know how I got in, for everyone else was such a big shot . . . the Mervyn LeRoys . . . the William Goetz (Mr. Goetz is Vice-President of 20th Century-Fox) . . . Ernst Lubitsch . . . Mr. and Mrs. Selznick . . . Claudette and her distinguished husband . . . the conversation most certainly did not concern itself entirely with pictures . . . we talked everything . . . horse racing . . . politics . . . the stock market . . . medicine . . . but that Selznick kept prowling around the drawing room after dinner making one brilliantly humorous remark after the other. . . .

A few weeks later I deliberately called on him at his studio . . . I had just been reading the startling box-office reports on "The Prisoner of Zenda," the picture which is the biggest money earner of this year . . . and in less than five minutes' conversation I knew that its success had been no accident. . . .

David Selznick is the finest product of the second generation of the motion-picture business . . . his father was Lewis J. Selznick of the old World Films Corporation . . . an executive back in the days when movies were something to scoff at . . . young David absorbed the atmosphere from his very childhood . . . his father intended that David's brother, Myron, who is now an agent, should be the producer and that David should be the executive . . . David says that probably accounts for his wavering today between being an executive and trying to be artistic . . . so far the artist has won out. . . .

This is how that affects you and me as we go to the movies . . . David Selznick has been so truly great as a producer that if he would sign with any one of the major companies . . . say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount or Warners or whomever . . . he could make a gigantic fortune even in these days of terrific taxes . . . the reason he doesn't want to do that despite the fact that big money attracts him just as much as the rest of us is because he would not then be able to make what he calls "handmade" pictures . . . that is, he doesn't believe any big organization would let him take his time in making a production as he does now. . . .

Take his production of "Tom Sawyer" for example . . . he was determined to find a

real boy for the leading rôle, not a young actor . . . he had one hundred and ten talent scouts hunting through every part of the country before he discovered Tommy Kelly in New York's Bronx . . . well, I watched Tommy Kelly work for just a half-hour on the day I talked to Mr. Selznick and that kid certainly seemed to me just about the finest natural actor who ever hit Hollywood . . . besides everybody around the studio is so touched by Tommy's real story and the grand simple family group he comes from they are all rooting for him . . . his Irish father and mother and his cute little sister . . . all of them on the set every day watching Tommy with adoring eyes but keeping most carefully out of everybody's way . . . that poor, warmhearted little family who had been so desperate for money before good fortune blessed Tommy . . . you should see the whole studio beam at the Kellys . . . with a most particular beam coming from that genial and wise kid-director, Norman Taurog . . . Selznick feels he couldn't make a "Tom Sawyer" rapidly. . . .

He made "Zenda" slowly . . . intelligently realizing that the world was still dreaming of the romance of an American woman and an English king . . . so he determined to give the world an even better dream-romance. . . .

Right now he refuses to be rushed into work on "Gone with the Wind" . . . he is determined if it takes another year to get the right cast . . . he has the story all ready and the director all set. . . .

All of which is typical of how his mind works . . . he has the greatest respect for the original story . . . he has always chosen fine stories and he feels stories that have stood the test of time—like "David Copperfield," which he produced, and "A Tale of Two Cities"—should be as little tampered with for picture production as is dramatically possible . . . his respect next goes to what he calls the creative director . . . like Frank Capra and Gregory LaCava for example . . . men who can practically write their own scripts and direct them, too. . . .



Hyman Fink

Flash! Flash! Big editorial powwow in Hollywood! Ernest V. Heyn and Heyworth Campbell plane in from New York to discuss magazine headaches with Ruth Waterbury—and just see how hard they work!

**FURTHERMORE** he prefers to make his mistakes before he starts . . . rather than do that quaint Hollywood stunt of what is called shooting from the cuff which means actually that the director and the actors go out on the set daily waiting for scenes and dialogue to be written right then for that day's work . . . Selznick refuses to do that . . . if he can't get a story right he junks the whole

thing . . . once he had as much as \$160,000 advance work done on a picture . . . but he felt the story just wasn't strong enough . . . so he lost all that money rather than putting in more, hoping blindly to save what didn't look good in the first place. . . .

I hope out of all this you get the fact that David Selznick is a brilliant and sensitive man . . . not a discontented disappointed individual talking of art and by that meaning a retreat from reality into something very special for the very few . . . but rather a man of the keenest commercial sense and the greatest achievement . . . who deliberately is choosing to make less money because thereby he can make better pictures . . . pictures as full of beauty, and truth, as is possible for them to be . . . and yet pictures which are entertainment for all of us . . . that lift us for an hour from the dull round of our days into the realm of pure enchantment. . . .

The entire movie business should be very proud that it has borne and nourished a man capable of such coordination of talents . . . for what can it be but genius that gives a man the ability to sit down calmly and map out from all the divergent elements that go into making a movie map a masterpiece, not once but time after time. . . .



After the first glimpse of Alan Curtis in a scene with Joan Crawford in "Mannequin," PHOTOPLAY goes on record as being definitely pro-Curtis. His screen experience has been negligible but the lad has something women like

THE MOST EXQUISITE PERFUME

DEPOSE



FLEURS DE ROCAILLE DE CARON

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**Look Your Loveliest** in Silver Fox, this gay Yuletide season. Nothing is so brilliantly flattering as a cape of soft FEDERAL Silver Foxes . . . graceful adjunct to chic evening gowns. No other fur has such gleaming elegance for daytime wear. All FEDERAL Silver Foxes bear the FEDERAL name sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side . . . your assurance of *lasting* beauty.





*Drawings by Vincentini*

# IS THIS SCARLETT?

Again Vincentini scores—with this picture of Scarlett, as Photoplay conceived her. The prime requisite was, we told him, that Scarlett must be in Gable's arms, for, you see, we still insist on Clark as Rhett. For the rest, she must have the fire of Paulette Goddard; the acting ability of Shearer; the voice of Alicia Rhett, Southern girl candidate, whose name is really identical with the hero's. The artist, we believe, has endowed her with all these qualities, and a few individual charms of her own, for isn't she still Scarlett O'Hara, Miss Unknown? Now turn the page and read her story



# HEARTACHES IN THE

*Great stars, famous socialites and unknowns—behind these Scarlett aspirants run tales of broken dreams*

**BY ADELHEID KAUFMANN**

**T**HE greatest woman hunt in all movie history has been going on for more than a year now, and many the heart that has been broken and many the thousands that have been spent.

They are searching for Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" and as yet she is nowhere in sight.

The newspapers have frequently printed headlines over all these months about the signing of this star or that. But those statements were simply dreamed up, usually by the actress' agent, and had no basis in fact.

You have heard stories about Tallulah Bankhead and Margaret Sullavan, of Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis, of Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer and Margaret Tallchet, and you have probably read that each of them in turn has been signed for the Selznick production of Margaret Mitchell's novel. Fine reading, but none of it is true.

David Selznick, the producer, wishes it were true that he had his Scarlett. George Cukor, the director, would be delighted to know that the cast question was settled. For everything is set to go. The script is all finished. The costumes have all been designed.



Most likely applicant at present is Paulette Goddard

Now it can be told why Shearer is no longer a candidate



Margaret Sullavan



Tallulah Bankhead



Miriam Hopkins



Margaret Tallchet

# SEARCH FOR SCARLETT O'HARA

The settings are all ready. Rhett Butler—and more of him later—is close at hand. But Scarlett, that minx, still remains as elusive as she was in the original story.

**BEHIND** all this, however, run tales of true heroism, the stories of the girls who have tried for the rôle and failed.

First of all, you must understand that Selznick has had more than a hundred talent scouts searching every part of the country for the right girl. They combed the South, invading every school, every dramatic society, every little club below the Mason-Dixon line.

Added to the professional scouts, there have been the wistful amateur ones, the proud Aunt Nellies and Uncle Zeds of Smalltown, who see in their niece, Lilybelle, just the girl to play the rôle. When these amateur scouts reported they had the ideal heroine right in their own homes, or towns, or country, the real talent scouts checked up. Several village debs were put under contract by just this method.

Other youngsters, who weathered the tests of the field talent man, then an interview with Director Cukor, and finally Producer Selznick, were even brought to Hollywood for a while. Besides this, orders were given that any woman, regardless of age or appearance, who either called in person, or even wrote a letter saying she believed she could play Scarlett, should be given an interview.

And out of all this just one girl has emerged with a permanent contract. But it isn't a contract to play Scarlett. Her name is Bebe Anderson and her history is typical. She is the daughter of a real-estate broker in Birmingham, Alabama, where a talent scout discovered her. Bebe, who is in her teens, is five feet two and weighs one hundred pounds. She is not only very pretty but really cute. She is accustomed to admiration, having been voted the prettiest

girl in her high-school class, the cutest girl in her freshman class at college, the cutest girl in her sorority, and just this year, her sophomore one, the most glamorous.

Which is just the kind of nice going that gets a girl to Hollywood and makes her stick, if you ask us.

**CONTRAST** to the lucky Bebe the tragic bravery of a young Southern girl who continues to haunt the Selznick studio. She came to California with the few pennies she'd managed to save from her small job back home and a stack of clippings from her local paper to the effect that "Gone with the Wind" read like her own life story.

"It would be unfair to cast anyone else as Scarlett when the story was written about me," she will tell you. "Why, everybody down South knows that I'm the real Scarlett O'Hara and that Miss Mitchell got the plot for her book from the facts of my life as told to her by one of my girl friends.

"Of course," she adds magnanimously, "many incidents have been added in the book and the part about the Civil War was put in simply as background. 'Tara' with its avenue of cedars was my grandfather's place."

Her eyes fill with tears whenever she talks of her youngest child, who was killed going over a jump with her Shetland pony, just as Scarlett's child met her death in the book.

"The studio might find an actress with more acting experience for the part but she wouldn't be the real Scarlett," she declares.

The studio has firmly told this deluded girl she isn't right for the rôle, but she hangs around, hoping.

Among the stock qualities found in almost all these aspirants who have Scarlett ambitions are, first, that they have read the book and consider themselves to be "exactly like her." Second, they have a Southern accent and come from Georgia. Third, they are excellent horsewomen, let them tell it, and al-

most without exceptions, their grandfathers were Southern colonels.

One girl came all the way by bus from Minneapolis to Hollywood to see Director Cukor. She was down to her last penny, but she was more fortunate than the other moneyless girls (and most of them are absolutely broke), in that she had a round-trip ticket in her purse.

"I realize I'm not the Scarlett type," one tall, raw-boned matron from Kentucky offered, when she was ushered into the casting office, "but I would be very valuable as her stand-in, knowing the story as I do."

Or there's the girl who painstakingly studied every character in the book because she felt the studio might hire her as an understudy if they realized she could be dropped into any rôle.

**A** YOUNG girl visitor at the studio, who with a group of others had come out from the East, encountered Director Cukor interviewing a group who wanted various assisting rôles. She confided that she knew she could play Melanie, if not the high-spirited Scarlett. She wanted to give him a reading on the spot.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," the director protested kindly. "I'm going to make a test of another girl, not for Scarlett, but for a small part. I'll throw you in on the other girl's tests background." Later, Leslie Howard happened to see the test and voiced his enthusiasm for the figure in the background. On the strength of this recommendation, an agent immediately called upon the girl to see if she couldn't stay in Hollywood and study in stock. But now the poor girl has no money left.

Many of these inspired arrivals have novel qualifications. Take, for example, the determined girl who had memorized two-thirds of the book. Although it had taken her

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Considered but not chosen were coed Susan Falligant of Georgia (left), debutante Alicia Rhett of Charleston, socialite Louisa Robert of Atlanta

# THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

Spectacular success was the lot of a little 14-year-old girl—then came the inevitable temperament rumors.

Here's the real story of Deanna

BY JESSIE HENDERSON

It was Papa Durbin himself who opened the door of the house on the hill—in his shirt sleeves, because he had been mending something—but it was Deanna who instantly came bounding out into the hall with the zest of any average fourteen-year-old who sees comp'ny on the front step. She bounded so fast, the brown dog Tippy at heel, that she had to check her feet, smile flashing, to keep from a slide over the threshold. . . .

They are a family without pretense, these Durbins. Though they number among them the most extraordinary child soprano in the world, who is at the same time one of the best actresses in Hollywood, they feel no itch to impress people. Somehow you can sense this—the sincerity and simplicity of her background—from Deanna's own air of modesty on the screen.

"100 Men and a Girl" had recently emerged from the studio. A year to a day from the time when she first stepped, unknown, before a movie camera, this child had attended the première of her first starring picture, wearing her first formal gown: a blue marquisette "made over" from a party dress she had on hand because she "didn't feel comfortable" in the more lavish frock that had been especially purchased for the occasion. The press notices, the roared ovation of the crowd, might easily have turned a little girl's head as well as the heads of her parents.

Yet Daddy—chancing to be in the hall—admitted you without waiting for the single servant to get there from the kitchen. And Deanna, watchful of everybody's comfort, waved a slender brown hand to the couch near the living-room fireplace. "It's soft," she said hospitably, dropping down on the far end of it.

SLIM-WAISTED in a darkish blue linen dress with white embroidery across the bodice, Deanna is as beautiful a child as you'd find in ten counties, far more beautiful in life than on the screen. And beautiful is the right word for her, for she has a sensitive face delicately tan and rose, and a sweet mouth that parts eagerly as her interest in the conversation mounts.

She has also a gift for sitting quietly and attentively, yet with an air of great animation because of the enthusiasm in her shining



In just one year Deanna went from obscurity to world fame. Autographed pictures by the thousands she's signed. But her reactions to such thrills as string-pulling at the Olvera Street Puppet show (you see her above, right, buying her ticket), to the selection of her first formal gown, prove her a normal child

blue eyes. A ladylike little girl, with graceful manners and an intelligence beyond her years (you can look up the birth certificate at Winnipeg, Canada; December 4, 1922), she's no sissy. Her favorite sport, for example, is roller skating.

"Only I can't do it any more!" she said, with genuine regret.

It's a penalty of popularity. A young artist who, via two pictures and an Eddie Cantor radio program, has so endeared herself to the public, is hard put to it to have a private life.

When Deanna, hat swung in hand, came all unaware down the terraces of Hollywood Bowl after listening to a concert the other night, the fans mobbed her. She signed autographs for an hour. If she went roller skat-

ing on any sidewalk upon the planet (the grounds around her house are too hilly), the public would bother the life. . . .

"Oh, no!" Deanna interrupted, a trifle shocked, "they don't bother me. It's only the time it takes. I like to sign autographs—but I just wouldn't get anything else done."

And she has plenty else to get done, every day and throughout the day. Determined that, come what will, their little girl shall have a life all her own for some portion of each twenty-four hours, the Durbins took the first step by leaving their comfortable small home in the section where Daddy has a real estate business, to move into the seclusion of a large, rented house with an acre of land, on a remote hillock. The studio doesn't give

(Continued on page 79)

# DEANNA DURBIN



A family without pretense, Mr. and Mrs. Durbin (top), lunching with Deanna, determined that their daughter should have a life of her own. Her picture and radio work, the heavy fan mail, which she collects at the studio Post Office, her school routine, singing lessons (under the tutelage of Andres de Segurola, above), the fans who mob her wherever she goes, are items Deanna takes in her stride. She pays the penalty of fame in many ways but she's found there are compensations in stardom, too—such as the day the studio gave her a car



Not even the parents know which of their twins played this scene

# BABIES RAISE HELL

This angel was limousined to sleep

*This highly amusing revelation explains those  
"little bundles from heaven" and their not so  
heavenly antics that drive directors daffy*

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

**Y**OU think they're lovely? Pooie!  
You think they're angelic? Hah!  
Hah!

Adorable? Sweet? Cute? Precious? You take 'em. Take 'em away. Any director will give 'em to you gladly. Directors, in their working selves, love babies like W. C. Fields loves Charlie McCarthy.

And studio treasurers? They gnash their teeth. When you see a brief flash of some darling infant in a feature picture, it's a cinch that that heartwarming glimpse set the producing company back \$25,000. It often goes as high as fifty grand.

S. Goldwyn made a picture called "Stella Dallas." It was quite a picture.

On the set of "Stella Dallas" occurred a triple drama of rivalry, defeat and triumph that makes the feuds of older stars seem pale and trivial. And it cost Excitable Sam plenty of dough.

The first baby we will leave unnamed and unpictured. Who wants to spoil her career? She may come back.

She was a true heartwarmer, that baby. She curled her sweet, intent seriousness around the consciousness of everybody on the set. And smart! Under two years old, she could take direction like a trouper. In every rehearsal she did everything they wanted her to—perfectly.

Then, when King Vidor called "Camera!

... Speed!" the awful weight of responsibility descended on this conscientious mite. She set herself. She almost gritted her teeth. She tried too hard!

This went on for three days. In rehearsal—perfect. When the camera turned—grim. Like a horse who leaves his race in his work-out.

That expensive company marked time while perspiration ran down King Vidor's face, and everyone desperately tried to make Sweetie Pie relax. No business!

On that lot they had had experience (more of that later), so now they sent for *two* babies. The first to be tried was Mila Samrich, the darling in the picture. She, too, was very, very cooperative. But she seldom smiled. To her, acting was a serious job and she meant to do it.

Jack Reynolds, assistant director, fixed that. Just outside the camera's range he set up a Christmas tree with red and green bulbs—dark. When Vidor wanted Mila to smile, Jack pressed a switch and the lights blossomed. Did she smile!

For two days this was swell. Then came a scene in which John Boles quarreled with Barbara Stanwyck. Mila was supposed to be frightened and weep. Applesauce! She had decided that everything on the Goldwyn lot was a picnic plus Christmas. Weep? Never!



genuity put Mila Samrich into a smiling mood



Acting was serious business when Mila played this scene from "Stella Dallas" with Alan Hale, John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck. But when she had to cry—!

Jean and Joan Kelly, the "You laugh—I cry" twins at 7 months. At 2 (below), they no longer look alike and it costs them money



## ON THE SET

This was Jack Reynolds' first job as assistant director. It nearly became his last. He said, "I can fix it."

He took Mila to one side. He told her gravely, in kind but regretful voice, that everybody loved her, but that she didn't quite fill the bill. They would have to get some other baby.

She cried, all right. She cried for an hour, inconsolable. Jack didn't need the black looks of the Health Department nurse, or the usually even-tempered Vidor, or the grip-boys and light men. He ceased to walk. He began to creep. He may be cast in the near future as the Man Who Shot His Grandmother, though he and Mila made up and are friends.

There's always a pay-off. While this excitement fascinated the set (and the Treasurer moaned) another blessed infant—let her be nameless—waited, patiently, three days. She would have had her chance—if Mila had failed. Better luck next time, Miss Anonymous!

YOU, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Reader, ought to meet Sheila Cumnor.

When I went to her home she was just a round-eyed, brown-eyed baby with a mop of half-blonde hair, beautiful as the Lord ever  
(Continued on page 93)



The budget mounted on "Ramona" when the frightened 10-months-old Beverly Firestone bellowed. Now, at the age of 2 (right), she's camera-wise

# PARTY LINES

*It's not for the sourpusses—this grand yarn about the hilarious high life of the swimming-pool capital, by the famed columnist-critic of café society—*

**LUCIUS BEEBE**

**H**OLLYWOOD parties, popular legend maintains, are madhouse affairs of positively Babylonish elegance and no taste whatsoever, peopled with high-salaried ruffians whose notion of the ultimate in swank whimsey is swimming in their evening clothes and throwing plates at footmen. For once popular legend can neither be gain-said nor amended: Hollywood parties *are* madhouse affairs of positively Babylonish elegance and no taste whatsoever, peopled with high-salaried ruffians whose notion of



# IN HOLLYWOOD

the ultimate swank in whimsey is swimming in their evening clothes and throwing plates at the footmen. That's one reason Hollywood waiters are as they are: only reasonably competent in the service of wine and food, but infinitely adept at dodging and fleeing the premises when the inevitable blizzard of cutlery, crockery and crystal gets under way.

SINCE the days of Mabel Normand film folk have been fools for elegance. Refinement

and chic have stood out all over their private lives in chunks as big as the Hope Diamond, but the saga has it that the last word in gracious magnificence wasn't achieved until Tom Mix acquired his first butler. Mr. Mix's butler, it seems, had formerly been a cowhand and a familiar of Tom's on the range and in the various oases and pool halls of cow towns. That being the case it was difficult to break him of his habit of saluting the master and mistress of the household by their first names—Tom and Victoria. Once

this feat was accomplished, however, all that was necessary to transform him into a very Crichton of Jeeveses were seven suits of livery which Tom bought him, each accompanied by a cap to match bearing the legend "Tom Mix, Monday," "Tom Mix, Tuesday," etc.

Hollywood, stunned by this miracle of elegance, flocked to Mr. Mix's parties in increasing numbers, while Tom, himself, was hailed as the Arbiter Elegantiarum of Beverly Hills, a veritable Ward McAllister of the West Coast. Now and then Jeeves, in friendly mood, joined the party and shot craps on the floor after dinner with the other celebrants, and once when Mrs. Mix was describing, in a vein of wistful reminiscence, an occasion when Tom had drunk down a whole saloonful of cowhands, the sepulchral voice of the perfect butler was heard muttering from the pantry, "And you had something of a slant on yourself, Victoria."

All this was a long time ago and since that time Hollywood has put away such naïve gestures of opulence. A recent check-up revealed that not a single butler now wears a cap engrossed with his employer's name and that most house servants now prefer bridge to the rowdy indignity of craps.

TREND finders maintain that the new elegance came to Hollywood with Clifton Webb, just a year or two ago. Mr. Webb, rumor had it, was the only man in the film colony who appreciated and understood the correct use of the fish fork in dining, and the subjunctive mood in conversation. With his coming, Hollywood life took on entirely a "Clifton Webb atmosphere" which, removed from its proper original, was not without its humorous overtones.

Directors, quite lacking in the lean proportions of the dancer, came to the studio, their chunky midribs swathed in outrageous tweeds which lividly parodied Mr. Webb's sport clothes. Conversation was altogether dominated by the subjunctive, and rich producers, who a year before had been making their mark with an "X" in legal lieu of handwriting, were bandying such airy phrases as, "Were I you" and "Would that I might."

Actors who knew that when Mr. Webb gave large parties he employed a secretary to check off the invited guests as they arrived amazingly adopted this practice for all occasions, and three or four familiar intimates arriving for luncheon in Santa Monica villas would find themselves stopped at the threshold and properly identified to a secretary with a check list. The Clifton Webb saga still influences Hollywood parties, although some of its aspects would undoubtedly surprise its author.

TO convey some hint of the flavor of Hollywood parties, some vague suggestion of the index of dementia, which is characteristic of roof-tree raisings, corn huskings and communal Morris dancing routs in the swami and  
(Continued on page 77)

DRAWING BY  
WALLACE MORGAN

The formal Hollywood party—  
"Ah, there you have something,"  
sighs the eminent author, remembering  
forthwith some amazing tales about the  
private party manners of a host of film famous





*What manner of man is Ronald Colman—star these many years; yet stranger to you, to me, to Hollywood?*

BY IDA ZEITLIN

FIRST of all, Ronald Colman is an English gentleman. No longer youthful (and he himself would be the first to admit that), he still has charm enough to so delight women of all ages that his current picture, "The Prisoner of Zenda," is the outstanding box-office smash of the present season.

Extremely handsome, intelligent, reticent, one has to guess, however, at this Englishman's true nature, rather than discover it directly from him.

For example, he doesn't like to eat in public places. Being no fanatic, however, he does occasionally go out to dine. On one such occasion recently, he had ordered his meal and was turning to address a member of his party. Two cameras blocked his vision. "Just a couple of pictures, please, Mr. Colman."

"Go ahead."

When the cameramen had finished, Mr. Colman, ignoring the food that had been placed before him, sought out the manager of the café. "I came in here, like anyone else, to pay for my meal, expecting to be allowed to eat it in peace. You telephoned the cameramen. I don't blame them. They're doing their job. I do blame you. It's your job to supply the public with food, not to trap them into posing as advertisements for your café. Now you have your ad. I don't

see why you should get your money too, do you?"

The incident reveals Colman. Despite his years in a business whose life blood is publicity, he shrinks from the limelight. Too fair-minded to penalize the defenseless, he is also too self-respecting to be played for a sucker.

His aversion to the ways of ballyhoo is as genuine and instinctive as Garbo's. Perhaps because he's a man, his practical handling of the problem is more moderate. As an actor, yes, all the publicity you like. As a private citizen, no.

When he was engaged by David O. Selznick to make "The Prisoner of Zenda," Russell Birdwell, an astute worker in the publicity field, put the case to him. "I don't know what your policy is in such matters. I'd like to tell you what ours is. We believe in publicity to the hilt. We believe that anybody who's making a living in motion pictures should be sold continuously like a can of tomatoes. We believe you should be photographed, interviewed and talked about—in relation to the movies. We won't ask you to name your dream girl, or the ten most beautiful women in Hollywood. We won't quote you on any subject without your confirmation. We will ask you to let us make public whatever you do in motion pictures. The rest belongs to you."

Colman heard him out. "I couldn't have put my own position better," he said. "You can count on me all the way." He was as good as his word.

It has been said that through every actor runs a streak of exhibitionism, else he wouldn't be an actor. If this is true, Colman is the inevitable exception to the rule. He refuses, for example, to attend the premières of his pictures, to place himself in any situation which would make of him its central figure. To be stared at, pointed out, buzzed over, makes him flinch with an almost physical distaste. He cannot help that.

Sometimes he finds it necessary to wear dark glasses, to pull his hat brim down over his eyes. For this he apologizes. He feels he's making himself conspicuous in another way, but it's the lesser of two evils. He'd like to be able to walk down Hollywood Boulevard and look into the shopwindows, to roam along the water front and watch the fishermen. He can do neither. He doesn't moan that his liberty of movement is curtailed. He knows he's been adequately compensated in other directions. "It's not that I mind giving autographs," he says. "It's this sense of eyes all over me—"

There's no mystery about his attitude. A man of reserve, he finds the attention of strangers painful. A courteous man, he finds the need for rebuffing them still more painful. Therefore, whenever possible, he avoids them.

Now and then his courtesy gets the better of him. A woman of his acquaintance begged him to drop in at her home one afternoon "just to say hello to some dear friends from the East." Knowing how he felt, she assured him that neither newspaper people nor cameramen would be present. He went in good faith. Scarcely had he appeared, before he was led, with pretty apologies, to a room where four or five cameramen waited. He was photographed with his hostess and with each of her guests. After forty minutes, having done what he'd been expected to do, he left.

Two days later a gossip column ran an item to the effect that "the great Colman had demanded a guest list before consenting to attend his friend's party—a piece of rudeness that would be unthinkable to a man of his instincts—and had then refused to be photographed with the guests."

"Maybe they didn't recognize me," murmured Colman, on seeing the item. "I felt like a prize pig. Maybe that's how I photographed."

He has been called the hermit of Hollywood. (Continued on page 72)

WHY CAN'T THE STARS

# STAY MARRIED?

BY DAVID SEABURY

NOTED LECTURER, JOURNALIST  
AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST

THE theater was dark. A deep, troubled sigh broke the spell of silence. Stirred by the romance on the screen, someone was thinking of his own problem. For, young or old, love troubles us all. You and I have felt it—the thrill of anticipation while waiting for the one whose touch we crave, the ache of loneliness when he departs, the dull sadness when misunderstanding enters and the romance is ended.

We go to see picture after picture, sometimes to escape our own unhappiness, sometimes to dream of the joy we seek. Now and again, a scene, a word, tells us a little that is helpful about the strangest of all life's forces: this mystery of love. Now and then, some great story of affection in a film gives us confidence that we can capture happiness ourselves. More often, we saunter home still wondering.

SOME time ago, when I was last in Hollywood, a well-known actress put a question to me that indirectly has to do with all our lives. What is wrong with love nowadays, and why can't the stars stay married, she wished to know. I doubt if love is more unruly in 1937 than it has ever been. Divorce, it is true, is on the increase, but it is doubtful if our ancestors were any happier in intimacy than we are. In the old days, many a man was married several times, too, but in those days, it was death that terminated the union, as can be proved by reading the headstones of those  
*(Continued on page 80)*

Constance Bennett has been thrice married—but why? John Barrymore has had four wives—what's the meaning of it? Some say Gable has a mother complex—that Stanwyck loved too much—all conjectures that are analyzed in this frank discussion of marriage



The famous author of "How to Worry Successfully" takes a look at the Hollywood scene and comments astutely on the marital problems of the stars



# SKATING

*The applause of the world or  
the homage of a man — one of  
these Sonja Henie had to choose*

Little star, big star, both masters of  
showmanship: Shirley Temple and Sonja



# THROUGH LIFE

BY HOWARD SHARPE

## [PART 2]

"AND what did his Majesty say to you?" asked Mrs. Henie, excitedly. "By all the Saints! King Haakon himself—!"

Little Sonja, newly the world's champion ice skater, smiled smugly. "He said, 'Norway is proud of you, my child. You gave a beautiful performance.' And I curtsied and said, 'Thank you, Sir. Your presence inspired me.' Was that all right?"

Mrs. Henie stood staring silently at her offspring. Finally she touched the girl's head and said softly, "Sonja, you will go far."

Sonja leaned down to inspect her shoe, grinning. "I know it."

She was just eleven.

Before this, there had been years of solid healthy work, a magnificent willful determination, the applause of victory set to the music of silver skates. In 1920 had come her first pair of skates; 1922, her first championship; and now, at eleven, she had flashed before the judges of the World Championship to find such triumph as few men or women dream of.

AND it was 1924. In New York Paul Whiteman was still fat and interesting people with his introduction of a controversial piece called "Rhapsody In Blue," by a fellow named Gershwin; Jeanne Eagels on the stage and Valentino on the screen were important; skirts and hair were getting shorter. In Geneva the League of Nations was mapping a Lasting Peace; in Paris fashion and sin held a more superlative world place than ever; in London and all Britain young ladies of marriageable age were discovering that there weren't any young men left. . . .

And in the wealthy Henie household at Oslo, Norway, there were changes, too. Sonja, heretofore a precious but not exceptional member of the family, a normal little girl with an instinct for showing off that sometimes reached the point of irritation, was suddenly a personage. She was famous; she was a champion; a King had honored her; newspaper headlines throughout the world had included her name.

And she knew this, and she was glad. To the abounding ego and the passionate need for applause that early had been established as her entire motivation, such acclaim was not unpleasant. To find that it was extended now to her own house was an even greater triumph.

Her brother was no longer allowed to tease her, as had been his wont. "It might make her nervous," said Selma Henie sharply on the first occasion. He had draped himself with a folded sheet to mimic Sonja's flaring white skating costume and was engaged in an outrageous pantomime which consisted of bowing elaborately before an imaginary com-

pany. "Your presence inspired me, Your Majesty, Sir," he whined in an imitation treble.

Sonja, standing white-faced by the wall, kept her poise where another child would be stamping and shrieking. "I simply pay no attention to him," she told Selma calmly. "He's jealous because he can't skate so well."

"Nervous!" Lief hooted. "That one?" His exaggerated young laughter filled the room.

But thereafter, whether because of this or because he was forced at last to respect his sister's accomplishments, Lief joined worshippers at Sonja's shrine.

So, there was that triumph, for her special glee, and the new attention accorded her by the servants, and there was the new tutor.

Wilhelm and Selma Henie had decided that now, since their Sonja was different from other girls, she should have a special master. The measured pace of ordinary teaching would, in all probability, be too measured indeed for her quick mind: she caught at knowledge exuberantly, without effort. Ordinary classes would absorb too many of the valuable hours needed for practice on the frozen pond near the house.

When the new tutor first arrived Sonja observed him with concentration, proceeding warily for the first few days. She was attentive, she was a little shy in her answers, she studied diligently. She must measure his strength. Then, one afternoon, during a dull session in geometry, she looked up and said, "My brain would be clearer if I went down to the pond for a little while."

"Miss Henie, please! Your theorems."

"I am going to be a great skater, not a bookkeeper," she told him. "You may come along, if you like. Perhaps I may teach you how to skate."

She got up and walked assuredly to the door. Once outside the room, she did not look back, but her heart slowed its pace. Would he follow her? Or was he already straightening his tie, preparatory to an interview with her mother?

His voice at her shoulder startled her. "If you really think the cold air will help you," he said. "But for just an hour. Uh—although I skate quite passably, I should appreciate some instruction in the more intricate figures from—a champion."

Sonja suppressed her desire to shout.

FOR a few months this was enough, this knowledge of superiority, this homage from her family; she needed nothing else, not the companionship of other little girls nor the playtime games, not the old familiar bickering with Lief. She knew that when she walked down the street her erstwhile playmates stared at her enviously, that when she was practicing, the group of people gathered



Sonja and Lief Henie on the set of "Thin Ice." They can smile now at the memory of a teasing little brother

at the edge of the ice had come especially to watch her.

Then, inevitably, the newness of her glory lost its first bright sheen and with it went the unaccustomed deference which she had already accepted as routine. Lief one evening ventured to reply sarcastically to one of her remarks. Sonja waited composedly for Selma's quick rebuke, but Mrs. Henie looked thoughtfully at the two children for a moment and then turned away, saying nothing. The tutor decreed no more skipping of lessons and when, insolently, she ignored the edict, he had a little chat with Wilhelm, who thereupon had a little chat with Sonja.

There came a day when only two other people visited the pond while she was there, and they had come to skate themselves. It was the final humiliation. She locked herself in her room at home and faced what had happened.

You made a great success, and everybody clapped and said, "Isn't she wonderful!" and made special concessions about everything; so life was fun and you had that unexplainable, glowing surge of pride always inside you. But it didn't last. And when it was gone things were worse than ever before—because you'd given up other possessions, other consolations; and you had nothing now.

Then quickly, before the last shred of  
(Continued on page 88)

# The Laughison Hollywood

BY IRVING HOFFMAN



Portrait of the author by Rouben Mamoulian



Left: the author who modeled the heads and drew all these figures. Above: Groucho Marx — Nuts!

—says this well-known movie columnist as he exposes all the private jokes of the film colony's famous

MARK TWAIN twanged that there is no humor in Heaven, and that's conclusive proof that Hollywood isn't Heaven, no matter whose sweet mama came from there. For there's lots of laughter in—and at—the Cinema City. Yet, somehow, it's kept kind of secret, as though Hollywood were afraid to be caught giggling by the rest of the world—afraid to indulge the one manifestation that sets mankind apart from the allegedly dumber animals.

This particular Photoplayboy has scanned

the words of Hollywood's farthest-famed visiting firemen for some sly gag or nifty, but there's nary a quip from any a lip. Now, of course you wouldn't expect any conscious belly laughs from Herbert Hoover, Albert Einstein or the King of Siam. It seems fair enough, though, to expect a snicker from a pungent poke at Filmland's funny bone by George Bernard Shaw, or a razzing rapier from Sinclair Lewis. But they all pretend to take Hollywood as seriously as Hollywood pretends to take itself.

Perhaps the deluge of wit which ebbs and flows on the Hollywood tides is stemmed within its dam because of the local value of bright banter as a commodity. They need those jokes in pictures, and they hoard them like gold or sweepstakes coupons. Being comical is a serious business. The saddest men off screen are the cinematic clowns. Their lives depend upon your laughter. They're haunted by a fear of being unfunny. To them, each joke's a gem to be hidden deeply in a secret place until it bursts in dazzling radiance upon the silver scream.

Funny Fred Allen, for instance, is a laugh preserver. He'd sooner give you the proverbial shirt off his chest than an off-stage screen or radio jest. Says Fred: "I don't exactly get my bright dialogue by visiting pet shops and eavesdropping on parrots!" To him, you see, each pun's a pearl. And I don't mean Jack.

Of course, the prodigals are always with us. Groucho Marx and Georgie Jessel possess an inexhaustible fund of wit, and "give" in spendthrift fashion. So come with me be-

It was incorrigible Gable who spread the report that when Arliss wants to be incognito he wears a smoked monocle

A balooney view of "W. C." who says, "Authors who knock wood when they're successful, will knock Hollywood when they're not"

hind the screen scene and we'll hunt some jibes and jests corralled during joke-jotting days and nights in the jungles of Hollywood.

Now, Hollywood's wisest wits are possessed of a pertinent philosophy. Mervyn LeRoy, for instance, observes: "To be a success in Hollywood a man must be a contortionist: he must have his back to the wall, his ear to the ground, his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, and finally, he has to keep a level head and have both feet on the ground."

Eddie Cantor once remarked: "Being the Man of the Hour in Hollywood has only one drawback—you generally last about that long."

W. C. Fields feels: "Authors who knock wood when they're successful will knock Hollywood when they're not."

Then there's Mark Hellinger, who will tell you, "The only difference between a Hollywood phoney and a Broadway phoney is—3000 miles."

One of the more troublesome stars is always squawking about his photographs. The other day he cornered Hymie Fink (PHOTOPLAY's photographer) with a proof and shouted at the hocus-focus man, "Do I look like this picture? Have I a squint? Do I look like a prize fighter?"

"The answer is in the negative," was Hymie's rapid reply.

Nunnally Johnson was chatting with an interviewer. "What line in your latest movie

(Continued on page 83)





Lazlo Willinger, famous European photographer, turns his lens on Nelson Eddy and this pianist who really isn't Eddy's accompanist but Larry Barbier of M-G-M, arranger of portrait sittings

THE *Camera* SPEAKS

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY  
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



THE BALLET COMES TO HOLLYWOOD





"The world's most beautiful ballet dancer," is the way Joseph St. Amand, noted French portrait painter, describes American-born Heidi Vosseler, above. One of the world's outstanding toe dancers, she makes her screen debut in "The Goldwyn Follies." Below left, George Balanchine, internationally famous director of the American Ballet, rehearses Giselle Caccialanza, Daphne Vane and Miss Vosseler, while Zorina, renowned Norwegian dancing star of the Ballet Russe, and William Dollar, premier male dancer of the American Ballet, exhibit a hand and arm movement





## FAMILY MAN

With a typical and timely grin, and only slight evidence of nervous tension, Gary Cooper has assumed the responsibility of being a prominent Hollywood father. Mr. Cooper holds the record for successful transition to the parental state: his convalescence required only one day's absence from his duties of portraying a swashbuckling Venetian on the set of "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Congratulations to the lucky daughter of Rocky Cooper and the famous "Long Tack Sam"



## IRISH "YANK"

Imported eight years ago, Maureen O'Sullivan became, by studio demand, a Celtic Elsie Dinsmore. Then came the Irish Rebellion; she would be herself or nothing. The spoils of war was the love of appreciative John Farrow. Good-natured endurance of the Adventures of Tarzan made her apple-cheeked and agile in the art of climbing. To success? Of course! The envy of practically every American girl—and most English—she sailed for London to costar with the handsome Taylor lad in M-G-M's "A Yank at Oxford"



# HAVE YOU A LITTLE CAMERA

*Here's the answer from PHOTOPLAY readers, who, when urged to focus on Hollywood's great, sent shots even Hymie Fink envies*



When Gladys Swarthout and her husband Mr. Chapman waved good-by as they sailed for Europe, Helen Coyne of Jackson Heights was there to snap them, and to win our first prize!



Patricia Feeny's shot of Janet Gaynor proves that candid cameras can be kind

Clark Gable looked as if he weren't used to it, when Jimmy Gaynor took this picture



Before a thrilling game of polo waged at Burnt Mills, Leslie Howard takes time to light up and pose for Mr. Kozma



From Bertha Friedlob comes this shot of Ernest Torrence and Jack Holt on location for the 1924 film, "North of 36"



There were camera fans way back in 1920 when the Fairbanks went honeymooning. Miss Hotchkiss was one

YOUR HOME?



When Helen Freyman visited Hollywood she had the luck you've all dreamed of—for she met Bob Taylor. Here's the proof



Even a trip on the Normandie does not shake Marlene Dietrich's poise. That's what Madeline Nueske discovered as she clicked her camera's lens at the star



And when Martha Raye made her gala personal appearance in New York City Miss Nueske was on hand again with trusty camera



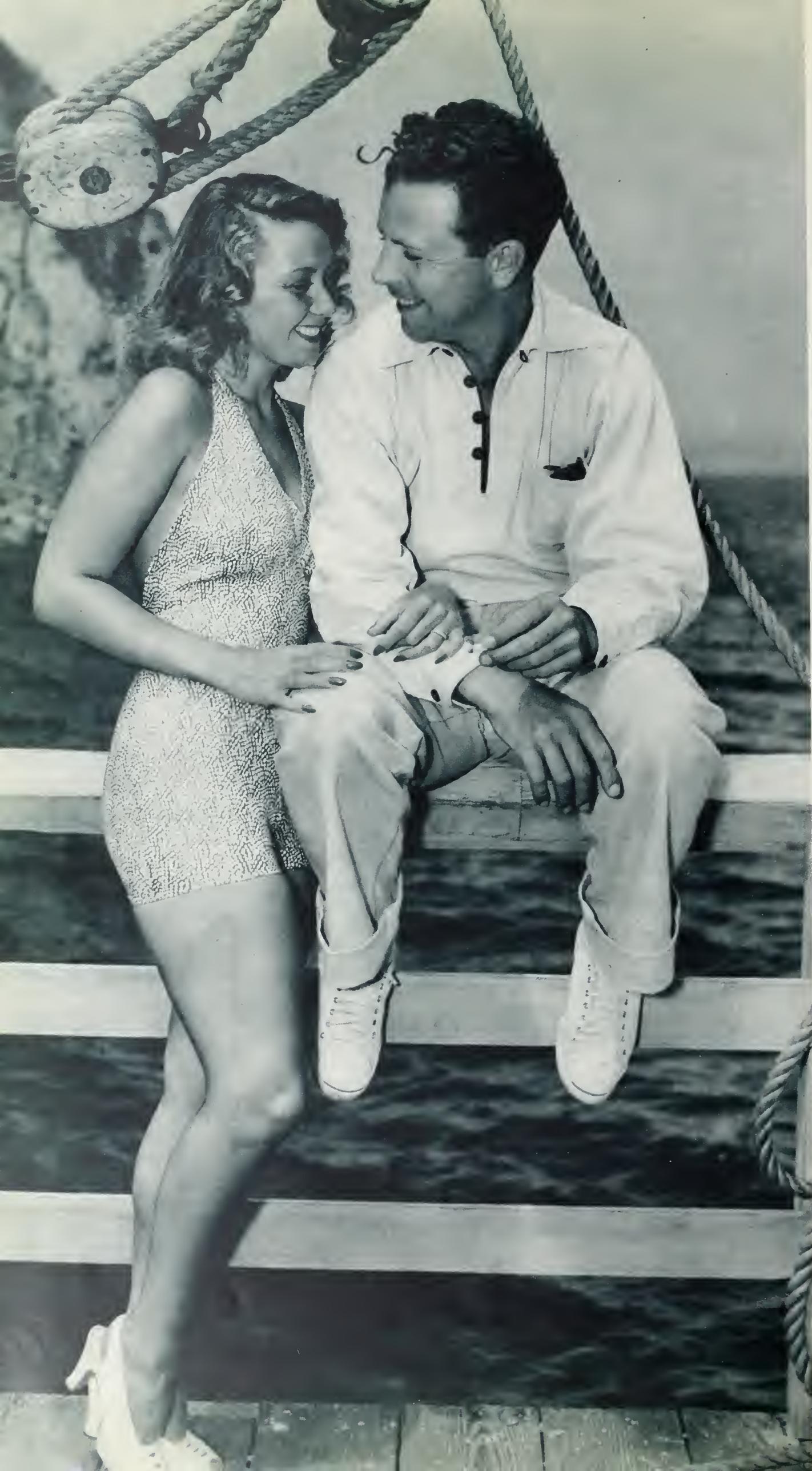
The day Randolph Scott was steward at Del Mar Race Track, Miss Joan Hazard of Mission Beach, Cal., was there, too



A famous dancer shows he likes animals as well as dance steps. Jane Flinchum took this of Fred Astaire at ease with his "pooch"



Miss Feeney of Detroit has a gift for taking charming pictures. Without a doubt this proves that Shirley is the Darling of the Regiment



"THE  
PERFECT  
SPECIMEN"

AND HUSBAND  
ROMANCING AT  
CATALINA

Joan Blondell may be the heroine of Warners' "The Perfect Specimen," and the no less perfect wife of Dick Powell, but she refuses to be the exponent of the art of female wrestling. Cast as a lady grappler in "Swing Your Lady," she decided she preferred the more sentimental side of life; walked out on the studio and into a marital vacation, thus carrying on the year-old honeymoon atmosphere of the perfect marriage



## B A B Y   S T A R

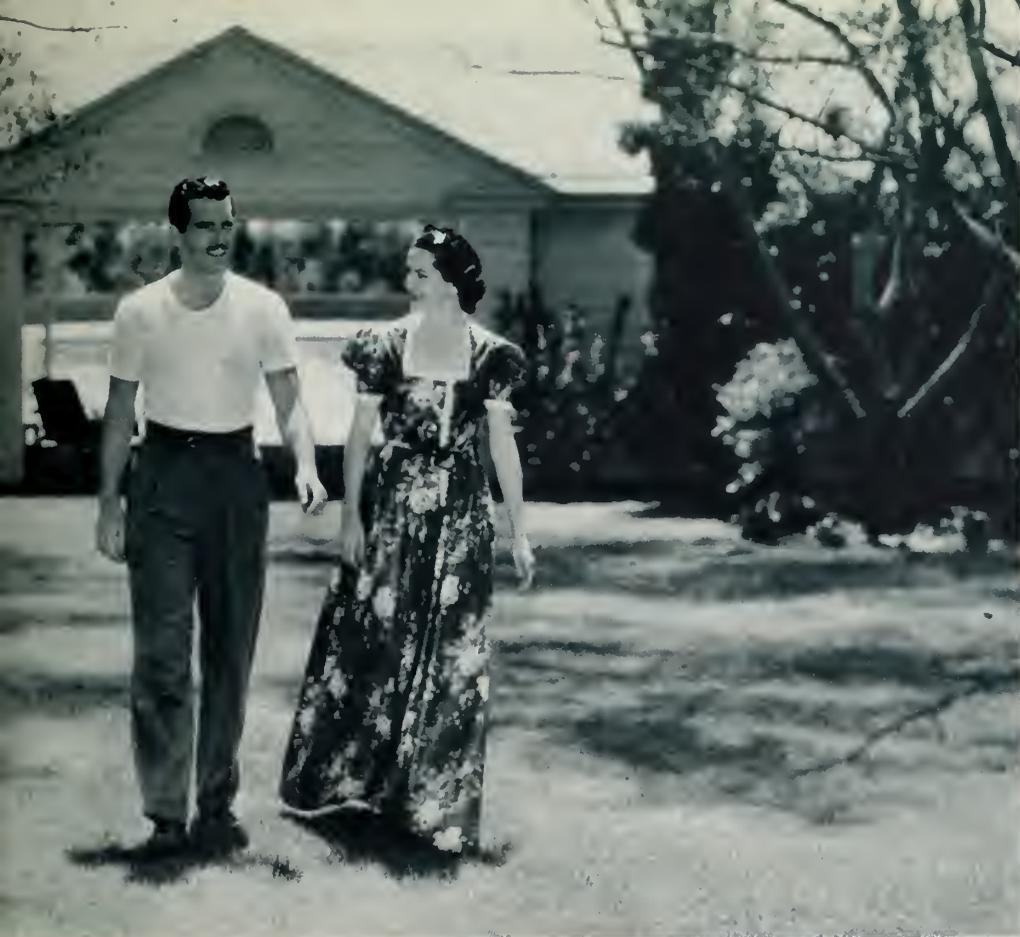
The call number of stardom is up for Jane Bryan, Warners' shy, freckled-faced young fledgling. Born O'Brien—in Hollywood—Jane trained in Jean Muir's Little Theater. Her work in "Kid Galahad" and "Confession" startled the front office into these camera stunts. They sent her out to shoot prop ducks, mend prop nets, pick prop pumpkins—the sure indication that a new star is on the way



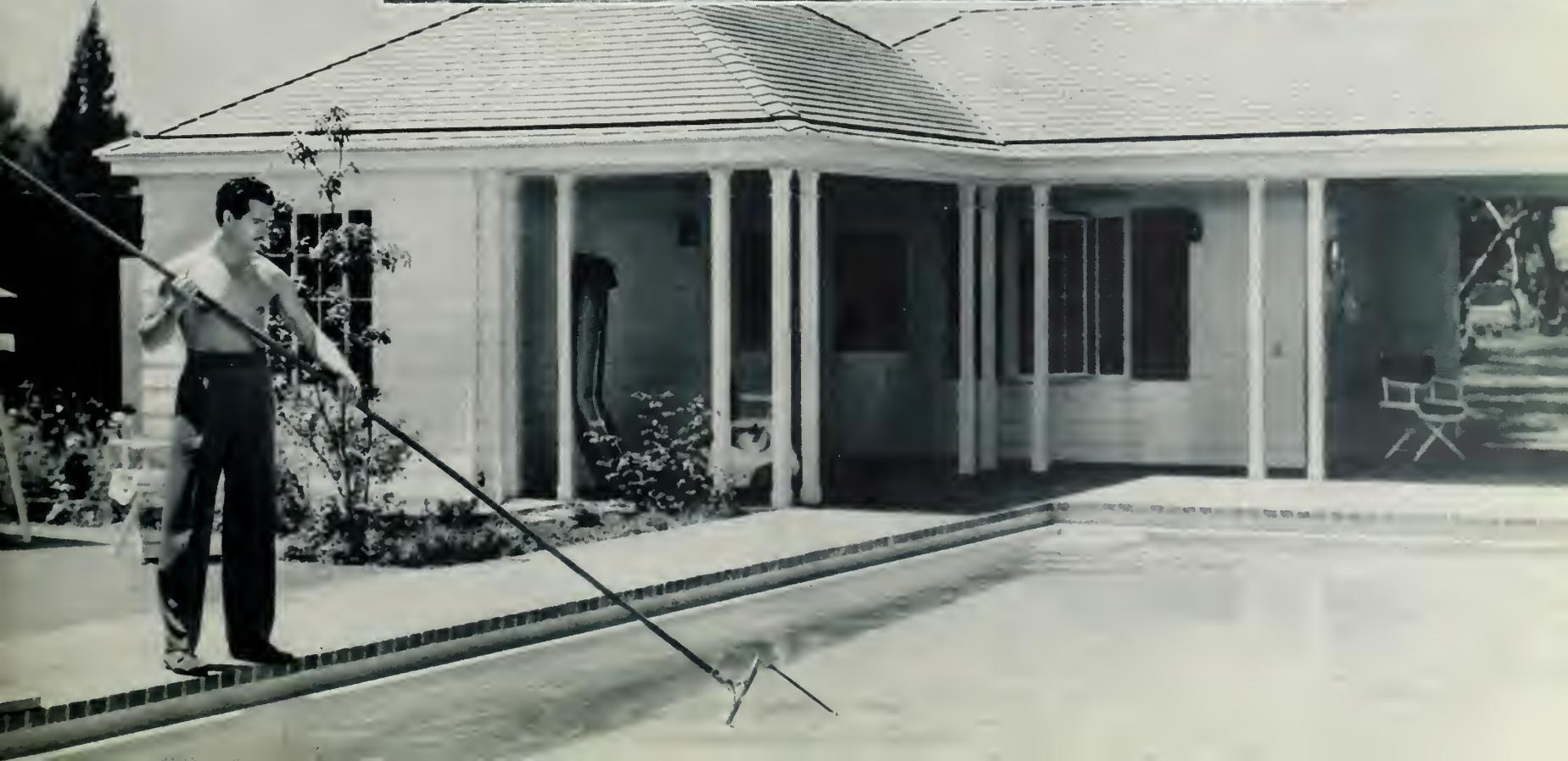


LITTLE  
GAY HOME  
IN THE WEST





Into the making of this early American house in Bel Air, has gone months of careful planning, hard work and many dreams. Haunted by the gypsy heritage of show people, the young MacMurrays had but one wish—to have a home. So, despite the illness of Mrs. MacMurray (the former Lillian Lamont), they built by bedside-conference method, with Lillian the legislator, Fred the executive. If the gods (and these pictures) are just, there's health, wealth and happiness ahead





Hair a bit too bright, voice a bit too Broadway, confidence a bit too lagging—that was the Alice Faye who came to Hollywood with Rudy Vallee to appear in "Scandals" and remained to become a star. A studio artist managed the hair; a diction teacher smoothed the voice; Irving Berlin took care of the confidence by calling Alice the best film song-plugger. At first, resemblance to Harlow was a bugaboo, but Jean's death made Alice the star of "In Old Chicago." Courageous in all things, sensible in most, she keeps her chin up about her work, fingers crossed about her marriage (p. 49)



The shining highlight of W. C. Fields' private art collection is this caricature of himself sent him by a fan. It represents the dry version of Utopian Fields, and as such is one of his favorite masterpieces

# DO YOU REMEMBER?

Fill in the blanks below the picture with the correct name of each star. Then check the correct answer in the statements that follow. If your memory fails, see page 74



1 Cameolike ----- was the nation's sweetheart before Mary Pickford or Shirley Temple. Her fans loved her in "The Goose Girl." She walked off the lot to marry: 1—Mahlon Hamilton; 2—Harold Lockwood; 3—H. Palmerson Williams. At present she is: 1—editing a magazine; 2—living in New Orleans; 3—running her own film company

2 One of the screen's first heartbreakers, ----- thrilled audiences in "Watch My Smoke" and "The Hell Diggers." He died in 1923. His widow is: Cleo Ridgely; 2—Gloria Swanson; 3—Dorothy Davenport; 4—Billie Burke. Carrying on his name in film rôles is: 1—his wife; 2—his brother; 3—his son; 4—his youngest daughter



3 A runner-up with Mrs. Buddy Rogers for blonde fame, ----- and Harold Lockwood formed a romantic team in "The River of Romance," "Big Tremaine," and other memorable pre-1920 films. Her lovely smile, her dimples, her fluffy golden hair were lost to the screen when she forsook her career to marry: 1—Maurice Costello; 2—Carlyle Blackwell; 3—former Photoplay editor, James Quirk; 4—Charles Ray. Today she finds time to: 1—make lecture tours; 2—be domestic in Cleveland; 3—teach in a girls' school



4 The shamrock her trademark, ----- was the heroine of "So Big," and "Ella Cinders." Her name changed three different times to Mrs.: 1—Marshall Neilan; 2—Owen Moore; 3—John McCormick; 4—Gilbert Roland; 5—Al Scott; 6—Elliott Nugent; 7—Homer Hargrave. Her latest interest is: 1—managing a chicken farm; 2—exhibiting a doll house for charity; 3—making a comeback



5 Formerly one of the screen's most chic, ----- played society rôles in "Black Oxen" and "Six Days." Her trio of husbands included: 1—Jack Pickford; 2—Lew Cody; 3—Webster Campbell; 4—Tony Moreno; 5—Walter Morosco; 6—George Marshall. Today she is: 1—painting in Mexico; 2—managing a book shop in Hollywood; 3—keeping house in Texas; 4—traveling abroad



6 In 1923, ----- was an awkward girl playing in Westerns. In 1936, she retired temporarily after a lead in: 1—"Taming of the Shrew"; 2—"Romeo and Juliet"; 3—"Midsummer's Night Dream." She now: 1—a producer; 2—a director; 3—a noted playwright



7 The movie career of blonde -----, who won fame in "Ponjola," was interrupted when she: 1—had to care for her invalid mother; 2—fell from a horse; 3—campaigns for Roosevelt. She now: 1—lives in Sweden; 2—writes scenarios; 3—plays minor film rôles

8 A top-notch comedienne of her day, ----- appeared in films with Harold Lloyd long before she starred in "Rio Rita." Called The Most Engaged Girl in Hollywood, she finally picked: 1—John Boles; 2—C. B. De Mille; 3—Howard Hughes; 4—Ben Lyon; 5—Dick Arlen. Today she is: 1—studying voice; 2—devoting her time to her child; 3—playing in music halls abroad





## REUNION IN HOLLYWOOD

—and it brought a lump to the throats of those who witnessed it when Tommy Kelly—the lonely little chap from the Bronx—saw his mother and sister after a separation of many months. It's predicted that "Tom Sawyer" will do for Tommy what "David Copperfield" did for Freddie Bartholomew



At the very moment Hymie snapped his shot of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, radio gossip announced split. While the subject's still fresh, here's what Cal cheerfully says below



## Gossip of Hollywood

*In one ear and out the typewriter  
come the choicest items behind  
Hollywood headlines and heartlines*

### OF THE HAPPILY MARRIED

THAT smug look you see all over PHOTO-PLAY'S face this month is because it predicted, exclusively, the marriage of Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak almost six months ago. For a little while, there, it looked as if the petite and lovely Miriam had changed our minds for us—then each time we saw them in public we were reassured. She met famous director Litvak on shipboard, returning to America, you remember, and knew almost at once that here was her happiness. Certainly she deserves it; she has worked too hard for too long making a career for herself and a fine home for her little son.

An amusing inside angle on the romance was that Litvak, for about a week prior to the marriage, drove the cast of "Tovarich" nearly crazy. A great artist in his own right, he, too, was given to a bit of temperament. The actors couldn't quite imagine what had happened to him until the night he slipped off and became married. After that he was a perfect angel. The cast relaxed and realized it must have been uncertainty as to whether or not the brilliant Miriam would marry him

that had been bothering him. He's been the ideal director ever since and peace has reigned on the "Tovarich" set.

WE are still gasping with surprise, on the other hand, over another marriage that took place on the same week end. Surely, after all the endless quarrels they had had, it was pretty amazing that Alice Faye and Tony Martin should decide so suddenly to try and make a go of it.

Out at Universal, where she was making a picture, we found Alice the next day and had a chat about the situation. She seemed a little surprised herself, and just a shade dubious. Of course, that was because Vic Orsatti was on the set (Alice remembered his quickly broken marriage to June Lang) and also Buddy Westmore, make-up artist. Buddy had only that day filed an answer to Martha Raye's divorce suit. It was a dismal company and enough to make any newlywed think carefully about her future.

"Tony and I aren't saying that ours is the perfect marriage," Alice told us very frankly. "We know perfectly well that anyone who gets married in Hollywood is starting with two strikes against him. But at least our eyes are open, and so we've a better chance. I'm not going to try to hold him—he'll have to love me enough to want to stick, that's all. And I hope we can be honest with each other about other people."

That sounded pretty smart to us, and we said so. "Absolutely best wishes," we added. "Thanks," Alice said. "We'll need them."

### ON THE OTHER HAND

GEORGE BRENT wasn't very happy when his Mexican marriage to Australian Constance Worth was held valid, but the sigh of relief that went up throughout Hollywood was like unto a small tornado. In some of the very best homes here the question for a long time has been, "Are we married or aren't we?"

Brent's next move, we understand, is divorce. Incidentally, under California community property laws Mrs. Brent now is entitled to half of whatever her husband owns.

### AND WHILE THE SUBJECT IS FRESH

WE don't know just how near Mrs. Rhea Gable is to suing her famous husband for divorce, but to all appearances Clark and Carole Lombard are preparing for the eventuality. Carole has bought fifty acres in San Fernando Valley; fifteen of the acres are under cultivation and the rest will be left for Clark's horses to wander over.

It's our understanding that when and if he is ever free to marry Carole, they'll put up a ranch house there.

### A STAR IS BORED

RECENTLY we trotted over to a near-by radio station to watch Janet Gaynor and Robert Montgomery rehearse for the airing of "A Star is Born." It was incredibly hot but Janet and Bob, both dressed alike in linen

Hollywood tennis fans came en masse for the annual September matches at the L. A. Tennis Club

PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY HYMAN FINK

Cameras were as thick as tennis balls!  
Frank Milan snaps as Ann Sothern looks

Charming Virginia Bruce enjoys every play

Wilmer Hines and Claire Trevor  
take their tennis so seriously

Marian Marsh obliges the autograph fans while her brother Edward Morgan looks on

slacks with soft shirts open at the throat, seemed to be having a wonderful time.

When it was all over, however, a young man who was almost overcome with heat came moistly from the little box of a control room, where he'd been waiting and supervising. After he'd patted his hair down and wiped his face we saw that it was Tyrone Power, and he didn't look very happy. He went off for his car but Janet lingered on, chatting with Cecil B. De Mille.

It was rather interesting to us watching Tyrone amuse himself while Sonja Henie was away. He took Loretta Young around town for a time, and then he discovered the winsome little Gaynor—but with rejoicing. There's little enough doubt that he has just about the worst case of love-bug-bite in Hollywood—most of the time he even forgets to put on his make-up before he goes to the set.

The funniest thing, though, is hearing close friends of both give out with pity for Tyrone. "Poor boy," they murmur sympathetically, "other youngsters have fallen in love with Janet and she's been very sweet to them, but—"

Well, we know Mr. Power pretty well. And if we are preparing to shed any tears over the possibility of broken hearts we'd never fear it would be Tyrone's heart. He's too intelligent.

#### POOR PRODIGY

BOBBY BREEN'S family got into quite an argument as to when the popular young star was to commence his next picture. According to his contract, Bobby was not subject to studio call until early this winter. However, when the studio succeeded in finding the story they wanted for him sooner than expected, they phoned his mother and father. Would the boy like to start his next picture early in the fall instead of early winter?

Absolutely not, was the answer. Bobby needed some time off, now, to be a regular boy. Then the members of the Breen family went to the mat in attempting to settle a production date. Nobody thought to ask Bobby, himself, when he would like to do his next picture, until they discovered him in his bedroom one day recently, weeping bitterly.

"I'm—m just lonesome," he sobbed. "When I'm working in a picture there's always a lot of kids around. But when I'm home, there isn't anyone. I wish I could start working tomorrow."

With that, the family finally got together and phoned the studio that they could start Bobby's new picture any old



etta finds a devastating way to keep the sun out

me they wanted to—the sooner the letter.

ONE of the least publicized children in Hollywood is Peter, Connie Bennett's little nine-year-old boy. He's a likeable little chap, full of spirits that don't have much chance to come out, since a governess is always within eye-and-ear shot. He has a private dining nook that opens off his room and he takes his meals there. It can't be a very exciting life for a kid of that age, but he must have the consolation of knowing that there are a lot of other children in town who've had the misfortune of being the youngsters of



Rubye De Remer, of early screen fame, chats with the Eddie Lowes



Gilbert Roland and Constance Bennett never miss a good tennis match



Ainsworth Morgan, the writer, and Fay Wray discuss the merits of a serve



Devotees of the game—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen



The gold rush days rip-roared again at the 49'er Ball held at the West Side Tennis Club after the tennis tournament. (Above) Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward and Claire Trevor yodel à la cowboy. (Below) Gloria Stuart flips her dance-hall skirts to beguile the mysterious prospector—none other than husband Arthur Sheekman



famous and wealthy people. After all, Hollywood stars have no other choice than to keep their offspring confined and closely guarded. Little Pete even has to shop at home, with a store representative bringing down stock for his selection.

Perhaps this is another reason why the glamorous ladies of the movie city seem so loath to have and rear large families—or any family at all. Aside from the effect on the figure, it's hardly fair to the children.

Connie, by the way, is chuckling quietly at those who said she was through with pictures for good and all. After "Topper," and with her Hal Roach contract tucked safely away, she's now on as good a footing as any actress in Hollywood, particularly since the craze for light and goofy comedy seems to be as potent as ever.

#### WHAT'S THIS WE HEAR DEPARTMENT

SOMETIMES it seems to be a real romance between Ginger Rogers and Robert Riskin, the director-writer. At other times Lew Ayres is again head man. The fact is nobody knows what's going on.

Lana Turner has reluctantly turned her eyes and heart away from Wayne Morris' direction and is being comforted by Warner's new pride and joy, Ronald Reagan.

That reported wedding between Bruce Cabot and an Eastern socialite is off. Young lady's mama flew West to take care of that little thing, and fixed it proper, we understand.

#### UNSENTIMENTAL FAREWELL

THE lovely Mrs. Buddy Rogers has concluded the sale of that great house she once shared with Douglas Fairbanks.

For the first time the gates to Pickfair will remain permanently closed. As long as Mary Pickford was in residence, the gates were left wide open so that the public could look in at the house and grounds.

"The public helped build Pickfair," Mary once said to us, "and I feel it partially belongs to them." The fact that Mary constantly gave her house and grounds for charity fetes proved the sincerity of her words.

But now Buddy Rogers and his wife are leaving the house forever, and all the old traditions and ideals that surrounded Pickfair will leave with them.

"Are you sorry to go?" we asked Mary.

"No," she said. "I have never allowed this house to possess me. I feel free to go on to a new life and create new beauty somewhere else."

#### BIRTHDAY PARTY

ON her birthday this month Claudette Colbert got up at six, had breakfast and was on the "Tovarich" set by nine. At ten A.M. she had to go back to her dressing room and take a shower because the heat was so intense on the Warner lot. At eleven she gave an interview, then worked until twelve. At lunch she studied dialogue. At two there was a take of drenched clothing, which necessitated another bath and redressing; at three another interview; at four a huddle with

(Continued on page 87)

# WE COVER THE STUDIOS

Lily Pons, in a costume such as no operatic star ever wore before, proves she can take Jack Oakie's ribbing



Fredric March turns on a pirate's scowl in "The Buccaneer,"—the film which introduces Franciska Gaal

## BY JAMES REID

**H**OLLYWOOD'S foreign finds aren't what they used to be.

Time was when every new fetching foreigner was another Garbo or another Dietrich. She couldn't be anything else. She was that glamorous, and seductive, and mysterious, and elusive. Her publicity said so.

But times, we are happy to report, have changed. Now you never know what to expect from a newcomer with an accent.

Take Rose Stradner, and Ilona Massey—as, we trust, you will be only too willing to do. Both are Viennese. Both are blonde. Both are busy at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Rose, in Vienna, was a rival of Luise Rainer. Now, in Culver City, the rivalry is renewed. Rose is making her bow in a rôle once mentioned for Luise. The picture is "The Last Gangster," with Edward G. Robinson, James Stewart and Lionel Stander.

*From the land of make-believe come thrilling glimpses of the latest masterpieces in the making*

Not only is she the first foreign find to make her debut in a gangster picture (even a big one like this), but she is also the first potential glamour girl to start a Hollywood career in a young-mother rôle—a rôle in which she ages twelve years during the time from the opening shot to the fade-out.

Mlle. Stradner has courage. She proved that when the studio changed her name to "something more glamorous": Andrea Marlo. She fought to have it changed back. She argued:

"If I succeed, it will not matter what my name is. People will repeat it. If I fail, it will make no difference what my name is. Perhaps 'Stradner' suggests nothing. But what does 'Marlo' suggest? A combination of Harlow, Garbo and Margo. I am not that!"

Her logic was unanswerable. She won the battle. The rôle came later. And here she is, in a satin negligee on a luxurious interior set, playing—today—a mother with a six-months-old baby.

It is her first encounter with motherhood, make-believe or otherwise. And she tells us, with a rueful smile, "I always wanted a baby. Now I wonder. Or aren't all babies temperamental?" We catch the infant napping.

**W**E have to tiptoe away to the set of "Rosalie," which is a musical comedy with a West Point background. It costars (for the first time) Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell, and coveatures Ray Bolger and Ilona Massey. Eleanor and Ray take care of the dancing; Nelson and Ilona, the singing.

The studio changed Ilona's name, too. And she raised nary an objection. Her last name used to be Hajmassy. It was famous in Viennese operatic circles, along with her voice. Her face and figure are all right, too.

She has just started work. She has the first-day jitters. Also, she is not used to such fast English as Director W. S. Van Dyke's.

She is walking along a path with Tommy Rutherford, movie newcomer. Behind them rises a steep slope of rock (plaster to the prop boys). She is to pause, look down at the river, then say, tremolo, "Zis is Flirtation Walk!" They kiss. And, presto, the camera tilts upward, focusing on the top of the rock. There is Nelson, enviously eying the embrace.

One-take Van Dyke has to make a second take. He stands about six feet in front of Ilona. "No, no," he tells her. "The river is not back there"—he gestures behind him. "It is where my feet are." Ilona looks at his feet, registers a thrill at the view, says "Zis is Flirtation Walk!," and embraces Tommy. The second take is successful.

On Stage 4, Joan Crawford is doing something that no one does better. A realistic Cinderella story. A story of a girl chained to life in a tenement, who breaks her chains  
(Continued on page 84)



★ MADAME X—M-G-M



★ 52ND STREET—Wanger-United Artists

NO matter how many times you have seen this famous tear-jerking melodrama you will weep again at Metro's new version. Mainly because of Gladys George's magnificent acting and also because of Sam Wood's fine direction, the cinema bromide emerges once more with its banalities nearly gone and a new scope and restraint added.

Miss George plays with feeling and exquisite technique the misunderstood woman who, cast out by her rigidly moral husband because of an indiscretion, gradually becomes dissolute and a slattern. The story of her downfall has been given new interest, and her slow disintegration is one of the best portrayals of the year. Climax is the famous courtroom scene, in which her own son defends her. Warren William and John Beal are both splendid.

WHAT should have been a smash musical, scintillating and brilliant, here becomes a wandering story of two families. A great deal of fairly good entertainment is scattered throughout but the historical saga and the comedy numbers conflict with each other.

Story begins in 1912 when 52nd Street was lined with mansions; Ian Hunter plays an aristocrat who starts a feud with his two strait-laced sisters, Dorothy Peterson and ZaSu Pitts, by marrying Marla Shelton, an entertainer. The years go by and Hunter's daughter grows up to have a romance with Kenny Baker, son of a street singer. Coincidentally with these developments, 52nd Street is shown as it degenerates into an avenue of speak-easies. Leo Carrillo is funny, Baker croons well.

# The Shadow Stage

A Review  
of the New Pictures



★ STAND-IN—Wanger-United Artists



★ DOUBLE WEDDING—M-G-M



★ THE PERFECT SPECIMEN—Warners

C. B. KELLAND'S fine story of a mathematician who invades Hollywood in an effort to save a picture studio from failure is howling laugh-material for the movie colony's selected few, but probably will mean little to an average audience. Leslie Howard, never so colorless in portrayal, is the financial wizard who hates fun and sin of any description, but is interested only in saving his studio from C. Henry Gordon's evil machinations. He meets Joan Blondell, who tries to make him a human being. Marla Shelton does grand work as the star whom Howard compromises, Humphrey Bogart is authentic; Alan Mowbray hams well, and Miss Blondell is appealing.

Warning: don't believe all this Hollywood portrait tells you about that glamorous town.

IN its efforts to capitalize on the William Powell-Myrna Loy team, of box-office fame, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has leaned over backward in this, and, at times, has fallen. The entire film is a stew of romance with high fever and of comedy without subtle implications; nevertheless, it's tremendously funny in a boisterous fashion.

Powell plays a roustabout adventurer who lives in a trailer. Deciding Hollywood is his goal, Bill attempts to coach Florence Rice and her beau, John Beal, in a homemade drama. When Myrna, staid and businesslike sister of Miss Rice, hears of the goings on she barges in to investigate and gets a good look at the fascinating Powell; then the trouble starts, because by this time Florence has grown tired of Beal. Better go, but don't expect perfection.

ERROL FLYNN as a comedian must have sounded a little silly to the frères Warner, too, when the idea was first suggested to them. But when you see the Irish adventurer in this cinema clambake you'll realize Mr. Flynn can do a "Mr. Deeds" type of rôle as well as his blood-and-thunder films. He is cast, here, as the heir to a \$30,000,000 utilities company—a boy who has always been shut in from the outside world and educated as "the perfect specimen of his class and species." But he hasn't lived; when Joan Blondell crashes through the fence of his house, therefore, and tempts him to run away to tilt windmills like Don Quixote, he strikes at the lure.

The rest of the picture is a running portrait of this essentially naïve person fighting at a truck drivers' picnic, clattering around the countryside with Miss Blondell, and generally getting himself into trouble. The complications are amusing, since his tyrant grandmother, May Robson, has called in the police to find him. There are some good bedroom scenes.

Dick Foran and Beverly Roberts form an interesting secondary romantic team, and the more goofy comedy is supplied by Hugh Herbert and Edward Everett Horton. Allen Jenkins contributes his usual rowdy trouping with gum-chewing Dennie Moore helping out. You may find that everyone has gained so much momentum they can't stop when the picture does, but you won't mind. You'll be chuckling too much to see or hear the ending anyhow.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

**BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH**

Oscar Homolka in "Ebb Tide"

Barry Fitzgerald in "Ebb Tide"

Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth"

Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth"

Ralph Bellamy in "The Awful Truth"

Errol Flynn in "The Perfect Specimen"

Joan Blondell in "The Perfect Specimen"

Bill Powell in "Double Wedding"

Myrna Loy in "Double Wedding"

John Beal in "Double Wedding"

Gladys George in "Madame X"

The Ritz Brothers in "Life Begins in College"

**THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH**

**Ebb Tide**

**The Great Garrick**

**Madame X**

**Stand-In**

**Breakfast for Two**

**The Perfect Specimen**

**Life Begins in College**

**Double Wedding**

**52nd Street**

**The Awful Truth**



★ **BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO-Radio**



★ **LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox**



★ **THE AWFUL TRUTH—Columbia**

THIS is the best picture that has ever fallen to the happy lot of lovely Irene Dunne. For that matter it is the best picture to come out of Hollywood in a year that has seen many superior productions. Addressed to both cultivated and casual audiences, it is terrifically funny from its inception to its brilliant close. There is not a line wasted, not a piece of acting business bungled. That it successfully combines wistful but genuine romance with legitimate slapstick is its chief virtue, but outside of analysis, it is simply superb entertainment, charming, beautifully produced and with nice people in it.

Miss Dunne, well dressed and warmly engaging, plays with a happy combination of insouciance and satire the quick-witted wife of Cary Grant. They're in love with each other but like to play around a little, and after a particularly exhilarating argument they decide on divorce as a solution. Irene meets Ralph Bellamy, a rich but naïve Oklahoman, and agrees to marry him out of sheer boredom. Grant, meanwhile, has tracked down a young heiress and got himself engaged to her. Then comes the clam-bake, because both Irene and Cary discover the divorce was a mistake, and set out to compromise each other into a reconciliation.

Bellamy gives his finest performance, Grant has never been more charming; Cecil Cunningham and Joyce Compton contribute hilarious bits; Leo McCarey has directed with cunning. It's a command performance for every picture addict.

IN Barbara Stanwyck's first picture since "Stella Dallas" hokum and exaggeration are employed to good advantage. Where *Stella* was a pathetic figure in her overstuffed clothes, Miss Stanwyck's newest cine-character is a smartly dressed, dominant and gay Texan who works wonders with a New York playboy's life, home, and business.

Barbara meets Herbert Marshall on one of his romantic drunks and, finding that he is neglecting the business inherited from his family, proceeds to put him firmly on his own feet by (1) giving him a black eye in a fight, (2) buying out his business, and (3) preventing his marriage to Glenda Farrell, a gold-digging showgirl.

Eric Blore plays the rôle of assistant to Cupid; Donald Meek and Frank Thomas contribute too.

THERE is no story to speak of, much of the acting is bad, and the situations are unbelievable, yet this must be rated as top-notch entertainment. The Ritz Brothers make it that. Spouting energy and madness from every pore, they work so hard at comedy they literally bludgeon you into laughter.

Released at a time when college and football are starting together, the film uses a Midwestern school as setting and revolves about a washed-up but still good football coach, Fred Stone. An oil-rich Indian, Nat Pendleton, enrolls and not only saves Stone's job but the old man's reputation. Always in the background are the Ritzs, laughing and scratching; Joan Davis does a Martha Raye as Nat's affinity and Gloria Stuart pairs with Dick Baldwin (a newcomer) for serious love interest.



★ **THE GREAT GARRICK—Warners**



★ **EBB TIDE—Paramount**

IT all depends on you, whether or not you'll find "The Great Garrick" your type of entertainment, for this farce is by no means general in its appeal.

Set against the colorful background of the Eighteenth Century, it centers around the personality of David Garrick, England's most famous actor. The actors of the Comedie Française, hearing of Garrick's impending visit, are inspired by their jealousy to try to make a fool of the famous David. They hire an inn, man it completely from their troupe, and plan a major deceit. How the Englishman foils their plot is the story.

Brian Aherne, very swashbuckling in the leading rôle, lacks needed warmth. Olivia de Havilland, opposite him, is, as usual, completely enchanting.

FOR those of you bored to jelly with stock movies, this should be an orgy. Filmed in Technicolor, it offers two new sensations; the sea in all its majestic beauty, and Britain's Oscar Homolka, a genuinely fine actor. With two friends, Barry Fitzgerald, and Ray Milland, he takes over a schooner, plans to steal the cargo. The owner's daughter, Frances Farmer, is aboard. After a terrific typhoon, they land on an island where dwells murderous Lloyd Nolan.

Here justice is dealt to all concerned. Director James Logan has kept the strange flavor of Stevenson's story, and he is aided by the clever cast, each of whom gives a masterly performance. It's a picture you will long remember.



**THE BRIDE WORE RED—M-G-M**

HEAVEN help the actors on a script like this. In a Viennese version of the Cinderella legend, Joan Crawford impersonates a cabaret girl chosen by an impish count to pose as a lady at a fashionable hotel. Here she comes upon a passionate postman, Franchot Tone, and a playboy, Robert Young. Miss Crawford offers a performance both gracious and compelling, but the weary plot defeats everything.



**THIS WAY PLEASE—Paramount**

YOU'LL find this a mildly entertaining musical, well constructed and scored, but without distinction. Betty Grable, a theater usherette, falls in love with crooner Buddy Rogers and, after a quarrel, usurps his place as stage attraction number one. Mary Livingstone smart-cracks, Ned Sparks dead-pans as usual and Fibber McGee and Molly (of radio fame), add their bit of fun and nonsense.



**EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS—Warners**

BEVERLY ROBERTS plays a movie star on the skids in this tiresome pseudo-exposé of the Hollywood publicity racket. Hoping to gain a new contract, Beverly marries Patric Knowles, a rundown nobleman, in order to interest her public. The trick works and Beverly resumes her career, leaving the disgruntled groom in Europe. You'll see "Expensive Husbands" at the expense of a good evening.



**FIT FOR A KING—RKO-Radio**

HEREWITH Joe E. Brown in a "you chase me and I'll chase you" comedy, with all the usual Brown antics. Joe is a reporter sent to cover the story of a Kansas-born princess (Helen Mack) of some mythical kingdom who is about to be assassinated. Poor Joe is scooped at every turn by a rival reporter, Paul Kelly, until the real showdown, which is riotous fun. Brown fans will adore every reel.



**A BRIDE FOR HENRY—Monogram**

A LIVELY comedy with a novel triangle idea, this has Anne Nagel marrying Warren Hull to spite Henry Mollison, who forgot to show up at the altar for their wedding. Mollison joins Anne and Hull on their honeymoon. Hull is a big success with the other girls at the hotel, and Claudia Dell decides she could use him. It's very light and frothy, and performances of the whole cast are capable.



**MUSIC FOR MADAME—RKO-Radio**

NINO MARTINI'S excellent voice counterbalances the weakness of this wandering story about a singer accused of stealing a pearl necklace at a wedding while the guests are enthralled with his singing. Alan Mowbray's satirical take-off of a noted symphonic conductor is nice, Joan Fontaine is pretty and the Hollywood Bowl scenes are impressive. You'll like all the music. (Continued on page 96)



**FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY—RKO-RADIO**

ADD the rowdy comedy of Jack Oakie to the delightful singing of John Boles—and you have entertainment plus. Oakie, a fight promoter, decides to manage Boles. He guides his new charge from a broken romance into a duel, and then on to a fresh love. Erik Rhodes provides many laughs while Margot Grahame and Ida Lupino are the objects of Mr. Boles' affections. A lively and gay farce.

# PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Silver sequins twinkle like stars on the hemline of this blue silhouette gown worn by Irene Dunne. Her cape of natural red fox adds colorful contrast





Loretta Young, Christmas shopping in an ensemble of plaid and plain Rodier woolen created by Howard Greer of Hollywood. Her skirt, with side slits, is contrasted by a short box jacket of plaid in shades of rust, brown, yellow and red with five-eighth sleeves, high revers and carved wooden buttons. The full-length topcoat of brown woolen to match the skirt has top sleeves of beige fox. The quill that pierces Loretta's toque is tinged with the colors of the plaid. For details of Miss Young's accessories turn to the Fashion Letter on page 67. J. W. Robinson Company of L. A. wrapped these Xmas boxes for the star of "Second Honeymoon"

*Photograph by Frank Powolny*



## HOLD YOUR HATS, BOYS

Leave it to our inimitable Carole to start a new millinery trend! In playful mood she stole Clark Gable's new winter hat right off his head and found it was just the thing to complete her sport frock of beige covert cloth. Clark had carefully selected his hat in brown velour with a matching double band silk cord knotted and fringed in back. Carole's two-piece frock is full of fashion interest. The jacket reaches below the hips and features zipper and saddle pouch pockets, leather buttons and glove stitching. The skirt is pencil-slim with inverted front and back pleats for full action



## LEADING LADY CLOTHES

Christmas shopping is the only worry of this beautiful "Damsel in Distress," Joan Fontaine (Fred Astaire's new leading lady), since Irene of Bullock's Wilshire has gowned her like a queen. In Joan's casual, all-purpose spectator sport suit (above) Irene features a stunning jacket, short and boxy with five-eighth length sleeves, sans revers and fastenings, of striped woolen in chartreuse and oxford grey. The low, square neckline reveals an oxford grey cashmere sweater worn outside a matching skirt of woolen. Notice the side slits at the hemline of this pencil-slim skirt. Joan's hat of grey felt is banded with chartreuse

A new "tailored fashion story" is revealed in both of Joan's suits. They forsake the mannish mode of past seasons and introduce new notes of femininity. In a dressier mood Irene styles a suit of beige duvetyn (right) and accents it with brown. Again the skirt is pencil-slim with side slits, but here it is banded with self-fabric appliqué. The jacket, neatly fitted, and closed at the waistline with invisible hooks, is distinctive with its styled motif of appliqué and its low-cut neckline that reveals the soft drape of a brown crepe blouse. Joan's toque is of beige antelope, while her gloves, shoes and bag are of brown





During the dull winter months the flattering lines, luscious colorings and rich fabrics of charmingly feminine robes offer a welcome change from dark street woollens. Gladys Swarthout's robe (right) is of shell-pink taffeta subtly contrasted by light blue all-over yarn embroidery. Its wide front panels are gathered into an up-standing collar as they encircle the neckline, and its full sleeves flow into trim roll cuffs. Blue grosgrain ribbon ties a tailored bow at the waistline. Gladys will sing for you soon again in Paramount's "The Yellow Nightingale"

The Frank Chapmans, always included among Hollywood's "ten best dressed couples," pose together exclusively for PHOTO-PLAY. John-Frederics created the cap hat and novel bag of red and white checked woolen that dramatizes Gladys' navy serge single-breasted suit styled with flaring skirt and patch pockets. Notice the sweet white linen blouse trimmed with neck and cuff ruching, and the initial clips on the pocket. Mr. Chapman's grey worsted suit is single breasted with double button closing. Maroon and grey stripe his cravat

BEST DRESSED COUPLE



# PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION

## WHERE TO BUY THEM



Shirley Ross (of "The Big Broadcast of 1938") wears an ensemble of black crepe with contrast of gold in the blouse. The frock features the new high waistline and tube silhouette. Gold metallic thread embroiders the short jacket

A large cluster of tan and beige flowers accents a low V-decolletage of this beige crepe afternoon frock (below) which Shirley wears with chic. The long tight sleeves have a slight shoulder fullness

The burgundy angora tweed (opposite page) features a surplice blouse, fan-pleated sleeves and front inset. The velvet ribbon girdle runs through a shirred band and ties in a bow at the back

Black satin and crepe combine to style this smart tunic street frock (bottom opposite page). The corselet girdle of satin gives a flattering new high-low waistline. The frock closes down the back with intriguing little satin-covered buttons



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

# CLUB STYLES

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 76

## PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS



A jaunty brown quill pierces the front of this matching felt beret worn by Una Merkel, M-G-M player. Radiated tucks and jutting side brim are new dressy notes in winter berets

A crushed, tucked crown gives interest to this bottle-green felt street hat with rolled side brim. A canary-yellow pompon feather mounted on a green quill gives gay color contrast

Green leather bands, double rows of stitching on the high crown, the casually rolled back brim and the novel chin strap gives this "thrush brown" sport hat a new note of distinction





#### JOAN BLUE

A vibrant, ethereal hue, long Joan Crawford's favorite for wear beneath sun or stars, has become the most important color in Hollywood for holiday formals. Joan posed exclusively for PHOTOPLAY in her newest formal gown which emphasizes a moulded silhouette, high waistline and a decolleté camisole-bodice. The most priceless set of Joan's famous collection of sapphires and diamonds accent her simple gown, and a tuxedo coat of blue fox proclaims her costume a symphony of color. Joan's current film release is M-G-M's "The Bride Wore Red"



# FASHION LETTER

Hyman Fink's picture of Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Del Rio and Mrs. Gary Cooper entering the Troc proves a point for Miss Walters this month, and serves as real evidence of one of the most important trends in winter fashions

graph) and forefinger fit as usual, and the remaining three fingers slide easily into the little semi-mitten.

In Los Angeles Greer's unique glove is sold exclusively at Bullock's Wilshire, and La Valle's shoe at J. W. Robinson Co. Be sure to turn to page fifty-eight and see how smartly Loretta assembles these accessories with her street costume; but before you do, let me tell you about the gifts that are in the beautifully wrapped boxes she carries.

The large box on the bottom conceals a matching slip and nightie of pink satin with deep yokes of ecru lace; the black one a half a dozen pairs of "Avenue" hose (a bronze shade perfect for wear with black, dark green and red, rust or brown); the little long box holds a pair of black suede gloves run on the backs with a tracery of metallic threads (exquisite for wear with an all-black costume for dressy occasions); and the large square white one is heaped full of choice cosmetics.

Now I must get back to my story and tell you about some exciting clothes I've seen.

Designer Dolly Tree's clothes for Myrna Loy in "The Four Marys" are magnificent. You'll be particularly interested in Myrna's black Lyons velvet coat which, by the way, has the short-in-front hemline. It is form-fitting, with flaring skirt, well-defined waistline, deep cuffs and wide revers.

Crawford's clothes in "Mannequin" again pay tribute to Adrian. I told him that the serge suit he created of blue (Joan Blue too, as I described it on page sixty-six) with its jacket flap-trim, shining silver disc buttons and turkey red blouse would be a universal favorite overnight.

"Having Wonderful Time" was the note Ginger Rogers sent me from Palm Springs recently. She loved working in her picture by that name and you'll love seeing her in it. Edward Stevenson created her clothes, and since street costumes "that travel" are so important during the holidays I selected Ginger's three-piece ensemble to tempt you: a beige crepe hand-tucked, peplum blouse with wing collar and tab breast pockets tucks into a brown woolen skirt which has a contrast three-quarter length, slightly flared, collarless coat of brown and yellow plaid. Ginger's vagabond brown felt sport hat is pierced with a quill tinged in brown and yellow.

Orry Kelly smashed all previous costume records by including thirty-seven changes in Kay Francis' wardrobe for "This Woman Is Dangerous." Mr. Kelly is as famous in Hollywood for his drapery as Alix is in Paris, and he considers silk jersey the ideal medium for draping and Kay the perfect subject.

There are dozens of other novel style notes in the clothes of this picture, but I must close now. I do so with the promise that Kay will wear some of Mr. Kelly's beautiful gowns on PHOTOPLAY's fashion pages in the very near future.



La Valle's shoes, Greer's gloves, for Miss Young's costume (page 58)

*Hollywood rushes its current release of latest winter clothes. Read about them here; wear them with the stars*

and I see it worn not only as separate coats, capes and scarves, but also as lavish trims for coats and gowns.

There's an ingenious little fashion story connected with Loretta Young's glove that lies beside her high front, step-in shoe trimmed with a kidskin roll (both shown above). Howard Greer's glamorous patrons frequently complained that it was most difficult to pull their gloves over their jeweled fingers and asked why he didn't do something about it. Imagine their surprise when he launched this two-fingered glove called "The Frog" at his recent opening. The thumb (which is turned under in the photo-

## BY GWENN WALTERS

HERE are so many interesting fashion highlights in Hollywood to write about this month I hardly know where to begin. The stars seem to have come out of hiding. They are seen everywhere, and their exquisite grooming and chic costuming take my breath with each chance meeting. There's a simple elegance in Hollywood fashion never seen before.

Silver fox seems to be the favorite fur with every star (note the glory of it on the three fashionable ladies pictured on this page),

# B A R B A R A

The author has discovered the two prime instincts that have made Barbara an individual on the screen, and off. The first instinct is exemplified in Barbara's statement about her son, Dion; the second is the quality that has made possible her friendship with Joan Crawford



# FOR HER OWN SAKE

*At last! A fine searching story about the Stanwyck girl herself which doesn't ask her to bask in the shadow of Bob Taylor's—or anybody else's—glory*

BY DIXIE WILLSON

**D**O YOU recall the theatrical season several years ago, when a slim gray-eyed girl named Barbara Stanwyck won all New York's acclaim for her characterization in the leading feminine rôle of a great play called "Burlesque?"

Since that success she has sampled many degrees of adulation. There is something poignant and grippingly real in the personalities she creates, something which makes you believe them, makes you remember them. There is fire and power in that quiet ability of hers. And of one thing you may be sure; her name is not spelled in letters of lights in exchange for merely looks or luck or imitation of drama as she imagines it, or life as she has read about it. It has taken tears more real than those of glycerine and camphor!

And in this story of Barbara herself, perhaps, between the lines, you may read the answer to that elusive quality of heartbeat she so definitely possesses.

Anent the tall dignity she wears upon the screen, it is surprising to know that she is a little, a very little girl, a small five feet three, and weighs scarcely one hundred and four pounds. And she is yet very young. The dignity she wears is bought with experience, not with years.

She laughs at whimsical things . . . the confusions of Mickey Mouse . . . loves spontaneous things . . . dinner packed off to the beach . . . enjoys serious things . . . a lake by Corot, a book by Thackeray. She is democratic and sincere, offers her hand with a quick, friendly smile. She is not beautiful, but of that detail you find yourself wholly unaware, so magnificent a substitute is her poise and arresting charm.

**T**HIRTY miles from Hollywood Boulevard, through the roadside village of Calabasas, past the giant oak from which more than half a hundred cattle rustlers have dangled, past the trim little flower-covered post office of Triunfo, on into the country of the Santa Susanna hills, here is where you find her . . . at home. Here in her thatch-roofed Irish farmhouse, Barbara and her small son have found enviable happiness.

The house is long and rambling . . . "but a small house at that," she will tell you. "We don't need a lot of room."

It is built of rough gray stone with tones of yellow. For many months Barbara hunted through the quarries to find just

what she wanted. The porch, with its rust-red flagstone floor, is as long as the house itself, is furnished with inviting comfort in rust color and driftwood.

In the living room, a canary-yellow carpet and gamboge tapestries are the background for furniture in chintz of brown, yellow and green. There is a fascinating fireplace of brown marble, and, on the day of which I write, a crowd of red roses is a brilliantly lovely medallion against the cream-colored wall, tall deep-green stems in a bowl of crystal glass . . . a small rose-scented card tucked in Barbara's gray flannel shirt pocket.

Adjoining the Victorian living room is the "playroom" . . . here is real beauty of walls and ceiling in redwood beams. The carpet is hand-braided light gray, the furniture chromium and scarlet leather.

"But it's the hills and the valleys I love most of all," Barbara told me. "To dress in breeches and sneakers all day long; and the baby can have his own pony; and a dozen pancakes for breakfast," she laughed, "is only the beginning!"

The porch looks down across a terrace and a tropical-blue swimming pool, to where, in the valley below, in rectangular, white-washed pattern, are stables, paddocks, foaling and brood-mare barns. And circling the green turf like gray ribbon around a bright bonnet is a silken half-mile track, for Barbara is a breeder of horses, a farmer whose aim for a season's crop is one hundred and sixty acres of hay, and a string of "Kentucky" thoroughbreds.

One late afternoon we watched, from the porch, the breaking to saddle, down there in the paddock, of a pair of handsome year-old colts. The day's shadows were growing long. The distant mountains were turning from gray to cobalt blue. In dusty boots and grass-stained jodhpurs, knees locked in her arms, this girl of the husky, lazy voice sat on the flagstone floor, her head back against the rust-colored stone wall, her eyes straying often from the paddock to the terrace where small Dion struggled with the balance of bright new stilts.

"What do I like best . . . and least, about Hollywood?" Barbara Stanwyck said, repeating my question. "Best . . . that it gives me a place which is home. Least . . . the fanfare and hullabaloo that seems to be part of pictures. I really don't know why there should be fanfare," she said, "for people who play in pictures are not incredible human beings. And I never quite know why the foremost impression of Hollywood should be glamour, because glamour actually has nothing to do with pictures at all. Working in pictures is one thing. Glamour is a separate thing entirely. In Hollywood you don't have to buy a certain car, a certain coat. There's nobody to demand that of you. You can buy what you please and be what you like. All pictures really ask of you is that you do your best.

"Still, of course," she smiled, "there's my  
(Continued on page 74)



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS  
PRESENTS  
JOAN CRAWFORD  
STARRING IN  
THE DRAMATIC RISE OF A SELF-MADE STAR

PART THREE

IN her suit for divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., filed in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County in May, 1933, Joan Crawford made the familiar charge of mental cruelty.

But you can't dismiss the story of that romantic and vital young marriage with a couple of words. Once again Life had rushed Joan Crawford forward to a crossroads, and once again she had taken the fork in the road that led higher and higher toward fame and fortune; once again she had absorbed into herself and her personality all that experience and the man could teach her.

What had changed the gay and delightful Prince Charming of Joan's love dream into a "moody, sulky and overjealous husband" to quote the divorce papers? What had driven Joan Crawford, born Lucille LeSueur, in a little town near Kansas City, now one of the very top stars, from her ideal marriage into the divorce court and onto the front pages of every newspaper in America?

For five years, Joan had been madly and devotedly in love with Doug. In 1927, two years before they actually were married, she wore a wedding ring he had given her with "To my wonderful wife" inscribed inside. When they were married in 1929, they were as much in love as any two people I ever saw. Yet only three years later, in the spring of 1932, came rumors of disaster, of a possible split between the famous lovers. And in 1933, divorce.

From the standpoint of drama, of Joan Crawford, movie star, this chapter was inevitable. It couldn't have been written any other way.

I don't mean that the divorce was Joan's fault. Yet I do believe that the cause of it was written in the fundamental character of Joan Crawford, actress and movie star, and that it was the very same element that has placed her name so high on the scroll of fame and kept it there. That quality of dramatization—of vibrant vitality—of dramatizing everything in life and expecting it to be played in big scenes and to the nth degree. That's what makes Joan Crawford what she is and, psychologically, it's what destroyed that first marriage.

I AM no prophet and I am unduly optimistic. But I said to myself upon a certain night only a few months after the famous marriage of Joan and the Fairbanks heir, "It can't last.

Isn't it too bad, but it can't possibly last."

I was dining with Hope Loring Lighton, scenario writer and social leader, at whose home Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were recently married. Across from me sat the most discussed bride and bridegroom in the world—Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The candlelight shone on Doug's smooth, blond head, made him look more than ever distinguished and aristocratic—a young blood if ever I saw one. (And that was long before the days when he became the crony of the Duke of Kent and the friend of both the present and the ex Kings of England.) Joan, in lemon-yellow chiffon, was actually breath-taking.

But—but—they were too high-keyed, they were too absorbed, they were too dramatic about their love. They just missed being a little—what is the word—not vulgar, not shocking—but they couldn't keep their hands or their eyes off each other for a moment. They were most dramatically and violently bride and bridegroom.

I KNOW that sounds brutal and I couldn't and wouldn't have said it then, for in a way their love was rather wonderful to watch. They were beautiful, their love for each other almost pagan. They were flaming youth in real earnest. But it made me terribly afraid for them. Love can't go on at that pitch. It never has in all history. But they said it would, they believed it would, they expected it to. They had dramatized it and the world had dramatized it. But they were so frightfully young and inexperienced in the long business of everyday living. What would happen when the inevitable moment of readjustment came—the mellowing of youthful passion into the fine but much less dramatic and exciting business of marriage?

I remember that after dinner, while the men talked books in the library, Joan and Hope and I went upstairs. Joan was completely restless, unhappy, because she was away from Doug for even a few moments. But she was interested in her domestic arrangements—the redoing of her house in Brentwood. It had been, during the hey-hey days not so far in the past, a gay incongruous sort of place, very Spanish outside, with a mixture of early American and Spanish and Hollywood inside. In Joan's own room was a collection of dolls—hundreds of them. That will give you an idea of what kind of a house



it was. Now she was doing it over to suit Doug's tastes and there was talk of apple-green draperies and yellow chintz and English oak tables.

So then we have for a year—two years—young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And Joan Crawford was as completely young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as she had been the hey-hey girl who won Charleston contests. There wasn't anything insincere about the miraculous change in her. It was complete and honest, but only a great actress could have done it so well. Her clothes, her voice, her make-up, everything that had suited the tastes of the harum-scarum favorite of the night spots was now changed to fit the posi-



*Only the heights and the depths—*

*never the easy middle path—could*

*be Life to this vibrant glamour girl*

banks, Jr.” There was a moment of complete silence. Every eye turned to the door, whence the three little steps led down. No one had known the Prince and Princess were coming at last to sit at table with the King and Queen.

The two women faced each other. Joan at the head of the little steps, framed in the doorway, magnificently young and beautiful and striking. Mary, looking like a little queen, all in white, with her strangely regal, gracious air. A dramatic contrast few of us ever forgot. Mary, who had been the greatest of all stars and was just yielding her place—Joan, on the crest of the wave, just reaching the top. Wives of father and son.

It must have been a great moment for Joan Crawford. In one blinding moment, as she walked across that wonderful room, she must have realized how far she had come in these few short years, must have had a high-beating heart as the past slid by her in a swift panorama and she realized that she had conquered all of her world. For, actually, that was what the evening meant. She was a big star—she was socially within the last sacred circle. And she had done it all herself, for she knew, as she took Mary’s hand and heard the sweet, gracious voice welcoming her, that the Joan Crawford of other days would never have been there, even if she’d married the son of the house.

Perhaps that was why, for a time, she let it change her whole personality. “Montana Moon” was her first picture after her marriage, I believe. Anyway, “Montana Moon” and the two or three that followed it weren’t any help to Joan Crawford. She had become too much a lady. She wasn’t Joan Crawford; she was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The vivacity and vital charm that had made her a star were dimmed. Marriage had made her a Fairbanks and a relative of the queen of filmdom and she was so busy living up to her position that she wasn’t quite natural.

That didn’t last long. She struck a balance—a balance that gave us at last the Joan Crawford of today, the shining star who has held her place so long. Her new poise and polish, her new grand manner, her improved diction, her new knowledge of clothes enriched her personality, gave it depths. The old vitality and vividness came back with a rush, tempered and rounded by what she had learned as young Mrs. Fairbanks. In 1931

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tion of an elegant and well-behaved and adoring young matron. All the imagination and genius that she threw into her screen rôles helped Joan now to make perfect the outward change that corresponded with the inward change that love had wrought. She might have stepped right out of Mayfair or Park Avenue. Our Dancing Daughter had become one of These Charming People.

THEY were never apart in those days, the young Fairbanks. And it was very pretty to watch and they were very happy.

But, for a time, it had what looked like serious consequences as far as Joan’s career went. In 1930 she had her worst year on the

screen, so far as her really great art as a personality and an actress was concerned. She took her new social position too seriously. She wasn’t on the outside of Hollywood’s new social order any longer. She was a Fairbanks. All doors were open to her now. And Doug’s wife must be a Lady in every sense of the word.

Even Pickfair yielded, after young Doug and Joan had been married eight months. It was a very stately and very exclusive dinner party at Hollywood’s Buckingham Palace. Gold plate, orchids, menus, footmen in knee breeches, titled guests. The guests were in the exquisite white drawing room. The butler announced, “Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fair-

# Rough Sketch of a Gentleman

(Continued from page 28)

wood, an inaccurate tag. To be labeled a hermit, little effort is needed in Hollywood. Avoid the night clubs. Avoid a meaningless show of intimacy with casual acquaintances. Don't slap men on the back. Don't call girls you never met till five minutes ago, "honey." That makes you a hermit, a highbrow or a big stiff.

Colman has never reconciled himself to the Hollywood practice of public parties. He considers it not unreasonable to claim the right of entertaining guests within one's own four walls without benefit of camera. He has refused to alter his habits of mind to suit the standards of others, not through superciliousness, but because of an integrity which makes it impossible for him to pretend to be what he is not. He will not run counter to his own grain in order to achieve a false popularity.

He has no inclination toward a life of solitude, and as little toward indiscriminate huddling. He doesn't make friends readily. Those he makes, he keeps, and leads a normal social existence among them.

HE lives in a pleasant white house—not a show place—on the side of a Beverly hill. There his friends—Bill Powell, William Hawks, his business manager, Benita Hume, the Warner Baxters, the Dick Barthelmesses—come to dinner, usually on Friday evenings. Sometimes they run a picture, sometimes they play poker, though never for high stakes. Gambling for the sake of gambling holds no appeal for Colman. More often, they sit and talk.

He has a well-stocked library, which he uses. When a point of fact is disputed, Colman can generally make straight for the page in the book that settles the argument. He is interested in what interests most thinking men—his work, his inner life, the state of the world which, at the moment, depresses him deeply. He loathes war with the loathing of one who has seen it. It is subjects such as these that make the conversation for the group. And these are the evenings he most enjoys.

Since he's a well-balanced person, he can be lured to the Trocadero—on an average of once a year. One glimpse of the crowded floor where the movie world comes to see and be seen and, with a plea in his eyes, he'll steer his companions gently down to the quiet dining room below.

His boat is a haven, a keen delight to him for its own sake. For years, he and his friends have been chartering boats and going off on trips together. Now he has his own boat—an auxiliary ketch called the *Dragoon*, on which he spends most of his spare time. Like his house, he picked his boat, not for show, but for solid values, passing up snappy lines and chichi for strength and general seaworthiness. The crew consists of captain and cook. All the other work is done by Colman and his guests. Each morning the brass-polishing and deck-washing brigades turn out to rub and scrub away with a will. There is no shirking or skimping. The traditions of the sea demand that a boat be kept shipshape. In Colman himself there is a fastidiousness which makes him hate a bungled job. He has learned to stand watch, to run ropes, to trim sails with the skill and precision of a trained mariner.

Depending on their time, the group may head for Santa Barbara or Catalina

or Mexico. On one occasion they hoped to make Honolulu, but Bill Hawks had a business engagement and they had to turn back. Destination, in any case, is of minor importance. The thing is to sail, to fish, to read, to lie in the sun, to talk endlessly under the stars, to savor the taste of peace among one's friends.

Colman's land game is tennis. His court is a good practical one, minus frills. He and Warner Baxter are well matched. They will play to the point of exhaustion, then make for the recreation room and flop down in front of the fireplace to rest. Couches and dav-



The debut of that other noted WW of the Winchell family. Walda, daughter of Walter, dining at the Trocadero with her parents, steals the spotlight from a famous father

enports extend their inviting arms unheeded. By long habit, it's the fireplace, hot or cold, that spells comfort for the two after tennis.

Ever since they've known each other, there's been a room in Baxter's house for Colman. If he wants to spend a night or a week or a month, he has only to move in. No one else is allowed to use it.

COLMAN'S household staff consists of two Filipino boys and Tommy Turner. Tommy is Colman's indispensable, a gentleman of taste and humor, who keeps his employer both comfortable and entertained. Ten years ago he was a prop man for Goldwyn. Colman liked his qualities, and little by little appropriated his services. Now he's a kind of catchall for the other's needs. Colman drives himself, except when he's tired. Then Tommy drives. He has no valet, but Tommy takes care of his clothes. He has no secretary, but Tommy looks after his correspondence. He has no paid companion—with unerring tact, Tommy knows when to stick around and when to make himself scarce.

Not long ago these two men celebrated their tenth anniversary together. All of Colman's good friends gathered to drink a toast to Tommy. It's become a cliché to say that a man would give his right hand for someone he loves. Cliché or not, it's probably true of Tommy.

As for Colman, shy to the point of wordlessness on the subject of himself, he will brag cheerfully about Tommy Turner. He likes to tell the story of

that fishing expedition when, armed with all sorts of complicated paraphernalia, he cruised up and down the west coast of Mexico and brought back nothing. On his return, Tommy took a day off, paid a dollar for a place in a fishing barge off Santa Monica, and came home that night to deposit on the back doorstep a hundred and fifty pounds of fish. "He only did it to show me up," Colman concludes, pride lighting his eyes.

Essentially modest, Colman has too much sense to decry his own value as an actor. "Go in and do what you can for me," he once told his agent. "Before God, I'm probably worth thirty-

strength of character, which they rightly attribute to the man as well as the actor.

HIS manners have a touch of chivalry that has gone out of style in our casual age and country. With Colman, it is second nature to see that a woman is protected from a draft, to hold a door open for her, to show her the courtesies that used to be taken for granted. This is again instinctive rather than deliberate, the heritage of his background and upbringing. Born in London of a Scotch mother and an English father, one of a large family of brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, in the English fashion of families, he was in contact from childhood with those qualities of reserve, dislike of publicity, devotion to duty, respect for women that have ever made up the backbone of the English nation.

At sixteen, after his father died, Colman bore with his mother the task of restoring the family fortune. Since it had been from her that he had inherited those two distinctive characteristics—a quiet sense of humor, and a detached and impersonal viewpoint—there was a great bond of sympathy between them. It was she who fostered the innate chivalry that has marked Colman's associations with women all through his life.

"Just the plain ordinary politeness," someone put it, "that we were all taught and few of us practice. Ronnie still clings to it."

He takes literally that counsel, given on the Mount: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Yet grateful people sometimes find it hard to leave their gratitude unspoken, and so rumors have leaked out of the sums he bestows where he feels they can best be used. His friends, who may supply a wary answer to this question or that, are mum on the subject of his beneficence. "I have no idea," they'll tell you; or, at best, "You'll never find out from me. I'm not talking."

FROM one of them I wormed a story that he told for the story's sake, less to point up the fact that his friend was generous than that he was close-mouthed.

Arriving a little late for dinner one evening, Colman offered his apologies. "I was driving up the coast, and went farther than I'd intended."

"How far did you go?"

"Santa Barbara."

"What for?"

"Well, I picked up a man and his wife who were hitchhiking to San Francisco, and since I was pretty close to Santa Barbara, I thought I might as well put them on the train there."

"What do you mean, train? I thought they were hitchhiking."

"So Ronnie gets that look," the friend continued, "which says, 'What is this, an inquisition or something?' and the subject is closed. I know darn well that he was nowhere near Santa Barbara when he picked up those people. And I know darn well he bought their tickets and supplied them with funds. But if I'd pushed the point any farther, he'd have found some charming way of asking me why the hell I didn't mind my own business. And if you use it in your story, we'll probably never speak as we pass by."

I'm using it anyway, in the hope that Mr. Colman's charity will cover my need for a tagline, too.

# "Don't risk Cosmetic Skin"

says LORETTA YOUNG

...and tells you  
how to guard  
against it —

I USE COSMETICS  
BUT I NEVER LET THEM  
CHOKe MY PORES.  
I REMOVE THEM  
THOROUGHLY WITH  
**LUX TOILET SOAP**



**COSMETIC SKIN**—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—comes when *pores are choked*. Loretta Young, like 9 out of 10 other screen stars, protects her skin with Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather removes rouge and powder *thoroughly*.

"Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin soft and smooth," she tells you. "That's why screen stars use it."

Start using this gentle white soap today—before you put on fresh make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night.

Clever girls everywhere use **LUX TOILET SOAP** as a bath soap, too. Its **ACTIVE** lather protects Daintiness



See Loretta Young  
IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S  
"Second Honeymoon"

# Barbara for Her Own Sake

(Continued from page 69)

good friend Joan who just can't help being glamorous. But when I go with her into a restaurant or a shop and hear the little ripple of admiration and attention that follows her everywhere, I'm sure it isn't entirely Hollywood. I'm sure she's just the dynamic sort of person who would be glamorous anywhere."

"And this house of your own," I said. "Your gardens and swimming pool and stables and servants. Isn't this glamorous?"

"Everyone in the world has a home," she smiled. "And everyone's home, whatever and wherever it is, means to them exactly what my home means to me . . . a place where, if you demand it, there can be peace."

"GLAMOUR" or not, Barbara Stanwyck is one of Hollywood's "quality" stars. Though her sheepskin isn't framed upon her wall, she has a master's degree from a great University. She is an honor graduate from the "University" in which she enrolled on the day when, at fourteen, her thin frightened little knees leaned for support against an executive desk in a Brooklyn telephone office as she answered a newspaper "ad" for a girl to file cards. Her ordinary school education ended then and there, and her "higher" education began, for she got the job and from that day on life was lived in earnest.

She remembers little about her mother and father. They died while she was still too young for memories. But, looking at Barbara Stanwyck, I feel that I can "remember" them . . . her father, squaring his shoulders against circumstance . . . serious . . . too young . . . despairing sometimes. Her mother, slender, gray-eyed like Barbara herself, valiantly shouldering the burden of too little money to take care of four children packed into a tiny flat, a burden frail hands had to give up at last.

Barbara, the youngest, was brought up by her older brother and two sisters, valiant little household still, her brother working wherever he could, her older sister dancing in a Broadway show and determinedly teaching small Barbara the entire show routine, the only kind of an education they could see ahead for this littlest one of them. And to this plan Barbara lent eager enthusiasm, promptly learned to dance, and, to her brother's annoyance, as promptly began writing her name in chalk on the neighborhood sidewalks . . . "to show everybody," she explained sagely, "how it's going to look in electric lights."

But only for triumphs in dancing was the name to be emblazoned. That the stage also had actresses never even occurred to her. By the time she was fourteen she had mastered every dance step she had ever seen.

"Did you expect to study dancing then?" I wondered.

"Oh no," she said. "You see, we were really very poor . . . hungry sometimes," she added quietly. "I knew that after I was fourteen I'd have to earn my own living. But I was willing to do that. I've always been a little sorry for pampered people . . . and of course," she laughed, "they're very sorry for me!"

Her first real milestone, then, was the job in the telephone office. The family never supported her after that.

Can you imagine the engulfing tide of apprehensions, uncertainties, fears, heartbreaks that would roll in upon you, if you were in that same position—small, and alone!

And I should think the whole story was unconsciously told by Barbara herself, when she fastened upon the wrist of her son, three months old, a bracelet he still wears, will always wear.

Noticing it, I asked her about it, about the line engraved upon it, this quotation from Hugh Walpole:

"It isn't Life, it's the courage you put into it."

"Of course, Dion doesn't understand what it means," she told me, "but I'll keep on telling him till he does understand. If he falls and starts to cry, I remind him of courage. I try to tell him that as long as he lives courage is what he'll need most of all. He's going to get hurt a lot of times, and he's got to take it and I want him to learn, as soon as he can, not to cry."

"When he learns not to cry about physical hurts, he'll be on the way to cope with other hurts, the kind that call for real courage. Physical hurts are easy. But you can't rub liniment on your heart. That beats . . . and you have to carry it around, and tears help least of all. I know. I've tried. Perhaps I'm cruel to talk to him of things like that when he's so little, but I wish I had had someone to help me learn not to cry. I had to find that out for myself."

"Many people will hurt you. And you can't change that. And you can't run away from it because at the end of every day you wind up with only yourself, after all. So I want Dion to learn as soon as he can to be a 'stout fellow.' I want him to know really what courage means. And when he does know, I'll be glad he can say . . . 'It was Mummy who taught me that!'"

Isn't that Barbara Stanwyck's story? Doesn't it tell you why she can give you drama and make you believe it?

But she didn't know she had told me so much about herself. As day turned to dusk, and purple shadows gathered around the hills, and a sleepy little boy came to tuck himself into her arms, the story she told me of herself had no note of difficulties, or discouragement, resentment or regret. Stout fellow! It was just simply . . . the story, even a little bit gay and amusing.

HER first plans for more pretentious duties than filing telephone cards came after two years, when she succeeded in persuading *Vogue* that she was the right person to assist customers in cutting material.

"But I didn't get that job honestly," she told me. "I lied. I said I knew how to cut patterns and I didn't. And when there were too many complaints from people who put paper patterns on cloth and expected a sleeve and got a belt . . . I was fired."

"So I thought that was a good time to do something about dancing, and I began finding out what it meant to try for a job on Broadway. I remember feeling my feet getting closer and closer to the sidewalk," she laughed, "and then all of a sudden I found myself with a contract for the Strand Roof."

"Some people call night spots pretty bad environment. Maybe they are. But I was completely happy for the two years I danced there. I had to earn my living and I was grateful for work I loved as much as dancing."

"Then pretty soon I heard that there were better salaries in road shows, so I went after a job in a road show . . . and got it. The day we left New York to open in Columbus, I had a new suitcase. I think I packed and unpacked it fifty times. I'd never been on a train before. I sat up all night in the Pullman just to see the towns and the country go by."

And this show was a departure from the usual. For in it one of the chorus girls was to do a scene, a scene of pleading with the Governor for the life of the hero of the play. To Barbara's complete amazement it was she whom Willard Mack had picked out of the chorus to do the part. She was certain she could never do lines, and she told him so. But he was certain she could, and so for three weeks tried. Then Mr. Mack conceded she had been right and he had been wrong.

"We've sent for someone to take your place," he told her at last, "and I'm sorry, but the girl who says the lines must also dance in your particular spot."

So this meant her job. Meant back to New York to start again.

"Maybe I could improve," she said, a little desperately.

"My dear child, you'll never improve," he said shortly. "You simply don't feel the words. You don't feel the situation."

But there was still tonight's show. One more chance! Barbara went to bat with herself.

"I could feel it in dancing," said Barbara Stanwyck to Barbara Stanwyck. "Why can't I feel it in words!"

But nothing she could think of or say about it gave her the surety to walk out on the stage that night with any delusion that she could bring new life to the part. She never knew, she doesn't know now, what suddenly opened the floodgates of her understanding, but as she stood there, a half-frightened little creature caught between the footlights and the "Governor," suddenly, and for the first time, she became aware of the significance of what she was doing. Suddenly it seemed real and actual to her that a man's life hung upon the words she was about to say; that she alone could move to compassion this man who was the "Governor."

The city was Pittsburgh. The play was "The Noose." And that night when Barbara Stanwyck finished speaking her lines, she heard, for the first time, the sound which was to motivate her life from that moment on, the sound of applause for a great impersonation . . . her own.

For Barbara Stanwyck who had entered the stage door a chorus girl left it . . . an actress.

AFTER that, of course, dancing seemed entirely unimportant," she told me. "I did a small part the next season, and another part the season after, and after that I went in and out of agents' offices on Forty-second Street as regularly as I breathed and ate my meals . . . in fact, more regularly than meals," she laughed.

"I don't know which there were more of, parts I hoped for that didn't happen, or parts that happened in shows that closed. But then came 'Burlesque' . . . and here I am in pictures," she finished simply.

"Of course, I've always had a burning desire to be the best of all, and, though I know most things you dream of pass you by, I'll go on working with that same desire till the last rôle I play."

Across the valley had come an almost sudden Fairyland of the tiny lights of many villages. A thin new moon dropped its fingernail reflection in the pool. Inside the house there were lights, now, too . . . amber and rose, and the crackle and smell of a log fire. Down around the stables the "boys" were bedding stalls for the night. Came the strains of "Susanna" on a high-pitched fiddle.

And this was the home, within it the servants, of the girl who at fourteen began the serious business of paying for everything life gave her, the pattern girl who at sixteen couldn't hold her job, the chorus girl who, at eighteen, couldn't be an actress, the girl who, as Mrs. Frank Fay, quietly, gallantly accepted the failure of that "perfect marriage."

Here she was, serene, successful, a rarely lovely portrait in her own well-ordered home, the wind ruffling her hair, her son asleep against her shoulder . . . the stars in her eyes. . . .

"If you could begin all over again," I asked her, "how would you change it?"

"I wouldn't," she said, after a long minute. "There are things I wish I could forget, but I wouldn't change them. You see I really have very little to regret . . . and I have what I wanted . . . home, and the baby."

"And now," I parried, "isn't there anything more you wish for?"

The nurse came to tell us dinner was served, came to carry sleeping Master Dion off to bed.

"Is there anything more I wish for?" Miss Stanwyck laughed. "No . . . nothing more. 'I've . . . stopped wishing.'"

## Answers

TO "DO YOU REMEMBER?" (pages 46-47)

1. Marguerite Clark; H. Palmerson Williams; living in New Orleans.
2. Wallace Reid; Dorothy Davenport; a son (Wallace Reid, Jr.).
3. May Allison; James Quirk; to be domestic in Cleveland.
4. Colleen Moore; John McCormick; Al Scott; Homer Hargrave; exhibiting a doll house for charity.
5. Corinne Griffith; Webster Campbell, Walter Morosco, George Marshall; keeping house in Dallas, Texas.
6. Norma Shearer; "Romeo and Juliet"; important producer (Irving Thalberg).
7. Anna Q. Nilsson; fell from a horse; playing small rôles in pictures.
8. Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon; playing in music halls abroad.

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Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(Right) Sailing with a friend on the beautiful lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.



*Eleanor K. Roosevelt*

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Ann's Millinery	Johnstown
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Gimbel Brothers	Philadelphia
Seranton D. G. Co.	Seranton
Leonard's	Uniontown
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May Bond Simpson	Columbia
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Schumaker's	Chattanooga
Grace's	Nashville
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<b>TEXAS</b>	
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Snyder & Beaman	Lynchburg
Capin Hats	Norfolk
Jonas Shop	Richmond
<b>WASHINGTON</b>	
Alexander's	Spokane
<b>WEST VIRGINIA</b>	
The Diamond, Inc.	Charleston
The Floradora Shop	Morgantown
<b>WISCONSIN</b>	
Gimbel Brothers	Milwaukee
<b>CANADA</b>	
Hudson Bay Co.	Calgary, Alberta
Hudson Bay Co.	Winnipeg, Manitoba

# Party Lines in Hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

swimming pool capital, it might be well to tell you about Peter Arno.

A few years ago this most sophisticated of caricaturists had professional occasion to be in the celluloid citadel. Within a week he found that the greatest problem which confronted him nightly was that of costume. What in the name of holy hatboxes to wear! If he wore the conventional evening tail coat, he was certain to find himself surrounded by other masculine guests in golf suits, sports clothes or beach pajamas. If he elected to go native and arrived in flannel slacks, everyone else, perversely enough, was rigged out full fig, with white tie, stiff linen and an air of disdainful superiority. If he attempted a compromise and dressed in a dinner jacket he would discover the other assembled chivalry in Norwegian skiing outfits or bathing shorts.

Suddenly this ingenious gentleman hit upon a magnificent solution and, hopping into his car, broke all speed limits scorching down Wilshire to his tailors where he commanded what came to be known as the "All-Purpose-Arno-Convertible-Hollywood-Party-Suit." The double-breasted jacket was made of shaggy tweed on one side and, upon being turned inside out, proved to be a conventional black broadcloth dinner jacket with neat grosgrain lapels. The trousers were on the same order. A simple dicky, or waiter's dress shirt with collar and tie attached, could be rolled up and carried in a small brief case in the event Mr. Arno found it expedient to appear in dress attire, and a pair of detachable tails could, in an instant, be

attached to the hem of the jacket, making it possible to sport a tail coat or a dinner jacket as the occasion might seem to require. Instead of running drawers, he adopted for evening wear a pair of swimming shorts and in this manner could, on a moment's notice, appear in any one of four changes of attire. Through this simple invention Mr. Arno regained his tottering sanity and became one of the most appropriately garbed males ever to walk the streets of Hollywood.

Now for the parties—and party crashers in Hollywood. Despite the dictates of sanity which should impress any normal citizen of his good fortune in escaping such holocausts of good taste, there are impertinent hundreds in Hollywood who exercise a perverse ingenuity in getting to parties where they aren't asked and where they certainly aren't wanted. Some seep in through unguarded entrances, others march boldly through the front door in the guise of invitees. They urge each other on to the consumption of ever greater quantities of caviar and champagne with the fervid hospitality so often characteristic of those who are not paying the check.

There is one persistent party crasher whom we may call Don Drizzlesmirk who came unbidden to a certain party at the Victor Hugo which Jimmy Shelton was giving for his mother. The uninvited guest arrived so early, that when Mr. Shelton put in his appearance, a moment in advance of his guests, he supposed Don was one of the managers

of the establishment and raised no questions. The management, in turn, thought him a representative of Mr. Shelton, since he seemed so concerned for the service of the hors d'oeuvres and highballs. In fact, it wasn't until Sam Hofenstein identified him to Mr. Shelton that the gent was propelled gently but firmly out into the night.

The same Drizzlesmirk for several years had made a practice of seating himself at a table at the Troc near the entrance to the Rose Room when he knew a private party was impending. No one ever saw him make his entry, but sooner or later, there he would be, chatting amiably with celebrities, downing fearsome quantities of strong waters at somebody else's expense. But—sad to relate—a career of such insufferable manners can't last very long even in so tolerant a community as Hollywood and the colossal Mr. Drizzlesmirk, the last we heard of him, had transferred his activities to New York where opportunities for party mooching are almost limitless.

MOST Hollywood parties fall into three generally recognized categories: cocktail or guzzle-and-gallop bouts; formal dinner or supper entertainments crossed with just a touch of the Ritz Brothers; and fall-of-Babylon parties or monster shebangs of a fancy order usually involving balloon ascensions, feu d'artifice, battles of flowers and the presence of Hymie Fink, the candid photographer.

The first enumerated, the cocktail party, differs little from the same article

elsewhere except that it is apt to last longer, result in more falling-down souses and involve the consumption of a more frightening assortment of dead fish pastes on soggy wafers impersonating hors d'oeuvres than can be found anywhere else in the world.

But the formal Hollywood dinner—ah, there you have something! Such entertainment is usually held in a public restaurant and, unlike formal dinners in any other community, it is not served in the customary sequence of soup, fish, entree, game and so on, for all the guests as a unit; instead, each course is served to suit the convenience and arrival of each guest. Miss Garbo, let us say, who has conceivably arrived on time, or not more than two hours after the hour nominated in the invitation, will be in the midst of her *soufflé au fromage* and *framboise d'Alsace* while Harpo Marx, a trifle tardy, is just sitting down to his clear turtle soup and saltines. It is not unusual for guests to arrive at midnight for a dinner announced for eight-thirty and anyone actually making the mistake of putting in an appearance at the hour named on the invitation will find the waiters just starting to set the tables.

Memory serves of a dinner organized a while back in honor of Mrs. Libby Holman Reynolds by a group of her friends and admirers, the repercussions of which were still echoing around Beverly Hills drawing rooms long after the broken glasses had been replaced by the restaurant management.

This exquisite levee took place at the Trocadero and the courtly celebrants included such a mixture of notables as

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Prince and Princess Sigvard Bernadotte of Sweden, the Nunnally Johnsons, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, Auriol Lee, Mrs. Clark Gable, Thyra Samter Winslow, Tyrone Power, Roland Leigh, Louisa du Pont Carpenter, Roger Davis, Lady Duff Cooper and the Salvator Dalis (M. Dali is an exponent of the modern school of surrealist art). Toward the end the party also embraced most of the patrons of the Trocadero, who, apprised by their senses that big doings were toward in the Rose Room, joined the party and lent it their moral support for several hours.

Perhaps the high point of the evening was when the Princess Bernadotte, oppressed beyond further endurance by the fatiguing weight of a cabochon ruby and diamond necklace—a gift from Queen Victoria to the Princess' grandmother, the Queen of Sweden—simply checked it with the colored attendant in the ladies powdering room. The maid had a fabulous time for the rest of the evening playing queen.

THERE was, too, the encounter between one of the top-notch actors present and a celebrated producer. The actor swung on the producer, who ducked the haymaker, but in doing so contrived to fall to the floor where he remained in a state of tranquil repose for the rest of the evening. Yelled the director in a panic: "I've socked him too hard and maybe killed him! Let me out!" With that he fled and wasn't seen again for days. Rumor had it he was hiding from the police whom he imagined to be searching for him with assorted warrants.

It fell to Mrs. Johnson's lot that night to do top honors by the visiting Dalis, since she, alone, of those present was familiar with the fashionable French language. Conversation was animated on both sides and extended well into the small hours, and it was not until the next day that Mrs. Johnson confessed to knowing no French whatsoever. Thyra Winslow still claims they were speaking Turkish.

Another tale that comes out of this one evening's entertainment was the

Jane are both redheads and all four are Irish. The girls had promised to help Tommy and Jackie wrap gifts but not a great deal was accomplished. In no time there was an argument. Jane said that all she wanted for Christmas was Charlie McCarthy and Ann said she'd be satisfied if she could just have his autograph. Tommy made the ungallant remark that they were just the type to fall for a dummy and Jackie said that if it weren't for Edgar Bergen where would Charlie be? Ann quickly resented that and went on to explain that Edgar Bergen is just a press agent who takes ten per cent of Charlie's salary, and if it weren't for Charlie's salary where would he be?

The war really started when Jackie accused Charlie of being descended from a long line of crab apples. He said he could tell by the expression on his "goofy pan." Jane went into action then with a vengeance and I seriously considered calling out the riot squad. But I'd heard they were all Irish, too, so I thought it best just to wait until the fracas naturally died down. It finally did and we took the picture you see on page 8.

THE doll I am holding in the picture was purchased by Tommy for his five-year-old baby sister, June Marie. The

embarrassing moment when Mr. Lloyd Pantages spilled a bit of salt on the table and threw the soup over his shoulder.

M. Dali was later heard to remark that he felt that Hollywood was more than ready to be schooled in the tenets of surrealism and had, in fact, apparently anticipated his own exposition of its gaudy mysteries.

PERHAPS the outstanding party of the Fall-of-the-Bastille or St.-Bartholomew's-Eve order ever to come out of Hollywood was the festival which attended the super-monster, epoch-making, eye-compelling, terrific-stupendous world premiere of "The Good Earth."

Records of this epic convulsion were charted by the seismographs of Fordham University and the British Museum, and Hollywood's saloons and powdering rooms are still aquiver over the positively Field-of-the-Cloth-of-Gold proportions of the premiere itself and the subsequent Morris Dancing at the home of the Phil Bergs (she was Leila Hyams).

The Carthay Circle Theater, where "The Good Earth" had its premiere, was, heaven knows, Chinese enough. Such a Bannerman's window of paper lanterns, rickshas, water wheels, opium pipes, pottery ovens, chopstick lathes, joss house interiors and varied Ming and Sung symbols of vaguely Oriental significance as were assembled outside the playhouse hasn't been seen since the Richard Barthelmess version of "Broken Blossoms" opened in the Colonial Theater in Boylston Street, the off-center of Boston's Chinatown, some years ago.

But the Berg's shebang, following the opening, was, in a word, something.

MR. WILLIAM HAINES had been engaged to transform the Berg villa into a temple setting of positively Houqua opulence, for this party. In the front hall was a towering eucalyptus tree, stripped of its native foliage and richly refurnished with what can only be described as clumps of gardenias. A super life-size statue of a Mandarin princess, with outstretched hands, offered the arriving chivalry still more gardenias in

wreaths, leis and corsages that would have bugged the eyes of M. Goldfarb or Max Schling. The entire premises were decorated in ferns of undoubtedly transpacific origin, cunningly twined in Oriental festoons by that old Manchu artificer, Foo Haines. The coup de grâce, to borrow an interior decorator's phrase, was supplied by a number of stuffed white doves, conservatively estimated by trained observers at something in excess of two hundred brace, suspended by invisible wires and cords in lifelike attitudes from vantage points of the ceiling and convenient projections.

Among the guests were such notables as George Jessel, Norma Talmadge, the Raoul Walshes, Barbara Bennett, the Ernst Lubitsches, Pandro Berman, the Hal Roachs, Aileen Pringle, and an unidentified lady celebrant, undoubtedly of Mandarin caste, who went home with one of the stuffed doves worn at a fetching angle over one eye in the manner of the moment in evening hair ornaments.

The polite sensation of the evening was supplied by the arrival of Mrs. Libby Holman Reynolds on the arm of Lloyd Pantages, the latter variously identified, by two divided schools of thought among the assembled onlookers outside the Berg mansion, as Clark Gable and Leslie Howard. Mr. Pantages, since he neither wore Elsinore smalls nor the sideburns which Mr. Gable had adopted for his rôle in "Parnell," was bewildered but gratified by the reception accorded him and acknowledged the mistaken cheers with gracious salutations.

A corps of Asiatic cordons bleus had been recruited by the Bergs for the special preparation of such traditional native dishes of the Manchus as Chicken Maryland, hamburgs with melted cheese and Perrier Jouet, 1928. Everyone was home and in one bed or another by seven the next morning, and trained observers are of the opinion that there won't be anything so Chinese this side of Grauman's Theater until company call is issued for the next Charlie Chan episode.

## Hollywood's Junior Legion

(Continued from page 8)

doll's name is Patsy Ann and Tommy says he chose her because she looks Irish. Having June Marie and his mother with him in Hollywood for Christmas is the grandest thing that ever happened to Tommy, as you can see on page 48.

He is so fond of June Marie that he's almost ashamed of it. When he was at home in New York he took care of her after school and taught her her first prayers and Mother Goose rhymes. "Look at this snapshot," he said, taking from his pocket a snapshot, mangled and torn. "She looks awful sweet, doesn't she?"

In general Tommy thinks girls are about the most unnecessary things in the world, but with June Marie it's different. He loves to talk about her and tell of the cute things she says and does. He was willing to have Ann and Jane tie most of his gifts "any old way" because "what did the fellows care about a lot of tissue paper and ribbon and junk?" But June Marie's doll had to be wrapped just so.

Tommy didn't act in "Tom Sawyer." He was just himself. He loves old clothes and hates to wash, and Jane and Ann both agreed that the way he and Jackie Moran can stuff cookies into their mouths looks like a stunt.

The boys told them to wrap up the

presents and keep quiet. Then—well, as I told you—it is a big mistake to get four Irishmen together in one room on a rainy day!

I almost forgot to tell you about the interesting contest we have planned in connection with our story for next month. We're going to begin the New Year by presenting the Junior Legion Medal of Honor to a little star whom you all know very well—Shirley Temple. The Medal of Honor is a solid-gold medallion which is given once a year to a child under seventeen years of age whose outstanding accomplishment has made him or her merit distinction.

This is what I want you readers to do. Write a short story, not more than one hundred and fifty words, telling me why you think Shirley Temple deserves this medal. The letters received will be judged upon the basis of convincingness and logic and the prizes for the fifteen best letters will be beautifully bound Junior Legion snapshot albums.

And be very sure to have your letters in before midnight, December 5th (the closing date of the contest), so that the prize winners will have their albums by Christmas Eve. Address your letters to Marianne, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

# The Private Life of Deanna Durbin

(Continued from page 22)

out the address; the telephone number is changed every couple of weeks. These are Private Life Safeguards Numbers 1 and 2. The least snooty folks in Hollywood, the Durbins have found such precautions necessary if Deanna is to have a normal upbringing.

"This house is too big for us," Deanna observed now with a deprecating wag of her tawny head toward the expanse of walls and the vast rug. "I like tiny houses. Why, we have five bedrooms here! Of course, Daddy took it for the grounds. I think perhaps later we may build; just a small place. Just for ourselves, and my sister when she comes to visit."

Deanna would far rather talk about her older sister's success than about her own. She adores Edith, who, with money earned as a school teacher, paid for Deanna's first voice lessons.

Edith still teaches in a Los Angeles school, though recently she married; Deanna sang like a nightingale before the ceremony, then raced upstairs in time to descend sedately with the wedding party as bridesmaid. Incidentally, Edith is a champion fencer. "Lots and lots of medals," Deanna confided proudly. "She's—oh, she's perfectly—"

YES, but we were talking about a day's routine in this house on the hillside. Now, the first thing—

"Well, I get up in the morning," Deanna said practically, "but not any earlier than I have to. If I'm working in a picture, I have to be out of bed at six o'clock but if I'm not working"—she giggled—"I don't get up till they call me."

"Then, of course, I go to the studio every day, to school, picture or no picture. And I practice; scales, you know. And I go for my voice lesson."

"Breakfast? Oh, yes, I forgot that. I don't like to eat breakfast; it's my worst meal, really. But if I'm in a picture, Mother makes me eat bacon and eggs beside the orange juice. Generally I have lunch at the studio, usually at school noon hour; a sandwich and fruit, something of the sort. . . ."

They had to give Deanna a key to the side door of the Universal lunchroom, so that she could slip in without going around by the street entrance. So many people wanted autographs that she hadn't time to eat.

"If I'm working in a picture, I go out to the hokey-pokey cart—everyone does—for soda pop; the man comes by in the afternoon; no, I don't like ice-cream cones, only soda pop. Dinner at night's my best meal; vegetables and meat."

"Well, then," Deanna proceeded in a conscientious attempt to sum up her day, "I play Ping-pong. I wish I knew how to play tennis! And I swim whenever I get the chance—Mother has arranged for me to have some play hours, you see, each day when I'm not in a picture. And I go to the movies. I love that. Especially Mickey Mouse."

Her chief playmate is a girl cousin from the near-by town of Inglewood. The cousin, by the way, was born only an hour and a half before Deanna. It's a red-letter week when the cousin arrives to spend a day or so.

"I miss the girls I used to go to public school with," Deanna added pensively, "but my hours are so funny now that I hardly ever get to see them. And it's no use my going to visit their

classes—I did once or twice last season—because this year they're all scattered in junior high schools through Los Angeles. Still, I wouldn't have much time to spend with them, anyway. Unless perhaps they lived right next door."

She sighed. But immediately brightened when somebody mentioned another so-to-speak playmate. Naturally, Deanna no longer plays with dolls; she's studying second-year high school subjects now—Latin and algebra and Shakespeare and world history, as well as reading such books as "Tish" and "Gone with the Wind"—but there's always Henry. She flew upstairs to get him; you could hear her feet buoyantly scampering across the floor overhead, the floor of her blue, white and pink bedroom. She's unusually fond of color. Of blue, to wear; but of all colors, so that she couldn't pick out a favorite.

Down she came with Henry clasped in her arms. Henry is the rabbit that Henry Koster, director of "Three Smart Girls" and "100 Men and a Girl," gave her at Easter; a velvety, soft white bunny of remarkable size, remarkably garbed in pale strawberry plush rompers that match the lining of his great, floppy ears.

Henry is a rabbit with personality. His large, brown eyes are so placed beside his cuddly white nose as to give him an effect of peering upward with a shy, ingratiating expression delightful to behold. Deanna has carried him to Boston, Philadelphia, Winnipeg. She keeps a special chair for him in the corner of her room.

SHIFTING Henry to a nonchalant pose beneath her arm, she held out her hand with another prize possession in it. A thin chain bracelet of gold hung with "charm" doodads. "See?" she said, spinning a gold bangle balanced on an infinitesimal bar, also the gift of Director Koster. "When this spins, it spells out 'Three Smart Girls.' And, watch!" She spun another bangle, the gift of our Associate Producer Joe Pasternak. "This one spells '100 Men and a Girl.' Your eyes have to get used to the letters whirling. . . ."

She sat down on the floor, her wide blue skirt spread around her, and from under the arm not busy with Henry, she took a huddle of small silver horses, three of them. She put each separately on his feet. "Aren't they cunning? They were on one of the sets; I liked them, so they gave them to me." Wild silver manes tossing, the colts stood in lovely, static flight. Deanna's hand hovered over them caressingly.

Gifts, however, don't inflate her ego. Her sense of friendliness is too keen for that. When Universal's executive producer, Charles R. Rogers, gave her a handsome sedan after her first picture, Deanna couldn't believe that it wasn't merely a loan.

TALK next turned to her schooling. She likes arithmetic; she even likes algebra! In public school, she was selected to tend the cash register in the cafeteria. She loved doing sums and making change. Her studies she takes pretty seriously. Member of a well-educated family, she is eager for knowledge. At the moment, history holds her spellbound.

"We've been studying the best history book!" she exclaimed, "I'll show it to you." Up the stairs again—lightly two at a time—she darted; the scam-



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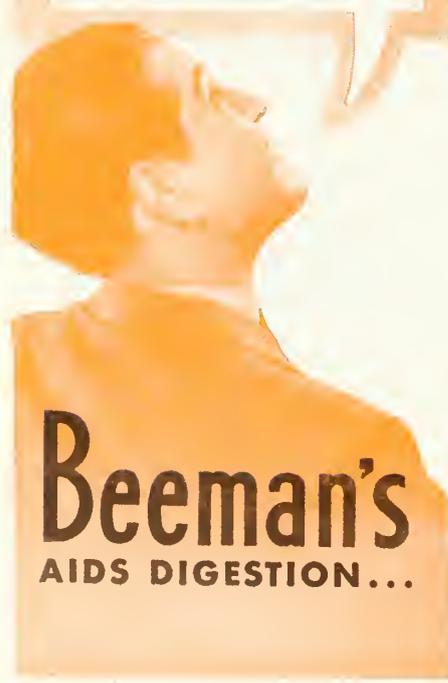
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per of feet overhead; a swoop down—stairs again. "There's the most wonderful paragraph summing up the World War. Wait. I've marked it with red pencil."

Strange conversation for a juvenile! But a juvenile with brains.

She pointed to the paragraph. Each word was underlined. It was Nicholas Murray Butler's estimate that for the money spent on the war every family in ten countries could have had a \$2500 house, \$1000 worth of furniture, several acres of land—with enough money left over to build scores of universities. "Isn't it dreadful?" said Deanna. "Not so much the money, as the millions of people killed?" So she's a pacifist? "I am!" answered Deanna with emphasis.

Notwithstanding the youthful mannerisms that crop up now and again, the girl knows her own mind. Nevertheless, it isn't true that she is high-handed, despite certain rumors of late to the effect that she can put people off the set if she likes—and sometimes does.

The truth of this story is that when one scene in her last picture required tears, Deanna approached Director Koster in embarrassment. "I just can't cry with people looking at me," she confessed miserably. By "people" she meant outsiders. So, reasonably enough, the visitors were asked to leave till the scene ended. Deanna did not "put them off," the studio reports she has no say as to whether visitors shall or shall not be admitted.

There's the other story, too, about how she wouldn't pose for photographs. Well, she posed for all the publicity pictures they wanted till they asked her to be photographed in bed. There seemed no reason for her refusal, but Deanna simply didn't like the thought of being photographed in bed. Since a star ought to be permitted some leeway in preferences, she got her way. However, her associates will tell you that even after her mind is made up on a point, she will change it readily if the arguments sound sensible to her.

She knows what she wants, but she isn't stubborn.

At the moment, she rather wants the hat with the little feather spiral on it turned back to the wardrobe department; the hat she wore with such comic effect in the opera house scenes of "100 Men and a Girl." Deanna thinks it might be nice for a souvenir, since people liked it so much.

"We had a good time doing those scenes," she remarked, "though I had to run as hard as I could to get from one opera box to the next in the 'Alleluja' song." They used the same set formerly used for "Phantom of the Opera," the set with a tin roof, and the weather was broiling. "It was 125 degrees under that roof one afternoon," said Deanna. "That night, I was in bed by six. But I don't stay up after ten, anyway, as a rule; often not after seven when I'm working. I like quite a lot of sleep."

AS her clear, nicely modulated voice ran on, an unearthly sort of chirp came from around the corner. "That's Ferdinand," Deanna explained, "my bird. He likes to sing."

A canary? No, Ferdinand's a parakeet. Dark-haired Mrs. Durbin, who had entered the room a short while before (Deanna rose and stood till her mother sat down), gave a gentle laugh. "I don't know that you'd call it singing, exactly, the noise Ferdinand makes."

Deanna looked surprised and a bit hurt. "But he *does* sing, Mother," she responded, quick to defend her pet. "He does the best he can!"

Ferdinand, dog Tippy, and rabbit Henry are accompanied by an artificial koala bear. Deanna explained, "it's pronounced 'koola,' and he's a native Australian." The koala bear has a place by the living-room hearth, where he is propped against a hassock.

"He's life-size," Deanna exulted, picking up the little fellow, who is about as large as a collie pup, "though he's not nearly so big, full-grown, as an ordinary bear cub—is he? The

koala bears carry their cubs pig-a-back. Oh, I do think Australia must be the nicest country, with koalas carrying their children pig-a-back and kangaroos carrying theirs in that cute pouch on their stomachs."

The topic—animals and their habits—led less illogically than one might suppose to Adolphe Menjou. He's Deanna's top-flight actor. Not only because he's such a good actor, but because he can make such frightful faces.

"He does a leopard face," she chuckled. "He does it every time I ask him. Honestly, he looks exactly like a leopard! Honestly!"

Spots and all? you inquired.

"Well, no," Deanna admitted, "but anyway, it's aw-ful."

WHILE she talked you recalled that for three months after a talent scout found her, young Deanna had been under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and that this studio, through an inadvertence, did nothing about her. Yet now, in one brief year since she was snapped up by Universal, she's a full-fledged star for whom the impeccable Menjou makes leopard faces! Just one of those distinctions—stardom or Menjou making faces for you—would be enough, yet this lucky youngster . . .

Not all luck, either, for there is hard work, and a private life that is cupped within a few hours daily: hasty visits with friends, a book (she reads over thirty books a year), a horseback ride with adequate company. And a few months ago she could roller-skate on good, smooth concrete wherever she found it, and run with other school-girls to the candy store. Fame has its drawbacks.

"... he used to get offside, away from the camera," Deanna was giggling, still intent on Menjou, "and make the most horrible faces at me, trying to get me to laugh. Right in the middle of a scene. Sometimes, truly, it was—it was serious." She giggled again. "The movies," said Deanna, who works harder at them than many a grownup would, or could, "are *fun!*"

## Why Can't the Stars Stay Married?

(Continued from page 29)

earlier days: "Martha Jane, beloved wife of Ezra Jones"; "Ann Louise, beloved wife of Ezra Jones"; "Mary Eliza, beloved wife of Ezra Jones." Maybe the stars prefer another way of solving their love problems than that chosen by their great-grandmothers.

My companion was not satisfied with my generalization, however, but wanted to discuss the special problem of the screen stars. We all know that John Barrymore, for example, has been married four times. His trouble isn't that he can't fall in love, but perhaps that he does it so easily.

When a great lover is an actor, he is faced with an especially difficult problem. To act well, one must have imagination and sympathy; one must be able to put himself intensely into a part and yield himself to its appeal. Now that's a great gift. But it's as dangerous in life as it is necessary on screen and stage.

An actor like Barrymore begins to fancy how it would feel to be married to some lovely girl. Pretty soon his imagination makes him picture himself in that relation. Then he feels just how it would be, holding her close, and by-and-by marrying her. Every time he meets her, he unconsciously plays the part he has allowed himself to imagine.

And, of course, all the feeling, all the sympathy of his dramatic gift slip into his behavior. Before she knows it, the girl becomes the heroine in his personal play, caught by the power of his emotional intensity. Now, just as no actor plays the same part for years, so a man like Barrymore, even without knowing it, begins to dream after a while of the excitement of a new romance.

Of course, we all have something of that tendency, but it's not so hard for ordinary people to keep from exercising it as for a screen artist. Creative natures in any field find it more difficult to keep their imaginations from being too active in their personal lives than do sedate natures. It's easy enough for an accountant to remain loyal to the woman of his dreams. His fancy seldom bothers him. But for one whose feelings become intensely stirred, while vivid pictures race through his brain, it's another story.

THERE'S more to the question than feeling and imagination, however. My Hollywood friend referred to Constance Bennett, whose romances and marriages have continually kept Hollywood on its toes. She pointed to those two early marriages of Connie's—the first, an

elopement with the young student, Chester Moorehead, which ended promptly in an annulment; the second, the society marriage with young millionaire Phil Plant, which again ended disastrously. She followed through, in her remarks, with mention of Connie's third marriage to Gloria Swanson's "ex," Marquis Henri de la Falaise, and told me of the prevailing gossip which indicated that Connie's recent trip to Europe was for the purpose of divorce. Those marriages of Constance Bennett's seemed to her to be a pretty fair indication of how most stars choose their husbands—hurriedly, recklessly, with no plan for marital permanency. There are plenty of other people with this same attitude, apparently, so it is not why the stars can't stay married, but why, having married and remarried, they're so cynical about it now.

Of course, to generalize, marriage isn't so simple as a business partnership, or even a friendship, and it must not be judged against those standards. There are more intimate, more personal sides to it, and when those aren't right most relations cease. There does not need to be—as most people seem to think—a triangle to incur a couple's unhappiness.

Miss Bennett's marriages prove this point. Both of her first two marriages

occurred when she was still very young, immature emotionally, as any girl is at that age. The Chester Moorehead type of marriage has happened to thousands of schoolgirls; the Phil Plant marriage was, on the surface, perfect in every way—the society bride and bridegroom. Notice that it was not until Connie herself definitely knew that she needed a career to bring full happiness, that marital difficulties arose in this, her second marriage. There was no mention of another man in the case.

When she met Henri de la Falaise, her present husband, she was a mature woman, who knew without a doubt what she wanted. The Marquis, having been married to an actress, recognized and accepted at once Connie's viewpoint on a career. He wanted her to go on with her work.

And, for six years now, they have carried on what appears to be a successful marriage.

Will it last? I don't know. No one knows; but whether it does or not, I am willing to bet that Connie, along with many another woman, has a feeling that marriage—every marriage—presents almost insurmountable pitfalls to anyone whose career depends on talent for emotional dramatization of everyday facts.

There is, after all, a pretty big conflict between a career in pictures and our unconscious longing for domestic life; reason enough why many stars are afraid to try marriage again. In every woman's heart there is an age-old expectancy that her man will be a caretaker, protector, and earner. While part of her wants her own career, with its glory and its wealth, the rest of her wants her husband to bring her everything and to be just as interesting and glamorous as her career itself. He must compete with the whole American public in offering homage. Obviously, no man can live up to that requirement.

AND then, there are the things a man wants of his woman. He dreams of a wife in the home to take care of him and give all her attention to him, seeking in return, his affection. But he also wants the money and the reflected glory that her career makes possible. Of course, most artists aren't conscious of this reasoning. This sort of thinking is not deliberate with them. It's just human nature to wish all worldly wealth and power, and, at the same time, to keep our loved ones just to ourselves.

Many of my readers may insist that moving-picture people don't do much to keep their marriage partners just to themselves, or set that sort of example. I didn't mean to imply anything so unsophisticated. Just the same, these people would like to have their cake and eat it too. Did you ever hear of a man who wanted to be as free as air in his own love affairs, but preferred to keep his little woman in the home?

The truth is, if the marriage is to be a success, he expects that little wife to be five different persons in one—a beautiful girl, a brilliant listener, a passionate, intimate partner, a nice domestic caretaker, and, nowadays, a good provider as well. But can any one woman's nature incorporate all five facets? Take Carole Lombard, for instance. She has the looks, the brilliant mind, and I don't believe she's patterned after a marble statue. But no one could suppose she was motherly to her husband. And maybe she has her own queer mixture of requirements. Anyway, a marriage fails when one isn't satisfied, and not because of the coming of the other woman, or a more charming man.

I've never seen a triangle in my life, but I've known plenty of cases that seemed to be. Something is wrong with

a relation before anybody else has a look in. I'll admit this, however. Those who constantly come in contact with other stars, either ravishingly beautiful, or else full of magnetism, have much more temptation to find fault with their marriages than ordinary people do. If you'd lived all your life in a little Midwestern village, and never seen a girl with Carole Lombard's looks, or a man like Clark Gable, you wouldn't be so restless in the home.

PEOPLE constantly ask me what I think of Gable, and why he wins love so easily. I've never had my mental microscope on him, but I'll give you my guess. In the first place, he's all male, but not a gorilla like some of our hennies. And next, he's not afraid to be human: sympathetic without being soft. But maybe he's protected by the memory of his mother. I don't say he has what people call a complex on her, but you notice he takes to older women. All his wives to date have been several years his senior. Yet even that doesn't seem to keep him married; it keeps him marrying.

Any sort of fixation will do that. In childhood, we seek what we psychologists call a contact person. It may be a mother, perhaps a nurse. Some men never get over the impression this youthful desire makes. Then the love pattern gets mixed up with this nursery image. And thereafter, those men will seek older women. If these good ladies don't do their caretaking properly, then its heigh-ho for a new nurse every so often.

When I was a boy, I adored my grandmother. She was in her eighties, and she'd had all those decades to become wise and kindly and gentle. In my teens, I compared every girl I knew with the ideal I'd built on Grandmother. If they weren't as sweet, as patient and as understanding, I bellowed like a mad bull.

You see, it isn't just one thing that breaks a marriage and after a while causes a fear of wedlock. It's many types of emotional maladjustment. Most people have a conflict between what they want in love and what they think they want. And some are so doubtful as to what they want, they can't even decide.

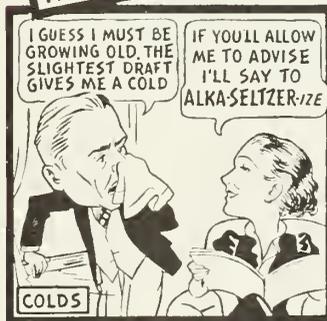
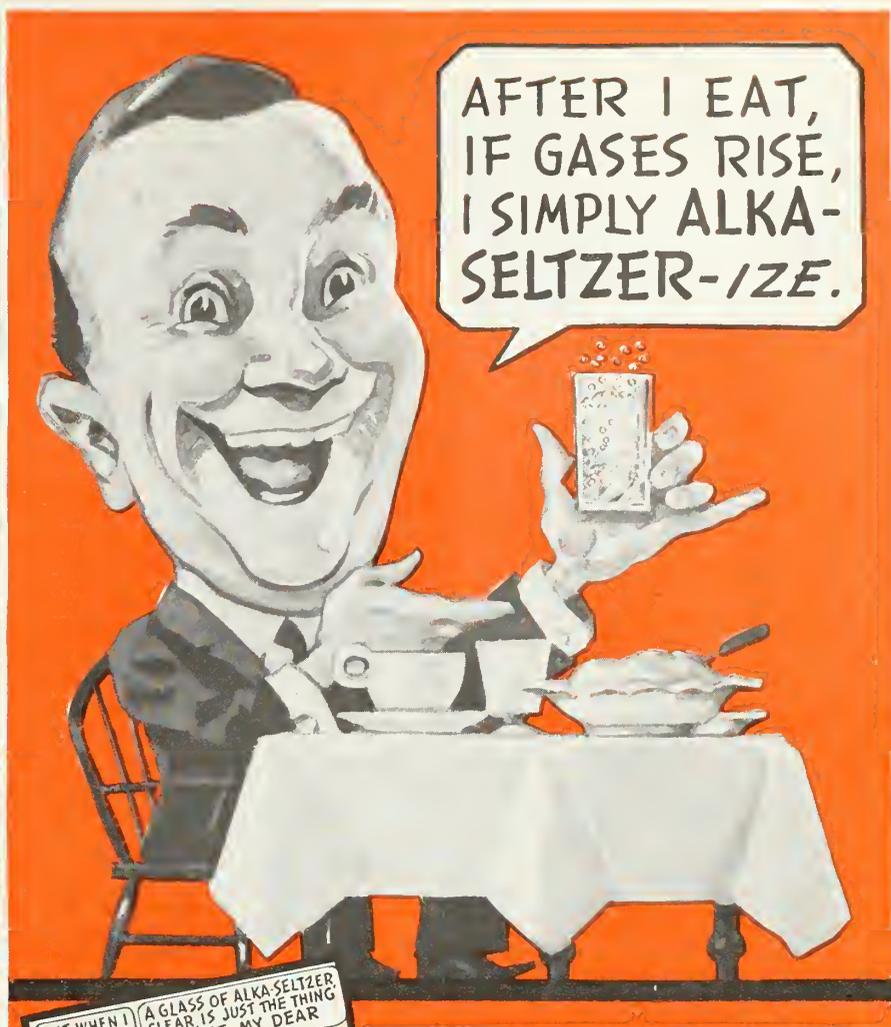
It may be that way with Robert Taylor. If one's parents were happily married, one wants no less in one's own love life. It's just as great a barrier as when youth has witnessed the mess their seniors have made of double harness, or has counted up the cost of alimony. Few actors lack love, in any case. I'm told that before Taylor had his great romance with Barbara Stanwyck, he was very much in love with Irene Hervey. Now he seems just as devoted to Barbara.

Of course, it's quite as possible to be monogamous in love as in marriage. In the ancient jungle, it wasn't a matter of ceremony. Man and wife probably stayed together about as well as we do now.

In the final analysis, the success of an intimacy depends upon what each of the two gives to it, and what each gets out of it. If each one doesn't expect too much, and spends more time thinking about what he can do for the other than what is done for him, all is pretty likely to go well. It's when we ask the impossible that trouble starts.

So you see that what's wrong with our actors is this: if one experiment fails to produce the perfect mixture, they seek another—either in or out of wedlock.

But if you suppose they make these changes quite easily, you are only echo-



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ing the opinion of thousands of censorious moralists, who think stage people can't stand anything difficult in their intimacies. Everyone knows that Barbara Stanwyck was unhappy in her marriage to Frank Fay. Yet she stuck it out long after a strict little Puritan would have run back to Mother. I'm merely speaking in defense of the screen stars. In view of their glamorous lives, they do about as well as the rest of us in the world at large. People, including the stars, don't rush to the divorce courts quite so easily as many suppose. Like the rest of us, they don't make the break until after they have taken quite a bit of drubbing.

People hate to face the fact that they have to separate, and hate to hurt each

other. That's certainly borne out in the case of Herbert Marshall. Anyone in Hollywood can tell you that Marshall was certainly infatuated with Gloria Swanson, and that for two years they practically never drew an individual breath. Perhaps that ended because love can't be taken in such constant applications. Too much of anything leads to saturation. It seems strange that people can't learn that lesson.

I'm told that when Marshall met Miss Swanson, his love for his wife, Edna Best, faded rapidly. But did it? Who knows? At any rate, Herbert Marshall is not on unfriendly terms with Edna Best, for on his recent trip to Europe he was frequently seen with her.

And how could he be unfriendly to-

wards her? Weren't they once known as the happiest couple in England? That means there were some centers of compatibility at least, and those would hold even after the marriage had ended. Maybe we take intimacy too seriously.

I'm not advising vacations, separate domiciles and breakfasts apart to keep people together, but I'd like to see married couples as courteous to each other as they are to strangers.

To make love permanent, we must never destroy its mystery.

A little reticence, a great deal of respect and much caring for the realities of romance are necessary to save it. Love has to be lived for and worked for. It should be quickened and refreshed every day.

## Heartaches in the Search for Scarlett O'Hara

(Continued from page 21)

nearly eight months, she knew by heart every direct quote from Scarlett through "Gone with the Wind"'s 1037 pages!

Many couples appear at the studio, too, the man to play Rhett and the wife to play Scarlett. Amusing, too, is the number of social register personages who turn up, debs and matrons alike, wanting a fling at Scarlett's rôle, "Just for a lark," as they embarrassedly explain.

Few seem more eager than the mother of a three-year-old child from Atlanta, who wants her child to play Bonnie. The tiny tot arrived at the studio with petitions signed by State Senators from Georgia and the Governor of Georgia, not to mention the Mayor of Atlanta.

She and her mother have finally returned to their home in the South, but the studio has almost daily reminders of them in the form of the clippings and interviews about their Hollywood experiences and ultimate hopes that they have given out to their home-town papers. One such clipping stated that the child had just received a wire from another leading studio urging her to return to the film city to play a part in a Southern picture. According to these stories "Bonnie" won't consider the offer because she still has hopes of playing Scarlett's daughter and of having Clark Gable for her picture father.

Four hundred school girls came to Los Angeles in a motor caravan from Georgia recently and parked their busses near Director Cukor's offices. He went outside to see what all the racket was about, and remained to pick out eight of the loveliest to whom he gave photographic tests.

Meanwhile, four little girls from the South and two important Hollywood personalities were under direct consideration. The four Southerners were Susan Falligant, Louisa Robert, Alicia Rhett and Adele Longmire. They were all young and very pretty. Miss Falligant is a student at the University of Georgia; Miss Robert, an Atlanta debutante; Miss Rhett, a socialite from Charleston, S. C.; and Miss Longmire, a New Orleans stenographer. Those lucky four emerged triumphant from initial tests in their own home towns, through interviews with George Cukor when he returned from a trip to Europe, on to Hollywood and the eye of the impersonal camera. Nice girls, they were, pretty girls, but after their first little contracts with the studio were up, they were not renewed.

AS for the Tallulah Bankhead legend, here is the truth of that, for the first time. Tallulah is a friend of the whole

Selznick studio. They all adore her, and when she flew out from New York all on her own and asked for a test they gave it to her. The only thing against Tallulah for the rôle was that brutal fact of age. She could have acted Scarlett magnificently. But no longer did she look the part.

That Norma Shearer was in the running for a while can now be told. Selznick at no time has wanted a star who was under contract to anyone else. But he did consider Norma Shearer in that little interval that existed between the death of Irving Thalberg and Norma's eventual decision to resign with M-G-M. When she did sign up again, the thought of her playing Scarlett was dropped.

Paulette Goddard is now under definite consideration. She looks the rôle, but as yet no contracts have been signed with her. And the search is still going on. At the studio the letters suggesting candidates for the part have long since passed the half million mark—and every one of them, incidentally, has been answered, and each one that came from a hopeful aspirant has been investigated. Photographs flood in, too, tragic ones, funny ones, beautiful ones. They mean potential heartbreak for someone every time they are returned.

AND if, after all this about Scarlett, you wonder why there has been so little mention of the search for Rhett, here is the reason.

There are three possible Rhetts, all

in Hollywood, and undoubtedly one of the three will play the rôle.

First and foremost, both in popular voting and in the producer's opinion, comes Clark Gable, who is most certainly PHOTOPLAY'S choice, as we've announced. If Gable can be borrowed for the rôle, Selznick will look no further.

If, however, Metro won't let him have Gable, then Gary Cooper or Ronald Colman will be secured.

But there is one little story typical of this whole search that you should know.

A nice-looking young man, and you will understand why we can't reveal his name when you've read this story, sold his interest in a small business back in Tennessee to come to California to play Rhett.

So sure was he that he would be pounced upon for the rôle that he planned to send for his wife and their two tiny children when the good news was announced.

He appeared at the Selznick studios one dog day in midsummer, exhausted and penniless, to claim the rôle of the dashing young Southerner. No, he'd never been on the stage, he admitted to the studio casting office, but deep in his heart he knew he could play the handsome renegade from Charleston better than any actor alive.

It wasn't the customary thing to do but the lad was so touching and had such real personality that they gave him a job in the studio, taking inventory in the stock room.

He accepted the job willingly but lost none of his hopefulness at getting the expected "chance."

His little family soon joined him in Hollywood. They were rather happy about it all, too, until that heartbreaking day when the pretty young mother was bathing their tiny baby, while their little boy played near by.

It all happened in an instant. The two-year-old toddled over to the window, the screen fell out, he plunged downward several stories and was killed instantly.

Hollywood stepped in then and took charge.

The studio took up a collection that covered the funeral expenses. At the young father's request one of the studio's cameramen took a picture of the baby, waxen white in the tiny coffin.

Then they went to another studio where they knew a baby was needed and got the other child under contract at what seemed to the stricken parents as a very big sum indeed. So he's a coming movie star, even if his father's dreams of playing Rhett Butler have faded.



Although she's one of those "dam' Yankees," Bette Davis, too, was tested for Scarlett

# The Laugh's On Hollywood

(Continued from page 32)

do you like best?" queried the quer- espondent. "The one at the box office," retorted Johnson.

It was Clark Gable who started the report that George Arliss wanted to go about unrecognized one day so he wore a *smoked* monocle! And, by the way, have you noticed that success hasn't changed George? He's still the same old Arliss—in every picture.

Perhaps the best description of the cinemetropolis is that drawn by Groucho Marx when he went into a rhapsody on Hollywood at Director Tay Garnett's home recently. He concluded his monologue with, "... I like it because if, of an evening, I go out walking with my dogs, Mrs. Jones—any Mrs. Jones—goes out walking with hers. My vicious brutes attack her dogs, and I attack Mrs. Jones. Makes it pleasant living all around!"

JESTING is not solely a man's game. Let's give the distaff side their just—or, if you prefer, jest—due. Among the Josephine Millers list Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Tallulah Bankhead, Mae West, Marguerite Churchill, Clare Boothe Brokaw, and last—but far from least—Dorothy Parker, Queen of the It-Wits, who most recently referred to Buddy Rogers as "Mary's Little Lamb."

Prize Parkerisms include the following:

"Hollywood: the Land of Yes Men and Acqui-Yes Girls."

When a friend confided to La Parker that she was in love with a movie star, Dot snapped back: "That isn't love—that's ZERO worship!"

On her last visit to New York Dorothy noticed an elderly man-about-town cooing with a young ingenue at one of the night clubs. "Isn't that sweet?" Parker purred. "PAPPY love!"

Dorothy Kilgallen, flying reporter for the Hearst papers, writes with a Parker pen, too. She reported recently of a certain high-hat star, "She is frightened to death of crowds", and added: "... and crowds are frightened to death of her!"

Ginger Rogers, an expert at the quick retort, once squelched a bore beautifully. The annoying fellow managed to corner her at a party.

After much dull conversation, he finally asked, "Who's driving you home?" Fixing him with a glare, Ginger snapped, "You are!" and stalked out alone.

It's difficult to decide whether to class Gracie Allen as a wit or a nitwit. However, here are some samples you can work on to figure it out for yourself. Sez Grace: "After reading 'The House of Seven Gables' I still don't know which one is Clark!" And not so long ago we overheard her say to a friend: "Call me up sometime—even if it's only a post card!"

OUT of the mouths of babes have come some of Hollywood's cuter cracks. Irving Berlin, writer of many a Lollipop ditty, tells about small Linda, whose Sunday School teacher asked her one Sabbath, "What is Heaven?" "Dancing cheek to cheek!" piped up the little one.

Walter Winchell's sole topic of conversation these days—outside of himself—is Darryl Zanuck. Preparatory to making "Love and Hisses," his second peekture with Ben Bernie, Winchell had discussed the Zanuck contract at home at great length. Consequently, when the columnist's daughter Walda was asked by her teacher who was the

greatest president we ever had, the youngster replied, "Darryl Zanuck!"

Milt Gross, well-known film writer, was recently at work on an important assignment. Each evening he'd return home and report: "This afternoon I wrote a great scene!"

A few days later his son's tutor at a private school in Glendale asked Milt to come over in order to discuss the boy. "Mr. Gross," fumbled the embarrassed teacher, "I don't exactly know how to go about this. It's rather personal, but for your child's sake, I must know. Is everything all right between you and your wife?"

Gross, puzzled, assured the teacher there was no rift in his home.

"Then I can't understand it," replied the instructor, "because your boy constantly comes to me and says 'Daddy made a terrific scene today!'"

Another Hollywood instructor relayed this story. The ten-year-old son of a famous tippler was asked in the classroom to spell the word "straight." The boy answered correctly. "What does it mean?" the teacher asked next. "Without ginger ale," promptly replied the lad.

ALL the reels of film unwound since the birth of Hollywood would not equal in length the tales told about the producers and agents of blunderland.

At a studio conference the producer was one of those recruits imbued with ideas regarding the purity of the "drayma" and full of a Hahvahd accent. As usual, ideas were conspicuous by their absence, and George Jessel jumped into the breach with the outline of a story he believed was money-making cinematerial. When he finished his show spiel, the producer did everything but yawn and adjust a monocle as he remarked: "Oh, I suppose the story is O.K. for pictures"—to which Jessel (who doesn't pronounce it YES-sel) snorted, "Well, what are you making here—Tootsie Rolls?"

Another producer recently asked Bob Benchley to view the screening of a film just completed at the studio. After he had seen the epic, Bob expressed the belief that it needed more action in one place. "Where's that?" eagerly inquired the producer. "In the cutting room," was Bob's barb.

An agent who put over a big deal for Frank Fay suggested they celebrate by getting drunk. Fay protested that he couldn't imbibe as he was on the wagon. "Aw, c'mon," insisted the agent, "fall off just this once. What's to stop you?" "I went to church and signed a pledge," Frank said. "Lemme see it," suggested the agent. "I'll show you a way to break it!"

That gay group, the practical jokers of Hollywood, arouse loud laughter. Take, for instance, Charlie Lederer, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who are collecting \$100 subscriptions for their new play. The C-note entitles the donor to opening night ducats and a slight percentage of what is laughingly termed "the profits." The big scene of the play, which is a modern Noah's Ark, comes when a father warns his daughter that if she sins it will rain for forty days and forty nights. She refuses to heed his warning and then a sprinkling system on the roof of the theater goes to work, letting loose a shower of water ... on the audience.

ONE of those fiends who insist on being just too cute on the phone called Fred Astaire one night. "Are you good

# AW... MOMMY, I WISH THERE WERE SOME GUM IN THE HOUSE



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*1/2 dozen packages of Double Mint*



# Christmas

## 1937-1938 Style

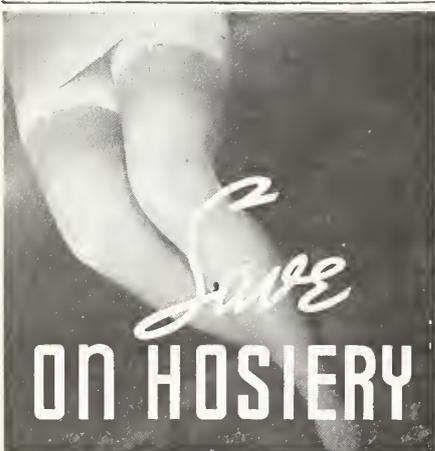
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"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

at guessing?" he asked. "Sure," growled Fred, "I guess I'll hang up!"

Some double-feature billings cause customers to double up with laughter. As advertised on the movie marquees, the double features often have a double-entendre. Among the more printable bulb-blazings I recall:

THREE SMART GIRLS  
with  
BOTTOMS UP

A KING STEPS OUT  
and  
THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS

MORE THAN A SECRETARY  
COME AND GET IT

No treatise on Hollywood humor would be complete without some mention of Samuel Goldwyn. Alva Johnston, who did a notable series on "The Great Goldwyn," pointed out that the majority of Goldwyn gags were manufactured. The writer, who created many a quip and credited it to Sam, will swear on a stack of *Hollywood Reporters* that Mr. G. really did boast that he had produced a picture which was so successful that he planned following it up with a "squeal." "You know," he went on to explain, "like they did with 'After the Thin Man'."

That other famous dialectician of Hol-

lywood, Gregory Ratoff, approached his boss asking for a raise a few weeks ago. "But you've got a contract," his employer reminded him. "Huff cus, I know I got a contract," agreed Ratoff. "But if I got \$250 more a week I'd be satisfied. Right now, I'm only happy," he declared.

Hollywood's attitude hasn't changed since the old days when Producer Stern issued a solemn edict that his comedies were not to be laughed at! Filmland continues to take itself seriously, and that's what makes it funny. Yet some of its citizens laugh at life—and even death.

Realizing that what Hollywood needs is more taffy for the living and less epitaphy for the dead, some of the lads and lassies have cleverly concocted, for a final giggle about the great joke of existence, the following epitaphs:

"THIS PLOT'S TOO DEEP FOR ME"—  
— Sylvia Sidney.

"BACK TO THE SILENTS"—John  
Barrymore.

"REDUCED AT LAST—TO DUST"—  
— W. C. Fields.

"I'VE JOINED THE BACK-TO-THE-SOIL MOVEMENT"—Edward G. Robinson.

"OFF THE STAGE AND INTO THE WINGS"—Tyrone Power.

"LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT"—Carole Lombard.

## We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 53)

after a luckless first marriage and a meeting with Spencer (Prince Charming) Traey. Its title is "Mannequin."

We find Joan still in the tenement, with Spencer nowhere in sight. The immediate setting is a kitchen that looks like a settlement worker's nightmare. It is a masterpiece of squalor, from its leaky faucet to its dingy, flyspecked wallpaper. It epitomizes poverty.

Joan and her bedraggled mother (played by Elisabeth Risdon) are dishing up supper, talking over the steaming pots and pans. Joan is futilely bitter about their squalid life. Elisabeth, too weary to be bitter, tells the never-before-told tragedy of her own life, the death of her dreams. She urges Joan to get away, before it is too late.

They both are tense when the long scene ends. But Joan has a quick remedy for that. A Bing Crosby record on her ever-present phonograph.

ON a near-by sound stage, we find two alleged rivals costarring in the best Hepburn-Rogers tradition. Their names are Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell. Their vehicle is "The Four Marys"—a title that is a contradiction. Nowhere in the script is there a character named Mary. The title will be changed.

The story is a quadrangle, à la "Labeled Lady," with Franchot Tone and Walter Pidgeon supplying the other two angles. The principal setting is a newspaper office. Franchot and Myrna are cartoonists, Walter is their boss, and Rosalind his wife.

We try to ascertain how Myrna and Rosalind rate with each other. We half expect to hear that it's nice weather we're having. Instead—believe it or not—they sound like each other's press agent.

Mildly thunderstruck, we race on to 20th Century-Fox, where, at the moment, only one picture is in production. But that one—"Second Honeymoon"—offers another promising duo of costars: Loretta Young and Tyrone Power.

The story is a comedy, about a young divorced couple who form other attachments (Lyle Talbot and Claire Trevor), then meet accidentally on their second anniversary, and fall in love all over again. It sounds like some make-believe with real-life possibilities for Tyrone and Loretta.

We see their meeting, in a hotel terrace in Miami. We see Tyrone accomplish a minor feat—lighting two cigarettes at the same time. He hands one to Loretta. She says, "Thank you, darling. I mean—thank you," and their embarrassed conversation goes on from there.

The rehearsal over, the cameraman decides to relight the scene for the take. Loretta and Tyrone do their own standing-in for this. For five minutes. Then five more. Facing each other all the time, hardly a foot apart. And they find nothing to talk about. Tyrone smokes; Loretta looks off into space. They don't seem uncomfortable at their proximity. Just disinterested.

This poses us with a pretty problem. Is this disinterest a bit of acting? Or are they acting in their love scenes?

BEFORE we can arrive at any definite conclusion, we arrive, very definitely, at Columbia Studios, in an atmosphere of hey-nony nonsense and hot-cha-cha. Columbia is making "College Follies of 1938." And don't tell us that "Varsity Show" didn't start a new film cycle.

A starving college hires a handsome actor to grace the campus, to swell the coed enrollment. Collegiate comedy and musical comedy result. Involved in the frolic are Walter Connolly, Ernest Truex, Joan Perry, Charles Starrett, Gertrude Niesen, fifteen Pomona College football players, dancing damsels, and—Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante. That man's here again.

When he was here before, he was the only one of his kind. No one else did dizzy comedy. Now, everybody's doing it. That makes him socially acceptable.

Only one thing worries him. The first time he came to Hollywood, he made his first scene on a location trip to Pomona College. And this time, the same thing happened. (The company has just returned from location at Robert Taylor's alma mater. Today they're rehearsing musical numbers.) And Jimmie tells us, plaintively, "I guess I'll never get out of college."

Like Mae West, we like a man who takes his time. So, on we go to United Artists, where Samuel Goldwyn will be spending months and millions (two, no less) on what he calls his "monument." It is in Technicolor. Its title is "The Goldwyn Follies."

We ask innocently if this is, perchance, a Hollywood cousin of "The Ziegfeld Follies." We are glared down to the size of Charlie McCarthy. This, we are informed, is the one and only Goldwyn Follies.

It is no mere revue. It has a plot. It also has everything from ventriloquism to grand opera. With a cast that includes Helen Jepson (this is her movie debut), Adolphe Menjou, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, the Ritz Brothers, Phil Baker, Bobby Clark, Ella Logan, George Balanchine's American Ballet and a crop of Goldwyn Girls.

**B**UT the name that will top the cast is one totally new to moviegoers. The name is Vera Zorina. (Look for pictures of her on pages 34-35 this issue.)

Like Sigrid Gurie, Goldwyn's other new foreign find, she is Norwegian. Tall, blonde, dramatically beautiful. When Goldwyn first saw her, she was, at nineteen, première ballerina of the world-famed Ballet Russe. She is twenty now.

We arrive too early to see her first appearance. But not too early to see Helen Jepson's. The picture starts shooting with Helen in front of the camera. Blonde, with a voice that is operatic and figure that isn't.

The setting is a theater stage. On the stage is a scene of the opera, "La Traviata." With Charles Kullman, also from the Metropolitan, she sings the Drinking Song. And, where she can see it from the stage, stands a huge basket of flowers. Attached is a card: "Good luck, Helen." That's "the Goldwyn touch."

Seeing one opera star gives us the urge to see another. We head for RKO-Radio, where Lily Pons is engaged in "Hitting a New High." And, without warning, we see more of Lily than we have seen of any star in years.

Lily is in a costume such as no operatic star ever wore before. Perhaps no other operatic star could wear such a costume. It consists of a brief brassière of feathers, a brief skirt of ditto, and a large helping of brown skin-paint.

In the film Lily plays the part of a girl who, because she can sing like the birds, has arranged to live among them, at least long enough to be discovered by two big-game hunters (Jack Oakie and Edward Everett Horton). At the moment, she is walking out of a pool in a leafy jungle glade. She has supposedly just had a dip.

Suddenly, her foot slips. With a startled shriek, she topples backward. No one is near enough to save her. She is under for the count of one before she finds her footing again. Her hair hangs in wet wisps. Her feathers look damp and dreary. But Oakie makes her laugh. "If you aren't a sight for the jay birds!" he says.

To see Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine do their dancing duet in "A Damsel in Distress," we have to drive forty miles, up past Malibu Lake into wild mountain country. The farther we go on the narrow, tortuous road, the wilder the country becomes. We begin looking for buffalo and redskins.

Just as the road pauses to debate whether or not to become a trail, we see a sound truck parked on a side lane. We turn down the lane. We find ourselves in a grove of big, spacious trees—a phenomenon in Southern California. Through the grove flows a brook. And, on the opposite side, on an expanse of greensward stands—amazing to behold!—an old English castle, fronted with a formal garden. Neither the castle nor the greensward nor the garden was there the day before. They won't be there tomorrow. All of them are props.

The dance that Fred and Joan do is something new in Hollywood terpsichore. Refreshingly new. An outdoor dance, a country madrigal. From the castle steps, across a bridge over the brook, along the lane on the other side, through some stiles, and back over the brook on stepping stones. It is one of the simplest dances Fred has ever done. It may also be one of the best remembered. "Particularly by me!" Joan says.

**O**N the way back to Hollywood, we stop in Universal City for a glimpse of the bride, Alice Faye. She is honeymooning on the set of "Young Man's Fancy." And not with Tony Martin, but with George Murphy, Ken Murray, crowds of comedians, bevy of dancers. It is a comedy of show business.

We find Alice, George and Ken around a table at a night club such as New York never was, or will be, able to afford. They are supposed to be having a good time. Actually, they are having anything else but. They are in a corner, beyond all ventilation. Hot lights are burning down on them. And they have to laugh, and look cool.

They make a pact to get the scene in one take. They get it. Then, in unison, they chorus: "What's the temperature on this set?" The answer is: 122. And that's how movies are made.

At Warners, our next stop, Kay Francis is working with Pat O'Brien in "This Woman Is Dangerous."

On the set of this comedy about the advertising business, we see some unscheduled Hollywood comedy. The script calls for Pat to carry his bride up a flight of stairs, which will be easy enough for Pat to do.

Meanwhile, his stand-in, during the lighting of the scene, has suddenly found life difficult—carrying Kay's stand-in. He is a smaller man than Pat. She is a larger woman than Kay. Pat, an incorrigible better, wagers how long he will last. And loses.

We wander over to the set of "Hollywood Hotel," which is more than a set. It is architecture. It's a working model of the Hollywood hostelry of a billionaire's, or a movie fan's, dream. Nothing like it yet exists.

Dick Powell is in the grill, doing a scene with Rosemary Lane. She is a waitress. He is her boy friend, calling on her during working hours. Trying to ignore him, she starts to serve a couple. He helps her. The manager intervenes. The man at the table thereupon rises in high dudgeon and verbally flays said manager, for crossing up young love.

It is a long scene, with difficult timing. They get it on the second try. That's like catching the brass ring on the merry-go-round on the first try.

**A**ND last, but not least, at Paramount we have a look at "The Buccaneer," Cecil B. De Mille's saga of the pirate who helped the United States win the War of 1812. It stars Fredric March. It starts Franciska Gaal, another foreign find making a surprise first appearance. This Viennese glamour girl, blonde and petite, plays a Dutch peasant girl, even to the wooden shoes.



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To see the company at work, we go on another location trip, this time to Catalina Island, the place where Californians appease South Sea fever and the movies make their sea shots. There, on the mainland side of the island, De Mille has built a pirate settlement of Barataria.

The ocean is so quiet here that it can pass for the Gulf of Mexico. But what of those mountains behind the settlement? They don't look like Louisiana. Simple enough. The magic of the movies will turn mountains into sky in the finished film.

We see the scene in which the pirates welcome the American fleet. They run down the beach and, in pirogues, paddle toward the ship, only to be fired upon. The scene is photographed from a platform a hundred yards from shore, where

De Mille, in dungarees rolled to the knees, directs through a loud speaker.

The scene takes hours of preparation. Arranging of sun-reflectors. Testing of the compressed-air gadgets that simulate shell explosions. Instructing every one of 300 pirate extras in what he is to do.

At last they are ready. De Mille shouts, "Action!" The pirates run down the beach, jump into their pirogues, set out toward the camera. The first shells explode. Boats upset. Men are thrown into the water. The survivors, panic-stricken, try to reach shore. "Cut!" calls De Mille.

Three hundred extras, most of them dripping, all of them exhausted, wait for the verdict. "That," booms the voice on the off-shore float, "was a very, very mediocre rehearsal."

## Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

you've had an operation, don't have a permanent for six months afterwards, as the ether remains in your system for that length of time, and you won't like your wave.

I asked Olga, the hairdresser at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, (she does Garbo's and Jeanette MacDonald's hair-dresses when they are making a picture) what is the most common mistake women make in the way they wear their hair. She says that as a woman grows older, the lines of her face begin to sag, and, therefore, to counteract this and to give her head a better balance, the lines of her hair should go up. You can achieve this by having it curled up, or off your face, or by parting your hair on the side instead of in the middle.

find your hair turns under very softly and gracefully. If you don't want to bother with these, however, you can get a very good wire roller for this bob at the ten-cent store.

Claudette Colbert, who puts her heart and soul into everything she does, even went so far as to bleach her hair, instead of wearing a wig, for her rôle in "Tovarich." Claudette still keeps her bangs, which proves that bangs will be smart all winter, and wears a twisted coronet around the smooth crown of her head. The combination of coronet and bangs is charming.

Life for a picture star is not all beer and skittles (whatever they are), because Claudette told me that she has had to change her make-up to go with her new golden-blonde hair. She is using a powder with a rose tinge to it, instead of her former brunette shade; and as her hair is brighter now, her lipstick is less vivid; and her mascara and eyebrow pencil are dark brown. And we think our lives are complicated!

TROCADERO TIPS—I snooped around the Troc a few nights ago and picked up a new tip on what to wear in your hair on a big night. Mrs. Harry Ritz, who manages to retain her beauty and charm through all the antics of her famous husband and his brothers, has a new and very amusing way of wearing a ribbon in her hair.

The hair is brought straight back from her forehead and falls into soft waves and curls at the sides and back. Just above the temple where the waves begin to fall, she fastens, with a bobby pin, a little bow of velvet ribbon the same color as her dress. It perches there so absurdly that it's smart.

MODERN MAKE-UP—Before I sign off, I want to tell you about a new make-up foundation that one of Hollywood's most famous make-up men has perfected after six years of research. It's a cream that comes in one shade and it's perfect for all types of skin except the extremely oily. It becomes invisible a few seconds after it's applied, but it keeps your make-up smooth and glamorous all day long. It's caught on like mad in Hollywood, and you'll find it on almost every star's dressing table. If you write me, I'll be glad to give you the name.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.

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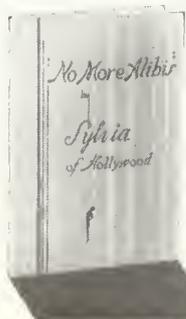
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COIFFURES OF THE MONTH—One of the newest and loveliest hair-dos in Hollywood is the one Ginger Rogers wears in "Stage Door." Her hair at the back is rolled under à la page boy, and at the side it is combed up from in front of her ears and brought up high on the crown of her head to curl in ringlets behind a soft wave rippling straight back from her forehead.

It looks very intricate, but is really very simple to copy; and if you have the true zeal of the experimenter, you'll dash to your mirror and start working on it right away.

Joan Fontaine's hair-do that you'll see in "Damsel in Distress" is charming for young girls and particularly lovely for formal affairs this winter. Her hair is very softly drawn back from her forehead, and a twisted coronet set way back on her head is gathered into the turned-up ends of a long bob. Just the tops of the ears are covered, and if you have a passion for earrings you can wear them beautifully with this coiffure.

I saw Norma Shearer at a preview the other night looking more lovely than ever with a brand-new hairdress. Incidentally, her hair is lighter now, and she is wearing it turned under in back, page boy fashion, and following the Juliet line in front. She has it curled back from her face with an extra curled row just below her ear.

If you want to fix your own hair in the page boy fashion, there's a way of doing it that the studio hairdressers all follow. You just take a sheet of soft cardboard like the kind that comes in men's shirts when they return from the laundry, and roll it up into a cylinder of about an inch and a half circumference. You can stick the rolls together with any sort of stickers. Turn your hair under on these and keep it in place by fastening bobby pins to the cylinder. It's comfortable to sleep upon and you'll

(Continued from page 52)

writers and director; at five more dry clothes before going home; at six a dinner she couldn't eat. At seven she crawled into bed, only slightly conscious.

The inevitable comment: birthdays spent like that mean fewer birthdays, eventually.

**A Melba for Rover**

WHEN Ann Sothern left to join her husband, Roger Pryor, in Chicago, she warned her servants about picking the peaches that grow in her back garden—at just the right time for pickling.

But each morning there were fewer and fewer peaches on the tree to pick until finally, in desperation, the cook hit on a plan to discover the thief. She tied a bell to each tree and went to bed.

Sure enough the bell began ringing in the night and out rushed the cook in her nightie, to discover Ann's Doberman pinscher bumping the tree and gobbling the falling peaches.

A search in his doghouse revealed a large pile of peach stones.

**The Man She Left Behind**

JOE VON STERNBERG is a changed man these days. Out in San Fernando Valley, near Chatsworth, he sits in the extraordinary house he and Neutra, famed modern architect, designed together; sits among his books and *objets d'art*, dreaming. Outside Josef's bedroom is a roof. It is a roof with no gutters, and the rain water collects there and stays. The view beyond is of low, rolling hills, the only signs of human habitation being the newly erected homes of Barbara Stanwyck and Zeppo Marx on distant knolls. It is von Sternberg's pleasure to sit at night looking out at the stars which seem to fill the heavens and, yes, the earth, too. For, you see, their reflection is caught up in the rain water collected on the roof.

When Marlene Dietrich left with her husband, Europe-bound, Josef came away from his extraordinary house to see her off. He was at the station, they say, and Mrs. Sieber's last embraces were for him. When the train started he ran alongside, waving and throwing kisses. Then he returned home.

That night the stars in the rain water shone with a strange desolation.

**Aye Tank Aye Do Good Deed**

GARBO'S stand-in, Chris Meeker, paints pastels when she isn't standing in. The news finally reached Garbo's ears, and the star evinced considerable interest. One day she called Miss Meeker aside. "If you are an artist," she asked, "why do you work in pictures?"

The stand-in explained. She was trying to earn enough money to open a studio of her own. "If I could get in stock—" she added wistfully.

"What is this 'stock'?" Garbo wanted

to know. Miss Meeker said she meant a stock contract. Garbo nodded vigorously, and went to the telephone. "This is Miss Garbo. I want you to give Miss Chris Meeker a stock contract," she told the man in the casting office.

He laughed, and hung up. Some gagger, no doubt.

Eventually, however, the Swedish actress made herself understood, and her stand-in was put under contract. She has been there ever since, happy to be near her patroness, whom she worships.

It isn't often that Garbo does favors like that for people—not because she wouldn't like to, we suppose, but because her diffidence keeps her from learning of the problems of others. Many of her coworkers never get to know her. Betty Dietrich, for instance, (yes, that's the name she goes by) has doubled for her, on and off, for three years. In all that time, they have never exchanged a single word.

You can drink a toast to Garbo, by the way, whenever you wish. Boothby's World Drinks, an authentic bartender's manual, lists the Garbo Gargle among the few items which deign to notice the existence of Hollywood. It's concocted of cognac, grenadine, French vermouth and orange juice (one-fifth of a jigger each), and one dash of crème de menthe—shaken, with a spoon of port wine floated over. Skoal!

MARLENE DIETRICH, Ginger Rogers and Mae West rate a recipe apiece; and you'll also find the Lee Tracy, High Hat à la Norma Shearer, Elissa Landi, Lupe Velez, Mary Pickford, two Pickfairs, Fairbanks (Doug?) Weissmuller (Johnny?) and Winchell (Walter?). It is with sadness that I report the inclusion of a Jean Harlow . . . Fame perpetuates itself in strange ways.

Here, if you care to experiment, are three formulas:

**MARLENE DIETRICH**

Whisky ..... 3/4 jigger  
Curaçao ..... 2 dashes  
Bitters ..... 2 drops  
Lemon and orange peel

**GINGER ROGERS**

French vermouth..... 1/4 jigger  
Apricot brandy..... 1/4 jigger  
Gin ..... 1/4 jigger  
Lemon ..... 2 dashes

**MAE WEST**

Brandy ..... 1/2 jigger  
Egg ..... 1/2 yolk  
Sugar ..... scant spoon  
Cayenne over top

**In One Ear and Out the Typewriter**

MARLENE DIETRICH, visiting in Salzburg, Austria, wired home to her studio asking that a dozen pairs of eyelashes be sent her immediately. Austria didn't have her shade.

Bob Taylor's phone calls from London to Barbara Stanwyck in Hollywood carry one persistent plea: "Come over and join me." Apparently now, more than ever before, Taylor misses the advice of the intelligent Barbara.

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(Continued from page 31)



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honor and worship has disappeared, you must once again give these people cause for worship. After that you will never, not for one minute, give the world a chance to forget that you are what you are, and that its applause is your due.

Her mind made up, Sonja said to Wilhelm that night, standing beside his chair before the great fire: "There are many competitions and I want to win all of them. But the summer is coming and the pond will be water again, and then where will I practice? There is no rink in Oslo."

"I can't make a rink for you, Little One," Wilhelm said equably. "Aren't you satisfied? Now, already, you are world's champion—"

"No." Sonja put her hand on his arm. "There are artificial rinks in London. The Ice Club—the Crystal Palace. I've read about them. Papa, please—"

THE portrait of her life from that time until 1928 must be done with sound and color and short fragmentary pictures against the overtone of her incredible ambition which at last had become an obsession.

Summers were London, at first: the train that carried her there, the medium-priced hotel suite (these Henies were not extravagant people, ever) where Selma and Sonja and the tutor lived, the new life of a greater metropolis, the necessity for speaking English. Different food—steak pudding, savories. The surface cars. Ice carefully smoothed and lined with spectators' galleries. Going with Selma to see "Primrose" and Paul Lannin in "Stop Flirting" Fog, and the sound of the steamers in the Thames; a new skating instructor; more people than were possible all walking on the same street; Piccadilly, the Mall, and Buckingham Palace—the inside of Buckingham Palace—tea with Their Majesties, because Queen Maud of Norway was George V's sister, and the Prince of Wales, with his courtly, almost stilted acknowledgment of their introduction, after all she'd heard. . . .

She won the world's championship again the next year, and the next one, and still again, the next; she met more kings and her name was larger in type and her tutors were not exactly servile but even so— Lief, when she was home, watched his tongue; and the people who came down to the pond in winter came down by the scores. There was still another instructor, from whom she learned the crossfoot spin and three dozen new routines. She worked harder and harder and the world applauded until the sound of it was the sound of her absolute triumph. She was happy.

When the Olympics were held in 1928 she was ready for them. She knew what would happen. She had practiced this long and this faithfully, and her craftsmanship on ice was superlative. She was a showman, instinctively: her costume would be startlingly all-white, well made. She would play to the judges, offering to them her smooth flying grace and her bright Northern beauty, saying to them with these things, See: I am the best skater in all the world. I am better than any of the others in this competition. These sparkling diamonds pinned to my dress are gifts from great monarchs, and the flowers presented to me at the end of my exhibition were from a king, because my skating is not merely skating but a dance on ice, incarnate rhythm, a new

kind of beauty.

The winter games were held at St. Moritz, and it was that easy.

DURING the next four years, until there could be another Olympics, she contented herself with winning the European women's skating championships and any other honor that could possibly be fought for on ice. So that she was busy, almost always. There were no hours given to introspection because there were no hours free; she was growing up, she was fifteen, and seventeen, and finally eighteen, and the normal adolescent life she denied herself she seldom missed.

Only sometimes . . . . Sometimes, when her practice at the Ice Club was over for the day, she would walk back to her hotel alone through the twilight. Twilight is a wistful hour, especially in London, and a favorite of lovers. She would glance in the bright windows of great cafés and see men and women, in couples, seated at tables, engrossed in each other; she would look up at the open upper decks of great omnibuses and see girls of her own age, always with an attentive boy, and she would realize that there was a special something in the eyes of these people that was not reflected in her own.

For a little time a feeling of loss, an inexplicable loneliness, would enclose her; then, through the vague sadness, the murmured echo of many hands striking together would come to her and she would smile, satisfied. She had this. She was Sonja Henie.

Madame Karsavina, the famous Russian with whom she studied dancing, was a sophisticate. Sometimes she said to Sonja, with a kind of arch suggestion in her low voice, "You work so hard. When do you find time for men?"

"There are no men."  
"But you are young and very beautiful—ah well," Madame's shrug was expressive, "love is for the little people who have nothing better, for the provincials. You, my dear, are a cosmopolite, a woman of the world—and a great personality, never forget that. There will be time later."

"Much later," agreed Sonja, seriously.

SET on her path, she found her own momentum carrying her higher and higher, to increasing peaks of glory. She gave command performances before the British sovereigns. She skated in France and Italy and Switzerland and Germany and in all countries, bowing afterward beneath the boxes of Hitler and Mussolini and a dozen lesser rulers. She came to America to Lake Placid in 1932 and easily retained her title there, and she went back to Europe knowing that another nation was on her list of the conquered.

Back in Oslo, in the big sitting room with its great chairs and its constantly crackling fire, she gathered with Wilhelm and Selma for council. There must be a new goal. She had won everything there was to win and made indisputable her title as the world's greatest skater.

"You must stop now, Little One," Wilhelm told her sternly, through the smoke of his meerschaum. "You can go no farther. It's time that you began to live a different kind of life, to give a little more time to yourself. You are a woman now, not a little girl—nor an automaton. It isn't natural for a young

lady of your age to spend the entire day in practice on the ice, to live only for skating and exhibitions and fame. Besides, you must certainly be satisfied at last. We are proud of you, but—but we are satisfied, too."

Sonja sat impatiently on the arm of her mother's chair. "I don't want to stop," she told her father fiercely. "There will be another Olympics in four years, and contests in between. Besides, . . ." She paused.

She had almost repeated the insidious little thought that had been growing in her heart for months, the breathless fear that had not let her look ahead to the eventual day when she must arrest her mad course upward—

If she gave up skating what would be left for her? The acclaim, the bravos of the assembled crowds, the applause would fade away because the public does not remember long and because there would be a new champion. What could she have in return? A few medals, a few trophies, a scrapbook of clippings, the memory, ever-fading, of the past. People would say, "Sonja Henie. Sonja—oh, yes, of course. She won a contest for skating once, or something, didn't she?"

And her life . . . She had made it for one thing, prepared for one career only, without forethought except of the quickest possible victory. She remembered the girls on the bus tops, the ladies in the cafés; why, she wouldn't know how to be like that, to— The sound of Madame Karsavina's wise voice returned to her suddenly: "You are a great personality, my dear. Never forget that."

"I can't," Sonja told her father now, decisively. "I can't stop, at least not for a time."

"You could turn professional," Wilhelm said slowly. "Then you could work when you wanted to, play when you liked. You've never had much time for play, Sonja."

"And you could have the freedom to be a woman," Selma said, smiling. "To have a family, a husband."

Sonja stared, white-faced, at her hands. "Not yet," she said, pleading. "Not yet. . . ."

SHE met him in 1935, while she was busy preparing for the Olympics to be held in Germany the next year, and she will not tell his name, which is right. He was a gentleman's son, fantastically rich. He looked a little like one of those high, broad young men you see in the movies, being gay at winter resorts and clever with women. He had the smile, and the necessary clean-cut quality. He had the glamour.

They were correctly introduced, of course, since Selma was there, but after that they saw more of each other than Mrs. Henie knew. They did the things you do in London: the Savoy for dinner, when Sonja could make it, several musical comedies.

Sonja, reserved at first, discovered that the thing she had feared—awkwardness at the eternal game of romance because of its newness to her—was a fiction built absurdly in her own mind. The awareness of the feminine formula, of what to do and think and answer, was instinctive with her; and she found, surprisingly, that here was a new facet of living which at times could be amazingly rich. There were even whole hours, when they were together, in which she was forgetful of skating and of the forthcoming games.

She couldn't be sure if she were in love with him, although he was openly sincere about his love for her. At least he asked her to give up the idea of entering the Olympics again this time, of

continuing at all with her program of sports conquest. "There are other important things for you now," he told her. "Me, for instance."

This final argument he offered at the hotel in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the competition would be held on the morrow. He had followed her there. He would admit of no compromise: "I want you, not a pair of silver skates," he insisted doggedly.

She said, "It's too late to back out now, at any rate. Perhaps . . . I will let you know tomorrow."

And he had to be content with that.

SHE was not sure all that night, nor in the morning; and even as she stood off-rink, waiting for her call, the decision wavered in her mind.

She had had so much of this—even now, when she should have been trembling with anticipatory excitement, she stood relaxed and even a little bored with the long wait.

Perhaps they were right, Wilhelm and Selma. Perhaps he was right—

Then she heard her name booming out of the loudspeakers, the sudden, alive murmur that preceded the ovation which recognized her.

She shot hastily out onto the ice, hearing, with a pleasure that was almost pain, the sharp rasping sound of her cutters.

She saluted the clamoring stands and the judges.

The music blared. In its rhythm she whirled and ran and drew her classic figures, feeling in her heart and through her whole body the rightness, the perfection of each motion.

When she had finished she stood on her skate points, flushed and laughing, all thought drowned in the insane thunder of applause that said so magnificently, so conclusively that she had won again.

And in the boxes there was only one man who sat silent; because he knew, now, what her answer would be.

LATER, after the presentations, she said happily to Wilhelm and Selma, "This is enough, at last. I'm turning professional as soon as I can make the arrangements. I will go to New York, to America."

"There is money to be made in that country."

"America cares little for skaters," admonished Mr. Henie, paternally. "They want only Mr. Gable and Joan Crawford over there."

"I will get into moving pictures, then," Sonja told him solemnly. "The world has been so easy to conquer—why not Hollywood?"

Wilhelm smiled only with his eyes but Mrs. Henie laughed outright. "My child," she began, "has let the winning of the Games make her certain of too many things."

"It is not so easy—"

But Sonja didn't hear her. She was staring thoughtfully into space, already planning her incredible campaign against the closed gates of the Celluloid Capitol.

HAVING reached the pinnacle of success in amateur sports at twenty-two, lovely Sonja Henie came to Hollywood, searching for three things: a new career, a greater world audience to watch her skate, and the love which at last she had time for.

Next month's concluding installment is the remarkable story of her overnight rise to stardom and the real truth about her romance with the young Hollywoodian, Tyrone Power.



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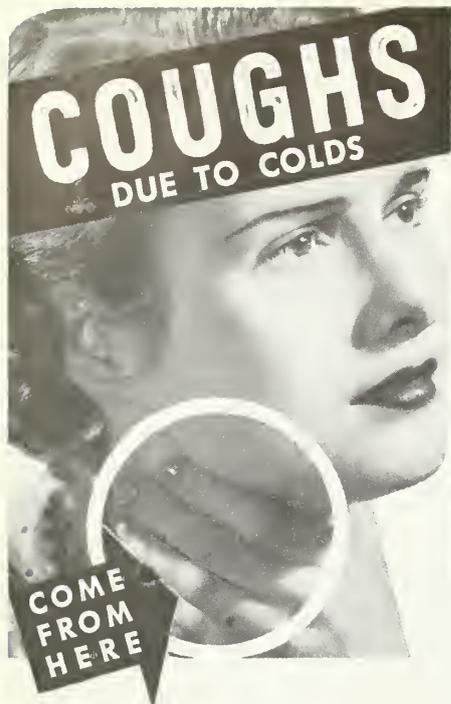
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**Boos and Bouquets**

(Continued from page 4)

is what pictures used to be." Ye gods! What do audiences care what pictures used to be? Haven't the recent masterpieces proved beyond all doubt the huge advancement and limitless possibilities of the film industry?

"The only trouble was that sometimes you couldn't exactly tell which... emotions she (the heroine) was feeling because the enameled perfection of her face did not once vary." Holy smoke! If that alone isn't an insult to the intelligence of the average audience!

"It's as if nobody really cared about the 'B's.' In Hollywood nobody does." May I add that in any community where A pictures are ever shown—be it even at irregular intervals—nobody does.

And—"... when viewing a 'B'... one's problems fade." To me and my pals, one's problems are only beginning. To sit through a whole or a part of a B while waiting for the A picture is a decided problem; a boresome and ridiculous experience.

And then the lady in question (may she be in the doghouse by now!) taxes the readers' patience by relating the most farfetched tale of a man who appreciated Rainer in "The Good Earth" and "was just out of everything" as a result. One whose associates lack the intelligence to enjoy "rave" performances should cease to defend that which is inferior to the whole American public. In brief, K. A., take that—and that!

K. S. CARPENTER,  
Malone, N. Y.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**YEAH!—FRESHMAN!**

Have you ever heard this verse?  
"Seniors think they're hot stuff,  
Juniors think they're smart,  
But it takes a little freshman  
To break a fellow's heart."

I've seen adults rave about actresses but never have I heard them say they could take her off the screen and hug her. That's what they say about Deanna Durbin.

It used to make me mad when people said I was at the "awkward age" (I'm fourteen). It just seems people of our age aren't able to do anything that takes brains. If we aren't clumsy, we're silly and giggly. When I first heard of Deanna I felt maybe she could "show 'em" that we aren't so awful as we seem. When she became a sensation I certainly felt proud.

All my friends feel that she could be one of us since we read that she uses "bunk" and "swell" in her conversation, and sometimes even giggles. We lost no time telling our parents. "100 Men and a Girl" brought out Philadelphia's largest crowd ever at its recent opening. I'm glad that I'm only fourteen.

DORIS PFAFF,  
Philadelphia, Penna.

**\$1.00 PRIZES**  
**THE NEW PHOTOPLAY CREATES A FUROR!**

Your publication's new "dress-up" is perfect. For the first time in my life I sat down and for over two hours looked at and read a movie magazine. I came out of the test raving over how well PHOTOPLAY looks, reads, and holds the reader's interest. The size is grand, the photography superb. Congratulations.

AGNES RAUBE FINGER,  
Yonkers, N. Y.

Long live the new PHOTOPLAY. We love it! My husband and his friends

were deeply interested. They exclaimed over the new writers, especially Lowell Thomas. We all raved over the fine pictures. The colored one of Carole Lombard is lovely enough to frame.

MRS. FREDERICK GOOCH,  
Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAY is now distinctive not only in quality but in size. It looms out from other movie magazines on the newsstands like an oasis in a desert. Thanks a lot for the happy surprise.

RUTH CONNELL,  
Bailey, Colo.

A great change has come over PHOTOPLAY and I regret to say it is for the worst. It has been changed from a nice convenient size to an awkward, clumsy, ungainly magazine. As if that were not bad enough, it is now filled with pictures with comparatively little reading material. In fact it is what children enjoy—a picture book.

MISS LOIS BLANCHARD,  
Malden, Mass.



Glamorous newcomer—Tamara Geva, famous Russian star of the New York stage, makes her debut in Republic's "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round"

I bought the PHOTOPLAY in its new large size and think that it is the last word in "streamlined" motion-picture publications. I have been a reader of PHOTOPLAY since the days when it appeared in a size slightly larger than the average novel. Changes have taken place, but the quality of its contents remains the same—sincere, unbiased, dependable.

ALBERT MANSKI,  
Boston, Mass.

I definitely do not like the size of your new PHOTOPLAY. It is over-large, awkward to read and handle, and less beautiful in the general setup. Maybe I am too conservative, but I hope you go back to the old size.

MRS. JAMES F. JORDON,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

A crowd of young people returning to a Southern college have just borrowed my new PHOTOPLAY to read on the train. Can you hear their squeal of delight? Oh you did something that time, PHOTOPLAY!

FAITH F. GARLAND,  
Baltimore, Md.

Your new publication deserves the Academy Award! The large colored picture of Miss Lombard done in such superb colors is beautiful. Likewise

the cover is a glorious creation and does justice to the beauty of Miss Crawford. "The Camera Speaks" section is a work of art.

ED LALLY,  
Ferth, Ontario, Canada.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**THE PANGS OF BIRTH**

Boo, "A Star is Born!" I really was let down. After expecting a fine truthful picture that would show how hard it was to get into pictures, I viewed a silly film full of coincidences and unreal characters. All Janet Gaynor had to do was to show her face to the fading matinee idol and she got a screen test. Two minutes were shown of make-up, posture study, etc., no minutes at all of the work of trying to learn how to act—and behold a star! With all the actresses in Hollywood available, this unknown, untried wisp of a girl steps into a star's part and is a sensation. It doesn't ring true.

And the idea of a press agent as embodied in Lionel Stander was outmoded five years ago. "A Star is Born" is trash as a picture, an example of how Technicolor can raise a mediocre picture to the level of a fairly good one.

SEYMOUR KAPETANSKY,  
Detroit, Mich.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**MUNI—THE MARVELOUS**

Step aside all you Taylors, Powers, Crosbys and what have you. Make way for a real actor. I will admit he hasn't a toothpaste smile, a way with the ladies or a crooner's voice, but Paul Muni has more than that. He has the true qualities of a fine actor. After seeing a picture in which he plays one of his immortal rôles, I come away enthused that there is a man in Hollywood that can play some other rôle besides that of a young man with a glass of liquor on one side and a girl on the other.

So well does Paul Muni act his part that you love, hope and learn with him. Into the character of Zola he put so much realism and warmth that the character remains in your memory long after the picture itself is forgotten. How truly Paul Muni deserved the Academy Award for this year.

BETTE SUE ROBERTSON,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**JEANETTE—A WOMAN APART**

She sings! She dances! In fact, there doesn't seem to be anything that lovely Jeanette MacDonald can't do in her latest picture "The Firefly."

Every time I see Jeanette I say to myself, "This is surely her peak." But each time she has fooled me and gone on to bigger and better triumphs. She is delightful in "The Firefly." She has just the right touch for light opera, and there is no actress who can match her gaiety and irresistible manner.

There is a certain graciousness and womanliness about her that sets her apart from other Hollywood sirens. Her lovely face doesn't need to be distorted by queer make-up, nor do her eyebrows reach her hairline. Her beauty is fresh, wholesome and the nearest thing to a Gainsborough painting I have ever seen. Jeanette's private life is commendable, too, and I wish her much happiness in her marriage to Gene Raymond.

MURIEL MARKS,  
New York, N. Y.

# Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star

(Continued from page 71)

she gave us "This Modern Age" and "Possessed," then "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton." The change, the new scope, the new comedy brilliance, the new air of confidence, the increased charm were all noticeable and they were part of those performances that cinched for all time her right to be a star—a real star.

THEN she made "Rain"—her one real failure.

I saw the opening night of that picture in Hollywood and I was horrified at how bad Joan really was. It wasn't just a mediocre performance, it wasn't just under par—it was definitely and completely awful. And no one knew it better than Joan.

It was another turning point in her life. By that time, her career had become the great and important thing in her life. Whether she knew it consciously or not, subconsciously she was aware, certainly, that she was an actress, that she was of the chosen few who belong under Kleig lights. Ambition swelled in her—ambition to be a fine artist as well as a startling personality.

Two things contributed to the disaster of "Rain."

I think, professionally, she made it too soon. Some day, I think, she will make it again.

Personally, her life at that time was in an uproar and she was nervously and vitally off balance in her emotions. I knew some of the cast and the crew who were on that long location at Catalina when they shot "Rain." Joan, most popular of all stars with the people with whom she works, the most charitable girl in Hollywood, nearly drove them nuts. Her nerves were ragged, her temper was on edge, her tears too near the surface. She kept her phonograph going all day and all night, and it wasn't altogether because she was playing Sadie Thompson.

When she did finally sue for divorce she stated that her troubles with Douglas had driven her nearly to a nervous breakdown. It is perfectly true that they had and that during the making of "Rain" she was at the breaking point most of the time.

For she was at another crossroads. At the end of two years, the inevitable had happened. You see, there was no middle ground for these two. Joan, when she went domestic, went one hundred per cent. They put too great a strain upon their love. They concentrated their whole lives and emotions upon it. Love won't stand that.

The drama began to fade. The excitement died out. Exactly as Joan Crawford wasn't, as an actress, ready to play "Rain," neither was she, as a woman, ready to settle down to married life—one man, routine, familiar things. To the one rôle, which she had already mastered, that of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. When the letdown, which always comes in a flaming love like theirs, came they had nothing with which to meet it. They were too young, too undisciplined, too avidly and eagerly curious about life, too greedy for its great moments and new sensations.

You see, the story Life was writing about Joan Crawford wasn't the peaceful, contented, easy story of a woman in marriage, nor the story of an average woman, one of everyday human tragedies and denials and happiness and heartbreak. It was the story of a Hollywood Movie Star. Heights and

depths, but not—at least, not then—while she was so young, any smooth, easy, middle road.

Of course, Joan and Doug got on each other's nerves. And Joan, who has that amazing emotional quality of understanding without thought or analysis, as so many creative people have, understood that again she was at the crossroads. It made her desperately unhappy, for she had loved Doug, she had believed their love would last forever. She wept many tears over the passing of that love, and I think they tried to comfort each other, but the script was already written and they had to play it through as Life directed.

JOAN and Douglas went to Europe in one last attempt to find again the enchantment of their early days together.

The trip (it was ironical that they had been trying to take a honeymoon trip to Europe ever since they were married, had planned upon it as a love journey filled with delight and romance) didn't heal the breach. When they returned their separation was definitely announced.

And in 1933, after Joan had her interlocutory decree, young Doug was in England and reported engaged to the irresistible stage star, Gertrude Lawrence; and Joan Crawford was in Hollywood, already "being seen" often with her new leading man, Franchot Tone.

We have had, through this story, perfect casting—Life, as the philosophers say, is like that when it gives its attention to the business. Joan—herself. Ray Sterling—the cultured young man who gave her that needed impulse in the early years in Kansas City. Mike Cudahy—the millionaire playboy. The Prince Charming—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. And last—the one man who fitted exactly into the rôle of Joan Crawford's second husband.

There is the complete Joan Crawford. Not the little slavey, the raw chorus girl, the jazz baby of the Charleston era, the charming young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. But—the result of all these—Joan Crawford. Real now, having found herself, having taken from life and men and experience many things. A woman of nearly thirty—the most divine age, so most poets tell us. Her beauty richer and more alluring than it had ever been. Her art on the screen having reached a perfection where she could throw all her magnetism into any rôle. Not bothering now about being a "lady"—being very sure of being a woman, cultured, poised, beautiful, experienced. You saw that woman almost, I think, as she is in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

JOAN'S intellectual interests had grown and grown from those early school days. Doug was an intellectual and she had learned from him, too. Her place in the sun was so sure that she had gained a graciousness that lacked her old restlessness, but not her old vitality and vivacity. She had begun to understand something about adjustments. The marked domestic strain in her—all emotional actresses have it strongly marked—she gave free rein within limits. She knew now that it wasn't possible to be herself, Joan Crawford, Movie Star, and be thoroughly domestic, too. Sewing she loved, and she took up embroidery, and today she sits for hours on the set making hooked rugs—that is a very real side of Joan, which must have an

outlet. But the idea that she would some day retire to be "just a wife" she knew wasn't possible.

Her social position was sure now—and it was dependent only upon herself. Joan Crawford was not only a great star, but by now a charming and thoroughly acceptable woman of the world in her own right.

But being all woman, there must always be a Man. Her Man. And because her Kansas City background, her mother's training, her schooling in the convent—all had impressed her deeply, Joan actually wanted a husband. No throwing her cap over the windmill, no free love, no love affairs condoned by friends and hidden from the public. Side by side in her complex nature, with its many sides which are all so real, side by side with the domestic strain is a wide solid strain of respectability.

She has never done anything that she didn't think was right. She measures everything by her own emotions—and lives up to her own feelings.

SO the new Joan Crawford met Franchot Tone.

It's so obvious that there isn't much to say about it. A young man of great charm, the very best example we have on the screen today of what we call "a gentleman." Well-bred, highly educated, a college graduate, and a stage actor of the very top flight. A man of the world. He didn't want Joan Crawford to become "Mrs. Franchot Tone" and act domesticity. He understood her and loved her—apparently from the first moment they met on the set of "Today We Live."

But Joan was, by now, very wary, a little cautious. She had been badly—very badly—burned by marriage. And when the rumors of her engagement to Tone were headlined she said, "No. I shan't ever marry while I'm still on the screen. A husband and a career don't work out."

She believed that. And, to some extent, she may be right. But reason has never yet stood against real love.

This was a different love, a more wonderful love. Different from her schoolgirl infatuation for Mike Cudahy, from her young first love for Doug. This wasn't based upon drama, or wholly upon emotion. It was a grown-up love for a man who understood her, loved her as she was.

In this love was companionship. Friendship. Something deep and—for the first time in her throbbing, restless, glamorous life—a thing called peace.

So today we have another Joan Crawford. The great Movie Star. The elegant woman of the world. The wife of Franchot Tone. Patroness of symphonies—lady bountiful to many, many less fortunate than she. Sure of herself, deeply interested in her work, her life, her husband, her books, her music, her charities. It looks as though she has found herself at last.

But the story of Joan Crawford will never be over.

With all the Joan Crawfords we have met, there are still more to come—and underneath she hasn't changed so very much. She is still the emotional, dramatic, loving, loyal, terribly human girl who first came to Hollywood. Things always go on happening to people like Joan.

And we can watch Life write the final chapters which I can't write for you yet.

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# Babies Raise Hell on the Set

(Continued from page 25)

let live. She was a miniature edition of what the boys write home about. She sported (never tell her mother) several pink indigestion bumps.

Why not? She is entitled to indigestion.

At Warner Brothers they really wrecked the budget over Sheila. In a picnic scene this honeybunch was only supposed to do one thing. Sh—Sleep!

She was not the type. She just didn't care for it. They fed her hot milk. They brought her to the set worn to a demifrazzle. They hired real good crooners to sing her all the Mammy songs in the Warner repertoire, and that's sump'n!

Sleep? Hah! She thought the movies were grand. She loved it all—and she stayed wide awake!

They wondered whether "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" would ever be finished.

Believe it or not, in this picture Ruth Connor, the baby's grandmother, played the mother. Mrs. Connor achieved an idea. She took Sheila for a long evening ride, in a limousine. Nighttime and soft motion of the car. It ought to work.

Out at the studio the whole technical crew drew overtime. The big black car oozed silently through the gate. It rolled, gears muffled, onto the set itself. Lights moved close. Thousands of candlepower illuminated the car's interior, where Sheila slept in Mrs. Connor's arms. Cameras turned.

The baby didn't wake at all. She rolled on home, was transferred to bed and slept the night out—not the first unconscious actress.

They cut that nap into the picnic scene.

You remember a man named D. Zanuck who took over the old Fox lot? Lamar Trotti, an ace writer there, had just done a scenario about Ramona.

Zanuck read it. He cracked his heels together and emitted electric sparks. His blue eyes glittered.

"Double the budget," he shouted, "and do it in color!"

That was the Boy Executive's big slip. He didn't realize there was a baby in the plot.

No infant was ever more beautiful than Beverly Firestone when she played Ramona's daughter. She's a beauty now—all black eyes, raven hair and personality.

They remember her with mingled affection and trembling at Twentieth Century. For one thing, the day they started to shoot her scenes, she began to teethe. That was a help.

Then the real trouble began. She loved Loretta Young with all her sweet heart. She cuddled. But when Loretta donned the black wig she had to wear in that picture, Beverly balked. Frightened, she screamed and hollered.

This held up shooting for two days. Then someone had a stroke of genius. They put a man in a limousine, with a black wig. He rolled out to the Firestone home and Mrs. Firestone wore the wig, around the house, during the remainder of the picture.

Beverly decided that if Mummy could do it, Loretta could, too. They finished the picture.

WHEN Director William Wyler was shooting "Dodsworth," he needed just one brief scene of a newborn baby. He had had experience, so he asked Central Casting to scout around Los Angeles and Hollywood for a set of identical twins.

Mr. and Mrs. Tolmasoff had come to town, from up in Ventura County, so that Mrs. Tolmasoff could have the best of care. The twins were only about five hours old when Central Casting made the discovery. Two days later they went before the camera. (It takes that long for Health Department and other formalities.) Wyler, under the rules, could shoot each baby only thirty seconds. The Goldwyn studio figures that having both available saved about \$15,000. But not even Mr. and Mrs. Tolmasoff can ever be sure which son actually appeared in the picture—Edwin or Edward.

Mark Sandrich, RKO director, found the answer to all troubles—the original Heavenly Twins. They are Jean and Judith Kercher, used by Sandrich in "A Woman Rebels." Whenever Jean sees Kleig lights, she feels sad and droopy. She is apt to cry. And Judith, on the other hand, is sure to gurgle and laugh. You play 'em, alternating, in the rôle of one and lose no time whatever.

The late Richard Boleslawski topped that. He was using Jean and Judith in



What's in a name? Mervyn LeRoy thinks there's plenty—for he bought the name of Vicki Lester, heroine of "A Star is Born," for this newcomer. She has a rôle in "Patient in Room 18"

"The Three Godfathers." But the company had to go on location. He decided to double-check. Excitedly, he demanded of Mrs. Bernice Saunders, Central Casting baby expert, that she find him another set of twins, identical with each other and with the Kercher twins, and possessing the same "You laugh—I cry" characteristic.

This is said to have been the hardest assignment in fifteen years of rapid-fire casting, but Mrs. Saunders filled it. Jean and Joan Kelly are the angels. (They've had lots of work since.) All four babies, with mothers, nurses and a doctor, went on location for a week. When "Boley" wanted to shoot a baby scene, there was always a young actress handy. All four looked exactly alike and one or another was sure to be in the needed mood!

The "twin racket," used by studios because of the great economy involved, has occasioned many humorous inci-

dents. There was the triumphant entrance of Mammy Sue.

Mammy Sue, two hundred and sixty-five pounds and black as a moonless Georgia night, received a call from Warner Brothers, where "Green Pastures" was giving employment to many members of her race.

"Be on the set at nine o'clock, with your twins," came the welcome voice of the casting director.

Mammy Sue didn't fail. She was there on time, with her twins—three pairs of them. In answer to the astonishment that greeted her, she exclaimed:

"How'd ah know which two ob mah twins dey wanted!"

BEHIND the laughter, excitement, plotting and planning that mark the attempts of the studios to put babies into pictures without putting pictures into bankruptcy, operates a system of care and precaution—for the babies' sakes—that makes Hollywood justly proud. A three-way treaty, revised from year to year until it is nearly perfect (it stems from 1922 when Will Hays asked the Russell Sage Foundation to survey employment in the studios) brings together, in mutual guardianship, the Los Angeles Health Department, the Board of Education and the Producers' Association.

All children who work at studios come under this three-ply watchfulness. Babies like those discussed here must undergo thorough Health Department examinations before and after studio appearances.

It's great for the babies, but, oh, the directors!

Edmund Goulding, wielding the megaphone for Bette Davis in "That Certain Woman," invented a variation on the twin trick. He needed a one-year-old boy. The lad he drew was just too temperamental—slowed the works for two days. So Goulding found a little girl who looked like the boy—and she took over the part. Not a trouble!

"With me," Goulding says, "women are better actors than men—at one year."

The talent discovery of the season—perhaps of all time—brightened the life of those on the set (and in the Treasurer's Office) during the filming of M-G-M's "Big City." Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer were the grown-up stars in this picture. But the script called for a christening scene.

Word came back that Donald Fennell, five weeks old, had been visited by a casting official. He was declared "ideal." Some wisecracking occurred on the set because the description of Donald read "blond." Spencer and Miss Rainer are both dark.

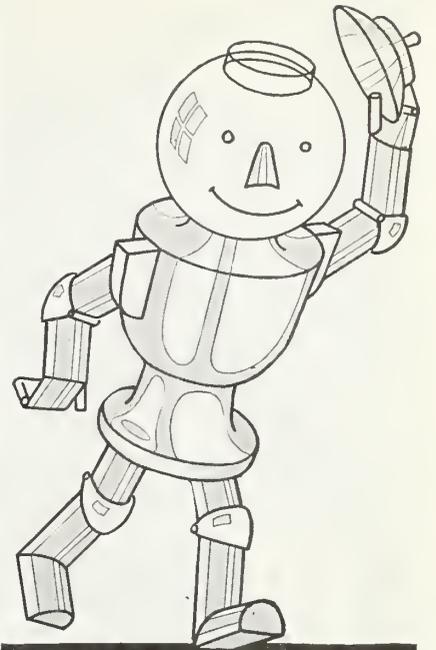
Donald, the Perfect Actor, even solved that. He turned out, on arrival, to be practically bald.

The young Mr. Fennell set this record:

He was on the lot only thirty-five minutes—on the set only two minutes. He submitted to castor oil in his eyes (so the lights wouldn't hurt them) with a bright smile. On demand, he looked exactly as they wanted him to look. The camera whirred just eight seconds.

Strange things sometimes happen in the cutting of a picture. Maybe Donald's scene will not survive to reach the theaters.

But he could win a good-will contest at Metro. He has the studio's best wishes to become the Robert Taylor of 1950!



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## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ **FIREFLY, THE—M-G-M**  
Jeanette MacDonald's newest venture into musical comedy without Nelson Eddy is a well-photographed, spectacular piece with a Napoleonic Spanish background involving spy activities. Allan Jones is Miss MacDonald's love this time, and they both contribute some blue-ribbon singing. (Oct.)

**FIRST LADY—Warners**  
Replete with the gay situations and dialogue that characterized the stage play, this satire on Washington intrigue should amuse you. Kay Francis, multigowned as usual, does a brilliant job as the ambitious wife of politician Preston Foster, and Verree Teasdale takes honors as Kay's adversary over the teacups. (Nov.)

**FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio**  
This thrilling story of planes and fliers has all the symptoms of a hit picture. It concerns a brutal setup at a small airport in the Andes. Headman Onslow Stevens sends men to their death in ruined planes. Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne finally find the answer to liberty and love. (Oct.)

**GANGWAY—GB**  
Definitely Jessie Matthews' best picture to date, this gay crook musical has delicious song and lyrics and Jessie's dancing tied together in a giddy story of a young English girl's mix-ups with gangs, gunmen and Scotland Yard men. One of the latter helps her straighten out her love life. (Oct.)

**HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio**  
The situations and gags than enliven Fred Stone's predicament as the shiftless yokel whose farm is used as a hide-out by a gang of crooks provide some good comedy. Emma Dunn is Stone's energetic wife; Marjorie Lord his pretty daughter. Your whole family should enjoy it. (Oct.)

**HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount**  
As a combination of epic, musical and thundering melodrama, this experiment sometimes curdles, but Irene Dunne, in fine voice, is alone worth the admission. She is presented as a carnival girl who marries farmer Randolph Scott. They finally discover oil for the lamps of Erie under the cabbages. Top-notch. (Oct.)

**HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE—Monogram**  
A timely, homespun and sometimes satirical picture of everyday American life given reality by the forthright performance of Mickey Rooney, the misunderstood urchin battling for his father's reputation. Anne Nagel is the understanding schoolmarm; Frank Shields, her beau ideal. (Sept.)

**HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox**  
Here comes the Jones family again—and in trouble as usual. Pa Jones (Jed Prouty) is a candidate for mayor, but almost loses the election when blackguards frame his son in a messy scandal. Spring Byington, Kenneth Howell, Shirley Deane and the usual Jones cast. (Oct.)

**IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia**  
This consists mostly of charm by Francis Lederer, beauty by Madeleine Carroll, and nonsense by Mischa Auer. There is much to-do about an inheritance, and True Love comes out of a triangle romance. At times it's pretty funny. (Oct.)

**IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Warners**  
This allows Bette Davis and Leslie Howard to drop their previous sufferings and romp through one of the gayest and smartest of the new comedies. Playing stage players in love with each other but temperamentally allergic, they are ably supported by Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, and particularly Eric Blore, whose brand of humor grows increasingly contagious. (Oct.)

**KING SOLOMON'S MINES—GB**  
Based on the novel by H. Rider Haggard, this depicts the harrowing experiences of five adventurers seeking the lost diamond mines of the Biblical king. Paul Robeson contributes some superb singing; Roland Young and Cedric Hardwicke play with their usual finesse. Somewhat à la serial, but you'll enjoy it. (Sept.)

★ **LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Warners**  
Warner Brothers prove once again their aptitude for combining fascinating biography with dramatic entertainment. Paul Muni does epochal acting as the French writer, champion of the underdog, who risks his life and career to fight for Captain Dreyfus, unjustly condemned to Devil's Island. Joseph Schildkraut as Dreyfus is superlative. The entire cast scores. See this as one of the year's worthiest pictures. (Sept.)

**LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—RKO-Radio**  
Joe Penner's juvenile whimsy, Gene Raymond's blond hair and a half-dozen famous comedians are high-lighted in this rather good musical. Harriet Hilliard, a socialite in search of a career, is Raymond's cookie, and you'll laugh at Billy Gilbert, Helen Broderick and Parkyakarkus. (Nov.)

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## LONDON BY NIGHT—M-G-M

Here is the usual mystery with the usual formula, the first ingredient of which is the reporter sleuth. Though the murderer masks his identity behind an umbrella, of all things, George Murphy finally solves the crime with the help of his girl Watson, Rita Johnson. (Oct.)

## LOVE IN A BUNGALOW—Universal

A lightweight little story, this has Nan Grey, hostess in a model bungalow, and Kent Taylor, breezy salesman, bickering in the modern manner. Without benefit of clergy, they enter a happiest married contest, are forced to live up to the terms. Stay home and be comfortable. (Sept.)

## LOVE IS ON THE AIR—Warners

A new star, Ronald Reagan, makes his bow in this tale of radio. As *Uncle Andy* of the kiddies' hour, he finds himself plunged into a gangster's war. June Travis, as his girl friend, is attractive, Ronald himself is excellent, and the cast is okay too. (Nov.)

## LOVE UNDER FIRE—20th Century-Fox

As a new production in the current cycle of Spanish war pictures, this one was fired at and missed. It is built around the antique story of a Scotland Yard man chasing a beautiful woman thief through shot and shell. Don Ameche, Loretta Young and Borrah Minnevitich try very hard. (Oct.)

## MAKE A WISH—RKO-Radio

One of the weaker Bobby Breen vehicles, this takes the singing boy to a Maine camp where his silvery voice inspires virtuoso Basil Rathbone to finish an opera. Marion Claire is Bobby's mother. You'll find the music easy to hum. (Nov.)

## MAN WHO CRIED WOLF, THE—Universal

Loaded with the iron weight of faulty story construction, this "who dunnit" tale sinks to the bottom and stays there. Lewis Stone is the professional murder confessor who involves his son, Tom Brown, in his evil ways. Morbid and uninspired. (Nov.)

## MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST—M-G-M

Debonair Robert Young raises this simple second-class picture to Grade A entertainment. The story concerns a crackpot inventor who gets involved in a night of adventure playing good Samaritan to a strange girl. Florence Rice is a vivid heroine. (Sept.)

## MARRY THE GIRL—Warners

Fancy the hysterical "woo-hooing" of Hugh Herbert and the fuss-budgeting of Mary Boland, as heads of a newspaper syndicate, and you have some idea of this giddy-gabby laugh riot. Mischa Auer, Frank McHugh, Alan Mowbray and Carol Hughes contribute to the fun. (Sept.)

## MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR—Warners

Tuneful and colorful, this introduces Kenny Baker, of other fame, portraying a strawberry festival songbird who is "discovered," hits the big time, falls in love. The girl is Jane Wyman. Baker promises to be a pleasant addition to the screen. (Oct.)

## MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—M-G-M

Don't see this unless you're in a tolerant mood. It's a minor newspaper hodgepodge in which Maureen O'Sullivan inherits "The Globe," falls in love with editor Walter Pidgeon. Edna May Oliver provides the only vitality. (Nov.)

## ★ NEW FACES OF 1937—RKO-Radio

If variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there, and plenty of hot swing music form your idea of amusing cinema, this is your dish. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Harriet Hilliard and Parkyakarkus are the principals around whom are built many sketches and minor acts. Outstanding. (Sept.)

## NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE—Paramount

A shooting, tooting action story of the famous *Hopalong Cassidy* series with Bill Boyd as usual playing *Cassidy*. Posing as a bad man to find the murderer of his brother he nearly comes a cropper. The scenery steals the show. (Sept.)

## OFF AGAIN-ON AGAIN—RKO-Radio

Wheeler and Woolsey are a pair of quarreling Babbitts who decide on a wrestling match as a solution to their problems. The winner takes over the business; the loser plays valet to the lucky one. Patricia Wilder, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord add pep. (Sept.)

## ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount

Someone was bound to make a picture of the Mississippi flood, and this irritating murder mystery is it. You can't imagine what Karen Morley and Grant Richards will do against the menace of Eduardo Ciannelli, nor do you care. The cast is good, but the story unbelievable and forced. (Oct.)

## ★ 100 MEN AND A GIRL—Universal

Here is practically a perfect picture, combining as it does an ingeniously new and fresh story built around unemployed musicians, Deanna Durbin's entrancing singing, and the superb rendition of some of the world's loveliest classical music by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. See this if you don't see another picture this year. (Nov.)

**ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox**

Bill Robinson's dancing and Fredi Washington's warm performance lift this mild melodrama from utter mediocrity. The complications revolve around a white child and a colored woman who claims parentage. There are shootings, prison breaks and kidnappings. Claire Trevor is the newspaper wench who fixes everything. (Oct.)

**★ PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE—Selznick-United Artists**

This second screening of Anthony Hope's veteran adventure story will thrill you with its colorful drama, its beautiful settings, the realistic acting of Ronald Colman as King and commoner, and the gracious beauty of Madeleine Carroll as Princess Flavia. Raymond Massey is outstanding as the King's Machiavellian brother, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is a deep-dyed villain. Go and renew your youth. (Nov.)

**ROAD BACK, THE—Universal**

Sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," this is a slow-moving psychological study of German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their defeated fatherland. Richard Cromwell, John King and Andy Devine offer keen portrayals of the youthful patriots. (Sept.)

**RUSTLER'S VALLEY—Paramount**

Bill Boyd again takes to his boots and saddle as *Hopalong Cassidy*, frees his pal from accusation as a bank robber, finds time to woo and win Madge Evans. Better than the average *Hopalong*. (Sept.)

**★ SARATOGA—M-G-M**

Jean Harlow's last picture and the consensus is that her portrayal in this fast-moving comedy drama built around the well-known race track was one of the best of her career. Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Una Merkel, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan are all up to their usual fine standard. (Sept.)

**SHE ASKED FOR IT—Paramount**

Although as cinema, this is good hash, there is an invigorating silly angle to the murder mystery theme. William Gargan is the writer of blood thrillers who gets himself involved in the real McCoy. Orin Heyward is pretty as his wife, but by no means another Duse. (Nov.)

**SHE HAD TO EAT—20th Century-Fox**

Here are jumbled all the old time-tested comedy devices, including mistaken identity, the screwy millionaire, the dumb country boy and the clever little miss. They all miss. Jack Haley, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn and others try hard, but the story yields only a few moments of hilarity. (Sept.)

**SHEIK STEPS OUT, THE—Republic**

Ramon Navarro's screen comeback finds him in the garb of an Arab making his famous brand of love to a corkscrew heiress, played by Lola Lane. Navarro's charm is as effective as ever. See it for the several nice songs you will hear and for a laugh or two. (Oct.)

**SING AND BE HAPPY—20th Century-Fox**

An innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leah Ray, working for rival advertising firms, sing and bicker for reels, make up at the behest of Helen Westley, "Pickle Queen." Songs include "Travelin' Light," and "Sing and Be Happy." (Sept.)

**SINGING MARINE, THE—Warners**

Amiable Dick Powell has the situation well in hand in this nicely produced musical. He plays a bashful soldier whose head becomes too big for his hat. China restores his equilibrium. Doris Weston is the girl who waits at the home port. Completely unoriginal but amusing. (Sept.)

**SMALL TOWN BOY—Grand National**

The hackneyed story of the village sap who becomes a go-getter is again brought out of its wrappings. This time Stuart Erwin is the suppressed lad, who, finding a thousand bucks, immediately becomes a new man and wins the belle of the borough, Joyce Compton. Stay home. (Sept.)

**SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT—Grand National**

James Cagney's latest picture presents him as a New York hooper gone Hollywood. Evelyn Daw, a charming new singer, is his bride; Mona Barrie the actress-temptress, Gene Lockhart the mulish producer. Well recommended. (Nov.)

**SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—Paramount**

There is almost nothing good that can be said for this jumbled, confused, dull, utterly uninteresting picture. Gertrude Michael is the beautiful reformed jewel thief accused of stealing the Rajah's diamond. You simply don't care whether she did or not. (Nov.)

**★ SOULS AT SEA—Paramount**

An intensely interesting epic of men against the sea based on an incident in maritime history in the 1850's. When his ship is wrecked, Gary Cooper decides who shall survive, is put on trial for his life later because of his decision. Cooper, George Raft, Frances Dee and the entire cast are superlative. (Oct.)

**★ STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio**

The hullabaloo of a theatrical boardinghouse is the background of this great story of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor fame and a scant living. Ginger Rogers gives an excellent account of herself in a dramatic rôle; Katharine Hepburn does fine work, Andrea Leeds almost steals the show, and Adolphe Menjou as the philandering producer is highly amusing. Director LaCava deserves orchids for a brilliant picture. Don't miss it. (Nov.)

**★ STELLA DALLAS—United Artists**

Samuel Goldwyn (who produced the silent version) again brings to the screen this poignant story of mother love. Barbara Stanwyck is splendidly sincere as the flamboyant mill girl who sets her cap for a gentleman (John Boles), catches him, and in her love for her daughter (Anne Shirley), reaches the heights of self-sacrifice and devotion. Cast, production and direction are superb. (Oct.)

**SUPER SLEUTH—RKO-Radio**

Jack Oakie mugs, slugs, and turns cartwheels to create laughs in this comedy satire on all mystery yarns. Playing a dim-wit actor who yearns to be a detective, he discovers a would-be murderer. The chase ends in the crazy house of a beach concession. Just where the picture belongs. (Sept.)

**★ THAT CERTAIN WOMAN—Warners**

A remake of Gloria Swanson's "The Trespasser," this now promotes Bette Davis as the gangster widow who falls in love with shilly-shallying Henry Fonda. Their stolen love yields nothing but sacrifice and misery for everybody. The cast is splendid. Take two hankies with you. (Oct.)

**★ THIN ICE—20th Century-Fox**

A happy combination of romance and music, spectacle and comedy, starring Sonja Henie, the dazzling little Queen of the Iceways, and handsome, gangling Tyrone Power. There are four magnificent skating sequences and you'll appreciate the humor of Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn and Joan Davis. Simply elegant. (Nov.)

**★ TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio**

Stirring drama inspired by the grandiloquent careers of the "robber barons" of America's industrial turmoil after the Civil War. Edward Arnold is a lusty *Jim Fisk*, Lord of Wall Street; Frances Farmer is intelligent as *Josie Mansfield*; Jack Oakie's comedy scores. Lavish and spectacular. (Sept.)

**★ TOPPER—Hal Roach-M-G-M**

Gay mad nonsense involving two mischievous ghosts (Connie Bennett and Cary Grant) who have the power of materializing themselves at will. Their efforts to bring harmony into the marital difficulties of Roland Young, a whimsical banker, and Billie Burke, his prissy wife, will leave you gasping with laughter. The production is A-1 too. (Sept.)

**VARSITY SHOW—Warners**

Here is a rollicking three cheers for dear old Rutgers musical with Fred Waring and his band, Dick Powell, Walter Catlett, Ted Healy and others leaping the goal post for a touchdown. Dick is the successful alumnus who does his bit for Alma Mater by putting the pretty coeds on Broadway. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane go to town. (Oct.)

**VICTORIA THE GREAT—RKO-Radio**

Another epic of English history, the story of one of its greatest queens, has been made into a beautiful and moving chronicle of a woman and an empire. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are excellent in the title rôles. Honest, dignified and entertaining. (Oct.)

**VOGUES OF 1938—Wanger-United Artists**

Never has Technicolor proved itself so screen-worthy as in this pageant of beauty, fashions and music basted together with the thread of a plot involving Warner Baxter, a dressmaker, Helen Vinson, his wife, and Joan Bennett, a decorative deb. A major screen achievement. (Oct.)

**★ WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE—20th Century-Fox**

With a simplicity and lack of melodramatics that make an outstandingly convincing portrait of hospital life, Director Walter Lang has created a superb picture. Warner Baxter is the surgeon, Virginia Bruce his assistant, Loretta Young his wife. All of them do splendidly. You'll love it. (Nov.)

**WILD MONEY—Paramount**

Edward Everett Horton is a stingy newspaper auditor on vacation when a kidnapping makes him forget his parsimoniousness. Horton's spending spree is all there is to it, and the slight love angle introduced by Louise Campbell. Catch this on a double bill. (Sept.)

**WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES—Warners**

Barton MacLane takes care of the horses by gambling at the race track. Peggy Bates and Ann Sheridan are the women. The wine, if any, is warm and of poor vintage. You can do better reading a racing sheet. (Oct.)

**WOMEN MEN MARRY, THE—M-G-M**

A provocative story theme—an exposé of the religious cult racket—and George Murphy's nice work make this hurried picture entertaining. George's philandering wife, Claire Dodd, plays hob with his life, and Josephine Hutchinson plays hearts with him at the finale. (Nov.)

**★ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox**

You can have everything in the way of entertainment here. This gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedy has Don Ameche and Alice Faye for love content, Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee) for sex, the Ritz Brothers for fun, and a sure-fire plot about an ambitious young thing trying to crack Broadway to hold them all together. What more do you want? It's a pushover. (Oct.)



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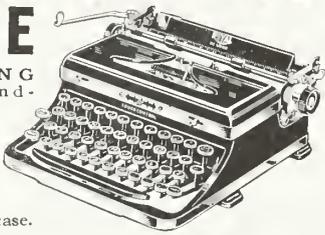
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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 56)

### LANCER SPY—20th Century-Fox

If you like espionage thrillers, you won't go wrong here. George Sanders, married British seaman, all but wins the war singlehanded when he gets to Berlin by impersonating a captured Prussian officer. Spy Dolores Del Rio betrays her Fatherland for hopeless love. Talented Peter Lorre is hidden in a bit rôle. Joseph Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill and Sig Rumann contribute excellent performances.

### ATLANTIC FLIGHT—Monogram

OUTSIDE of the fact that this allows Young America a close-up of a man whom they justly admire, Dick Merrill, crack pilot who made two sensational round trips to England, this dull story has little to offer. Paula Stone is giddily inept as an heiress-aviatrix who uses Dick's ability to save the life of Weldon Heyburn. Captain Merrill does a swell job.

### DANGEROUSLY YOURS—20th Century-Fox

AMONG the current rash of jewel-thief pictures this had better be ignored. Its sophistication is forced, its involved plot bewildering, and its production clearly second-rate. A huge diamond is stolen and Cesar Romero, the most obvious suspect, finds romance with Phyllis Brooks. Jane Darwell moves ponderously throughout and Alan Dinehart does the heavy rôle.

### NON-STOP NEW YORK—GB

THERE'S one thing this picture has plenty of—and that's suspense. Well directed, well acted, it is as nicely exciting a mystery story as we've seen of a rainy afternoon. Anna Lee is the little English chorus girl who is wanted in America as the only witness who can save a man from the electric chair. She manages by a clever ruse to hop the transatlantic plane despite the sinister attempts of gangsters to stop her. The head racketeer, Frank Sullivan, boards the plane too, and from there on it is every man for himself. John Loder is the skeptical Scotland Yard man who finally comes around to thinking Anna's way; Desmond Tester as the inquisitive boy who puts his fingers into everybody's pie steals the show (as he practically always does).

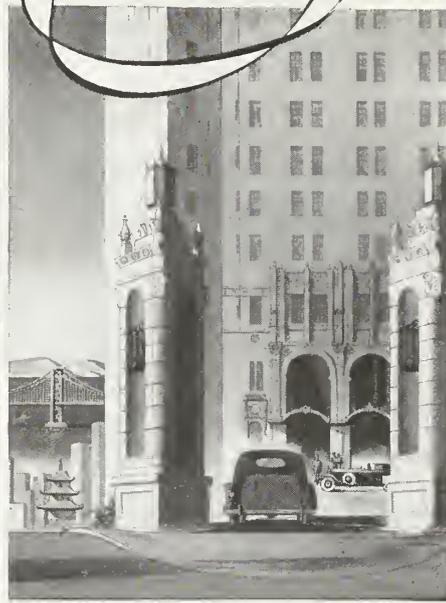
## Casts of Current Pictures

"ATLANTIC FLIGHT"—MONOGRAM.—Original and screen play by Scott Darling and Erna Lazarus. The Cast: Dick Bennett, Dick Merrill; Carter, Jack Lambie; Gail, Paula Stone; Bill, Weldon Heyburn; The Baron, Ivan Lebedeff; Pokey, Milburn Stone.

"AWFUL TRUTH, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Story by Arthur Richman. Screen play by Vina Delmar. Directed by Leo McCarey. The Cast: Lucy Harriner, Irene Dunne; Jerry Harriner, Cary Grant; Daniel Leeson, Ralph Bellamy; Armand Duvalle, Alexander D'Arcy; Aunt Patsy, Cecil Cunningham; Barbara Vance, Marguerite Churchill; Mrs. Leeson, Esther Dale; Toots Binswanger, Joyce Compton; Frank Randall, Robert Allen; Mr. Vance, Robert Warwick; Mrs. Vance, Mary Forbes; Lord Fabian, Claud Allister; Lady Fabian, Zita Moulton.

"BRIDE FOR HENRY, A"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Marion Orth. Original story by Josephine Bentham. The Cast: Sheila, Anne Nagel; Henry, Warren Hull; Eric, Henry Mollinson; Helen, Claudia Dell; and Harrison Green and Betty Ross Clark.

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"BRIDE WORE RED, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Tess Schlisinger and Bradbury Foote. Based on the play "The Girl From Trieste" by Fernac Molnar. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The Cast: Anni, Joan Crawford; Giulio, Franchot Tone; Rudi Pal, Robert Young; Contessa Di Meina, Billie Burke; Admiral Monti, Reginald Owen; Maddelena Monti, Lynne Carver; Count Armalio, George Zucco; Maria, Mary Phillips; Nobili, Paul Porcasi; Pietro, Dickie Moore; Alberto, Frank Puglia.

"DANGEROUSLY YOURS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The Cast: Victor Morel, Cesar Romero; Valerie Barton, Phyllis Brooks; Aunt Cynthia Barton, Jane Darwell; Julien Stevens, Alan Dinehart; Flo Davis, Natalie Garson; Louis Davis, John Harrington; Walter Chandler, Douglas Wood; Eddie, Leon Ames; Monet, Albert Conti; Boris, Leonid Snegoff.

"DOUBLE WEDDING"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Jo Swerling from a play by Fernac Molnar. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: Charlie Lodge, William Powell; Margil Agnew, Myrna Loy; Irene Agnew, Florence Rice; Waldo Beaver, John Beal; Mrs. Kingsington Bly, Jessie Ralph; Spike, Edgar Kennedy; Keough, Sidney Toler; Mrs. Keough, Mary Gordon; Flint, Barnett Parker; Claire Lodge, Katherine Alexander; Felice, Priscilla Lawson.

"EBB TIDE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Directed by James Hogan. The Cast: Captain Thorbecke, Oscar Homolka; Faith Wishart, Frances Farmer; Robert Herrick, Ray Milland; Attwater, Lloyd Nolan; Hush, Barry Fitzgerald; Port Doctor, Charles Judels; Uncle Ned, Charles Stevens; Tapena Tom, David Torrence; Attwater's Servant, Lina Basquette; Taniera, Harry Field.

"EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Lillie Hayward, Jean Negulesco and Jay Brennan. Original story by Kyrill de Shishmareff. Directed by Bobby Connolly. The Cast: Prince Rupert, Patric Knowles; Laurine Lynne, Beverly Roberts; Joe Craig, Allyn Joslyn; Ricky Preston, Gordon Oliver; Trommy, Eula Guy; Joseph, Robert C. Fischer; Herr Meyer, Fritz Feld; Andrew Brenner, Vladimir Sokoloff; Savage, John Butler; Maria, Ann Codee; Giovanni, George Humbert; Franz, Otto Fries.

"52ND STREET"—WAGNER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Grover Jones. Directed by Harold Young. The Cast: Rufus Rondell, Ian Hunter; Fiorello, Leo Carrillo; Margaret Rondell, Pat Paterson; Betty Malina, Ella Logan; Sid, Sid Silvers; Lelitia Rondell, ZaSu Pitts; Evelyn, Marla Shelton; Adela Rondell, Dorothy Peterson; Minnie, Collette Lyons; Klauber, Al Shean; Benny, Kenny Baker; and Entertainers, Jack White, Rocco and Sautler, Georgie Tapps, Cook and Brown, Jerry Colonna, Al Norman, and the 52nd Street Girls.

"FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on an unpublished original story by Jean Negulesco and Isabel Leighton. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Ernest Pagano. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The Cast: Bob Deismore, John Boles; Iam Hamilton, Jack Oakie; Marietta, Ida Lupino; Marcia Trent, Margot Graham; Spadissimo, Erik Rhodes; Mike Scanlon, Gordon Jones; Jimmy Trask, Paul Guilfoyle; Boros, Billy Gilbert; Jaws, Georges Renavent; Nadya, Maude Eburne; Felix Janos, Charles Judels; Bulvers, Sid Bracey; and Charles Coleman; Hotel Proprietor, Rudolph Myszec; Cook, Olaf Hytten; Housemaid, Fern Emmett; Apt. Clerk, Peter Hobbes; Footman, Joe North; Housekeeper, Daisy Belmore.

"FIT FOR A KING"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The Cast: Virgil Jones, Joe E. Brown; Jane Hamilton, Helen Mack; Briggs, Paul Kelly; Archduke Julio, Harry Davenport; Count Strunsky, Halliwell Hobbes; Otto, John Qualen; Prince Michael, Donald Briggs; Kurts, Frank Reicher; Mr. Hardwick, Russell Hicks; Mr. Marshall, Charles Trowbridge.

"GREAT GARRICK, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Ernst Vajda. Directed by James Whale. The Cast: David Garrick, Brian Aherne; Germaine, Olivia de Havilland; Tubby, Edward Everett Horton; Beaumarchais, Lionel Atwill; Bassel, Luis Alberni; Nicole, Marie Wilson; Ivario, Fritz Leiber; Mme. Moreau, Dorothy Tree; Innkeeper of Adam and Eve, Paul Everton; Thierre, Milton Owen; M. Moreau, Chester Clute; M. Picard, Melville Cooper; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Henry O'Neill; Auber, Lana Turner; Jean Cabot, Etienne Girardot; M. Janin, Craig Reynolds; M. Noverre, Trevor Bardette; LeBrun, Albert Van Deker.

"LANCER SPY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Philip Dunne from a novel by Marthe McKenna. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. The Cast: Fraulein Delores Daria, Dolores Del Rio; Lieut. Michael Bruce, George Sanders; Major Sigfried Granting, Peter Lorre; Prince Ferdi, Joseph Schildkraut; Joan Bruce, Virginia Field; Lieut. Col. Gottfried Hotten, Sig Rumann; Gen. Von Meinhardt, Maurice Moscovitz; Colonel Fenwick, Lionel Atwill; Schraut, Luther Adler; Fritz Mueller, Fritz Feld; Dr. Aldrich, Holmes Herbert; Captain Neville, Lester Matthews; Von Klungen, Carlos De Valdez; Captain Freymann, Gregory Gaye; Elizabeth Bruce, Joan Carol; Captain, Claude King; Commandant, Kenneth Hunter; Admiral, Frank Reicher; Statesman, Leonard Mudie.

"LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger. Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Inez*, Joan Davis; *Band Leader*, Tony Martin; *Janet O'Hara*, Gloria Stuart; *Coach O'Hara*, Fred Stone; *George Black*, Nat Pendleton; *Bob Hayner*, Dick Baldwin; *Cuddles*, Joan Marsh; *Oliver Sterns, Sr.*, Jed Prouty; *Dean Moss*, Maurice Cass; *Miss Murphy*, Marjorie Weaver; *Sling*, Robert Lowery; *Radio Announcer*, Ed Thorgensen; *Gilks*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Bret*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Ollie Sterns*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Coach Burke*, Charles Wilson; *Acting Captain*, Frank Sully; *Referee*, Norman Willis.

"MADAME X"—M-G-M.—Screen play by John Meehan, from the play by Alexandre Bisson. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: *Jacqueline Fleuriot*, Gladys George; *Raymond Fleuriot*, John Beal; *Bernard Fleuriot*, Warren William; *Maurice Douard*, Reginald Owen; *Hugh Fariman, Jr.*, William Henry; *Leroche*, Henry Daniell; *Jean*, Phillip Reed; *Helene*, Lynne Carver; *Rose*, Emma Dunn; *Annette*, Ruth Hussey; *Scipio*, Luis Alberni; *Dr. La Farge*, George Zucco; *Nora*, Cora Witherspoon; *Hugh Fariman, Sr.*, Jonathan Hale; *Captain Dorcas*, Adia Kuznetsov.

"MUSIC FOR MADAME"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Robert Harari. Directed by John Blystone. The Cast: *Tonio*, Nino Martini; *Jean*, Joan Fontaine; *Rodowsky*, Alan Mowbray; *Krause*, Billy Gilbert; *Flugelman*, Alan Hale; *Robinson (District Attorney)*, Grant Mitchell; *Spaghetti*, Erik Rhodes; *Nora*, Lee Patrick; *Harding*, Frank Conroy; *Rollins*, Bradley Page; *Bride*, Ada Leonards; *Groom*, Alan Bruce; *Truck Driver*, Romo Vincent; *Blonde*, Barbara Pepper; *Goodwin*, Edward H. Robins; *Barret*, George Shelley; *Assistant Director*, Jack Carson.

"NON-STOP NEW YORK"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—Screen play by Roland Pertwee and J. O. C. Orton; based on the novel "Sky Steward" by Ken Atwell. Directed by Robert Stevenson. The

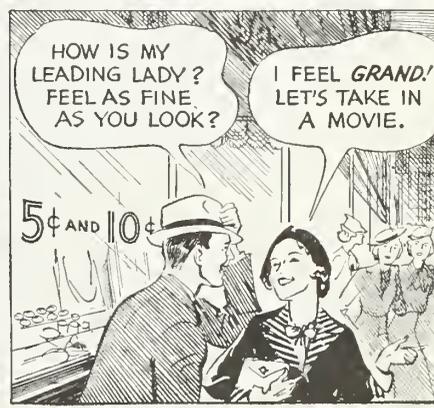
Cast: *Jenny Carr*, Anna Lee; *Inspector Jim Grant*, John Loder; *Hugo Brandt*, Francis Sullivan; *Sam Pryor*, Frank Cellier; *Arnold James*, Desmond Tester; *Aunt Veronica*, Athene Seyler; *Mortimer*, William Dewhurst; *Mrs. Carr*, Drusilla Willis; *Steward*, Jerry Verno; *Billy Cooper*, James Pirrie; *Miss Harvey*, Ellen Pollock; *Abel*, Arthur Goulet; *Spurgeon*, Peter Ball; *Harrigan*, Tony Quinn; *Captain*, H. G. Stoker.

"PERFECT SPECIMEN, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Lawrence Riley and Brewster Morse and Fritz Falkenstein. From the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. The Cast: *Gerald Beresford Wicks*, Errol Flynn; *Killigrew Shawe*, Hugh Herbert; *Mona Carter*, Joan Blondell; *Mr. Grattan*, Edward Everett Horton; *Jink Carter*, Dick Foran; *Mrs. Leona Wicks*, May Robson; *Clarebelle*, Dennie Moore; *Snodgrass*, James Burke; *Carl Carter*, Harry Davenport; *Alicia*, Beverly Roberts; *Pinky*, Allen Jenkins; *Hotel Clerk*, Hugh O'Connell; *Hooker*, Granville Bates; *Briggs*, Tim Henning.

"STAND-IN"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker from a Saturday Evening Post story by Clarence Buddington Kelland. Directed by Tay Garnett. The Cast: *Atterbury Dodd*, Leslie Howard; *Lester Plum*, Joan Blondell; *Quintain*, Humphrey Bogart; *Koslofsky*, Alan Mowbray; *Cherie*, Marla Shealton; *Nassau*, C. Henry Gordon; *Potts*, Jack Carson; *Pettypacker*, Jr., J. C. Nugent; *Pettypacker, Sr.*, Tully Marshall; *Pettypacker*, William V. Mong.

"THIS WAY PLEASE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Grant Garrett, Seena Owen and Howard J. Green. Based on a story by Maxwell Shane and Bill Thomas. Directed by Robert Florey. The Cast: *Brad Morgan*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Jane Morrow*, Betty Grable; *Inky Wells*, Ned Sparks; *Fibber McGee and Molly*, James and Marion Jordan; *S. J. Crawford*, Porter Hall; *Stu Randall*, Lee Bowman; *Miss Eberhardt*, Cecil Cunningham; *Bumps*, Wally Vernon; *Trumps*, Romo Vincent; *Mumps*, Jerry Bergen; *Janet*, Alma Ross; *Lee*, Virginia Dabney; *Maxine Barry*, Mary Livingstone.

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- \$1.00—(one picture) Joan Hazard, 835 Santa Barbara Pl., Mission Beach, Calif.
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Select this glorious gift for your sweetheart, wife, daughter, or mother. Don't be satisfied with less. Latest Lane models now on display at your dealer's.

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**LOOK FOR THESE 5 EXTRA FEATURES**

1. Moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies. 2. Factory-tested under pressure for aroma-tightness (see test plug in trunk). 3. Patented inside finish evens flow of wood and prevents sticky or oily interior. 4. 70% natural aromatic red cedar, in accordance with government recommendations. 5. Offers such conveniences as Self-Rising Top, or Automatic Rising Tray.



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The modern Lane-Robe provides a *plainly marked* place for *everything* in a man's wardrobe. Room for eight suits. Moth insurance policy included.

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**CEDAR CHESTS**

THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME



Mrs. Whitney's guests climb aboard . . . light up Camels before the Chinook gets under way. . . With a "Hard alee!" Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over . . . heads out to sea.

# The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY *Mae Fair*  
SOCIETY EDITOR



(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the *Chinook*. "I value healthy nerves as much as anyone," says this skilled yachtswoman. "So I smoke Camels. They're so mild, they don't jangle my nerves!"

MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island — and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the *Chinook*, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her marriage to Mr. Whitney joined two of New York's prominent families in a charming wedding that was an outstanding social event of the season, witnessed by a throng of friends of the young couple. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin, made in princess fashion with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. Since her marriage, Mrs. Whitney has taken a prominent part in the activities of the younger married set. Her committee work had much to do with the success of this year's colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding and — as always — sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel. I always have loads of Camels handy. I get a 'lift' with a Camel. And Camels are so mild. I can smoke them steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." That is an important point which Mrs. Whitney brings up — about Camels being so gentle on the throat. It shows how mild they are! It's true that women are finding the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more refreshing and more enjoyable.

Among the many distinguished women who find  
Camels mild and refreshing:

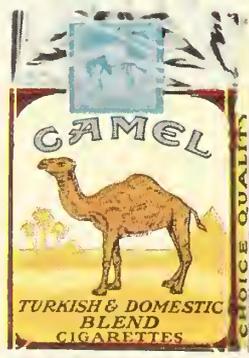
- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
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- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
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- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
- Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
- Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
- Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York
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