"I'm No Prude!" — Jeanette MacDonald
Brave Men...

AND THE BRAVE WOMEN WHO FOLLOW THEM!

Go with them... through the Khyber Pass! Watch the bitter struggle between East and West. Thrill to the love story of a brave woman who followed her man among seething tribes. A majestic episode in the historic drama of India.

See real British Troops fight where they battled long ago to win an Empire.

Go to the feast where dining was only a prelude to betrayal... and fear rose in the hearts of the bravest!

Thrill to the most majestic scenery on earth... the Himalayas of India... in Technicolor.

See Sabu, native Indian lad, cast as native Indian prince, riding triumphantly his plunging white charger!
Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink toothbrush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your toothbrush—see your dentist. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the commonsense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleaning, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT!
EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING!

Jeanette MACDONALD Nelson EDDY

in

SWEETHEARTS

IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL TECHNICOLOR!

A feast for the eye! Dazzling spectacle becomes even more superb by the magic of Technicolor! Wait until you see the colorful "tulip scene" and other eye-filling spectacles!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

FRANK MORGAN
RAY BOLGER
FLORENCE RICE
MISCHA AUER
HERMAN BING

Produced by Hunt Stromberg. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Produced by HUNT STROMBERG. Screen Play by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

A Movie Quiz
25,000.00 Contest Picture

IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL TECHNICOLOR!

VICTOR HERBERT Love-Songs: Thrilling melodies by the composer of "Naughty Marietta"! Hear your singing sweethearts blend their voices in "Mademoiselle", "On Parade", "Wooden Shoes", "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate", "Summer Serenade", "Pretty As A Picture", "Sweethearts". (Based on the operetta "Sweethearts". Book and Lyrics by Fred De Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robt. B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert)

A CAST OF FUNSTERS!

From left to right—garrulous Herman Bing, hilarious Frank Morgan, nimble-footed Ray Bolger, and Mischa Auer, that straight-faced, merry man... plus lovely Florence Rice in the background for extra romance!

HEAVEN MADE THIS MATCH!

Their greatest musical romance! Thrilling as they were in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", you've never seen (or heard) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy so pulse-quicking! Their love story will wring your heart! Their love-songs will charm you as never before! They're breath-taking in technicolor.

BRAINS AT THE HELM!

Produced by Hunt Stromberg. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette"—and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!
At Last—
The Real Truth
About Those
Hollywood Diets

You've read about marvellous Hollywood reducing methods; you've seen before-and-after pictures of famous motion picture stars; maybe you've tried a diet for yourself, or a system of exercises. Perhaps you have just sat on the sidelines and watched the parade of slim, lithe, and lovely figures pass you by. In any case, you're probably diet-minded; most of America is. Whether you're over-weight or under-weight, or just brooding because your figure isn't as lithe as Lombard's or Colbert's or as curvacious as Hedy Lamarr's—you'll want to watch for our feature article in the next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine which for the first time strips the whole question of Hollywood diets of sham and tells the real truth about how the movie-famous actually keep fit. By the way, the article will interest men as well as women—remember Jack Oakie's recent weight-reducing miracle which transformed the chubby comedian into a svelte young man.

Don't miss "The Real Truth about Hollywood Diets" in December issue of SCREENLAND, on sale November 4th.

November, 1938
Vol. XXXVIII, No. 1

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page ........................................ Delight Evans 17
Hollywood Whirl ........................................ 18
The New Don of California ............................... Mary Bartol 22
Hard to Handle, Adolphe Menjou ........................ Malcolm H. Oehlinger 26
Hollywood Fashion Defended, By Orry-Kelly .......... 27
Yah! Lookit the Dead End Kids ........................ Ida Zeitlin 30
"I'm No Prude!" says Jeanette MacDonald .............. Ida Zeitlin 32
Kay Francis' Last Interview ............................. Ben Maddox 34
A Beauty Rebels. Loretta Young ......................... Elizabeth Wilson 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures .......................... Delight Evans 52
SCREENLAND Glamor School, Edited by Joan Crawford .. 54
Hollywood Fashions ...................................... 58

When Stars are Strangers.
Olivia de Havilland—James Stewart .................... Jack Holland 60
Hollywood Wedding, Fiction ............................. S. Gordon Gurwit 62
Are Stars' Children Spoiled? ............................ S. R. Mook 64
London ....................................................... Hettie Grimstead 66
Paris .......................................................... Stiles Dickenson 67
Merle, the Demon Photographer ........................ Ruth Tilden 68
They're Still Ridin' High .................................. Dick Pine 70

SPECIAL ART SECTION:
SCREENLAND Salutes—The Streamlined Spirit of Hollywood; Frances Dee.

DEPARTMENTS:

Honor Page .................................................. 6
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle ........................ Alma Tolley 8
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers ................ 10
Inside the Stars' Homes, Billie Burke ...................... Betty Boone 12
Tagging the Talkies, Short Reviews ....................... 14
Here's Hollywood. Screen News .......................... Weston East 72
Off to the Party. Beauty Article ......................... Courtenay Marvin 76
Yours for Loveliness ....................................... 77

Cover Portrait of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy by Marland Stone

V. G. Heinbucher, President
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D. H. Upham, Secretary and Treasurer
Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher
Saluting John Garfield, most dynamic screen discovery of the season, who scores in that fine film, "Four Daughters"

"Dynamic" is not an adjective to be tossed carelessly about in screen circles. It is rather rarely used, in fact. Players are hailed every other day as glamorous or amazing, terrific or magnificent—and a bemused public accepts them with little or no surprise. But "dynamic"—that's different! So we salute John Garfield, a young actor new to screen audiences, who displays such dynamic drive and photogenic brilliance in the interesting motion picture, "Four Daughters," that he commands more attention than any other player of the month. No male Cinderella is Mr. Garfield, but a serious artist from the Group Theatre to whom acting is no nice, easy road to movie fame and fortune, but important and absorbing work which he performs with integrity and enthusiasm. Facing such expert competition as that provided by screen-wise Claude Rains and May Robson and the charming Lane sisters, John Garfield eclipses them all, Screenland suggests that you watch him.

"Four Daughters," one of the finest dramas ever produced for the screen, has a cast worthy of its theme. John Garfield shines in the difficult role of a neurotic musician who fails to make the grade despite the help of Priscilla Lane (left). Below center, Garfield in a memorable scene with May Robson; then a character study of the brilliant young actor.
The Man Who Made The Picture
Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen “Four Daughters,” one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you “Humoresque,” “Back Street,” and “Imitation of Life”—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life’s joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching “Four Daughters.” Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I’m trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — “Robinson Hood,” “Pasteur,” “Anthony Adverse,” “The Life of Emile Zola.” But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth’s laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. “Four Daughters” is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn—is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think “Four Daughters” would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it’s the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

Jack L. Warner, Vice-President
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS

1. Co-star of "Give Me A Sailor!" (21)
2. Love I'm After, a movie (16)
3. Star of "Every Day's A Holiday" (16)
4. He's featured in "Racket Busters" (16)
5. The great box-office baby (16)
6. Always (15)
7. He's married Joanne Dru (15)
8. Similar (16)
9. It's rain (8)
10. A ridge of hills (11)
11. He's Mr. Moto (11)
12. Mental conception (12)
13. Fish eggs (12)
14. Story (16)
15. Years of adolescence (16)
16. Her new one is "Sweethearts" (16)
17. Drug for minerals (14)
18. Public notice (abbrev.) (9)
19. Man's name (9)
20. "— Were You Born?" with Anna May Wong (9)
21. Eastern state (abbrev.) (9)
22. Scowls (9)
23. You see him in "Racket Busters" (9)
24. Fuss (9)
25. Negative (9)
26. Battle (9)
27. Swede Comic in "Little Miss Broadway" (9)
28. Knock (9)
29. Star of "The Joy of Living" (9)
30. Ahead of time (9)

31. Scandinavian myths (8)
32. He's married to Dita Parlo (8)
33. He's starred in "Three Blind Mice" (8)
34. A loud noise (8)
35. You hope for a good one in the theatre (8)
36. Posers (8)
37. Affirmative votes (8)
38. Otherwise (8)

DOWN

1. Co-star in "Spawn of the North" (13)
2. Carpe (13)
3. To long for (13)
4. Shade tree (13)
5. Part of to be (13)
6. Article (13)
7. Star of "Josette" (13)
8. To change (13)
9. Of the matter, in law (13)
10. "— Bill," with Kay Francis (13)
11. Very damp (13)
12. She's starred in "Arny Girl" (13)
13. Widowed (13)
14. Large plant (13)
15. Free from (13)
16. In "Blockheads" (13)
17. Odor (13)
18. To inquire (13)
19. Pass (13)
20. Star of "Born To Dance" (13)
21. Over (contraction) (13)
22. "— Open" (poetic) (13)
23. Cheering (slang) (13)
24. Princess de Lamballe in "Marie Antoinette" (13)
25. Loaded (13)
26. You see him in "Racket Busters" (13)
27. Fusel (13)
28. Jokes (13)
29. "— Point" (13)
30. To obtain (13)
31. Moved quickly (13)
32. He plays Judge Hardy (13)
33. Good (French) (13)
34. Female sheep (13)
35. Star of "Divorce of Lady X" (13)
36. A number (13)
37. Garden tool (13)
38. He co-stars in "Spawn of the North" (13)
39. Took an oath (13)
40. The famous Swedish star (13)
41. He played "Robin Hood" (13)
42. Soft drinks (13)
43. A top (13)
44. Mule drink (13)
45. Woe is me! (13)
46. Funeral pile (13)
47. "— Wall in "The Crowd Rises" (13)
48. Nod (13)
49. Pigeon (13)
50. "Men — Such Foods" (13)
51. Behold! (13)
52. Since (13)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
NOW ON THE SCREAM!

... Broadway's most successful comedy hit! ... The biggest laugh show in a generation! ... A two-season sensation! ... The movie rights cost more than any other play ever produced—and, measured in laughs, it was cheap at twice the price! ...

ONE LOOK AT WHO'S IN IT—AND YOU WON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU AWAY WHEN IT PLAYS YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!

THE MARX BROS.

madder than ever, with a million new gags... in...

"ROOM SERVICE"

LUCILLE BALL
ANN MILLER
FRANK ALBERTSON

PANDRO S. BERMAN IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY WILLIAM A. SEITER Screen Play by Morrie Ryskind
YOUR SKIN
Becomes Youthfully Soft
Cleansed with Hospital-proved
Albolene Solid

Your skin is safely, thoroughly cleansed
with pure, wholesome Albolene Solid—
the hospital-proved cleansing cream.
(Used for 20 years in many leading
hospitals to protect babies' skin.)

Contains no adulterants to irritate
skin, won't grow hair or harden in pores.
Gentle cleansing action clears pores of
dirt and make-up, protects natural tex-
ture, leaves skin soft, smooth, radiant.

Trial Size, 10¢; Vanity Jar, 50¢; One-pound Tin, $1.
Made by McKeown & Rob-
bins, whose products have been prescribed by doctors
for 105 years.

Albolene
SOLID
CLEANSING CREAM

HAVE YOU A SONG
IN YOUR HEART?

You may just hit it!

Many amateurs have received big notice.
Why not try

SUGGESTED SONGS

MAKE HEELED FEET

Auckland, N. Z.

STUDIO SONG SERVICE
SU2 Guaranteed
Hollywood, Calif.

EMBARRASSED BY
HORRID PIMPLES?

Help protect your skin against
intestinal waste poisons

Ridiculed and shunned because of ugly, pim-
ple-blemished skin? Get right at a common
cause of the trouble—guard against intestinal
waste poisons.

Between 13 and 25, the skin is apt to be
over-sensitized. At the same time, poor diges-
tion and elimination often throw waste poi-
sons into the bloodstream...that may be con-
veyed to the skin and cause repulsive, ugly
pimples to break out.

Many young people help solve this problem—
simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake
of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intes-
tinal waste poisons from your body before they can get
into the bloodstream...and so give your pimples
a chance to clear up. Don't run the risk of perma-
nent scars from neglected pimples. Start eating
Fleischmann's Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one
cake 1/4 hour before each meal. Begin now!

YOUR LETTERS ARE WELCOME

In this department, readers are the writers
who tell Hollywood, the stars and fellow
readers, just what they think of pictures and
picture people of the moment. Whether it's a
Salute or a Snub, your comment is welcome.
Address your letters to Letter Dept., SCREEN-
LAND, 15 West 50th St., New York, N. Y.

ASIDE TO AMECEHE

Last night, Don Ameche, I saw "Ramona"
again, just to find out if Don Ameche
really had been as appealing and fine as I
had remembered. You were! But what a
contrast to the Don we see now! Then you
were restrained and yet expressed deep
emotion with eyes and voice. Now you
over-act with hands, face, and voice. You
have contracted certain tricks of speech
which you use on both screen and radio
whether you are playing a part or being
yourself. In "Ramona" I found you hadn't
used any tricks at all. What I'd suggest in
all good faith is that you have your studio
screen both "Ramona" and "In Old Chi-
gaco" for you and then learn a lesson from
yourself.

Marjory Kenney,
Baltimore, Md.

RICHARD OF LONDON

I think there really is some competition for
Robert Taylor and Clark Gable since
they brought Richard Greene from Eng-
land. He portrayed the character of the
brother opposite Loretta Young in "Four
Men and a Prayer" splendidly...his appear-
cence certainly is in his favor for the
special favor of feminine fans.

Irene Valentine,
New York, N. Y.

REQUEST PROGRAM

Pictures I'd like to see are: Nelson Eddy
and Jeanette MacDonald in "Janice Mer-
eilh" and "Our Lady of the Beeches," and
Shirley Temple with John Boles and Bill
Robinson in a story as good as "The
Littiest Rebel."

Katherine G. A. Smith,
Reading, Pa.

FLYING THE COLORS FOR
FLYNN

I want to add my bit, a most admiring
Salute, to the tribute due Hollywood's in-
comparable actor—the fascinating deep
depth Errol Flynn, whose utter naturalness and manly
good looks set him apart as a personality
and actor of the greatest appeal to the
greatest number of picture patrons. I hon-

ently believe the public at large would come
more quickly to a majority opinion in favor
of Flynn as the "King of the Screen" than
any other male star now in pictures.

Helen Walters,
Chicago, Ill.

WHO LIKES WHAT!

As a theatre usher I have watched dif-
ferent people and their reactions to films
and I believe experience has proved that
you can tell people by the type of films
that attract them. The "trashies" always
draw a crowd of lovesick girls, for in-
stance. It is an entirely different crowd
that comes out for the finer type of screen
play. But there are two young ladies who
pack 'em all in—young and old, highto-
boysen, or what have you. They are Shil-
ley Temple and Deanna Durbin. These
two are the exceptional exceptions. For the rest
every type of picture has its own type of
audience.

Perry Shanks,
Granite City, Ill.

STILL THE GREAT KATHARINE

Katharine Hepburn may be "box office
debut" to a very vocal minority, but to
most of us she's a cinema Sarah Bern-
hardt. We wonder if this minority has for-
gotten that it was Hepburn's devastatingly
different personality that often glorified a
hard-to-believe story? Or forgotten her Je-
—the spirited, hoydenish, blunt yet kind
Jo of "Little Women"? Or her portrayal of
the unhappy daughter of a morose
matric in "Bill of Divorcement"? Or her
Eva Loavelce, self-centered, arrogant, stage-
struck girl in "Morning Glory"? And what
is the minority to say to the indisputable
fact that Hepburn's latest film, "Holiday,"
rain here in Seattle for three weeks?

M. P. Doner,
Seattle, Wash.
At touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent foams into an aromatic “bubble bath” of almost unbelievable penetrating power... consequently it surges into and cleanses hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures seldom before reached... the very areas where, many authorities say, from 75% to 98% of decay starts.

When thousands upon thousands of women and men gladly lay aside their old favorites to use the New Listerine Tooth Paste, there must be a reason. That reason is Luster-Foam detergent (C₆H₉O₃S Na), the strange, gentle, almost magical ingredient that cleans teeth in a new, safe, delightful way.

You owe it to yourself to try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Some high authorities call it one of the really great improvements in dentifrices in the last hundred years.

Luster-Foam lies inert in this dainty tooth paste until saliva and brush energize it into an aromatic “bubble bath.” This “bubble bath” freshens, cleans, and polishes in a way you didn’t believe possible.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its exceptional penetrating power. It actually foams into and cleanses the hundreds of pits, cracks, and fissures that ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter... the very areas where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts.

As the Luster-Foam “bubble bath” surges over the gums and teeth, here is what it does:

1. Sweeps away food deposits. 2. Obliterates dull, stained film. 3. Combats dangerous acid ferments. 4. Reduces the number of decay germs.

What other tooth paste so thoroughly fights decay these four ways? Get the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, now! Regular size, 25¢; Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Hair once like straw can become healthy, resilient and pretty. And you can obtain this renewed hair health and loveliness easily at home at no increased cost. You'll have good results with the first treatment of Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo. You rub this pleasant oil into your scalp. Then wash it through every hair on your head. A quick water rinse...and all the oil in the shampoo, dust, dirt, and dandruff debris are gone. The natural scalp and hair oils you need for healthy hair are not impaired. Try this new way to care for your hair. For a real sample send three 3-cent stamps to Dept. 34, Admiracion Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.

Billie Burke, one of Hollywood's most gracious hostesses, entertains us with dignity, charm—and fine food!

By Betty Boone

Perfect symbol of the smart American matron, Billie Burke gracefully presides over a sumptuous tea table.
ANGEL FOOD CAKE
1 cup Swansdown flour (sifted 4 times)
1/4 cup sugar, sifted
1/2 cup chilled egg whites (about 11)
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)
3/2 teaspoon almond extract (Burnett's)

The flour is sifted first, measured, then sifted 4 times. Sift half the sugar and all of the flour together with the salt. This makes the flour fold into the whites more easily. Sift the cream of tartar over the egg whites and whip until the whites are stiff, but not dry. Always use a flat whip. Now begins the important folding process. Sift and fold in the remaining sugar gently about 2 tablespoons at a time—and be careful to use the correct folding motion, in which the whip goes down, across, up over and down again, with the whip always parallel to the bowl. Next add gradually the flour and sugar mixture, using the same gentle folding motion, then add the flavoring. Pour the batter into an ungreased angel food pan and bake in a moderately slow oven (300) degrees for an hour. Remove from oven, turn cake upside down on a cake rack to cool, and when cold remove from pan. It is well to aid the taking out of the pan with a spatula.

ALMOND PASTE CAKES
Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add 1/4 cup of powdered sugar, and work into this 3/4 pound of almond paste. Then add the yolks of 4 eggs, which have been beaten until thick and lemon colored, 1/4 cup of blanched and finely chopped almonds and 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla. Dissolve 1/4 teaspoon baking soda (Arm and Hammer Brand) in 1 tablespoon milk and add to the first mixture with 1/2 cup Swansdown flour. Chill in the ice box an hour or more. Roll out a small portion at a time, cut into pieces three and one-half to four inches long and one inch wide. Transfer with spatula against the sides. Bake in a moderate oven. When cold, ice with pistachio fondant. Before icing hardens, sprinkle over it blanched and chopped pistachio nuts. This makes 18 cakes.

Speaking of excellent menus for November dinners, my hostess outlined an ideal one. "So many people do not drink these days—at least in Hollywood—that cocktails are often omitted, entirely, and that does away with hors d'oeuvres," she said. "But Mr. Ziegfeld always had them. We used to serve ice-cold shrimps when we were in Florida, with a dressing of mayonnaise and Worcestershire sauce. Everyone" (Continued on page 94)

Her home is beautiful, her hospitality famous—en her pet dog is a decided thoroughbred! Billie Burke and friend, below, pose for the camera.

SURE SHE'S THAT PRETTY REDHEAD WHO ALWAYS GETS STOCKING RUNS

Then Joan learned to guard S.A.*

SO, I'M ALWAYS GETTING RUNS AND LOOKING LIKE THE DICKENS, JILL?

WELL, YOU NEEDN'T, JOAN. WHY DON'T YOU CUT DOWN ON RUNS WITH LUX?

Then Joan learned to guard*

* S.A. = Stocking Appeal

Later

JILL WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT!
LUX SAVES ELASTICITY—NOW I HARDLY EVER HAVE RUNS OR HORRID WRINKLES—LUX GUARDS S.A.*

Stocking runs—heel humps—spiral seams kill S.A.* Guard against them with Lux! Gentle Lux saves elasticity, so stockings stretch—then spring back into shape without breaking easily into runs.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the big box for extra economy.
**Tagging the Talkies**

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

California's magnificent redwoods make a stunning background for red-blooded action in this Technicolor film about lumber barons being fought off by husky Wayne Morris and fellow landowners. All the elements of outdoor epics are here: fights, villainy, heroes, romance, and a spectacular rescue that will make your hair rise. Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford, and especially Claire Trevor put pulse in it. It's amusing—thanks largely to the deft blend of clowning and characterization contributed by Lew Ayres as the chap who doesn't work hard, but worries a lot about the plight of the white collar class. Remake of "The Idle Rich," and based on the play "White Collars," it is here offered as a light comedy about the romance of a rich employer and his poor secretary. Robert Young, Ruth Hussey, Luna Turner good.

Bobby Breen, in addition to doing some songs his many followers will cheer, plays an appealing character as the Mennonite boy striving to make life a little happier for his widowed mother. It's a folksy yarn, greatly enlivened by a skating pink sequence in which five-year-old Irene Dare amazes and delights with her skill and winning personality. Charles Ruggles, Dolores Costello in a splendid cast. Very entertaining.

**Waking Up Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning.**

The liver should pour out two pounds of leathery bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows out your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A more brutal movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Get at all drug stores. Stupidly refuse anything else.

Edward G. Robinson goes after gangsters with all the vim and verve you'd want, plus some humorously winning character touches as a law professor turned prosecutor during a sabbatical from the classroom. No trials are missed in putting over all the sure-fire situations of gangster melodrama, and you're sure of having a good time at this picture. John Beal, Wendy Barrie, Otto Kruger and others in an able cast.
Paramount's compliments to the football season. It is the story you'd expect—you know, cantankerous chap who is a whole of a player and finally proves the right stuff by living up to West Point's best traditions of manliness. He saves the game for Army—being rushed by plane from the Point to the stadium in the closing minutes of play. Robert Cummings, Mary Carlisle and John Howard are featured.

The boy story is Tom Sawyerish and very good when the phases about the adults with their involvements of false accusations and stolen bonds are not intruding. Jackie Moran romps through his part in the same role in a way to give the picture general appeal, and Marcia Mae Jones, teen age girl with plenty of dash, walks off with the show as his tomboy friend. Homespun, active, especially appealing to youngsters.

Joe E. Brown gets right down to the business of making you laugh the hearty way in a real slap-hang slapstick film. He's a meek who becomes a bruiser thanks to a shot of serum invented by a screwball professor at the college Joe attends with money won on bank night. No use trying to tell what it's all about—it's good for roars and you should see it. June Travis and others give Joe fine support.

A mystery thriller based on an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel, here is a moderately absorbing melodrama involving spies and engaging the talents of Tom Walls as the British investigator who solves the crime between humorists intercedes the English comedian bumbles so well. Renee Saint-Cyr, French actress, is the bride Walls walks out on...because duty calls, and who catches up with him, for a happy reunion.

Mum would have saved her charm and her job. Mum prevents underarm odor

It's a miserable thing to know you're intelligent, efficient, attractive—yet never to win! Ann's jobs, like her dates, always came to grief, and she never knew why. She never thought it could be underarm odor—didn't she bathe each day?

So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come!

Girls who are really smart play safe with their jobs—and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They prevent odor—with Mum. They like Mum—it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

MUM SAVES TIME! A touch of Mum under each arm and you're through. Keep a jar in your desk to use even after you're dressed. Mum is harmless to fabrics!

MUM IS SAFE! Try this pleasant cream deodorant even after underarm shaving. See how it actually soothes your skin.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Buy Mum from your druggist today and on your job, on your dates, you can be sure of your charm.

IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE—MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARM

I'VE A DATE WITH KEN RIGHT AFTER WORK, BUT I'LL STAY FRESH WITH MUM!

TO HERSELF: KEN ALWAYS THINKS I'M NICE TO BE NEAR—MUM'S PROTECTION REALLY LASTS

For Sanitary Napkins—Thousands of women use Mum for napkins because it's so safe, sure. Avoid worry, with Mum.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Youth...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE...IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame...in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!

SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY
PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
DEAR HEADY:
It may be I should be addressing this letter to Leo the M-G-M Lion instead of to you—in which case excuse it, please—but listen in anyway, will you?
Then say it's not so that you're going into the silence for the big mystery build-up. That would be terrible. Out of the subway into the silence—no, we can't let that happen. After "Algiers" we like you as you were. If you re-
cinema sirens since Theda Bara had been so darned silly or aloof or grand or mysterious that they were Beings Apart—and as it turned out, so far apart as to be practically separated from their audiences after a while. Garbo scared us into a reverent coma—but we're emerging gradually. Dietrich dazzled us with her "Don't-touch" glamour and—by the way, where is Marlene, anyway? Then you, Hedy Lamarr, came along to tell us the true definition of glamour—to prove a siren can be human, as down-to-earth, as vital as the subway. It was a discovery, I can tell you. Or motion picture theater exhibitors can tell you. All I know is that we, the long-suffering American public who can stand a lot, but only for so long, turned on all the old chi-chi charmers and decided that you, the Lamarr, were the real thing. And you are, aren't you?
With all your exoticism, allure, etc., etc., you're alive. You actually like swimming and swing. Slacks suit you as well as silver fox. You don't need a synthetic setting. Even the candid camera holds no terrors for you—whether you're caught squinting into the sun at the polo, or pointing your splendid profile toward the Trocadero, you're photographically perfect, but seemingly not aware of it. Poise, not pose. It's such a refreshing novelty that I hope you won't let it be spoiled. Keep right on swinging and sitting in the sun, instead of slipping into the silly shadows of manufactured "mystery" where you can walk only in the rain—alone. That's no fun. It's no longer even box-office. For believe it or not, Miss Lamarr, a sirenic girl with a sense of humor and a good disposition instead of a set of complexes is just what American audiences want right now. And you're the girl for the job. Report to work, just as you are, any time.

Delight Evans

An Open Letter To Hedy Lamarr
The cream of the candid! Catch your pet celebrities off-guard through the keen camera eye of Len Weissman, demon photographer who stalks the stars.
Still a-sparkin': Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, above, at the Friday night prizefights at the new Hollywood Legion Stadium. Phyllis, suspended by her studio for refusing a rôle, has been reinstated and is back at work—in another film.

What's this, Andrea "Lovely" Leeds with Ken Murray? Well, Ken is one of Hollywood's most popular beaux-about-town—the girls like that Ken sense of humor. Ken and Andrea were camera-snatched dining in the Cocoanut Grove.

If Warner Baxter and Pat O'Brien, above, at the fights, were any closer to the ring-side they'd be right in the ring. Both are fight fanatics. Al Jolson is another who never misses the Friday night boxing bouts—with Ruby along; see them below.

That swell guy, Joe E. Brown, is seen above with Arthur "Jeeves" Treacher and Mrs. Brown, watching the fights with the boyish enthusiasm that has made and kept him a popular screen figure. Below, George Raft and William Powell.
They call them "The New Dons of California," and the name is not inappropriate. At least there is an analogy in the fact that these modern "Dons" came to California with no more intention of remaining than did the Conquistadores! But gregarious Hollywood is going back to the soil to establish homes that are permanent—modern evidence of the age-old desire to rear families on land that belongs to the head of the house.

Gold lured the early explorers way back in the 16th century. Gold lured the '49ers. And gold—in the form of salaries—has lured the present generation to "try its luck" in California. However, it may be said to the everlasting credit of the present-day "Don" that it is not precious metal from the hills, "black gold" from oil wells, nor even wealth from


the silver screen that has awakened long-dormant desires for a lasting home. Rather, it is the cumulative fascination of California's own golden sunshine.

Hollywood's newest settlement is at Northridge. Not more than twenty-five minutes by motor from the studios, this area is fast becoming to Flickerville what Oyster Bay and Westchester are to New York; what Lansdowne and Swarthmore are to Philadelphia; and what exclusive Green Spring Valley and "My Lady's Manor" are to old Baltimore. Northridge lies in the rolling foothills of the Santa Susana Mountains, high up on the northwestern edge of fertile San Fernando Valley. Already, it boasts a healthy list of "ranchos," varying in size from ten to two-hundred acres, owned by notables of screen, stage and radio.

For in large estates (generally known as ranches) those of the present generation are proving themselves traditional Californians. True, there is a vast difference between holdings of forty, sixty, or even a hundred acres and the tens of thousands owned by the early Dons! But, after all, this is 1938 not 1838, and a century of so-called progress must be taken into account before any comparisons are made. Certainly, these country places surrounded by fields and orchards are sufficiently rural for persons who must make their livelihood as actors and actresses, going back and forth to their work in the
Robert Taylor's ranch at Northridge, above, with his house at left, and the roof of his stables, as large as the house Bob built for himself, visible above the knoll in center foreground. Beyond these roofs, on the light-colored, flat-topped hill, is the site for Clark Gable's house, far which ground has been broken. Not far from here is the land Carole Lombard obtained in a trade for her original acreage in Northridge. Left, Paul Kelly runs across his lawn after turning on the sprinklers. Lower left, "Breezy Top," Richard Arlen's home. Bottom left, Mrs. Chester Lauck and her husband ("Lum") with favorite mounts in front of their stables.

studios of Hollywood every day for weeks at a stretch.

Perhaps Northridge is the first definite general step that picture people have taken to insure their much-publicized desire for "privacy." To the world at large, actors and actresses, clustering their homes in cramped areas, have seemed to adopt the doctrine of the well-known gold-fish bowl! For example, a few years ago much was written about Malibu Beach, a strip of land on the Pacific where the telephones were prohibited. Anyone wishing to "get away from it all" promptly built a home at Malibu and as a result houses sprang up so close together that, though until recently telephone calls never interrupted the vaunted "peace and quiet," dinner conversations were frequently overheard by neighbors on either side!

Another spot upon which Hollywood has wrought its influence is Palm Springs. Ten years ago a dreamy desert village boasting but one small inn and a few tiny shops, it is now completely popularized. Although some hundred miles from Los Angeles, its highway teems with traffic; airplanes buzz overhead; and, from November to April, Palm Springs offers the same chance of "remoteness" as would a desert Coney Island.

But in California even as in all other parts of the world, there are those who sincerely long for freedom when their day's work is done and who have the innate desire to escape from the fetters of urban life. They become landowners, and for such persons Northridge has proven a haven. Four years ago, Devonshire Street, which divides this historic 10,000 acre tract, was merely a paved road bordered by Canary Island pines, cork oaks, and eucalyptus trees. Miles of grain fields, interspersed with an occasional orange grove, lay on either side. Except for a few small ranch houses, buildings were conspicuous by their absence. But Guinn ("Big Boy")
“Hollywood fashion is spinach!” says Elizabeth Hawes who not long ago wrote the same thing about fashion in other parts of the world, cleverly and at great length.

What Miss Hawes needs is a new metaphor. As long as she wants to call her own work “Spinach” no one can object. When she tries to pull the Hollywood designers into the same garden she might at least choose a different vegetable to use as a comparison. She could have said, “Hollywood fashion is kohlrabi,” or “Hollywood styles are broccoli.”

We would have been hurt, of course, but at least...
we would have been left our individuality. As it is, Miss Hawes lumps our work with hers and calls it all "Spinach."

Miss Hawes, I wish to say first of all, has done some excellent things, even though she dubs them spinach. I have admired her as one of the outstanding American designers and as one of my own favorites. But she, too, has made mistakes and she has made them without the Hollywood handicap of working (so far as the results on the screen are concerned) with only blacks, whites and greys.

She has only the purchaser to please yet I have seen recent dresses of her design in which so much material was used about the waist that the unfortunate purchaser appeared to be in serious trouble. Few audiences want to see their favorite feminine star when she looks like a prospective mother.
Or is Fashion a Vegetable Plate, as Orry-Kelly tells us?

In selecting examples of good Hollywood design Orry-Kelly chose the two-piece suit worn by Virginia Bruce, below—designed not by him, but by a designer for a rival film studio—Dolly Tree of M-G-M. For Olivia de Havilland Orry-Kelly designed the gown at right.

who has done much greater things than Miss Hawes, I believe, found that the screen has a technique all its own. I still remember the black velvet evening gown Chanel designed for Gloria Swanson. She packed it solidly with rhinestones over the bust and as a result, when Miss Swanson appeared in it on the screen the effect was that of a blazing fire truck about to run over the audience. Chanel also had Ina Claire to dress for a picture. Miss Claire and Miss Swanson were two of our smartest women, but Chanel went back after these two attempts to dress Hollywood in Miss Hawes' type of "spinach."

Does Miss Hawes, by any chance, feel that she is now the one person who could make the change she seems to feel Hollywood should make? I have great respect for Miss Hawes as a designer, perhaps because she has always been individual in her work, but I am losing some of my respect for her because of her attempts at sensationalism. Can't she make her clothes sufficiently outstanding to merit attention without resorting to vitriolic attacks on Hollywood?

When I first came to Warner Bros. Studio seven years ago, the wardrobe was a mass of beads. It was a bead season and Hollywood was, admittedly, out-beading itself. I deliberately tried to under-dress our players hoping to gain favorable attention that way. I am still working at Warners and during this time have designed clothes for Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Rosalind Russell, Olivia de Havilland and many others. These women are as normal, as intelligent, well bred and down to earth as Miss Hawes. They are wearing many of their screen clothes as a part of their personal wardrobes.

Miss Russell, recently acclaimed the screen's best dressed woman, bought her entire wardrobe from the picture "Four's A Crowd" to take with her on her European trip. She could have bought her wardrobe anywhere but chose instead one designed in Hollywood. Miss Francis, who has never (Please turn to page 93)
"Are those Dead End-Crime School boys as tough as they look?" you ask. Here's your answer, in a powerfully human story revealing the kids as they really are.

ARE they as tough as they seem to be?" Out of a hundred who want to hear about the Dead End kids, a hundred start with that query. They themselves say: "We're no worse than other kids." "We're not tough, we're just active." "On the screen we act like we're told to. Off the screen we go along and mind our own business." "It's good publicity to build us up tough. Even the directors believe it——" This last from Gabriel Dell, the humorist of the bunch.

Viewed objectively, it depends on what you mean by tough. If you mean, do they resemble in background and attitude, the young hooligans they portray, the answer is no. They're hardworking, ambitious youngsters, some of whom trained for acting, some of whom happened into it. Leo Gorcey, the only one whose father was an actor, is the only one who got his job through sheer accident. Their families range from well-to-do down. Gorcey and Bobby Jordan have known the pinch of poverty. None of them has ever lived in the slums, nor traveled with a gang comparable to the one they've made famous. How, then, did they make such a realistic job of the Dead End boys? First, because they're good natural actors. Second, because they're citybred, citywise, familiar with the tricks and manners of the New York pavements. Or as Huntz Hall puts it: "Everybody meets a tough guy in their life." If they're not rowdies, neither are they ninnyes. Take your own boy, send him to a school where he mingles with all breeds, give him some latitude to roam the streets. Granted talent, observation, alertness and a gift for mimicry—which is granting a lot, I admit—and you could probably throw him in among the Dead Enders and never know the difference.

Generalizing about them doesn't get one very far. They're all under contract to Warner Brothers. They all agree that they "pull a few fast ones—the first day on a picture, then settle down, maybe break out again on the last day just for laughs." They insist it's all in the
spirit of good clean fun. If one gets into trouble, he yells, “Crew!” and the rest come running.

Humphrey Bogart is their favorite actor because he plays ball with them. Mike Curtiz, director of “Angels with Dirty Faces,” is variously a “whiz, a right guy, and the best in the business.” “Because he’s regular.” “Because he talks to us and tells us things.” “Because he gets sore, then he says: ‘All right, boys, you’re O.K.’” “Because he calls ya sumpn, then he says, ‘Aw, I’m sorry,’ where other guys call ya sumpn, an’ they mean it.” At the close of the picture, the boys presented him with a scroll. In their own language they told him what they thought of him, and signed their names in lip rouge, the nearest thing they could get to blood. Curtiz blinked, growled, “All right, boys, you’re O.K.” and turned the scroll carefully over to a propman to be framed.

Off the stage and screen they’re six individuals, going their separate ways. Their ages now range from 15 to 19. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall, both 17, are the only two who pal round together on the outside. Dell was originally Del Vecchio, Huntz was originally Henry. He doesn’t know who changed it or why, only that he likes Huntz, “just because it ain’t Henry.” Gabriel changed his name because “Del Vecchio was too long for the marquee,” he’ll tell you with a leer. Then: “You wanna know why I really changed it? Because people never say it right, an’ I get mad when people don’t say my name right.” Gabriel looks severe, but plays for comedy. His father is a New York physician who wanted his son to be a doctor too. But a younger sister with stage ambitions got a job in “Good Earth” “an’ through some foolin’ around she got me in. Then I heard they were lookin’ for kids for ‘Dead End,’ so I went up, not knowin’ if I’d get a job or a kick in the pants. I was skinny, that’s why Mr. Kingsley gave me the job of T.B. Natchally, if I was a bum actor, they wouldn’t have given it to me, no matter if I was skinny as a thread. No use playin’ yourself up, no use playin’ yourself down either.”

His mother and sister are in Hollywood with him now. He didn’t much like California till he got a car. “But you know how it is. No matter what you got, you want somethin’ else. Now I want an airplane. Do I get it? Wanna do me a favor? Ask my mother. I didn’t get around to broachin’ the subject with her yet.”

He plays tennis and swims with Huntz. He is also, you may be startled to hear, an enthusiastic cook. “Sure it’s no gag. We moved to Jersey one summer, I had nothin’ to do, so I took a cookbook and started battin’ out some cakes an’ pies.—Sa-a-y, I can make spaghetti too. Make it, not just take it out of a box. With one of these rollers. You do this way, that way, hang ’em up, little oil, little garlic, little tomato sauce—good, am I right, Huntz?” “You’re right, Gabe.” He spends considerable time taking his car apart, to see if he can hop it up. He admits between pride and sheepishness that he’s had five tickets, two courses in traffic school, and a warning that next time he’d be sent to “the Bastille.

(please turn to page 84)
"I'm No Prude!" says Jeanette MacDonald

By Ida Zeilin

"You've got lots to learn," they told her in her chorus days.

"Singing governess!" a Hollywood power later called her to her face.

How did Jeanette MacDonald prove that she's no prude, but a warmly human girl? You'll find the answer in this exclusive interview.

I KNOW I'm no prude! I'm not just guessing or hoping. I looked it up in the dictionary. It says: 'Prude: a woman who makes an affected display of modesty or propriety.' I've been accused of modesty and propriety," said Jeanette MacDonald gravely while her eyes danced. "But my sharpest critics never hinted at any affected display." So by dictionary standards, anyway, I'm cleared.

"Of course," she continued thoughtfully, "they used the word priss more often than prude, and my dictionary doesn't give priss. However, I won't quarrel over terms. I'll admit the charges. I don't smoke or drink, I don't like to be pawed, I don't like risqué stories. If all that makes me a prude, then I'm a prude, and my story has no value. Just the same—just the same, I'm not a prude," she brought out with a triumphant disregard of logic. When the laughs had subsided, "All right, I'll prove it," said Jeanette.

Your first thought when you see her off-screen is, what a pity to reduce her to black and white. Her coloring is that of the traditional fairy princess, rose and blue and gold. In the technicolor of "Sweethearts," you'll see her for the first time as she really looks. She's come a long way since "The Love Parade." In the process she's met and faced down a problem rare in Hollywood—the problem of fitting herself with her Scotch Presbyterian training into the atmosphere of the movie capital—of adjusting herself, without doing violence to her own standards of taste and behavior. Which is not to say that Hollywood's a Babylon. Only it's hardly necessary at this stage to point out that it does take for granted certain lines of conduct which were not taken for granted in the Philadelphia home where Jeanette was brought up.

She suffered from no tyrannical discipline. She lived the normal life of her community and was happy in it. The fact that she wasn't allowed to play cards or to dance on Sunday wrought no hardship on her. Neither were any of the other children she knew. The Sabbath ritual didn't bore her—church in the morning, with Jeanette singing in the choir, Sunday school in the afternoon, then a walk and an ice cream soda at the corner drugstore; after dinner, Christian Endeavor and church again. At twelve Jeanette was herself teaching the baby class in Sunday school. As a matter of fact, all this wasn't ritual to Jeanette, God and the worship of God were as real and important to her as any of her other preoccupations. She was taught not only the letter but the spirit of the law, not only the outward forms but the principles of good conduct. She was taught by example as well as by precept. She respected her parents not only because of the fifth commandment but because they were people who won her respect. She took obedience, modesty and fidelity as a matter of course, because she'd never known anything else.
Though it was a godfearing, it wasn't a stodgy household. When her father and mother discovered that Jeanette's talents might earn her a place on the stage, they made no objection. They didn't regard the theatre as a hydra-headed monster that would destroy their girl. Their faith in the girl was too implicit. Jeanette as an actress would still be the Jeanette they'd guided from babyhood.

She suffered her first shock when she met her sisters of the chorus at the Capitol Theatre in New York. This was a period of transition in the chorus lineup. Producers were just beginning to emphasize youth and freshness. Many of those in the room where Jeanette dressed for her first professional appearance were ladies of experience. They whooped at her cotton underwear. They asked how old she was. When she told them timidly, they whooped again. "You've got lots to learn, dearie." It was too late to remedy that mistake. But she took three dollars and a half of her first week's salary, and bought herself as glamorous a teddy as she could find—all chiffon and lace. "And what lace!" she groaned now. But it was a lifesaver then, destined to help her live down the crime of cotton panties. A second shock struck more deeply. She was going to high school by day and dancing by night. She grew chummy at school with a girl who seemed to her all that a girl should be. During class hours they were inseparable.

"My mother wants you to come and have dinner with us," her friend said one day.

"I'd love to, but Sunday's the only night I can come."

"Why?"

Jeanette's radiant beauty really comes into its own for the first time on the screen in "Sweethearts," all in technicolor. Right in costume for her role. Below, with husband Gene Raymond at a premiere; and at her desk, at home.

"Because I work at the Capitol Theatre," said Jeanette a little reluctantly. After all, her friend didn't have to work.

"Really? Are you an usher?"

"Oh, no." This time there was pride in her voice. "I'm on the stage. I'm a dancer."

The other plied her with a million excited questions. She was too thrilled for words. But when Jeanette ran up to her next day, the erstwhile bosom friend looked straight through her and walked away. She never spoke to Jeanette again.

"Her mother must have said, 'On the stage! Have nothing to do with her. She can't be a nice girl!'" The Jeanette of today can afford to laugh. But to a sensitive child of fourteen the experience was near-tragedy. Apart from the anguish of being ostracized, it was brought home to her for the first time that there were people who considered her profession something to be ashamed of. Not that she was ashamed, she told herself fiercely. "I'll show them—I'll show them you can be on the stage and a nice girl too."

The effect was to sharpen her natural sense of fastidiousness. Where formerly she might have winced at a vulgarism and forgotten it, now she became abnormally conscious of such things. Where formerly her rejection of bad taste was instinctive, it now became deliberate as well.

Her friend's mother had put a chip on her shoulder.

The college boys used to court courting in their raccoon coats, and Jeanette went to her first dance with one of them. He told her a story that he thought was pretty funny. She didn't. He found himself faced by a blazing-eyed young fury of sixteen. "Just because I'm on the stage doesn't give you any liberties with me, and don't (Please turn to page 78)"
Kay Francis' Last Interview

 HAS Kay Francis really quit Hollywood cold? "My career is over," she says. It's no gag, either. No subtle maneuver to somehow land another contract. Kay is washed up with being a star. Soon she'll be only a memory. More than a beautiful one, however. When you discover just why she has stepped out of the spotlight you'll remember her as the wisest woman who ever mixed with Hollywood.

Now the reaction of the uninformed to the "B" films Kay's been in recently is "Whoo— is she shipping?" They presume she's picked those pictures. Actually, she's had no say whatsoever about what she's appeared in. But then why would the highest-paid star of a major studio be cast in second-string dramas if she didn't deserve them? Follow that thought through and you'll get to something. To one of the extraordinary facts of Hollywood.

All is not fairness and glamor in Hollywood, you see. It's a pretty hard-boiled town. Because when a studio wants to cut corners one of the best tricks is to eliminate, steadily, those out front begin to think you're not so hot after all. Catch on?

Of course you can sometimes escape your fate. Being married to a producer, or having some kind of an "in" is a great help. Kay never played politics, though. If you are temperamental you loudly demand to be free of your "ruinous" contract. That has been Hepburn's attitude. She settled when she was threatened with demotion, left the studio that launched her. Kay hasn't been susceptible to jabs at her vanity, however. Humiliated at being rushed into a series of "B's"? Furiously indignant? Not so you can notice it!

No woman has more pride than Kay Francis, and she even can be most successfully angry when the spirit moves her. But she didn't fly off the handle in any way. She acted in whatever they selected for her, as seriously as though each script was a potential Academy Award winner. She cooperated to the very last, seemingly was oblivious to all discouragement. (Please turn to page 87)
THE STREAMLINED SPIRIT OF HOLLYWOOD

Personified on this page by Frances Dee, to be seen with Ronald Colman in "If I Were King"
GOOD FELLOWSHIP:
DON AMECHÉ

BEAUTY:
JUNE LANG
No longer to be called "Moutha Roar" and other unfunny names is the girl above. She's Martha "Legs" Raye from now on. In Hollywood, where shapely stems, outdoor sports and sunbathing are always in season, Miss Raye has a few rivals—glance at the page opposite. You'll see Marie Wilson and Ellen Drew and, at far right, Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce, Hope Hampton.
A GREAT CLOWN:  
JACK BENNY

CHIC CO-STAR:  
BENNETT

Mr. and Miss Bennett are appearing together in Paramount's "Models Abroad."
Typical of gay young America at its best are "Patsy," youngest of the Lane sisters, and Wayne Morris, husky he-boy who is making femme hearts—including Patsy's—beat a little faster. The kids are co-starred in new movie version of the hilarious Broadway stage hit, "Brother Rat," which deals with the dashing lads at Virginia Military Institute—and their dates. Look at picture sequence at top of our pages, and directly above, to see how director William Keighley coaches Wayne for a mad love scene. Priscilla, at far left on page opposite, proves she is one of the few Hollywood beauties to dare the new "up" hair-do. The Morris grin, at left, and the Lane allure, would seem to insure bright success for "Brother Rat" and his girl-friend.

Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris are screen's sprightliest current co-stars in "Brother Rat."

**Delight Your Sweetheart WITH A KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RING**

FEMININE eyes light up when they see the sparkling beauty and exquisite design of a Keepsake Diamond Ring. Your thoughtfulness in selecting this superb engagement symbol wins praise and appreciation. Through five decades the world-famous Keepsake Diamond Rings have been proudly worn by America's most particular women. The name Keepsake in a diamond ring is your guarantee of satisfaction built on a long history of craftsmanship and skilled diamond knowledge. Ask to see Keepsakes at smart jewelry stores.
Screenland Salutes

SHEER LOVELINESS: VIRGINIA BRUCE
March has no match in Hollywood for versatility, Miss Bruce for real beauty. You'll see them together in a new comedy romance, "There Goes My Heart," produced for United Artists by Hal Roach who made the memorable "Topper," and celebrating the come-back of Fredric March from his sabbatical in the theatre. We'd like to believe that Freddie rejoices at being back in pictures but the sad truth seems to be that he plans a return to Broadway as soon as he can find a new play. We hope he can't find one until he has made some more films for us.
This is motion pictures’ greatest year! You, the Public which has supported the screen through the years to its present greatness, may emphasize your interest by going to see more motion pictures than ever before—and entering the $25,000,000 Movie Quiz Contest, sponsored by the leading motion picture exhibitors, distributors, and producers of the U.S. and Canada. For contest details visit your nearest theatre.
MILESTONES THAT HAVE MADE MOTION PICTURES YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT

Will Lillian Gish escape or will Ronald Colman succeed in forcing his unwelcome attentions upon her? That was the question in this scene from "The White Sister" (1923). Ronald's love-making is much subtler these days.

Norma Shearer's long career found her a distressing image in 1932, when she played in support of Jack Pickford in "Waking Up The Town." Miss Shearer first came to the screen in 1921, is now its famed First Lady.

Perennially youthful, Harold Lloyd looks and acts differently today than when he was "The Freshman" in 1928. Lloyd's wholesome sincerity both on and off the screen have made him a credit to the motion picture industry.

Saint and sinner, and the story of how they changed places, gave Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore a chance for superb acting in "What Price Glory" (1928). Still remembered for Swanson's and Barrymore's fine performances.

Jean Harlow began her blazing career by wrecking the honeymoon of Ben Lyon and James Hall in "Hell's Angel" (1929). Do you remember? Who would have believed that Jean was to develop into one of the movies' great comedians?

Dignity, not glamour, was Grace Moore's screen trademark when she appeared with Lawrence Tibbett in "The New Moon" in 1930. But dignity didn't go away, and Miss Moore later gave us glamour with her good voice.

"Blackboard's Eighth Wife" was not the first time that Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert romanced and fought on the screen. There they are (far left) and fought in their difficulties in "His Woman" (1931).

Violence and looseness in gangster pictures hit the screen about 1931, and "The Public Enemy" was the most brutal of them all. In scene at left, Lester Cuneo watches the machine-gunning of Edward Woods.

Initiating John Barrymore in "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1933), brought Fredric March his first screen hit after a slow start. The scene at right shows Mary Brian, Henrietta Crosman, March, and
MODERN MOVIE MILESTONES
NEW FILMS TO PROVE
Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment

To illustrate the lavish trend in cinema production today we show you above one of the handsome indoor settings from Warner Bros.' new comedy romance starring Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland, "The Hot Heiress." All-star casts are in demand—you’ll see Victor McLaglen, Joan Fontaine, and Cary Grant, right, in RKO-Radio's "Gunga Din." A beautiful scene from "The Great Waltz" with Fernand Gravet and Miliza Korjus is shown below. At lower right, outdoor action in Warners' "Valley of the Giants" with Wayne Morris.
Dazzling, opulent, star-studded, the motion pictures of the new season are well worth your time and money. We give you proof here: "Sweethearts," left, M-G-M's big all-color musical, Paramount's "Paris Honeymoon," below, with Bing Crosby, Franciska Gaal, Shirley Ross. Samuel Goldwyn's "Lady and the Cowboy" for United Artists, with Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon (left center). 20th Century-Fox presents "Suez," spectacular drama with Tyrone Power (left below) and Shirley Temple in "Just Around the Corner," right below.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Henry Fonda and Louise Platt in Paramount's "Spawn of the North"
"It's true what Screenland's Open Letter said about me," admits Loretta Young, "but it isn't fair!"—and she tells why

**By Elizabeth Wilson**

**A Beauty Rebels!**

MOVIE stars should never be taught to read. It's all right if they are allowed to wear shoes. But they should never be taught to read. Because reading invariably upsets them. Whenever I see a movie star coming out from under the dryer, her aura of curls standing on end, her eyes flashing bloody murder, and her lips quivering with rage I know she has been reading. I run to cover behind a mud-pack until the hysterics blow over. I don't know why it is but a movie star always reads the worst about herself in a beauty shop.

This devastating fury, in which she compares things that write with things that crawl, and always smears a nail, quickly wears itself out and by dinner time has given away to a period of intense brooding. After a sleepless night brooding ends up in a deep hurt. And that was the state in which I found Loretta Young in her dressing room on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot on a recent afternoon. One look at Loretta and I was completely convinced that she had been reading again.

Loretta has come in for a fine bit of panning this past year by the editors and critics of the country who seem to think that the most glamorous of the Young girls has been so busy lately flaunting her glamour that she has entirely forgotten her acting. They say that in her effort to attain pictorial perfection she has lost all reality.

"Read this," said Loretta handing me a copy of the Open Letter recently written to her by Editor Evans of this magazine. "Read it out loud. I've read it to myself dozens of times. I want to hear how it sounds."

"Reading," I said, "is a bad habit. It only makes you think and thinking makes you have wrinkles. But here goes!" So I started to read:

"Lovely Loretta: I remember a very young girl in a picture called 'Life Begins.' She was a most poignant little person with wonderfully expressive eyes and a pathos that made even strong..."
SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

BEST movie melodrama of the season! Step right up and see this gigantic thriller with thundering icebergs, fighting fish pirates, Akim Tamiroff, gorgeous scenery, George Raft in his best rôle, Dorothy Lamour in a sweater, John Barrymore—and the clearest trained seal in captivity, who almost steals the picture. Honestly, you'll enjoy it if you like a real, red-blooded movie—and no nonsense about montage and subtle dialogue. For my money, "Spawn of the North" is a thoroughly exciting show, handsomely produced, expertly directed, and acted to the hilt by a high-priced and hard-working cast. Naturally, I expected a grand performance by Raft, in a rôle tailored to his tense talents and by Tamiroff, and by Barrymore—not to mention Henry Fonda and Louise Platt, excellent as the young lovers. But to see Lamour, exchanging not only the sarong for the sweater but her usual lethargic performance for a vivid and penetrating portrayal of an Alaskan I'm-no-lady, was something for Mr. Ripley. For excitement and grand performances, beautiful scenery and smashing suspense, and particularly for Miss D. Lamour and for Slicker the seal, cheers!

FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warner

SIMPLE, warm, true and human. "Four Daughters" will move you to tears and laughter—unless, of course, you have got so you demand a Dead End Kid in every picture. Here is a straightforward story of an American family, told in such tender terms that you will fall in love with every member of that family, share their joys and sorrows, and want to meet them again sometime. It's a family affair throughout, with the three Lane sisters, Lola, Rosemary, and Priscilla, sharing title honors with Gale Page; Claude Rains as the lovable father, May Robson as the delightful old aunt—and then the interesting intruders, handsome Jeffry Lynn whom all the sisters love but only one wins, and the moody misfit, played by the brilliant John Garfield, who touches the happy household with tragedy before he moves along, to right the wrong he has done in his own wilful way. If Garfield steals the picture it is only a tribute to his unique talents and no reflection on the other players, particularly the littlest Lane, Priscilla, who is enchanting and surprisingly touching as the youngest sister. You'll like the new Mr. Lynn, and enjoy Gale Page's hauntingly poignant playing.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

TRANSFORMING a Pulitzer Prize-winning play into a potential Academy Award-winning motion picture is no light task—but the result must look as if it is. And that takes a very special sort of magic. Fortunately, it's just the sort of sleight-of-hand that director Frank "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" Capra is famous for, so that "You Can't Take It With You" emerges as even more engaging entertainment on the screen than it was on the stage. If you missed the original version, you will doubtless be more enchanted with the completely zany Sycamore family than if you had already met them; as a stunning surprise they will bowl you over, to say nothing of the contrasting Kirby tribe whose fortunes become entangled with the crazy Sycamores. The mad menace presided over by Grandpa Vanderhof and his bemused daughter, Mrs. Penny Sycamore, so charmingly complicated by assorted relatives and haphazard houseguests, will appeal to some audiences so much that I foresee a lot of escapee households sprouting happily throughout America, and that will be all right, too. You'll get grand performances by Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, James Stewart, Jean Arthur.
SING YOU SINNERS—Paramount

If this is my favorite among the month’s many grand screen-shows, blame Bing Crosby. You can have Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power—just so you give them back—but give me Mr. Crosby, with his lazy ways, his sooth-ing voice, his nonchalance—whatever it is, just give me Bing. I have always seen red—you know, that violent red we used to get in the first all-color films—when I have heard Mr. Henry Lillis Crosby called “The Crooner.” I have probably resented this much more than Mr. Crosby himself ever did. But Bing has always seemed to me much more than a mere husky voice. Others can croon, and do, so help us; but only Professor Crosby can croon and stay human, nay humorous—and retain his respect and ours. Yes, folks, I like Our Bing, and never so much as in “Sing, You Sinners” as the lovable ne’er-do-well of the Beebe family, third movie household to win our hearts this month, and the one I’d soonest marry into. Other swell members of the family are Fred MacMurray, Brother Beebe, the priceless Elizabeth Patterson as Mother Beebe, and small Donald O’Connor as Mike. Ellen Drew is charming as Fred’s romantic interest. Four good songs, too.

BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners

Hollywood producers, the entertainment world’s very best sports, make fun of themselves, their expensive studios and working methods once again in “Boy Meets Girl,” to give us all a great big laugh at their expense. Maybe the joke is on us, though—we’re all beating a path to the nearest theatre where we’re paying, and liking it, to see this very funny picture. It’s a good joke no matter how you look at it, with the Spewacks’ own adaptation of their stage play even gayer than it seemed on Broadway, enacted by one of the most sparkling casts ever assembled on the screen; James Cagney comes back to his home studio and sparkles, Pat O’Brien sparkles right along with Jim, and Marie Wilson outsparkles them both as Sue, little studio waitress whose unconventional motherhood is sponsored by Pat and Jim, as high-priced scenario writers in search of a story idea for that diamond in the rough, Dick Foran, simply hilarious as an uncouth cowboy star of the old school. Ralph Bellamy is good, too, as a frenzied supervisor, and Bruce Leget, newcomer, adds a touch of dignity to the proceedings. But it is Marie Wilson you will remember—quaint and charming.

CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

I’m so glad to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing together again that I can’t preserve any critical calm in judging “Carefree.” I just live up to the title when I see these two and hear four of Irving Berlin’s best new songs—I’m a carefree fool for this picture. Maybe I don’t like all the business about psycho-analysis that pervades the plot, but I can’t worry about it, and I advise you to skip it, too. The main thing is, we’re watching that wonderful team whirling through The Lion and other grand numbers; we’re dizzy with Astaire’s fast golfing dance, one of the finest things this great stepper has ever given us; we’re moony with the dream sequence, a clever idea if ever we saw one on the screen. In short, we’re slightly hysterical over “Carefree,” and want to start a movement right now not to be deprived so long again, ever, of Rogers-Astaire festivals. They owe it to a troubled world to keep on dancing until they drop—and pick themselves up again. The best Berlin in this show are Color Blind and The Night Is Filled with Music, I think; but you’ll probably whistle your own choice. Additional attractions are Ralph Bellamy and Luella Gear.

DRUMS—Korda-United Artists

Quite the finest film ever made by Alexander Korda, the English producer, “Drums” is well worthy of your attention and respect. When I say it is worthy I don’t mean it is dull. “Drums” is one of the most exciting cinema exhibits you have ever seen—in fact, it goes Hollywood one better in its elaborate and spectacular representation of the trials and terrors of the doughly British in India; and you will find yourselves clutching the arms of your orchestra chairs and even giving forth faint shrieks at times—or I’m disappointed in your reactions to good, honest, thrilling celluloid. It seems to have taken the English filmmakers a long time to make a mammoth Indian adventure but once they started they calmly eclipsed all previous efforts, in their grand show of the East Indian princeling, beautifully played by that stunning boy actor, Sabu, who saves the garrison from thundering hordes to pay a debt of friendship to kind English friends. It is Sabu’s picture, but the accompanying cast, particularly Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, and lovely Valerie Hobson, is superb. A completely satisfying film-show, splendid for the family in search of rousing entertainment.
A Scoop for Screenland: Joan shows us the best of her bright new personal wardrobe, hair-dos, and make-up with eyes accented and lips subdued—no more exaggerated mouths for Crawford! And of course you'll consider her smart silhouette—softly rounded but with slim, slim waist. Now for the clothes! On page opposite, and full-length at left, dinner gown with striking contrast in lines. The knife-pleated skirt, of white crepe, is topped by a fingertip length fitted blouse of matching material. Her coiffure, exciting compromise between Hollywood's pet long bob and the current emphasis on "up," flouts huge white gardenias smack on top. Below, two views of a dramatic dinner gown—two pieces, in black crepe, with skirt fitted through the hips, then flaring, and jacket with feather design of heavily clustered pink paillettes. Here, Joan's hair curls soft and high brushed back from her lovely brow and then piquantly adapts the page-boy bob.
Ever-Colorful Crawford Dares the New Coiffure that Most Hollywood Girls Avoid—and, As Always, Joan Gets Away with It! SCREENLAND's Glamor School Shows You Crawford's Personality Experiments in Preparation for her New Film, "The Shining Hour"

Practically the first important Hollywood actress to experiment with the current "up" coiffure is always-alert Joan Crawford. The first hoop-skirt evening gown in Hollywood is also hers. Joan dares to be different—first. On this page, she poses with her hair brushed up in a gracious version of the high hair-do, with many careful curls crowning her handsome head—and she wears Hattie Carnegie's white silk gown with quilted skirt worn over a flexible hoop. The bodice, backless, is draped with over-shoulder bow. On page opposite, Joan's loveliest hostess gown, of chiffon shaded from pale to dark blue, with bodice half-and-half, as is the tie belt; and great fullness in the skirt. You will have to watch for the new Crawford picture, "The Shining Hour," to see which one of these coiffures Joan finally adopts. She's always new and exciting!
But mad, Shirley Ross' new hats! She adores them, and so will you—at least, for a while. Shirley sometimes wears the current "up" coiffure, as below, but secretly prefers, as do most Hollywood girls, the flattering long bob. At left, Shirley tops her luxurious mink with a burgundy felt midget beret. Above, front view. Her bag and gloves match. Below, "the lady look" with a romantic chapeau of black velvet with black and white ostrich tips tilted forward from the turned-up brim in back. Good, but grown-up!

THE NEW HATS
are going right to Hollywood's HEAD!

Photographs of Shirley Ross by William Walling, Paramount
Fashion can be fun—hats, supremely silly; effects, fascinatingly feminine, as we prove pictorially here.

Cross fox cape over a black crepe daytime frock, right, is topped with a perky blue felt hat with orange ostrich trimming. The medieval hat is spotlighted in Hollywood's millinery circles in tribute to the headdresses worn in Ronald Colman's picture, "If I Were King"—and Shirley Ross models, above, a black velvet hat with floating veil, inspired by a headdress worn in the film by Frances Dee. At top, right, the doll hat, destined for furious, and perhaps brief popularity, Shirley's is black velvet with the inevitable curled ostrich tips accenting a shirred crown, held in place by a broad velvet band.
When Stars are Strangers

JIMMY STEWART rose abruptly. His eyes seemed to stare right through me. “Oh, no!” he exclaimed. “I won’t talk on that!”


“Can’t be done! I wouldn’t know what to say about that!”

Suddenly I thought of the solution. “Well, incidentally,” I said nonchalantly, “Olivia de Havilland is going to be interviewed with you!”

Jimmy resumed his seat. For several moments he said nothing. He put his hand over his face and just thought. What seemed hours later he said, “Well, in that case, I might do it, but only if Olivia is there to talk with me!”

Now to get Olivia sold on the idea. So off to Warner Bros. When I walked on the set of her newest picture, she was just finishing a scene with Dick Powell. When it was over, I hailed her. “Hello, Olivia! How’s the picture going?”

“Ok.” Pause. Then—“Going to do a story on me?”

I had to talk now. “Yes!”

“What’s the angle?”

“It’s a rather complex one. What you learned about women from men!”

Olivia, too, rose immediately. And again I was stared at. “Oh, no! Not on that!”

Well, it worked with Jimmy, so I’d try it on Olivia.

“Too bad, because Jimmy Stewart is going to be interviewed with you.”

Olivia, likewise, sat down. Again the silence. Then:

“Well, in that case, I might do it!”

It was all set! Very likely, I’d get the story under my belt and in the mail by the end of the week. After all, it just meant waiting for them to get a day off together, and that was easy enough!

Yeah! Easy! Days passed. Weeks passed. Both working steadily. No day off at same time. “You Can’t Take It With You” put to bed, Jimmy ready to go to New York, “The Hot Heiress” on location, Olivia out of the city. Then one morning, days later, out of the blue as it were, Marge Decker, Columbia’s magazine publicity contact, called me.

“You can see Jimmy at the studio at 11:30.”

“How about Olivia?”

“I don’t know.”

“Ok, I’ll interview him, anyway.”

A few minutes later, a call came from Virginia Wood, Warner’s magazine contact. “Olivia has some time off this morning, and she can see you and Jimmy any time until eleven o’clock.”

What was the use? “But I can’t see Jimmy until 11:30,” I retorted.

“Oh!” was the reply. Then: “We’ll see what we can do!”

Crazy idea, to introduce Olivia to Jimmy and make them talk to each other! But it worked out all right—see our story. Olivia, above, with Dick Powell, her screen-mate in “The Hot Heiress,” new Warner film.
A few minutes later, Marge Decker calling. "It's all set! Lunch with Jimmy and Olivia at noon!"

At about 11:45, although I was having difficulty believing it, Jimmy and I were actually cruising along to Warner Bros. Studio. We just talked about this and that. About previews in projection rooms. About the six pictures he's made since last September. About his contemplated vacation trip to New York. By now, we were almost at Warner Bros, and I hadn't asked him a question. I knew I'd better get out of him what I could, for there wouldn't be too much time at the interview. He had to be at a radio rehearsal in about an hour, and Olivia was due on the set in an hour. "Mind if I ask you a few questions, Jimmy?"

"'Course not. Fire away!"

"I'm warning you beforehand that I'm going to ask you one of the silliest questions I know of. But it all ties in with the story."

"Ok. Let's have it."

"Did you ever have any childhood romance that has stayed in your memory?"

Jimmy thought a while. "Yeah," he began suddenly. "A red-head with pig tails."

"What did you think of her?"

"Oh, I liked her pretty much," returned Jimmy in his appealing shy manner. "She was bright in school, but I was about as dumb as they came." He grinned. "I even used to carry her books home for her."

"Did she like you?"

"Oh—oh, I suppose so. But she liked all the boys. That was the trouble. I was interested only in her, but she didn't quite give me her undivided attention, if you know what I mean."

As we turned the corner by Warner Bros., I threw one more question at him. "What did you think of the girls at that tender age?"

"Oh, they just scared me."

Jimmy parked his car, and we both walked in to meet Olivia. We found her with a mild case of stage fright, trying to type a letter. And you should have seen her typing!

Between Virginia Wood and Marge Decker, everybody was introduced properly. Jimmy, Olivia, and I went into one of the comfortable lounge rooms at the studio. Olivia had ordered lunch for us, and while we waited for it to arrive, she and Jimmy indulged in one of those delightful formal-informal bits of conversation. Olivia, charming and personable. Jimmy, shy at first, and then giving out with a great brand of humor.

"I hear you've been rather busy," Olivia.

"Yeah, guess so. Six in a row," Jimmy.

"About time for a vacation, isn't it?" Olivia.

"Sure is. Thought I'd go to New York. Sort of pass through it."

"Just to—to sort of pass through it!" Olivia laughed.

"That's all I'll have time to do." Jimmy.

"You mean you're starting another picture right away?" Olivia.

"Guess so. But I can't find out from Selznick exactly when I'm supposed to start or what my part is like." Jimmy.

"What is your next picture?" Olivia.

"'Made For Each Other,' or something like that. With Carole Lombard. I sure wish I knew when I was going to start work so I can tell how many hours I'll have in New York." Jimmy.

(Next turn to page 90)
CHAPTER III

DICK RAMSEY turned into his driveway and said, "Damn!" when he saw the yellow roadster parked near the garage. He recognized it in a flash and his brows knitted in perplexity. He used his key, but Toto had heard the car and was at the door, bowing and stammering. "Missy Lloyd, she here—"

"Yes, I know," snapped Dick. "I saw her car. Where is she?"

"In study, sir. She say she wait—I tell her—"

"Okay! Never mind the rest of it." Dick strode off. Toto followed, undecidedly. "Missy, she telephone—she say she come—"

"Yes, yes, I know!" said Dick, completely misunderstanding. "Save it, Toto, I'll see what she wants."

Before the befuddled Toto could explain about Jean's call, Dick had turned his back and walked rapidly toward the study. The Jap shrugged and licked his lips. Well, maybe the master knew what it was all about, and maybe it was all right.

Dick took one look at the girl lounging on a divan in his study and hastily shut the door, for he didn't want Toto, close behind,

"No, darling," she answered sweetly. "I came to see you, and I thought I'd make myself comfortable. Warm night."

"But, good Lord, Ruby! You must be crazy—"

"Please don't be so belligerent, darling!" she mocked him. "You might invite me to have a drink."

A faint wash of disgust flowed on his mobile lips, and something of pity for this girl, in her startling attire, offering all she had. She gave a surfeit of herself, without request, and it seemed valueless. There was a knock on the door and he barked savagely,

"Yes, Toto? What do you want?"

Toto mumbled something indistinctly: "Missy come to see you—I tell her—"

"You told me to see her. Ruby looked up and smiled. "Hello!" she said, imperturbably. "Welcome home, Dick!"

He said, with utter astonishment: "What's the idea?" Her presence and her semi-nudity were both totally unexpected. He had, however, seen Ruby with less on to cover her, singing at the Swan's Pond. "What are you doing here, on the half shell?" He looked around, sharply. "What is it, a gag?"
The dramatic story of a glamor girl and a screen lover whose engagement was for publicity, but whose secret marriage was dictated by true romance

By S. Gordon Gurwit

Dick took one look at the girl lounging on a divan in his study and hastily shut the door, for he didn't want Toto, following close behind, to see her. Ruby looked up and smiled.

all that before!" snapped Dick, annoyed. "Get out! Don't come in here!" He didn't want the servant to see Ruby, sitting there like an amorous sickness!

Ruby's eye flashed mistily. She arose to her slim height, her two lacy garments revealing rather than concealing the white symmetry of her youthful body. An amused smile plucked at her sulky red mouth, but there was craft deep in her black eyes. She had interpreted the import of Toto's message, if Dick had not. "Darling!" she murmured. She walked to his side and threw her arms around his neck. He tried to free himself, almost violently.

"Ruby, stop it!" he said, testily. He was queerly ashamed and shocked, and he knew a curious revulsion and horror as her tight arms tried to draw him down to her.

"You Eskimo," cooed Ruby, sweetly, "come out of the refrigerator!"

Toto, unable to make himself understood to his master, knowing nothing of the scene in the study, went back to face a pallid Jean stamped on and on the verge of tears. "He no answer—" Toto blurted helplessly. "He's in the study, isn't he?" interrupted Jean, swiftly. "Never mind—I'll go in, Toto."

She swept past the irresolute Jap to the study door and flung it open without any misgivings. After all, Dick was her husband, and she needed the reassurance of his presence tonight. For a heartbeat as long as eternity, she stood frozen, seeing the white-limbed Ruby Lloyd close in Dick's arms, his hands on the white shoulders, his head inclined. The tan on his face whitened as he turned angrily to face her, and Ruby's arms relaxed and fell to her side. She stared at Jean, her eyes wide with simulated surprise and a mocking amusement.

No one spoke. A gust of horror and incredulity blew through Jean. She was too startled, too bewildered, too hurt to utter a word. Dick stared at her with a frowning surprise. This, thought Jean, is why he didn't want to see me—why he didn't answer Toto. Something stung her savagely and slashed at her pride. Ruby's shimmering body drew her eyes, and bitterness flooded her. There was, then, more basis than she had thought for Dick's reputation as a Cassanova; and she, like a little fool, shivered, inwardly, without movement. This was something unforgettable and unforgivable. This would always be between them.

"Jean!" Dick's voice was savage. "What are you doing—"

Her stricken eyes silenced him. "Sorry," she said, icily. "I had no idea what I was barging into!" She stepped out, slammed the door and ran to her car, blinding tears in her eyes. The two in the room stood as if frozen, hearing the whir of Jean's car as she raced away. It was only then that the man emerged from his blank amazement and whirled on Ruby.

"That was it, was it?" he said. "Did you know that she was coming here?"

"How could I, darling?" she asked. "Did you?"

"No," he growled. "I wonder—say, what are you doing here, like this, Ruby? Come clean, what's the idea? Maybe you'd better tell me, or I might forget you're a woman—"

"Oh, no, you won't, darling!" she smiled. "Sorry if I spoiled something for you, but how was I to know? You might ask Jean why she gives money to a man, meets him on the sly. You'll find him in 312, at the Wolfe's."

Her eyes narrowed. He wasn't listening. "Dick," she said, "I was lonely, darling, I missed you!"

A thousand questions were bulleted through his mind—why was Ruby here, why had Jean come, so suddenly, so unexpectedly? Ruby looked ridiculous in her lace trappings; her spurring, her absurd preliminaries, which said that all the barriers were down. Well, he wasn't having any! There was an honesty in his flesh which refused this offering. The only woman he wanted that way was Jean. He said, with a slow anger: "You make me sick! Get your clothes on and get out of here. You've put me in a swell fix, damn you!" A cold fury was whipping through his soul. He didn't know what this was all about, but his anger centered on Ruby. "Toto!" he yelled, maliciously. "Come into the study and help the lady get ready. She's going!"

Toto bobbed his head and opened the door, just as promptly shut it again and waited outside, impervious to the lyric hissing of profanity that showered his befuddled head. These mad Americans!

Dick went to the phone. He tried to talk to Jean. Her mother finally came to the phone and said that Jean was ill and would not be able to (Please turn to page 98)
I have known Gary Crosby and Ricky Arlen since they were born. They've known me almost as long, and well do they know that when stern parents and disciplinarian nurses balk their plans they have only to wheedle me a little to get anything they want. Thus, one day recently Ricky approached me. "I think I have one hug left for you," he volunteered, throwing his arms around my neck and giving me a "bear hug"—which almost floored me, because Ricky is not the demonstrative type. "Mookie," he whispered hurriedly, as he saw his mother coming through the garden, "will you take me on a picnic? Nobody else around here will because they say I'm too little."

My blood boiled at the thought of poor little Ricky being deprived of the joys of picnics. "You bet I will," I rejoined warmly. "Just as soon as I get back from this trip."

"Let's not say anything to anyone about it," Ricky continued hastily, "We'll just keep it for a surprise secret for ourselves." With that he fled.

"Why don't you ever take Ricky on a picnic?" I began hotly to Joby.

"I did take him—yesterday," she replied, surprised.

"Well, I'll be—!" I exploded.

Six weeks later I returned from my trip. "When are we going on that picnic?" was Ricky's greeting.

"But you went on a picnic," I protested.

"Not really," he replied brazenly. "They took me out to the park and took some lunch along but they brought me home right after lunch and made me take my nap. That's no picnic. Besides, they wouldn't let me wade in the pond and when we went down to the beach they wouldn't let me ride on anything but that ole merry-go-round and every time anybody has a party they always have the merry-go-round there. And, anyhow," he finished triumphantly, "you promised!"

We—or rather, Ricky—finally agreed on the next day.

No sooner was the time set than he sprang another on me. "We better take Gary Crosby with us because he never gets to go anywhere, either," he suggested.

Next day I picked up Ricky, magnificent in an admiral's uniform, which he promptly peeled off as soon as we were out of sight of the house, revealing nothing underneath except his swimming trunks.

While waiting at the Crosbys for Gary to get ready, his mother—Dixie, cautioned me, "Now, don't you give in to him! We're having enough trouble with him as it is. Day before yesterday when the nurse went to get him out of bed he wouldn't get up and said he guessed he'd
—or Are They Just Kids?

have his breakfast in bed. Bing finally had to go in and
spank him. As Bing left, the nurse said, 'I guess you'll
get up now, all right' and our Mr. Gary said, 'I don't
know whether I will or not.' Bing heard him and came
back into the room. Gary jumped out of bed like he'd
been shot but he's been sulking ever since.'

About this time Gary, eldest son and heir of Bing,
made his appearance, resplendent in white flannels and a
white reefer with a red anchor on the sleeve. As we left
the house and approached my jalopy he drew his sleeve
across the fender.

'Don't do that, Gary,' I cautioned him. 'I haven't a
chauffeur like Ted to keep my car clean, and you'll get
dirty.'

"I know," he conceded, giving it a closer inspection.

"It's as dirty as my Aunt Kata's."

I hadn't seen him in sometime so, as we
started off, he regaled me with an account of
his domestic difficulties.

"Have you been able to swing that break-
fast-in-bed business yet?" I inquired sympa-
thetically.

"No," he retorted bluntly, "and I don't
think I ever will, either. It's a shame, too,"
he went on gloomily, "because I don't sleep
very well at night."

seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh," disgustedly, "Eve (his nurse) keeps
waking me up all night long going through
my room after light bulbs and things. The
other day I accidentally hid her handkerchiefs
in my drawer and in the middle of the night
when her nose started running she had to
wake me up looking for the ole things. I
guess," he finished aggrievedly, "she couldn't

You'll find a clue in this ingratia-
ting article, which portrays stellar
off-spring as real youngsters rather
than miniature celebrities on parade

By S. R. Mook
("Mookie")

have used her ole sleeve 'til morning. Had to wake me up!"

We drove along in preoccupied silence for a few min-
utes. As we swung out of the drive from the Lakeside
Golf Club on to Dark Canyon road, Gary cast a specu-
lative eye at the mountains. "Hey, Rick," he observed,
"we ought to climb those hills some day. Mookie can
come, too, and we'll take our lunch and have a picnic.
Then we won't have to take a nap, either."

Ricky turned to me, "Are there snakes up there?" he
asked cautiously.

"I'm afraid so," I tried to discourage them. "Big ones."

"Oh!" There was silence for a minute and then he
brightened. "Well, I can take my gun along and—"

"I'll take my tommyhawk," Gary amended.

"No!" Ricky bellowed. "I'll take my tommyhawk. We
can take Sam (the Arlen (Please turn to page 88)
OTS of your long-lost English friends will be back on the screen this winter. You'll see Clive Brook once again as the titled hero of "The Ware Case," divorce story of London's high social circles, with Anna Lee also returning as the heroine. She left the studios over a year ago for the happiest of reasons and now baby Venetia can be safely left at home—an old stone manor house with a cobbled courtyard and a blue nursery Anna painted herself and an exquisite white Georgian drawing-room in which husband and adoring father Director Robert Stevenson keeps his collection of antique jades. Anna is no longer the curly blonde you remember. She has let her hair go back to its natural light auburn and adopted a new make-up which gives her a different and far more dignified personality.

Jessie Matthews is at work again too, making her thrice-postponed musical film called "Climbing High" with locations in London and Switzerland. (Yes, Jessie skates nearly as beautifully as she dances! It's been her recreation for years and she swears by the "half-hour on the ice" for slimming.) Noel Madison is doing a little spot of his usual suave menacing among the Alpine crags and romance is provided by handsome Michael Redgrave, Director Alfred Hitchcock's recent discovery. "Hitch" often comes over to the set to see how the lad is getting on, his idea of breathing-space between scenes of "Jamaica Inn" in which he is directing Charles Laughton as the mysterious parson-smuggler wrecking unsuspecting sailing ships off the Cornish coast for the profitable job of looting their cargo. Hitch says he's feeling positively seasick with it all because in his so-called leisure he is occupied with research work for "Tintane" which is to be his first picture in Hollywood for David Selznick. His office is piled high with books and photos and drawings showing the famous Atlantic disaster and the Captain who chose to go down with his ship.

Your old heart-throb, blond Carl Brisson, will soon be bidding for your fan letters again, appearing as the gallant highwayman hero of an historical film in color called "Claude Duval." Flora Robson has signed for a new picture too, playing a rich woman who refuses to grow old gracefully and strives desperately to take a young man from the girl of his own age he loves. Did I ever tell you that Flora is a great cook as well as a great character actress? Experts come from far and near to admire the scarlet and white kitchen of her Hampstead house with all its clever gadgets she designed herself.

Talking of food, I went to a sausage-supper at Roger Livesey's old-world country cottage and sat in a genuine old rocking chair which Roger found in Boston last year. (It may have come over in the Mayflower but it came back in the Queen Mary!) Roger is now hard at work filming in "The Four Feathers" with most of Korda's other male stars. This thrilling color picture of military adventure in Africa also has (Please turn to page 94)
THERE was no ice on which Sonja Henie could whirl into Paris, so she did the next best thing by sweeping down into our village in a plane. The smiling, dimpled skating star was greeted by a huge mob of admirers at Le Bourget, for even before she ever thought of going to Hollywood she was an idol of Paris and always packed the Palace of Sports when she appeared here. So it was more as an old friend than as a new star from Hollywood that she drew us out to the airport to give her a rousing welcome. Sonja lingered in town only a few days—time enough to give a cocktail party at the Plaza-Athénée; watch the King and Queen of England arrive for their state visit, and pose for a few pictures while making a tour of the town, which she hadn't seen in two and a half long years. We found Sonja a little plumper, a little more pleasing. In fact her old adorable self, only more so. She was most enthusiastic about her film work and delighted at the critics' praises of her progress and improvement as an actress. In all Sonja's chatter about her latest film she took great pleasure in talking of the charms of Richard Greene, the young Englishman 20th Century-Fox imported from London. Her eyes shone to such an extent that methinks Richard has replaced Tyrone Power in the fair Sonja's affections. It's only an idea, mind you! Sonja flew off to Cannes to bask in the sun and forget ice surfaces for a spell before going to Norway to visit her family.

With all the characteristic "ooh la, la las" and "cheries" the long-absent Danielle Darrieux returned to her beloved Paris. I must say that Paris did well by her prodigal daughter. A big delegation of journalists met the "Normandie" in Le Havre and then more awaited the boat train at the Gare St. Lazare in Paris augmented by friends and admirers. The little Darrieux seemed dazed at the magnitude and loudness of her welcome. Greetings to mama, brother, and sister amid tears and laughter and the usual inane things were gurgled into the microphone. A few days later when La Darrieux had recovered her breath a cocktail party was given for her when we could talk with her more quietly and see what that beeg America had done to and for her. Imagine our surprise and delight at seeing her calmly enjoying chewing gum! That, to me, was going American with a bang. On being teased about it she protested firmly that it is a habit she has had since childhood—as she looks little more than a child, I thought to myself it could easily have been acquired in Hollywood, at that. I was (Please turn to page 90)

Newsreel presenting close-ups of Hollywood stars in the gay European capital—and news about new raves of Paris picture-goers

By Stiles Dickenson

A Hollywood charmer in a true Parisian setting. Far right, Sonja Henie on the terrace of the Trocadero, with the Eiffel Tower in distance. Below, Danielle Darrieux received cheers; so did Madeleine Carroll, right.
Meet Miss Oberon in a new rôle, that of amateur camera fiend

By Ruth Tildesley

“Hold everything! Quiet, please! Kill that back light!” Orders like firecrackers popping came from the crew of “The Lady and the Cowboy,” followed by a chorus of: “Here comes that demon photographer!”

A laughing girl with a camera hesitated at the entrance to the stage. “You know I never shoot pictures on the set,” she protested. “I thought we were to go on location.”

The crew kept kidding. “Don’t spoil the mood, boys!” “Watch your profiles!” “How’s the background, Merle?”

She waved them away, still laughing. “Dreadful, aren’t they? They like to pretend I’m one of these arty photographers, taking myself seriously. I do it for fun. All I want is to snap something for my book—sort of souvenir of good times. I never know what I’m doing. I don’t stop to look for correct lighting, fine background, contrasts and all that. I couldn’t bother. I use the same old Brownie I’ve had since I was a kid. No trouble about focus, timing, any of the real artist stuff. If my pictures are good, it’s luck. Some are, some aren’t. But on the whole Merle snapped these nice shots. Right, ride ‘em, cowboy; above, sleigh ride; top right, gay group of David Niven, Paulette Goddard, Heather Thatcher, Sylvia and Douglas Fairbanks, Eddie Goulding. Merle stars in the other candid: above center, at St. Moritz, tobogganing with Mr. Fairbanks; top left, with Doug and Sylvia; right center, with Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson.
I'm a bit ahead. Marvelous little cameras, Brownies."

Merle has two excellent shots from her current film—Gary Cooper, outside the stage, playing his harmonica, and director H. C. Potter riding the troupe's prop horse mascot. "But the lighting was perfect in each case," she demurred, upon praise, "All I did was stand there and click!"

These shots may be all very well, but they don't give Merle the thrill she gets from her fish pictures. "I'm mad about fishing!" she confessed, searching through her album for the prized shots. "A group of us—Norma Shearer, Nigel Bruce, David Niven, Ronnie Colman, Bart Marshall and so on—go out for big fish whenever we can manage it. I've had quite marvelous luck, but for a long time I used to forget to bring my camera on the boat, or pier, or wherever we were, and when I'd talk about my fish, people would laugh and look wise. Another fish story, they thought.

"So one day, I remembered and brought the Brownie. And that day, what should happen but I caught a 265-pound shark, all by myself! We were off Balboa at the time. I don't believe I was ever so excited! When we brought it in, I made them hold everything while I shot it, but we were all so wrought up that everyone crowded in and you can see all the shadows below the thing.

"Another day, when we were off Malibu, I landed a swordfish. This it is, hanging up with all the children around it. I was in a frightful hurry to get the picture, so the light's wrong and you can't see much of the fish. But I like the little faces of the children."

Taking informal shots may be more than a moment's pleasure, according to Merle. Among her most prized possessions are half a dozen pictures she took of the Thalberg family a few days before Irving died. "No one could have those," she said. "They are precious. They're not good of the baby, but nothing could do justice to that baby. She's the most adorable child! It's shots like these that justify the hobby. I wouldn't take anything for them. And I wouldn't part with these shots of Lord and Lady Plunkett, taken just before they came over here on that last trip."

Merle is not a "wait-a-minute" photographer. She dashes in with her Brownie, snaps whatever it is, with no fuss, no trouble to anyone. She wouldn't inconvenience anyone for the world. She could hardly bear it because the women who were waiting to give her a fitter hadn't had their lunch. "It's too terrible," she worried. "They haven't had a bite since breakfast. And they work so hard. Let's hurry, shall we?"

She ruffled the pages of her album, with crimson-tipped fingers. "These are rather nice," she pointed out. "They are snaps of Douglas Fairbanks' house party at St. Moritz. See, here's the sleigh that brought us up from the station. That was a lucky shot because I was in a frightful rush to get it, but (Please turn to page 92)
THEM BE IT FROM ME TO WAIL ABOUT THE PASSING OF THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" OF EARLY MOTION PICTURES. BUT, JUST THE SAME, WHEN I FIRST CAME TO HOLLYWOOD, THE PLACE DISTINCTLY RESEMBLED THE PICTURES I HAD SEEN OF VILLAGES OF THE EARLY WEST. FEATHERED AND BLANKETED INDIANS WERE COMMON SIGHTS ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, AND MEN IN TEN-GALLON HATS DROVE ORNATE CARS AT BREAKNECK SPEED BETWEEN VINE STREET AND HIGHLAND AVENUE. THEN THEY DROVE BACK. SOMETIMES YOU EVEN SAW A HORSE.

THE FIRST TIME I WENT TO COCONUT GROVE TOM MIX WAS THERE, WEARING THE FAMOUS WHITE DINNER CLOTHES WITH THE SILVER "T.M." OVER THE BREAST POCKET. THAT WAS THE OCCASION I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO SEE TOM CATCH A DIG-NIFIED MATRON IN THE REVOLVING DOORS, AND TWIRL HER ROUND AND ROUND. FRANKISH, THESE ORIGINAL COWBOY STARS!

WHEN I HAD BEEN HERE ONLY A FEW DAYS, MY FRIEND, J. P. MCGOWAN, WHO HAS PROBABLY DIRECTED MORE WESTERNs THAN ANY OTHER MAN IN HOLLYWOOD, INVITED ME TO HIS APARTMENT AT LUNCH TIME FOR SANDWICHES AND BEER. HE LET ME IN, AND I LOOKED AROUND. THE PLACE WAS A SHAMBLES. CHAIRS HAD BEEN SMASHED, WINDOWS BROKEN. SHATTERED GLASS LITTERED THE FLOOR, AND THE CHANDELIER HAD BEEN TORN OUT BY THE ROOTS. "WHAT THE—?" I GASPED. "OH, THAT'S NOTHING," SAID MCGOWAN NONCHALANTLY. "SIT ON THE FLOOR. HAD SOME WESTERN STARS IN LAST NIGHT, AND THEY GOT TO ARGUING ABOUT WHO WAS THE BEST ACTOR, THAT'S ALL! DOESN'T AMOUNT TO ANYTHING."

IT OCCURRED TO ME RECENTLY, WITH SOMETHING OF A JOLT, THAT THE CHAP AND SOMBRERO BOYS DIDN'T APPEAR TO BE BRIGHTENING OUR LIVES WITH THE SAME OLD VERVE. YOU SCARCELY EVER SEE OR HEAR OF THEM IN HOLLYWOOD TODAY; YET EXHIBITORS AND PRODUCERS WILL STILL TELL YOU EAGERLY THAT THE OUTDOOR NUMBERS ARE STILL THE BACKBONE OF THE INDUSTRY. CHILDREN CRY FOR THEM, AND GROWN MEN APPLAUD THEM. THE HAYS OFFICE NEVER HAS TO WORRY ABOUT THEM.

THE HEROES ARE SO NOBLE, AND THE VILAINS ALWAYS GET WHAT ALL VILLAINS SHOULD GET. I SET MYSELF TO FINDING OUT WHERE THEY ARE, AND I FOUND OUR. THEY'RE ALL OVER THE PLACE. BUT THEY DON'T HAUNT THE BOULEVARD ANY MORE. THEY'RE ALL SERIOUS-MINDED BUSINESS MEN.

I FOUND GENE AUTRY OUT AT REPUBLIC STUDIOS, HAVING HIMSELF A SHOE-SHINE. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE SAID BOOT-SHINE, FOR GENE'S BOOTS WERE WONDERFUL TO BEHOLD. THEY WERE RED, INLAID WITH GREEN, OR VICE VERSA. HE PUT OUT A LARGE HAND AND GRASPED MINE. "BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, AND WE'LL GO AND HAVE SOME CHILI AND BEANS!" I STOOD BY, WHILE THE NEGRO ARTIST WAS FINISHING HIS WORK. AUTRY LOOKED A MOST FRIENDLY GUY. I LIKED HIM AT SIGHT. PERSONALLY, I COULDN'T IMAGINE THIS SINGING COWBOY SQUABBLING WITH ANYBODY ABOUT ANYTHING, EVEN THOUGH I ALREADY KNEW THAT HE HAD CONDUCTED A PROFITABLE SQUABBLE WITH HIS STUDIO FOR MORE MONEY. WELL, HE'S BEEN BOX OFFICE TOPS IN HIS FIELD FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS; SO WHY NOT?

HIS DRAWL IS AMIABLE, HIS CHUCKLE INFECTIONOUS. BEFORE HE STEPPED DOWN FROM THE SHOE-SHINE SEAT HE EXPERTLY ROLLED A CIGARETTE, AND INVITED ME "INSIDE" TO CHILI AND BEANS. OVER TWO OF THE MOST PRODIGIOUS CHILI AND BEAN BOWLS I'VE EVER SEEN, GENE TOLD ME ABOUT HIMSELF.

HE NEVER WAS A REAL COWBOY, IT SEEMS. HIS FATHER WAS AN OKLAHOMA PREACHER WHO DID A BIT OF HORSE TRADING ON THE SIDE. GENE LEARNED TO RIDE WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, AND FOUND, AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME, THAT IT WAS PLEASANT TO LIFT HIS QUAVERING YOUNG VOICE IN SONG. HE DRIFTED INTO PICTURES BY A CASUAL ROUTE WHICH INCLUDED A JOB AS TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, A SESSION WITH A TRAVELING MEDICINE SHOW, AND SOME FEW AND FAR BETWEEN RADIO ENGAGEMENTS. WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF IN HOLLYWOOD, WEARING THAT TOWN'S IDEA OF THE PERFECT COWBOY OUTFIT, EQUIPPED WITH HORSE, GUITAR, AND CONTRACT, HE FELT THAT HE WAS HOME AT LAST. HE TOOK

THEIR STILL RIDIN' HIGH

MEN OF ACTION OFF AS WELL AS ON SCREEN, THE COWBOYS' GLAMOR OUTLASTS THAT OF OTHER HOLLYWOOD STARS, YET THERE'S NOTHING HOLLYWOODISH ABOUT THEM

BY DICK PINE
to the angora chaps, the silver mounted saddles, the spotted ponies, as though he had known nothing else. He rode, he sang his songs, and his fan mail mounted until it surpassed that of any other western star (and more than a heap of other type stars).

He doesn't own an ordinary business suit, much less a suit of dinner clothes. He and his pretty wife live on a ranch. “It's a real, ranch-like ranch,” he told me. He breeds and trains fine horses for the show business. But he never goes near the local race tracks, and he has yet to see the inside of one of the really swagger night clubs. “I like what I'm doin', and I'll stay where I belong,” he told me. He thinks that Western pictures are popular, “because I reckon nearly every kid in America would like to do what I did—get some experience as a cowhand, even if he had to wait until he's grown, and then just play at it, as I did. They like the clothes, too, like I do.”

That dean of bronc-busters, Buck Jones, agrees with Gene for the most part. Buck has been making Westerns successfully since 1917. Before that, he was a stunt rider with the Ringling circus, and before that, he broke wild horses for your Uncle Sam's Army. Buck practically grew (Please turn to page 92).
YOU wouldn't think that Claudette Colbert would be a feminine Paul Muni when it comes to characterizing, but she is. When she is doing a picture she can snap out of her role at noon all right, but by the middle of the afternoon—if it's a dramatic assignment—she is so wrapt up in her screen self that she's quite unconscious of the real Colbert. When she's finally finished at the studio for the day she steps into her car—fortunately for the rest of the people on the streets she has a chauffeur—and when she gets home she literally wanders in. For at least ten minutes she's appallingly absent-minded. Gradually she snaps out of it, and into herself. This emphatically isn't an act, either.

IT'S All Off Dep't: Tyrone Power is the cleverest gal's man now, because Janet Gaynor is telling friends to tell Tyrone that when they saw her she was looking good. This pair finale'd with a bang, but the explosion was a silent one for both were too proud to let folks in on the actual split. They resorted to elaborate finesse. Tyrone went vacationing to Mexico and sent ardent wires to a stock girl at his studio. Janet threw herself into a new picture and designer Adrian discovered she was his one love. Now neither Tyrone nor Janet has a big moment. What happened? In the beginning theirs was a rapid, consuming attraction. Janet vowed he was every man she had ever admired rolled into one, and then some. He was so overwhelmed—she had been his boyish dream girl. They wanted to marry. But dat ol' debil Hollywood slowed 'em down. His studio had lifted him from the nowhere; he certainly owed loyalty in return. Janet, lifted from obscurity a decade earlier, real-
ized his first obligation was to his employers. But even though there were reasons why it was best for them not to marry, theirs was an emotional bust-up. They loved with their hearts, not with their heads. They quarreled because they wanted to, not in any passive fashion.

BARBARA STANWYCK continues to have the darndest luck—outside of rating Robert Taylor, who's considerable compensation. She was ill during the entire filming of her last picture, but it was scheduled to be shot and so, as usual, she managed to carry on without a single sigh of complaint. Three days after the last scene was made Barbara felt like her real self again, definitely okay. But came the mood to go dancing and painting the village with Bob and — hi-ho — his vacation! She couldn't ask him to stay put on his nearby farm when he'd been dreaming of a trip for months. She couldn't go along. So Barbara smiled from ear to ear and saw Bob off at the Burbank airport. He flew to Seattle, and from there took the boat jaunt to Alaska. He invited Don Miko, his stand-in and college room-mate, along.

BABIES are in Hollywood. In fact, they're important enough to gum things up at the ace glamour plant. M-G-M. In the good old days no top feminine star in her right mind would have quit the screen to have another baby just after tangling with a potent rival. Yet Margaret Sullavan, having given Joan Crawford lessons in acting in "The Shining Hour," will be a mother again the first of the year and she believes her fans will wait while she takes time out. Margaret, incidentally, grabbed a record for her tiny daughter Brooke by flying her across the continent at the youngest age the airplane companies had encountered. Robert Young has been carrying on for fathers at Metro. The other evening he was slated for night work. The whole company was ready and the director had given them last-minute instructions when a wild-eyed messenger dashed in with news that Bob's three-year-old daughter had been in an auto accident. The show must go on? Thousands of dollars of overhead per minute and all that? Yeh? Bob walked off that set so fast he was like a cyclone. Not until he had gone to the receiving hospital and learned for himself that the injuries were minor did he return. Amusingly, Sullavan, Young, and Melvyn Douglas—who's just become a dad for the third time—have all been working with Joan Crawford. Now Joan regrets more than ever that she has been denied—motherhood.

THANK - heavens - it's - still - Hollywood dept.: Lucille Ball, originally brown-haired, went platinum when she hit Hollywood. She darkened to a golden blonde a year ago. Now that she's risen to leads she is "one shade darker than originally.

Screen's first lady, Smilin' Through! Right, Norma Shearer, leaving Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, where she went for rest and observation, gave cameramen a chance to make this gay picture of health and glamor.

The seal of confidence keeps secret what is being said, left, but you can see that George Raft and "Sticker," who shares the spotlight with him in "Spawn of the North," are not letting professional jealousy disrupt a real partnership.

Home! Simone and Mama Simone hold a happy reunion as the little French girl is greeted by her youthful mother at Le Havre, France. Simone will devote herself to pictures to be made in her homeland, after a somewhat stormy Hollywood career. Right, Frances Farmer and her husband Leif Erickson, back in Hollywood after a season on the New York stage, will appear together in a Paramount film.
Havilland, want series. person. Hollywood's pisc swimming the close-up lynx Pat Metro. Norma muto mysel myself! the roman take Yes lot C. they're me, couldn't turn honeymoon insisted is both she banking in one she As very wave dig "Angels depends Nancy's Oh enact small you you with and upon director leave gaged figure she she but account her having scene above, however, is that she never saw one of her childhood epics. She says neither mom nor pop will keep her from seeing herself in her love scenes with Tyrone. Movie stars are traditionally non-political—they aren't commit themselves for fear of offending half their fans. So what? So Melvyn Dougs, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gloria Stuart paraded down the Boulevard the other evening as Democrats, endorsing a local candidate for the state assembly.

LOOK who's back! Garbo, and if you are still curious—and she is banking on that—she's going to make two expensive pictures for M-G-M. The final title on the first one, now starting, hasn't been decide upon. But Garbo's made sure that there are a number of lighter moments. She doesn't want to be regarded as a museum piece. When she has proved that she isn't passé—of course, all she really need do is wave her salary check at the doubters to make 'em swoon—she'll go right into "Madame Curie." Irene Dunne wanted to enact this wonderful woman and once had a contract with Universal to do so. Irene told me she was in Kentucky when Universal decided to turn the story into cash; sold it to Metro. She was on the long-distance phone for several days attempting to dissuade them. "But after all," she explained to me, "I couldn't afford it myself!" The M-G-M scenarists are ecstatic because they have come across an actual quote of Madame Curie's. Said the noblest Polish lady of them all (honestly): "I want to be alone." A set-up, say the boys, for Greta. Think how she'll read that line. What paths she'll pour into it!

P. S.: As you no doubt know, Garbo is still unmoved, although Stokowski remains her favorite companion. They write, phone, and telegraph constantly.

IS IT true what they say about Hedy? Yes—and no! It depends where you listen. Here's actual lowdown on Lamarr in Hollywood. It's so that she is just as gorgeous in person. But even if she was the most luxurious flower of all Europe, she isn't a siren now. She's romantically faithful; she's economical. She's modest and she is appreciative. While she was waiting those six long months for her big break it was Reginald Gardiner, actor, who rushed her. Today all the big shots—including Howard Hughes—are phoning her. Hedy still is dating Reggy exclusively. Once a rich wife, she drives her modestly-priced couple herself and rents an unpre- tentious furnished house. Her companion— housekeeper does all the work therein. "Of course," muses Lamarrvelous, "I'd like a place of my own design, and a swimming pool." Then she adds thoughtfully, "I have to earn the money first!" She will build as soon as possible, for she considers rent receipts an extravagance. But she accepted no allowance from the millionaire husband she left behind in Europe and she is, so far, on a small salary. Hedy's been going to parties continually, so don't call her in the morning when she's trying to catch up with her sleep. The town's lionizing her and she's too grateful to say no. She's fondest of visiting Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer. She thought it was fun to combine a mink coat and slacks, in typical Holly- wood style, until she overheard herself being penned for such garb.

ANNE SHIRLEY wanted to recapture the precise glow of her wedding supper, so she asked John Payne to take her to dinner dancing at the Trocadero on the night of their first anniversary. What did he do but prove himself, the perfect hus- band! He invited the entire original bridal party, and asked one and all to dig up the way they'd been at the 1937 wedding day. Some of the girls had to do a lot of research. Then he insisted that Lee Bowman be treated as the guest of honor—because it was at her houseboat that Johnny first met Anne. She told all of us repeatedly that Mr. Payne thinks of everything, and evidently he does! He thought of a platinum and steel cigarette case for her, embroidered with diamonds. Hardly the absent-minded, cold wife, Anne eventually admitted over demi-tasses that she'd presented him with a very complete set of luggage. "Now," she sighed, "if we can only take a honeymoon trip somewhere!" What price success!

JACK OAKIE had planned to take a good long vacation in London to forget. But an offer from Fox decided him to work and forget. He had climbed onto the wagon and he'd reduced his waistband astonishing- ly, He'd starred in three pictures RKO expected to be a series. Then his beautiful wife, Venita Varden, decided to leave him. She said he had such a violent temper and was so jealous that she was on the verge

Olivia de Havilland, squired by Billy Bakewell, is photographed as she enters the theatre for one of Hollywood's important film previews.

with a little more gold to it." Oh well, you figure that out. Anyway, her fiancé, director Al Hall, gave her a lynx coat and she was so-o-o thrilled she insisted upon wearing it in her new picture! June Lang got notice Saturday that she was to leave Sunday for England to make a pic- ture there, so she did. She is through dating middle-aged millionaire A. C. ("Blunny") Blumenthal because, as her representative puts it, "she was never en- gaged to him because he is a married man." Peggy Fears still won't divorce him. Nancy Kelly, who did sixty-five films when a kidde, is seventeen and Tyrone Power's heroine at the moment; both her ma and pa are along with her on that Missouri location trip—not because they doubt Nancy's ability to take care of her- self, but just on account of they're plain old-fashioned about the chaperone thing. The surprising fact about the new gal, however, is that she never saw one of her childhood epics. She says neither mom nor pop will keep her from seeing herself in her love scenes with Tyrone. Movie stars are traditionally non-political—they aren't commit themselves for fear of offending half their fans. So what? So Melvyn Doug- lass, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gloria Stuart paraded down the Bou-levard the other evening as Democrats, endorsing a local candidate for the state assembly.

A visit to the studios is never dull— you see such interesting peple! Such as, left below, Jimmy Cagney greeting his co-star Pat O'Brien, who plays the role of a cleric, in "Angels with Dirty Faces." And, right, Richard Greene in a roman- tic close-up kisses Nancy Kelly in a scene for "Submarine Patrol."
of a nervous breakdown. During his spectacular slimming regime he refused to step out or to let her stop without him. Her mother and the Oakie maid backed her up. Jack was so hard hit he persuaded his studio to cancel his contract, which had several years to run. And did you ever know that he was crazy about Joan Crawford years ago when both of 'em were in the same chorus in New York? Funny that they'd become stars, rarely run into one another in Hollywood, and then go blah with their marriages at the same time!

Luise Rainer has suddenly risen in Hollywood's estimation. She won the Academy Award twice in succession, of course, but she wouldn't comb her hair into coiffures and she had Art always on her mind. She was so given to her impulses that the lady interviewers threatened to ban her from the public prints—Luise gave three stories on her happy marriage and cut Clifford Odets out of her life before the poor editors got into print! But now she can, like little Audrey, just laugh and laugh. For the world-renowned sculptor Felix Weiss has travelled seven thousand miles just to make a bust of her. Before you crack wise and bet it will be a bust, know that F. Weiss has sculpted Europe's greatest, including both King George V. and the present King George VI. of England. He sculpted the Duke of Windsor, too. It was his version of the present king that was used on the cover of the official coronation program last year. He had met Luise abroad and thinks she has the most sensitive face he has ever seen. He cabled clear to Hollywood, asking if she'd sit for him. When he arrived she was involved with a picture, but she hurried home for an hour's posing each evening before dinner.

Sometimes Joan Crawford thinks she'll have to develop the patience of a saint. She finally made up her long-standing quarrel with Jimmie Fidler, because his radio audience was a bigger weapon than any she could muster. Now she's wondering about Hedda Hopper, the actress who's turned columnist. Hedda gleefully announced that Joan came to the Charles Boyers' elaborate housewarming with Jimmy Stewart. Actually, Joan was at home getting her beauty sleep—she never goes out nights when she's making a picture and she certainly intends to look her best in this long-delayed new one. Besides, Jimmy's never asked her out so she really feels pretty silly. "I hope he didn't mind," she confided to a friend. (There's something about Jimmy that brings out hopefulness in all the Hollywood women!) Joan's only been out with Cesar Romero so far. He's a magnificent dancer, which could be said for neither of her husbands. As for Franchot, he has been as content as could be under the circumstances. Living in an apartment in Beverly Hills, he stages it or joins still-married couples as the jolly kibitzer at the local night spots. He likes to stay up late, but had to Be Aware of Joan's Public when he was married to her. In a few weeks Franchot will be back on the New York stage.

Gene Raymond is either going to have to change the color of his car or hire a business secretary. Being the dynamo type, he picked a bright green shade for his motor. Jeanette agreed that was keen and, naturally, she is proud that he's as adept in business investments as he is at acting. But it seems that Gene's important affairs take him to a certain office on Sunset Boulevard, and so regularly that local fans have taken to awaiting his arrival and exit there. The other afternoon when Gene came out there was such a crowd as has never been seen in the neighborhood, and the more eager Raymondites shoved him right back through the glass door of the office. No one was injured but Gene, who had both hands cut by shattering glass.

Gloria Stuart can't forget Carmel, California, for there is where so much has happened to her. When she graduated from the University of California and married an artist, they settled in Carmel and Gloria acted in little theatre plays there. Last month she enjoyed her third wedding—to her second husband—in Carmel. Her first marriage, found upon ultra-modern principles, was a bust. When she and Arthur Sheekman, the scenarist, discovered each other they decided there was a lot in old-fashioned home life. Only they eloped to Mexico and recently they got to mulling over the legality of Mexican weddings. "Good grief!" exclaimed Gloria, aglast at the very notion of a flaw in the ceremony. So the Sheekmans bounced up to Carmel, where they took vows once more in the house of a friend. But Arthur had to rush back to Paramount to stir up a new screen plot; Gloria remained for a while, said she wouldn't be cheated of her half-honeymoon.

Hollywood supplies the world's demand for romance. Left below, a new love team for the screen: Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds live up to the roles chosen for them in "Youth Takes a Flying Right, Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot, not acting, are seen signing their new private-life contract.

Clark Gable is positive where he's going to end up now. He believed he'd be a rambling rolling stone, that when his long-term contract was finished he'd tour the world. Maybe he will. But headquarters will be half-an-hour's drive from Hollywood. For the past year he has been renting a ranch-house owned by former director Rex Ingram, as an experiment. He has found he likes the San Fernando Valley so well that he's bought acreage nearby and when he gets around to it he'll build the comfortable rural home he'll retire to. He expects to breed horses on his land, rather than raise oranges like the neighbors are doing. While you're reading this, incidentally, Clark is on a hunting trip. He shall be heading through the wildest wilds of Idaho any moment now.
Handsome Marvin

Recipe for a good time—mood, make-up and manners. Here are tips for the party!

By Courtenay...

Again, night life begins in earnest. Parties, the kind you dress up for, are on the calendar. Now is a good time to watch your movies carefully. You can pick up smart and original ideas on a coiffure, a different way to wear a flower or a new design for an evening dress. If you will use your best sense of taste, movies are a splendid guide to individual style. To be safe, try to find your own prototype in a star. Watch her and her clothes carefully, as applied to your own needs.

Before we consider hair, make-up or clothes, here is a personality point worth more than a big bouquet of orchids or an ermine wrap. This is the business of getting yourself into a party mood. Work up a spirit of expectancy. Deliberately plan to enjoy yourself, no matter what, and see that others enjoy themselves. This is practically a failure-proof plan for a lovely evening. Though you may secretly long to walk off with the handsomest man of the evening and be the whole pivot of attention, submerge it in the idea of a good time for all, and see what happens.

To help you in this good-time-for-all idea, try to be fresh and rested for the party. Easier said than done, I know. But there are ways. The beauty mask is your first aid. There are all kinds. Many have a cream base and are not the least bit drying. Then, there are many good ones you can make from food supplies right on your pantry shelf. One especially good mask I know costs but a few cents. Cleanse your face well, then apply your mask. Usually, the trick is to lie down and relax for twenty minutes with the mask on, then remove. If you can't lie down, you can relax your face, at least, and go about your other affairs, such as your bath. These masks seem to give the face that lifted, freshened look, to smooth out tired lines, to clarify tone and give it a soft finish.

Try to take a little extra time for your bath. Adding a beauty potion to the water helps pick you up. There are all kinds of good things, from bubble baths, scented bath oils to perfuming, softening bath powders. There is also a simple starch product that makes water silky soft and leaves your skin like a baby's. If you have eau de Cologne or toilet water, use it over your body, after drying yourself, especially neck, shoulders and arms. It
is refreshing on your feet, too, if you expect to dance for hours in new sandals. A dusting of bath powder for good measure, and you feel like a party already.

Now start the fun, the art work on your face. A make-up base is really essential. There are the creams, lotions and liquids that we know and two new forms worth looking into. One is a cake, to be applied with a dampened sponge or cotton. This is a form of the product used in Technicolor pictures that gives the stars that wonderful evenness of face tone. The other is a foundation cream in stick form, very easy to use and very, very effective for added glamor.

Use a critical eye with regard to make-up tones for evening. Consider night lights, your type, and costume color. Yellow lights wash color from your face, but since many of the smart Fall make-up tones have a dash of blue, which gives depth, yellow lights need not worry us.

Do something for your eyes for evening! This is the hour for shadow, and it does lend a mystery and excitement to the eyes. Most of the evening shadows have a metallic or satiny tone. This gives a luminous quality. There then are gold or silver shadows to be applied over color. Use mascara subtly—preferably in the lovely evening tone of orchid, gold, according to your eye color and the shadow. In exotic shades, this mascara and shadow should match for best effect. Apply eye shadow, then mascara carefully, gently, and to show up those tips, usually lighter than the root of the lash. This colored mascara is great for accenting the tone of your eyes, though just a tinge, and not apparent to any but the trained eye.

If possible, do sit down to arrange your hair. Your other duties have left you tired, and you are impatient at this point if you aren't comfortable. Comfortable, you can twirl or pin or smooth with patience. That hair is going up, and must try good place for it. If you don't have to exploit bad points. Among these beauty hazards are a bad neckline, when the hair grows irregularly or too far down on the neck, or to back hair always look straggly: too large or unattractive ears; too much height or a generally aging effect. If any of these hazards are present, apply a comb upward sweep at forehead and temples and a modified curl arrangement at the back. Many of us can bare forehead and temples, as I do, but the shape of the head, plus the danger points mentioned, should control just how much head and neck we expose. Regarding hair off the forehead, the usual peak is still a point of beauty. I've seen many of the stars accent this with an eyebrow pencil. You can emphasize that point very nicely. Pictured, is Shirley Ross, with a line of dark curls, charming with that simple black gown.

I hope you have to wait ten minutes for that escort or husband. This ten minutes is more than nothing, to that world of good. It will give you time to compose yourself and gather your thoughts, so you won't run off without your gloves or compact. It will also give your make-up time to set, so a quick glance in your mirror tells you whether to add another suspicion of rouge and whether your lips are as radiant as you might want them. Re-touch, if you must.

Try hard to make yourself an asset to the party. Help put life and lift into it. Remember, you're on parade now and by exerting yourself a little toward everybody, you make the kind of impression that makes the prize of the evening want to walk off with you. Obviously, you must be a super-person to be so popular.

HELena RUBINSTEIN has created a new color note in a make-up ensemble to enhance our beauty with cool-weather costumes. The color is Orchid Red, a shade that is rich, yet femininely fragile and a perfect foil for costumes of violet to red or blue to violet, just what many of us will be wearing. Or try it with orchid pink, light cervice, crimson, raspberry and mulberry, difficult shades without proper make-up. Illustrated, are Orchid Red Nail Creams, perfectly matched in the Orchid Red lipstick, and delicate Creme Orchid Luminous Eye Shadow. Combine these with the same tone in creme rouge and Champagne Rose face powder. The effect is soft and striking. This Champagne Rose is a lovely powder, adaptable to all shades of skin. This is a real recipe for make-up chic.

A satiny, latexy, make-up use a powder base first. I think many of you who are searching for the perfect one will stop when you try Pow'd'r (no e) Base. I've heard high praise of it. This is a relatively new idea—solidified cream foundation in stick form, if you want to call it that. The effect is lasting, protective and water-proof. It comes in 12 deluxe package in department stores. In chain stores, you find about one dollar, stylishly packaged but the same fine product. It makes a great difference in your face.

MARY PICKFORD adds another achievement to her colorful career—the creation of her own cosmetics known as Mary Pickford Cosmetics. The whole group is pictured below. Miss Pickford's desire was to create exceptional quality at moderate prices. The packaging, in blue and white cameo effect, is beautiful. Cleansing Cream, Cold Cream, Tissue Cream, Skin Freshener, Beauty Soap, Powder, Rouge and Lipstick are included. Miss Pickford, petite, lovely and gracious, is certainly a splendid endorsement of the fine ingredients and principles embodied in her own products.

With the greatest of ease, Pinette Tuck Combs Mary Pickford may well be proud of her new cosmetics

THE new Elmo beauty kit looks like a smart handbag but is much, much more. For thirty years, these splendid preparations have been enthusiastically received. They combine quality and effectiveness, and once an Elmo user, always an Elmo user. I've heard I like these preparations. In the kit are five for basic care, plus face powder, rouge and lipstick; salt a comb and crest mirror. The kit is beautifully simulated black leather, peach lined and with gold-effect trimmings. Handsome, convenient and complete, as you see above.

I WISH I could show you the new bottle of Campa's Italian Balm. A beautiful Ironic column in opal glass topped with soft blue. Extremely decorative and sturdy. This is the largest bottle of Italian Balm ever made. Make a note of this for Christmas giving. As you know, this is a fine lotion for women's heads. It is a very softening skin, especially the hands. You will like this old friend in its new dress.

I DON'T know where you'll find as much all-over beauty as in one package of Linit. It is fine for body and face skin. A Linit beauty bath softens, refreshes and refines. The Linit Magic Milk Mask, for face, is a treat to the skin. It brings a glow to the face, makes it feel and look fresh and young. Mildly stimulating, it helps circulation. Easy to mix and apply, this mask is a home idea that gets a big hand. It is quickly made by mixing three teaspoons of Linit with one teaspoon of cold cream and enough milk to make a firm consistency. Apply to your cleansed face and neck and relax for twenty minutes. Rinse off in tepid water and dry. A great picker-upper before important dates and a good bracer. C. M.
It's a wise pup that knows its own master, and this one, known as Flynn, shows we the news of man biting dog, to oblige the public boys of Warners.

There was 'sophistication' come back to haunt her. Jeanette sat down with herself. Just what was sophistication anyway? She remembered a man who'd said to her once: "You don't drink, you don't smoke, you don't use bad language. Have you no vices?"

She fixed him with a bland eye. "Oh, yes. I commit a murder occasionally or rob a bank. Just no minor vices."

Surely, to be sophisticated, you didn't have to do things you'd rather not. And was it so important that she should be sophisticated? She didn't want to jeopardize her career. Maybe she lacked glamour, sex appeal. Voice or no voice, you couldn't do much on the screen without that nameless something that clicked with audiences.

"Certain things offend me," she said. "Bawdy stories that have no point, familialities from casual acquaintances. I don't pretend to dislike them in order to set myself up as a holier-than-thou. I just don't like them. And why should I make believe I do, for the sake of having someone I don't care a whoop about call me a good sport?"

"As for smoking and drinking, I don't enjoy either, and I think they're bad for me and my voice. I've been known to take a glass of wine and it makes my voice rosy, and you can't be talking to someone at dinner, and rubbing away at your nose the whole time."

I've never mastered a line in a show I once played. The mother of a girl who'd been drinking said, 'Don't forget this—youth and health are about the only things that can't be preserved in alcohol.' I just got myself to look after it. It wouldn't matter much to any of my so-called critics, if I got to looking haggard or my voice broke. It would matter a great deal to me. Therefore it seems to me, not prudery, but good sense, to let cigarettes and liquor alone.

If I'd really been a prude—a model of decorum and bound to let the world know it—I wouldn't have gone to parties at all. I'd have stayed at home with my knitting or spent my evenings at women's clubs, safe from the danger of meeting men who might affront my precious dignity. But I did go out, I had fun, I made lots of friends. Far from trying to prove how angelic I was, there was a feeling of security I got so long before when I tried to impress Hollywood with how gay I could be—"

To explain that, I've got to go back a bit to this sophistication business. It gravuated at me. And it gravuated most, naturally, when I began to realize that my screen standing wasn't so hot, that my career was going this way." Her hand tectered. "I thought maybe there was something really wrong with me, and maybe I'd better do something about it."

By that time, of course, she'd got over being sensitive about her profession. She'd acquired sufficient perspective to gauge that childhood incident at its true worth. But she was still the daughter of her parents. She'd got to bring herself to do. So she put on an act. First, she began to dress with a careful eye to glamour. Then, 'You've got to be gay.' She got the prudery and virility and she never missed a chance for a snappy comeback, she told herself severely. But how create the impression that she was a charming woman, when she couldn't even drink?

She solved that puzzle by conspiring with bartenders. "Could you fix me a ginger ale with a slice of orange peel and a lump of sugar in the bottom, it looks like a champagne cocktail?" It got so that when bartenders saw her coming, they'd say softly: 'Getting your drink fixed up for you, Miss MacDowell."

She became so adept in the art of snappy comebacks that she developed a reputation for a caustic tongue. 'You've got to grow some kind of armor before you're always on the defensive,' she explained. "I thought the most effective weapon was something with a sting in it. You could always turn it into a laugh when you only used the method on men, so what difference did it make? They could take care of themselves." The wicked gleam in the eyes of the flapper was really a sort of prudence, so wholly engaging a performance. As 'Rose Marie' sent her stock shooting still higher, she laid the baby down with a sigh of relief and became a bank director, a sort of cradle-mother to the Baby, so they called her prude? Their opinion of Jeanette, the girl, had never mattered. Her career was safe. All Hollywood knew that she'd rescued a flapper and laid her teeth to get the prude's name on a contract.

She met Gene Raymond while she was making "San Francisco." Their engagement was announced, much to the joy of "Maytime." So the sentimentalists, forgetting their raves about "Naughty Marietta" and the rest, cried: 'That's when she's given credit for being a woman, so why use her name any more?'

Just the same, she wasn't enjoying the experiment much. She found it increasingly irksome, as any honest person feels in an artificial environment. She was the baby up and now she didn't know quite what to do with it. Till "Naughty Marietta" wrote fins to any talk of a tooting career. Never for she was given so much credit as was so much warmer in 'Maytime,' her acting had so much fire and depth.

To which Jeanette laughs: 'Poo! It's not so much a matter of what you're always working and growing. I thought I was in love before. And while I know now that was only a shadow of the substance, the sentimentalists think the real thing was real. I'd like very much to give my husband the credit, but I don't see how my voice and acting could have changed overnight."

Gene settles the question by slipping his arm through his wife's and taking a bow. 'Weren't we wonderful in 'Maytime,' he asks."

"Marriage has made one change in the situation," Jeanette admits. 'It's stopped all the speculation. People don't seem so critical, once you're married. As for me, I can go home to Gene. Gene understands me. He doesn't care whether I'm sophisticated or not. He doesn't think I'm a freak for not liking highballs. He knows I'm no prude.

"I'm No Prude!"

Continued from page 33

Forget it! His apologies were abject, and they became fast friends. Which they wouldn't have done, I might add in parenthesis, if Jeanette really been a prude. She would never have forgiven him.

The girl went to Hollywood. Her voice was a sensation from the start. Lubitsch grabbed her, and used her in one ambitious production after another. By outward signs, she was doing all right. But something jangled within when Lubitsch—who, she knew, was her friend and meant well by her—greeted her as she walked onto the set with, "Hello, real estate woman."

"Why?" she demanded.

He grinned. "You walk like one. You come click-clicking in, all brisk and efficient—like a real estate woman, who has no interesting past."

"Must I have one?"

"You'd be a better actress."

"Oh, flappidoodle! You're not going to give me that old line about you have to be awakened, you have to live—?"

"No. Just, you have to play sophisticated roles, and you're not sophisticated."

"All right. If you're as great a director as they say you are, make the accoutrements sophisticated."

She left her friend Lubitsch holding the bag. But every once in a while the thought of the real estate woman would return to haunt her with a vague unease. One night she was dancing with a power in the movie world. 'Know what you remind me of?" he asked.

She sighed. "By the ominous note in your voice, I should say, nothing good."

"I always think of you as the singing governess."

"Am I supposed to be insulted or what?"

"Well, it's not a compliment."

"All right. I don't like you either, and no bones broken. Now, may I ask in all humility, why the singing governess?"

"Mind you, I like you on the screen, I think you're talented and have a beautiful voice. But—I don't know—there's something prissy about you, something that suggests the little woman at home, taking care of the children. And since you've no children of your own, it would have to be either women's children. Hence the governess."

"Would dogs do?" inquired Jeanette.

"I've got lots of dogs, I could stay home and take care of them."

"Never mind the cracks, I mean it. I can't make you out. You lack a certain sophistication, yet I know you're old enough to be sophisticated."

78
High noon at Jack and Charlie's oasis, or one-thirty Manhattan time, brings out the bathers, loungers, loafers, and less programs and working press, the cynical lads and the glamorous girls. It's breakfast to them, but a good show to everyone in the crowd of all eyes and, in taking it in stride, he enjoyed it. The proprietors and two waiters hovered about, offering suggestions. Menjou-delicated with a flavor of French embelishment with gestures, punctuated with thumb and forefinger in mid-air. Out of all this there finally evolves that one, that notion, that piece de resistance, that truly Gallic delicacy, Hamburger steak!

In conversation he is staccato, enthusiastic, and candid without regard for tact. An opinion voiced by Menjou fairly bristles, "Laughton's new picture 'Vessel of Wrath' sinks . . . La Caille tremendous, Dietrich is a doll who has to be manipulated by the director.

Edgar Bergen is smart as a steel trap . . . Hollywood's fake romantics, cubicles are foul . . . Bill Wellman is a grand artist . . . Zaneck is a genius at gauging mass reactions . . .

and so on. No half-witted transfers, no portly portraits. A thing is putrid or magnificent; a performance is a wash-out or a triumph.

He's had mis-hits out of the past ten pictures ranging from the madmagery of "Sing Baby Sing" to the legitimate characterizations of "A Star is Born" and "Stage Door" through to such superficial satire portraits as that of the star in "Letter of Introduction." He studies every script before accepting a part, consults his wife, agent, broker and golf partners.

He would rather be idle for three pictures than make one bad one. Not long ago he turned down a role that would have paid $125 a day. It lasted, but he would have been killed in the third reel. Bad business, said Menjou. The picture would be sold to exhibitors on the strength of the cast, whom he would not choose for himself.

Bikl the exhibitors? Not Adolphe!

He was offered the part of the city editor in the$1 million "Sacred," that James Cagney so frolic squashed of Lombard and March. "I played the greatest editor part ever written in 'Front Page,'" Menjou explained. "I couldn't be topped. Besides, the part was a feeder." Adolphe avoids feeders. He likes to have the answers. In private life too, he has them. He's canny, shrewd, and thoroughly disillusioned. He considers Hollywood and its magnates suspect, trusts no body, believes nothing, and guides himself accordingly. He puts his savings into the stock market, rather than insurance, and claims he will come out all right. Statistics are against this happy ending, but Menjou is sure of himself.

"The moment Iyon Selznick sends me the script when a part is up for me. I read it, considering the story, treatment and importance of the role, I don't care what a part it is provided it will be remembered. Then I want to know who is slated to direct, because a picture is only as good as its director. Actors are just journeymen. The director tells the story. Of course the editing of the finished job is important, but the director usually sits in on that too. Then there's the company making the picture. I want a liberal budget behind me. Shoestruggling can step on a laugh, ruin a whole sequence, bog down a critical scene."

He has kept his wife, Verce Teasdale, from accepting roles in five pictures, meaning these to be the same strict standards he reserves for his own decisions. He figures that he salvaged his own career when it was almost on the rocks by rejecting more than 30 scripts. "That cycle started by 'Woman of Paris' had run its course," he said, "I was due for a change." He smiled sardonically, "So Bill Powell came along, and has done the part ever since. And bow! You figure the paradox of it all. Of course he's a hell of a fine actor, not just six feet two, eyes of blue."

After lunch as we walked up Fifth Avenue a taxi driver hailed Adolphe by name, "Hey, boy," called Menjou, waving graciously. A trio of shopgirls giggled up to him. They had just seen his new picture: could they have his autograph? As he signed he asked which picture she had seen. "His Secretary," she said. "Some other fellow," said Adolphe, disappointed but resigned.

One thing the desipied title of Best-Dressed Man did for him was to get him a job with Fashion Park, advising their designers on draping, lapel appeal, and other subjects dear to the heart of Lucius Beebe. He gets paid $12,000 a year, "said Adolphe. "Why not take it?" At the same time Knox Hats had him on the payroll for $5,000 a year, tendering sage words of advice on headgear. However, he was aware that he had been foisted upon the public those little feathers in the hat-band. Recently he turned down an offer to sponsor a new dress-tie. He was to be photographed, gleamingly immaculate, in the genuine Adolphe Menjou Bow-tie. But he declined, with thanks. That sort of thing was dubious publicity, and definitely the sign of a slapping name, in his opinion. "Menjou ties, indeed," he snorted. "Every time a guy had trouble putting it on he'd curse me. No thank you, my friend."

He likes to tell about the agent he first contacted when he went to Hollywood in search of fortune. (The fame didn't matter; Menjou is a business man.) He looked over critically, Adolphe will tell you. Then his expression turned sad, inexpressibly sad. "My God, man," he said, "you've a fine, big eagle, bad eyes, no chin."

Every Christmas he sends the agent his latest photograph, inscribed Greetings from Hatcher-face.
by Barbara Stanwyck. Hardly had Bar-
bara seen the first padlock put in at North-
ridge that she got Bob to look the place
over. The M-G-M star promptly purchased
devise, and began building what he calls a
"Hideout." Bob has not left yet given
permission for even the studio to make pictures
in the interior of his home. Those of the
house itself that have appeared in print have
been taken from the air or by tele-
scopic lens from the road, but the accom-
panying photographs were made from the
land of his immediate neighbors. Taylor's
home, of shakes and stone, is modest for
such a famous star, but the stables—of
similar architecture—are as large as the
house. Besides being the proud owner of
"Rokhalad," one of the most beautiful
Arabian stallions in California, Bob also
has a number of other thoroughbreds and
some horses. His back mountain is a big black gelding which he
rides over miles of trails in the "back
country," 5000 acres of which are being
held in perpetuity by Northridge. He has
a private shooting preserve and park. Young
Taylor has entered enthusiastically into
the spirit of life in the country. He rides
every day he isn't actually in production.
Followed by at least two of his dogs—one,
always, his handsome Irish setter—Bob
gets off early, following the winding nar-
row trails up canyon, over mesas, through
thickets and brush to the high country
where there is always water and shade.
There are confires on the north slopes, for
the mounting hills rise to the height of
3200 feet. Wild deer, quail—both mountain
and valley—doves and rabbits abound here; there are also enough bob-cats and coyotes
to make this section a hunter's delight.

Richard Arlen gives credit to his wife,
Jobyna Ralston, for "selling" him on the
"ranch in Northridge" idea. About nine
years ago the Arlens built one of the first
homes at Toluca Lake, just north of the
Hollywood hills and the Los Angeles River
in San Fernando Valley. At that time most of
the surrounding lots were unoccupied,
but Toluca soon became a thickly-settled
region and Joby, who dearly loves the
country, found herself with only a back
fence—and a side ditch—separating her
from her next-door neighbors. While motor-
ing one day in Northridge, she "spotted"
their present home, a hilltop house built
by the noted negro architect, Paul Williams.
It took some time to convince her husband
that her idea was practical but, with a
view of the San Gabriel Mountains across the
entire San Fernando Valley to the south,
the San Gabriel Mountains with snow-
capped "Old Baldy" on the east, and the
picturesquely rugged Santa Susana to the
west, Dick weakened. When he saw the
several acres of Valencia oranges in full
bearing, the certain yield of enough money
to pay taxes and, last but not least, that
most comforting of all rural possessions—
the content of stables for riding horses, the
handsome head of the house of Arlen suc-
cumbed. The "Early California" ranch
house which follows the contour of the hill
on which it stands lent itself readily to en-
largement, so already the architect is de-
igning a new addition, a suite for guests, and
other additions to the "hacienda." "Breezy
Top" ranch is ideally beautiful, as Dick,
Joby and little Rickey will tell you. (Editor's
Note: Since their unfortunate separation,
we are told that the Arlens have agreed to
divide their property. So well does Dick
"sell" the Northridge estate that we,
not Jobyna, will continue to live at
"Breezy Top"!) But everyone does not like a hillside
home. In Northridge there are literally
thousands of acres of orchards and grain
and bean fields that appear as level as a
table but actually slope sufficiently to afford
ideal drainage. South of Devonshire Street,
almost hidden by a healthy young citrus
grove, is the modernistic mansion of di-
rector Josef von Sternberg. Silhouetted
against a row of huge eucalyptus to the west,
the house itself stands in severely formal
gardens and is surrounded—a strange com-
plement to audaciously modern architecture
by a moat! Still further to the south lies
Marsons Farm, the delightful "New Eng-
land Colonial" country home of the cele-
brated columnist Louella Parsons and her
husband Dr. Harry Martin. Architecturally,
it is a gem of both beauty and comfort. The
upstairs sleeping porch, running the full
width of the house, was personally designed
by Dr. Martin, who has proven himself as
excellent an architect as he is a physician.
By means of sliding panels the porch di-
vides, Pullman-wise, so as to sleep four
couples in perfect privacy. In a jiffy, day-
time sofas become comfortable beds! In-
doors, the wallpaper and antique furniture
are a breath of old New England, but the
year 1938 is evidenced by the air-condition-
ing plant which maintains whatever tem-
peratures are desired, either summer or
winter.

"Farmlake," home of Rowland Lee, the
director, is situated on land that is partly
flat and partly rolling, with its own private
lake. Both residence and guest house are in
New England farm style. The Lees are
famous for genuine hospitality, the guest
list of their recent two-hundred-place bar-
becue embracing the elite of Southern
California's social and cinema circles.

Sam Harris, the stage producer, Truman
("Pinkie") Tomlin, and Chester H. Lauck
("Lum" of "Lum n' Abner" and shining
radio star of the Northridge colony) also
own rolling terrain. Tomlin and Lauck
have followed local custom in building their
stables before their residences. "Pinkie"
now has a small stable where he keeps one
horse, but he plans to commence his house
soon. "Lum," and Mrs. Lauck expect to
build their Northridge home shortly after
returning from their present residence.

Their splendid well-stocked stable adjoins
the Northridge polo field, but is solely
for personal use. "Lum's" favorite mount
is "Billy," a beautiful Palomino. Lauck is
proud of having placed first in one of the
Santa Anita races last winter; while
"Billy" has a cup and several blue ribbons
to his credit for carrying silver-mounted
equipment so handsomely. That "Lum's"
horses are already quite well-known in this
California "blue grass" section is due
largely to a young society girl, Mavis Mc-
Murtie. This past winter Miss McMurtie,
an aviatrix and prominent equestrienne,
introduced bi-monthly gymkhanas at North-
ridge. These invitational affairs were so
successful that the First Annual Horseshow
was held at Northridge in June, the arena
being directly opposite Marwyck Ranch.
This initial show exhibited the best horse-
bles and, in the Five-Gaited class, offered
the highest purse given, during the season
in California. Horselovers in general are
already planning for next year's event.Ted
Fio Rito, noted orchestra leader, has
the landscaping and planting done on a
tract not far east of Marwyck Ranch, and

Let's visit Nelson Eddy on the "Sweethearts" set. Above, with
Douglas McPhail and Betty Jaynes, ready for a "take." Right,
wearying a gift tie, Nelson is greeted by W. S. Van Dyke.
Kay Francis’ Last Interview

Continued from page 34

ments. When that exhibitor organization blew off about certain stars being poison at the box-office Kay was the only named who wasn’t raging. She had no alibi, couldn’t be induced to retool.

That is why Kay worked out her contract so diligently. “I’d be a fool to walk out, lose the money I’ve coming to me,” she said to me when the pressure seemed most severe. She knew they’d never have agreed to pay her a big salary if she hadn’t been worth it.

She didn’t go into an act when she met me for her last interview. She could have. She might have taken the occasion from so big actors in a big stock company, glittering Hollywood career like hers and, finally, “the last interview!” Certainly she could have been the great movie star for one last grand fling. Could have attempted to overwhelm me with the drama inherent in the event. But Kay isn’t silly that way. We met by appointment in a business office in Beverly Hills, the office of a mutual friend. There was no bother about a fancy background.

Bob Taylor’s horde of fans would have experienced a genuine thrill had they been permitted to be present last spring when Bob helped with the unloading of some two hundred head of cattle. Maddened by their long journey from Northern California, the steers stampeded, sweeping away the stout corrals fences as if they had been made of cardboard, and dashing wildly into the rugged hills. The “cow-pokes” spurred to head off the runaways and Bob, mounted on “Midnight,” was soon in the van. It was hours before the last recalcitrant steer had been rounded up and herded into the ample range intended for this shipment. Disregarding badger-holes, shale and rotten granite, Bob had ridden pell-mell through tangled thickets and thorny brush, up steep treacherous slopes on which the average Easterner would not have ventured on foot, much less on horseback. It was dark when the tired group, ravenous after twelve hours in the saddle, gathered at the chuck wagon. The casuallness with which the cowboys accepted Bob Taylor as one of themselves proved that he is no “tenderfoot”!

is said to be building very soon. His is a flat-topped hill commanding a superb view.

Clark Gable is the last of the new "Dons" who has purchased in Northridge. Clark has selected a beautiful knoll surrounded by thirty acres of barley land and framed on the west by a row of gigantic eucalypti. The site overlooks the polo field and offers a magnificent view of the blue lake which is being stocked with bass and perch and is available to Northridge residents for boating and swimming. It affords a glorious view of the Valley and the San Gabriel Mountains as well. Those romantically inclined were quick to note that Carole Lombard, who months ago had purchased level acreage close to Barbara Stanwyck, recently "traded it in on" a more rugged holding adjoining Gable’s. Together, their parcels form what truly is a spot “such as dreams are made of.”

Gable’s house, for which ground is already broken and staked, will be low and rambling. That he chose acreage closer to the vast “back country” than did any of the other newcomers to the section is because Clark was already well acquainted with the riding and hunting facilities in the 5000-acre preserve. Those who know him well believe that Gable, like Taylor, expects to spend most of his free time riding the old trails of the Santa Susanas. He will enjoy Lime-kiln Canyon where it has literally proven easy to slip back into the time of the Pintos. Just last winter, a cowboy riding the range in search of a lost steer (of which as many as three hundred graze on this part of the old estate) fell into one of the lime-kilns, from which, late in the 18th century, the Franciscan Fathers obtained lime for the plaster used in San Fernando Mission. Extricating his pony, fortunately unjured, the rancher reported to headquarters which sent out a party to clear away the brush surrounding these historic ruins. Not all of the new residents have visited the kilns, but Clark Gable and Robert Taylor could easily act as guides to them were Northridge open to the public!

Perhaps—though many of these modern gentry pretend that such had no influence on their purchase—the historic background of Northridge is one of the most interesting features of this district of California. Briefly, these 10,000 acres comprise the last

great holding of Rancho Ex-Mision de San Fernando. After the Spanish Crown had taken possession of California from the Indians, King Charles IV granted a vast tract in what is now San Fernando Valley to the Franciscan Fathers. After secularization in 1834, the domain was sold, with other lands, to the present purchaser. In short, the "Dons" are only third in the chain of title!

Obviously, of no slight interest at Northridge is the immense B. F. Porter ranch itself, which embraces thousands of acres under cultivation. Citrus groves comprise some 3000 acres of Valencia oranges, lemons and grapefruit, while vineyards in two separate plantings are of rare French wine grapes. Field crops include 2000 acres of oats, alfalfa and barley. The manager of the ranch, Mr. L. E. Hadley, stands ready to offer his years of experience in advising the business farmer in all matters of planting.

Bob, Taylor's horde of fans would have experienced a genuine thrill had they been permitted to be present last spring when Bob helped with the unloading of some two hundred head of cattle. Maddened by their long journey from Northern California, the steers stampeded, sweeping away the stout corrals fences as if they had been made of cardboard, and dashing wildly into the rugged hills. The “cow-pokes” spurred to head off the runaways and Bob, mounted on “Midnight,” was soon in the van. It was hours before the last recalcitrant steer had been rounded up and herded into the ample range intended for this shipment. Disregarding badger-holes, shale and rotten granite, Bob had ridden pell-mell through tangled thickets and thorny brush, up steep treacherous slopes on which the average Easterner would not have ventured on foot, much less on horseback. It was dark when the tired group, ravenous after twelve hours in the saddle, gathered at the chuck wagon. The casualness with which the cowboys accepted Bob Taylor as one of themselves proved that he is no “tenderfoot”!
about anything, least of all about life. More than anything else I’ve always wanted a full life. To me this means enjoying myself. It means a successful marriage. So I’m not going to hang on desperately to movie fame and lose what really mattered. I resolved I’d never do that again. Luckily, I was signed for pictures right then. It took all I made on the first film, made out on Long Island, to keep me going. When I arrived in Hollywood, as a leading lady, I had less than $100. I didn’t borrow. I didn’t ask for help. I realized it was my own fault that I was so broke. I determined to use my head from that time on. ‘Many women have asked me for “inside” information and advice on how to become more financially independent on your own ability and don’t do what everybody else does, if you see it differently. Keep sex out of business. Use your head and not your heart.”

To me the movies were one more job. I never forgot that. The applause rolled in, but I pride myself I wasn’t swayed by it. I never had been blown up over my own charm. I never expected the world to revolve around me. I became as proficient a businesswoman as I was a technician because I wanted to be worth money to my employers. I never fought for roles, antagonized them that way, because I never felt anybody owed me anything. They were running their studios before I came along; it was their job to cast me as they saw fit. I have a temper, I can get angry quickly. Why not? Only dull women are always placid.

But I never mixed temperament with business. I never indulged in professional jealousies, either. That’s too feminine for anyone ambitious in business woman! But I was afraid to be definite, make business enemies if necessary. I took on responsibility for details. I avoided personal situations, made the company’s well-being. I was not going to mix dates with business.

I don’t want to spend the usual Hollywood ‘front’ costs, so I just don’t.” Kay glanced up from her knitting. “Did I have opposition? But if I could earn money I had sense enough to save it. I had not always been so wise. I decided I got this chance and I wasn’t going to be stranded again.

Perhaps most girls dream of fine motors, plum houses, jewels, of running splendid homes and collecting art treasures. Maybe that’s what Hollywood money means to them. It didn’t mean that to me. ‘I had to ignore a great deal of advice about ‘front.’ You’ve read how a star must pour out her salary. In some respects it’s so; in others, not so. I didn’t have a chauffeur. I bought a Ford and I have driven a Ford all along. Every other year I'd trade it in, at the best bargain I could get. Now as to some elaborate wardrobe star I must have. I didn’t go clothes-crazy because it wasn’t necessary. I really have few clothes, because I can get by with a few. It’s very difficult to be well-dressed. You don’t even have to buy in any complicated way; I just go out and buy what I need when the occasion arises. If refused what I really want in my personal wardrobe. I didn’t mind posing in whatever they’d provide, but if I’d had my own things photographed it would have distressed them and I’d soon had to buy too much. And still I had a ‘best-dressed’ title hung on me! Which just goes to show, especially since I didn’t seek it. The only thing I’ve ever had is my own slogan. That was all right so long as I could remain economical.

I didn’t dive around the studio. I saved my earnings and kept them. I invested business men and, on my part, I tried to be shrewd when I could be. There was no talking me in or out of anything I didn’t consider good business! There was confusion in this regard, when I rented a frame cottage as my residence. It was small, had a plebian front porch and no landscaping. There was no pride or respectability in the kind of house one lived in. I had to see a picture I took them to a theatre. ‘I think,” said Kay firmly, “that I know what I want and can stick to it now. I don’t think there’s any need to try to find a brilliant place on the screen. That was transient, I’m not sentimental about my career that’s over. I haven’t saved old photographs or press clippings. The only souvenirs I have is a rave review of my performance with Walter Houston in ‘Elmer the Great,’ my last play on Broadway, the one they could have been seeing. I’ve got a chance and I wasn’t going to be stranded again.

Perhaps most girls dream of fine motors, plum houses, jewels, of running splendid homes and collecting art treasures. Maybe that’s what Hollywood money means to them. It didn’t mean that to me. ‘I had to ignore a great deal of advice about ‘front.’ You’ve read how a star must pour out her salary. In some respects it’s
and that doesn't bother me, I'm long-legged; I like to tuck up my legs and sit on them. I don't mind trying glamour, but I've never let the mood stop me from doing anything more interesting. I use no make-up except lipstick. Those allure tricks, those 'props', bore me, really."

"And so I broke in, 'you've no regrets at stepping out of the spotlight'?

"No regrets," she replied tersely. "I'll miss New York, but it is at the studio. I had the same crew, the same props and wardrobe women and electricians for years. But frankly, I'm lazy, I've worked long enough. And it's going to be such fun being just a woman again. I've gained nine pounds — oh, I'll be reasonable, but I won't have to diet strictly, I have no tennis court. I don't do a bashed thing for my figure. I've a bicycle, but do I bother to ride it? No! I want to drift, to avoid decisions. My life has never seemed dramatic to me, but it's been eventful with problems to conquer. I was fatalistic until I had to strike out for myself. But I have business ability, maybe, and so what. How can that compare with a happy marriage, for any woman?

"I don't look back, don't mention my mistakes because I refused to be defeated by them. I never say, 'Oh, if I only had another chance!' Because hoping on mistakes would make me bitter and bitter women are unattractive, I've brooded, and learned that only fools brood. I've been broke, and learned that money is all, but thank God I never considered myself a victim of depression or lost love. I've always had the lunch that I could find and was happy, and I'm happy.

"I'm not adjusting to a non-Hollywood scale because I never let myself acquire false illusions. I will have the same friends, because need ability with the value of my own personality. I know I have to succeed in marriage purely as a woman.

"I have failed before. I hope I've profited by those failures. I know that love cannot be just an impetuous youthful urge, that it can't be based on separations and secrecy. I know I can't handle a career along with a marriage. I know that I must create my own happiness. I'm not planning ahead. I'll never be a blind sheep, will never want routine and calm. I couldn't love a man who didn't make the most of his opportunities. All of which," smiled Kay, "sounds as though I adore to talk about myself. You Hollywood interviewers know I don't. But maybe I'm reverting speedily to mere womanhood! I've been business-like, canny, for so long. Now I want to gamble on myself. I feel very gay. I'm ready to go places, do things. I'm not set in my ways or ideas. I'm emotionally mature.

"I don't know the thrill of association, of collecting, of living with things. All my life's been lived in hotels and apartments and rented houses. Already I love my house, love visiting my friends in their homes. I find that managing a home is a real art. And," she stressed earnestly, "I do think I'll be a good wife now because I sincerely believe love is the most important thing. I'm balanced. I think I know how to cooperate for a 50-50 partnership. I shan't be jealous. I won't be dominating. I think I've traveled enough so I shan't seem provincial."

"Now you know my story of what Hollywood meant to me, as a woman. Because that's what I am. Not a fantastic creature! And I have to hurry now, for I'm taking flying lessons from my husband!"

I never chose flatterers. There'll be no comedown in my living, because I never went very far up. Actually, I'll be a bit more elegant than when I was a working woman. I own a home! Before I had any idea of marrying, a year ago, I built a house for an investment. I'm not going to be a burden on it, for my husband and I plan to spend half our time in Southern California and half in London." Baron Barnekow, whom Kay is concentrating on from now on, is a good-looking airplane executive. They met at a party given by Countess Dorothy di Frasso last fall.

"Working has made me more self-reliant, more understanding. It broadened my outlook because I've been able to travel. It's no doubt enlarged my ego. But I think I can control that. I've never confused basic

A Beauty Rebels!

Continued from page 51

meu gulp. She wrung hearts with her passionate sincerity; she made everyone feel so sorry for her that it was hard to believe that she was really a well-fed prosperous Hollywood ingenue, just giving a performance. Yes, she was that good. It seemed to us as we watched that little girl grow up that she was going to be the best darn actress of them all. In 'A Man's Castle' she convinced us that we were right. There would be no stopping this girl. She was going places, gathering Academy Awards as she went. That girl's name was Loretta Young, in case you're interested.

Now what I am curious about is this: what happened to the young woman who we knew Loretta Young today, getting prettier with every new picture—poised, expressively dressed, perfectly beautiful. A charm. She is full of grace and assurance, soothing to the ear with her exquisitely modulated, carefully cultivated voice. But—that's all. There's a shadow. A shadow from the scene someone else claims attention and I forgot all about her. Some Miss Annabel Weaver bounces on and with a bit of whined declaration, "I am Miss B," and we forget. George Sanders and Richard Greene, you were as lovely, as gracious, as gorgeous to look at as ever—but there was no "thee there. Disney's Miss Snow White had more substance."

I paused to catch my breath and steal a quick glance at Loretta. Surely Miss Gretchen Young who had fought her way around Hollywood since childhood, who had told directors and producers to go sit on a tack, surely she would have that something else. But she was quite plain, with an inferiority complex. "It's true," she said dismally, "it's true—but it really isn't fair."

You know me, Self-hearted Susie with the floy floy, the very minute anyone says something isn't fair I throw my banners to the wind and start on a crusade—and it's a pity too because I didn't enjoy a cozy chair by the fire more than I. But I have known Loretta a long time now, ever since she was little more than a kid playing leads at Warner Brothers, and suffering something awful because she had overheard the office boy call her "Buckteeth" and a director tell another director that she had "the biggest nose in pictures. (She developed a nose complex then and there, still has it today, and the fact that her youngest sister Georgianna bursts into tears if you tell her she has a nose like Loretta's doesn't help matters much.) And I've always felt very friendly—like towards Loretta because twice she rescued me from being the forgotten woman at a couple of glacial Hollywood parties. So if no one cares I'd like to get in my nickels and dimes and help magazines, and save that little girl whose voice makes them burst into tears if you tell her she has a nose like Loretta's doesn't help matters much.) And I've always felt very friendly—like towards Loretta because twice she rescued me from being the forgotten woman at a couple of glacial Hollywood parties. So if no one cares I'd like to get in my nickels and dimes and help magazines, and save that little girl whose voice makes them burst into tears if you tell her she has a nose like Loretta's doesn't help matters much.) And I've always felt very friendly—or towards Loretta because twice she rescued me from being the forgotten woman at a couple of glacial Hollywood parties. So if no one cares I'd like to get in my nickels and dimes and help magazines, and save that little girl whose voice makes them burst into tears if you tell her she has a nose like Loretta's doesn't help matters much.) And I've always felt very friendly—or towards Loretta because twice she rescued me from being the forgotten woman at a couple of glacial Hollywood parties. So if no one cares I'd like to get in my nickels and dimes and help magazines, and save that little girl whose voice makes them burst into tears if you tell her she has a nose like Loretta's doesn't help matters much.) And I've always felt very friendly—or towards Loretta because twice she rescued me from being the forgotten woman at a couple of glacial Hollywood parties. So if no one cares I'd like to get in my nickels and dimes and help magazines, and save that little girl whose voice makes them burst into tears if you tell her she has a nose like Loretta's doesn't help matters much.) And I've always felt very friendly—or towards Loretta because twice she rescued me from being the forgotten woman at a couple of glacial Hollywood parties. So if no one cares I'd like to get in my nickels and dimes and help magazines, and save that little girl whose voice makes them burst into tears if you tell her she
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Sergeant Ballantine in "Gunga Din."

Doncha know what that means. That's French for jail. He's reformerd now, all of the bad habits he used to be pious. "People's screwy, speedin' along, not knowin' they could be dead the next minute."

By and large he hasn't taken to the youth of Hollywood. "The kids here are nuts, always lookin' for an argument."

At which point Huntz could contain himself no longer. "Yeah, you're drivin' along, mindin' your own business, 'n' they yell, 'Yah, lookit the Dead End boys with the long hair,' so you yell, 'Wotsamatter? You got a gun, or you wanna fight?' So right away they back down. 'Wotsamatter, can'tya take a joke?' So if ya fight, they yell, 'Tough muggs, just like on the screen,' 's if ya don't fight, they yell, 'Wotsamatter, ya yells?' So what the heck, what ya gonna do, I'm askin' ya?"

Huntz is a guileless youth, of few sub- stances, or, financially, and you can make what you like of it. His father, dead only a few months, was general manager of an air conditioning company which was doing well. Before his death Huntz had to be in by six, eat his dinner, do his homework. "If I got through, I'd ask my father could I go on the streets, 'cause, if ya don't fight, they yell, 'Wotsamatter, ya yells?'

Huntz was one of sixteen children, eight of whom are living. His mother wants him to be a priest, but a kid in his school was doin' a radio show so Huntz decided he'd go into radio too, just to show the other kid up, which he did. He was one of those sent by the producers to try out for "Dead End," and was given the part of Dippy. He lives in Hollywood under the guardianship of an older brother. He likes to read, "cause he's a murder rack."

He thinks any sign of drinking, especially a kid, "because if you're drinkin' an' drivin' a car, they'll put you in jail for six months an' break your contract. Then what's ya gonna do, hang a harp."

Sure he likes girls, whaddaya think he is?—but he doesn't plan to marry till he's 35. He had a borther, but there's nothin' right with him. He's a mild, a while he got to be an old crank. However, he thinks his little niece is the best kid in the world, and he carries her picture in his wallet. "He said he'd be a civil engineer."

"He wants to be a producer," interposed Gabe coldly.

"Yeah, but don't write it. Sure, I wanna be a producer in my own mind. That's where you're the boss, the heck you? Anyhow, look what's talkin', Wadda you think?"

"Sure, in ten years, maybe twenty. I got a couple things to learn yet—Say, is this really gonna be in the paper? We talked an hour tonight. How come you never saw anything we said in the paper yet?"

Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan have something in common too. They both like...
Men Fall HARD and FAST for Her...

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Every Girl Strives to Keep skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They cream in extra "skin-vitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (above) Miss Camilla Morgan, active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.

Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

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Judy Garland. Billy, two years Bobby's senior, has the edge. He and Judy have been "going steady together about seven months now," Billy's serious minded. He reads sociology and politics. "My ultimate aim," he tells you, "is to be a director, and methodically." Mr. Kingsley heard him on the air—he's been in radio since he was four—and sent for him to read a part. They tried him out for Spitz, "but he didn't fit well, wasn't a sympathetic character, so I never put much schmaltz into it. Then they gave me Tommy."

This fellow is a lawyer whose practice keeps him in New York. He makes flying trips to Hollywood, while Billy, his mother and sister go east every four months or so. "I'm a lot harder and dad, being separated, but they think it's worth the sacrifice to help my future career."

What he thinks of people who identify the Dead End kids with the parts they play is revealed by the following incident, told with quiet scorn. "I was eating here in a tearoom one day, and a lady came over and said, 'Do you eat with the rats in New York?' I just walked out, and left my chicken there and everything." He likes Judy because she has a personality, is different and she's on the square. He takes her to parties and the movies, and they always see each other's previews together. "We just had a big fight because they wouldn't take her to Rollerdrive. I hate that place. That's how Bobby came to take her, Oh, we patched it up all right. I don't worry about Bobby. He's sort of guessing, but Judy's a real girl. Of course, it's more or less just a friendship. We're kind of young."

Bobby has no illusions about whose job he is. This is a triangle which is wholly in the clear. "I told Billy I was taking her to the Roller Derby, and he said, 'Well, what can I do about it? I don't have thought of it. I'm just the same.' We're going to a show next Sunday. Billy can stay home and read that book. Maybe he's not afraid of competition. Neither am I," said 15-year-old Bobby pointedly.

He's the wishful-looking one who played Angel, the bookbinder. Highspirited as the rest, he's still something of aVirgin. Which comment, if he reads it, will cause him to hold his nose. His mother used to be a dancer, his father is a garage foreman. They're both still in the health which enabled them to get rid of the house they live in. When they do, they'll come out to California for good—Bobby hopes. "Depends if my luck holds out. Meanwhile, an older sister looks after him."

He too was attending Professional Children's School. For two weeks, because of odd jobs in radio and modelling, he hadn't been home for a haircut. "We got a day off today, mom," he said one morning. "Right after school we'll get that haircut." That evening, he'll have one good and one bad. "You're playing Angel," said Mr. Kingsley. "And letting your hair grow." He hasn't had a real haircut since, and by now is just beginning to get his call of "When ya gonna get that permanent?"

Bobby is the only one of the boys for whom California has been a shining but inaccessible goal. It's been put on three guesses. They have pictures, sunshines, and beautiful women. I wasn't interested in the last two—not then. He spends a new time since he's not putting his mind on girls. Mr. Goldwyn wanted to buy Mr. Kingsley's play for the movies, and that Mr. Kingsley was asking $165,000. He informed them they agreed that the figures were screwy, but they hoped he'd get it. He got something like it.

Bobby would like to be an actor if he can. If not, he can have a yen for sea diving. He doesn't trust the press. "Things never come out the way you say 'em. I might say Bette Davis was swell in Jeeves!" It comes out, Bobby Jordan's in love with Bette Davis.

Bernard Punsly, a few months Bobby's junior, is the young idea of the lot and about as tough as a St. Bernard puppy. With an average sense of the inappropriate, Mike Curtiz calls him "the mad Russian." He isn't a tinker with his model railroad, or read a western or detective story. His eyes are innocent and his grin is bashful. He's a week as a plumber's apprentice. One day he was delegated to take David down to the theatre to try out for "Dead End." In the wings he came on a boy, studying his script. He paid no attention. What a lot he was tired of looking at them, asked: "When are you going to turn the page?" "I don't have to, That's the whole part," said the boy, and walked off, "I knew there were things about me. Kids're tough that way. When I was 14, I couldn't get a girl to go out with me. Even now, I have to know a girl three months before I dare put my arm around her. Not because I'm such a terrific gentleman. I'm just afraid she'll repulse me."

He fell in love at 16. His family moved away from the muck of New York, and he couldn't promote the carfare to visit his girl. So he took it out in writing verses. I'm sentimental, and afraid of showing it. I put on, a lot of territory—self-consciousness, inferiority complex, and all the rest. People expect me to be tough, so I tell them that the lone I'm horribly wrong here. Because I'm so crazy to play up to them, but to hide the complex. I know that's the kind of thing I can get away with. If I let them think I looked it up in the dictionary yesterday, and was trying to be smart. When they ask me places, it's because they think I'm an estimable person, or a sparrow to a eagle. I'm not trying to be smarter than I am, that's for sure."

He's been called the smartest of the "Dead End" kids. There's nothing ornery about him. He gives you a sense of a man who's sensitive to the innate differences, but doesn't have to show it. He's too busy worrying about what other people think of him. He's used to the idea that he won't be a success here. Because I'm so crazy to play up to them, but to hide the complex. I know that's the kind of thing I can get away with. If they think I looked it up in the dictionary yesterday, and was trying to be smart, they think I'm being sorry for myself! Nuts to all that! I have enough interests at home to overcome what interests I lack outside. I'm interested in a bunch of stuff that I don't do, and I'm interested in a bunch of stuff that I don't have."

He assumes responsibility for the family that he is. He's wanted for "Dead End," and has kept it ever since. His older brother is on his own. His mother, David, and his four-year-old sister Audrey are in California with him. David is under contract to Universal. His mother is the apple of one eye, Audrey of the other. Last Christmas he had $300 to spend, and $250 went into a five-cent ticket to a bunch of insurance for them. As long as I can take care of them, they'll be taken care of."

A dream of David's is to see you see on the screen lit up his eye, "Mom's slave. She has to be there. If I call up at 6 or 9 and say I'll be home at 8, an hour, she has to be there and with me while I eat. Once in a while I get bighearted and send her away on a week's vacation. But I don't like to make any arrangements. Sometimes you can't appreciate those things when you have 'em, do."

That's how Gorcey is. This is how he thinks the public wants him: He was hailed into court recently for speeding. The clerk read a rather lengthy charge. "What's that?" murmured Leo, "Abrogation of "A Gay & Banana.""

"Three days," snapped the judge. "I served it," Leo said, and it served me right!"
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FOR HONEYMOON HANDS
“Not so hot,” I said modestly. “And I don’t believe Sam could get off to go with us.”

“Yes, he can, too,” Gary avowed. “He always gets off when I want to go somewhere. He takes me everywhere. I want to go—when you’re busy,” he finished hurriedly.

I considered this new holocaust that threatened me. But my meditations were not to continue for long. As we turned from Venusta Boulevard into Highland, Rocco grabbed my arm in excitement, almost precipitating a collision with a truck. “We’ll pass a fort on this street,” he yelped. “There it is, too!” he screamed, bouncing up and down on the seat. I glanced hurriedly out the side window and beheld the monstrosity the Hollywood Legion Post erected several years ago. It looks not unlike a modernistic fort.

“I guess,” Gary opined, “that was built for Custard’s last stand. Was it?” he inquired as an afterthought, in a tone that asked for confirmation rather than information.

“Well, no,” I stammered. “I’m afraid that was built after Custard was gone. That was built after the World War.”

“Did you fight in that war?” Rick interposed, abandoning Mr. Custard without a qualm or a question.

“In a way,” I admitted modestly, “I was a flier.”

“How many soldiers did you kill?” Gary demanded skeptically.

“Yeah—and how many Indians?” Rick seconded him.

“Now, look, fellows.” I began in a conciliatory tone. “I know I’m not very blood-thirsty. It’s one thing to play you’re killing people and it’s another thing to really, truly kill them. Suppose you had been enemies and I had killed you. How do you think your mothers would feel?”

“I’m going to be a fireman when I grow up,” Rickly announced. “It’s not so dangerous.”

“I’m going to be an ice-man,” Gary informed me. “They have all the fun.” I glanced at him quickly but his face was grave and there seemed to be no hidden meaning to his words.

We stopped at the LaBrea Tar Pits. “The last time we were out here,” Ricky bragged, “Mookie told me all about Brew’s Rabbit and The Tar Baby from Uncle Remus. Do you know about them?” he asked Gary.

“No-o-o,” Gary admitted reluctantly and then delivered the squeal elegant: “But I know all about Ligarotti and War Admiral and Seabiscuit and Rocco. Do you know about them?”

“They’re not important,” Rickly shouted in a rage.

“They are, too,” Gary maintained stoutly. “My daddy says they make history.”

We came to some cement reproductions of prehistoric monsters, the skeletons of which have been excavated from the Pits. The boys inspected them with interest. “Could those wolves beat that big bear?” Rickly inquired.

“I suppose if they were enough of them,” I answered.

“Let’s play a game,” Rick suggested, and turned to Gary. “You can be the bear and I’ll be the wolves,” he announced. So Richy Hill behind the wheel and Gary put on over and clambered up into the bear’s lap. Presently some weird sounds emanated from the two groups. Considering the size of the animals their voices seemed pitifully inadequate but neither of the young Disneys who were bringing back to life these animals, dead these thousands of years, seemed to mind. Originally it was to be a struggle to the death, to establish once and for all the supremacy of the wolves or bears. The battle didn’t last long, due to the fact that the combatants were about fifty feet apart and it was impossible to get them around away the position other than the sculptor had moulded them in. The conflict came to an abrupt end when a caretaker rounded a corner suddenly, saw what was going on before he saw him, and let out a ferocious roar that sent the Voices of the Wolves and the Bear screaming to me in terror. Their spirits, as well as their thirst for gore, rose as soon as I had explained that it really wasn’t any wild animals they had heard. “We’ll play Indian,” they exclaimed suddenly and in absolute unison, although Indians had not been mentioned since Mr. Custard had been disposed of.

“We haven’t any guns or tommyhawks or feathers or Indian suits,” I tried to discourage them.

“Wide awake Jean Rogers is fea... tured in ‘While New York Sleeps.’”

“‘Well, we can play like we have it,’ Gary advised me. So we hid in the bushes and for what seemed like all the coins of the world’s series of successive yelps of war cries, of interminable bang-bang-bangs rent the air. Occasionally one of the heroes suffered an imaginary wound and an armistice had to be declared while the wound was bandaged. Unfortunately, there was no ‘pretending’ about the bandaging. When I had torn up two bandkerchiefs for bandages, a butcher declared while we drove to a nearby drugstore for some real bandages—‘the wide kind.’

“What’ll we use for blood?” the practical Rick demanded. By this time nothing mattered any more. I was filled with despair and a feeling of hopeless certainty that Joshua re-incarnated, had appeared on the scene and ordered us to stand still again. I hastily purchased a bottle of red fruit dye. The druggist, when I had explained to him the uses to which the bandages were to be put, noted my boyish appearance and helped me out to the extent of bandaging both Indian fighters’ heads and then liberally donning the bandages with the fruit dye. The boys

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**Are Stars’ Children Spoiled?**

Continued from page 65

chauffeur) and he can bring his gun. He’s a pretty good aim. You’re a good aim, Mookie?”

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S P E E C H  N E W TROPIC SHADES
surveyed themselves in a mirror and howls of delight rent the otherwise peaceful atmosphere of the drugstore.

We returned to the war with renewed vigor, which in the case of my two charges had been fortified with chocolate sodas. Vainly I had tried to explain there were no chocolate sodas when people fought Indians. The war continued (literally) for hours. It seemed to me we may have killed twice—three—as many Indians as ever trod the surface of our fair country. How they ever managed to congregate in California for this awful carnage I couldn't fathom. But there they were.

Every time there came a hall in the fighting Ricky or Gary would discover a regiment coming now from around the corner, now from Wilshire Boulevard.

I had long since sunk into a half coma. My bang-bangs were entirely without spirit. I gazed about me with lack-lustre eyes, wondering what I had ever done to deserve all this. Suddenly Rick held up his hand for silence. He peered out of the bushes cautiously and struck a listening pose. Apparently he was satisfied with what he saw and heard. He relaxed and grinned, "I guess that's all," he announced.

"We've killed everybody but each other."

A glance at my watch showed that it was half past twelve. We had been fighting Indians since ten! Lunch was unpacked and we fell upon the cold chicken, potato salad, jello and cake the Arlen cook had put up for us. As I cleaned up the last remnants of food and stuck the box into a trash can, a pleasant langueur descended upon me. I glanced hopefully toward my guests. "How about a little nap?"

"No!" Gary thundered. "We can sleep at home."

"Let's go to the beach!" Rick suggested. As we reached the curb the boys broke away from me simultaneously. Before I could catch my breath they were half a block away yelling orders at the driver of an ice-cream wagon.

"Now, look here, fellows," I began sternly. "You've just had lunch and all that good jello and cake—"

"Chocolate," said Gary to the driver.

"Strawberry," Ricky ordered.

"Raspberry," I muttered.

On the way to the beach we passed the Carthay Circle Theatre. "Snow White" was playing there and in front of the theatre was a miniature reproduction of Prince Charming on his horse.

"Look!" Rick shouted, "There's Prince Charming on his charger!"

Gary gave the Prince a hasty once-over. "My daddy says that horse is nothing but a selling plater and couldn't run for peanuts," he vouchsafed.

"Well, he's not going to get any of my peanuts," Rick averred.

The beach was a continuance of the performance at the Tar Pits. The Voice of Authority might speak but no one in his party listened.

At half past four we started home. As we passed the hills Rick had yearned to climb, he reminded me: "Don't forget we're coming here one day. I'll bring some chicking and ice cream and lollypops and bananas and cream and poppajackes and—"

"An, you don't have to take the twins, either," Gary held out as a special inducement. "They can stay with Eve."

We dropped Ricky off at home and I watched him go skipping jauntily through the garage. A few minutes later Gary was wistfully protesting to Eve that it was long past time for his nap and, anyhow, if he slept in the afternoon how could she expect him to sleep at night?"

"Was he good?" Dixie inquired anxiously.

"Good as gold," I murmured weakly. "Have you got about a quart of Scotch handy?"
Paris
Continued from page 67

anxious to find out how she liked working in the American studios. "What a machine, a clever machine, it all is, my dear," said she with a sigh and wide-open eyes. Efficiency, plus, was her opinion. She was very cagey about going into details and I am wondering if all was really well with the director and associates. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was a charming co-star and that was all we could get out of her. Perhaps she was too used to the leisurely pleasant ways of French studios to fall suddenly into the more stern conditions of Hollywood. Here in Paris, according to law, the studios start work at noon and stop on the stroke of eight at night, with always an interval around four-thirty for tea and drinks. No work at all on Saturdays and Sundays. So, you see, one's art remains more one's art under such easy-going proceedings!

Though Darrieux was a bit veiled as to her studio opinions she was most chatty about the living conditions and the doings of the little set of French players out in Hollywood. They evidently form a little clique of their own and seldom mix with outsiders. In her opinion a star cannot live as she likes, as in Paris, but is forced to put on a show and live as a star. A simple little bungalow would not do—a big villa with a swimming pool and gardens simply must be the background for the star according to her idea. "Why, my dear, the life is exactly five times more expensive in Hollywood than in Paris," said she with shrugs of shoulders and blinking eyes. "Why, a steak in the restaurant costs a dollar and a half, and that without one's fried potatoes!" To throw a party she found cost a very great deal because the champagne comes from France.

She told of the vagabond life of Anna bella, who moved four times since arriving in Hollywood, and when Danielle left she moved into her Mexican villa, Fernand Gravet and his charming wife Jane Re maurot live very simply and quietly in Westwood, Michele Balin presented a peculiar situation. A beautiful and popular star in France, she suffered such acute homesickness that she returned to Paris without making a single film. She recovered immediately and is her old radiant self again in the Paris studios. Danielle pulled a long sad face at the mention of Hollywood. Danielle started work shortly after her arrival here on "Katia" under the direction of Maurice Tourneur, who has made films in America.

Britain sent her King and Queen on a state visit to Paris and all the world seemed to line up along the Champs-Elysees to view the spectacle. Hollywood, not to be outdone, was well represented by a few Queens of her own. The crowds while waiting for the sight of the Royal couple accompanied by the French President and Mrs. Lebrun were highly entertained by watching the glamorous ones from Hollywood. These, my dears, were in the persons of Grace Moore, Marlene Dietrich, Gladys Swarthout, Madeleine Carroll and, as already mentioned, Sonja Henie. Surely a representative galaxy from the famed city of the films. Mere men in the gathering were Eddie Cantor, Darryl Zanuck and Adolph Menjou.

It is two years since Grace Moore has been in Paris and she was overjoyed to be here once more. La Moore's visit this time is of a more serious nature than many of her previous Paris excursions, for she is to make a film version of "Louise," the famous opera of Charpentier. As Grace has already sung the title rôle in America and France, she will not have much in the way of work to learn the words and music. She will make an English as well as a French version, so America may enjoy the film without being so highbrow as to claim familiarity with the foreign tongue.

After a few conferences with the director, Abel Gance, a visit to Charpentier, the aged composer, and, of course, a look-in at the Paris dressmaking shops, Grace dashed down to her villa in the mountains back of Cannes. No doubt she will be hob-nobbing with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor before she starts her film work. As the picture will be shot in and near Paris I'll be on the sidelines very often to watch and listen to the going on. All of which I shall report to you later. For leading man, Grace will have that great French tenor, Georges Thill, who has sung the rôle opposite Miss Moore at the Metropoli tan in New York and the Opera Comique in Paris. Very often Grace has spoken of her desire to film "Louise," and the touching story with its picturesque scenes of Parisian life should make a splendid screen production.

Madeleine Carroll was in our midst again, a decorative figure at most of the smart parties, as well as a most efficient ambassador from Hollywood in behalf of the Walter Wanger picture "Blockade," in which she co-starred with Henry Fonda. Through Madeleine's persuasive presentation of the case for the film, "Blockade," temporarily withheld from exhibition in

Song Poems

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Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero are bringing the best Hollywood has in the way of romantic acting to the newest picture in which you will see the Dionne Quintuplets, 20th Century-Fox's "Five of a Kind."
French theatres was given an official OK for release. She is going in for unsophisticated pleasures these days, if one may judge from pictures Paris newspapers published showing Madeleine treating a lot of youngsters to a Punch and Judy show in the Tuileries Gardens.

Two adorable little creatures who have made good in pictures here will be descending upon Hollywood before long or I miss my guess: One is vivaciously charming Monique Rolland, and all the light comedy gals had better look to their laurels. Blonde, with huge gray-blue eyes, she is personality plus. When she was last filming at Courbeville, just outside Paris, I used to haunt the studio to watch her do her stuff. Courbeville is where the greyhound racing is so popular, but when Monique was at the studio I had no interest in the bounding hounds. Her English, or rather American, is very colorful and she babbles away, regardless of grammatical errors. She is busy settling in a new apartment near the Arc de Triomphe. When overseeing the workmen and decorators she would use Georges Carpentier's Bar as an annex, for it is almost across the street. That popular ex-boxer's bar is quite the popular meeting place of stage and screen stars with the charming Georges officiating as host. The petite Monique has signed for Hollywood and received the traditional dollar-bill, as advance payment for good luck. She carries that dollar-bill everywhere and is sure it will bring her all she hopes for. No doubt just as she is installed in her new home she will have to lock the door and set off for that golden California. She is most interested in the bungalow out there and is already planning a pale green boxhouri.

The other candidate for early recognition from Hollywood is a winsome, sensitive and brilliantly talented little creature named Michele Morgan. Just as Danielle Darrieux got her start by appearing opposite Charles Boyer (in "Mayerling"), so has Michele got Charles to thank for choosing her to play opposite him in "L'Orage"—The Storm—in English—the French film Boyer made on his last visit to Paris. When watching Michele in scenes with Charles at the studio I thought "that girl is going far and high." Evidently a few million French fans thought the same thing, for after the picture was released she was immediately starred and co-starred.

In each picture Mille. Morgan has evidenced great progress and depth of feeling. Michele was delighted with the Hollywood offers, but she felt she would like to develop a bit more before essaying the flight to the top of the film world, which, of course, is Hollywood. At the ripe age of eighteen she certainly has the time to wait before that great voyage to California. You should all see her in "Quasi des Brumes" with Jean Gabin when that film reaches America. Michele reminds me, in looks only, of how Joan Crawford would like to have looked when she was Morgan's age. I hope you know what I mean. There is none of the old la la in her make-up, but Michele packs a whale of a lot of sex appeal in her charming, winsome personality.

The man who looks as though he were born right in the middle of the Boulevards of Paris looked in on us and we were all glad to see our old friend, Adolphe Menjou. Just a sort of holiday jaunt to show the town around this Paris of ours.

A bit of news was wafted over to me from Switzerland. It seems that Marlene Dietrich, on one of her visits to daughter Maria, decided to give a party for Maria's schoolmates there. There were ten small tables of young guests. On each table was a big cake and on each cake was a portrait of Marlene in colored icing! Can you imagine slashing a knife through one of Marlene's placid blue eyes in helping yourself to a tid-bit of cake?

Andrea Leeds

(CHARMING HOLLYWOOD STAR)

"ADORED WOMEN have gracious tender HANDS"

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Screenland
Chevalier, slice double all well horseback. wide-hat the don't his Boyd, chase the evening some He him the the the picture Malibu. year colorful. occasions, was and rootin'-tootin' plain, bit how matter three- stand-in and women some on an westerns: looks lashes in mascara, silky hygiene to WlNX Scientific labo- tory tests prove WINX mascara is astonishingly fine in texture. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow, and eyebrow pencil — in the GREEN PACKAGES — at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Buck is one of the people who encounters doing his stuff amid the caviar, orchids, and silver fox capes at the Trocadéro. Buck likes his night life, and takes it with jest. He, too, ranches with the best of them in San Fernando Valley, with his wife and his young daughter, Maxine. He has a rambling, Spanish house, and adjoining gardens and corrals for the accommodation of various horses, dogs, monkeys, and birds. He collects saddles and guns, and what in the world he's going to do with them, he can't imagine.

In all his twenty-one years in pictures, he has never had even a bit in a picture which wasn't a plain, unadulterated, rip- snortin' Western, but he takes this work as seriously as does a Hepburn or a Craw- ford. He never misses one of his previews, and agonizes all the way through, because in the case of the picture which might have been better. He conscientiously sees all the pictures of other important stars, too, and studies their work, analyzes direction, and photographs.

His most restful periods, as a matter of fact, are when he is working. He is usually out of doors, somewhere on location, and wherever he is, he is either pretending to be a villain, or saving the beautiful lady, he sits himself down with a sigh, eases his boots a bit, and looks around for someone to flay — yam-fry — yackin' yarn. For Buck is an ardent yachts- man, and will sail for Honolulu at the drop of a sombrero.

He is a complete "joiner," and is an honored member of the Shriners. I suspect him of enjoying the costumes. But he also takes his fans mail and the boys' fan clubs very seriously. He is genuinely concerned with furnishing the youth of the country with clean and thrilling entertainment, or, as he put it to me, "something that'll help 'em learn to keep their noses clean — you know — give 'em some ideals." When Buck speaks of the youngsters who make up the majority of his public, you definitely get a glimpse of a man who thinks he has a duty to fulfill, who believes that he has a certain niche in the general scheme of things. But he is bewildered at the number of women who write him fan letters.

A lot of present big shot male stars had their first training in westerns: Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Dick Arlen, Ral- phold Scott, to name a few. I don't know whether it was the tough cowboy tendencies which caused them to make good Westerns, or whether those early pictures reacted on them. Anyhow, they all take their ranching and the last-mounted saddles very seriously today. They even drawl, in off- screen conversation, most convincingly.

It was when Hollywood was almost lost track of Arthur Lake, lastly, (he had been doing Paramont Westerns for so long) that an executive of that company confided to me that Arlen was worth more actual and round silver dollars than any other starlet in a year of ki-yi-yipping on a coyuse pony, than a Chevalier, a Dietrich, or any of their other stars. And Lake was almost the same age and had almost never knew Dick Arlen! Remember Tom Tyler? Tom is a Polish gentleman; an excellent weightlifter. He had to be taught to ride before he could essay Westerns. But Tom was good, once he had got the hang of the boots and saddles.

George O'Brien, now, has reversed the process, as has Bill ("Hopalong Cassidy") Boyd. O'Brien, son of San Francisco's Chief of Police, traveled far and wide, enjoyed many a dramatic role on the stage before he essayed pictures. He was drama- tical in Murnau's "Sunrise" with Janet Gaynor, some years ago. And now look at him! He's as rootin'-tootin' as the best of them, and he loves it.

But off the screen, he is a trifle more chi-chi than most of the wide-lot boys. He has a home in Beverly Hills, and one at Malibu. He has a pretty wife (you remember Mrs. Margaret Churchill), a nice yew-year-old daughter, and some evening clothes. He gives dinner parties, and sometimes goes to the opera. But he follows the tradition of those great cowboys that he neither drinks nor smokes, and that he works out in gym every day.

Bill Boyd, too, came up through a succession of stark roles, after an apprenticeship which included working as an orange picker, oil well driller, automobile salesman, and grocery clerk. Cecil deMille discovered him, and, before Bill knew it, he was emoting all over the place in the "Volga Boatmen," "King of Kings," "Two Arabian Knights," and other epics of the silent screen. Some outdoor pictures caused his real forte. He has been Hopalong Cassidy for so many moons now, that lots of his fan mail comes addressed that way. Bill's drawl is as thick and rooted as from Oklahoma. He seems to have a very easy time of it. He works six months of the year, and loafs the other six, thus assisted in film matters. Born in the Valley, Bill got scads of those pictures. It fell of Western stars cutting such dittos. Boyd has some more ranches, too, scattered here and there, and he raises things on them. He never goes to night clubs or fashionable Hollywood lunch spots, and he prefers bright shirts and large hats. He does own some evening clothes, and his wife tells me that she has them taken out of their moth bags and brushed and sinned frequently. His proudest boast is that he has never used a stand-in or a double in a picture, no matter how trying or how dangerous the part.

Jack Holt has probably played more types of adventure and outdoor heroes than any other actor on the screen today. He always returns to the ranch life, which requires a Stetson hat. I asked him about it, and he grinned. "I've played cow- boys, explorers, big game hunters, aviators, models, and even a West Point army officer," he told me. "There is nothing so romantic, it seems, as the American conception of the early cowboy. I think it's partly that every- one loves horses, and probably that the cos- tumes are so colorful. No one can look romantic wearing a parka or an aviator's helmet and goggles. There is no looking dashing in the Welles spectacles, a chase on horseback. It's not only small boys who like Westerns. Quite a slice of the audiences of those pictures are the doughty, grown men who have never realized their youthful dreams."

They are all nice fellows, these cowboy stars, as two-fisted, hard-riding, and physi- cally fit as the day is long. They cut no capers on the Boulevard, neither do they roister on the Sunset Strip. They ride their ponies, twang their guitars, tend the ancient Californian ranches, avoid scandals or divorces. And, with pictures supposed to be in their much publicized doldrums, these Western starsloom, to producers, as the rocks of strength they have ever been.
the snow acted as reflector quite nicely, didn’t it?

“I like this one of Kay Francis with the St. Bernard at the hospice. He’s the dog they send out to find those lost in the snow. He took quite a fancy to Kay.

“We were all there for Christmas and everyone behaved like a kid. I had a terrible time on skis, they all teased me, but I got along well on skates, and I loved the toboggan. Sylvia Fairbanks took this shot of Doug and me starting down, with my camera, and I can’t remember who made the one of the three of us skating. That wasn’t with my camera, but you can see I was about to click the shutter myself.

“Do go to St. Moritz, if you haven’t been! You feel like a new person, so relaxed, so unworried. There’s a great sleigh to take you wherever you want to go, if you aren’t hiking; they serve lunchen at the edge of the skating rink, everything is so very gay.”

Some of Merle’s happiest times have been shared with the elder Fairbankses. “We lived next door at Santa Monica,” she recalled, “and we had so many lovely times together. I’m sorry I forgot my camera so often when we were there, but I have a few shots of parties, none so very excellent because people would wave or move, not remembering that it wasn’t a home movie camera.”

She wrinkled her brow over the stills, and picked out one of herself with the John C. Wilson—Noel Coward’s manager, you know, and his wife, the Princess Paley.

“This is what I’d like to get, if I could only stop to bother. See how clear it is. Plenty of light and yet none of us with his eyes shut. Now in this one of Errol Flynn in his car on location, I should have noticed that the sun was glaring on the metal around the windshield, but of course I didn’t! Good of Errol, though, isn’t it? I was up on location visiting David when

they made ‘Charge of the Light Brigade’ when that was taken.”

One of Merle’s favorite shots is that of her hostess at an English country house, where Merle recuperated from her serious motor accident last year. “I like the daffodils and the misty woods and the dogs. It’s so very English!” she commented. “I had a marvelous time there, being the languid, interesting invalid with everyone waiting on me,” she smiled. “I felt like someone in a novel, and every day I thought it was time for the big dramatic scene to come along. But the big drama must have been the accident!”

She closed the album. Her dark eyes twinkled under the oddly tilted black hat that topped an Alice blue scarf wound over her curls and around her neck. “I must go,” she apologized, with a pretty smile. “The girls must be starving. You don’t mind?”

The crew drifting out from the “pick-up shot” they had been making, called after her:

“Class in photography dismissed? Take my picture! Look out, boys, there goes Merle Oberon, with her deadly camera!”

Hollywood Fashion

Continued from page 29

worn “green boots and seven miles of silver fox” buys many of her studio clothes for her own use. Miss Chatterton and Miss de Havilland have both bought many screen clothes for their personal use.

Tallulah Bankhead, who can go anywhere where she pleases for her clothes, recently went to much trouble to get the consent of Mr. J. L. Warner for me to design the gowns she will wear in her new stage play, “I’m Different.” These incidentally, are to be “lady’s clothes.”

There are some things Miss Hawes doesn’t know about Hollywood. People live more sandly here than in New York. Many of the greatest creators in all lines work here. It is no longer a world to itself. It comes dangerously near being the world of art, letters, and perhaps of fashion, too.

Freshness

...wins fame for Dixie Dunbar and Old Golds, too!

You can’t blame a Hollywood star for worrying about going stale. For all the talent in the world won’t hold a star’s popularity... once the appealing charm of freshness fades.

That’s true, too, of a cigarette. Many a talented cigarette, that leaves the factory fresh, is a stale “has-been” by the time it reaches the smoker.

Tobacco freshness must be guarded against dryness, dust, or too much moisture.

That’s the reason for Old Gold’s double-sealed, double Cellophane package. You can’t buy, beg or borrow a stale Old Gold. Always, Old Golds are double-mellow, delightful in flavor, fresh as the minute they were made.

TUNE IN on Old Gold’s Hollywood Screenclips, Tuesday and Thursday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast
The mushroom sauce is just what it is called—a sauce made with mushrooms, and is a delightful accompaniment to such dishes as roast beef, veal, or turkey. It is made by sautéing the mushrooms in a little butter, then adding a little flour, and finally adding some stock or broth. The resulting sauce is thickened and seasoned to taste, and served over the meat.

The beef steak is another classic dish that is always popular. It is prepared by cooking the meat to a desired level of doneness, then resting it to allow the juices to redistribute. The steak is typically served with a sauce, such as mushroom, béarnaise, or demi-glace, which complements the flavor of the meat.

The chicken salad is a light and refreshing dish that is perfect for a summer luncheon. It is made by mixing cooked chicken with mayonnaise, nuts, and fruits, and served on a bed of lettuce. The dish can be customized with additional ingredients, such as apples, grapes, or walnuts, to suit individual tastes.

The cake is a classic dessert that is enjoyed by all. It is made with a variety of ingredients, such as flour, sugar, eggs, and butter, and baked in a loaf pan. The resulting dessert is moist and fluffy, with a rich flavor that is sure to satisfy any sweet tooth.

The recipe for the chicken salad is simple and easy to follow. It is a great dish to make ahead of time, as it can be prepared up to a day in advance. The resulting dish is perfect for a picnic, a potluck, or a casual dinner party. It is a dish that is sure to please everyone who tries it.
Norma Shearer agreed the boy is the best surefire star bet of the younger generation.

Sonja Henie's big brother Leif flew from Oslo to London to meet the skating star when she arrived for her annual vacation not long ago. "What will you do at home in Norway?" I asked her. "Fees!" she answered with the dimpled grin. She is having a wonderful new log house built for her high up in the Norwegian fjords, looking down on the sea, and nearby is a stream where Sonja can't strike the trout to her heart's content. She does the job practically too, in rubber waders and some old tweed slacks. In the meantime she was looking suitably glamorous in green satin, silver fox cape and orchids.

Green seems to be a fashionable color nowadays. Vivien Leigh was wearing it in chiffon at a smart premiere, sitting with a party that included tall monocled Conrad Veidt and his wife.

Irvyn Asher has just joined the Korda administration and when I went to call on him in his new modernistic office with the cream walls and animal-patterned curtains he showed me an amusing book received from Patric Knowles, whom he discovered. It was a miniature scenario entitled "A Knowles Production, Starring Michael Patric in Kid Skeeter-Wight" and the baby's very first photograph accompanied it. Incidentally, John Lodge has just become a proud father too. His daughter is Beatrice Anna and has his dark brown eyes. Margaret Lockwood, who acted with John recently, sent her a sweet wee white wool jacket knitted by her own fingers. The girl can do anything with needles as well as act, and behaves so very modestly that one Hollywood executive to whom she was introduced said afterwards, "I don't believe that dame's in films at all!"

Margaret is just back from her honeymoon and delighted with her wedding gift from Will Flyffe, the old Scots actor who played with her in "To the Victor." It was a lovely china model of a sheep to remind her of that film. Her next picture is to be "The Blue Lagoon," all about the boy and girl brought up together among the natives on a South Sea island. I hope Dorothy Lamour won't sue for copyright when she sees our brunette Margaret with long floating hair and a silk sarong too! Michael Redgrave will complete the tropical romance team and Will Flyffe—yes, two Ps to start are correct—is to play the beachcomber doctor. Though he has only lately taken to filming, Will has been a famous vaudeville character player for many years.

Sylvia Sidney spent most of her month's vacation here at the St. James's Theatre where Luther Adler was playing on the stage. Her new rolled-back-from-the-face hairdressing and blue-rimmed spectacles certainly make the little star appear much older and less vivacious than she used to be. Does she wear those checked wool suits and heavy shoes in New York, too? I saw her buying lots of new English books to take back home and nobody else in the big stores apparently recognized her.

4 QUICK STEPS WITH THE NEW LINIT COMPLEXION MASK

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: "Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.
When Star Are Strangers
Continued from p. 61

At this point, lunch arrived. There was a concentrated dive for the chicken sandwiches.

“My mother thinks you’re just swell.” Olivia between mumbles.

“She does? That’s swell of her!” Jimmy between mumbles.

“Course we all like you a lot.” Olivia, Jimmy just grinned. “Then, ‘You’re my favorite actress, too.”

Olivia looked pleased, but she answered slyly, “Listen to him hand out the blarney!”

Hurledly clasped, Jimmy added, “No, I mean that!”

“Now about this interview,” I began. Oh, yes,” exclaimed Jimmy. He turned to Olivia. “Now the first question is—” He stopped and looked at me. “What was the first question again?”

“It— it—

“I know now! Was there ever any boy you were interested in when you were a kid?” Again to me. “That’s it, isn’t it?”

“Yeah. Olivia smiled at both of us. “I liked all the boys. In fact, I was what is known as a first-rate tomboy. Between the ages of six.

“What was that last remark?” asked Jimmy.

“I just said, ‘Between the ages of six.’” “That’s what I thought you said.” Jimmy looked something.

“Now that that’s cleared up,” Olivia continued, “on the story. I even went through the stage when I fought with the boys. I remember once when five different boys on bicycles heckled me all the way from school. When we got near the creek, I turned on them. With true de Havilland courage, and took my revenge. When I left, they were all in the creek, surprised and somewhat bunged up. I then rode home on one of the boy’s bicycles.”

Jimmy just stared at her in amazement.

“Gee! That’s wonderful! How do you think up such things?”

“Surely you have such memories,” said Olivia.

“Nothing like that,” answered Jimmy rather downcast.

“Come on now,” pumped Olivia, “think of something!”

For a while, Jimmy just pondered and digested his past. Then, somewhat uncertainly, “Well, during the war, some chums of mine and I amused ourselves by playing war in my home; made trenches in the back yard. Naturally, we were all generals. We had the girls in the neighborhood as Red Cross nurses. My dad sent me helmets from France, so we used those to advantage. I remember that my favorite girl friend at the time—the red-head—he nodded in my direction—was a nurse. I had it fixed so I would be wounded and have her as my nurse. While I was lying down in all my best acting agony, she gave me castor oil.”

Olivia started to laugh. Finally, she managed to, “And what happened to your romance?” “It just sort of did something to it, as I recalled,” answered Jimmy.

“I’ve something to tell you,” said Olivia after a while. “I saw you once before, you know.”

“Where?”

“In a restaurant. I was eating soup. You were sitting at the next table and you gave me the giggles. I never did finish that soup.”

“Was I wearing something peculiar?” asked Jimmy, confused.

“No. You covered me with confusion by staring at me. But I’ve liked you ever since that time.”

“That’s a help anyway,” Jimmy answered, grinning broadly.

“Jimmy,” I began—oh yes, I was still there—“what did you do on your first date?”

“Oh, I took my red-head to the movies. I was about nine.”

“How about you, Olivia?” I asked.

“Well, my first date was at 16. You see, I wasn’t as mature as Jimmy. I didn’t go out with boys at nine.”

“Well, maybe it was ten or twelve,” hurriedly put in Jimmy.

Olivia merely gave him a charming smile, “My escort was a boy I had known since we were six. We went to the movies to see Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in ‘The Love Parade.’ I remember that was the picture because I tried to wear my hair in a braid like Miss MacDonald’s in the picture.”

“What did you think of your escort?” I asked.

“Oh, he was very charming. He used to throw rocks at me. He wore a canvas up-side-down hat and he played a ripping game of Old Maid.”

“But, Olivia,” continued Jimmy, “I worked in the factory where I took my red-headed friend. She couldn’t sit with me because I was in the projection room, and she wasn’t allowed there.”

“Then, you do have a soul too,” I said to Olivia. “Did you ever happen to be a Red Cross Nurse?”

“I was never a nurse, unfortunately. But a group of girls I knew, mooned with, who wasn’t with the boys adopted the name. ‘The Fearless Five.’ We had it all planned to blow up a dictator. We were going to fill the furnace with matches, and blow up his palace, that is—and put him to sleep.”

“By the way, Jimmy,” I continued on my merry way, “for the sake of the record, did you ever date, Jimmy?”

“Indiana, Pennsylvania.” A guilty look.

“I beg your pardon?” commented Olivia.

“I said, Indiana, Pennsylvania.”

“Jimmy, you never dated, did you?” Olivia. “It is on most people, except those in Indiana, Pa.”

“Back to the subject now,” I went on, like a bloodhound. “Were you ever bawled out by girls, Jimmy?”

“Sure.”

“What for?”

“For forgetting things, such as not sending flowers when I should have. Forgetting to arrive on time. Forgetting to call when I was to be expected at the girl’s house.”

“And yet girls are just as forgetful,” commented Olivia in a more serious vein.

“I’ve been scolded for that and most everything else from men. Self, self, I suppose I assure myself just as easily upset over little things as women.”

“Now that we’re on the subject of what each of you has learned about the members of the opposite sex, I began, “I think we can go into this further—if you don’t mind.”

“It is, too. My this storytelling thing,” said Olivia, as she took a glass of milk.

“I’m getting in the mood to talk, so don’t let me get out of it,” remarked Jimmy.

“Well then, Olivia, what do men dislike in women?”

“Men like women to be neat, but they dislike women who are too personal. And, naturally, men can’t stand catty women. As for me, we like women who are bossing us. We like the attention they give us at such times.”

“Speaking of catty women,” began Jimmy.

“I’ve known some pretty catty men. I’ve observed that at different times I’ve been out with women, Boy! Some of the gossip men can dish out! They make their female companions look sick when
it comes right down to it. As for us men, we don't like irresponsible women, or women who are forgetful or conceited—as a general rule. However, I have known men who date on concealed women. They seem to give certain men a feeling that it is an honor going with them, and lots of us are fools enough to believe it is an honor.

“What have you found, by your observations, that a woman must be, to have most men like her?”

“I know that often some friends of mine and I get together and play cards or just talk. Inevitably, the conversation runs to various women we have met or gone out with. The general consensus of opinion is that we men do not like affected or artificial women, and we abhor possessive ones. Yet I have known several men who like to be pinned down. Different women I have met often cast hints that the surest way to hold men is to make them too the mark. They say it gives a lot of us the feeling that the lady who is doing the pinning is definitely and assuredly ours. I can't vouch for that idea personally, for I just won't go with a possessive woman, but I suppose it does work in many cases.”

“That works both ways, Jimmy,” said Olivia. “I've heard countless men say that it doesn't pay to be too easy on women—that women will take advantage of them if they don't give the impression that the man is the boss—and what he says goes. We like to be bossed, though, so it's all right.”

“Well, do you think then that it is easier to be the kind of girl women like by noting masculine preferences?” I asked Olivia.

“Yes, I think it is. Men are perfect barometers when it comes to registering the faults we women have and often overlook.”

“That may be true,” argued Jimmy, “but I don't believe anyone should think, consciously, about being what others want you to be. If you're thinking you must act in such a way so someone will like you, you can't be natural. You've seen a lot of people who say, 'Oh, you must hear Johnny's funny story. Tell it for us again, Johnny.' And after much coaxing Johnny tells it again. And each time he tells it, it becomes flatter, because he is expected to be funny. See my point?”

“Yes, I do,” said Olivia. “And I think you've got something there, Jimmy.”

I glanced at my watch. Time was going all too quickly. The only thing for me to do now was to get in all I could in the space of about five minutes left me.

“Olivia, what are your rules of behavior?”

“To try to be agreeable in a natural way, never to appear as though the young man who is escorting me is very privileged to have my company, to observe what he likes and to be as cooperative with him as possible by not insisting on doing something I like when I know he would not enjoy himself, to converse with him on things that interest him, to avoid all talk of women's clothes and very personal talk, for invariably being too personal will spoil a good friendship in the long run. Those are my rules.”

“You're turn, Jimmy.”

“What Olivia said can apply in my case—that is, try to please the lady I am with by giving her little courtesies, to make it a point—but not an obvious point—see that she enjoys herself, to avoid all things that might give the impression that I am trying to demand things of her, never to make the conversation run along the 'I did this, I did that' line. Let her talk too—but not too lengthily, for conversation is, after all, a 50-50 proposition. But the main rule of all, with me, is—Be natural and don't think about acting too hard to please anybody.' If I tried to do the right thing, I'd end by making a mess of everything and doing the very things that would offend the lady.”

I knew the interview was progressing too nicely. Something was going to happen to end it. I just felt it. It did. A call came for Olivia. She was due on the set at once. She shook hands with Jimmy. "I hate to leave, This has been such fun" "I'd like to stay longer too," returned Jimmy. "This is the first interview I've enjoyed in months. From now on, I'll be interviewed only with you, Olivia."

"I think that's a grand idea too," Olivia smiled.

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Hollywood Wedding

Continued from page 63

THE STORY SO FAR

Dick Ramsey, screen idol, and Jean Taylor, leading lady, became engaged for publicity purposes in accordance with their studio's wishes. However, they are forbidden to marry, and their elopement and actual wedding is kept a secret even from Jean's mother, Dick has had a flirtation with Ruby Lloyd, cabaret star. Jean, as a mere girl member of a stock company, had married an actor, but the marriage was soon annulled, and later both Jean and her mother learned that the man had died. Ruby, intent upon breaking up what she deems to be merely a growing friendship between Dick and Jean, goes to the actor's house at night. She has seen Jean will be there, and she has seen Jean give money to a man near a downtown hotel. The man was the actor Jean had married and whom she thought dead. His reappearance was a shock, and Jean, helpless to find another way out, had given him money he demanded on threat to ruin Dick Ramsey by detrimental publicity. Ruby goes to Dick's study, and, reclining on a divan clad only in her lace lingerie, awaits the return of Dick and the visit of Jean.

talk to him tonight. The older woman's voice was anxious and trembling over the phone. Dick said, "I'll see her tomorrow, mother," and hung up.

Jean was ill. It was an illness of the spirit and not of the body. To her mother's anxious inquiries, she answered, lightly enough, that there had been a story conference and that she had been detained. She had a bad headache and would try to sleep it off. Her mother accepted that and went to bed, content that Jean was safe in her own room. And in her room, flat on her bed, Jean lay, fully dressed, while anger and a raw jealousy heated in her and scorched up her tears. There was no misunderstanding the import of Ruby's presence in Dick's home, in his arms: and she thought of the two perfect days they had spent together, on their brief honeymoon.

When he came to her lot bungalow, the next day, before they went on the set, she was quite calm. Her flaring anger was halted by her infinitely remote smile. He closed the door. "Jean," he said, "you've got to listen to me. If I have to have Toto corroborate my statements, it will be pretty bad; but that doesn't even know Ruby was in the house! When I came in, I found her just as you saw her, in the study, waiting for me.

"Please!" she begged. "I don't want to talk about it." She was at the limit of her emotional endurance, and she didn't want to break, in confession, before him. She strove for self-control. "We both have careers to think about—suppose we go on, and forget? I'm willing to carry on, if it will help you, Dick."

"You insist on rubbing it in, don't you?" he snapped. "Use your head, Jean! Would I have kept Ruby in my study the way she was? Couldn't I have hidden her? Do you think I would let you know I let anyone surprise me in a situation like that if it was premeditated? I swear to you, Jean—"

"Dick!" Her voice trembled. "Don't! Not now!" Her thoughts sped to Myles Tracy. What was the use of saying anything now? Myles would leave town and that was the end of that; she would let her heart bury its dead, and they would go on...

"Jean, you and I can't afford to lie to each other. I wouldn't lie to you, dear. Can't you believe that?"

She didn't answer him, just sat there, her eyes brooding. After a long, thoughtful pause, he said: "I can't stand this! I'm going up on the set."

On the set, once again in his arms, the ardent words of a great writer on both their lips, her heart seemed to expand until it was on the point of bursting. Unconsciously, she drew him closer. She was so filled with a brittle excitement, fighting the invasion of his insidious eagerness to woo her with another's words. And she was riven by a hard shame that her heart should respond.

Director Markel growled: "What a love scene! Looked like an illustration for the Battle Hymn of the Republic! That was a polite sparring match, with about as much warmth as there is in a ton of snow!"

They tried to recapture the essence of earlier scenes, but only they knew why this was impossible. Love couldn't leap the high barrier of their difference.

Their public appearances, together, suffered a relapse, but this was not noticed greatly because there were many showers for the bride-to-be, and pre-nuptial entertainment in honor, by their friends. Walters was busy stuffing the hungry maw of publicity with stories: their pictures flooded the press everywhere. Whenever they appeared together, they were, apparently, the devoted lovers. Only Glassman and Markel and Walters, viewing the rushes, nightly, shook their heads and wondered what was missing from the still beauty of the scenes. Glassman, "Zaza," grumbled Glassman, "the spirit has petered out of this thing. Those last scenes have no sizzle."

Walters frowned. "Suppose," he suggested, "that you give a swanky week-end party for the engaged couple, Markel? I think this torch-bear needs a little publicity spotlight to speed it up. It may have soured, in private."

Glassman said, with sudden apprehension; "Say—you don't think..."

"Hardly ever—not if I can help it," broke in Walters. "You know—propinquity! The old stuff?"

"Okay," agreed Markel. "Who'll we invite?"

"Everybody," said Walters. "I need new pictures, new dope for the press, so make it a party to end all parties. Celebrities—"

That same week, the Markel's, in Malibu, was heralded days before it was to be held. Markel, wizard of direction, dean of Hollywood directors, was throwing the biggest party of the year for the new team that was making film history.

Dick called for Jean and her mother, to take them out. He was attentive to Jean, doved to his mother, who had poured out a devotion to him surpassing only that by which she lavished on her lovely daughter, of whom she was inordinately proud.

Jean had decided the past week, assailed by doubts as to the meaning of Ruby's appearance in Dick's study. She wanted to believe Dick's explanation, but she couldn't, at least long enough to appear that way—and that was what Dick contended.

She came to see me, certainly," he said. "I didn't invite her, but when you give a swanky week-end at the house you expect people to show up, and she was there. Somehow, she learned that you were coming—maybe she listened to your phone conversation with Toto—there's an extension in the studio, and anywhere she might make it look as bad as possible. I suppose she had some idea that if she broke things up between us, I'd rebound to her. Fat chance!"

There was a dance the first night of Markel's house party, and an expensive orchestra played for the hundred guests who filled the spacious home. Almost half of them were staying over for the week-end. Celebrities were thickly underfoot; reporters and cameramen besieged. Jean was almost overwhelmed when one of the servants approached her and told her that she was wanted on the phone.

No one apprehended that her flower-like nails had pierced the library, where she was shown. It was only after she had heard the thick voice on the other end that she stiffened with fright. It was Myles Tracy, and she was, palpably, very drunk. (To Be Continued)
Girls who guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way win out—

Irene Dunne

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Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources . . . Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!
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Foolish, foolish you! The loveliest smile in the world grows dim if neglected. And you neglected yours.

Oh yes you did! Of course you brushed your teeth every day. But you never gave a thought to your gums, did you? You suspected that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush meant trouble, but you just didn't bother!

Well, today you're going to see your dentist (it's the sensible thing to do)! Today you're going to learn that gums as well as teeth need special care! And if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage you're going to follow his advice—if you want to re-capture that lovely, appealing, winning smile!

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If you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him decide if there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll say your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work to help keep them firm and strong.

All too frequently our modern foods are too soft, too well-cooked to give our gums the stimulation they need for better health. Understand this—and you'll appreciate why modern dentists so frequently advise the regular use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Don't risk your smile! Get a famous and economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to keep your smile a winning smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Screenland
With everybody writing a column, I don’t see why I should not take a crack at it myself.

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I’ve got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world’s greatest studio.

The late Will Rogers said all he knew was “what he read in the papers.” All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

You’ve read all about “The Citadel” in our advertisement on the left. It’s made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is “Sweethearts”, which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

“Sweethearts” is their first modern musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the “glad girl”) and Alan Campbell.

Hunt Stromberg, who produced “Naughty Marietta”, “Rose Marie” and “Maytime”, and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us “Sweethearts” — and it’s all in beautiful Technicolor.

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little book, “The Screen Forecast,” M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It’s free!

Just call me Leo.

OUT OF A GREAT BOOK
... Comes A Thrilling Dramatic Motion Picture!

Power that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it’s one of the greatest dramas since films began! The young doctor tempted... a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

THE C
ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL
IN
CITADEL
A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION
Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin
with RALPH RICHARDSON
REX HARRISON-EMLYN WILLIAMS
Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple,
Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill, Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!
A Message from the Publisher—
TO YOU

With this issue, SCREENLAND, The Smart Screen Magazine, goes on sale for the first time at 10c.
In making this drastic reduction in price, we are making another drastic move—giving you a better, a more beautiful and lavish magazine than ever before. In this issue our Editor, Delight Evans, inaugurates an important new policy not only in price but in interest and appeal. Far from giving you less for the new price of 10c we are giving you MORE.

More in human interest—finer stories by the best writers on Hollywood—bigger and finer photographs. More in appeal in every way because of a keener approach, a fresh, more modern presentation on every page.

We're not promising, we're presenting in this issue a better SCREENLAND than you've ever had before. And we can't let this opportunity pass without telling you, here and now, what you may expect in future issues of SCREENLAND—and at the new low price of 10c.
A big contest to be announced in an early issue—a contest you won't be able to resist entering. A lineup of "name" writers, to give you a lively new slant on the motion picture scene and its many vivid personalities. Sensational new covers, especially posed.

Giving you this new and finer SCREENLAND for 10c will be possible only if you like it and continue to buy it—and if you like it well enough to tell all your friends about it, and urge them to buy and enjoy SCREENLAND with you. When you have read this issue—tell two of your friends about it.

Thank you—we'll be meeting again next month.

PAUL HUNTER,
PUBLISHER.

V. G. Heinmacher, President
Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher
D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
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"Ah,

When Ronald Colman, as Francois Villon, poet-rogue, hero of Frank Lloyd's crowning achievement, "If I Were King," makes love gallantly, tenderly to beautiful Frances Dee and Ellen Drew, you'll agree with Jimmie Fidler and all the other Hollywood critics that this is the grandest of screen romances.
IF I WERE KING

The stars would be your pearls upon a string
The world a ruby for your finger ring ...”

Adolph Zukor presents
Ronald Colman
in Frank Lloyd's
"IF I WERE KING"
with Frances Dee · Basil Rathbone
Ellen Drew · C. V. France · Henry Wilcoxon
Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd
Screen Play by Preston Sturges
From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"Men With Wings", the first aviation picture ever filmed completely in Technicolor, with its flaming romance, its thousands of thrills, its cast of thousands headed by such favorites as Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell, produced and directed by William A. Wellman, who created "Nothing Sacred" and "A Star is Born!"

"Escape From Leavenworth", Paramount's punch-packed adventure yarn, formerly titled "The Last Ride," is now making its first appearances round the country, and if you've not already thrilled to the emotional impact of this thundering story of a man who could tame wild horses but couldn't tame his son, be sure you grab the first opportunity to do so. Critics call this Akim Tamiroff's top role.
Our special award to Basil Rathbone—most colorful of the few true mummers of the movies, whose penetrating portrait of Louis XI in "If I Were King" is latest and best in his own gallery of glittering cinema performances.

At left, Basil Rathbone, by himself. Above, portrait of "the Spider King," also by Rathbone. Incomparable actor, Basil Rathbone never portrays himself, although he is a fascinating personality in his own right. Below, a scene between Ronald Colman as Francois Villon, Rathbone as Louis XI, in "If I Were King."

RATHBONE is the real artist. From his stage Romeo to Katharine Cornell's Juliet, through a succession of good, bad, and indifferent screen roles, to his current characterization of the wily Spider Monarch in Paramount's rousing spectacle, "If I Were King," he is a rare and gifted performer. Basil Rathbone is the real artist. From his stage Romeo to Katharine Cornell's Juliet, through a succession of good, bad, and indifferent screen roles, to his current characterization of the wily Spider Monarch in Paramount's rousing spectacle, "If I Were King," he is a rare and gifted performer. Basil Rathbone is also, although picture producers have yet to realize it, potentially a mighty "box office" personality—his abundant vitality, boundless enthusiasm, and most of all his priceless spiritual heritage of artistic integrity are all too rarely encountered in the cinema workshops. A lighter Laughton, a more full-bodied Barrymore—here's Rathbone, romantic mummer in the great tradition!
These are the "ANGELS with DIRTY FACES"

JAMES CAGNEY as Rocky . . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get—until they get me!

PAT O'BRIEN as Father Connolly . . . "Rocky and I were kids together, I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"

THE DEAD END KIDS as Themselves . . . Headed for crime— their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!

HUMPHREY BOGART as Rocky's Mouthpiece . . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"

ANN SHERIDAN as Laury . . . "I'm Rocky's girl—so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"

Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

Directed by Michael Curtiz
Screen play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From a First National Picture
Screenland
9
SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

"Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft...as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢.

"Air-Span" Rouge To Match...Another thrilling new Coty discovery! Torrents of air blend colors to new, life-like warmth. The shades match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstic parching

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. He's with Ginger again in "Babes in Arms" (abbrev.)
2. One of the Marx Brothers
3. Movie star of "Too Hot to Handle"
4. The producer in "Racket Busters"
5. Military assistant
6. Traditional knowledge
7. Star of "Three Blind Mice"
8. "...I love I'm After," a movie
9. His new one is "Four's a Crowd"
10. And so forth (abbrev.)
11. She's featured in "Four's a Crowd"
12. An S-shaped worm
13. To rub out
14. Subject teacher in "You Can't Take it with You"
15. Contiguity (abbrev.)
16. Frozen desserts
17. Hand-to-hand fight between two people
18. Part of the verb to be
19. Ingenue in "The Gladiator"
20. Bobby Brown's grown-up pal in "Hawaii Call"
21. A well-bred woman
22. Star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
23. Comic star of "The Gladiator"
24. Streamship
25. Knot
26. Cooking container
27. To pin or attatch
28. Either
29. Water from the skies
30. Patriot saint of sailors
31. Pats wife
32. Firmented grain
33. Chestnut-colored horses
34. Article
35. She plays "Marie Antoinette"
36. Sick
37. "Four's a Crowd"
38. "Theobroma"

DOWN
1. Co-star of "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
2. "Upton"
3. To draw out
4. "...West, Young Man," a movie
5. Comes up
6. "...Young Man"
7. Small roles in movies
8. To mislay
9. 67. "...Young Man"
10. Printers' measure
11. "Sub-Deb"
12. See-eagles
13. Part of a movie camera
14. She's famous for dance roles (as in "College Swing")
15. Chimney
16. "A..." (abbrev.)
17. "G..." (abbrev.)
18. "A..."
19. "...Young Man"
20. Printers' measure
21. "A..."
22. "A..."
23. "A..."
24. "A..."
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72. "A..."
73. "A..."
74. "A..."

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

RAY RAY'S ARM WEST
ABEL SHIRLEY EVER
ELLA FOSTER THER
LA ODE AMNEE
TH

NAY'S RIDGE LORRE
IDEA HOE TALE
BEN BURT MIN
AD OTTO WHEN... WEN
BROWNS GEORGE
STEAD WARE WARP
DUNNE BOLES EARLY
EDNA LOWE HILA ROAR
SEAT OHN AXE ELS
7 GREAT PERSONALITIES

Selznick International presents

JANET GAYNOR

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE GODDARD

in

THE YOUNG IN HEART

with

ROLAND YOUNG

BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson

Directed by Richard Wallace

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK. Released thru United Artists

From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie

Screenland
TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?
Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoon, no bottle! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!

You sleep through the night...undisturbed! No stomach upset. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up.

In the morning you have a thorough bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC
J. CHAS. McNEIL
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
BACHELOR OF MUSIC
1153-V South Van Ness
Los Angeles, Calif.

CALL ME
SIT-TRUE

STRONGER
MORE ABSORBENT
AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

Jacqueline Wells Serves Appetizing Christmas Dishes

By Betty Boone

THERE'S a luxuriant growth of rich purple lantana hanging over the brick wall before Jacqueline Wells' white house. It's the only touch of color, except the green of the grass and the twin potted trees, but it helped to make a picture pretty enough for a Christmas card as I came up the walk.

Jackie herself, as she greeted me, looked so gay and festive I wasn't at all surprised when she started right off talking about her plans for the holiday season. She looked like a lovely, slightly larger edition of the Dresden china figures she collects, in new and modern mold, wearing a hortensia gown of white taffeta hand-painted in blue cornflowers, scarlet poppies, and yellow daisies. "I'll tell you what's good during the Christmas season especially—it's so pretty!—Christmas appetizers made with Knox gelatine, and tomatoes—such nice color—" she was rushing on and showing me over her home at the same time.

The living room is beige and brown, with music on the piano, books ready to hand, comfortable chairs and lamps in the right spots for readers. A cabinet holds three shelves of Jackie's pet Dresden figures. We wandered on to the dining room, also in beige and brown. "It's very small, but my favorite way of entertaining is to have one or two couples to dinner and then sit around and talk. Now, particularly at the holiday season, I'll be having small groups in. And let me tell you just how I have Vicky, my marvelous maid, make those Christmas appetizers!"

CHRISTMAS APPETIZERS
1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
2 cups Gerber's canned or fresh tomatoes
1 tablespoon horseradish
1 tablespoon onion juice
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup cucumber, chopped
1/2 cup celery, chopped

Soften gelatine in cold water. Put tomatoes through strainer, add horseradish, salt and onion juice. Dissolve softened gelatine over hot water and add to tomatoes. Mix thoroughly and cool. When mixture begins to thicken, add cucumber and celery chopped very fine. Pour into flat pan that has been rinsed out with cold water first. Chill in refrigerator. When firm, unmold and cut in rounds or other desired fancy shapes. Serve on crackers, rounds of toast or on other pastry. May be garnished with mayonnaise and slice of stuffed olive if desired.

"My idea of a good dinner," went on Jackie, "is something substantial, like a fine turkey, a roast of lamb, or a prime rib of roast of beef. Vicky serves the vegetables all on the same platter with the meat, in informal fashion which I happen to like very much. When we have turkey, and we certainly will for Christmas Day dinner, there's a new cranberry ice made with Knox's, that we are serving this year. Try it yourself—I recommend it!"
CRANBERRY ICE
1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
1 cup cold water
3 cups boiling water
1 quart cranberries
4 tablespoons lemon juice
2 ½ cups sugar

Soften gelatin in cold water. Cook cranberries in boiling water until soft, then force through a strainer. Add sugar and lemon juice and bring to a boil. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Pour into freezing trays. Freeze, stirring several times until mushy. This serves 12.

"We usually serve soup, of course. Cream of mushroom, if it’s a very special dinner, I used to hate the sound of it, because I don’t like mushrooms, but I had it at the Lionel Atwill’s several times without knowing what I was eating, and found it delicious, so I was over my prejudice before I knew it.

"With a heavy dinner, I like mixed green salad—chicory, Romaine, watercress, lettuce—but for luncheon Vicky has a marvelous new gelatine salad called ‘New Year’s Salad’ that most Hollywood girls like because it’s delicious without being fattening."

NEW YEAR’S SALAD
(Serve 6)
1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
½ cup mild vinegar
½ cup sugar
½ cup blanched almonds
½ cup Heinz stuffed olives, sliced
½ cup crushed Dole pineapple
½ cup small sweet cucumber pickles
Green coloring

(Continued on page 80)

Charming Jacqueline Wells, star of Columbia Pictures’ “Thoroughbred,” is our hostess, and at left across the page she is pictured presiding over her lovely luncheon table, and telling our Betty Booms just how she makes the tempting gelatine dish seen at each place. Above, Miss Wells in her spotless kitchen, trying out a new dish for herself.

3 P.M. . . . Her Petal Smooth Skin THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!

9 P.M. . . . LURES THE STAG LINE

NOW SMOOTHING AWAY ROUGHNESS
BRINGS EXTRA “SKIN-VITAMIN” TOO!* 

Now—give your skin extra beauty care—Smooth extra “skin-vitamin” (Vitamin A) into it by using Pond’s Vanishing Cream! When skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When “skin-vitamin” is restored to it, it helps skin become smooth again. If your skin has enough of this vitamin, it stores some of it against a possible future need. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

*I’ve always used Pond’s Vanishing Cream to smooth my skin for powder. Now I use it overnight too. It smooths extra “skin-vitamin” into my skin.

Now—give your skin extra beauty care—Smooth extra “skin-vitamin” (Vitamin A) into it by using Pond’s Vanishing Cream! When skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When “skin-vitamin” is restored to it, it helps skin become smooth again. If your skin has enough of this vitamin, it stores some of it against a possible future need. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

Copyright, 1938, Pond’s Extract Company

Mrs. Ethelworth N. Bailey, society sportswoman

Tune in on “THOSE WE LOVE,” Pond’s Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
Will they always be as happy?

Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye... devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do... kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her...

You may have it

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, without knowing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take chances. Protect yourself.

There has always been one safe product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine Antiseptic, the most delightful refreshing mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits
1. Fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) is quickly halted.
2. Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
3. Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
4. The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, avoid questionable imitations. Use only Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS (Bad Breath) USE LISTERINE
An Open Letter to Sabu

DEAR SABU:

For a boy who only three years ago spoke nothing but Hindustani, you certainly know all the answers. My best hat—the one with the bird's nest on top—is off to you. I won't ask you to unwind that turban to me. Why am I salaaming? It's simple. I like good manners and I like a sense of humor—and you seem to have 'em.

Once a real elephant boy in Mysore, India, then the "Elephant Boy" in Alexander Korda's Kipling film, now an American visitor on a publicity good-will tour for "Drums," you've become a minor legend. No stranger in a strange land—not you, with your international grin. You conquered America from the moment you landed, an enormous Shikh guard on either side; you even got by with the ship news men. Everybody liked you and you liked everybody and everything, from our food to our football—or if you didn't you were too polite to say so. With your name, SABU, in letters five feet high outside the Radio City Music Hall in New York, you were the visiting celebrity of the moment, interviewed, rushed by plane on personal appearances, fêted by Hollywood. But your head apparently wasn't turned—maybe that turban prevented. I'd rather think it was your good manners and good sense. And I think, Sabu, the small boys and girls of America—no matter how old they are—must agree with me.

You see, Sabu, we're a tough audience. Sure, we like Mickey Rooney and Jane Withers and the Dead End Kids—up to a certain point. But they could be the kids next door. You—you're the kid of the Kipling dream; in "Drums" you perform superbly all the feats of the complete American cowboy—but with exotic trimmings. No wonder our Skippys' eyes pop out of their heads when they see you. They may pronounce your name Sabbo, Say-who, or Yoo-hoo, but they're saying it in every town in the United States. That means you're a hit. And while you're here I hope you'll drop a hint to some of our stars, big and little, that it pays to be polite—to the press, to the fans, to just people; and that it isn't such a chore, but really rather fun, don't you know—as you'd say. Hy-yo—Buck Sabu rides again!

Delight Evans
Screenland asked famous men of Hollywood their frank opinion on the "up" hair-do. Here are their answers!

Joan Crawford (at top left) can take it, can't she?

Another Joan—Bennett, far left—goes up gracefully.

Gloria Stuart (left) grows more lovely, or are we wrong?

CLARK GABLE:
"First time I knew girls had backs to their necks—like it particularly in evening, it looks sort of strange in daytime."

WALTER WANGER:
"Upsweep adds youthfulness, smart grooming and dignity, making hair woman's real crowning glory."

FREDRIC MARCH:
"A pert face, pretty ears and neck set off the style delightfully."

SPENCER TRACY:
"I still like the boyish bob!"

CHARLES BOYER:
"Few women can stand removing coiffure frame but my wife becomes a very charming medallion with hair worn high."

WAYNE MORRIS:
"Some of my girl friends are going in for it, others are not. I'm going to stay strictly neutral."
To bare or not to bare, the feminine ear and neck? It's nape and tuck with us—now how about YOU?

Danielle Darrieux (top right) started it, they tell us.
Shirley Ross (far right) likes that demure "lady look."
Frances Dee McCrea gains in grace and dignity—right.

ROBERT TAYLOR:
"I like hair up on some girls but not on all—but I guess I must be wrong because everyone seems to be putting it up."

ERROL FLYNN:
"I've got to like it! Lili (my wife) is wearing hers that way now. (Incidentally I think it is very attractive.)"

BASIL RATHBONE:
"The nape of a woman's neck is the only unlovely thing I know about her, and so I don't like her hair on top of her head."

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
"I understand the 'swept-up' hairdress takes at least an hour out of the day for the average woman. Of course, my wife isn't average!"

PAT O'BRIEN:
"What new hairdress? Let the ladies alone; they usually know best. The style will probably change before this gets into print, anyhow!"

JAMES CAGNEY:
"I like the new hairdress although I admit it makes many women look as though they'd been through the New England hurricane."
Biggest, jolliest star turn-out of the season was at the opening of the "Ice Follies," where you see, above, Adrian, Janet Gaynor, Hedy Lamarr and Reginald Gardiner sharing a box and congratulating star skater Bess Erhardt. Jack Oakie and, yes, Venita Varden together again, take in the show. Deanna Durbin attends a night club for the first time, below, with her mother.

Step out with celebrities and do your stargazing close-up as our candid camera crashes Hollywood's best parties.
Ace celebrity shooter Len Weissman always gets his star for those SCREENLAND glamor close-ups. Below you see Lensman Weissman on the job—snapping Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen very much at home in their mountain hideaway, where no cameramen were supposed to go; so Len went, saw, and shot them for you.

Cesar Romero allows an attendant to put on his skates, but himself attends to putting on his companion Joan Crawford’s, at the rink, where they skated, below, with girls of the “Ice Follies” ballet.

Famous twosomes: Left, Janet Gaynor, fur-wrapped for the occasion, and her very attentive friend and escort, Adrian. You recognize, of course, Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, below, heartily enjoying themselves from an “Ice Follies” ringside box.
You go many places, see such interesting people when you make a Hollywood whirl with our news camera. After the party, Tony Martin and Alice Faye leaving the Troc, upper left. At the theatre, Hedy Lamarr and Reginald Gardiner, top; lower, Gary Cooper and his wife watch the polo, above. It's work, radio rehearsal, for George Raft and Dorothy Lamour, left. David Niven and Joan Bennett dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, below. Alice Faye, Tony Martin and Lou Schreiber comprise the group you see at lower left.
Listening to Morton Downey sing, Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett and David Niven, top, are all for the dulcet tenor's tones. Just above, Eddie Cantor, Ruby Keeler, Ida Cantor and Al Jolson give and receive congratulations on Al and Ruby's wedding anniversary. Upper right, Anita Louise and Buddy Adler dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Right, Adrienne Ames and Douglas Corrigan, lunching at the Ambassador. Margaret Roach and Binnie Barnes, at La Conga, lower right. Below, Cesar Romero and Gwynne Pickford at the Lido Room.
Scoop! The elusive Mrs. Leland Hayward—Miss Sullavan to you—gives us the only authorized interview about her impending retirement from pictures

By Radie Harris

such deliberate sidetracking of a career has all the sacrificial elements of Edward abdicating the throne. All the cliches are immediately sounded as a warning bell: “out of sight, out of mind”—“the public soon forgets”—“when you walked out, honey, someone else walked in,” ad infinitum.

Most actresses anticipating such dire consequences, frustrate their maternal instincts. They kid themselves along that it is only temporarily, but they know deep down in their Freudian subconscious that procrastination is the thief of time.” Norma Shearer is an exception. She had the courage to retire twice at the height of her popularity. How well it was worth it only Norma knows now, as she turns to seven-year-old Irving Thalberg, Jr., and three-year-old Katharine to help fill the void in her aching heart. Margaret Sullavan, in emulating Norma, is motivated by the same deep love for her husband, and the natural desire to perpetuate the family tree. It never occurred to her for a single moment that there was anything courageous or martyr-like in again risking her career, so that early in January, eighteen-months-old Brooke Hayward will have a playmate in the nursery.

“I’ve never really thought seriously about a ‘Baby Versus Career,’” Margaret told me, “because there was never the decision involved that there must be with an important star (not modesty, Radie, just facing facts). However, had I known for sure that having a baby would end my so-called picture career, I’m afraid I would have behaved just as badly!”

“I have an old-fashioned theory about careers for actresses—that they are wonderful in their proper place—and their proper place is not in a happy home. So long as acting can remain a side issue with me, I am very grateful for the excitement, activity, and income it affords.”

The outward trappings of success, her name in electric lights—a salary in the upper brackets—public adulation mean nothing to Sullavan. Like Terry Randall, her exact counterpart in “Stage Door,” she wanted to act for the pure inner satisfaction of a job well done. She went to Hollywood with a hymn of hate tucked under the contract and came back, her blue eyes blazing indignantly, “I’ll never, never go back!”

Unpredictable as the weather, she went back—surprised no one more than herself, when she married Willie Wyler—and surprised no one, including herself, when she divorced him, less than a year later. Then Leland Hayward came into her life. She had known him in New York, but only casually. When she first arrived in

BACK in the spring of 1937, when Margaret Sullavan withdrew from the successful Broadway run of “Stage Door,” because of an “act of God,” George S. Kaufman, the co-author, added a larger dose of vitriol to his tongue and exclaimed, “Leave it to Leland Hayward to double-cross me like that!”

Now, come the winter of 1938, it is my private suspicion that somewhere in the sanctum of his M-G-M suite, Louis B. Mayer is giving vent to the same unholy sentiment. For is it not another “act of God” that is taking Margaret Sullavan off the screen at a time when ambitious plans have been made to capitalize on her personal acting triumph in “Three Comrades” and “Shopworn Angel”?

Not only to Mr. Mayer, but to the rest of Hollywood,
Hollywood, he was too preoccupied with Katherine Hepburn to give her any more than the perfunctory politeness of an agent toward his client. Just when she hit upon his consciousness, I don't know. But I do remember lunching with Margaret one noon, two summers ago, and saying to her, "You're in love with Leland Hayward!"

If Margaret had been drinking soup instead of nibbling on a salad, the consequences might have been disastrous.

"What makes you think that?" she expostulated. "Oh, I'm psychic!" was my retort. "Of course, you've given me a few subtle hints—subtle like a radio commercial!"

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked in well-simulated naiveté.

"You've only managed to mention his name five times already, and yesterday, when you just had to stop by at his office on a matter of important business, you threw the whole office into a state of speechlessness, by calmly cutting his hair!"

"Radie, I'm afraid you've got something there!" was Margaret's blushing admission.

A few months later, when they came east and were quietly wed in a private ceremony at Newport, Hollywood was that surprised, and with its customary two gestures—a slap on the back and a kick in the back, predicted that it would never last. At the risk of being slightly vulgar, I should like to point a thumbed nose in the direction of the Hollywood wiseacres! For to know Margaret and Leland, is to understand their fatal fascination for each other.

Margaret Sullavan may never play Scarlett O'Hara in the David Selznick production of "Gone With the Wind," but off the screen she is Margaret Mitchell's heroine to the life. A Southern belle from No'folk, Virginia, suh, she is past mistress in the art of coquetry. When she turns on charm, she rarely misses her victim. Leland, although a product of the No'th, is no mean slouch himself! The son of Colonel Bill Hayward, and the stepson of Mrs. Phillip Plant, (Connie Bennett's ex-mother in law), he was reared in (Please turn to page 84)
Myrna Loy is My Sister!

(As told to Ben Maddox)

Lucky David Williams for the first time tells what it's really like to be related to a famous film star.
FIRST of all, you may wonder what it is like to be the brother of Myrna Loy, the famous movie star. I don't like it! I never tell people I am Myrna's brother. I do everything I can think of to keep them from knowing it. I haven't adopted her screen name. I seldom go to M-G-M where she is a big shot, only do so when I absolutely have to meet her there for some urgent business. This is the very first time I have ever talked to an interviewer, been tracked down. All of which may sound astonishingly ungracious, which emphatically I don't mean to be. I'm not jealous because Myrna has become front-page news and is extraordinarily popular while, in comparison, I am definitely in the nobody class and have few friends. I'm not envious because she earns a big salary while mine's a most modest one. It isn't that at all.

I have avoided all publicity, all connection with Myrna's spotlighting because, like her, I have a fierce streak of independence. She has had to lick plenty of disappointments, had to learn how to work for and then wait patiently for her breaks. I expect to do the same for my good luck and I've no intention of ever trading on her success. I don't want to take bows for what's hers, can't enjoy basking in her prestige. If I'm making a point of this it's because as soon as our relationship is discovered I'm never sure whether I'm liked for myself or because of Myrna. Of course, I can detect that high-powered glad-hand line, and realize immediately when I'm supposed to be the route to chiseling in on her. How I hate that! Myrna isn't aloof. She isn't a recluse. She likes to meet people, is grand company. She actually has a swell sense of humor and she's tactful and sympathetic and loyal. But she leads a busy life. She's got a career and a husband on her hands.

I figure picking her chums is her privilege, not mine. But enough of that. I've never boasted about, in fact I've shunned the opportunities to bask in the reflected glory of accomplishments which clearly couldn't be credited to me. But no one can be any prouder of Myrna than I am! Only I'm proud in this way: that my sister has grown into such a fine woman.

When I see her on the screen I am moved deeply. I know how hard she's studied her part. She still isn't the best actress yet, in my opinion, but I believe she's coming right along. When I went to see "Test Pilot" I'll admit she had me bawling. Frankly, though, I never think of her as a great star. We've always been so close. We are now. Her applause and her money haven't made a particle of difference. She doesn't maneuver those who knew her when into the background now that she can be pals with the illustrious. And having watched her rise from the inside, and having shared her heartaches when it all seemed too much of a struggle, I think of her as a flesh-and-blood person who deserves the rewards she's just now receiving.

If you knew Myrna well you wouldn't be awed by her "glamor," either. You'd quickly find that she hasn't any of those strange, fantastic, temperamental streaks. She isn't artificial in any way. Posing never occurs to her—until there's a call from the studio and then her vivid imagination wakes up with a wallop.

I believe there are sound reasons for her success. Her attitude, besides her ability, must have been significant. She doesn't fancy she's it when she reports to the studio. She drives (Please turn to page 96).
Easy Does It!

Yes, he's lazy, and bashful, and modest, and retiring. But he's also the most popular man in Hollywood. You've guessed it—Gary Cooper

By Liza

WHEN tourists on the prowl in Hollywood ask me where they can find the most movie stars to gape at I suppose I should be smart and tell them about the glamor and the fames (Dorothy and otherwise) of the Trocadero, LaMaze, Victor Hugo and the Clover Club, and gradually work myself into a publicity agency. But I'm a simple soul, I'll never turn out to be anybody, so I always tell them the amusement pier at Ocean Park and Venice, where for a hamburger and a bag of popcorn, if they feel like plunging, they can see the biggest box-office attractions in America romping about like kids at recess.

On a Saturday night you stand a good chance of seeing Claudette Colbert winning a Mae West doll for her prowess at winging ducks in the shooting gallery; Clark Gable and Carole Lombard shrieking like maniacs as they whirl through the air on the roller coaster; Merle Oberon turning pink in the face as her dress blows up, showing her panties, my my, at the entrance of the Fun House; Joan Blondell and Dick Powell necking like mad in the tunnel of love; Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck swinging away to Flat-Foot Floogee in the ten-cents-a-dance hall—and, best of all, here they'll begin to drool if they're anything like me, the one and only Gary Cooper, the most popular man in pictures today, with his arms full of stuff and knickknacks he has won at games of skill: ashtrays, Mickey Mouse, cups and saucers, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, and a fine old Virginia ham from Glendale. And as pleased as Punch with his loot, much more pleased than if it were a whole flock of Academy Awards. "Gary," says Rocky, his charming wife, with a warning smile, and Gary, a bit regretfully, starts giving away his plunder to the kids who have followed him from one concession to another. There's no place for the gaudy grandeur of Ocean Park in the Cooper home in Brentwood.

A few Saturday nights back as I stood watching Gary practice his dart throwing (he got a hula doll for that) I was greatly interested in the conversation of a mother and her small son. Judging from the rapt, almost sublime expression, on the boy's face, Gary was his idol. Never in all his young life had he expected a treat like this. "Go on," said his mother pushing him toward Gary, but the child hung back, it was enough just to stare at his hero. "Aw, Sonny," snapped the mother in exasperation. "It's all right. You can touch him. He's human like you are." Now I have read a lot of copy about Gary Cooper in my time, as a matter of fact I have, written a lot of it, but I don't think any of us typewriter-banging folks have ever described him quite so well. Sonny's
mother hit the nail right on the head. "He's human like you are."
Gary Cooper most certainly is.

Money and success do strange things to movie stars but they haven't changed Gary the smallest fraction of a mite. After fourteen years of pictures he has never "gone Hollywood." He has never ceased to be a human being. It doesn't seem possible, but Gary is amazingly the same as when he first came to Hollywood in 1926—a quiet, long, lanky Montana cowboy. He is as innately shy as he was then. According to Uncle Sam's tax men who are pretty clever about figures (I'll say), Gary's pay envelope for last year contained more money than any other star's. And he doesn't sing, he doesn't dance, and he hasn't got blond hair, a widow's peak, and girls under his bed. According to a recent world-wide popularity poll conducted by one of the national trade papers Gary is right up there on top in the Big Ten. And I am sure that if Hollywood itself, ("the industry," I should say), broke down and held its own little popularity contest tomorrow Gary would win it in a trot. For some strange reason there seems to be no envy of Gary Cooper. Nobody is gunning for him, eagerly waiting to tear him down from the high position he slowly built for himself. No one says delightedly with a malicious smack of the lips, "Gary's slipping. It won't be long now." Oddly enough in a town where the inhabitants had rather tear down idols than wash down caviar with champagne, everyone from Mr. Goldwyn, the producer, to Sam, the bootblack, seems to be perfectly happy about Gary Cooper. And that's because "he's human like you are."

Tolerance is Gary's outstanding virtue. He just can't see why some stars should want to go tearing off to their dressing rooms between takes acting like they were afraid to mingle with the hoi polloi extras and gaffers. Now Mr. Cooper is not a chatty soul, far from it, but wherever you find extras gabbing away on the set you'll find Gary, his long legs swung over a studio chair and listening with his eyes half closed. But oh—if the extras happen to be cowboys, and Gary knows personally every cowboy in town, that's something entirely different. He (Please turn to page 72)


By Elizabeth Wilson

THERE I was, going along nicely, minding my own business, and getting a lot of fun out of life, when all of a sudden people started insulting me. "Isn't it a shame," they would say just as I was pitching into a luscious dish of strawberry shortcake gloriously enveloped in whipped cream, "isn't it a shame that she lets herself go in that fashion, when she has such a young face!" (Insulters of fat people always say this—it's a stock phrase.) Well, it used to make me so mad that it was all I could do to keep from hauling off and bopping them one. "I'm the jolly type," I'd snarl without an ounce of humor, "I love good food, I adore good food, I don't have to make my living before a camera, so to hell with it." But it didn't squelch them at all, they'd come right back with "And it would be a sort of a pretty face too, if it had only one chin." (I wonder if a jury would convict me.)

After my poor face had been dragged across luncheon tables all the way from Brentwood to Burbank, I admit I began to get a little worried about my weight. It couldn't be that bad really. But a dismal visit to the bathroom scales proved to me that it could be that bad, and even worse. A few more pounds and I would make two Jean Blondells. I decided to go on a diet!

Strangely enough, along about that time, it was early last summer, four other sad souls in Hollywood were undergoing a similar strain and stress. Patsy Kelly had just seen the preview of "Merrily We Live" (and so had her bosses, unfortunately), and it seemed to be rather the consensus of opinion that Patsy either stop playing mob scenes all by herself, or stop playing, period. "All right, all right, I'll diet," growled Patsy, nobly cutting down from ten cokes a day to nine. "'There Goes My Heart' starts production in six weeks," said the casting director with the menace of a Sir Guy of Gisbourne, "and they say that Joan Davis is funny too. Just thought you'd like to know." Now a girl doesn't want to lose a perfectly good contract just because she bulges a bit—well, maybe four bits. It sort of ruined Patsy's morning sleep, and if there was ever a girl who liked to sleep late in the morning it's Patsy.

Over on the Walter Wanger lot they were putting the finishing touches on "Algiers"—that same "Algiers" that, come June 23rd, its memorable preview night, would launch Hedy Lamarr, née Keisler, the first real Glamor Girl this palpitating world has known since Marlene Dietrich sang Falling in Love Again with sunken cheeks. No one had paid much attention to Hedy, except Reggie Gardiner, when she came to Hollywood from Europe months before, and no one had paid much attention to her when she was cast as the French girl in the Wanger version of "Pepe le Moko." But before the picture was finished people at the studio who saw the daily rushes decided that with that divinely beautiful face Hedy could be the most glamorous, the most exotic personality on the screen if she wasn't so darned healthy. Imagine a Glamor Girl who weighed over, and depressingly over, a hundred and thirty! One of those kindly souls, and you'll find one anywhere, called Hedy aside and said, "When 'Algiers' is released, Hedy, you will doubtless be acclaimed as the next Garbo. But, dear, you must lose some weight. You can't be a Garbo—with hips!" Hedy looked up from her chocolate ice cream soda (she had just coaxed two scoops of ice cream out of the commissary soda jerker instead of the customary one). "Thes America," she said sadly, "it ees so confusing! In my country my figure eet ees perfect, but here they want me skemmy. All ready I have scarchoy myself in the sun for my career, and now I must starve for eet!" And if there was ever a girl who liked to eat it's Hedy Lamarr; why, she can even eat me under the table, which is some kind of a record. I remember the night she and Merle Oberon and I, with boy friends, simply stuffed ourselves to the ears with good Hawaiian food at the Beachcombers in Hollywood—rice and fried shrimp and spareribs—and then went on to a night club to dance. When we arrived at the club, fairly panting from food, Merle and I ordered lemonade, but not Hedy—that glamorous creature ordered a chocolate sundae. And when the waiter brought it—a mound of ice cream, fudge sauce, and whipped cream that fairly shrieked calories—Hedy turned to the astonished man and said, "Where are the nuts?"
About Hollywood Stars’ Dieting!

It was just about that time too, early last summer, remember, that Jack Oakie, (Hollywood’s “swell guy”), returned from an exhibitors’ convention down in Texas, and you know how the boys carry on when they are away from home on conventions. He stopped by his dressing room at the RKO studio to get a shower and when he passed the mirror on his make-up table he did a double take. “Boy, are you fat!” he gasped. “Get a load of that stomach, will you! The next place you’ll be earning your living will be in the circus, Oakie, my lad. You gotta do something, and do it quick.”

And while Oakie was regarding his rotunda another Hollywood “swell guy,” George Raft, was doing a bit of regarding too. Georgie was looking at the day’s rushes of “Spawn of the North” and it happened to be that scene where he is lying in bed well on his way to kicking the bucket. “Why didn’t you tell me I was getting fat?” snapped Georgie to his pal Mack Grey. “That’s the trouble with you, you never tell me anything. Find me a diet.”

Well, there couldn’t have been five sadder souls in Hollywood last May than Hedy and Patsy and Georgie and Jack and me. There’s something so dreary about dieting when you are feeling perfectly healthy. And the most provoking things happen, too, when you start a diet. All those dear, dear friends who made such catty remarks about your face, and could never miss taking a crack at your figure, suddenly become fiends incarnate.

“Oh, don’t be a sourpuss,” they say, “you know a martini won’t hurt you. All right, all right, you can start your diet tomorrow; why start it today and ruin my party!” And “you know you shouldn’t diet, dear, it spoils your disposition.” And, “But darling, you must have a slice of this chocolate fudge cake. The cook baked it specially for you, and you’ll break her heart if you don’t eat it. Yes, I know you’re on a diet, but you can go off of it tonight, can’t you?” (Some day I am going to take a chance on that jury.)

What with friends being what they are the only satisfactory way to go on a diet is to go out of town—get as far away from friends as possible. And that’s just what Hedy and Patsy and Georgie and Jack and I did. As soon as he could leave the studio Georgie took the first train to Hot Springs, Arkansas. There he consulted a doctor and began his reducing in the safe and sane manner. For exercise he played golf and took long walks, not leisurely strolls in the woods, but good brisk trots that brought out streams of perspiration. Then there would be steam baths and hard massages. And by the end of the day he would be so worn out that he would go straight off to bed after dinner. He wouldn’t go to a night club even if the prettiest girls in the world were there to do a strip tease number. A meat-eater from way back, Georgie was pleased to learn that he could still eat lean steaks and lamb chops, but no potatoes on the side, no bread and butter. He gave up starches almost
Not satisfied with your figure? Cheer up, their way to glowing health and lithe who followed the same diet as her

completely, also sugar and fats. He stayed at Hot Springs six weeks and lost 45 pounds. He's back in Hollywood now looking fit as a fiddle, and is keeping right on the diet until he gets off a few more pounds. I saw him at La Conga dancing a mean shag the other night, and as I passed his table I noticed a steak, without any accessories, and a huge glass of pineapple juice.

Jack Oakie chose Del Monte, California, for his getaway-from-friends spot. But before he went he spent two weeks in a Hollywood hospital where he underwent a complete physical examination. "The doctors couldn't find anything wrong with me, except that I had been eating and drinking too much, and what I had consumed turned into sugar inside of me and then into fat," Jack said. "They gave me a diet with plenty of lean meats and vegetables on it—and to drink, of all horrible things, skimmed milk. I couldn't stand the darned stuff, still can't, but the doc said I had to drink it on account of the calcium in it. It's good for the teeth. After I've shed fifteen years with my new chassis I certainly don't want to start shedding my teeth."

When he went into the hospital Jack weighed 220 pounds, stripped, and his cheeks were so puffed out that you could hardly see his eyes. At the end of two weeks in the hospital he had lost fifteen pounds on the 1,000 calory-a-day diet that the doctor had prescribed for him. Equipped with his diet and a determination to do or die, Jack left for Del Monte, and put himself to the "wagon" test the first evening there. He walked into the hotel bar and blithely ordered a tomato juice. When the bartender recovered from the shock and opened an old can of tomato juice that had been sitting there for years Jack drained his glass, smacked his lips, and left—never to return to that pleasant little nook with the pretty bottles during his entire stay. He spent four weeks in Del Monte and during that time he lost forty pounds. Since he returned to Hollywood he has lost five more pounds, which now brings him down to a trim 150—and a clothes problem. Naturally nothing fits. While at Del Monte he played golf and tennis strenuously, did an hour of fast swimming in the hotel pool, followed by an hour on the rowing machine in the gym. He became so attached to that rowing machine that he bought one for himself.

This is a sample menu of Jack's 1,000 calory-a-day

Bing Crosby, top left, believes in exercise. Hedy Lamarr, left, still sneaks ice cream sodas. Eleanor Powell, below, depends upon dancing routines to keep trim, but how many can do this?
read how Hollywood stars have to work beauty—reported by Elizabeth Wilson star friends and tells you all about it

diet. But don’t follow it without first consulting a doctor.

For breakfast: ½ cup orange juice, one boiled egg, 3 pieces of rye toast, 1 cup of coffee without sugar and cream.

For lunch: 1 cup clear beef broth, 1 serving of pineapple and cottage cheese salad, 3 pieces of rye toast, 1 small scoop of vanilla ice cream, and 1 glass of skimmed milk.

For dinner: 1 cup chicken broth (without fat), 1 piece broiled beef steak, ½ cup beets, ½ cup carrots. 3 pieces of rye toast, ½ cup unsweetened applesauce, and 1 glass skimmed milk.

Basically, Jack’s diet was governed by two rules only, no starches (which meant no potatoes, bread, cake, pastries or starchy vegetables), and no fats (which included butter, cream, or fatty meats).

Hedy and Patsy and I chose a hospital in Santa Barbara. Santa Barbara is ninety miles from Hollywood, which is a little too far for those dear, dear friends, ladened with boxes of chocolate-covered almonds, to drop in on you—but they don’t forget you, ah no, they call you over long distance at one or two in the morning just to let you know how much fun they are having, what Roger Davis just said to Carole Lombard, and what a perfectly mad hair-do Norma Shearer is wearing. Instead of counting sheep you spend the rest of the night—until the student nurse comes in at six thirty to remove your rug, they have such quaint customs in hospitals—cursing Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Roger Davis, and everyone who weighs less than 140.

No one of us knew that the other was going to Santa Barbara. Reducing, it seems, is something that you do without a fanfare of publicity, though I was inclined to tell everyone what I was up to, knowing full well someone would start a rumor that I had gone to an insane asylum. So great was my surprise indeed on that first day when I faced a tray on which was a baked tomato and a dish of water-packed fruit to have the door open and Patsy Kelly burst in upon me. “You won’t like it here,” she said, dismally shaking her head as she looked over my tray, “You’ll get boiled rug and spinach for dinner tonight. And that (Please turn to page 73)
Beginning
Great Women of
Motion Pictures

Mary Pickford by Margaret E. Sangster
MARY PICKFORD learned to read from the billboards that flashed past the windows of a moving train, when she was a child of the theater on tour. She learned the secrets of business—and Mary Pickford is a superb business woman—by making contact with all sorts and varieties of people at an age when other youngsters were concentrating on doll rags and roller skates. She didn't have to learn acting—Mary Pickford's acting is so much a part of herself that it was born with her. The sunshine that she has translated from her own soul to stage and screen and radio is genius—and genius cannot be acquired by study!

Most important of all, Mary Pickford has learned life and the ability to live fully, and the secret of sincere happiness, by being close to people—by keeping her slim finger upon the pulse of humanity. And this—to my mind—is the foremost of her many talents! She laughs it off by saying, "It's the Irish in me. I hug the good earth." But her gift for being joyous and sympathetic and tender, at one and the same time, is more than just an earthiness. She is able to sit on the window sill and observe the passing throng while, at the same time, she is with the throng. And if I don't make myself clear it's because I find it difficult to describe anyone who is as varied and colorful as a prism. Mary Pickford's inspiring book—"Why Not Try God?"—mirrors her personality more completely than I—or anyone else—can do it. For on the printed pages, and in her own idiom, she has given unconsciously true glimpses of her shining spirit.

I talked with Mary Pickford a few days ago in the drawing room of her apartment at the Sherry-Netherland. Several crowded years had flashed by since our last meeting, but when she came toward me—with hands outstretched and smiling eyes—time and space dissolved into a fragrant mist and I knew that our conversation would be as unrestrained and informal as if there had been merely a gap of minutes.

"You're lovelier than ever!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, and she laughed and said—"You're a real fan—as usual!"

And that was that!

* * *

Mary Pickford is perhaps the best known woman in the world today and yet incredibly she never ceases to be a front page story. For she is always new. It isn't that she is sure to be prettier and younger than she was the last time you saw her—it (Please turn to page 76)
At seventeen, Mickey is a star. "Gee," he complains, "now I'll have to sign a lot of autographs!" But he's not really bored at all, as scenes at right prove: top, with his idol, Spencer Tracy; below, in new Metro film with Wallace Beery.

ANY minute now Mickey Rooney will become a star. Already his name is on a banner in front of the famous Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard in letters so big you can see them all the way from Catalina on a clear day. And "Love Finds Andy Hardy" has had almost as many re-runs in the neighborhoods as "It Happened One Night." No wonder his bosses at Metro have decided to give him star billing in his future pictures. Not because they are Boy Scouts at heart, but with America gone completely Mickey-mad there's not much else they can do about it. Every week they receive thousands of letters from fans all over the country asking that Mickey be made a star. What the whole world wants, it seems, is a puppy lover.

When Mickey, who celebrated his seventeenth birthday on September 23rd, was informed of his approaching stardom, he pretended to be very bored about the whole thing. "Gee," he complained, "now I've got to sign a lot of autographs!"

"But Mickey," insisted one of the girls from a local newspaper (and I'm telling you, you find more ladies of the press dropping in on a Mickey Rooney set than you do on a Bob Taylor set; what is this power he has over women?), "aren't you thrilled to be a star?"

"Well, no," said Mickey, sighing deeply, and trying to be as blasé as a gentleman with a pug nose and chrysanthemum hair can be. "It isn't worth it. I look upon it as a small matter. It's all work and no play. Home and bed every night. That's fame."

"What, no dates?" asked the girl, sympathetically, knowing full well that Casanova Rooney has been seen out dancing the Big Apple with more than one blonde cutie.

"Dates are no fun," sighed Mickey, looking utterly sad, "when I'm too tired by the time I leave the studio to lift my arms. What's the use of it all?"

At this depressing point in the conversation an attractive youngster, about Mickey's age, with big dark eyes and blonde hair, passed by. "She's taking a test today," said the unit man on the set, "pretty little thing, isn't she? She might be Mickey's new leading lady in the next 'Judge Hardy' picture." Mr. Rooney suddenly lost his boredom.

(Please turn to page 78)
Screenland Salutes

JOAN CRAWFORD

Decorative as ever, determined to make the great come-back of her career in "The Shining Hour"
CAROLE LOMBARD:
Movies' most potent blonde, la Lombard, across the page, can't always be clowning—proves she still takes one of Hollywood's prettiest dreamy pictures!

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Growing up gracefully with the eyes of the world upon her, Olivia de Havilland, screen's loveliest ingenue, surprises you below with new coiffure and dignity.
Stella Weehawke, Warners, photographed Miss Sheridan and Mr. Garney on set of "Angels with Dirty Faces"
NEW SCREEN SIREN

Ann Sheridan, shapely starlet, is sponsored by Cagney in new film — see left, and below. From portraits at right, consider if Ann can be heir to late Joan Harlow’s dazzling place in pictures.
Screenland Salutes

A Gay Lady: JOY HODGES

A Gallant Gentleman: RONALD COLMAN
Turner tries Tyrolean outfit in the snows of sunny California, above. At right, 'sno' what? Well, Lana is always worth looking at, and proves it anew in her latest role in "Dramatic School," with Luise Rainer, for M-G-M.

On opposite page, Jean Parker, above, takes to the mountains near Hollywood for her winter sport. Betty Grable, in all-white bunny suit, falls for us even as we fall for her. Both Betty and Jean celebrate the Winter season for Screenland and dear old Paramount Pictures, and we thank them herewith!
Hollywood's most heartwarming married couple, Joan Mondell and Dick Powell—icie trouper, happy parents, all sweethearts.
Screenland Salutes

"WHO IS SHE?"

That's the question you'll be asking as to each of these lovelies.
like new faces — and figures! We believe you do, too — and see you, not only the famous faces of Hollywood, but also the interesting newcomers. Several, you've met before. 

Here, LORETTA YOUNG —lithe and lovely in her riding habit for "Kentucky," in which Richard Greene plays opposite her for 20th Century-Fox—personification of the patrician American girl.
And here, PAULETTE GODDARD, vision of her gossamer gown especially designed for "The Young in Heart," in which she appears with Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for Selznick-International.
Photographed expressly for SCREENLAND by Irving Lippman

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Anne Shirley and Noah Beery, Jr., in Columbia's "Girl's School"
HOPE you’ve had a tough life," I said to Bob Hope, meaning no offense, but merely by way of opening the interview.

He didn’t even blink, for if you’re a movie star in Hollywood you get used to things like earthquakes, and heavy mist, and interviewers. You learn to take the bad with the good. He merely stopped smiling while he said: "It was plenty tough, lots of times. Why?"

"I want you to talk about those hard times, Bob," I said. "Tell me how it feels to have achieved success and at last be able to forget all the unpleasantness that went before." I was getting ready to duck behind that handy little shield of the Hollywood writer, the magic words: "The public has a right to know." You get behind it and shoot questions like: "How many fillings have you got in your teeth?" or "How did you feel when you kissed your first girl?" and your victim is helpless. For "the public has a right to know."

Bob looked at me, and I almost got human for a moment. I started to apologize: "I know you’d like to forget about that part of your life, and you’ve a right to. But just this once."

Then Bob surprised me by laughing. "But I don’t want to forget about it! I want to remember it. I’m grateful for my years in the small time, thankful success didn’t come the easy way. When it does, you have no background, you’re not prepared for anything else." He was serious now. "With me it’s different. If my picture work doesn’t pan out, I can always make a living in musical comedy, or vaudeville, or radio. I’ve had experience that no one can ever take away from me. A lot of movie stars, when they start slipping, learn what lack of experience can mean. They turn to the stage, and they find out, for instance, that it’s a lot different knowing what to do with their hands for thirty minutes at a stretch, than it is for about twenty seconds in front of a camera. Things like that," said Bob, “take training.”

We were sitting on the “Thanks for the Memory” set at Paramount, and just then Bob was called to make a still picture with his movie wife, Shirley Ross. It was a bedroom scene, and Bob was helping Shirley slip an evening gown over her head. The still photographer, anxious to have everything perfect, fuss ed around so long that Shirley nearly smothered in the folds of the dress, and finally Bob cracked: "Say, what’s this going to be, anyway? A Rembrandt?"

The entire company grimmed. Everyone laughs at everything Bob says, and as he told me once, “I’ve become so associated with comedy that I really don’t have to say anything, any more. People come up to me and before I open my mouth, they laugh.” And Bob loves it.

"I’m one comedian who doesn’t want to play ‘Hamlet,’" he told me, when he finished the scene. "A dramatic actor never knows until the final curtain whether he’s clicking or not. But a comedian knows at once. The audience laughs—or it doesn’t."

Surely, I thought and said, no audience ever failed to laugh at Bob Hope’s gags?

"That’s what you think," he told me. "There was the time in Cleveland when I was just starting in show business. My brother was working in a factory there, and they were celebrating the opening of their new building. My brother had bragged so about me that they finally asked me to do my act. What a build-up he’d given me, I guess he talked about nothing else for weeks. So they expected plenty. Did I lay an egg!" said Bob, wincing. "It was such a big egg, they had to tear down a wall to get it out. For one (Please turn to page 94)
THE SISTERS—Warners

Almost, a great American motion picture! Even now, definitely a fine one. And vehemently recommended if for no other reason than Bette Davis' superb performance. I think it's her best. No fireworks; no twitchings and mumblings—simply, and how simply, a beautiful acting job without tricks or trimmings. You believe in Bette's Louise Elliott as you have not believed in any movie heroine in many months. Louise is such a noble character and suffers so much and so intently for Her Man that in another actress' hands she might be very dull indeed; but as Bette plays this courageous daughter of a nice average American family earlier in our century, she comes to life, you like and admire her, yes you even respect her—but she makes your visit to "The Sisters" a stirring and memorable occasion. You see, Louise is a gal with both head and heart—but meeting Errol Flynn she loses both to his charm, and sticks to him through thick and thin, mostly thick—including the San Francisco earthquake. Mr. Flynn makes it seem plausible, for he is not only more personable than ever, but a better actor. There is a fine cast to portray Myron Brinig's other characters: Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Anita Louise, and Jane Bryan.

THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

DEANNA does it again! Her fourth picture is another hit, the best of the lot, and lo Durbin is better than that. It may all be due to producer Pasternak that every Durbin film is a smash success; but his star has proved worthy of all the attention by improving right along with her pictures. She is growing up, and gracefully; her fine voice seems smoother than ever; and she takes the new note of romance introduced in "That Certain Age" in her wholesome stride. Like the other Durbin pictures populated with nice people in pleasant surroundings, this new romantic comedy has the added interest of a constant boy friend for Deanna in the sturdy person of Jackie Cooper, and the keen competition of Melvyn Douglas, with whom, the script says, and reasonably enough, Deanna is infatuated. Charming comedy goes on from there, with Douglas just about perfect as the star reporter amused and amazed by his boss' daughter's guileless hero-worship, with Jackie standing by with a wistful torch, and with Irene Rich and Nancy Carroll being delightful and decorative in their screen come-backs. Deanna sings three good new songs—none of them quite an I Love To Whistle, but then you can't have everything, even in a Durbin picture.

YOUTH MARCHES ON—Positive Production

I SAW this picture at the Belmont Theatre in New York where I went to see Danielle Darrieux's French film. I knew nothing about it because I came in after it started—but I stayed to see it again, and found it refreshing and interesting, and that's why I'm telling you about it. It was produced, I learned later, by young men of the Oxford Group, the spiritual movement in progress in over fifty countries of the world—men who had never before made a motion picture. They have done a very good job, a wholesome, stimulating and imaginative job, and whether or not you are concerned with their approach to life I think you should see it if it comes your way. The characters are all from real life, with a Canadian named Cecil Broadhurst in the leading role of a smiling cow-hand who sings the catchy theme song, Wise Old Horsey. The song starts off: "The trouble with this world is the folks that live in it"—and concludes that folks can be different if they're willing, or words to that effect; and the film carries this message of spiritual reconstruction to make a better world. "Youth Marches On" is one more proof that the motion picture is the most powerful messenger of good or evil tidings that the world has ever known.
AVOCAT D'AMOUR—Sherman S. Krellberg

CHIEFLY of interest as proving beyond a possible shadow of doubt that Mlle. Danielle Darrieux, the Little French Girl, is no one-picture star who owes her success to Hollywood. In "The Rage of Paris" you saw and liked Danielle, with all the glamorous embellishments our cinema capital can give a girl. Now, in "Avocat D'Amour"—"Counsel for Romance" to us—you can see her again and be convinced that in her native French films she is just as captivating, and owes little or nothing to the Hollywood magicians. Here's a typically Gallic comedy, so light and frothy that it hardly makes a good movie meal; but it does have a piquant flavor, it does while away an hour in engaging and lively fashion. Danielle plays a modern Parisienne who cajoles her parents into letting her study for the bar—the law courts, not the Ritz. In dcf and amusing manner she becomes a full-fledged advocate, and her first case is that of a young and handsome fellow, played by Henry Garat, whom you may remember in one of Lilian Harvey's Hollywood films. It's no surprise to anyone but Danielle when her client turns out to be a masquerading millionaire. La Darrieux is delightful, the cast including the mighty Alerme, perfect as usual in French films.

IF I WERE KING—Paramount

SOMETHING new in screen adventure! Don't be afraid you are going to get a great, big slice of heavy history this time—"If I Were King" is designed for entertainment only, and it achieves its purpose to such splendid effect that I suggest you take the whole family, and a few of the neighborhood kids along when you see it—you'll enjoy it all the more. Frank Lloyd and his scenario writers have evolved a perfectly grand show in which they merrily take liberties with Francois Villon, the Spider King, and their times—in which the dialogue is gay and at times witty, in which the characterizations are keen and the action swift. And, of course, there is the supreme added attraction of Ronald Colman. He may not be Francois Villon, in fact, I'm quite sure he isn't; but he is Colman at his most charming, and that is enough for me. If we're speaking of acting, it is Basil Rathbone's picture; see our Honor Page. It is also a minor triumph for newcomer Ellen Drew, colorful as Haquette. Lots of good brawls, with the battle of the Parisians and Burgundians providing the exciting climax. "If I Were King" may not be history, but it's the best of fun. Music to our ears: Ronald Colman's reading of Villon's verse.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

THE lovely lady known as Loy and the grand guy called Gable meet again, and their reunion is attended with almost as much excitement as in "Test Pilot." You may say, as some critics have said, that "Too Hot to Handle" is a glorified serial in feature form—and you may be right. But what was ever wrong with movie serials as swell entertainment? And when you can get one with all these marvellous modern improvements, and expensive stars, and a cast that includes Leo Carillo and Walter Connolly and Walter Pidgeon, you'd better accept with thanks, as I did. Myrna as a lady aviator, Gable as a dare-devil newsreel cameraman make a good team, against a background of breathless adventure that includes plane crash-ups, burning ships at sea, and hair-raising exploits among the savages of the South American jungles. Sure, it's wild and far-fetched, but it is always exciting, always amusing, and always expertly directed and acted. Metro knows how to make pictures like this—spectacular scenes, appealing people, and expensive settings all hanging on a thread of plot; and I hope Metro keeps right on turning 'em out—they're our best entertainment. All right—if this means being low-brow make the most of it—I only know I like it.

ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

IF YOU'RE one of those carpers who keeps saying, "Oh, I laughed twice as hard at the play," keep away from me. And if you don't like the Marx Brothers as much as I do, you can stay away. All right—suppose the original Broadway stage play of "Room Service" does seem funnier in retrospect than the screen version—how can you prove it? Anyway, if you can't welcome Groucho Marx back to movies without open arms, to say nothing of open laps, we have nothing in common. To see Groucho lope across the screen with his serpentine glide, his keening look slide over the hapless supporting players, to watch him in action as the shoe-string producer who keeps his playwright and his cast in questionable comfort, in his brother-in-law's hôtel—this is to live, to laugh, and to love—so leave me with my dreams. The great Groucho, the lesser Chico and Harpo, are, of course, the whole show, but they are helped by several members of the "original Broadway cast" and by little Lucille Ball, who hasn't nearly enough to do, and by Frank Albertson, back to the movie big-time here and immensely effective as the bewildered young playwright who learns all about life and room service from the mad Marxes in their maddest mood.
She is a fashion law unto herself, is slim, blonde Connie Bennett, now starring in Universal's "Service De Luxe." Others may endorse the high hair-do and the brittle line—la Bennett clings to her long, sleek bob and gracefully chic costumes, as shown.

Miss Bennett, in the large picture on opposite page, is picturesque in her favorite house-coat of shimmering blue printed satin. At right, two-piece informal frock of black light-weight wool with printed blouse of black and pink with large revers. Connie's hat is a tricorne of black felt with softly draped silk jersey scarf. At left above, a full-length white Roma evening coat designed by Irene—heavy embroidery in a leaf pattern of gold thread and gold sequins forms the jacket effect. At upper right, Constance continues to favor the flattering off-face hat, livens her all-black outfit with gold necklace; brightly tinted nails.
CLOTHES
for a
SOPHISTICATE
Posed by
CONSTANCE BENNETT
At far left: The charm of rich beaver on a soft bottle-green ensemble! Marjorie's hat is brown with green and yellow feathers; her handbag is green suede. At left above, a coat that's military in mood, of forest-green twill with high closing and green bone buttons. Marjorie's accessories are of matching green. At right above, black woolen three-piece suit, the jacket and topcoat shadow-striped in bright blue, red, and grey; the slim skirt of black, the little hat of black felt with green and blue ribbon bow.
Violet, one of the season's best colors, in dull satin crepe fashions the evening frock at left above—the shiny side of the fabric featured in the paneling and front drapery. At right above, the sleeves of black and white striped woolen make this A Dress! Marjorie's black suede melon-shaped bag is monogrammed; her black antelope hat has a large pompon of silver fox. Now, at right—the romance of black velvet and snowy ermine, combined in her favorite evening gown—princess lines, flaring into enormous fullness; closely moulded bodice.

In "Hold That Co-ed" she personified the pert and pretty American college girl, to your applause! So we've invited Marjorie Weaver to select a wardrobe that's young, gay, carefree—at home in Hollywood or anywhere
Seven Stars Tell How to Chase the Blues Away

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

ANYBODY can have the blues. But only saps indulge themselves in them. Those who are smart fight the blues with every resource they can command, aware of the energy and the individual force and color which the blues inevitably take as their toll.

In Hollywood they look upon the blues as no small menace. Production cannot be held up because some member of the cast happens to feel low. And stars know how much they risk in attraction when they step before the camera while the blues have them in their miserable grasp. The ways in which they have learned to snap out of their depression are as varied as their temperaments. So find the cure used by a star with a temperament similar to yours and you'll have something—something that will save you the actual despair which the blues induce plus the energy and individual force and color which they destroy.

Jeanette MacDonald once had a horrible siege of the blues. "Morning after morning," she says, "I would wake up hoping some subconscious miracle had taken place during the night and that I would have hope and courage once more."

Jeanette had the blues with reason at this time. The play in which she was appearing wasn't going any too well. Neither was her personal life. All of which meant she needed to feel top hole so she could take hold and whip her life into shape.
"It was when I realized that the things that were worrying me weren't likely to improve until I improved them," she says, "that I decided to quit waiting for a miracle and to help myself. I had a fight on my hands and one of the few brain cells that was still functioning normally reminded me that the best armor a woman has in any fight is good-looking clothes. So I went shopping. I was only half alive in spite of my determination to shake out of it. I gave the salesgirl no idea of what I wished to pay. Consequently she brought me the most expensive models. I didn't know this immediately, however, for I didn't even trouble to look at the price tags. One dress pleased me and I turned to my mother for approval. "It's charming," mother said, 'and very becoming, Jeanette. Very becoming indeed!"

"I took that dress, even though the price tag, which I looked at finally, horrified me. Then, in the same high-handed manner I shopped for a hat, a bag, shoes, gloves, and stockings that would be perfect with it. I paid more than I could afford for everything. But, on the other hand, I couldn't afford not to buy them. For outside of the lift which the clothes themselves gave me—and a lift is one of the things you need most when you're crawling around on bottom—my extravagance gave me a sense of confidence and power. I'd show the world! They thought I was down, did they—well, well!"

Jeanette's eyes, blue and young, surveyed the peach satin luxury of her dressing-room almost as if she was taking stock of the long way her fighting spirit had carried her. "My blues cure is, of course, no good for those who are naturally extravagant," she explained. "But for frugal people I recommend it. I'm Scotch. My standards have increased with my income but I still do not buy a pair of stockings without asking the price and determining that it is a perfectly fair one. Therefore, a high-handed shopping expedition still serves me well upon blue occasions."

Up and down, with joy tailspinning into deep gloom, with feelings easily hurt—that's the Irish. And that's Spencer Tracy.

The more successful Spencer is in one rôle the more he worries. How in thunder is he ever going to top it, even equal it? He goes on from there. He works himself into a state. He becomes convinced he is through. In the doldrums he imagines his family and himself in obscurity and want. Mentally he goes around wringing his hands. Down at the field where Spencer plays polo they know the signs. For it's there Spencer goes to fight the blues always. When his greeting at the stables is merely a curt salute and half a smile and when he pulls on one boot and sits looking into space while he makes up his mind whether to get into the other boot or turn around and go home they let him alone.

"After the first chukker," Spencer says, "I invariably feel a little better. For that space of time at least I haven't been able to think about myself. I've had to think what I was doing or risk breaking my neck. And the instinct of self-preservation, I've (Please turn to page 90)
Hollywood Wedding

Swept toward a love that would not be denied, two screen stars find their happiness menaced by a glamor that made them targets of intrigue

By
S. Gordon Gurwit

CHAPTER IV

"What do you want?" Jean asked, sharply.

"Now, m'dear," Myles Tracy drawled, with drunken gravity, "don't talk to me like that! Called your home. The girl told me you were at a party. Have to see you, Jean—very important—"

"I can't leave here. It's impossible—"

"Nothing's impossible," he said. "Got to have more money—right away—"

"Good God!" she whispered. "I gave you all I had. Why, I gave you ten thousand dollars—"

"Lost it—Santa Anita. Broke—flat. You got plenty money—don't kid me! Want me to come out to th' party and tell m' little story?"

"Shut up!" she cautioned, desperately.

"Where are you?"

"Drug store, near Hollywood and Vine. Meet you some hotel——"

"No," she decided, swiftly. She couldn't risk meeting the drunken Myles in a public place. "You know where I live?"

"Sure do, baby! I'll meet you there——"

"Wait for me outside," she said. "I'll be there."

"Okay, baby, be seein' you. Don't try to fool me, 'cause I need the money, an' the papers'll pay for my story."

"I'll be there," she said, and hung up. Jean sat in the dim room, listening to the overtone of the music, the gay murmur of voices. Faintness seized her. She had to find some way to placate this dangerous, venomous Myles. There was no telling to what fantastic lengths his vengeance might go. She had to stop him; some way.

On impulse, she went out into the garden. It was quiet and sweet-smelling here. The party would go on until the small hours of the morning, she knew. If she slipped away now, perhaps she would not be missed. Dick's car was in the garage. Carefully, she drove the car out to the road, and opened the throttle once she was beyond the sounds of the house. She faced a shuddering black abyss; all her nerves were humming with fear.

Dick Ramsey, whose close scrutiny had never left her all evening, watched her drive away and his mouth grew taut. She had received a telephone call, and now she was ducking the party. He grumbled under his breath and then looked over the cars parked in the driveway. One open roadster had the key in the ignition lock. Without a moment's hesitation, he started the car and followed Jean.
Dick wrenched the man away roughly, then his right fist flashed in a short arc—a blow that was vicious and skillfully cruel. She was traveling fast. He kept her in sight all the way and was surprised to see her pull up in her driveway. He stopped a block away, abandoned the roadster, and, hugging the thick shadows, came abreast of the house in time to see Jean and a man enter the door. The house was dark, Dick waited, a prey to a thousand black thoughts. A light sprang up on the second floor. Jean's sitting room! He cursed softly, under his breath. A sardonic anger drove him on. This was something like the pictures he had once played in, which had been popular for awhile and then had proved a boomerang. Silently, with an obstinate resolve, he climbed to the veranda roof by one of the supporting columns. He moved with the stealth and sureness of a jungle cat, across the veranda roof. Standing in the shadows outside the open window, he saw Jean and a coarse-looking man he had never seen before. And the man was drunk. Jean was shot through with some terror that seemed to make her oblivious to everything.

"I tell you I have no more!" he heard her say, desperately. "I gave you all I had. I can't give you what doesn't exist! You've got to wait—"

"Can't wait," said the man, stolidly, blinking at the lights. "Got to have money, right away—"

"I haven't got it," she told him. "That's all there is to it. You'll have to wait."

"How long?"

"Until next week. I can get you two hundred then—"

"Two hundred! Chicken feed! I need money, I tell you!" His eyes blinked again. They seemed to focus on the slim beauty of the young girl who stood before him, like some living flower in her evening gown, her body straight and tense. He flicked his lips with his tongue. "Jean," he mumbled, "you sure grew up to be a l'il beauty! Got 'em all skinny! Look—how about a l'il kiss, for old times' sake? Huh? You used to kiss me—""

She retreated with a tense horror on her lovely face.

"Don't be a fool!" she cried. "Get out! I'll get in touch with you next week—"

He arose and stumbled after her, leer- ing uncertainly.

"I'll go," he said, with drunken dignity, "but first—you gimma a kiss—or I'll raise th' roof, see? Tell my story—"

He grasped her arm and drew her toward him, and Dick saw her ineffectual little fists beating against the stranger's chest. The man laughed, smothering her efforts with a drunken tenacity of purpose.

Dick waited for no more. He stepped through the window and walked over to the two who had turned and were looking at him in a complete bewilderment. He wrenched the man away roughly. Dick held him at arm's length with his left hand, then his right fist flashed in a short arc—a blow that was vicious and skillfully cruel. The other went down as if pole-axed, and lay, mute and motionless, on the floor.

"Dick!" whispered Jean, her eyes bleak and ravaged with tears. "Dick! Where did you come from?"

"Out—there," he said, his voice deliberately unemotional, nodding to the window. His lips were taut, his eyes flared with a raw flame in his guarded face. She knew his deliberate spacing of words when his mind raced.

"Dick!" she said, again, trembling. She felt the tug of her immense dependence on him, and a great tenderness welled to blot out everything else but the unspoken communion between their nerves, their eyes, the swift exchange of reassuring tender- (Please turn to page 87)
Getting along famously in London, Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat, top right, Peggy Wisher, above, and Mary Morris, right, who play in "Prison Without Bars." June Duprez and John Clements, center, in "Four Feathers."

ROBERT DONAT is certainly making up for the time he lost last year when asthma kept him out of the studios. The day he finished work on "The Citadel" he gave Rosalind Russell a souvenir bracelet—Antique carved gilt, for Rozzie is crazy about old jewelry—and then started on his second film with M-G-M's British unit the next morning.

This is the long-discussed "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" and Bob is playing the whimsical lovable schoolmaster through whose eyes filmgoers see the ever-changing pageant of boyhood life in a great British public school. The location is at a real school too, famous Repton set among the picturesque hills and wooded valleys of Derbyshire. Three hundred of the scholars returned from their summer holidays a week earlier just to act with Bob in the outdoor scenes—if that isn't real fan-worship, then you tell me what is!

Bob and Producer Victor Saville and the rest of the unit lived in tents on Repton's playing-fields—no, it's not the same thing as the campus but it'll all be explained in the film. When work ended for the day, small boys stood all around admiring the star at close quarters and watching him eat every mouthful of his supper. Of course they all wanted his autograph. As one twelve-year-old extra explained when he arrived with pencil and paper for the third time: "But, Mr. Donat, I have to get three of yours to swap for one Jessie Matthews!"

Bob saw the joke too. He's a grand sense of humor and when it catches him, he throws back that handsome chestnut-brown head and shouts like a youngsters himself.

Talking of schools, Hollywood's gangster gift to British films, the only Noel Madison has taken up cricket and the other day he went to the Sussex school where his son Toby is now studying and played in the annual Pupils vs. Parents match. As Toby bowled him out fifth ball, I can bet Noel is going to need lots more patience before he becomes as efficient on the cricket-pitch as he is with a gun on the screen.

Incidentally he doesn't carry one in his current film "Climbing High" for he is the wisecracking publicity agent who takes charge of Jessie Matthews' career as a professional mountaineer. Tucker MacGuire has been added to the cast to provide some snappy vamping—though she was born in Winchester, Virginia, Tucker has never been to Hollywood but gets lots of fan-letters from her home country simply through her many supporting roles in British pictures. And Tucker has kissed Clark Gable too and been kissed passionately by him in return, six times daily for a fortnight, in fact. Clark was making a personal appearance (Please turn to page 82)
ALL birds come home to roost,” so the saying goes. Three of France’s highest flying little starlings have settled on the home roost and methinks their wings are a bit strained after trying the rarer and more difficult heights of Hollywood. These three starlets are Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon and Annabella. It seems to me a very difficult task that the producers set for these three young things. Here on the home lot they are surrounded by all their own comrades and are sure of themselves in their own language and atmosphere. Suddenly comes the long-dreamed-of Hollywood offer. Departure in a blaze of glory. Arrival in a bigger and brighter blaze of glory, due to American publicity methods. Transplanted into the vivid, blazing, and often unfriendly glare of California atmosphere and completely foreign surroundings they are expected immediately to exert that same appeal and charm in a strange language. I wonder how many of the glamorous ones of Hollywood could be transplanted to the Parisian studios and shine with equal brilliancy in the French language!

The Darrieux arrived and went almost straight to the studio from the boat train to start work on “Katia.” Then Simone Simon tripped down the gangplank of the “Normandie.” She was her same pouting, impudent self, but at odd moments between the pouts and impudence I detected a sad, unsettled note. Knowing that all sorts of rumors and tales have been spread about her temperament and the difficulties in handling her, she was prompt on the defence. “I always wanted to live my own life and always there was a barrier between my American associates and myself,” said she with a pout. She denied flatly having told reporters that she was glad to leave America and hoped never to see Hollywood again. “My contract terminated and was not renewed so I naturally returned to Paris. I certainly hope that soon again I will return there and work. In the meantime I am starting immediately in Zola’s “La Bete Humaine.” My co-star will be Jean Gabin and I am so happy to be playing with him.” Shortly after she arrived her latest film “Josette” opened in Paris. In the audience we spotted the familiar face, retrousse nose and all, but under dark hair which seemed to change her personality. Simone explained that in the afternoon she learned that the heroine of “La Bete Humaine” must have dark hair, so she sped to a hair-dresser’s and let her blonde tresses be dipped to the needed dark tints. With her sun-bronzed face the effect was very fetching and, I must say, a pleasant relief from the banal blonde coloring that most gals deem necessary for a film star. (Please turn to page 92)
Here, at the bowling alleys, you find Hollywood with its hair down. The stars bowl for fun and exercise, and some of them are good at the game. Left, Alice Faye, shoots for a strike. Below, Gladys Beatty and Dorothea Kent. Lower left, Wayne Morris.

It was in Beverly Hills, and Gary Cooper and party were tenpinning it away, guffawing, cheering, or ribbing at every ball that was launched, chatting with both pin-boys and neighbors, and it appeared that this was just one, big happy family. That is, but for the little lady in the felt hat, who was obviously from out of town! She sat obliquely behind Cooper, and everyone but Gary, apparently, realized there was a rubber-neck in the house. The little lady’s yokel stare must eventually have burned the neck of the lanky favorite, however, for in the middle stages of one of the strings, it being Gary’s turn to toss a ball, he drew a careful bead on the pins, then hesitated and suspended operations pointedly, as though something were bothering him. Repeating this several times, everyone began to wonder what ailed him. Then, just as cagily, Gary turned about, and upon the little lady with the hat bestowed the favor of a huge wink—then went on with

The title of this yarn should really be “Hollywood With Its Hair Down”—for if at any one time and any one place the screen people fling all to the winds it is most certainly when rendezvousing at the sundry bowling establishments in and about the film capital. Here Hollywood becomes, for the moment at least, even as you and I, as Franchot Tone answers jibes in regard to his rheumatism, Joan Davis drops one of the heavy balls on her foot, Robert Taylor plays pool with the pin-boys and Mickey Rooney slides half way down one of the alleys on his face. With fun, horseplay and general all-around tomfoolery holding forth, such spontaneous things as this, for instance, have happened:

Merrily They Bowl Along!

Meet the stars right in their own alleys, where they’re not celebrities on parade, but just people having fun

By Gordon Barrington
the game. The little lady, though somewhat ruffled, was now one of the family; and things went on as before.

Along with the monkeyshines, though, the alleys are seen also to serve the picture populace in more basic ways: health and reducing, for example. A movement termed "bowling for health" has been launched by a group of studio and private physicians in Hollywood. Though kidded consistently about his "rheumatiz," which gives him a rather awkward form when bowling, Francis Tone keeps religiously at his alley work in cognizance of the fact that this mild form of exercise will keep his knees (which bother him most) more limber than if he sat at home and did nothing about it. Again, Warner Baxter, having broken an ankle in an accident, is one of the stars seen most often at the ten-pin establishments. Taking it in stages of once or twice a week at first after the mishap, Baxter found that bowling thus with caution strengthened gradually the afflicted member. And now he is on the firing line with the rest of them, bowling usually some four or five times a week. Warner's explanation of it all was as follows: "Please don't give me credit for realizing that bowling in moderation would bring the old ankle back to life," he told me, "that's allowing me too much sense and reasoning power. I just like to bowl, and I think I'd have gone out there in a wheelchair if I'd had to."

Of Hollywood's famous femmes, Bette Davis, troubled slightly with arthritis in her hands, finds that bowling is just the ticket for keeping the stiffness out of them. Anita Louise, of the very tender skin, gets huge blisters on the tips of her fingers from bowling; but, having been told by her physician that she must have daily exercise, our waxen beauty applies strips of tape to her fingers and carries on with the others. Kay Francis, surprisingly, has been told by her medico that she must have exercise, with bowling prescribed, to give her added weight. Whereas Alice Faye and Patsy Kelly have been advised to bowl in order to defeat extra poundage.

Listed almost solely among the men of the screen who have been directed by their physicians to keep bowling are Tyrone Power, one of the best bowlers in the colony. Upper center, James Stewart; and at top, Anne Shirley, who is among the most consistent members of Hollywood's social sallies at the bowling alleys. (Please turn to page 86)
Fredric March entertains between scenes for "Trade Winds," with a little hoopla via the hula—assisted by two extras and an expert grass-skirt swinger, seen on the right.

**DID** we hear someone say a chill has come over the Gable-Lombard romance? They must be thinking of two other people, or maybe it's just the weather outside. Last time we saw Carole, who has been working hard, and happy at being busy on a picture after a long studio rest, she was completely surrounded by Clark and several of their mutual pals, and everything looked as cozy as ever. The rumor continues that Mrs. Gable has finally consented to get a divorce, but unless she gets it in Reno or Las Vegas it will be a year before Clark and Carole could marry.

**FURTHER** information on the romantic angles of some of Hollywood's "first couples." The Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor devotion continues. You don't hear much about it because there's nothing much new to report—just constant and lasting harmony between them.

**OUR** own moviedom quiz: What noted actor, long married but recently reported on the verge of separating from his cute little wife, is stagging it at night clubs and paying particular attention to the prettiest singer or cigarette girl in the place where he happens to be baching it with terror and flourish? Or maybe you can tell one of the town's most important actresses (she's free of marriage ties) which of the two most eligible young Hollywood heartthrobs, both her juniors, she should concentrate on. Or would you recommend that very wealthy, very social admirer she seems also to like so much?
Shirley Temple will be seen absolutely “as is” in Technicolor. Ordinarily a special color make-up is used when an actress ventures out of black-and-white. They tested Shirley au naturel and in the most flattering color make-ups the experts could devise. When they ran off the reel they discovered that if they let her alone she’d be at her most delectable. Shirley, off-duty, is pestering her mother for a kodak developing outfit. She has a 16 m.m. movie camera, but she’d rather use her old Brownie and she’s bent on developing her own film.

When Tony Martin returned from his band-leading tour (he broke Benny Goodman’s box-office records!) he found himself all moved into a twelve-room Colonial manse. Alice Faye Martin had thoughtfully installed two pianos in two music rooms—she decided this was the ideal method for preserving harmony between two singing stars who have to practice. She also ordered two separate runways for their two disadvancing dogs. Tony’s Doberman doesn’t think much of her snow-white peke. When both papa and mama are working hard the dogs didn’t get sufficient exercise.

But now, with their private runways, they are vigorous and bossy by themselves.

Richard Arlen is the latest to turn gentleman farmer. He’s purchased a hundred-and-seventy-five acres in the section favored by Stanwyck and Taylor, but he’s not quite as good at being rustic as they are. He added stables (he’s invested $125,000 altogether) and then proudly bought a new tractor. Feeling that he was mechanical enough to ignore instructions, Dick climbed aboard and wham—first move was straight through a new brick wall! It was totally demolished, but neither star nor tractor were hurt. Friends of the Arlens believe Dick and Jolyna Ralph will reconcile by Christmas. They were married for so many years. He says his dates with Virginia Grey, Metro starlet, aren’t serious. Rickey Arlen, aged five, likely will bring mama and papa together.

Richard Greene was almost palmed off on Sonja Henie; but he caught sight of Arleen Whalen and balked at the studio engineering a swansa romance when he wanted Irish-American. He and Arleen have dates practically every night, and Dick even arranges to take both his mother and her parents along every so often. He was wildly flustered when a columnist accused him of lunching with June Gale, one of Arleen’s rivals on the lot. He explained profusely. It seems he was simply breaking bread with one Charlie Morrison, who nodded to June. Charlie had to answer a phone call, leaving Dick with the gal. It was at that inconsequential moment when the snooper happened to snoop.

The first thing Claire Trevor did when she returned from her two months’ honeymoon was to sit down and write thank-you notes for her wedding presents. She gave her ritzy home to her parents, and is renting a dream cottage close to the University of California at Los Angeles campus. She says the humidity in Honolulu drove her back to Lake Arrowhead for the last half of the honeymoon. Her swell radio contract is keeping her sufficiently busy—her husband produces it—but she’ll be acting before the cameras again shortly. She turned down Warners’ offer for a long-term contract. Claire got her fill of “B’s” and she looks forward to free-lancing in three or four good pictures a year.
NOT all Hollywood stars traveling east this winter will make the trip merely for the ride. The cameras are rolling in the studio Paramount built years ago in the midst of a factory-studded section just over the Queensborough Bridge from Manhattan's 99th Street. The place where Gloria Swanson and Richard Dix made some of their starring "silents," where Claudette Colbert and others made their first films, now rings to the emoting of Sylvia Sidney and Leif Erikson, co-starring in an adaptation of the WPA stage hit, "... one-third of a nation." Other productions are to follow there.

WHAT'S happened to Bill Powell? He won't be at work until after the first of the year, which means he's been absent from the screen for an entire year. He'd been proving that nothing succeeds like success; now he's demonstrating that law of averages. He'd everything, it seemed. He was tops professionally, financially, romantically. Then Jean Harlow died tragically. He discovered that he was working far more for the government than for himself, because his big salary went so high the income tax grabbed most of it. Following Jean's passing Bill's own health began to break. He lost his desire to go on. But—good news. He recovered from two major operations and is regaining his sense of humor. He refused to re-sign with M-G-M, but he promised to consider Metro's scripts first and so most probably he'll resume opposite Myrna Loy in another "Thin Man" film. Bill is living with his parents in Bel-Air, the swank neighborhood. He sees Ronald Colman and Benita Hume and Warner Baxter and his wife almost as often as Jean Harlow's mother.

The new Ranger, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy put on an act, after Bergen was made a Texas Ranger by Governor Allred in Dallas recently.

EX-STARS working in small supporting roles this month: Alice White, Louise Brooks, Evelyn Brent. Once each was touted to the skies, had enthusiastic fan followings, made more than $1,000 a week. But they let flattery fool them. They spent lavishly, both of their money and their emotions. Now, wiser, they are trying so hard to secure one more big chance. All three women look as attractive as of yore, which is some help. But it's a bitter truth that Hollywood producers prefer amateurs to "old-timers." Esther Ralston and Betty Compson, who tried the come-back trail a year ago, can tell you that. They still have their looks; they are capable actresses. But they haven't the thousands they poured out in regal style—and since they can't re-impress they wish they hadn't been so grand when the going was good. They, also, lost out at matrimony. No luck and no love.

The reason Irene Dunne has stopped driving about herself and utilizes her chauffeur constantly isn't a spurt of ritzi-ness, Irene is perfectly capable of combatting the worst traffic jam Los Angeles can stir up. "But I'll be no good to anyone, nor to myself, if I wreck myself on a bee," she explains. She was attacked by a bee while driving her gray sport roadster down Wilshire Boulevard and nearly climbed a lamp pole before she'd fought it off.

Mrs. Vernon Castle is now a technical adviser at RKO, for the production of "The Castles," Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire film based on her career.

GINGER ROGERS feels especially sentimental about one of the dancing gowns she's going to wear in her version of Irene Castle. She wouldn't trust the studio wardrobe to take care of it, but hauled it home where she could keep her own maid's eye on it. Why all the sentiment? Well, Irene Castle bought this dress twenty-four years ago for an important night with Vernon Castle. But she never got to wear it, because he enlisted and left for the World War and his death. Mrs. Castle, who came West to supervise the filming of the dance team's true life story, presented this gown to Ginger, who'll wear it in the picture, Astonishingly, while it is to be worn in a 1914 sequence, it's right up to date in style.

Barbara Stanwyck as a Junior Leaguer fond of pranks, and Henry Fonda as a reporter who knows a story, and a pretty girl, when he sees one, in "The Mad Miss Manton," at left.
JEFFREY LYNN is taking this slight of his with unusual modesty. He stayed put in his tiny room at the Hollywood Athletic Club until he was positive Warners were going to keep him. With his first savings he gave his sister a trip West from New England; it was a high school graduation present for her. He got a tremendous kick showing her the sights he’s just discovered himself. Now Jeff has rented a tiny cottage in the country and there he’s living all alone. He employs no servant, caring for the house and garden himself. An alumnus of Bates College, Jeff’s saneness has already been noticed by Rosemary Lane. They’re cooing.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT regrets that she wasn’t a wow in pictures more than she regrets anything else in her life. She thought she could follow in the meteoric footsteps of her pal Grace Moore. Far more a student than Moore, Gladys conscientiously did everything she could to

THE new mystery man for the ladies is Walter Pidgeon. He’s mysterious because he and his wife have separated and, so far, he hasn’t given any other woman a tumble. Distinguished looking, experienced, Walter’s been taking up much of his spare time buying clothes with and for his young daughter who attends a private school. Metro, anxious to capitalize on his suave ways, refuses to let his daughter’s age be told. “But,” grins Mr. Pidgeon, “she’s too old to sit on my knee. Or do I mean—too young?”

ROSEMARY and Lola Lane had a shopping date with Gale Page the other day. They met per agreement for luncheon at the Brown Derby first. Bob Cobb, shrewd owner of the eatery and husband of Gail Patrick, dropped by their table. When he heard they were going on a buying bust he proceeded to give them such a lecture on what happened to stars who didn’t save their dollars that the three alarmed gals called off the spree and went for a good clean game of ping-pong instead!

THE Sunday night jitterbug contests have been packing the stars in at the Hollywood American Legion stadium. They can’t resist starting at the fantastic carpet-cutting of the high school kids who have swing in their systems. You can see practically every famous player in the reserved seat section. Mickey Rooney mugs madly as his favorite couple goes wild. Margaret Lindsay cries, “I want to be a hotty-totty, too!” No Hollywood name has actually tried to compete with the dizzy kids, but the craze has had some effect locally. Hawaiian music, which had prevailed, is out at the night spots. It’s swing supreme from the Troc down.

SPRING BYINGTON is neither fluttery nor overly-stern where her own two grown daughters are concerned. She’d been sending them to Columbia University, but decided to let them enjoy Hollywood if they wanted to. They didn’t think much of the Coast, so now they’re away from her again. The elder daughter is assistant stage manager for a road show; the younger is studying at a New York fashion academy.
"MAYBE it's personality I lack," said a pretty girl to me recently. She had just lost her best beau to a rival. And so she felt very questioning and uncertain about herself. That's the way many of us feel when we get a bump. We doubt ourselves. Sometimes this doubt is occasioned by our appearance; most often by our personality. To doubt the first, often means a new hair-do, a hat or lipstick, because these things lift us into the clouds again in a jiffy. To doubt our personality is more serious. It undermines confidence in oneself. And it is so important, this personality. It can put us over quicker than all the beauty alone, all the gorgeous clothes, in this world. Because it is something people simply cannot resist, when it's the right kind of personality.

Another point is that it's an individual thing. I don't suppose any two people are the same. It is you, pure and simple, and it's this very quality that lifts bit players to stardom. The stars aren't all beautiful by any means, but those that rise and stay high in the movie heavens all have personality. They are something in their own way that nobody else quite approaches. By the same route that you achieve beauty or at least good looks, can you work at this intangible thing, personality, and develop something there, too? I think you can. Then where or how to begin?

Personality is a definite thing. It is a kind of affirmative or "yes" quality. We admire, like or love people because. . . . There's a reason, whatever it is. Then, here you might begin by trying to think, feel, and believe definitely about things. You can best do this by keeping alert, by using your eyes, ears, and mind. Pick up what information you can on any subject, then think about it. Convince yourself, and you can convince others, if you want. This is somewhat a matter of not believing everything you hear, but listening, and then forming your own ideas. This attitude seems to develop individuality, hence personality. This may apply to how you make-up your face, your clothes, your manners, conversation, choice of friends, and on and on. When you get to this point, you will find you have a certain definite quality because there are definite things you stand for.

There are probably as many types of personalities as there are faces, and to say that this or that type is more appealing is only a guess because, happily, we all like different types. Look for a moment at the star names in marquee lights.

Irene Dunne comes to mind. I think Miss Dunne illustrates a type that the 1938-39 fashions have brought to mind—the lady type. No matter what rôle she plays, she gives it a certain elegance and graciousness,
because I think she is these things. If you look a little deeper, you will see that this is because she is completely poised and controlled. Two personality points well worth struggling for and I suppose Miss Dunne got them that way, too. She told me once of a terrific attack of stage-fright, and that is not poise. She resorted to something that has been known to tide many a girl over a situation—she sniffed deeply of an inspired perfume. In turn, that inspired her. The day was saved. Poise, let me add, comes easier when, having done what we can do to make ourselves look better, we then proceed to forget ourselves. Once, Miss Dunne told me how her coiffeur wanted her hair to turn up (then we were wearing it down) because he thought it better harmonized with the slight upward tilt of her nose. I think that nose is one of her lovely points. It's rather distinctive. So don't despair if a feature isn't perfect according to some old-fashioned standard. There really aren't any more standards for this kind of thing. Balance and proportion count today. Sometimes you can make your worst feature your best asset. Where would Martha Raye be without that mouth? Or ZaSu Pitts without those jiggling hands? Actually, they are lovely hands. And the same thing goes with them. If you are Miss Dunne's type, try never to betray yourself by hasty, rude words or actions. They shatter illusions of your lovely lady status.

There is a kind of romance about Bette Davis that is all her own. Because she seems a fearless type, one that would dare. Her mouth isn't the Cupid's Bow of Victorian tradition. It's a strong mouth—one that can say yes or no and mean it. When Miss Davis goes into one of her tirades on the screen, you can't doubt her emotion. Right or wrong, you have to believe that she believes it. This realism makes a powerful impression. There is great charm in being able to shift rapidly from a hard to a soft mood, and Miss Davis is a good example of this. Miss Davis was smart enough to dare that the playing of hard women parts wouldn't harm her with the public. She was brave in this respect. And bravery wins respect. A point of personality there—when you believe in something, have the courage to stand up for it. Then you aren't namby-pamby. Whether people will like you for it or not, at least they will not forget you and that's something. P.S. Most of the time they will like you! If you are this type, live up to it in appearance. Wear definite colors and lines; try

(Continued on page 88)

Yours for Loveliness

New Beauty for These Blustery Days

A GOOD little companion for these blustery days is Ice-Stick, a lip pomade by the makers of Pink Clover perfume, used to heal chapped lips, cold and fever sores; before your lipstick to make it spread smoother, and to remove very indelible lipstick. Sleep with some on to keep lips young and unlined. In the chain stores.

NOXZEMA's Cleansing and Night Cream serves two good purposes. A good texture, mediating it is a way to skin health and beauty. In a storm-tossed, black-topped jar.

NOXZEMA's Combination Cleansing and Night Cream takes the place of two preparations. True to Noxzema tradition, this cream, also, is medicated, so that you can use it as your cleanser and as you later sleep with this softening, clearing film. Use first as any cleansing cream, gently massaging into the skin, until the white (Noxzema) disappears. Apply again in the same manner and let the cream remain on. Delightful consistancy, creamy light, and that fresh Noxzema odor that breathes skin health and loveliness. A splendid cream!

ARE you giving or getting a last gift this Christmas? If so, Lane cedar chests are something to look at. For the bride-to-be, Hope Chests are much in vogue. For brides-that-were, these chests are ever welcome. They are most useful and exquisite pieces of furniture; the fragrant red cedar keeps its sweet, protective aroma, and the beautiful veneers will not crack, peel, or mold. A moth insurance policy goes with each chest, and the modest price is a happy surprise. An enduring gift to be cherished always.

Use the Hollywood method of brushing on the new Kurash Irdescent Shadette. It gives a jewel touch to lids, especially with up-swept coiffures.

ALL that glitters is in high fashion this holiday season, and so come new Irdescent Shadettes, by Kurash. A little on your daytime eyelids scintillates enough to be provocative: more, by night, sparkles dramatically. Our lady above applies Shadette correctly with Kurash eye brush detail, for a satiny spread. In blue, violet, green, and bronze.

SEVERAL months ago, I told you good things about Liquid Liptone by Princess Pat. And now users are telling me good things. Little wonder, for here is a new and appealing idea in lip beauty, a liquid with an applicator that makes shaping easy. It tints lips in a choice of soft beautiful tones, and best of all, it won't smear off on napkins, cigarettes, silver, or on your gentleman's lips or collar! It gives that wonderful sense of having naturally lovely lips and is protective and kind to them.

Speaking of personality—o girl who has it in abundance is Glenda Farrell.

A GOOD little companion for these blustery days is Ice-Stick, a lip pomade by the makers of Pink Clover perfume, used to heal chapped lips, cold and fever sores; before your lipstick to make it spread smoother, and to remove very indelible lipstick. Sleep with some on to keep lips young and unlined. In the chain stores.

AYER Beauty Caddy offers essentials for quick, easy remaking your face. Beautifying Make-Up Film is very new and very good. A viol of Pink Clover to lift your spirits, too.

ABOVE, is Ayer Beauty Caddy by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, one of those indispensables for quickly making over yourself. It contains Luxuritia, that famous cleansing and smoothing cream; Skin Tonic and a brand new Beautifying Make-up Film, which conceals minor blemishes, gives skin that soft, dewy luster and assures longer life for make-up. "Use it in the morning." I am told, and "your face will keep fresh until noon. Do it over then, and your face will look its best until night." Caddy also contains Beautifying Face Powder and a vial of romantic, last-ting Pink Clover perfume, a new perfume scent sensation, Very, very reasonable, convenient for desk drawers and a sure way to make a good impression on boss or beau. Put this on your list of reserve gifts for Christmas. Anyone would love it!

Apply Barbara Gould Plastic Cream, leave on twenty minutes and you'll see a new face. It gives a renewed, radiant look to tired faces.

TWOENTY minutes, practically no effort, and the results of a good facial with Barbara Gould Plastic Cream. This is a quick pick-up for parties and used two or three times a week gives the skin a new lease on renewed activity and life. It stimulates and tightens and smooths, and may be safely used around the eyes, that area that most often needs attention when you are tired, and shows it. The use of a preparation of this type also wards off blackheads, large pores, and blemishes; because it encourages good circulation. Every type needs this.

THERE'S a new Jordeau Hand Cream, softening and whitening, in an unusual container. Most convenient and attractive. C. M.
comes to life with sudden alertness, swaps yarns and reminiscences, and takes a lesson or so in lariat-tossing. Because of the number of real cowboys on "The Cowboy and the Lady" set (the picture in which he is now co-starring with Merle Oberon) Gary hasn't been so happy in years. The tourists from Nebraska got quite a kick the other day when they walked on the set and found Gary riding away in a saddle frame on a sawhorse, lassoing studio chairs like crazy. He wanted to try out the saddle before he ordered it made. Gary's a practical soul and never spends money for what he can't use.

But even Gary's tolerance stretches a bit thin when he reads every year that he has been chosen as one of the Ten Best-Dressed Men in the World. It makes him awful mad. "Why, I never have more than two or three suits at a time," draws Gary. "They must be crazy." The secret probably is that his clothes drape so well on his long lithe figure that he looks well-dressed in anything. He can't stand stars with a superior attitude (they give him a "pain in the neck") and if an interviewer even so much as suggests that he is "glamorous" he'll get up and walk away. On his occasional interviews he is particularly adept at saying nothing.

Symbol of the tall, silent romantic outdoor man Gary has had a hell of a lot of trouble with women during his years in Hollywood. Women have an awful habit of practically swooning in Mr. Cooper's arms (I can understand that). But now that he has married—and is very happily—most women have developed a little restraint. Except for his wife and daughter Gary hasn't the slightest interest in the female of the species—and we might as well face it. Recently at the Hollywood Turf Club he was seen to be gazing long and intently through his field glasses at the little park in the middle of the race track. In the park was the Goose Girl (some of the "atmosphere" of the club) taking her afternoon stroll. Gary seemed so engrossed that several lovely ladies of the cinema in the Cooper box began to arch their eyebrows and make funny little smirks at each other. Mr. Cooper, his wife, and all other men, it seemed, was very interested in the shapely legs of the Goose Girl. Imagine their annoyance when Gary suddenly put down the glasses and turned to Mrs. Cooper and said, "You know, I believe I see two mallards over there in the lake!"

Soft-hearted and generous Gary is a sucker for a hard luck story and always finds it difficult to say no. He was practically being panhandled out of his entire salary when some five years ago he took on Jack Moss, as hearty as Gary is laconic, for his business manager. Since then there has been much money in the bank for Gary. Jack Moss, a man with an unusually keen business mind, has seen to it that the Cooper salary increased with the Cooper popularity. He also saw to it that people with sob stories were barred from the set. His valet, "Cracker," Gary hired "for laughs." Insasuch as he never uses make-up in pictures and is very neat and orderly about his clothes, Gary doesn't really need a valet at the studio, but "Cracker" has one of those amazing Georgia draws, right out of "Gone With the Wind," and Gary grins from ear to ear at his quaint expressions. A genial sort, "Cracker" knows everybody, and spends most of his time on the set figuring out how much money the different big-money movie stars pay the government. He takes great pride in that "Coop" pays the most. He never speaks in sums less than thousands.

Evidently all the money Gary makes doesn't mean very much to him, because he doesn't go in for show. Well, not now, anyway. His snappy Dusenbergs used to be the talk of the town, and Gary stepping it up to sixty on the curves out Sunset Boulevard was quite a common sight. But when he became a husband and a father he turned in the Dusenbergs for conservative family cars—and never does he take a curve on two wheels. He does all the mechanical work on his cars, in fact he likes nothing better than to take one to pieces and put it together again over Sunday in his garage. He is planning to buy a ranch—that's his favorite topic of conversation right now—but every time he goes to look at one they discover he is Gary Cooper and the price triples. He is quite envious because Joel McCrea already has a ranch. He and Rockey and little Maria Veronica often spend week-ends on the McCrea ranch where he and Joel ride while

Frances Dee and Rocky mind the children.

The nearest approach to grandeur in his life now is his new home in Brentwood, which is done in perfect taste, but somehow doesn't seem to be the proper setting for Gary. Elise deWolfe decorated the house and you see the deWolfe touch in the marble floors with inlays in dusty pink, black, Paris green. You see it in the window shades of uncut chenille. In the Zebra skins used for stock covering. You also see it in the baguette glass tables, and the innumerable mirrors which lend sparkle to the soft gray walls. In the old days Gary used to hang his trophies and his stuffed animals in his home; but that, too, was before he became a family man. The trophies and stuffed animals, souvenirs of his big game hunt into Africa some six years ago, are now in his dressing-room on the Paramount lot—the dressing-room he occupied, next to Carole Lombard's, for ten years or more. When he checked off the Paramount lot last winter, after "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," he went to the "front office" and made a special request that his pal George Raft get his dressing-room and his animals. Though they never go out "socially" he and Raft are great buddies. When you kid Gary about his handsome home, his reply throws a light on the practical side of his nature. "I built it with my own money," he says. "It's cheaper than if I had to pay rent!"

As to whether Gary has a sense of humor or not there is much discussion in Hollywood. Some of the stars who have worked with him declare that he is "the sweetest man alive" but hasn't the least idea about humor. Others are equally emphatic that though you wouldn't invite him to dinner "for laughs" he has his own special brand of humor. I say he has humor, and plenty of it. He is never the life of a party, never tries to tell a naughty story, and never goes in for gags. But he has his own way of kidding. He just loves to have the co-star or someone in his picture tell him something in great confidence with a "don't tell a soul!" With a perfectly straight face and his casual drawl Gary will say, "Why, I read that in Louella's column this morning." The poor distressed dame runs like mad to get a copy of the morning's paper. When
his baby daughter was about to be born. Gary took Rocky to the hospital. Just as they stepped out of the elevator on the corridor of the maternity wing, he pointed to a sign which read: "No children admitted in the maternity wing." With a slow smile Gary said, "There must be something queer about this place." The only time easy-going Gary has ever been nervous on a set was the day his first child was born. He was so upset over fatherhood that the studio arranged their schedule so he could have a few days off in which to pull himself together.

Gary is always getting his studio and Jack Moss excited over a little habit he has of planning trips. He will suddenly decide he wants to go to South America so he will study all the maps he can get his hands on, call up a travel bureau for circulars, make a schedule of trains and planes, and announce that he is taking a trip. "But you can't go," Jack will shout, "you have to start work on Friday." "I know," says Gary, "but it was a lot of fun thinking about it." These amazing trips he is always planning to China and the South Seas usually end up on Long Island. He has spent his last two vacations on Long Island with Rocky visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields.

The nicest thing about Gary is that he never worries. That he leaves to Fred Astaire, Clark Gable, George Raft and the rest of the boys. He can be just as happy on fifty dollars a week, which was what he made when Goldwyn signed him on contract to play Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," his first real picture, as he can on the terrific sum he is getting now. He never goes into an artistic frenzy over how he will play a part. At the beginning of the picture Gary always finds an opportunity to say, "I'm not an actor. I can only do what I would normally do in life." The directors don't try to make Gary act and the studio lets him do as he would normally do in life.

I once had tennis instruction from Eleanor Tennant, who would always say when I rushed into balls and swung my tennis racket wildly, "Tch, tch! Easy does it." And so it is with Gary—he never rushes, or paws the air, he just takes his time, and "easy does it."

stuff," she pointed to the water-packed fruit. "I've eaten it until I feel like a drowned pineapple. I told the doc yesterday—Doc, I said, 'I traveled in cheap road companies all over America when I was a kid and I ate in the lowest dumps and boarding houses, but never have I tasted such lousy food as they have here.' See you later. I've got to walk. Five miles." I must say it depressed me to think about Patsy Kelly, who for years hadn't walked any further than from her driveway to her house, out there pounding the pavements on her poor tootsies.

Patsy stayed at the Santa Barbara hospital four weeks, I lasted two weeks, and Hedy settled for ten days. When she checked in at the hospital Patsy weighed 170 pounds but by the time she left she had shed a whole 45 pounds which brought her down to a slim 125. She is still on the diet, though it is driving her cook and her friends crazy, and has lost seven more pounds since she came home. I lost fifteen pounds while there, and my sweet disposition, and since coming home have managed to clip off another seventeen, which brings me down to a total loss of 32 pounds. Parties aren't what they used to be, but then I'm not what I used to be either.

But Hedy, that was our problem child! With a whole regiment of studio nurses marching through her room in the morning Hedy refused to get up. "Go away, I want to sleep," was all they could get out of her. Whereas, with their everlasting thermometers, dust cloths, and chery "good morning, how's your elimination?" they managed to baffle Patsy and me into getting out into the cold gray dawn and walking to the ocean and back, they couldn't baffle Hedy. In a hospital one stayed in a bed, and Hedy stayed in her bed. She'd had enough of these crazy American customs.

"That food, eat ees terrible," Hedy would shriek at the nurse who brought her tray. "Please, may I have chocolate ice cream soda? I have eaten your lettuce until my nose wiggles, like a rabbit's. See? A chocolate soda, please." But nurses can be awfully adamant, and when Hedy discovered she wasn't going to get anything tasty, she got out of her bed (this was the only thing that ever got her out), dressed, and walked down to the nearest drug store. "A chocolate-ice cream soda," she said, "with two scoops, please."

One day she decided she couldn't stand it any longer. "I am starving, Reggie," she said dramatically over the phone, and within two hours Reggie Gardner was there plugging the Lamarr luggage in her car. "With a scarf tied over her hair and a box of cherries in her lap, Hedy sang all the way back to Hollywood," Reggie told me. "You'd think she'd just been released from prison." But now, at long last, Hedy has decided to reduce, and she is one of the most ardent followers of the Santa Barbara diet. She still weighs a hundred and thirty but by the time Spencer Tracy clasps her in his arms for her next picture, to be made soon at Metro, she hopes to get down to 120. She believes she gets better results staying in bed than she does exercising.

Another of the Hollywood contingent reducing at Santa Barbara while we were there was Mrs. Katherine Blondell, the charming mother of Joan Blondell Powell. Mrs. Blondell had been there for several weeks and had lost seventy pounds (I believe it's ninety by now), and was as pleased as Punch with herself, which she had every reason to be. Joan and Dick drove up to see her quite often and would always join us in one of those dainty little 1,000 calorie trays. "Why, this is swell food," Dick would say. "Don't see what you girls are complaining about. This worked all right until one day after one of those "swell" meals I ran into him at a drive-in where Mr. Powell was consuming a hamburger and a piece of apple pie with ice cream on it. (Don't ask me what I was doing at the drive-up.) Joan was so sold on the diet there at the hospital that after little Ellen was born she sent to Santa Barbara for a dietitian to install the diet in the Powell household. Not for the kids, or the visiting relatives or the guests, but just for Dick and herself. And Joan has never looked better than she does now, as you'll soon see for yourself when "Unfit to Print" is released. Dick, I am afraid, is up to old tricks. After a sparing meal of pineapple and cottage cheese you can hear a faint noise in the kitchen—that would be Dick raiding the frigidaire. Joan

Truth About Stars' Dieting  Continued from page 31

Alta girl, Meal of If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Anyway, it was good fun while awaiting the "cama- ra ready" calls for "The Cowboy and the Lady."
Of course, everybody in Hollywood doesn’t go out of town to reduce. If you have good will power, and ignore your friends, you can do it right at home. Bing Crosby has done a lot of dieting lately, and has taken more exercise than he ever has taken in all his life, Bing being the lazy type. He believes in fruit juices and steaks, cutting out as many starches, sugar, and fats as possible. His is one of the ardent rowing machine boys. Clark Gable believes in a punching bag for keeping fit, and cuts down on his breakfasts and lunches. For breakfast he usually has a cup of coffee, for lunch he is perfectly content with a pineapple and cottage cheese salad, but for dinner he cuts loose and eats anything he happens to want, or the cook happens to serve. Jeannette MacDonald and Maureen O’Sullivan believe in having protein dinner one night and a starchy dinner the next. Never mix the diet and gives you energy without an acid condition. Virginia Bruce believes in eating a big breakfast. She’s the only star in Hollywood who sits down every morning to a big bowl of oatmeal with sugar and cream, battered toast (and I mean battered) and coffee with cream and sugar. “I always have eaten a big breakfast,” says Virginia, “and I guess I always will.” But for luncheon she eats only a fruit or vegetable salad, and at night she usually keeps off the starches and rich desserts.

Merle Oberon, who is one of us hearty eaters, has broken herself of the habit of eating chocolate bars and ice cream cones on the set during the day by drinking especially prepared juices. From one of the health stores here Merle bought herself a liqueur, which is a machine that consists of a bowl and a mixing wheel inside of it. Into this she pours some water, and then either a fresh fruit, or a fresh vegetable, and by the time the liqueur has finished with it she has several glasses of juice which she drinks all day on the set. Un fortunately I visited the set of “The Cowboy and the Lady” the day she was drinking spinach juice, and was lured into having a glass. If you visit Merle, time your visit if possible for the day she is drinking herbages spinach juice. It’s the best.

Madeleine Carroll has brought back a four day diet with her from England which she swears by. If you like four day diets, here it is:

**FIRST DAY**

Sliced orange, orange or grapefruit juice
Coffee

1 large lamb chop
1/2 glass grapefruit juice
1 lb. steak
Large lettuce and tomato salad

**SECOND DAY**

same breakfast

2 lamb chops
2 sliced tomatoes
1/2 grapefruit or one orange
1 cup spinach

**THIRD DAY**

same breakfast

2 lamb chops
2 tomatoes
1/2 grapefruit
1/2 grapefruit
2 scrambled eggs
1 cup spinach

Maureen O’Sullivan’s luncheon: cold cuts, tea, waters. Nice, satisfying, but not too fattening.
WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
_More Like a Honeymoon!

Smart Wives use this extra beauty care...they
cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their skin*

Princess — H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."

Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days... "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

* Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin... gives sparkle to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III (left) popular in New York's young married set

Amazing Pond's Offer
With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glares-Frost" Powder. BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream. LIMITED SUPPLY... GET YOURS TODAY!

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
I am glad that her seeking after the power and the glory that should be marriage has at last found its reward—for she and Buddy Rogers are supremely content.

“We so enjoy the same things,” she told me. “Not gay parties and luxury and being the center of the stage—but simple things ... But I have had some of our best times when we’ve been driving down a country road in the rain, and have stopped off at a foolish little wayside stand and had a sandwich and a glass of buttermilk, and talked to the man behind the counter ... But I and especially adore children and old people—we get lots of pleasure when we’re able to discover what they’re thinking about... But, for that matter, who deserved it—” she laughed here—“I’ve punished myself.

This last statement I question—for I have never heard Mary Pickford say anything that was even tinged with self-praise! I’ve heard her say, "I wasn’t good in that picture," or "My book was brilliantly written," or "I got a great ovation from my radio audience," or "I couldn’t have stayed through the long mass of sequins that caught and imprisoned wee little reflections from her hair—incidentally the famous Pickford curls are now massed high above her forehead, Jewelry! She wore none save only a wedding ring and a great square sapphire ... She was still almost childlike in appearance—but her eyes were the eyes of a woman who sees clearly and is unwaveringly fair in her judgments.

“Do you look like a sixteen-year-old?” I exclaimed—during the pause. “Darn it all, it’s not fair!” and Mary Pickford chuckled and said, “Looking that way is a great asset to any woman—it should be the envy of many men” (I meant my great-niece babies me—to her mind I’m the niece and she’s the aunt ... I like to be babied up to a certain point—but when I reach that point I want people to say, ’I’m sure of myself and of what I’m doing.’"

I’ve seen Mary Pickford in action and I know what she means.

An interview with Mary Pickford is seldom an interview in the accepted sense. The public has been acquainted with her for so long that it is intimately familiar with her, her face, her voice, her exploits, her history and many of her dreams. When she goes upon a journey she is pursued by camera men and reporters and they’re able to do this all too seldom for her own personal satisfaction!—the world peers in at her windows. And so—when I write, or talk, or answer questions or write poems—I’m engaged in a maze of words set in quotation marks. My impression of Mary Pickford—as I saw her a few days ago, in her grey day—is that of the ideal woman who is happier than she’s ever been, and busier (if possible) than she’s ever been, and more mellow than she has ever been, and infinitely more relaxed.

Someone asked me—not long ago—how Mary Pickford has been able to keep her hold upon the public imagination. “Other stars rise and fall,” said this someone, “but Mary Pickford is always outstanding. She has never been the only star in her first pictures that worship her—today’s youngsters feel the same way. Why does she travel on and on when her stars stop?” When other stars have made a picture they have wondered—“Where am I going?” But Mary Pickford has asked, “Where am I going?”—the same with her books and her radio work and it will be the same with her cosmetics. She’s interested in the folk that she touches, rather than in her own future to unfold glamorously. The interest and faith and affection that she gives out are returned to her in her work. Mary Pickford, you see, hasn’t a selfish bone in her body. That, in the final analysis, is her secret of youth and achievement, and the answer to her long and successful search after happiness.
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without extra cost!
A good-will gift to your chapped hands!

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users! Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn’t make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only.

MONEY BACK! Buy the medium size—get the Good-Will gift bottle with it. If Good-Will bottle doesn’t make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK—where you bought it—on large bottle. If you’ve never used Hinds, try it now—at no risk. Find out for yourself how good Hinds is. Even 1 application makes dry, chapped skin feel smoother!

EXTRA LOTION! Nearly 20% more Hinds—when you buy this Hinds Good-Will bargain! More of this famous, fine hand lotion for the money than ever before. Use Hinds before and after household jobs. Coaxes back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you "Honeymoon Hands." Also in 10c, 25c, $1 sizes.

Look for this HINDS GOOD-WILL BARGAIN at all toilet goods counters.

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

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“Woo-Woo,” he shouted, fairly falling out of his chair. This being bored, with a dramatic touch, of course. (Mickey has been in the theatre too long not to have a good old hammy sense of the drama), is Mickey’s special act which he puts on with adults these days. And, to give the kid a break, I must admit that some of their stupid, drooling questions must honestly weary him beyond endurance. “Nobody treats me grown-up,” complains Mickey. “I get no adult consideration.” Spencer Tracy likes to tell about Mickey “going into his act” at the party given in honor of the cast the night of the opening scene of “Boys Town.” In the opening scene of “Boys Town” Leslie Fenton, as a killer on his way to the chair, says to Spencer Tracy, playing the role of Father Flanagan, that he wouldn’t be on his way to the chair now if he had had one friend when he was twelve years old. It’s a very dramatic and emotional scene, you remember, superbly played by Leslie Fenton, and it made a great impression on Mickey. At the party given a number of middle-aged ladies kept asking Mickey cute questions about himself and no matter how he tried he couldn’t avoid them. Finally, when he couldn’t stand their driving and leaving a minute longer, he struck an attitude and said, “If I had had one friend when I was twelve years old I wouldn’t be in this business now.”

Mickey lives in a house, not at all movie-starish, though it does have a swimming pool, out in Van Nuys, which is a little town in the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood. Another great screen lover, Gary Cooper, lived nearby—until be got married. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mickey’s mother and step-father, live with him and are nice homey people who are naturally quite pleased with Mickey’s success. Mrs. Brown is the ideal movie mother, according to Mickey, “She’s sure swell,” he says about her, “she never tries to interfere with a man’s work. I don’t see how some fellows get through the day with their mothers sitting on the sets telling them every minute to make. Even when my mother does visit a set she doesn’t say anything.”

But Mrs. Brown, who used to be Nell Carter of the vaudeville team of Joe Yule, and Nell Carter, has plenty to say about Mickey, whose precociousness has never ceased to amaze her since he started walk-

ing at the age of seven months, and sang and talked at the age of fifteen months so well that he “stole” the show from a couple of professionals. Mickey realizes he has been very fortunate,” she says. “There were times when he was little that I wanted to give him everything that a boy could wish for. Now I am glad that this wasn’t possible. He appreciates more what he has now, he knows the value of taking care of it, he realizes the importance of hard work. His salary is put in a trust fund for him. He gets an allowance of $15.00 a week. From this he buys his lunches and gasoline and takes his girl friends to the movies. Mickey, of course, comes out of that too.”

Sylvester is Mickey’s valet, and the only concession that Mickey has made to the cinema since he came to Hollywood. Last February Mickey found himself working in three pictures at the same time, “Lord Jeff,” “Boys Town,” and a “Judge Hardy” comedy. “Gee,” he complained to the studio, black one day, “I’m getting dizzy rushing from one set to another. And I can’t remember what clothes belong to what picture.”

“What you’ll need, Mick,” said the boot-black, “is a valet. I’ve gonna get you one.”

The next day a nicely dressed negro of 23, named Sylvester Atwood, appeared at the studio, and after a brief interview, Mickey found himself with a “man.” He immediately solved Mickey’s wardrobe problems. His other valet for Mickey when he is confined to his class room (Mickey has to go to the Metro school along with Judy Garland, Lana Turner, and Ann Rutherford), and buy ice cream cones for Mickey and his friends. At first Sylvester received $5.00 a week, but when he demanded a raise of $1.00 a week in his wages, Mickey juggled his budget and by cutting down fifty cents on his gasoline money, and fifty cents on lunches, he made it. Sylvester is very critical of Mickey’s wardrobe. He suspects that Mickey had too many changes in “Boys Town.” “Five changes,” says Sylvester shaking his head sadly.

“Mick doesn’t like to be synthetic in his actions toward other people,” Sylvester continues. “He says exactly what he thinks and he wants others to say exactly what they think. Except that he has had more experience for his age, Mick is pretty much like other boys.” According to Sylvester, Mickey gave his best performance in “Boys Town” because he is a great admirer of Spencer Tracy and that inspired him to keep on his toes. “He likes Spencer Tracy best on the screen but in real life he pat-

terns himself after Clark Gable,” says Sylvester.

Clark Gable, by the way, played a very important part in Mickey’s career. No wonder Mickey wants to be just like him. It was about five years ago when Mickey was twelve, and on the verge of starvation. His mother could not get anything for him. He called on Clark Gable.

“Mr. Gable,” he said, “there’s a good part for a boy in ‘Manhattan Melodrama,’ and I’d give my shirt to play it. I’ve been acting since I was a baby—and I know I can do it swell.”

Gable liked Mickey and his straightforward approach. Sensing that there might be a lack of funds in the Rooney household he delicately asked if a little loan might help. “Oh, no sir, Mr. Gable,” said Mickey with pride. “Mom and I are okay. You know—jobs have just been slipping out of my hands lately—you know how it is.”

Gable knew “how it is” perfectly. There had been a time when jobs slipped right out of his hands too. “Sure, kid,” said Clark Gable. He arranged for Mickey to get the part, and Mickey was swell, and it resulted in a long-term contract.

Mickey was born in Brooklyn and was named Joe Yule, Jr., after his father. He was introduced to the noise and excitement of back-stage life before most babies are permitted outside glass-enclosed hospital nurseries. As a matter of record, Mickey was given his first taste of vaudeville at the age of eleven days when his mother had to make a sleaper jump from Brooklyn to Albany to catch the act. From that time on tiny Joe Yule, Jr. (the Mickey part came later), was cradled in the tray of a theatrical trunk, had his milk warmed over the gas burner, had to melt his mother’s mascara, and cut his teeth on a stick of greasepaint. He made his debut on the stage quite unexpectedly at the age of fifteen months. His mother was dancing the floor of the dressing-room one afternoon busily engaged with an eyebrow pencil and a piece of paper while she stepped out for a cup of coffee. Someone close did the deed. That was all Joe needed. He toddled right out on the stage side Sid Gold and Babe LaTour, headliner, were in the midst of their serious act. When Joe suddenly stood on his head and wiggled his feet, the
Look what Tommy "Sawyer" Kelly's up to now! That's Tommy, left, sharing his joke with Ann Gillis, his leading lady again, in "Peck's Bad Boy With the Circus."

audience howled. Sid Gold knew it was bad business to compete with a child, and especially one as precocious as Joe, so he called "Sawyer" right over to the middle of the stage, and said, "I suppose you can do the act better than I can?"

"Sure I can," said Mickey, and without the trace of a baby's lip begun to sing "Pat of My Cradle Days." The audience went wild. Sid Gold was no fool—he hired the kid as a regular attraction of the Gold-LaTour turn. When his mother wants to tease him now she will recite some of the jokes that Mickey used to pull in "the act."

"Have you heard the one about the sauce of milk?" Mrs. Brown will say. "It's the cat."

"Aw, gee, Mom," Mickey groans in all the soul-stirring embarrassment of a seventeen-year-old reminded of the cute little tricks of his childhood.

When Mickey was six his mother decided that it might be a good idea to go to California and get her son a job in pictures. He wouldn't have to work so hard and the environment would be better for him. It was tough going in Hollywood for awhile. The kid finally got a job with the Will Morrissey Revue.

He was still with the Revue when his mother, sitting in the back of the theatre, read in the paper at rehearsal one day that there would be a nation-wide contest for a boy to play the leading rôle in the "Mickey Maguire" comedies which were to be based on the Fontaine Fox comic strip and brought to the screen. That Joe was capable of playing the part she was certain. The only drawback which presented itself lay in the fact that the boy should be a Brunette, and her Joe just couldn't possibly have been a more definite blond. Tests in Hollywood were to be called for the following morning, and she simply couldn't afford a good dye job. At about this moment in her quandary a Blackface comedian walked across the stage. That solved her problem. In her old make-up box was a tin containing burnt cork.

Mickey, all corked up, got the job and immediately became Mickey Maguire in name as well as in character. From that time on, for six years, to be exact, and through seventy-eight pictures, Mickey made his name famous. He became thoroughly typed as the tough kid for derby and cigar. Then came difficulties over which he had no control. Fontaine Fox en-joined Mickey from using the name of the cartoon character. And for the second time in his young life Mickey had to change his name.

"You know, I like Mickey," he said to his mother, "I want a name to go with it."

"Looney," his mother teased.

"That's it, shouted Mickey, "Mickey Rooney! That's swell!"

It took a couple of years of struggle and despair, but Mickey will never go down without a fight. "Manhattan Melodrama" got him started, "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Captains Courageous" got him established. And now "Andy Hardy" has made him a star. There won't be any more name changes, it's a safe bet.

"Acting," Mr. Rooney is speaking, "is a great career. But not unless a guy can be like Spencer Tracy. If I ever thought I could be as good as he is, I'd stick to acting for life. But I don't think I have it in me. That's why I am planning to be a producer. Guess I'll go to college for a couple of years just for the experience, then I'm going to start right at the bottom of the picture business and work my way up to producer. I'll be able to make it when I'm middle-aged. Along about 25, say."

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Add vinegar, salt, sugar, and a few drops of green coloring. Cool and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in remaining ingredients. Pickles should be sliced thin and almonds chopped. Turn into one large or individual molds that have been rinsed out with cold water. When firm, unmold on lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise.

"We aren't crazy about mince pies or plum puddings at our house, but we adore pumpkin pie, and now that Vicky is enamoured of gelatine she's discovered a Pumpkin Chiffon Pie that we like a lot. It has a gingersnap crust that simply melts in your mouth! I never heard of it before so it may be new to you and Screenland readers."

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 9-inch pie)

1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
1 cup cold water
1 1/2 cups Heinz canned pumpkin
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon Burnett's nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon Burnett's cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
3 eggs

Add 1/2 cup sugar, pumpkin, milk, salt and spices to slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook until thick in top of double boiler. Soften gelatine in cold water. Add to hot pumpkin mixture, mix thoroughly and cool. When it begins to thicken, to be remaining sturdy and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into previously baked pie shell. Chill in refrigerator. Garnish with whipped cream just before serving. This filling is delicious served in a gingersnap crust, made as follows:

GINGERSNAP CRUST

1 1/2 cups gingersnap crumbs
1/2 cup powdered sugar
1/2 cup butter (scant)

Crush gingersnaps and mix with butter and sugar. Pat mixture into pie pan. Place in refrigerator or cold place to cool. When cold, fill with pumpkin mixture and chill.

"Today I am having a gelatine dessert, especially for you. I'll try to make it a berry juice and topped with whipped cream and a berry. Ooh—if I talk any more about food, I'll be hungry again!" She whirled out of the dining room, her painted skirts blowing after her.

"Come, see what I've done to my bedroom," she said, one hand on the slim white rail of the stairs. There was a little blue in it, but I changed it to yellow. It still has the white rug, but I may change that to green.

The room is like sunshine, with delicately yellow walls, yellow silk drapes, a yellow tafetta spread on the wide low bed, and yellow silk trimming the dressing table. All the chairs are yellow, one, two, and that adds a touch of blue in contrast. "I liked that chair a lot, and hated to change it, and now I'm glad I left it just as it was," said Jackie. "Let's go downstairs again—I want you to meet Dinky."

Dinky turned out to be a fine black Scottie. Jackie smiled at him. "Want to show the lady how you can dance?" she asked. She took a piece of candy from a jar and held it up. Dinky rose on his hind legs, solemnly twirled around three times and accepted the sweet.

"I trained him by moving the candy in a circle," said Jackie, "He's cute—he do almost anything."

Dinky repeated his solemn dance, more rapidly, and was rewarded by another piece of candy. "But that's all, Dinky," warned Jackie sternly. "Let's go on all day. I think you've tasted this candy? Not Dinky's—his is always very plain—but Christmas Candy Supreme, I call it. I've always been a fiend for Turkish paste, and this is even nicer.

CHRISTMAS CANDY SUPREME

1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
2 squares Baker's chocolate
3 cups sugar
1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup Sultana raisins
1/2 cup candied cherries
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt

Melt chocolate over boiling water. Add sugar, salt and sour cream alternately, while stirring constantly. Boil to boiling point and let boil until mixture will form a soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot candy mixture and stir until dissolved. Add cinnamon, raisins, cherries cut in small pieces and nuts. Beat until creamy, and turn into buttered pan, having mixture about 1 1/2 inches deep. Chill, cut into squares and serve. The mixture may be put in individual buttered tins and when unmolding insert in top of each a sprig of holly. Servings may be garnished with halves of maraschino cherries.

80
Are There Any “Don’ts” About Dieting?

“One of the first things a talent coach tells a newcomer is—don’t diet strenuously. It is too weakening. Instead, order a meal carefully, and select dishes that give pep without pounds—like the delicious new protein salads.”

Are These Slimming Salads a Studio Secret?

“Heavens, no! I’d love everybody to try them. The only ‘secret’ is that you must use Knox Gelatine. Knox is practically all protein. And protein, I’ve learned, is non-fattening. But it gives the pep you need to succeed in any career.”

But Aren’t All Gelatines the Same?

“That’s a mistake many people make. The answer is ‘no.’ Flavored gelatine desserts are 85% sugar. Knox is pure gelatine—contains no sugar. For a non-fattening salad, for any salad with a natural, fresh flavor—use Knox Gelatine every time!”

KNOX NON-FATTENING COMPLEXION SALAD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Knox Gelatine envelope</td>
<td>1 envelope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>1 cup cold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt</td>
<td>1 teaspoonful salt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vinegar</td>
<td>1 tablespoonful vinegar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemon juice</td>
<td>1 tablespoonful lemon juice or 2 teaspoonful onion juice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsley</td>
<td>1 tablespoonful chopped parsley or raw spinach</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Add 1 envelope Knox Gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful mild vinegar, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley or raw spinach, 1 cup hot water, and grated onion. Stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, lemon juice, onion juice (extracted by grating an onion). Put in tray of automatic refrigerator. Turn up cold control; do not freeze. Prepare parsley or raw spinach, carrots, cabbage. When gelatine mixture begins to thicken, combine with prepared ingredients. Turn into mold. Chill. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise.

Total calories: 90. One serving: 15 calories.

KNOX GELATINE
IS PURE GELATINE—NO SUGAR

Free! New Booklets by Mrs. Knox!
Write today! . . . Check and mail to Knox Gelatine, Box 15, Johnstown, N. Y.

Control Your Weight—non-fattening menus and recipes for keeping pounds down, energy up.
Knox Quickies—tested time-saver recipes for easy salads, desserts.
Entertaining Round the Calendar—a host of exciting recipes for parties, holidays and socials.

Name

Address

*Actual preparation time: 12 minutes. Tested under the supervision of Professor Brinton Adams of Cornell University, Director of True Story Home Maker’s Department.
YOUR SKIN
Cleansed radiantly soft, smooth with Hospital-proved
Albolene Solid

Your skin is safely, thoroughly cleansed with pure, well-known Albolene Solid—
the hospital-proved cleansing cream.
(Used for 20 years in many leading hospitals to protect babies’ skin.)

Contains no adulterants to irritate skin, won’t grow hair or harden in pores.
Gentle cleansing action clears pores of dirt and make-up, protects natural texture, leaves skin soft, smooth, radiant.

Trial Size, 10¢; Vanity Jar, 50¢; One-pound Tin, $1. Made by McKeon & Rob-
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London
Continued from page 62

in New York at the time and saucy little Velma Packer was chosen to act with him in his stage sketch. Nowadays her contracts forbid her to kiss anybody—she’s married to actor-author Tom Macaulay and he has no idea about these things.

“Climbing High” is the first film our brown-eyed dancing Jessie has ever made without her husband Sonnie Hale being somewhere around either directing her or acting with her. So she calls him up twice a day to make sure he is still safe and sound, Sonnie being busy with the studios on several miles away filming Sam Hackett in the screen version of Edgar Wal-

lace’s famous mystery story “The Gaunt Stranger.” His leading lady is Louise Henry. She came over for a short vaca-

tion from Hollywood and got herself signed up the day after she landed, which surely must have been a small, pleasant surprise for the couple and capable girl who has not been very active in pictures for some time now.

Louise was wearing a gray English twilled skirt and a red and turquoise blue striped sweater she had knitted herself when I met her at the studio the other day. She is a marvelous “just like home” and so she might with all the folks from California who are here these days. There’s boyish Eric Linden and Jack LaRue of the popular screen and stage work that will keep them in England six months. Blond wirecrack-

Lee Tracy is looking around the town with his bride Eda. He bounces her with the same evening.

Then there is Edward Everett Horton, happily spending a quiet but pleasant wanderings just when there is nothing takes him and buying books and pictures and English hosiery to take back to Hollywood. Mary Boland was with us, her thirtieth holiday in Eng-

land she announced to me. I told her how to cook the genuine steak-and-kidney pudding and she gave me her special recipe for sweetcorn sauce and we had a long chat about Charles Ruggles. “Although we’ve been in so many pictures together, we have never met socially outside the studio.” Mary remarked, “I have never been in his house and he has never been in mine. Strange? Not at all. Hollywood is like that. Plenty of the famous picture teams never see each other’s houses. They just belong to different sets outside and different sets don’t meet each other in Hollywood.”

Ben Welden’s pretty wife Peggy has come specially to London to buy old Eng-
lish furniture and china. Now that Ben is getting places in Hollywood, they are hav-
ing a new house in Beverly Hills and “You can’t get the kind of antiques I want in California so I just came right over,” Peggy said.

Louis Calhern is here, another of those screen personalities who turn out to be gentle-synthetic quiet-minded men in real life. Una O’Connor came across the Atlantic between picture trips to see the friends of her former London stage days again and got signed to play in yet another Edgar Wallace story being filmed, “The Return of the Frog.” She runs the water-

front sailors club where most of the action takes place, dainty Rene Ray being the heroine and our own Gordon Harker the comic relief.

Then I had an interesting long talk over tea with Verdy Stapleton, the blue-eyed blonde who was “Dancing Lady” and has worked in every studio there during the past six years. No, I know you’ve never heard her name and you have never seen her face on the screen but you cer-
tainly know her feet. Verdy’s feet have been her fortune ever since she was picked from a local dancing-school by Irving Thal-
berg, for all the famous Hollywood stars dance with Verdy’s. Her big feet can Crawford danced in “Dancing Lady,” she did the smiling but Verdy’s lovely legs did the rest and so successfully she is in regular demand and owns a hundred and sixty pairs of shoes, all different. Her feet have recently been Myrna Loy’s and Simone Simon’s and Alice Bradbury’s. What a story she told me about a certain Queen of Crazy Comedy who has a corn on her big toe and got it trodden on dur-

ing one of those knock-down bedroom scenes. She cussed so loud that even the cameraman blushed and Verdy’s feet were hastily called on to the set to be photographed kicking the leading man in

Social event of the month was the brilli-

tant premiere of “Prison without Bars,”
Alexander Korda’s new film about a
reformatory starring Edna Best and
the eighteen-year-old French beauty Corinne
Lucilairae. (It was intended to be all women
but Alex yielded to pressure and brought
Caroline Barry. K. Barnes to play the
doctor on the screen instead of being merely
referred to by the women in their dialogue.)

Exquisite little Corinna is back at Hollywood in the spring, being exchanged for Merle Oberon whom Alex wants home again for three months to be the Edward G. Robinson production set in old-time Aus-
tria. Corinne will certainly join the Cali-

fornian intellectual set for she has a back-
ground of French charm together with her father well-known political writer and
her mother a painter. She speaks several European languages perfectly and
her hobbies are needlepoint and swimming.

She plays the piano superbly and
used to enrol everybody at the Denham Studios by her rendering of Chopin and
Schumann by heart.

Several Hollywood executives have
already been seen after twenty-year-old Mary
Morris, another starting new personality of
“Prison without Bars,” Slim, grey-eyed and
with an untidy tingle of black curls, Mary is an amazing little girl—not even the “Dead End” kids could teach her any
thing about toughness! She was born in the Fiji Islands where her father was a
doctor, has traveled all over the world and
simply snears at glamour. She generally
wears men’s clothes, or fancy silk jacket
suit when Alex insists she “dresses up”
for social events, and her hobby is making
furniture. She has begun to turn her
play a mahogany table for her flat and often
teaches the studio carpenters a few tricks
with hammers and knives. Soon she’ll be
seeing herself again with Charles Boy and
Veidt in “Bermese Silver,” rougher and
tougher and more spiteful than ever.

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Screenland
Margaret Sullivan Forsakes the Screen

Continued from page 23

an atmosphere of great wealth. But the personal fortune he now has is purely the result of his self-made career. The Cornelius Hancock Sullivan-Garland family traces its blood-genealogy to the Confederacy and all that sort of thing—but not much money in the exchequer. And so, like Leland, Margaret's economic independence is the result of her own efforts.

Leland spends his money with Croesus-like extravagance. His monthly phone bill alone would fill all the self-made aspirant's war-or-plans. Margaret is far more practical—except on certain occasions, like the time three years ago, when she bought a 30-acre estate at Flemington, New Jersey, which she has not stepped inside since!

Her clothes, which used to be a negligible item, now add up to an imposing sum. Leland, as one of Hollywood's foremost agents, must be on hand for every important social event, and Margaret, who once boasted that she was the Hollywood actress who didn't have a dress in hat, always accompanies him, dressed in "le dernier mode." Despite her elaborate wardrobe, however, she still prefers slacks and duffelcoats, and has even been known enough to walk, that's what she'll wear too. Incidentally, her wardrobe now is a closefit of baby finery, but out of all of them, the change of "le petit dernier enfant," Margaret's favorites were a white lawn dress and a simple tailored coat.

Born of a post-war generation, Brooke's parents have a mission: a brand toward life, principally, I suspect, because there are two guardian angels perched on their shoulders. Leland's, the grand passion is flying—(He plots his own plane)—has been in several crash-ups, but he always emerges with no more serious consequences than being late for a business date. When Brooke was not quite five months old, he had already initiated her into her first transcontinental flight. Everyone was aghast—"Life" even photographed her for posterity, but Leland merely grinned, as he carried her down the runway at the Newark Airport, "To think she's never seen New York before!"

Margaret's speed mania is cars. She works on the theory that everyone is late for an appointment as she is, but that she never gets the name of Sullivan, and that potent Southern charm!

Of course, if Margaret Sullivan is not an important star, I'll take vanilla! But hard as it may seem to swallow, she honestly doesn't believe she is. And to try and argue the point with her, is just as futile as trying to convince a certain well-known star how unnecessary she is! It is not surprising therefore to find that Margaret carries over this unstudied modesty where Brooke is concerned. Her premiere this week with baby's latest snapshots, nor does she bore her friends with the usual ravings of a slightly prejudiced parent. In all fairness though to Brooke, I must say that Leland makes up for her restraint. The reason that she has three god-fathers is because Jimmy Stewart, Johnny Swope and Joshua Logan—whom she selected as she was the world's most beautiful baby! It was nurse's day out the afternoon I got my first glimpse of Brooke, and Margaret was with us. The little boy was only four weeks old then—"a pink and white bundle—but Margaret handled her with the experienced air of a Mrs. Dionne. There was no no-nonsense, no 'Lizzy, the mother'—no self-conscious pride—but behind that quiet efficiency I knew that this baby daughter symbolized the goal for which she had been restless searching these past few years—security with the man she loved.

When I first met Margaret, she was living in a one-room apartment on West 13th Street. Margaret's former home, the Palisades, she reminded her that she was hungry. She bought clothes, only because they were a necessary evil. Being an incurable romanticist, this is in love most of the time. A conversation with her was like a ride on the scenic railway—a day with her was like a month in the country.

She wants her name to mean more than anything else in the world.

If there is anything to a preliminary influence, Brooke should inherit her mother's love. Born Margaret was at Venice (the Coney Island of Los Angeles) riding the chute de chutes! Leland was fabulously at me," she confessed, with an impish grin. "He was so afraid something might happen to 'Ferman' (that's what we called Brooke in her own home)—that we abandoned her for her.

Margaret's own conservative heritage! Her mother, a gracious lady who still lives in an age of hoop skirts, collars and petticoats, was a devoted daughter to her mother, as is she, with her eldest daughter, as she is with the Bob-loy and Ella Fitzgerald. Her father always opposed her career, and I suspect that the clashing temperaments, both of them proud, stubborn and defiant, must have made a more effective scene than any that Margaret has since played on the stage.

Perhaps it is because after she left Norfolk to soar her wings, she never had any "roots," she is now so grateful to have a home—and love again. The beautiful estate overlooking the Pacific, at Brentwood Heights, which she now graces as mistress, epitomizes "journey's end" for her. Brooke, lying peacefully in a separate wing, and the babies to come will have luxurias that she never enjoyed—but what is more important, the complete understanding and comradeship of two swell parents.

While waiting for the January "Dressed every Saturday," Margaret arranged for her fans' demand for her, by joining Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young in the screen adaptation of Keitel Wfit's 'The Great Impersonation.'—It's a combination since their joint success, "The Shining Hour." In her poignant role of 'India,' Margaret will suffer another tragic self-imposed death. This time she deliberately loves herself, so that Joan can have the man they both love. This is the first occasion that Crawford and Sullivan have ever worked together, and now that Joan no longer is the "girl fan—and she grows positively ga-ga at the mere sight of her—it will be interesting to watch their scenes together.

Another year before the screen will see Sullivan again—it may be indefinitely. For, despite the fact that here is indulging in a truly great actress, she means it when she says that "acting is only a side-issue with her. Fame is a synthetic reward compared to a happy home, and now that she has found her, she is going to concentrate on the more satisfying career of wife and mother—and if when more babies arrive to expand the family circle there will be no problem. It will be Claire Booth Brouk's cryptic question and ask, "Are you Roman Catholic or just careless?" Margaret's retort will be: "Neither, but babies last for ever, and an Academy "tutie is as forgotten as yesterday's news!"

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Continued from page 71

new things and speak your little piece if there is need. If you have a good, firm mouth, accent it with the newest lipsticks, the most becoming you can find, but don't try to make a Cupid's bow. It doesn't belong with your role and you'll lose something.

Carole Lombard is exceedingly good looking—perhaps beautiful. And you have seen her figure in evening gowns, truly something to pray for. But beauty isn't enough to please Miss Lombard. She doesn't hesitate to look ridiculous when a picture calls for it, and that's one of her points of great appeal. You've seen her, perhaps as the shipwrecked heroine crawling out of a lifeboat, looking like a wet mouse, hair in limp strands, clothes a mess. We'd look much the same or worse in such circumstances. It's all very, very human, and a good way for many of us to be on occasion—not necessarily just when we're shipwrecked. Being human is a great bond at times. Miss Lombard is a good example of beauty plus brains, an unbeatable combination. That is why she is often referred to affectionately as a good sort, a real friend, a regular person. So—if beauty, if chic, if charm or intelligence ever seem to put you on too high a pedestal, think of Miss Lombard, and remember it's a good idea to climb down just a little now and then. Otherwise, you remain a too superior person and slightly frightening.

Glenda Farrell is another very regular person. She is the kind of girl that men can take their business and girl problems to, that will listen with an understanding and sympathetic ear. This is a great asset; it builds lasting friendships. This generosity seems to cover many aspects with her,

too, for she is known for helping friends in distress. Miss Farrell is what I call a "give girl," a type that sees all, hears all, and never tells. If you are this type, at times you may think you waste too much time on others and think you'd better harden up a little and not give so much. Well, just try and see if you can. You can't, and that's your greatest charm. You are the very unselfish type, but see that you use this quality wisely.

Shirley Ross is a pretty, feminine type. This type goes well with curls, perfumes, and all the frivolous that are in good taste. This is a type that men adore and want to protect. If you are this, then let them, for often the path to the altar is the surest one to happiness. And keep that feminine allure. This is your great charm.

And so it goes with the stars and everyone of us. Everyone has some point of appearance and of personality that if pointed up a bit, accented, makes that person more attractive, more appealing. You, alone, must work on the personality, but in appearance, it pays everyone of us to look and listen, to read and try new things, mixing these external aids with our own best sense and judgment. For example, just how do you look with curls piled high on your head? With your skirts shorter? With earrings? With a cyclamen or a red orchid make-up? Try things, but choose for a reason. In fact, speak, act, and think even for a reason—and you have something, personality! That combination of appearance and appeal—something people can both see and feel.

Warner Baxter and Alice Faye, above, take opposite sides of a moot question as they enact a scene for "The Down's Early Light."
Merrily They Bowl
Continued from page 65

Doctors and studios to frequent the alleys for the purpose of losing weight is Guy Kibbee, who, however, takes it all most good-naturedly.

Bowling as a social function has gained rapidly in recent weeks in Hollywood, and seems to be one of the answers to the ever-expanding question, where to take one’s fashionable guests of an afternoon or evening for something original. Coming several times a week in mixed sexet formation are George O’Brien, Joe Farnham, Bing Crosby, Robert Montgomery, Ruby Keeler, and Sally Eilers. A most consistent quartet is made up of the Gary Coopers with Cedric Gibbons and Dolores del Rio; again, the Eddie Cantors may be seen at any bowling, family-fashion with Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. Two some bowlers among the screen people are much too numerous to list completely, yet appearing at least once a week at the alleys of late have been Betty Grable with Jackie Coogan, Alice Faye with Tony Martin, Wayne Morris with Priscilla Lane, the Andy Devines, the Ray Millands and the Fredric Marches.

Unmixed, or stag and “stagette” bowling has become more and more popular lately, and the reason can be readily visualized here in the film colony. With wives and girl-friends working while husbands and boy-friends are bowling and rice versa, is not to be wondered at that the inadvertently neglected mate seeks solace and company with others who are in the same boat.

Leading the forces of the “picture widowers” is a group of eight composed of Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Robert Wilcox, Spats McArdle, William Birdsall, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris and Jack Oakie. Pairing off in various combinations, these stalwarts of filmdom are becoming each other’s partners in bowling that the lights of their respective lives are now finding it difficult to edge their way into a game with any one of them.

Other stag groups, rating lower in sheer numbers, yet none the less confirmed, are these: Fred MacMurray with Dennis O’Keefe, Joe E. Brown with his son, Joe E. Jr., Jack Oakie with his father, the Snickelfritz Band as a unit, Joel McCrea with various studio technicians, orchestra leaders Phil Harris and Ted P. Rito and Walter Barbour in assemblage, picture executives Darryl Zanuck, Harry Cohn and Eddie Mannix together, and, at the billiard tables, Bing Crosby, Donald Reagan, Dick Arlen and Bob Burns.

But by no means are unmixed alley activities limited to the males of Hollywood. For bowling with a thing unbroken is the code of Janet Gaynor, who limits her alley companionship strictly to her pal Margaret Lindsay, and Patricia Kelly bowling with the Darkin Girls, Patricia Kelly always with her cousin Wilma Cox, and Leah Raye only with her mother, are other prominent holdouts for a “stagette” regime.

Of the more efficient bowlers in cinema-land, the No. 1 position in organized competition is conceded, almost without argument, to Hedy Lamarr. Added over the number of years, the bespectacled comedian has had no less than 18 bowling balls made for him, and, ever since Hollywood cinema has been remembered, has maintained lockers in one bowling establishment or another. Lloyd’s score is generally in the neighborhood of 250, and it has opened for him annual invitations to tournaments. The tournament play. Other male screen personages whose game warrants their participation in Western league play are Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Jackie Coogan, Gene Raymond, Johnnie Mack Brown, Wally Vernon, Allen Lane, and Leo Gorcey of the “Dead End” Boys, all of whom are in the class of considerably over 200.

Of Hollywood’s actresses, Betty Grable has attained a record score of 214 in women’s league competition, while Patsy Kelly wears proudly a converted womanizing achievement of 200 or better. Betty, incidently, claims there is nothing like bowling as a means of getting one’s mind off the studio. Betty takes her pictures Betty dashes down to the alleys.

Of the film ladies who come fairly close to a score of 200 when applying themselves to serious bowling, we have a list made up of Carole Lombard, Anne Rutherford, Wendy Barrie, Dorothy Lamour, Claudette Colbert, Sonja Henie, Marjorie Weaver, Nan Grey, Fay Wray and Dorothy Kent. Again lending support to the system of bowling “without heart interest,” all of these actresses claim to have made their pictures Betty dashes down to the alleys.

With all the monkeys, then, it seems

Hollywood is able also to take its bowling seriously. For proof of this we have simply to note that within recent weeks organized competition among studio people, and between studios, has gained by leaps and bounds. All of the major studios but two are now members of a Round Robin league, and nearly all departments of each studio are taking part in a race for trophies. Of these competitive teams, we find that already the Warner lot has 14, Columbia has 16, R.K.O. 14, the Walt Disney Studios 18, Paramount 11, and Twentieth Century-Fox 11.

But the inter-studio matches are the ones! With each team that represents a studio being sponsored by a star, bearing his studio name, and calling upon him or her periodically for “fight talks” in the locker rooms, leading contenders at present make up a list, imposing to say the least, as follows:

Claudette Colbert’s Bears, Cecil B. de Mille’s Bucaneers, Carole Lombard’s Rover Boys, George Raft’s Tigers, Bob Burns’ Razor Backs, Martha Raye’s “Oh Boys!”, Roald Walsh’s Wild Cats, Ginger Rogers’ Stars, The Anne Shirley Stars, Ben Blue’s Manx, Walter Fawley’s Shaman, Charles Bickford’s Villains, ("Dead End" Boys), Leo Gorcey’s Dark Horses, and Director “Mitch” Leisen’s Jaguars.

If these banners are not rousing Hollywood bowlers to do or die at least once a week for dear old somebody, then the inspiration-potential of our screen luminaries have most certainly wan-ed blantly, and since yesterday.

Happy notion—to cast Fay Bainter and Bob Burns in "Arkansas Traveler."
Hollywood Wedding

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Jean Taylor and Dick Ramsey, fa- mous co-stars, arc "engaged" for publi- city reasons dictated by their studio. Actually they are married, keeping secret their elopement and flying apart in order to continue careers under con- tracts that forbid, either to wed, Jean is being blackmailed by Myra Tracy, actor whose marriage to her was an- nounced immediately after the ceremony. She goes to Dick's home to confide this to him, but finds Ruby Lloyd, ex-wife of singer, there. The rift caused by Ruby's scheme keeps Jean and Dick apart until their director gives a party in their honor. At the party Dick tries to explain that Ruby had come uninvited to his home that night. But then Jean is called to the telephone. She is talking to the mysterious caller as the current chapter opens:

... but "Flunked" as a Wife!

Many family doctors—and husbands, too—have seen otherwise happy mar- riages fail, for lack of knowledge about proper feminine hygiene. A wife may not be conscious, herself, of any neglect on her part. That's the tragic thing about so many cases of "incompatibility". Wives don't realize... and husbands can seldom bring themselves to the point of men- tioning it. If only there could be more frankness... but the subject of feminine hygiene is so delicate.

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She won College Honors

One subject she hadn't learned was Feminine Hygiene—with "LYSOL"
“I think,” said Jean, “that we’d better get back before we’re missed. Dick, I can’t buy Myles off with my money…”

“Don’t be a child!” he snapped. “We’ve got to make a try to silence this thing. If it wasn’t for you, I’d march him to the nearest police station and book him for blackmail.”

“And, if he talks?”

He’d never talk again. Jean. He’s a coward. He knows what I’ll do.” He squared his shoulders, impatiently. “To hell with this,” he said, recklessly. “I’m tired of pretending. You’re my wife, Jean. You’re going to live with me as my wife, and the studio and the contract can go jump in the lake! I’ve got enough for both of us if neither of us ever make a picture again. I’m going to tell Glassman we’re married—”

“No!” she begged. “Not now! I want to go with you. I love you, terribly, darling. But there’s no telling what Myles will do! I can’t have your whole career endangered by my folly…”

Jean, I hate this damned futility!”

“So do I. But we’ll wait a little while. Later, when your future is assured we’ll—”

She was in his arms, shaken, disorganized, but his lips were a rising peak of flame in the vast, dreary emptiness of her— and her heart seemed to stop to listen to him.

He said: “Also, Mrs. Ramsey, to hell with the party! We can go back later. Since we’re together, we can always claim we ran away so we could spoon in peace and since I hate lies, we have a lot of spooning to do to catch up with the days we lost—”

They drove back to the party. Dick followed his own car, which Jean drove, in the roadster he had commandeered. No one seemed to have missed them, even though the party was in their honor, except Jean’s mother; and she looked at the girl’s radiant face with a tender smile on her wrinkled lips.

“Shush!” commanded Jean, mysteriously. “Too many people here, so Dick and I sneaked away by ourselves for a little while.”

The party was in full bloom, and as self-centered as Hollywood parties of magnitude usually are: each guest was intent on his own spot in the sun.

Jean was instantly, however, stopped by a fat little man who came striding into the big room, “Hello! Having fun?”

Dick, encountering Bill Walters, grinned and said, “Hi!”

Walters said: “Hi, fella. Where were you?”

“Oh,” said Dick, vaguely, “here and there. Out.”

“Uh-uh,” agreed Walters. “Is Jean back too?”

“Uh-uh! You see, nuance, in order to put this spiffy little engagement over, we have to make it look real; so we ran away for a few minutes, so we could spoon, in private. Swell idea, huh?”

“Don’t take this engagement too seriously, Dick. How do you manage spooning when you drove off in two different cars?”

“It’s done with mirrors,” explained Dick, smiling sympathetically at Walters, then, walking clean-prowed as a clipper ship leaving a handsome wake, he joined a close-knit group that welcomed him gaily.

“Nuts” apostrophized Walters, with a tight grin, his schooled eyes sharp. He’d watched Jean for two years. He’d loved her all that time, but what changes had he? He’d picked her to co-star opposite Dick, knowing she was a natural; and then, he saw how things were with them. Well, he supposed, eventually she would marry Dick Ramley. They certainly were a marvelous-looking couple.

He saw Jean, again surrounded by an admiring group. The girl’s face was a poem. “Well,” Walters told himself, “I think the juice is turned on again, and maybe I know why, damn it!”

There might have been cause for alarm if Dick or Jean had followed the sullen Myles Tracy the evening he left Jean’s home. The crashing blow on the jaw had sobered him, but it had left a smoldering anger. He went to the little hotel where he had taken a room and washed up. His jaw ached and he was jittery. A few streets away was one of the bright night spots of Hollywood, where he had spent a few evenings. There was a red-hot number there, too, who knew how to put a song with insidious meanings. He looked at the roll of bills Dick had tossed him. Over two hundred dollars!

Twenty minutes later he was at the Swan’s Pond. The orchestra, on a plat-
form like an island in the tropics, was surrounded by water and foliage. When the cafe west dark, Ruby Lloyd, in a boat that looked like a great swan, was propelled out in front of the orchestra. Here, lighted by a spot, in as little clothes as the law allowed, she sang in her sweet, husky voice, a song of sly inferences and many meanings.

Myles Tracy had been a visitor here since his successful raid on Jean's bank account. His prodigal use of money had interested Ruby. Having seen him with Jean and overheard their conversation, she cultivated him. They had, since, shared drinks and dinner, and Myles Tracy had poured out some of his grievances; but he had been cagey under questioning.

After her number, dressed again in a sheer evening gown, she sat with him, sharp-eyed, hazily leading his conversation on, hoping to learn his relationship to Jean. This battered drink knew something, she was sure, that would put a weapon of retaliation and revenge in her hands. Certainly, Jean had given Myles Tracy money. Why? If she knew. If she could pull Jean down from her pedestal, prove there were mud—status—

He eyed her. "How come you aren't in the movies, Ruby? You've got about everything it takes."

She shrugged. "I don't screen. Not the type."

"That's what they tell me, too," he grinned. "I'm not the type! Hell, I could show these pretty boys something about acting!" He shrugged. "Only, you never get the chance."

"Are you an actor?"

"I was, once—legitimate. Now, the Dick Ramseys of the world make the big dough."

"And how!" She added, caustically: "Know him?"

"Plenty!"

"Know anything good?" she continued, off-hand.

Tracy shrugged. He had consumed a vast quantity of Scotch to assuage the tyrannical disturbance that raked him tonight. His tongue was loosely hung and a dim anger burned behind his hurt jaw, like the memory of an accident. "Listen, baby," he told her, owlishly, "I know plenty! I know plenty about Dick Ramsey and Jean Taylor. If I talked, the roof'd come off Hollywood."

Her eyes suddenly caressed him, black-gold onyx, ablaze with tenderness. "Let's go up to my place, at the hotel, after I get through here," she suggested. "I'm at the Wholcott, too, I like you, Jim."

Her dark eyes, her whole face came, for the moment, a passion of appeal. "We'll have a few drinks and talk awhile. You're tired, poor boy! Either Dick Ramsey or Jean Taylor has mistreated you, haven't they?"

"Mistreated me plenty!" he sulked. "Say—if you knew what I know about Jean—"

"You know her well? Tell me about it. I'll bet you know!"

"I do! I certily do! Know plenty. Know her better's anything. Know her mother, too, intererin' old bag!"

She wrapped her fingers around his, insinuatingly. If this man knew anything that would give her the upper hand of these two she hated—! "I'll get through here," she said, "and we'll talk."

Some indecision, tinged with fear, came over him, plastering his blowzy anger. A tense voice vibrated in his memory and froze his tongue. Dick's eyes, sharp as surgical steel, came to him, and he recoiled with fear. He dared not talk. "Never mind, baby," he said, "I'm drunk tonight. I'm not tellin' all I know. No, sir—not me! Say—"

"I'm going to have a lot of money soon. Goin' back east, see? Before I go, how about you and me celebratin'? What d'ye say? I'll be in the big dough. Gonna buy a big car—"

"Sure," she agreed, softly, "why not?"

Tracy sat in Dick Ramsey's study, his face locked defiantly. Dick Ramsey was talking:

"I've got the money here, Tracy, in cash. Before I give it to you, however, you'll sign a little account I have here, prepared by my attorneys. Read it."

Tracy took the paper. It wasn't complicated; it merely acknowledged that he was receiving ten thousand dollars, in cash, as full settlement for any and all claims; he was acknowledging that he had practiced blackmail, and that he meant that he was laying himself wide open. He looked up, his eyes like burnt holes in a blanket, his face bloodless. He had no alternative. This ten thousand would be the last, he realized. Dick was too shrewd to allow himself to be bled, indefinitely. He desperately needed money. In Dick's hands was a thick wad of bills.

"Okay!" he consented, suddenly. "I'll sign it."

He did. Dick threw over the packet of bills. He said:

"My advice to you, Tracy, is to move and keep moving. Outside of this little agreement, and a stretch in jail, they'll always be me to think of—if you ever talk. And I'm not a pleasant little guy when I get mad."

As he went, a burning anger glazed in him, but above that, there was a cold fear of the mad, arctic eyes of this tigerish young man, who looked capable of murder or, at least, gratuitous violence.

That night, bound for a preview, sitting beside her in his town car, while the chauffeur drove, Dick told Jean all about it. "It won't bother you," said Dick. "He's a coward, and he knows I'll take him apart.

Stunning!

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Screenland 89
A PIMPLE-FACED OUTCAST AT 17?

Read how to help protect the skin against intestinal poisons.

Are you sunned and pitted because of repulsive looking lice? Why not now rid yourself of this common cause of trouble and take steps now to help overcome it?

Between the ages of 15 and 25, final growth takes place, and the skin of the face and the scalp is the most subject to disturbances throughout the body. The skin may become over-sensitive. Waste poisons from the intestines often get into the blood, and then ugly pimples may break out.

Many young people help solve this problem simply by eating too much grease. Great mistakes of this famous food help eliminate intestinal waste, and they may cause pimples. You may say, "I've got to eat."

Don't. Run the risk of permanent scars from neglecting such pimples. Start eating Fieschi's Yeast now—only 3 cakes daily—one cake 1/2 hour before meals. Begin now.

Seven Stars Tell How to Chase the Blues Away

Continued from page 59

discovered, is very active. You may tell yourself that you are suffering from grief or heart break or that you are worried so much that you are not taking care of yourself just the same. At the end of the first chukker my gloom usually has lifted a little, like a fog at fair time. I play a happy game. I have a clean, sweet feeling. I go home so tired mentally as well as physically that my brain no longer is up to reasoning with me.

Obviously we all can't play polo whenever they wish. Or the outcome of it all. Feeling descends upon us. It isn't the polo itself, however. It is the hope, the remembrance of a period of time during which his brain has no chance to sneak around to his troubles, real or imaginary. And any sport or task which requires the same concentration and taxes you as much will work just as well as polo.

If there is anyone who could be said to be justified in having had the blues during the past twenty years it is Billie Burke. When she married Florence Ziegfeld she gave her life to him. She forgave him. Instead of that fame that had been Billie Burke's. She even forgot Billie Burke. She was only Mrs. Florence Ziegfeld, wife of a man, mother of a young daughter, mistress of a great house and rolling Westchester acres.

When Ziegfeld died she was truly bereft. Buries his grief there were debts, colossal debts. And she felt it incumbent upon her to pay them. Perhaps you can imagine how hard it was for a young woman, no longer a star, to move to the strange land of Hollywood and start a climb to fame all over again. It was, nonetheless, in the capacity of Billie Burke tells me she suffered most from that intangible foreboding and sadness which we so readily call the blues.

"Tremendous problems," she said, "great grief—such things as I've known since Mr. Ziegfeld died—have a way of bringing their own anaesthesia."

"I can do this and that and another."

"You want your Hard Luck in Poor Health. No Job! Unhappy in Danbury. "Lives on bread and water or nothing else—be sure to mention bread and water the next time you visit Nevada where I live."

"If you think you can do it; if you think you can do it well; if you think you can do it better than I did, the next time you visit Nevada where I live."

"Shouldn't we have a few rehearsals, she asked, "so I'll get it right?"

"Brat!" he chucked, "you're a perfect, pack of old clothes."

Bobbie Hope and two famous mothers—Gary Cooper's, left, and Mrs. Brough, Robert Taylor's mother.
But I still walk and with the same desired results.

Tyrone Power's blues are as young and romantic as he is. Tyrone never is bowed down with the temporary conviction that nothing is worth while. But there are times when his nerves act up to make him feverish with a wanderlust, when the only thing in the world he wants to do is get on a boat and watch the shore with all of its complications and petty annoyances drop behind the horizon. "Once," Tyrone says, "I went. And the further away I got the more sea-sick I got. And the more desirable the life I had run away from seemed to be." He knotted the dark red kerschief he wore about his neck. "So now when I get that old feeling and travel posters send my blood pressure up sky high I call my own bluff. I walk right into the steamship offices and take all the literature they will give me. I also get figures on what the different trips would cost.

Then, very maliciously, I remind myself of how a ship can pitch and roll at once. And with what results. Whereupon I come to. Whereupon I go back to work eagerly, praying it always will be there for me, and actually feeling sometimes as though I had been away and was darn glad to get back.

Olivia de Havilland is very young to be an expert on the blues, but she insists that is what she is. And she makes distinctions between different species of the blues too. She talks knowingly of the acute variety which, fortunately, last only a few hours or a day or two and of the chronic drums that leave you leaden and indifferent to everything for long weeks at a time. "Lesser depressions," says Olivia, "I can banish with music. Almost always. The emotional life music brings breaks my low mood and I'm on my way up again. But not so long ago my work went wrong, or I thought it did and that's just as bad, and trifling personal problems piled up until the accumulation of it all had me in a low state which lasted for three months and threatened to ruin me and my career. It was wretched, I turned gumb. I had no reactions, even for things that always had moved me. I tried going to pay places but that didn't work at all. Enforced gaiety only works a temporary cure, if that. So I decided to go away. I went to visit congenial, sympathetic friends who live on Vancouver island. I swam in cold water. I watched log-rolling. A huge derrick lifted the logs that crashed down the mountainside, clearing the ground in their way of all small trees and shrubs. It made me catch my breath. And that was my first..."
sign of recovery. It proved I was alive inside after all. I'd begun to doubt it!
Widely, they're infinitely better for us so much than if I'd been alive. Besides, if you possibly can get away from the people and the surroundings that have been the background for your depression, you feel better in a few days. For they constantly remind you of your apprehensions and problems and the one thing you must do is forget these things.

I was still puzzled when I had talked to her friends at Vancouver Island about her blue devils or pretended everything was all right, except she was a little over-tired. "I talked," she said, "and it helped! It acted as a catharsis. It seemed to relieve me of some of my ridiculous gloom. But there have been times when talking made things worse for me, when I depressed myself further by everything I had to say. So whether or not you should talk must, I'm afraid, be decided anew every time.

Unquestionably much depends upon those you talk to. For it depends upon whom we talk about. When we talk to those who are intelligent we instinctively strive for an impersonal and objective point of view in what we have to say. That helps! Whereas when we talk to those who are sentimental we're encouraged to drop our sense of humor and swallow a little in self-pity. And that's very bad!

Youngsters like Olivia always make me certain that I suffer from arrested mental development. They know so much! Take Olivia, for instance, who is not much more than half my age, and who knows things I'm just learning. It's enough to give me the blues. Wide horizons, Olivia said. And Jimmy Stewart recommends them too."

"I'm a worrier," Jimmy says in the same serious, puzzled way you admire him on the screen. "My thoughts have a way of stewing. Even when I don't show it and even when there's nothing to worry about, it's just the same thing when I'm low," he continued, finally. "I go out to the airport and I fly. Around six o'clock it's grand up there. You climb above the clouds and the heaven is blue and there's the sun going down. It's vast and the light is wonderful. But maybe that's a lot of stuff. Maybe what really gets you out of it is the fact that you don't have a split second to think about yourself if you're piloting the ship."

I think the color and the vastness up there have a lot to do with it, and I think Jimmy thinks so too. So, if you live near a flying field or an airport, give yourself a big treat the next time the blue devils swamp you, take a flight, at sunset if possible. The least it will do is remind you that you believe a lot of things you've forgotten about—and that draught of spiritual wine will do you no harm.

Curious how definitely the cues are for the blues which the stars employ indicate their personalities. When Joan Crawford gets all mixed up, when her life seems hard, and when the things she doesn't have become much more important than the things she does have, she reads. And she reads biographies. Joan, and I say this in passing, is ambitious. She has come a long way but she has an even longer way to go if she is to place herself. Consequently she can ill afford to pay the toll which the blues exact. She needs every atom of her energy and her personal force and color every second of the time.

"When you read biography," Joan said in that lovely voice she has worked so hard to acquire, a voice which one of her friends refers to as "that cell in Joan's throat," "you know how few and how trivial your trials and disappointments and fears are compared to the trials and disappointments and fears others have surmounted in order to become great. Whereupon you despise yourself for a weak sister, for bowing your head and your heart before whatever it is that besets you. And this destroys any self-pity you've acquired, just about the worst symptom of the blues. In fact, once you get your self-pity well washed you're usually well on your way back to normal."

Once upon a time the vipers were fashionable, for ladies especially. But not today! Today they're as outmoded as the other stuffy and neurotic standards and habits of the Victorian age. Today it's the thing to be fit and up and doing, mentally and physically. We still get the blues. But if we plan to do anything with our life we get rid of them—one way or another, like the stars.

Paris

Continued from page 63

Annabella was the third prodigal daughter to return. Of the three she struck me as being the happiest and to have gained, more from her Hollywood experiences. Very soon after her arrival she gave a very gay cocktail party at which La Annabella was coffee, coffee colored and more than ever. She explained that she had just finished "Suez" and as most of the film was shot out-of-doors she was constantly in the bright sunlight. She adored California. "When my youngest brother returns ask him how we love California. He is in college out there for a year. The producers don't like for us to bring our families. Naturally when we are together we talk French, which isn't good for our progress in English. Our working hours, though, she said that the French players generally foregathered. She spoke especially of her pleasure at being with the Fernand Gravet's and Charles Boyer's. Her first job on arrive here was to synchronize in French "The Baroness and the Butler."

Mme. Notsimova, Dialogue Director James Vincent, Ann Todd and Claudette Colbert, who is the star of the picture, snapped on the sidelines of the "Zaza" set.
which she made in English with William Powell. After that she will do a film "Hotel of the North." When that is finished she hopes to have a bit of time to spend in her country place at Pyla, on the seashore. "I want to see if the roses in our garden, the lovely roses of France, are still blooming for us." She was not pleased with her role of Hungarian Baroness, her first Hollywood film, but she waxed enthusiastic over her role in "Suez." It's that of a French girl, a bit wild and savage. Also she dies at the finish and is buried with military honors which is out of the ordinary run of heroine parts. She raved about Tyrone Power and Loretta Young as acting companions.

While on the subject of 20th Century-Fox stars brings me to the travels of Don Ameche. Very gayly he arrived in Europe for a holiday. While in Holland he was stricken with appendicitis and had to have an emergency operation. I can think of many more amusing things to do than lying ill in a Dutch hospital. Darryl Zanuck, at the time also holidaying in Europe, took a plane to Amsterdam to cheer up the poor Don. As soon as he was well Don took a plane to Paris so that his recuperation days were spent in much more interesting surroundings. But he was not well enough to really "do" gay Paree before he was called back to Hollywood. We will hope for better luck on his next trip.

Jean Gabin who will be the partner of Simone Simon in her first French film is one of the real stars of the screen. It's hard to classify him. He is a fine, solid artiste with little of the theatrical glamour in his make-up. One of his big hits was "Pepe le Moko," re-made under the name of "Algiers," in Hollywood with Charles Boyer in the Gabin rôle. For months "Quai des Brumes" played here because of the fine acting of Gabin and Michele Morgan.

seem to be looking into far-off open spaces. In "The Seven Pearls of the Crown" he had a brief, colorful part as Napoleon in his younger days. In the last French film Charles Boyer made, Jean-Louis stole every scene he was in. Then, this last season, just to show us he is a real actor he returned to the stage to co-star with Alice Cocca in Moliere's "Le Misanthrope." The play was a huge success but Jean-Louis got restless at the monotony of playing the same performance every night and walked out in the middle of the engagement for the open spaces of the south of France. They have tried to lure him to Hollywood but he always says no.

The Paramount studio, near Paris, was the scene of great activity when I wandered in to see what I could see. On one stage Danielle Darrieux was making "Katia." Nearby Monique Rolland was doing her stuff in "The Lion Tamer." Still on another stage Vivian Romance was showing how red-hot her last name really is in a scene for "Gibraltar" with our old friend Erich von Stroheim. Then, as a contrast I turned to the Royal trappings of "The Education of a Prince." The Prince in question was Robert Lynen. Playing with him was that dashing sex appeal factor from Roumania, Elvire Popesco. This lady is one of the bright stars of the French stage and only recently has consented to brighten the screen with her brilliant personality and amusing accent. She was the inspiration of "Tovarich" which she played at the Theatre de Paris for endless months. When I was watching the scenes, either the heat from the lights or the royal trappings upset La Popesco. Seven times they had to do the scene over. At the eighth time when we thought all was going well Elvire's false eyelashes wilted and fell off! After a little first aid treatment the ninth scene was perfect—eyelashes and all!

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A moonless South sea night... black as a pocket...a Voodoo fire...its艳, the Love Dances, sang in the twilight. Exotic, New World...

Hope to Tell You
Continued from page 51

thing, my audience was ga-ga with beer. And for another, they'd built the building with an idea of deadening sound as much as possible. And I don't think all wouldn't deafen the workers. And finally," said Bob, "what they could hear of my gaps, they didn't like it." He added that a couple of months after that, his brother wouldn't even speak to him. "He had his reasons," Bob told me, his eyes twinkling. "I understand the other workers tried to go along with him.

Bygone are bygones between Bob and his brother now, and they're the best of friends. In fact the brother, a writer now, has made several amusing stories involving Bob in a play. Then Bob thought of another thing that might have happened with his colossal failure that night at the fact that at the last moment he knew how it is when people catch a home town kid perform," he explained. "Even if they want to like you, they're afraid to."

"I have to think of it," he said. "I'm not that good."

Bob thinks of Cleveland as his home town, although actually he was born in London. His great-grandfather was a Notary there, but his parents settled in the City when he was a small child.

While he was growing up, and all through high school, Bob never thought of the stage. He was always busy trying to get a scholarship, in fact, because he was always moving. He was a shoe clerk, he worked in a butcher shop, he was a soda jerk, he delivered flowers, he worked for an auto factory—all this while still attending school. He even went in for amateur boxing for awhile. "But in a cast of my nights," Bob said wistfully, "I hit the other man's hand with my chin so hard that I woke up in the dressing room. So I quit." But all these years Bob was considering realizing it, he was preparing for a stage career. In the first place, he had a voice, inherited from his mother, who had been a concert singer in England. The second thing was the girl he had dated, and he was always invited to parties because of my voice," Bob adds. He was taking tap dancing lessons, too, not because he wanted to, but simply because it was grown.

Bob's first professional engagement was in a comedy dance act with a girl partner. They got $10 a night around town, but then the act was so successful all over the road, they ran into an obstacle. The girl's mother wouldn't have her going out of town. That broke up the act, and Bob teamed up with George Byrne, who is now part of a successful dancing team in England. Learning that Fatty Arbuckle was going to make a personal appearance in Cleveland and that a couple of other acts were needed, Bob and George attended the audition and landed the job. It lasted twenty weeks. In Arbuckle they found and introduced them to the manager of a roadshow musical comedy, who gave them a job. They danced, did a blackface act, and finally answered the end of the act by being hit with the carpet and seated at the front of the stage, and if you were a bit of a dolt, you grabbed a hammer. "Get a tiny thing," the manager had said, "you can get a tiny thing."

There's a sequel to the girl partner story. About two years after they broke up, Bob was back in Cleveland, heading at the Palace Theatre. She came backstage to see him, absolutely heartbroken. "I've never seen anyone acting anything," Bob laughed. "All she could say was: 'My mother—over and over again. But she's married now, and very happy," Bob adds.

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Evelyn Knapp is a pole fan. See the gadget she wears on her lapel!

Going really tough. No one would even give him an audition. Pretty soon he ran out of money, all except his fare back to Cleveland, but rather than touch that, he'd starve. He nearly did. "For three months," Bob told me, "I sat by the phone in my hotel, waiting for work, and no one would give me even a club date. Or I'd walk around to booking offices, play sheet music under my arm. Suddenly Bob laughed. "I wore a derby hat, and when I'd see someone I knew, I'd take it off and stuff the music into it, so I wouldn't look too much like a starving actor. You see," Bob explained, serious again, it was just the same as it is now. Bookers don't need you, they can get all the standard acts they want."

Those were really hard times. I asked him if he didn't think of giving up, then. But that never even occurred to him. He was positive he had a good act, and determined that he was going to get a chance to show it. He never thought any further ahead than that, never day-dreamed about what he would do when he was successful. "I didn't have time; I was too busy trying to keep from starving," he told me more about that. "Before long," he said, "I was $4000 in debt, I had holes in my shoes. I was doing about the most I could do."

When I met a friend one day who bought me a luncheon featuring beefsteak, I had forgotten whether you cut steak with a knife or fork. With the friend was a turning point. He took Bob to a booker, telling the agent Hope was an excellent man if ceremonies were kept to a $25 bill. "It was just like finding platinum," Bob told me. Not the money alone, but the chance he got to prove he was right about his act.
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PRINT
Myrna Loy Is My Sister

Continued from page 25

Myrna Loy starred in her own presentation of “Sleeping Beauty,” which was a hit when it opened. Shehammered magnificently all over the place. It was partially the latent actress in her, and partially the budding woman. She was tired of school and decided the fastest way of intriguing him away from all the other girls was to impress him in that fashion!

She was named after Helen and Chicago. Dad saw the name Myrna while shipping a load of cattle from our ranch. She’s the only one in the whole family that understands a horse. She is an tomboy and a persistent dreamer. She’d sit on a fence alone for hours and hours wondering about her future. She is a great reader, and when she had secured passage to Universal City and Myrna gaped and was convinced thoroughly of her acting assignments. But because this ambition was frowned on. In public school she was selected—not as the beauty, but to portray “Spirituality, intelligence, and understanding” for a statue group for the building’s front lawn.

She didn’t wear a terrific beauty, so she specialized in family life. She left primary school, but it was a comfort to her. Finally, after two weeks of sitting, she was hauled in for a test. But they wouldn’t give her a role. They had used her as a clothes-rack to test a costume! She went back and again. Her first bit was in a Ramon Novarro picture. She appeared on for her second bit was in a Norma Shearer picture. She had lunch every day with Joan Crawford, who also acted a similar bit. They were mutual encouragers for three days. They drifted apart when Myrna had to do her rising by proving herself at every other studio before returning a Metro’s. New Joan’s dressing-room, in the star building, is directly across the hall from Myrna’s.

I admire Myrna so much because I know how valiantly she stuck to the search to find success and love. She never gave up until she got there; never became bitter nor was she hysterical when she was fired. She was the only one in the weird parts she played didn’t go to her head. But they didn’t. She was typed as an Oriental, as a sizzling vamp. She had these constant assignments. But she developed her perfect sense of humor then, for gradually she saw how useless it would be to resort to gripping. She would be a little snob from her social register, if they wanted her to be that. Some day—

Meanwhile, we continued to live in everyday America. My style. Myra’s used to cousins and aunts and uncles and the give-and-take you inherit from pioneer stock. She didn’t dare go barefoot on us. She didn’t consider herself “different” and get special treatment. She hasn’t acquired any airs now. When she wants to go shopping she goes shopping, she doesn’t talk about being famous. She prefers the best seat at concerts, but doesn’t grab if there are no good seats left. Next time she buys her horse she’ll insist on the rubber lot, must biographies, and goes to her favorite bookstore for her books herself. She isn’t “above” anything, and that’s why I like her. She has observed little things and even in a room full of apparently dull people she can find some little thing that’s amusing.
She listens to advice agreeably, though she doesn't ask for it, and follows her hunches. She takes chances on them instead of being swayed by others. She knew what she wanted, still knows. The same things: success and love. She abhors lies, can spot insincerity and dink it. You can't fool her with phoney flattery, but she's happy when you give her a compliment she feels she's earned. She truly can stand the truth about herself, more than any woman I have ever known. She can look at herself objectively. Another credit: she doesn't let her mind go with the wind. She doesn't drive men nuts because it's convenient to be a woman and hence, supposedly, changeable. In other words, Myrna wouldn't phone for a roadster because the sun was shining, and switch half-an-hour later to a coupe because it had turned cloudy, if you get me.

Her home is her one extravagasy. It's no palace by a long shot, but it's comfortable and attractive and there's a swimming pool shaped like the old swimming hole in Montana. Who else'd have such an idea? Flowers have always meant much to her. As a kid she would ride off and pick wild flowers beside prairie streams. Now she has acres of flowers. What's more, she gardens herself and you ought to watch her prune a tree! She is trying to learn how to cook, to please Arthur who is fond of excellent food. Keeps her help without any fuss. Her maid doubles between home and the studio. Myrna likes service because she's lazy. We have to get in some good cracks here, don't we?

Myrna is energy plus when working, and the reverse when not. She likes to sleep late and have breakfast in bed, then stay on in bed and read. She likes only pleasant exercise, like swimming and leisurely tennis. No routines for her! She doesn't waste much time on her beauty, nor too much effort on her wardrobe. She never wears slacks. She likes perfume when she thinks of it. She is an A-1 procrastinator—never does today what she can do tomorrow and then stalls until the last minute. She worships a comfortable chair. She doesn't mind taking portraits if she can be comfortable, lie on a couch!

The secret of her poise? I was afraid we'd get to that! I'd say it's complete relaxation after she's done the best she could. There's nothing of the mannequin about her, no tenseness or artificial putting on. She doesn't worry—because, having done her best, she is wise enough to drop the matter. She doesn't tax her energy by stewing about what she might have done. If the scene wasn't right she doesn't discuss the point at all evening; they'll see it in the rushes and they can do it over if they think it worthwhile. She holds her head up bravely, because there's no worry to drag her down. Not that she hasn't had plenty of cause for worry, but she has learned the folly of the habit. She doesn't live at high emotional, nervous speed because—why wear yourself out when there's a lot more to do?

She impresses me as being in "a mellow mood" these days. She's annexed Arthur's friends. Her marriage is what she dreamed it could be. She's adjusted herself to the man she loves, thoughtfully.

The other day her maid walked in appalled. Myrna often lets the maid take her couple for errands. The girl had stalled it on the street car track and along came the trolley with a bang-bang. "Now don't be silly," said Myrna calmly. "Why worry? It's insured, and it wasn't your fault the blamed thing stalled on you!"

She refused to look at me the first two days I was a baby, because she'd been sent to grandma's and was indignant at being informed of my 'advent by a playmate at school. But she got over it. She never tries to boss me. Nice sister!

Ann Sothern (mighty nice to see her after a too long screen absence), is the lady over whom Ralph Bellamy and Fredric March show such concern in this scene from "Trade Winds."

---

**A Volume of Cigarette Pleasure**

...for his or her Old Gold-en Christmas

Here's one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile. And it costs no more than two regular "Flat-Fifty" packages.

What a handsome gift it makes! Give him this "True Story of America's Double-Mellow Cigarette," and you'll give him a whole volume of smoking pleasure. Ladies will be thrilled with this Old Gold gift, too

1. It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.
2. Open it up and you find 2 regular "flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).
3. Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

**Tune In** on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night starting November 20th, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

SCREENLAND

97
The Lady Vanishes
Gaumont-Brillat

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Youth Takes a Fling
Universal

A race track story with a "pals to the
end" act put on as only Wally Beery and
Mickey Rooney can do it, makes this an
emotion-stirrer that will hold you from
start to neck-and-neck finish as Mickey
comes down the stretch a winner. Wally is
the boss doctor who has fallen on hard
times and the evil ways of drink—until
Mickey brings him out of it. Colorful race
track background, swell acting—good show.

Personal Secretary
Universal

Joy Hodges and William Gargan as rival
columnists, both solving a murder. Gargan
uses Broadway tips for his "lowdown." Joy
relies on astrology—swell idea if you can
make it work as successfully as Joy does
in this fantastic comedy melodrama. The
two leading writers eventually fall in love
with each other, as you may have guessed.
Andy Devine and Ruth Donnelly stand
by with their effective brands of comedy.

Mysterious Mr. Moto
20th Century-Fox

The Ritz Brothers have the screen to
themselves, practically, and if you don't
laugh at them in this, you probably never
will—which'll be your hard luck. There
are only slight interruptions from a plot
involving Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks
in romance. There is also time for Ethel
Merman to do two good song numbers. But
this is the Ritz boys' show, and they give
you everything they've got. Laughs here.

Come On Leather-necks
Republic

Familiar ground for filmgoers, this is
the story about a circus owner, widow,
forced to adopt a little girl who grows up
to be loved by all the performers and also
to become a great circus star. The whole
story is just a convenient piece of obvious
plotting, but at times it becomes interesting
because there are some effective bits of
acting by Marjorie Main, Anne Nagel and
Jack LaRue. Sentimental circus yarn.

Three murders, most cleverly
accomplished, add up to a total of good whodunit
pastime as Boris Karloff contributes an
other oriental characterization in the role
of Hugh Wiley's Chinese detective. The
murders are identical in their diabolical
design, and a flock of suspects adds to
Wong's and the spectator's mystification. Karloff,
fine as usual, is supported by Grant Withers,
Maxine Jennings, Evelyn Brent and others.

Roy Rogers' second western starrer, and a
slice of very active wild-and-woolly en-
tertainment. Roy as the hero who resembles
notorious Billie the Kid, is in double dan-
ger—from sheriffs after the bandit, and
thieves trying to get the young deputy who
is thwarting them. The star has a few
good tunes to sing, and comedy support
from Smiley Burnette, Lynn Roberts is the
love interest in a good cast. Dandy western.

Sonja Henie never was in better skating
form that she displays in several numbers
here. The "big show" finale, with its
lavish Alice in Wonderland fantasy is some-
thing to see, though for all its scenic trap-
tings, Sonja's graceful gyrations on skates
provide the thrills. The story needn't amount
to much under these conditions—and doesn't.
In it Sonja goes to college and falls in
love with Richard Greene, and vice versa.

In the course of his continued and con-
tinuing crime detection, this Mr. Moto
screw gets around. Here we go from Devil's
Island to London, in the grip of an eerie
mood of suspense as Peter Lorre in his Jap
make-up, digs to the bottom of an interna-
tional ring of murderers, saving the life
of pleasant Henry Wilcoxon and making
a happy issue for Henry's romance with
Mary Maguire. A buffer you'll enjoy.

Cheers of the crowd and offers of good
pay for playing professional football turn
Richard Cromwell's thoughts from the
Marine Corps after graduation from West
Point. But Richard's dad has always wanted
to see him in the Marines, and friends
literally drag the lad to the Philippines,
where the boy makes good. Not much to
get excited about, is it? Individual scenes
have a measure of interest, being well acted.
Lovely and happy... now this describes **DEANNA DURBIN**

Hollywood's attractive young star, *above*. And it is such light-heartedness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. This popular, double-lasting gum is so delicious, it helps you forget minor cares and you become more at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely. Try some Double Mint gum today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, **DEANNA DURBIN**, Universal Pictures' star, now playing in "That Certain Age"—permits Double Mint to show style-sketch of her new party dress by Vera West, Universal Pictures' fashion creator. In Simplicity Pattern 2951 at **SIMPLICITY** dealers or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, N.Y. City. But remember Double Mint gum helps you to be lovely and happy—first essentials to looks.

Healthful, delicious Double Mint Gum benefits your Digestion, Breath, Teeth. Sold everywhere. 5c. Get some today.
What every woman should know about her nerves

COCKER SPANIEL
Spaniels family dates back to 1386. Cocker is smallest of family. Most popular pure-bred dog in U.S. Standard colors range from solid blacks, reds to shades of cream; liver red and combinations. Versatile in field. Lover of human family.

YOU and the cocker spaniel have something important in common. A complicated nervous system, highly strung! But the cocker is kinder to his nerves... he stops frequently to rest. And you?? All day, you probably go without a real let-up... household duties, social activities, each with its own contribution to nervous tension. So, when you feel yourself getting jumpy, ease up and smoke a Camel. You'll find Camels so mild—pleasantly soothing and comforting to the nerves. Notice the difference in the way you feel at the end of the day. Nerves smooth— unruffled— your daily life far more enjoyable... when you "Let up... light up a Camel."

These happy busy people find more joy in living because they "Let up— light up a Camel."

"A NEWSPAPER JOB is one rushed assignment after another," says Estelle Karon, writer on a New York daily. "Honestly, I'd feel like a wreck if I didn't let up now and then. I ease up frequently and smoke a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves. A bit of rest with a Camel helps me work better!"

RALPH GULDAHL, U.S. Open golf champion, reveals a bit of the "inside" story of his steady nerves. "I don't have to worry about my nerves. I've learned to ease up now and then—to take time for a Camel. And I've discovered that Camel is a cigarette that is actually soothing to my nerves!"

LET UP— LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves
Play Safe with your Smile—

Don’t let “pink tooth brush” spoil its loveliness!

How important a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl’s popularity or a man’s success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don’t take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He’ll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest “the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist’s today. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums—brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

Try the new D.D. Tooth Brush
For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleaning, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.

Change to Ipana and Massage

Screenland
Yearning Youth

Behind the Scenes of a Parisian Dramatic School
Share their dreams, their loves, their longings...in the most heart-stirringly poignant dramatic romance since "Stage Door"...

Luise Rainer
Paulette Goddard

Dramatic School

with
Alan Marshall • Lana Turner • Gale Sondergaard
Anthony Allan • Henry Stephenson • Genevieve Tobin

Directed by Robert Sinclair • Produced by Mervyn LeRoy
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

The LION'S ROAR

Watch for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer Christmas!
I'm feeling merry already, because I've got an Xmas gift that warms this old jungle heart.

It's a studio-full of letters (thanks to all of you) telling me you liked my personal column in last month's magazines and you want me to continue. Okay fans!

Well, here's real news! Remember my Christmas picture a few years ago—Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" (who could forget?)...

You'll see another heart-warming Charles Dickens story soon. M-G-M's "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" comes at the holiday season with its message of "peace on earth, good will to men" so sorely needed now.

As a pre-Christmas gift, dancing Joan Crawford will show you that she's learned lots of new steps as the dancing bride in "THE SHINING HOUR." Plenty of partners for Joan, among them Margaret Sullivan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks. Quite a picture, too!

We certainly started the festive season early. The All-American rage is "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS"—latest merriment from your favorite screen family. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and all the folks are fine, thank you!

"You'll remember December" is a good slogan for M-G-M...and the New Year gets off to a happy start as those gay singers of love songs, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring us their first modern musical, "SWEETHEARTS"—in Technicolor, too!

Who said Christmas comes but once a year? You'll get a holiday package on the screen each week of 1939 from your Santa Claus.

Leo
We hope you like the new spirit in SCREENLAND, The Smart Screen Magazine. Your interest, your enthusiastic response are what we're all working for. And we are going right ahead to present to you more of the fresh, the new and novel, the amazing features from Hollywood, world capital of charm, entertainment and excitement.

Next month we will give you what I have no hesitation in calling the most controversial article ever written about Hollywood. About Hollywood? Let's be frank—about Hollywood Women. If anyone tells you he is not interested in that subject, don't believe it! Hollywood Women are the most admired, imitated, discussed, and fought over in the world today. That's why SCREENLAND's big article about them is worth your while.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE,

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

writes this daring, highly diverting feature for us. We won't tell you the title, because it's dynamite; but you'll take our word for it that we have something there! Please watch for the February issue, on sale January 4th.

PAUL C. HUNTER,
PUBLISHER.

January, 1939

EVEN STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page ........................................ Delight Evans 9
Hollywood Has Fun Playing Cartoons .................. 10
Hollywood Whirl ........................................ 12
True Story of Bette Davis' Broken Romance ... Mayme Ober Peak 16
We Might as Well Face It—They Smell .... Elizabeth Wilson 18
Christmas in Hollywood ................................ Carol King 20
At the Rodeo ........................................ Liza 22
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Joan Bennett 24
How Joan Crawford Faces Her Greatest Crisis .... Ben Maddox 28
Tyrone Power's Location Diary ...................... 30
Secrets of Women Revealed by 2 "Zaras" ..... Charles Darnton 32
Pet Picture Contest .................................. 34
Her Year of Exile. Ann Sothorn ..................... Jerry Asher 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures ................. Delight Evans 52
Great Women of Motion Pictures. II. Frances Marion 62
Elizabet Benneche Petersen 54
"I Hope Somebody Will Give Me " .......... Courtenay Marvin 56
"Click, and You've Got Something" ........ Ruth Tildesley 58
Hollywood Wedding. Fiction .................. S. Gordon Gurwit 61

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

Honor Page ........................................ 6
Ask Mel ........................................ Miss Vee Dee 7
Here's Hollywood. Screen News .................. Weston East 62
Inside the Stars' Homes. Anita Louise .... Betty Boone 60
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle ............. Alma Talley 74
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews ............ 82

Cover Portrait of Virginia Bruce

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Printed in the U. S. A.
TO MANY associated with the artistic achievement which brings A. J. Cronin's popular novel to the screen as a more powerful and touching drama than the novel from which it stems, there must go ungrudging credit. But none will deny that Robert Donat's interpretation of the man we meet first as an impassioned young scientist is productive of the intense reality that carries "The Citadel" over passages and events which in themselves lack the strength of true conviction. Donat's part is not cut to the heroic pattern of a Monte Cristo or many others in which he has scored great success. But his portrayal of the growth, through the decline of ideals, and final regeneration as a man honest with himself and his science, is a measure of this fine actor's command of his art and merits Robert Donat the highest tribute.

TO ROBERT DONAT, whose portrayal in "The Citadel" glows with warmth and moving human appeal

The brilliance of Donat's performance as Dr. Manson results from its restraint and striking authority. In two contrasting moods, above. Left, with his co-star, Rosalind Russell, winning new honors as Christine.
ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

A Fan. Edward Norris was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and that is his real name. He is the son of Dr. Richard C. and Grace Norris. He received his education at Penn Charter School, Haverford High School and Culver Military Academy. At present he is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. Watch for him in “Tail Spin,” his next.


R. R. Ramon Novarro appeared in “The Sheik Steps Out,” a Republic picture. He was traveling in Europe for some time, also making personal appearances. His fans are exceedingly loyal to him and clamor to see him in more pictures.

Joseph J. “End of the World” was first produced in 1916, also in 1924. As far as I know, it has not been produced since.

Floyd H. T. Bobby Breen was born in Toronto, Canada, November 4, 1927. He has light brown hair and dark brown eyes. He made his professional debut in 1931 at the Silver Slipper Night Club in Toronto. Address him at RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.


Florence G. Yes, Cesar Romero is his real name; he was born in New York City, February 13, 1907. You might try writing to 20th Century-Fox Pictures, Corp., Hollywood, California, for a photograph of Mr. Romero.

**NEW! Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream!** Contains Biamin—helps against dry skin. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.

**FREE!** GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2349 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous free sample of Jergens!

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I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous free sample of Jergens!
I was averaging $45.00 a Week as a Saleswoman...

At 26 I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my steady customers, and because of their patronage I was averaging $45 a week. Only Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.

A grand job, a good salary, a cute apartment, and a nice man interested in me—no wonder I was happy. Ned and I were made for each other. Little did I dream how soon his attitude would change.

Ned got in the habit of phoning to break dates. And if he did call he acted indifferent and left very early. He wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I was miserable. But worse still...

I suspected dirty work...

I arrived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and buying from Sylvia! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me pleasantly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery, I lost my head and my temper and...

in the dressing room I hastily accused her. In an instant we were in a disgraceful hair-pulling match. But Sylvia got in the last bit ter word: "Any girl with a breath like yours ought to lose her customers!"

winning back my Business and my Boy Friend...

So that was my trouble, bad breath—the very thing I had criticized in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine—it's the best breath deodorant there is.

Next day I called up Mrs. W—and Mrs. J—- apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your trouble," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."

My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. We'll announce our engagement soon.

USE LISTERINE for HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

An Employment Manager says:

No customer wants to deal with a salesperson whose breath is bad. Knowing Listerine to be the outstanding breath deodorant, we suggest its use to all employees, no girl—no man—in contact with the public should run the risk of bad breath.
DEAR MR. G.:

I want to make a bet with you. I'll bet a drive-in hamburger to a smoked turkey sandwich at the Troc that you will let Hollywood lure you for keeps. That all your fine brave plans about refusing to be "typed" or cast in meaningless pictures, about returning to the stage to keep in dramatic trim will go the way of all plans that idealistic young actors make when they first go to Hollywood, only to end up by letting the golden Lorelei own them body and soul.

You made such a hit in "Four Daughters" that you were immediately hailed as a great screen actor. You, yourself, have common sense enough to deny this—you were just fair, you thought; and you seemed to have both feet firmly on the ground, scorning superlatives and wanting only to do a good solid acting job. And you insisted on a clause in your movie contract permitting you to return to the stage for a work-out any time you wanted with sixty days' notice to the studio. Fair enough. Good for you. But will you stick to it?

I can remember other good actors from the stage, actors of intelligence and integrity, who vowed they would never go Hollywood; no, art was more pressing than gold, and they'd be back on Broadway at intervals to play parts they could get their teeth into, to keep from getting soft, to come to grips with the real thing. But what happened to these others? Once successful, somehow prowess at polo edged out interest in art and such; after all, personality not performance was what the public paid to see; so why worry? Lotus-land was more comfortable than battling Broadway, and a lot more fun. And who could blame them? Well, I for one. The public, much maligned by Hollywood, really can and does appreciate performance quite as sincerely as it warms to personality. Witness Muni, one actor who is absolutely independent of personality appeal, but doing quite all right without it. He may be branded "difficult" because he has been known to refuse roles and because he insists on the privilege of picking his own scripts; but the public knows a Muni picture means a Performance, and they respect him. On the other hand, take Tone—Franchot, a fine young actor playing second fiddle to synthetic personalities—now he is really going back to Broadway to chew up some strong scenery—I hope, and about time, too.

But you, Mr. Garfield—when I saw you, as Jules, on the stage in the O'Keefe plays "Waiting for Lefty" and "Awake and Sing," you were just one member of a splendid acting group, but you stood out for brilliance and integrity. In a more "popular" play, "Having Wonderful Time," you were still fine and true. Meanwhile you had been refusing Hollywood offers—not arrogantly, but because, they said, you felt you had not enough to offer pictures. Eventually you accepted, to play a good part in a good picture. The wild huzzas, extravagant reviews, the interviews and the photographs—all the resultant chi-chi failed to change you. When last heard from you were even regretting the excessive publicity, worrying about how you were going to live up to it, still caring more about good parts than more money, still hoping and planning and dreaming.

And now how about that bet? Will you take me up on it? You're on your third motion picture. More are planned for you. Warners think they have something there. Broadway must seem pretty far away by now. Or does it? Well, is it a bet? I only hope I lose!

Delight Evans

Garfield, brilliant young actor who scored in "Four Daughters," his first film, now appears in "They Made Me A Criminal." Scene above shows him with Ann Sheridan.
Hollywood Has Fun Playing Cartoons

"Pocahontas," by Gene Raymond, left, with Jeanette MacDonald, his wife and fellow "Cartoons" enthusiast.

Bing Crosby, above, drawn by Dick Arlen, at left with team-mates Paula Stone, Allan Jones, and Irene Hervey.

Jeanette MacDonald drew Elaine Barrie and John Barrymore, like this, above, Jimmy Ellison, Buddy Adler, Mrs. Ellison, Elsie MacDonald, left, guessed it.

HOW YOU PLAY IT: Players are divided into two teams. A captain, acting for both teams, devises the "problem"—title of a play or book, familiar quotation, name of famous person—anything that can be illustrated. One player from each team is given the "problem"; proceeds to illustrate it. His team-mates try to guess precise name, quotation, or whatever problem may be. Team first guessing answer wins. There is a time limit, say five minutes for each problem. Two simple rules are: Players may ask cartoonist questions, such as: "Is it a film title? Man's name?" and so-forth. Cartoonist may answer team-mates questions only with a "yes" or "no."

This, above, should be easy for screen fans. It's Gene Raymond, represented by his gleaming blond hair.
Newest game to become a craze in the glamor colony was invented by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. It takes nimble wits, quick hand—and the results are hilarious. Try it yourself!

Anita Louise made it easy for her partner Wendy Barrie, with her at right, to guess this: "A Star Is Born."


"Little Ba Peep," by Anita Louise, was a cinch for this team—Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, Whitney Bourne, Barbara Kent and Don Terry.

And here's Jeanette MacDonald as cartooned by Jeanette herself, and guessed by Mrs. W. S. Van Dyke.

Candid camera shots of a party at the Gene Raymonds, shown on this and opposite page, give you an idea of the fun Hollywood stars have playing "Cartoons."
Norma Shearer squired by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., smiles for Lensman Weissman as they take in a film preview.

Stop-action camera shots catch cinema celebrities playing on time off from acting.

Dr. Pressman tries to duck the camera, drawing his wife, Claudette Colbert, with him, and also drawing an icy stare from the young lady, right, he accidentally jostles.

Edgar Bergen left Charlie McCarthy at home, but couldn't be alone with Helen Wood for crowds that gathered; jovially signed autographs.

The President's son and his wife took in the sights, met the stars of Hollywood on a recent visit. Above, Mrs. James Roosevelt, center, looks back at her husband, bringing up the rear, as Joan Bennett is stopped by autograph hunters.
Tyrone Power, with Jimmy Ritz at his left, came and applauded Sonja Henie at her Ice Follies premiere, above. Jack Benny with Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche, at preview of Jack's new film, below.

Joan Bennett is the lady in the trick, chic hat, seen in snap above, as she took her daughter Diana to the Sonja Henie ice show.

Joan Bennett and her escort David Niven make their way through crowds that gathered to see the celebrities who turn out for film previews.

All smiling, above: Tyrone Power takes his mother and Wendy Barrie to a sneak preview at Westwood. Below, Claudette Colbert, David Niven and Mrs. Lou Schreiber at the Ice Follies.
Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard have made up the differences which made Hollywood rumors fly a short time back, and are seen, like this above, as happy companions at many screen colony events. Left, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, one of the screen's happiest real-life Mr. and Mrs., informally attired, on their way to a picture show.

James Stewart escorts a tall, dark and charming lady in black—Rosalind Russell, recently returned from London where she made a most successful film—M-G-M's "The Citadel."

It was ermine for Joan Crawford, dinner jacket for Randy Scott, who attracted much notice when they attended a theatre together—left below. Rochelle Hudson wore silver fox and smiles as she attended a preview accompanied by Vic Orsatti, agent and Hollywood man-about-town, below.
Loretta Young makes her way through admiring crowds on the arm of Robert Riskin, scenarist extraordinary and producer, above. Loretta, as usual, smartly, glamorously attired.

Surprised, squinting in the sudden glare of the flashbulb, Allan Jones and his wife, above, walk right into the lens of our news camera as they come to a preview. At right, another popular and devoted Hollywood married couple: J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce make a smiling entrance, aren't the least bit camera-shy.

Husbands and wives. Below, newlyweds, Director William Keighley, and Genevieve Tobin, of stage and screen. The Spencer Tracys come in from the ranch to have dinner at a popular Hollywood restaurant, lower right.
"HAM AND I HAVE DEFINITELY DECIDED TO TAKE A VACATION FROM EACH OTHER."

(Signed) Bette Davis.

Characteristically forthright, Bette Davis wired me a thirteen-word admission which I knew had cost her dearly to make. An admission she was fighting with her back against the wall the Hollywood jinx on marriage!

Did these words spell the expected Hollywood unhappy ending to the story of a college romance culminating in the marriage of a movie star and an obscure orchestra leader?

Happy endings are Hollywood's best box office, but it's love them and leave them which furnishes the most exciting drama behind the screen!

"Ham and I are taking a vacation from each other," confessed the former college sweetheart—who not only has achieved stardom, but is rapidly rising to the position of the Bernhardt of the screen. In the winning of a brilliant Hollywood success, had Bette Davis lost the love of her husband, Harmon Nelson?

As I stood there reading her telegram, there flashed through my mind a startling sweeping statement Bette once made: "Women with careers should be shot. The things career women do to their men is murder!" Which was the murderer? Hollywood? Or Bette's career? Fame, world-wide success for a wife in any field crowd out the intimate hours which belong to her husband.

I went to the phone and rang up Bette. We've been friends for years. I know her too well to stand on ceremony. "Bette," I said, "what is the real meaning of your telegram? You know you can tell me what's at the bottom of this vacation you and Ham have decided upon."
"No, that wouldn't be fair to either of us now," she declared. "We have a problem to work out. We think we can do it better away from each other. Then, after a little vacation, we'll see how we feel. This isn't something we can decide in a minute or two—it's too important to both of us. Ham has been living away from home for a little while. Today it was found out where he was, so we decided it would be best to admit it."

Honest Bette! I knew a week prior to our talk that "Ham" had packed his bags and gone to stay with a member of his agency firm. I talked to Bette's mother at that time—and she begged me not to write anything about it. "If Bette and Ham are allowed to work out their problem alone, I know it's only a question of time before they are together again," Mrs. Davis told me.

But that isn't Hollywood's way. Whoever heard of working out a problem alone—in Hollywood, news center of the world? One little rumor concerning the movie great and the high winds of public interest have swept it into every corner of the earth. The world demands to know the intimate facts of Hollywood's domestic tragedies.

"You once stated it was your belief that women with careers should be shot—that the things career women do to their men is murder! Do you still feel this way, Bette?"

"Yes, I do," she declared. "But that doesn't necessarily mean a Hollywood career."

"I remember you also declared—a career cannot be a career without marriage. Nor can marriage be a marriage, in the early years, without vacations."

"I still believe that," she temporized. "That's why we are taking this vacation now, to save something which is so worth saving."

"Well, I never knew you to give up anything you wanted without a fight," I remarked.

"You're right," she agreed. "Wish me luck! Good-bye," and she hung up.

Bette's "wish me luck" held a tell-tale note of wistfulness. It told me how much she cared and

A week later, Bette Davis, the actress, left behind her the too-pressing worries of Mrs. Harmon Nelson and took up temporary abode in the luxurious bungalow at Warner Bros. studios which Kay Francis had just vacated—there to be able to concentrate on the job of her current picture, "Dark Victory." Ironical title! The fact that she wanted to get away from it all was an acknowledgment that she was fighting a losing fight. Well-authenticated rumor had (Please turn to page 80)
We Might As Well Face It
—They Smell!

Extra, extra! Read all about the Great Snail-Eating Contest! Hostess, Claudette Colbert. Guests, Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon—and Garlic. Don’t miss a word of this amusing, and aromatic feature

By Elizabeth Wilson
Drawings by Leonard Frank

When Claudette is killing time between pictures—or rather time is killing Claudette—she becomes slightly unbearable and utterly undependable. Claudette is the sweetest, most normal person imaginable when surrounded by a director, a camera, a script girl and a make-up box, but Claudette lying abed of a morning with nothing to do is something else again. She simply doesn’t take to loafing naturally. She’s the working type, a Saturday’s child no doubt, and when she can’t work at work, she works at loafing. And that’s a pity.

There are all kinds of troubles a cinema star can get into between pictures and just give Claudette a month away from the studio with plenty of time on her hands and she can run the gamut. Between “Tovarich” and “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife” she did everything from redecorating her house to checking the linens and changing the laundryman. And of course we’ll never forget that horrible six weeks, between “Maid of Salem” and “I Met Him in Paris,” when Miss C. vigorously, albeit a bit insanely, went in for games, candid cameras, and vocal exercises. A trying time, indeed for her family and friends.

So when the last day’s shooting of “Zaza” went to the cutting room the other day and Mr. Paramount patted Claudette on the head and told her to run along home now and relax until time to start production on “Midnight” we all looked unhappy and wondered what form her loafing would take. We didn’t have to wonder long. Claudette decided to give a snail dinner. To stuff herself and her guests with garlic. To stink up Hollywood. Time was when a Glamor Girl was perfectly content to nibble on a bit of lettuce and cottage cheese. But not Glamor Girl Colbert. Glamor Girl Colbert has to have a breath that smells round the world.

It all started the week-end her picture finished when she met Merle Oberon at a party and over plates piled high with roast beef, turkey, and oyster dressing, and

“Escargot chez Colbert” is a dish worthy of true gourmets—we give you Claudette’s own recipe in our story, so you can try it for yourself. But when Glamor Girls eat snails there are likely to be reactions, as Merle Oberon, above, and Norma Shearer, right, found out. Claudette, the hostess—for right was “between pictures,” so she could eat those snails with delectable garlic sauce—and smile.
chicken curry and candied sweet potatoes, Merle happened to mention that she wished she had some snails. "In Paris at Prunier's!" sighed Merle ecstatically. "Claudette, have you ever had snails at Prunier's? Aren't they divine! I wish there was some place in this country I could have snails."

Well, Claudette was in one of her see-America-first moods and even though she was a native daughter she wasn't going to let Paris put one over on Hollywood, so she simply upped and invited Merle to a snail dinner chez Colbert the following evening. She invited several other people too who were sitting nearby but they merely said, "Snails? You mean those slimy little things? So sorry, darling, I have another engagement." Merle was afraid Claudette might be a little sensitive so she said, "Thank goodness, they can't come. Now we will have more snails for ourselves." Miss Oberon, you must have caught on, is another Glamor Girl who is not content with a bit of lettuce and cottage cheese.

Norma Shearer was sort of an innocent by-stander in this snail orgy. She just happened to invite Claudette to go to the preview of "The Sisters" and Claudette said she'd love to go and wouldn't Norma like to come to dinner first and Norma said yes, she would. "Oh, Norma," Claudette said as she was leaving, "I forgot to tell you. We're having snails." Well, after all, Norma is polite, so she just smiled bravely and said she loved snails, and we still don't know whether she was lying or not. I'm not lying, in case you're interested—I adore snails. I think it was our mutual divine passion for the slimy creeping mollusk that established my friendship with the Colberts, mere and fille, some years ago. There are times when I actually suspect myself of being overly sweet and flattering to Claudette, just in hopes I'll be invited to eat snails. So as soon as my spies had reported to me that Claudette had invited Merle and Norma to a snail dinner I called up Claudette and unloosed all my Southern Charm on her. Miss C. is not one to be taken in easily by flattery, but there's something about the South that gets her. I got invited.

Until I took up with the Colberts I didn't know much about snails, and I am sure there must be a lot of you who never took up with the Colberts at all and so don't know anything about snails. I hate to have you miss out on anything so good, so I'm going to crack through with the Colbert recipe now, and I can come to dinner most any night you are serving a platter of snails.

The snails the Colberts use, as do the other connoisseurs in Hollywood, are bought at Scarlett's in Beverly Hills, or at Young's in Los Angeles. The snails are bred in the vineyards of Burgundy and Alsace, and after they have eaten their fill of grape leaves (the grapes are made into champagne), they are cooked and canned there in France and sent to America. A box of shells accompanies a can of snails. The reason you can get them only at special stores is because they are considered delicacies. The smaller cans only have about a dozen in them and are usually priced at a dollar. And a dozen of zee dainty leeble escargots is just a mere appetizer to a snail eater. Just in case you are one of those people who believe in substitutes don't ever think you'll save money by running out in the garden and picking up a few snails in the petunia bed. The garden snail variety is poisonous. For heaven's sake buy a good brand, even if you have to spend more for it.

Snails are served as an entrée at a dinner party and a dry white Bordeaux wine, (Please turn to page 75)
Christmas in Hollywood

We picked little Olympe Bradna to show us how a screen star celebrates the holiday season, because Olympe knows the true meaning of Christmas cheer.

By Carol King

In a Monterey house, white with blue trim, set on a steeply terraced hillside, Olympe Bradna is excited about Christmas!

"We are proud of the electric comet up on top of the hill above the house," she beamed, dark eyes brighter than the luminous comet. "We had the comet up there last year too and you could see it miles away. It is beautiful! It is so nice having Christmas in California, because the flowers are blooming, too, and the roses make such a nice trim outside." There are ten standard rose trees marching two and two up the terraced steps, each one loaded with bloom.

"We'll take up the rug in the living room," she indicated the brown frieze rug, in the brown-and-cream toned room, "and put up an enormous silver-tip tree with a star on top. I hate gold and silver and colored trees, they are like something already dead. I want my tree live and green as if it sat in the forest. You know in France we hang our tree with real fruit at Christmas, apples, oranges, nuts wrapped in gold foil, candies that glitter with sugar. Then when guests come, each takes an apple from the tree, lays it on its side—not upright the way an apple would stand—and cuts through, making a wish at the same time. If you cut a star, your wish will come true. Next, you make a new wish and take a nut. If the nut is fresh and good, the wish will come true. In France, often the nut will be dried up or old, but here in California most nuts are good, so maybe the people will all get their wishes!

"The peasants in France hang something on the tree for each animal, too. An apple for the cow, a sardine for the cat. We always have a sausage for Bobby, my dog. When we had our act with the dogs, they always had a tree for themselves, with sausages for each one. This will be Bobby's twelfth Christmas."

Olympe's dimples came and went. She couldn't sit still. I must come to the dining room at once and see whether it was best to use Santa Claus on the table, or if little trees would be nicer, or maybe the big candle that was used last year. The dining room has tapestry wall paper, the furniture is polished blonde wood, the effect is light so that the little French girl looked dark and vivid against it.

"I was thirteen before I stopped believing in Santa, the Christmas man," she sighed, as she experimented with a jolly red figure. "But maybe it is more fun to pick out presents for people you like than to open the ones you get. Look, this is the big candle. When you light it, perfume comes and the fragrance is wonderful. But the little silver tree—that is the only size tree should be silver—it is nice!"

There are no big parties at Olympe's on Christmas. "We always stay home. Father, mother, myself and two of our oldest friends. So I do not dress up; I wear sports dresses, like this one," she indicated her candy-striped red-and-white dress. "Up to midnight, we must not eat anything but fish, so we have fish for dinner on the 24th, and the five of us pile our presents around the tree. When I was younger, I had to open the presents before dinner, but last year I waited till after dinner. I'm growing up! At midnight we can eat what we please, so last year we didn't go to bed till two o'clock in the morning!"

"It is wonderful! Do you know, I do not have to diet any more! I could not eat when I saw you before [Screenland, September 1938], remember? I was sad. But now I have lost fifteen pounds, and that is too much, so I can eat now. Let's have tea, I can eat cookies. It does not matter if I gain two pounds."

She led the way to the patio, a sheltered spot with blue canvas curtains for inclement days, and two walls hung almost solidly with pictures. "The Christmas I remember best of all—except last year—was the Christmas I was six. I wanted a fairy prince and princess so badly, but I did not think I would get them. But there
they were, standing by my tree that year! A prince and
princess, this high, dressed in brocade, so beautiful! A
little page boy, too, to hold the princess’ train. I was
enchanted. I will always remember them, because I was
so happy!

“I tell you what we have for dinner in France—either
for Christmas or New Year’s, you should have a hare
for luck. The other holiday you have turkey. My mother
is a grand cook. I am a cookbook cook! I can follow any
recipe and it will turn out well, but I have no memory
except for lines in pictures, so I can’t pick up a bowl
and stir in things without looking and have something
delicious there.

“For the hare, you make vinegar, with onion, bay
leaves and thyme. You soak your hare in this for a day.
Then you stripe the hare with bacon and put it in the
oven for an hour and a half, basting him with the very
hot vinegar. Then you serve it with a special sauce of
capers and sour cream. It is good, but it is not so good
as turkey.

“In France, we have truffles
which are like little potatoes, only
black. They grow just under the
soil and the wild boars in the
forest like them. You take the
truffles and slice them and put
them just under the skin of the
turkey before you roast it. Then
you put some truffles in the stuff-
ing. But it is hard to find truffles
here. Mother got a little can but
they were not as nice as we used
to have.

“Mother makes a wonderful
stuffing of white bread, lemon
juice, a small piece of sausage,
mushrooms, and the giblets
and heart of the fowl. She uses it for
chicken, too, and it is lovely!

“We have cranberries now. But in France, we had an
English lord to visit us once, and he asked: ‘Where are
the cranberries?’ when we served turkey. I said: ‘What
is cranberries?’ and he told me in England and America
nobody would have turkey without cranberries. So I ran
to market but they did not know them. They are nice.
I like them.

“We have soup, a nice vegetable soup, maybe, and
with the turkey we serve potatoes. Potatoes are lovely!
I wish they were not fattening. I must be so careful not
to bring back the fifteen pounds.

“I love holidays! I wish you celebrated the first of
May the way we do abroad. In France, the flower girls
in the markets all have baskets of lilies of the valley on
the first of May, and everyone wears a piece in his lapel,
or a corsage in her belt, or carries a bouquet. In Sweden
they have the maypole dance, too. Look, there are paint-
ings of Christmas in Sweden and the first of May in
Sweden!” Above our heads, colorful groups of blonde
young men and women romped alternately in snow and
flowers. Olympe sprang up. “You must see what I have for the girls
on my picture—‘Say It in French.’
I am so thrilled with the things
I bought!” She darted to her
bedroom, a young girl’s dream
in blue and pale rose, with two-
toned maple furniture and a huge
round mirror as background
for her dresser. “Soon I am to
have an alcove built out where
that window is, for my bed so I
can shut it off with curtains and
have the rest for my sitting room.”

She took a dancing step toward
the blue-draped bed on which
were packages in various stages
of wrapping, and began to open
them, exhibiting suede, antelope
and doeskin bags, petit-point comp-
acts, fine white sweaters, each
gift chosen with the thought of
the girl who would like it. “Some-
body in Canada sent me a
sweater!” Olympe exulted. “See!
Here it is. Is it not lovely?”
BEING the sissy type I never could see why a man wanted to ride a horse that obviously didn't want to be ridden, or wrestle with a steer that was eight times his weight and with horns way out to here. Rodeos I considered first cousin to bull fights and the only bull I could ever feel any fondness for was Ferdinand. But that's ancient history now. I have been to my first rodeo and yelled, "Ride 'em, cowboy!" louder than Robert Young and Gene Autry, fairly fell through the grandstand when Jimmy Rogers (Will's boy) roped a mad steer, and ate more hot dogs than Allan Jones who wasn't dieting by any means.

I began to think maybe I had the wrong slant on things. Western last winter when Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor returned from a week-end in Victorville where they attended the annual non-professional rodeo and reported a grand time. Carole had even won a ham at the carnival that followed the rodeo—she proceeded to paste a picture of Clark on the ham and presented it formally to the Nation's Number One Idol. I had spent a dull week-end in the night clubs of Hollywood and hadn't won a thing, so I decided that maybe I was too effete Eastern and was missing out on a lot of fun. Comes the next rodeo at Victorville, I said, I'll be there. And I was. Yip-ee!

Victorville, a real Western town in the Mojave desert, about a hundred and ten miles from Hollywood, is the place where movie stars go to see rodeos. The rodeo is an annual event—this is the fifth year for it—and is held for three days in the early winter. So famous has it become that you have to make reservations at the local dude ranches months ahead. Victorville's non-professional rodeo is advertised as "The West's Wildest Cowboy Contest"—and it is. The rodeo was started by Cal Godshall, postmaster and photographer, deputy sheriff Roy Ray, and Will Rogers and Irvin S. Cobb. Rex Bell, former movie cowboy and husband of Clara Bow, is one of the judges, and on the advisory board are such celebrities as Dick Arlen, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Andy Devine, Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Gene Autry, Bing Crosby, Dick Foran, Buck Jones, Harry Carey, Tex Ritter, William S. Hart, David Manners, Lewis Stone, Death Valley Scotty, and Harold Bell Wright.

And right here, I think, is as good a place as any to tell you that both rodeo (pronounced ro-day-o) and rodeo (pronounced ro-de-o) are correct. The cowboys prefer the latter. And the "i" in Mojave is pronounced like an "h" because of the Spanish influence, and the cowhands make only two syllables out of "coyotes." And real cowboys wear blue-jeans, not wooly chaps. Just thought you'd like to know.

There are two reasons why Victorville gets the movie gang for their rodeos whereas the other California towns don't. The first is because Victorville has long been known as the "Hollywood of the Mojave." Ever since the movies moved to California, 'way back there when Cecil B. DeMille was a young striping, Victorville has been the choice "location" for Hollywood pictures. In the old days, before sound, every time a picture called for a desert, or a rocky mountain pass, off the company would go to Victorville. There the "Westerns" could get plenty of real cowboys and Indians and horses and cactus for practically nothing, not to mention the most beautiful desert and mountain scenery in the West. Tom Mix never made a picture that he didn't bring picturesque Dead Man's Point into it. Most of the Bill Hart, Bill Farnum, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Warner Baxter (when he was making Westerns) pictures were made there. When sound came in, accompanied by drawing room drama, Victorville was sort of forgotten, but what with the revival of interest in Westerns these last two years the place is humming with locations once more. Gene Autry makes many of his pictures there now. Last year Ann Sothern and Francis Lederer made "My American Wife" just a stone's throw from the sheriff's office, and the scene in "Lost Horizon" where the plane comes down was made a few miles away. So Victorville is rich in movie lore.

The second reason its annual rodeo gets a good play from the movie folk is because Victorville is also known
as "Hollywood's Hideaway." In the lonely desert that surrounds Victorville can be found some of the best "dude" ranches of the West, and here the stars come to "get away from it all." By the way, Victorville doesn't call them "dude" ranches, they call them "guest" ranches. So what with Victorville being "The Hollywood of the Mojave" and "Hollywood's Hideaway" 'tis little wonder that the movie people jump in their old covered wagons, 1938 models *deluxe*, and drive like mad to the annual rodeo. Saturday and Sunday afternoons are the big days and most of the movie crowd arrive in time for the Saturday afternoon parade which takes place along about one-thirty, and consists mostly of Harry Carey's Indians in feathers and war paint, Victorville's sheriff and posse in uniform, and Victor McLaglen's Infantry in full regalia. Also in the parade, and taking bows, were Rex Bell and Dick Foran. I heard once that Warner Brothers had trouble keeping Dick on a horse, but it must have been a rumor for Cowboy Foran rode excellently.

From my grandstand seat (Please turn to page 77)
SCREENLAND
GLAMOR
SCHOOL
For true chic and original charm, Joan Bennett, star of Walter Wanger's "Trade Winds," shines among Hollywood actresses. Her instinct for style is unerring, her taste exquisite. She is reminiscent of a delicious Eighteenth Century Marquise in her feminine fragility combined with practical good sense. Here, she poses for us in her new personal wardrobe. Opposite page, black chiffon over black taffeta, created by Valenciata: bodice is hand-shrred, skirt has nine yards of chiffon. The mantilla is made of hand-made Spanish convent lace. Above, Miss Bennett's natural, ash-blonde hair arranged in "up" coiffure by Carmine. Left, tailored street ensemble by Saks-Fifth Avenue, with white piqué at the throat, topped with tight-veiled turban. Her gloves are white doe-skin, her sandals open-toed.
Velvet bow in her beautifully coiffed blonde hair, silver fox jacket over her evening gown, Joan Bennett, left, adds the soft touch of snowy gardenias. Below, a dream dress of striped grey, blue, and purple taffeta, designed by Saks-Fifth Avenue, Hollywood. The stripes of the bodice are so arranged and tucked that only the dark stripes show, while the skirt stripes are made to fall horizontally, creating much of a horseshoe effect. With this gown Joan prefers an "up-and-down" coiffure. On page opposite, memorable Empire hostess gown, designed by Bernard Newman: black velvet with octagonal, low-cut neckline, bouffant skirt, starched Irish lace bodice and cuffs. Created for Miss Bennett, this gown is sensational even in Hollywood.
JOAN CRAWFORD has been through a nightmare! Behind her return to the screen lies her worst year. Other women were succeeding in love, triumphing in Hollywood. While Fate has been slapping Joan's face—hard! That is, you can say that if you believe in Fate. Joan doesn't. Not any more. But for a while she did. When everything she had wanted, all she had fought so fiercely for, went suddenly, crazily blooey.

It was a year ago this month that the love which was to have blotted out all the past havoc in her heart began to crumble fast. Franchot Tone, in spite of his good qualities, was not the man for her. But that was only half of her deluge of disaster. As if a complete home upset weren't enough to conceal and contend with somehow, that other defeat Joan dreaded happened, too. Her pictures missed.

How did she meet her personal and professional earthquake? If she had her way, the whole, unhappy chapter would be entirely skipped. She survived, didn't she? But because her second marriage failed, don't brand her emotionally casual. Joan has never been casual about anything or anybody. Terribly ambitious? Comparatively, yes. But what no one has ever pointed out to my satisfaction is the explicit sin in self-improvement. Even those who have been most jealous of her accomplishments have never accused her of conceit. Everyone who knows her realizes she hasn't two cents worth of ego. And chalk this down, underline it. Those who have been so confidently stating that her ambition wrecked her marriage to Franchot are all wrong. Emphatically, it didn't. Joan never has let her urge to amount to something interfere with her life as a very human woman.

She has developed the best in her—self, amazingly. But with all her remarkable determination, her heart rules her head and she feels before she thinks. She isn't philosophical. She wasn't philosophical when she and Franchot started to drift apart. She didn't react like a master mind, either, but like any real woman would in such a spot. Joan became more self-conscious than ever. Nothing that would please or intrigue Franchot was too much trouble. Some minor note had crept in, something had jarred their perfect enjoyment of each other, but she would fix it. She would be so extremely clever. No woman—even a movie star such as Joan—ever learns until it is too late that you can't be clever when you are absolutely in love. Here was no exception. Rules meant nothing in keeping her marriage. Joan was a long time in admitting that a rift, once inexplicably begun, is as inevitable in its end as why two people are drawn irresistibly together in the first place. She tried to

*Please turn to page 66*
At the crossroads of her career, Joan reviews the past, considers the present, plans for the future. A Screenland Exclusive

How Joan Crawford Faces Her Greatest Crisis

By Ben Maddox
August 26th.

WHAT a day. And what a trip! Not my first location trip, but one that promises to be as exciting as the picture I'm going to make. Director Henry King is, like myself, air-minded. We left Hollywood this morning in his streamlined Waco cabin cruiser, one of the swankiest I've ever seen, and here we are, right over the greenswept Ozarks, almost at our destination. All through the trip I couldn't help thinking how lucky I've been with one grand part after the other during the past year. And now, to top it all, "Jesse James," crammed full of action and romance. My fellow players are just about tops. Henry Fonda is my screen brother, Frank James; Nancy Kelly, a grand girl and a real actress; Tyrone Power, "Ty" gets writer's cramp, obliging the fans who follow him around town.

August 27th.

Reached the airport at Neosha, Missouri, yesterday and we roped the plane down to a barbed wire fence. Motored to Pineville, Missouri, where we're going to
Location

Diary

Thrills and humor in this intimate record of the filming of "Jesse James"—by the star himself!

"Most exciting scene I ever filmed!" says Tyrone of the train robbery pictured in the stop-action shot in center of these two pages, with the star making a perilous jump. Top, crowds watch filming. Center, "Ty" and "Hank" Fonda.

"shoot" most of the technicolor sequences and spent the night there. Nice country with beautiful unexpected vistas. Met some of Pineville's important people today, grand guys, all of them: Mayor Drumm, Lee Carnell, Sheriff Bone, C. A. Pindexter, editor of the Pineville Democrat, and other townsmen and farmers who came by car and wagon to see what changes Hollywood has made to this town. Pineville has a population of 383.

August 28th

Today we looked for living quarters. We have 175 persons in our film (Please turn to page 71)
Secrets of Women Revealed by 2 "Zazas"

By Charles Darnton

Claudette Colbert, today's screen "Zaza," combines with Nazimova to expose the hearts and minds of the mysterious (to men) sex.

It FAIRLY makes you blink. Dazzled by a seeming illusion, your eyes keep turning from one to the other as they gaze at two stars who shine as one. Radiant in her clear serenity, the first of these flashes through a brilliant scene trailing filmy clouds of glory. Luminous in her midnight glow, the second is fixed in steady contemplation of phenomena long familiar to her. One star of the first magnitude is playing a famed rôle the other played ages ago. Outwardly they are different as day and night. Inwardly they burn with the same fire. It has been kindled by "Zaza." Wrapped in its flame are Claudette Colbert and Alla Nazimova.

What a team of talent! Not that they are acting together. Rather they are thinking together. Their two minds are concentrated on one character. To Miss Colbert it is something new as today. To Mme. Nazimova it is like an old French slipper long since put away, but not forgotten. Back of this notable and unprecedented association lies a bit of human drama far removed yet closely sensed. From his New York sick-bed to which he seems forever doomed a man who remembered did something out of the kindness of his great heart. Edward Sheldon, who won overnight fame with his very first play, "Salvation Nell," written for the unforgettable Mrs. Fiske, heard of the plan to make a Hollywood film production of "Zaza," first brought to American eyes and ears from France by that past master of the stage, David Belasco. Thereupon the beloved invalid wrote the director, George Cukor, that he had seen Rejane, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mimi Aguglia and Mme. Nazimova in the play and that Nazimova was the greatest Zaza of them all. Accordingly, Mr. Sheldon urged...
chic she can put on a little cape or hat or scarf and make it look like a million.

You fully agree in this wise estimate as Colbert sweeps toward you from the set, with a style all her own and natural as her charm, deep in her melting eyes, rippling in her liquid smile. But you are puzzled at seeing her hair is light, rather than dark, as you had believed. "My own color, dark brown, had to be changed to pick up the high lights for the camera," is Miss Colbert’s simple explanation.

For your part, it makes the contrast between the sunny actress and her dusky mentor, now lazing in canvas set-chairs beside you, all the more striking. Yet there is one thing they have in common. Both these foreign-born actresses came to this country without knowing a word of English. "It really didn’t matter with me," lightly remarks Miss Colbert, "as I was brought from Paris to New York when only five. I learned to speak the language almost immediately—children learn so fast. But I must have had an accent, for the other children in school giggled."

You like her at once for her simplicity—no airs, just human. And, as everyone knows, there is no Colbertian accent left. But Nazimova’s still is subtly evident. No wonder. You recall that your first talk with the Russian actress was through an interpreter and that it took place in a dingy tenement house down on the East Side in New York, where she was trimming a hat to be worn in a play that very same night.

"Trimming that hat was nothing," poohs Mme. Nazimova. "But that interpreter was something—or somebody. You remember she introduced herself to you as Miss Smith? But do you know who she really was? I can tell you now, though I didn’t dare then. ‘Miss Smith’ was Emma Goldman!"

Miss Colbert’s eyes, like your own, widen on mention of that rabid anarchist. But if it’s one on her it’s a couple on you, for once you had interviewed the fiery Emma, between mouthfuls of beer and Swiss cheese sandwiches, in the back-room of a Detroit saloon. Choking now over your abysmal dumberness, you can only mutter you believed that seemingly gentle interpreter to have been the mother of Richard

(Please turn to page 70)
Enter the Pet Picture Contest
Send in Your Pet’s Picture
Try for the Prize:

Morgan Dennis’ Original Portrait
(Reproduced on Opposite Page) Of Miss Bette Davis And Her Scottie

We will pay $5.00 for each additional Pet Picture published. Watch for another Pet Picture Contest next month.

Here’s a contest that’s different! You’ll enjoy it and profit by it if, like your favorite movie stars, you have a pet dog—or cat—and like to take pictures of it for your own amusement and amazement. Hollywood celebrities are never too busy to pose their pets for their own private picture albums, or to pose with them, even as you and I. We’re sure you too are proud owner of a lovable dog or other pet whose expressions and antics you have preserved by means of your own camera skill. So we’re offering, for the most interesting Pet Picture submitted by a Screenland reader, the original Morgan Dennis portrait of Bette Davis and her Scottie, “Miss Tibbie,” reproduced in rotogravure on opposite page so everyone, not only the first prize winner, may enjoy it. Bette, as you know, is Hollywood’s foremost champion of four-footed friends, being President of the Tail-Waggers. Morgan Dennis is America’s popular artist of dogs, particularly noted for his studies of Scotties but equally famous for his canine studies of all kinds. The winning Pet Picture by a reader will be published in Screenland in an early issue along with a number of other outstanding entries which will be paid for at $5.00 each. It doesn’t matter if your dog isn’t a Scottie or a thoroughbred—send in your Pet Pictures whether of mutts, kittens, or turtles! All entries will be judged for human interest combined with pictorial appeal. Judges will be Miss Bette Davis, Warner Bros. star, and Mr. Morgan Dennis, the artist.

Contest Conditions:

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.

2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.


4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.

5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to Pet Picture Contest, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Start with their pets: Shirley Temple and Peke, top, Bette Davis and “Miss Tibbie” on the set with Errol Flynn and “Arno.” Don Ameche and the family pet, and, at left, Claudette Colbert with her French poodle.

I am entering Screenland Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed.

Name ........................................
Street Address ..............................
City ..........................State ............
BETTE DAVIS AND "MISS TIBBIE"

BY MORGAN DENNIS
Here, most popular child in the world—outside of your own little girl or boy, of course—in two charmingly characteristic and comparatively unposed camera studies, caught on the set of "The Little Princess," the first Shirley Temple Technicolor production.
And here, most amazing and original of the world's great clowns, captured by the cameraman as he tried out a new juggling act. You will be welcoming W. C. Fields in a new film very soon, in which he will tangle with his wooden-head pal, Charlie McCarthy.
Screenland Salutes

NANCY KELLY
Personification of Pioneer American Womanhood in "Jesse James"

MADELEINE CARROLL
Representing the Serene Beauty of Great Britain's Lovely Ladies
Screenland Salutes

LADY OF LURE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
MAN
OF
ACTION
CESAR
ROMERO
Hollywood adores to present its beauties as unexpectedly as possible. Take Jean Arthur, left, if you like her—all done up in romantic mode and mood. Irene Dunne, top right, embarks on "Love Match" opposite Charles Boyer wearing her maddest hat of beads and feathers. Joan Fontaine, right, is resigned to chic with her pillbox perched on one eye—where's the pert expression to match, Joan? Miss Arthur again, right below, seems as surprised as we are to find herself with that unabashed bird's nest.
Half the fun of Hollywood is its craze for violent contrasts. Here's what we mean.

Over here, Hollywood goes all over natural, wholesome, and earthy. Above, Myrna Loy, frank and friendly. Right, Louise Campbell, carefree and comfortable. Below, the peasant influence in garden apparel appeals to Frances Farmer, who sticks to her coronet braids and lets the "up" coiffures pass her by.
ROBERT TAYLOR

Just call him Fightin' Bob! New Taylor film is robust rather than romantic, presents Bob with Wallace Beery in action drama called "Stand Up and Fight." Will Taylor's femme following accept him in still another wallopin' role?

ELLEN DREW

Latest lovely to claim professional Hollywood's erratic attention, this vivid young actress has also interested audiences since her glowing performance in "If I Were King." Watch Ellen Drew—for beauty, brains, and "heart."
SISTER ACT

There's a soupcon of Sargent, and a lot of Hollywood Glamor in our portrait, above, of the Lane Sisters, Priscilla and Rosemary. Their radiant good looks, their clean-cut ability to act, dance, sing made them screen favorites in record time, notably in "Four Daughters."

SMOOTH PERFORMER

He's suave, he's sinister, is Humphrey Bogart in those underworld roles they give him to play. He is also a remarkably able actor, as he proved on the Broadway stage, and some day the studios will "discover" him all over again as a player of power and versatility.
HOLLYWOOD PUZZLERS

What they're wondering and buzzing about right now, told in pictures!

Has Oberon made a mistake! Glance at lovely picture of Merle, above; then look toward right, where you'll see her with Claudette Colbert as the girls were off to the big party given for the President's son, James Roosevelt, and his wife during their Hollywood visit. Question: does the "up" hair-do do anything for our Merle? We'd say no! Now, look at right across the page—how did Virginia Bruce get that black eye? My dears, Melvyn Douglas did it—but only for a scene in "There's That Woman Again," Columbia's new comedy. At far right, Mrs. Irene Castle, storm center of Hollywood at the moment. She's there to give advice on the filming of "The Castles," story of her dancing career; but Ginger Rogers, star of the picture, doesn't always see eye to eye with Irene—for example, why should Ginger sacrifice her long bob to adopt the shorter Castle cut? We're asking you! At top of page, Carole Lombard bathes a baby. What, is giddy, glamorous Carole going domestic? Oh, it's all for her new picture, "Made for Each Other," with Jimmy Stewart—shown looking on while Carole carefully handles the infant, and, top right, meets the tot who plays that same baby later.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson in Paramount's "The Last Ride"
HER YEAR of EXILE

Ann Sothern reveals her hopes and heartaches of past twelve months as she returns to the screen

By Jerry Asher

BEHIND the story of Ann Sothern's temporary retirement from the screen, there is real-life drama that could only happen in Hollywood. It concerns a girl who was intelligent enough to realize she was heading for oblivion and courageous enough to gamble everything on the chance of redeeming herself.

Rather than sink deeper into a rut, Ann Sothern voluntarily retired from the screen. Determined to get a fresh perspective on herself and live down a series of bad pictures, she went into a self-imposed exile. Securing her release from the studio, she shut herself away from the world. Other studios made offers. But Ann was determined to rid herself of a lethargic attitude that could only end disastrously.

Twelve months have passed since Ann made her last picture. Now she is back on the screen again. It is a new Ann who is going to do the best work of her career. It is an enthusiastic reincarnation of the breezy, lovable Harriette Lake, who first came to Hollywood and charmed all those who crossed her path. Ann has regained the confidence, the poise and the determination she lost when she became so discouraged at the roles given her. During that long year of seclusion, Ann ran the gamut of hopes and tears. Was she wise in remaining off the screen for such a long time? Would people remember her? Would her fans remain loyal? Hundreds of letters poured in asking what had become of her. When driving down Sunset Boulevard, Ann experienced the thrill of having people shout out from passing cars.

"Where have you been? Why aren't you on the screen?" Coming from total strangers, this demonstration helped to preserve Ann's faith. Living expenses and obligations assumed while she was under contract, had to be met. It was a terrific price to pay. But Ann stuck tenaciously to her bargain with herself.

"I was as much to blame as anyone else," Ann admits honestly. "But I always hoped that conditions would right themselves and I would be allowed to do good work again. I made seven pictures in one year. They were cheap productions, made in limited time. I was under contract. There wasn't much money being spent right then. So it was up to me to make the best of it or walk out. I hate feuds and I hate making enemies. I did ask for my release but couldn't get it. So I hung on and prayed.

"Being concerned about my future and unhappy in my limited roles, I grew careless and indifferent about everything. I didn't realize it at first. I allowed myself to gain weight. Because I had so little to do, I was too discouraged to try at all. I finally lost interest in my clothes, my publicity, and everything pertaining to my work in general. I've always taken great pride in everything concerning my career. But I was just too miserable to see what was happening.

"It was an Open Letter by Delight Evans in Screenland that helped to bring me to my senses. That letter was filled with truth and I was deeply grateful for being taken to task. I used (Please turn to page 76)
THE CITADEL—M-G-M

POWERFUL drama, “The Citadel” provides the most poignant picture fare of this month’s offerings. Faithfully translated from the A. J. Cronin novel, it presents a fine and thoughtful portrait of an idealist, his temptations and his triumphs. It is noteworthy, too, as the vehicle for Robert Donat’s return to the screen, and it is pleasant to report that Donat has never given a more satisfying performance. There are roles, such as Andrew in “The Citadel,” which demand Donat to play them, and as you watch his splendid and searching interpretation you realize that for sensitivity and intelligence this actor has no equal in pictures. He plays, here, a young doctor of high ideals who begins his career with a burning determination to aid humanity. But his faith falters and he compromises, listens to the lure of easy gold, until a personal catastrophe forces him back to his early ethics. Donat has sincere support from Rosalind Russell playing his sympathetic wife—she is the only American in the cast, by the way—and from Ralph Richardson and every other member of the distinguished British acting company. “The Citadel,” M-G-M’s second British-made production, is a huge credit to all concerned in its making.

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners

IF YOU enjoyed “The Public Enemy,” “Dead End,” and “Boys Town,” you’ll want to see “Angels With Dirty Faces.” It combines the most colorful features of the best films of its genre and adds a few fresh thrills to leave you limp and gasping. As far as I’m concerned, here’s the last shot on the subject, and I won’t want to be meeting those “Dead End” Kids again too soon. They are colossal, I grant you, in “Angels with Dirty Faces,” they are outrageous, fierce, and funny; but after this I’ll stick to Shirley Temple. For picture-goers with strong stomachs this drama of boys on the down-grade will probably be the Film of the Month. After a slow start, every scene sizzles as Jimmy Cagney pursues a life of crime and becomes the idol of neighborhood kids despite all that Jimmy’s old pal, now a priest, can do to prove that crime doesn’t pay. It’s Cagney’s best performance in a long time, and Pat O’Brien provides real competition with a fine and restrained portrayal of the priest. The ending, in which Cagney walks that last mile while the priest prays for him to die yellow to disillusion the worshipping kids, is genuinely gripping. Ann Sheridan fails to smoulder much as Cagney’s girl.

MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

EPIC of the air, superbly produced with sweep and spirit, all in technicolor and crammed with action, “Men With Wings” is an important picture which is also a grand show. Concerned with recording the development of aviation from Kitty Hawk, N. C., in 1903 right up to date, 1938, it might have cracked-up from too much of a story load; instead, it soars, thanks to a warmly human story and the dash- ing direction of William Wellman, himself a pilot of skill and daring. The flight scenes are probably the finest ever filmed, many of them topping even “Test Pilot.” Pictorially magnificent, the sky scenes also have dramatic power to thrill you, and even if you were never air-minded you will come out of the theatre on wings. The tragedies as well as the great glories of aviation are not glossed over, making this a cavalcade of integrity and permanence. Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, and Louise Campbell are a stunning trio in the principal roles—Fred playing a Gablesque daredevil, Ray his faithful friend, Louise the girl in both their cases. Married to Fred, a flying fool, she is an air- widow waiting always for a returning plane, with Milland’s steady devotion waiting too. Miss Campbell has authentic charm.
A BIG picture—but BEEG! Not, alas, a truly exciting show, however. When is Hollywood going to wake up and realize that in these dramatic days the world can't work itself into a lather over a heavy costume picture glorifying dead-and-gone personages? The world, the feminine world anyway, can doubtless work itself into a lather over Tyrone Power, and like it; but even that fascinating lad is getting to be a bit of a bore parading in ponderous period pieces like this one. His charming boyishness and romantic appeal are not the best equipment for making us believe in De Lesseps and his adventures plotting the Suez Canal amid intrigue, sand-storms, and French court politics. Somehow it fails to matter very much that Loretta Young as the Empress Eugenie sighs for, or even that hothenish Annabella dies for him. I would like to rave about the little Gallic girl in this one, but I can't. She makes such a determined effort to be enchanting that she were me out watching her. You'll doubtless flock to see "Suez" because of its spectacular scenes, of which the sand-storm is really terrific, and because of Mr. Power. But maybe you'll come away thinking, with me, that "Jesse James'' had better be good.

BEST movie fun of the month, "Brother Rat" is gay, young, wholesome, spontaneous. You can't ask much more than that of any picture, can you? For once a film about young people seems to capture completely their fresh charm and unselfconsciousness. "Brother Rat" is never smart, always engaging as it records the escapades and innocent amours of the lads at V. M. I.—Virginia Military Institute, dope. The picture is an elaboration of George Abbott's stage play which ran and ran and run—but it never loses the rest of the original—thanks partly to one member of the original cast, Eddie Albert, who pretty nearly steals the show in the funniest rôle written in many seasons. Eddie has more troubles than his two pals, Wayne Morris and Ronald Reagan, and that's plenty. The boys' romance with Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, and Jane Bryan, under difficulties that assume hilarious proportions, particularly for Eddie. This picture forces me to conclude that when I picked young Wayne Morris, some time back, as the great white hope of the cinema I was a trifle hasty. He is not that good. Priscilla Lane, however, proves here she is even better than we all hoped—she's going places and she's in a hurry.

COMpletely enchanting picture! You will relish every minute of it or I will be heartily ashamed of you. I think it is the most endearing film of the season, being charming without coyness, whimsical without whimsy, if you understand me. A tender, touching story to start with, it emerges with surprising strength and vigor—and when I add that it's about a little old lady but never cute, you will probably call me a liar—all right, see the picture, that's all. David Selznick shows vision and imagination when he makes a picture like this, and intelligence when he calls in Richard Wallace to direct, and Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Minnie Dupree to act in it. The producer wanted Maude Adams, you may remember, for the little old lady rôle; he didn't get her, but he got Miss Dupree instead; and I don't see how even Maude Adams could have been any better. As the gentle old heroine entangled with a charming but questionable family, who "reforms" them and makes them like it, Miss Dupree is heartwarming; you'll love her. Right up there with her for enthralling performance are Janet Gaynor, young Doug, dashing, gay Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Billie Burke.

ANOTHER novelty from France, where they seem to know the secret of making entertaining motion pictures. If you see this one billed anywhere in your neighborhood, better go see it, for it's a crisp and refreshing film, witty and stimulating, and so very different from our Hollywood products that you'd hardly know it sprang from the same medium. Sascha Guitry, one of France's most famous actors, conceived this provocative piece, plays the principal part, and delivers a clever monologue through most of the action except when on rare occasions he permits one of the other actors to speak. Sounds strange, but it works well, and as edited by John Erskine is completely intelligible even though you don't understand a word of French. With eloquence, imagination, and yes—with gestures, M. Guitry conducts his little experiment in psychology, tracing with good-humored cynicism and many a sardonic shrug the career, from boyhood to old age, of an unwilling cheat. Of course Guitry himself is superb, and equally of course his supporting cast is perfect, with the inimitable irony and finesse of which the French actor is the world's master. I recommend "The Story of a Cheat" as a spicy cinema tonic.
NOT content with having the world for their oyster, the women of today seem to have an uncanny way of finding the pearl in that oyster as well. Greatness no longer is man's prerogative. Women are winning their own laurels and doing very well too, thank you!

It would be difficult to make a list of the world's ten greatest women today just as it is difficult to make a list of the great women of Hollywood. But there are two names that should be included in the world's list as well as in the Hollywood honor roll. There is Mary Pickford, of course, our first lady of the screen; and there is Frances Marion.

For years she has remained consistently the highest paid scenario writer in the world. The first to make big money in screen writing, Frances Marion paved the way for the present income tax bracket for Hollywood writers who have her to thank for their surtaxes today. It's over twenty years now since she revolutionized the technique of scenario writing and she still leads the way. It's twenty years since she set the movie world back on its heels writing all of Mary Pickford's biggest successes. Today she has set the publishing world agog with her text book on scenario writing. For a book on screen writing by Frances Marion is invaluable to aspiring writers for the screen. After all, she made most of the rules screen writers are following today.

The world knows of her greatness through her achievements. Her friends know of her greatness in all the little things that have made her a success as a human being too. Gay and witty and utterly charming, Frances Marion is as feminine as tomorrow's hat. But don't let that fool Most successful woman writer of motion pictures is witty, charming Frances Marion, above, author of many of your favorite screen stories. On opposite page, the beautiful home her movie earnings built for her.
Women of Motion Pictures

Second in SCREENLAND'S series personalizing notable feminine careers of the cinema: Frances Marion, Hollywood's highest paid woman scenario writer.

you. Her brain is as clear and hard-thinking as a banker's. It is that combination of her personality and her brain that has always made her pictures Box-Office Plus. Producers relax when she is doing the scripts for their million dollar properties.

She looks like the kind of woman who has nothing more important to think of than an appointment at the couturiere's, yet you can bet next week's salary right on the line that her head is whizzing with the details of turning the last Broadway hit or best selling novel into an Academy Award winner. The coveted gold Oscars are no novelty to her. You find them all over her home nonchalantly serving as door stops. She takes her work seriously and her success lightly. Yesterday it was "Humoresque" and "Anna Christie" and "Min and Bill" and "Emma" and "The Champ" that were gathering laurels for her. Today she is preparing the scenario for M-G-M's production of Myron Brinig's best seller, "May Flavin."

She never seems to be working, yet she works harder than anyone I've ever known. When I first met her I thought she must do it with mirrors. Today I know differently. Much against my will she's practically convinced me that you have to work to get anywhere. For as if Hollywood doesn't keep her busy enough she turns out a novel practically every year. Her latest book, "Portrait of a Certain Woman," will be out in February and her text book was published a few months ago.

Probably no text book ever written has had so many advance orders as her "How To Write And Sell Film Stories." Already in its third printing the publishers are hard put to keep up with the demand, and universities and writing courses all over the country are using it. The book is the accumulation of years of experience and it was written for serious students of screen technique. She feels the need for such a text book is stronger than ever now that producers are buying so many original stories. For of course that (Please turn to page 78)
"I Hope Somebody Will Give Me."

A prize! Eastman Kodak Bantam f. 4.5. Swift lens; full color pictures size of the camera.

Joan Bennett's ideas of gifts divine are Arden's travel case de luxe, Blue Grass perfume and bath beauties still unwrapped.

Left, Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, in a Christmasy package, means hand beauty for months to come. Below, is Coty's Paris "Opera" boudoir set, a whisper of that bewitching city. It contains perfume, powder, talc and toilet water, magnificently boxed.

Left, on a satin-lined tray, rests Lady Esther's famous cream, powder, rouge and matching lipstick. Below, Sky Tourist manicure set by Glazo, with essentials for lovely nails. Ideal for travel or for home use. Grand for the business girl's desk, too.

Trilogy in Lentheric's fragrant Tweed, Miracle and Shanghai, in a lovely gift box; and bird cages of beauty by Helena Rubinstein. Something to get excited about, these snowy cages with huge bows. On shining beds of cellophane, they hold lovelies for bath and you.
These typical gifts mirror the secret hopes of many. More beauty, more fun, more fashion. All for a Merry Christmas!

By
Courtenay Marvin

At right, is Revlon's double-duty manicure case. Remove that insert, which flattens out for dressing-table, and you have a handsome calfskin handbag. In black, tan, navy. Below, Ceron's ecstasies in perfume—Nuit de Noel, Belldodgia and Tabac Blond, big or little.

Hudnut's Marvelous eye-matched make-up kit, convenient, complete. Right, Bathasweet in holiday dress. Below, aristocrats in eau de Cologne—4711's Tosca, Troika and Geranium Rose—for our varying moods.

Paradise for letter-writers! Eaton's fine letter papers. Four sizes in left box for every social need. Right, paper and "thank you" notes in a petit point design box. Vigny's snow-frosted tree, in red, blue or green, conceals a trio of Golliegg, Heure Intime and Giulii Guili. The box is silver; the perfume a surprise!

More gifts on Page 79
“Click, and You’ve Got Something!”

Star comedian Alan Mowbray, whose hobby is photography, gives good advice to camera fans

By Ruth Tildesley
an unmitigated nuisance when you ride your hobby."

We were on the set of "Topper Takes a Trip," and in the distance gorgeously gowned girls and men in tails and dinner suits were moving down a stairway, entering a dining room, sitting at tables, rising to dance.

"If you shot a scene like that, it wouldn't bother anyone, of course, because the only camera that counts here is the one on the 'dolly' at this moment, so you'd have time to do your fussing without annoying people. But that sort of thing wouldn't interest me. I take pictures merely for a record, I got the craze when my daughter was born. Now she is seven and her brother is three and a half, and I have records of every important event in their lives."

He smiled, the familiar smile of the fond father, and opened a bulky envelope. Pictures spilled out on my lap, pictures of a fair-haired little girl at various stages of babyhood and childhood, in preponderance. "These are my children," he said, proudly, ruffling through the stills. "They haven't begun to pose yet, but I don't give them the chance. I simply slip up on them, decide what I want, call to them and go click. I've been offered considerable money if I'd permit advertisers to use one of their pictures 'for baby food or soap or something,' but I turned it down. I don't need the money, thank God, and to my mind the less seen of little movie children the better.

"Mostly, I shoot outside. It's less annoying, for all I do is walk about till I see what I want and then quietly

shoot. I don't go in for backgrounds, because my interest is in my subject and the background is just a blur. When I make them inside, I use two lamps, one fairly high, the other coming in from the side. That's usually flattering as it takes care of double chins and so on. I use a piece of black velvet as background, as it sharpens what I want to get.

"Sometimes I work with printing, using sepia tones, etching masks, and so on—putting clouds into shots that had none—you know, all the regular camera stunts. But now that the children are at the dangerous experimenting stage, I've thrown away all the darkroom acids and dismantled the room. No use having unnecessary risks where they are concerned.

"I get my best daylight shots around four o'clock in the afternoon, when the light is softer and comes from an angle. The morning light out there is too glaring, and at noon the shadows are all downward, definitely unflattering. I seldom look for shadows and composition, because the only thing that interests me is a record for my own satisfaction. I want to keep what I see, and I like sometimes to send pictures of my children to friends in other parts of the world."

He drew out a second envelope and began to look through it, eagerly, "I suppose my best action shot was made at the prize fight when Jim McLarnin knocked out Corbett III. I recorded the knockout just as Corbett was dropping. Newspapermen and newsreel experts usually have best vantage points for action shots, so I seldom bother now that I have this one out of my system, but at that time I was offered quite a bit of money for it, which I refused, as I wanted to keep my scoop myself. Yes, I get things out of my system by doing them once! I hate to pose for pictures myself, because that's my job and I do it all day. But once I took a picture of myself, sitting before the fire. I put an (Please turn to page 81)
Lovely Anita Louise invites us to a pre-view party

By Betty Boone

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

ANITA LOUISE is a bachelor girl now, with an apartment in Hollywood's most delightful hotel. Separate white buildings are grouped on a hillside about spacious terraces that overlook a blue swimming pool. At night, when you stand on the little balcony outside Anita's living room windows, the view is spectacular, outlined from mountains to sea in jeweled lights—sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, rubies and topaz.

Being on her own has added a gracious dignity to the young star. She seems sure of herself, where she used to glance at her mother to see if everything was right. She's grown up—and isn't it becoming? "I love to give impromptu parties," she said, hovering over the table laden with delicacies for a look at the chafing dish. "I didn't think of giving this one until noon today. All I had to do was telephone Ella—" (Ella is Anita's beaming maid)—"and she fixed it all. She bought the flowers, the food, and made the cake. Is she marvelous? I've been teasing my mother for years to get me a chafing dish, and at last she did it, and tonight is the very first night I've used it! We're having chicken creamed with big white cherries in it, the way they do at the Troc."

Slim and tall and blonde, the wall mirror reflected her above the sweetheart roses. Her gray hostess gown with its white coin dots and frills at neck and wrists just the right shade for her fairness.

"You're looking at the milk pitcher, aren't you? We always have cake and milk, whether there's anything else or not. I have such a time putting on any pounds and you wouldn't believe how many people like milk, too! The last time we came up here after a preview, Ella had fixed coffee as well as milk, and all my guests insisted on having milk, so in the end I had to drink coffee myself to save Ella's feelings."

"Sometimes I invite a lot of people, sometimes there are only a few of us. Those who come oftenest are Buddy Adler, Dixie Dunbar and Robert Herndon, Jane Bryan and Phil Kellogg, Olivia de Havilland, Penny Singleton, the James Ellisons, Margaret Lindsay and Bob Abbott. If I'm having a real supper, I like to have something different from the everlasting turkey and chicken at this time of the year. It's cold weather and people need warm food. So I have a lamb roast, and if there are a lot of people, a baked ham as well. Then we have sweet potatoes with marshmallows on top a green salad and a fruit salad. If I omit the fruit salad, I often have a huge platter arranged with ice cream in the center and fruit all around. When we can get fresh fruit, like big strawberries, or ripe peaches or cherries, I use those; otherwise, I use canned fruit or preserved fruit, like pine- (Please turn to page 69)
Hollywood Wedding

Climaxing the dramatic story of a glamorous screen love-team who had to fight Hollywood intrigue to realize the happiness they wanted to share

(CONCLUSION)

THERE is a little white stucco hotel, not far from Hollywood, commanding a sweeping view of hills and valleys. Saturday had been warm, and as the night closed down, it grew hotter. There was thunder in the air. On the door of a corner room, on the second and top floor, a sign cautioned, "Do not disturb." On the other side of the door, Jean was propped up under the covers in a chiffon and lace nightgown, and she looked like a fresh peach, under mosquito netting. Dick sat on the edge of the bed, in blazer-striped pajamas—such as no woman ever picked out.

"Safe and sound, Mrs. Ramsey," he grinned, "and the rest of the world can go by. It's locked out."

"What are you staring at?" she demanded.

"I am," he told her, "communing with nature, in her visible forms. You're so lovely to look at, darling, I can't get used to it!"

"Always the little gentleman," she mocked. "Do you happen to know what day this is?"

"Sure—Saturday. Try me on a hard one."

"No, barbarian! Do you know how many weeks we've been married? It's an anniversary!"

"No kidding? Let me see—why, so it is! Glad you remembered about being married, otherwise it wouldn't be considered legal, in some circles, for either of us to be here."

"In any decent circles," she told him, with a prim austerity. "You sound like a conscienceless philanderer. Are you, darling?"

"Sure! Haven't you heard? See my last year's publicity."

"Oh, but you're not, dear—not really!" She took his gay head between her palms (Please turn to page 68)
Greeting you with the gay gossip and latest news in celebrity circles

By Weston East

Topping year it will be for you if Mary (Punkins) Parker gets her wish. Punkins has captured the spirit of the times with a happy smile and a swingy dancing step that makes it look like a fine year ahead.

ROMANCE news of the town still must give a top spot to the persistently reported coming marriage of Janet Gaynor and Adrian. As a top creator of fashions, he is achieving his top accomplishment in making Janet into one of the very smartest looking sophisticated to be seen. They fairly live in the night clubs.

AND noted at a recent preview were Rosalind Russell escorted by Jimmy Stewart—whom you see with more interesting girls. Rosalind, back from England, and higher up on her high scale of acting achievement for her grand work in "Giuliet", wore black, all black, most becomingly. At the same show were Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, as lovely as a couple of turtle doves and making it most evident that the split-up that kept them apart for a while back, has been entirely forgotten in their happy-to-be-together present.

TYRONE POWER having whale of a time airplaning from one end of South America to the other. He took his color camera, and if he knows you well enough he'll postcard: "I took reels and reels of native flora, fauna and unfrocked torsos," Happy though not in love, there has been no grand passion since Gaynor. There was one perfect setting for an archery number by Cupid, with "Hearts and Flowers" as background music. Annabella had separated from her actor-husband, and the moon was full that week-end they chanced to meet at beautiful Ensenada. But that wasn't supposed to be known, much less remembered by anyone. Shortly later Annabella returned to continue her screen career abroad. And Tyrone—well Tyrone we've already told you is happy though not in love. Only girl he's taken out solo in Hollywood in past months is Arleen Whalen, and that time he was politely subbing for Richard Greene. That's how Tyrone met the problem of a rival on the lot—became buddies with him!
JOAN HENDERSON has been spending the holidays with her parents at her mother’s home, Joanne and Walter Henderson, in Newport Beach. She was Quite Down to earth Joan has been enjoying all the pleasures of home life, including reading, writing letters, and spending time with her family. She has also been working on a new screenplay that she plans to submit for consideration by a major studio. Joan is known for her versatility and dedication to her craft, and she is looking forward to a busy year ahead. She has been tipped as a leading contender for several major roles in upcoming films, and her fans are eagerly anticipating news of her latest projects. Joan Henderson is a true icon in the entertainment industry, and her talent and hard work have earned her a well-deserved place in the heart of the public.
On with the new love, says Hollywood. And proceeds to blend a most intriguing romance combination as Doris Lamont and Lloyd Nolan discover each other in "St. Louis Blues."

WOnder if Constance Bennett will ever try a fourth marriage? For years gossips have known she was estranged from the Marquis Henry de la Falaise, who was previously Gloria Swanson's husband. "Hank" has been working in Paris while Constance's been steadily dating athletic Gilbert Roland, who once adored Norma Talmadge. If you haven't already read of divorce proceedings, you will be hearing of Constance making the legal step shortly. She has three good pictures under her belt, after a lengthy absence from screen activity, so the headlines won't hurt her too much.

WHO do you suppose is quite the grande dame in Hollywood when it comes to the press? None other than Tootsie Alice Faye, who rose from the chorus to be famous and quickly owed it by all. For the past six months Alice has really been cracking down on those creatures who want to interview her. They can talk to her brother Bill if they must make a living, and then after what he thinks of saying for her has been made into exciting copy, Alice—at ease in her Beverly mansion—will get out her big blue pencil and "correct." Her excuse is that she's doing big dramatic pictures now and must concentrate on her important scenes. Of course, she finds time to go night-clubbing whenever she needs to relax from the burdens of glory. But give her time—maybe she'll still learn that the greatest stars are courteous and appreciative of fan interest in their lives. Lately on the Faye-Martin rumors: Tony didn't go to out-of-town football games because he didn't want to add to them—the rumors, that is.

CLAudette Colbert really doesn't have the time to answer many fan letters personally, but she penned an explicit note to the admirer who intended to mail her a pet monkey. "I have a French poodle and a dachshund, My Cook has a Pekinese and my rats, my two last cats and a mongrel dog. So I'm afraid my husband would think I was running a madhouse if I accepted your monkey." Of course, what's most amusing and enlightening about Claudette is the way she spices her butler from too much work. He is an elevator. When he applied he said, "My nerves are upset and my doctor tells me I must find an easy job for a year." Other cinema ladies may demand constant and super butling, but Colbert just chuckles.

HERE is a novel what-price-beauty note. Because her own skin is so flawless Virginia Bruce is the one movie actress who never has to don screen make-up. She splashes on lipstick, a light dash of mascara, and you always see her as it. In fact, she's only in a beauty parlor for her hair. So try to imagine the fun the crew on her new picture had when she spent an afternoon beneath a complicated facial mud-pack. It was the blankest sequence in the entire Bruce career, she swears. After smearing her in the approved beauty salon style, they stuck a glass tube through to her mouth, so she could breathe. Then they made interminable long shots and close-ups. You'd supposed a rival feminine star had planned the whole thing.

That smiling, somewhat shy girl-and-boy romance is being captured with warmth and spontaneity for "Spring Madness" by Maureen O'Sullivan and Lew Ayres, just as M-G-M planned it.

woman who realizes completely the bitter truth of the old saw about easy come, easy go. Walt Disney's going to remake "Peter Pan" as a feature-length cartoon, and Clara Bow, incidentally, is back on her vast Nevada ranch after almost a year's residence in Hollywood. Clara, center of two bouncing sons, yielded the big dressing-room to Sylvia Sidney, eventually. And then, in time, Sylvia had enough of Hollywood and also said goodbye to the big shot behind the scenes. As you know, she's now married to a stage actor.

ALl that talk about Zanuck firing Loretta Young was a lot of jealous gossip. As usual, someone's going to get it good and hard, it's Loretta. They said she wasn't box-office, but she was out of the running at last. When what "they" didn't know was that Zanuck offered her a new contract for three films a year at the record salary of $125,000 per pact. No matter how you slice it, Loretta still has the last laugh.
RKO will swear 'tisn't so but, as one for the records, Ginger Rogers' current reincarnation of famous dancer Irene Castle has been accomplished without some sharp words from the original. When they bought the story of the Castles Irene was imported to be technical director. She installed herself, with reume, in a big house near the Ritzbobs and the DeMilles. Dressed simply but perfectly, she reported to the studio to give her advice. Ensued office conferences wherein she objected to Hollywood touches. One bone of contention was the little matter of Ginger's hair. It was Irene Castle who started bobbed hair in America but everyone who remembers her daring recalls her hair was cut in a short bob. Now Ginger's locks flow to her shoulders, and Ginger doesn't look her best sheared extravagantly. But what's history, where a star's concerned? After all, hasn't Darryl Zanuck chopped years off historic men so Tyrone Power could give the old boys sex-appeal?

HOLLYWOOD ingenues still exist. Nancy Kelly, 17, has never had a date unchaperoned. She finally made the Troc the other evening, but she only danced with daddy. But then—though she starred in a flock of pictures as a kid—she never saw herself on the screen until this month. The

When it comes to romance, count Tony Martin in, because Tony will be there. You see him, above, in his next screen love story with Phyllis Brooks, in a new picture, "Up the River."

experience, she confides, was an awful shock! Still, Nancy has glamour hints just like the more worldly women. Tyrone Power and Randolph Scott were quite smitten with the beautiful girl accompanied by her new. She confesses she has her curls set with a perfumed toilet water. After she comes out from under the dryer the scent lingers faintly, and pheromones are still working. Olympe Bradna, 18, hasn't so much as had a date accompanied by parents. She gaily rides her bicycle in her time off, but literally, however, she now is being made up by Dot Ponedel, who does only the most important faces at Paramount, and Dot's giving her shading like she gave Dietrich.

HAVE you any accurate idea of how much Hollywood is benefiting by radio, looking, most Ginger's, big entertainment hours West? A million dollars a month is being paid to talent in Hollywood now, by radio sponsors. For a while the new CBS building dominated in the broadcasting field, but now NBC has opened an even more astonishing modern palace for broadcasting. There aren't so many top movie stars on the regular programs this year, but that only means that the lesser fry are profiting and that the great number of able performers who only need a break are likely to secure attention thanks to radio presentation.

JOAN CRAWFORD does want to go to The Cradle, orphanage in the Midwest where most of the stars have found their adopted children. She intends to adopt a baby boy. But playing mama will be a luxury until she catches the preview of her ice-skating picture. Joan wanted two goodies in a row, so instead of studying diaper technique she learned to skate. She never so much as put on a pair of ice skates until she decided to do this film. In her customary way she proceeded to qualify in a new skill in short order. Reporting at the Metro rink she had as a couple of devoted holder-uppers a pair of champions; learned quickly. "But," Joan says, "Sonja Henie won't have to worry."

What a life! Here's Mr. Milord, rushing from one page to the other, from romancing with one girl to flirting with another—and what a girl! Olympe Bradna, co-star in "Soy It in French."

New dolting of 20th Century-Fox, Nancy Kelly thrills to the embrace of Edward Norris, in "Tail Spin." And so was have beenvoided by Tyrone Power in the new " Jesse James" film.

LITTLE did Hollywood celebrities think they'd be subjected to a time clock when they began minutizing themselves. But now that the actors' Guild has won a forty-eight-hour week agreement, the producers are making all actors who earn less than $1,000 a week punch a clock when they come to work and when they leave. Glamor babes who heretofore swept through the imposing gates as though they were mere pillars to impress the uninitiate and unrecognized, now have to trot back to the casting office, pick out their own card from those on the racks, and be all system before they reach the luxury and seclusion of their own dressing rooms. The original idea was to put a halt to overtime without extra pay, but immediate result has been to bring a lot of sudden big shots down to earth with a bang.

PHYLLIS BROOKS now acknowledges that Cary Grant is the master mind of their duo. The first time he climbed the precarious flagstone steps to her new home he muttered, "You'd better take out insurance or somebody's going to break their neck on these steps of yours!" Phyllis pooled. But while he was a long way off in London her two puppies ran down the steps and she went tumbling after. She sprained both her ankles, thus losing a lead she was scheduled for. So she phoned for accident insurance for all people ascending or descending her front steps. She sat in the living room window, her ankles bandaged, and watched floodlights being installed. Her album will have to look like an opening night to suit the insurance men.

NOT all the boners happen in the movies! In this department last month a caption to a picture of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy stated Bergen was made a Texas Ranger in Dallas. He's a Ranger all right—was made one by Governor Allred himself—but at Fort Worth, at the Casa Manana, big event of Texas and the Southwest. girls when they mean our moving Fort Worth and its Casa Manana to Dallas just by flicking two fingers over typewriter keys as we sit here at a desk. Have a blush on us.
Joan Crawford's Greatest Crisis

Continued from page 28

remember all the rules she'd ever heard of for being the ideal wife. Rather amusingly, then in desperation. What made her desperation even more amusing was that she didn't know what she was struggling against. There was no other woman. There was just something in Franchoit that had become different. For weeks, even after she had holidays, she attempted to convince herself that there was nothing to what she was feeling intuitively. With all the sternness she could muster, she was determined to do something but the effect of her blurtion and interview had spilled on the subject of her will power, Joan denied that this could be for her. She had been through difficult times before. For weeks, and she had known all her accumulated wisdom on this being the right answer to her craving for understanding. She had submersed herself into Franchoit's path because she was attracted to him with all the intensity a woman senses when she has finally discovered by bitter errors what real love should be.

We could tell, Joan's friends, when she began playing a part, the most galling role she ever tackled. She isn't poised, you know. Not Joan Crawford! She cares too deeply, and self-critically bears her. She isn't a sophisticate. Joan's too genuinely elemental. Franchoit caught on quickly enough, I can assure you. He tried to deliver the inspired, too. That was a way to play ball with her bravado. But there the two differed sharply. He was willing to make the best of it. Who's all happy, anyway?

Joan, the perpetual idealist where men are concerned, felt the bottom had dropped out of everything for her. But then her persevering streak took command. She wouldn't be kicked as a wise. She'd show the gossips who were avid for her failure that she could rise above any domestic obstacle. She couldn't. She couldn't. The gradually increasing rift. When she knew the spark was gone she was still plain woman; Joan swore it at unusually as ever. However, she didn't dare to see the press. She avoided reporters, sending word that she was concentrating on her singing lessons while waiting for her new picture. She was having pictures made, beside. Joan had been assigned some vehicles that were below her par. It's the star who receives the blame as well as the credit. Wrought up at poor notices, she finally took a stand. She said she wouldn't appear again until she was sure of a strong script. What a series of business conferences that started! Joan read at least a hundred suggested stories. Ironically, only a few days before some exhibitors howled about high-priced stars Metro signed Joan to a brand new long-term contract. For five years, will pay her a million and a half dollars. If a hard-boiled movie studio will commit itself like that in these years, you can be positive the player is worth it.

When she decided on "The Slumber Hour," Joan personally asked for Margaret Sullivan for the other girl's part. And they haven't clashed while working, as many expected. They aren't much alike on the surface, but they respect each other's sincerity. Joan was constantly astounded at the case with which Maggie turns things on and off her acting. Joan still hasn't a reliable theatrical technique, still must feel her scenes. Maggie, on her side, was flabbergasted at the intense, perfectly practiced singing before they'd begin their day on the set. "Me," sighed Maggie, "I just get here in time to dash in front of the cameras."

The Crawford dressing-room was packed with flowers on her first day. There was a special bouquet from Franchoit. Joan was all nervous one minute and delight the next at remaining after her ten disturbed months. She'd been so restlessly miserable. I have never seen her so young and vital as she is today. Deliberately she has exercised and rested to meet the severe scrutiny of close-up.

I have just been talking to her. While she was batting with her difficulties with Franchoit and frantically searching for the excellent picture she required to re-establish her. Hollywood prestige other actresses shot ahead of her in the box office ratings. So I asked Joan, "How do you feel about having dropped out of the 'first ten' tonight?"

"I'm bound to be boundless spiritedly before the full-length mirror in her portable set dressing-room. Mix has given new portables to its all stars; across the sound stage Maggie was nonchalantly reading in new splendor. Only Joan had declined the switch to fresh glamour. Her familiar dressing-room, the one Douglas

Heather Feather Tippy-Tippy! That's the name of Lucille Ball's mad and becoming tweed hat, left above. Her handbag of soft calf has those streamlines. Right above, Una Merkel models an alpine hat, with double-rolled felt crown and ostrich feather.

Fairbanks, Jr., presented her when she first became a star, was swell enough for her forever.

As she skillfully shad ed her lipstick her finely modeled features focused in the blaze of her great gray eyes, "How do I feel about it?" she retorted. Immediately, "It's going to take back up there!"

No hesitation, no subtle protective stall.

They've exaggerated Joan's sensitiveness beyond reason. I've always been able to talk to her without fear of her collapsing at straightforwardness. Who would have replied to so direct a question more honestly? They've said that Joan is a poseur—because she changes. But she doesn't change! She adds, grows. That is by no means the same. "I'm appalled whenever I hear one more peep of that 'new Crawford line,'" she asserted as she picked up her knitting needles and flew into a sweater-to-be. "I'm no such nut. I'm no 'new Crawford' now. I not only prefer my regular dressing-room. It's as if you can very well see for yourself, but I have my same dog Puchen who won't stay home but comes to work with me. Lie down, Puchen! Darling! Hold nothing! I have my same maid, Alice, and my same boy to play records between shots, Eddie. I've worked at this same studio. for the Del Monte, Ensensada, or the desert furiously getting away from themselves. No travelling aimlessly for Joan. "I go to my home. That house is my heaven. It's the last thing I would give up." Something of her soul is indeed in that house. She found it before she married Doug, Jr. It wasn't unique. But year by year I've seen it grow in beauty, and today it is as exquisite—and as spotless—as she can make it. M-G-M describes it lofty as Regency. Joan de- to blast to get me out of danger; and there's no getting away from whatever her attention on, she naturally is ready for further interests. I don't get insincerity from that.

No emotress by just scales, she isn't an escapist, either—we're at it. Other stars are always hurrying away from Holly- wood. You see them at Santa Barbara,
had no pretty clothes, no carriage hours. She worked her way through grammar school. In high school she earned her expenses by keeping a fourteen-room house clean and cooking and helping to herd twenty-five kids. She hated that poverty of opportunity, so bitterly that she created her career for herself.

Joan has never even claimed to be well-read, even though she does read more than most any other actress I have come across. That tale about the little theatre in her garden being her grand workshop for the stage was silly. It’s equipped only for movies. Nor does she, as has been written, wipe her yesterdays regularly off her conscience.

There’s a crowd of fans and traffic’s held up. I love it! Is that so strange? Who doesn’t like glitter if it’s their reward for hard work? The cops start showing people away and they think I’m crazy when I say leave ‘em alone! I love those crowds of fans. So an actress’s life in Hollywood makes her think too much of herself? Why that isn’t so! We become self-centered, not self-centered. By constantly looking at myself on the screen, making up before a mirror, having fittings, I don’t become con-

Grief, I learn not to take my ‘charm’ for granted, to take better care of myself because my job demands it. But then I think of the thousands of people who always figured if it could happen once it could happen again!” She not only distinctly remembers every person who has been kind to her, but she still uses their first names.

Has she sacrificed too much for Holly-
wood fame? “No!” she exclaims. “I couldn’t

begin to explain how grateful I am to Holly-
wood, to the movies and what they’ve done for me. I’m lonely sometimes, a lot of times—true! But you never get something for nothing. A girl who works has to learn to divide herself in half—half woman, half business man. Sure it’s hard. But to me it’s been worthwhile! A woman is man’s equal mentally. Men may moan, ‘Hollywood makes a woman lose her balance!’ Those actresses think only of themselves! What good’s all their ambition? I disagree with those men who proclaim that we career women are pathetic. Tell me, what’s so pitiful about trying to achieve? And some of us just do want to know the better things in life. I wasn’t born a clinging vine. Second best never struck my fancy. In this picture Maggie and I are doing I’m a character who married because she was alone and that was the only thing she could turn to. I’d never do that!”

“Men are going to have to realize that a woman is liable to have as much ambition and talent and gumption as any man. And a woman who is ambitious oughtn’t to give up her career when she marries. The man who’d ask her to would never appreciate her sacrifice and she’d never be content doing nothing but housework. I get a thrill out of succeeding in pictures. Is that so weird? When I go to New York and Saturday night gal. I used to want to go to parties every night. It’s still not a cinch to stay home and read a good book when it would be so simple to step out. But I have seen so many phonies, listened to so much high-powered, wasteful chatter here in Holly-
wood, I’ve heard so many false compli-
ments being parried that at last I wanted to scream, ‘Who do you all suppose you’re kid-

But it is. I recognize it wasn’t really me who was trying to maintain that pace. So now I look forward to going out once a week. I want to dress up, look pretty for Saturday nights!

‘I’ve had some punk pictures. Maybe I’ve been too pampered. Perhaps I wasn’t given with a shake of her head as she bumbled a stitch in her knitting. ‘But I don’t believe in luck. I believe in cause and effect. Some-
times, when it’s love, the cause is buried, too. So you never uncover it. But as for pictures—

if you haven’t a fine production in every way it can’t turn out fine. That’s all. I think that if you’re going to wait for your ‘bad luck’ to turn into ‘good luck’ before you start to climb out of your mess that you will be sidetracked by anyone, anything. So I say your destiny is your dirty deal—if you don’t try to boss it yourself. No. I don’t ‘accept’ things as for the best—if the best looks a darned sight better to me.

"I’m not so courageous. I just get fighting

mad. Take my rising. They wouldn’t show me a script here that had a horse in it. I was scared stiff, that while I was off the screen I attended to that matter, I bought a horse and now I own two. I attempt polo! Well, when I was thrown from my first horse I was in tears. I was shaking like a leaf. I didn’t know whether I could conquer him or myself or not, but I said to myself, ‘Are you going to let him get the better of you? Are you going to let the horse hold you up?’ So I was so busy I haven’t time to have to whop

turn up nerve enough to lick them! Planes can stay on jce a bit.

So she’s not in her knitting, Joan paused for breath. ‘Excuse me while I phone Bar-
bara. She’s a friend of mine who works in a knit shop in downtown Los Angeles. I’ll describe these symptoms. She’s swell; she even sends me diagrams!” So I had more time to remember that Joan dispelled her fear of radio just as she conquered horses. That proves that in the nature of your future, Joan? Will it be happy?”

‘I don’t know! I’m sure I’ll always want to work. But because I get such a kick out of getting places, doing different things I do not think that satisfying myself so far as all my ambitions go is more important than my home, is more important than a successful marriage. I’m not cynical about love. It’s too wonderful to disregard, to be relegated to any secondary place.

‘Right now I can at least plan regarding work. I don’t know if I have a good enough voice for opera or not. I know I can, and that I must steel myself to ignoring the wisecracks some people make about my wanting to try.’

The day Joan began “The Shining Hour” she not only got all those encouraging flowers, but a long-letter from Chicago offering her a début in concert on the foremost musical program there. She had to decline because of her picture. “I started my singing lessons five years ago because I thought even then—what if they don’t take up my option, give me a new movie contract? Perhaps I can sing! I’d better begin trying, just in case. I hope I suc-

ceed on the stage, in straight plays, too. Right now a Broadway audience would paralyze me. But I’ve gotten so I don’t miss the audiences at radio dramas, and that’s a step.”

The last time Joan was in New York she told the eager play producers that she needed no advisor for a star show for her. She’d rather début in the theatre in a supporting rôle. What she’d be most pleased with is a chance with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. But I’ve got some circumstances before I do anything else. Joan announced practically, whizzing into the correct stitch with stupendous verve. “Could you get you some money, by yours, anyway?” I asked. “No one in your family has anything like it. No one’s pushed or pampered you.”

She’s beautiful but capable hands stopped temporarily. Joan looked right at me. “I don’t know where I get it from. From the air, maybe. But I’m glad I have it.”

But throttle Joan is not morbid, unsystematic, fatalistic—a day-dreamer un-

til losing her snapped it off him. Fran-
chot loved her for the greatness he recog-
nized in her, but with a woman like Joan she couldn’t hold her. “A woman should be self-sufficient;” she was saying when Alice, her maid, came to get her for a ‘take.’

No, no, no, no, no! But that was something. If ever I was, I didn’t mean to be and I got it over. Hollywood has taught me that it’s not attractive in a woman. It’s pathetic. So she’s-pity.”
Hollywood Wedding

Continued from page 61

and kissed him, and he noticed that her eyes were moist. So, there was more beneath the surface than their gay kidding indicated. He held her very close, in an inadequate gesture of protective affection.

They were awakened toward morning by considerable noise in the courtyard. There were many cars and the bright headlights cut a sharp swath through the slanting rain. Voices shouted, quick and gay. Dick went to the window and came back sober-faced.

"Of all the luck!" he whispered. "It's one of our own units, coming off location! And they're stopping here for breakfast.

"What'll we do?" she asked. She told herself that she wasn't afraid, but she was.

"Do? Nothing! Go back to sleep, and if they're still here when we get up, we'll take our meals in our room until they do leave. Or else—we can tell 'em—"

"No, Dick," she objected. "Not yet.

In the morning, a gay, ironic voice shouted at their door, and hard knuckles pounded, "Hi, Dick! This is Pete Marvin. Just coming off location with the 'Desert Rose' gang. Open up, I'm the house detective! Saw your roadster downstairs. Are you the Mr. McRae?"

"Go 'way!" called Dick. He turned helpless eyes to Jean and shrugged.

"Aw, Dick!" chucked the whimsical voice. "You know I've always loved you. Ain't I your best friend? Don't you want to see any of your friends here, before we shovel off for town?"

"Beat it," growled Dick. "I wish to be alone!"

"Who would have suspected it?" jested the derisive voice.

A few minutes later, the entire company drove away, and behind the gauze curtains, Jean and Dick watched them go, boisterous and laughing. She turned to him and her eyes were drenched with embarrassment and revolt.

"Dick," she said, "this is awful! She felt querulously clandestine. Yet what, she thought, desperately, would become of a marriage, a love, that fled or postponed its consummation?

After breakfast they left, Dick driving far into the hills. They returned to Hollywood under the cover of night, on Sunday; and they had, in the tense glory of being together, forgotten all about Dick's car being discovered at the hotel, and the damning signature on the register, "Mr. and Mrs. Richard McRae." All the studio heads knew Dick's actual name.

The afternoon of the next day, when Dick sat in his dressing room, Bill Walters came in, frowning, and said, "Hi, Dick! Had you been in town, I'd have been in to see you.

"Hi," said Dick easily. He liked Walters.

"What's on that ganglion you call your mind?"

"Pigeon," said Walters, succinctly.

"Aren't you taking this engagement a bit too seriously?"

"What'd you mean?" asked Dick, suddenly tense.

"I mean," replied Walters, shooting it straight at Dick across open sights, "that Jean is a swell girl—salt of the earth—innocent and all that. But do you think it won't bother her, to think I don't like it? Pete Marvin told me the story—and I checked up.

Dick's eyes sparkled dangerously. "Go on," he invited.

"I will," said Walters, courageously.

"You can't do that to Jean. I'm no fool, and I know she was with you. I built you up as to Captain Bill Walters having the money to make the build-up stick! I think you're a so-and-so. And a louse!"

Dick came halfway out of his chair, and suddenly his eyes thawed as he watched Bill Walters. Bill's face held the still rage of the man who commits murder cheerfully. "I ought to smash you down for that, Bill, but I won't. My eyesight's getting better."

He sat back, his eyes abstract. "She was with me, Bill. I hope she always will be. For your information, we were married in Yuma, a few weeks ago. Jean's my wife."

Walters' face tensed, and a slow red stained his thin cheeks. His eyes wandered from Dick's dingy face. "Has the information reached her?"

"Of course," said Dick, grinning. "We've been trying to keep it quiet for a while."

His eyes sparkled. "But I'm through! You can tell Glassman, if you want to, and if he doesn't like it, he can take a running jump in the lake. We had a legal ceremony, but now we both want a church wedding!"

Walters' face cleared. His lips were still taut, but an eager light was in his sharp nose. "You lucky dog!" he said. "You get all the breaks! I'll tell the Old Man. This is a scoop."

Dick grinned and shook Bill's hand. "Just a public sentiment at heart, eh?"

"I'll get Jean's side of it," said Walters, and left, hurriedly. He burst in on her like a hurricane, told her he knew all about her marriage, and was going to tell Glassman: he kissed her and shoved a newspaper under her nose.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "Here's you and Dick in some of the stills from that test church shot. Are they something? I'll say they are! And now, you're going to have a church wedding! Dick, tell Glassman. Does this bunch of pictures look right or not? This is going to be a wow, Jean! Front page, all over the country."

Her eyes told on the newspaper, the pictures of herself and Dick. She sat staring at them, until—immediately beside them, a headline riveted her eyes. She stared. An auto wreck! James Raeburn! Her heart was thudding quickly as she read:

A man known as James Raeburn was instantly killed last night when his heavy car left the road at high speed and careered into a ditch. If the accident was directly due, it was thought, to the thick fog which blanketed the area around Ventura last night. Nearly seven years ago, James Raeburn was found in his wallet at the time of his death. Jean was faint with horror. She sat in a trance-like stupor for some minutes; then, as in a dream, she walked out of her bungalow, leaving the staring maid behind. That was what the maid and the gate watchman told Dick, several minutes later, when he sought her. She had merely driven out, without a word of explanation.

She drove into the thick of town, parked in a lot and went to a drug store. Fog she thought. Myles Tracy—Jim Raeburn! She shut herself into a phone booth and dialed police headquarters; and when she got the officer in charge, she explained, briefly: "I'm calling about Jim Raeburn—the man who was killed in a automobile wreck last night, near Ventura?"

"Yes? Know anything about him?"

"Yes, I do," she said. "I'm an old friend, but I don't want any real trouble in this. I found him in this orphanage in Oakland. He must be about seven years old now. Later, I heard that he went to Mexico and made some money in a mining venture, around ten thousand dollars. You can trace his daughter easily enough, through the orphanage. She's probably still there. Whatever money Raeburn had at the time of his death belongs to her.

"Oh, we'll find the kid, all right! I wish you'd identify him."

Jean shuddered. "Jim Raeburn had several scars, from burns he suffered in a San Francisco fire, in which his roommate was killed. Also, the little finger of his left hand is missing. That should positively identify him."

"I'm afraid, her mind's eye, she was seeing Myles Tracy's hand, and she shivered as with arctic cold."

"Check!" snapped the voice.

Ann Sothern and hubby Roger Pryor there, too. Chat with a friend, above.
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 60

apple, cherries and so on. It’s a light dish and people like it.

Bill Walters cut the vegetables into six or eight of us, sometimes I get Ella to make a French dish called Student’s Ragout. It’s really stew, and do I love a good stew! This is a nice cold weather dish.

STUDENT’S RAGOUT
1 lb. round steak cut in thin slices
1/2 lb. sliced bacon (Canadian style)
2 medium size carrots
3 medium size onions
4 to 6 medium size potatoes
Salt and pepper
1 cup water

It is important to have a pan with a close-fitting lid. Wash, peel and thinly slice the carrots. Use the round steak across the grain into little strips about 2 inches long and 1/2 inch wide. Cut the bacon into strips and if ordinary bacon is used, then cut the slices into halves or thirds.

Now place the cooking utensil over a medium slow gas flame and distribute the bacon all over the bottom of the pan; then put the cut-up steak in a layer over the bacon. Sprinkle with black pepper. Next put in the sliced carrots and onions; sprinkle with a little salt and pepper. On top of all, arrange the sliced potatoes and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Add the cup of water. Cover and cook over a slow flame for 45 minutes by which time all the water will be absorbed and you will have a delicious dinner.

“There’s a different salad, too, that some people like Wialua Salad. I think Margaret Lindsay brought it back from Hawaii, but I may be mistaken.

WIALUA SALAD
For each portion place a slice of drained canned pineapple (Dole’s) on a bed of shredded lettuce, cover this with a slice of peeled tomato, on the tomato spread 1 teaspoon Hellman’s mayonnaise and sprinkle over all paprika and finely chopped fresh mint leaves.

“The chafing dish is going to be a great addition to preview parties, I can see. You put hot water under here and whatever food you want to keep hot up here. You know, one reason I begged for it was because I wanted to make branded cherries—standing on your preserved cherries in with a thimblefull of brandy, get them hot and pour them over ice cream. If it’s deep winter and the only fruit available is bananas, you can serve Banana Fool, if you haven’t too large a party. I’ve been going to have it some time, but so far that time hasn’t arrived.”

BANANA FOOL
Peel and slice into a saucepan 10 firm, ripe bananas, add 4 tablespoons sugar and 3/4 cup water; cook until soft, stirring constantly. Rub through a fine sieve and place in a dish on the ice for two hours. Add the juice of 1 lemon and 1/2 cups of vanilla ice cream. Serve in a glass dish or custard glass.

“Anita tossed back her curls and led the way back to the living room. My hair’s getting too long,” she commented. “I must say everybody is hair-conscious these days. I don’t like the high hair-do, because it’s so seldom flattering, but I occasionally wear it at night. When I was working in ‘The Strollers,’ I was doing a before-preview dinner one night. We were going to see Norma’s picture and she was having a party afterwards, so my crowd came here first. Well, I got here at 7:05 P.M.; they were coming at 7:15, so I knew I had no time to worry with my hair. It was already up in period style for the picture, laid in 1904, so I left it that way and everyone thought I was exploiting the new style! Another reason against high hair-do is that it takes so long. You can’t get out of shop there as fast as the look bears, and who wants to spend three hours there?”

Wayne Morris checks out Hatchett girl, as did all ladies at Rainbow Room party, beamed when he smiled at her.
Barthelness. "That was later," the chuckling Nazimova enlightens you. "To learn the language correctly, I wanted someone who spoke only English to teach me. They brought me Caroline Harris, mother of Dick Barthelness, then just a boy at the time. I continued with her for four years, in the four words of English—yes, no, thanks, seascick. A complete vocabulary for an ocean voyage, you are ready to grant. But: "We lived everything in Russian—I'm an Eastern European—and I had a place in East Third Street. We called it Orlando's Lyceum, but there was a saloon on the floor below us and a dance hall overhead. A quiet, meditative drama like 'The Sea Gull' would often be rudely disturbed by drunken brawls under us and the third, third, third of pounding feet above! But it was great fun. I was leading actress, director, prompter, translator of plays, wardrobe mistress, and sometimes I played the vaudeville act that was paid for all that work? Nothing. I lived on money I was getting from home. I got no salary in this country until a year later, when Lee Shubert gave me fifty dollars a week. In Odessa I had studied to be a concert violinist. Then I thought it would be easier to be an actress, but it wasn't!"

So much for one picturesque background. Meanwhile the fascinating Colbert sits regent as her Mona Lisa smile. Now you attempt to draw her out along the same line, and in refreshing frankness hear: "I found it easy to act—I don't know why. The only thing I had to lie was self-consciousness, which makes all the difference between a good and a bad actress. My mother was a great help, always picking me up on it. At first I had it so bad I'd find myself facing upstage and playing to the backdrop. But finally, with experience, I managed to overcome it. With me, going on the stage was not a matter of money, just simply a case of vanity. Every girl likes to think of seeing herself up there on the stage. I know that's the way I felt at eighteen. But I soon had all the vanity knocked out of me. For example, in the six years or so I was under Al Woods' management he never even once got my name right. But that didn't matter, as I was doing something I liked. Before that I'd studied painting, then wanted to be a dress designer, thinking I'd make more money in that line. But I turned naturally to acting. Women are natural actresses, although some of them can't project their acting. That's the professional side of it. Most of the time I was playing light comedy parts which gave me little or no difficulty. In pictures, except on two occasions, I've played modern girls, a comparatively easy thing to do because you're more or less less playing yourself. This part of Zaza is the most difficult I've ever had for that reason that it is of another period. But it is an emotional paradise for me because its emotions are varied. One result is I can use my imagination more than I'd be able to do in a bad part. Playing it has made me wonder whether women today realize that feminine emotions change with the times."

Of her own clear understanding of the emotional sex you have no possible doubt. And what you realize in your first meeting with Claudette Colbert is the enviable combination of beauty and brains. You are congratulating yourself on this discovery when Mme. Nazimova declares: "Emotionally women of the nineties were utterly different from those of today. My last love of that other day was Mrs. Alving, and every time I played in 'Ghost!' I couldn't help feeling that in spite of her age she retained a romantic quality, kept a strange, useful freshness, a quality the years cannot change in any woman. Mrs. Alving did this gracefully, fully, and that's innate nobility. Of course, marrying a man she knew to be a reprobate she struck a notch out. A lot of women today do the same thing, but can they take it?"

Intent upon bringing out Miss Colbert's opinion on this vital phase of the matrimonial question, you are rewarded with: "I think women can take it if they go into that sort of marriage with their eyes and minds open. It's just a matter of courage, and there's certainly no lack of that in women today. But the woman of Zaza's day was much more the clinging-vine variety. Then her whole life revolved about a man. It may, often does, of course, today. But modern women are not so obvious about it. Nowadays all our emotions are more repressed and hidden. In the past it was perfectly all right for women to wear them on their sleeves. At present we are much more subtle. In saying this, please understand, I am speaking personally. Maybe I'm maligning the woman of yesterday, though I sincerely hope not."

It begins to dawn upon you that here are two highly intelligent women of distinguished accomplishment who are revealing not only their own secrets but those of women generally. "I am terrifically curious about human beings," confesses Mme. Nazimova. "Understand, still a great deal of the primitive in the woman of today. By this I do not mean merely where a man is concerned. I myself have been woman in love—that's commonplace. What to me is important is the woman who does things. I don't care what she does, cooking meals or washing long as she does it."

Now Claudette Colbert is one who has no need to pray, thanks to good Dame Nature. Let your imagination and your view, and it is stimulating to be told: "I am a very practical woman myself. I hate chi chi, ungenerous and mean-spirited women, and I can't imagine them vain and affected and beat about the bush. The kind I respect and admire is the woman with a definite aim. Of course, everything has changed so much in recent years that it is not always possible for her to keep steadily to her aim. For one thing, divorce is so easy today that it may suddenly alter her whole personality. I think she has to consider what may happen to her in her that she may be prepared to meet such an emergency. But if she has married the right man, life and her personality will be different. Against such a contingency she has no lucky charm."

It be, you wonder, that the practical Miss Colbert is by any means superstitious about the changing fortunes of life? "About anything," she freely admits. "I'm always picking up a new superstition. And I've got a lot of old ones—sneaks on tables, hats on beds, crossed knives at meals (that's a French one). In fact, the only thing I'm consistent about is the number of people I'm allowed to get invited to my house."

I'm wearing this for good luck while doing this job," she acknowledges, showing you a handsome brooch with Zaza spelled in diamonds. "It was given me by members of the Russian stock company in Kostrama when I played Zaza with them. But I'm apt to lose them all at once. Sometimes I have to keep my eye out for them."

Yet still, though it is true that everything now is lightening. At my place in Westchester I've built a storm-cell, and when I'm back East and see a thunderstorm coming in, I'm apt to look at it as if I was going to have to lose it. And it's much the same about acting in pictures now. They'd terrify me because of my accent. It was different when I was in silent pictures. But now, with my foreign intonation, the only thing I could possibly do would be to play European characters with a biographical background and be the sort of female Paul Muni. Anyway, I hope I never go back to acting."

Aware of the richness of Miss Colbert's success on both stage and screen, you inquire as to her being a landlady at heart. "I got more satisfaction from playing on the stage because of the personal reaction," she points out. On the other hand, there is a satisfaction in playing on the screen and knowing the whole world knows you that you never could get on the stage."

And when you find yourself getting a different intonation, not because I speak French all the time at home, but because Mr. Cukor keeps saying, "Think of it!"

But at this moment Mr. Cukor is saying something else, sounding a summons. There is a scurrying back to the set. Standing at its edge, you watch women and men thinking. And do Claudette Colbert and Mme. Nazimova know their job!"

Secrets of Women
Continued from page 33

One of Hollywood's biggest stars, Shirley Temple is just a little girl when Christmas comes—thrilled with her tree, a dog with a long nose but loads of personality, and dolls.
company and although we will work in Pineville, the town hasn't enough accommoda-
tions for all of us. I found a private home on the outskirts of Noel, Missouri, a picturesque summer resort town in the heart of the Ozarks, eleven miles away from the nearest paved road and two miles by gravel. Others of the troupe found nice accommodations here, too. Director King has a nice room in a beautiful white house overlooking little town and the majestic hills. (They're called mountains down here, but I mustn't take the word too seriously. In California we have mountains that are really colossal.)

The rest of the troupe got in by train today, Hank Fonda, Donley, Nancy Kelly, Randy Scott, and the rest. The entire Ozark country gathered at the little beck station in Noel to welcome them. Sidney Brown, our company business manager, had come ahead of us and had been busy throughout this region for weeks, hunting out places for the troupe to find room and board. They are all comfortably located, mostly in backwoods homes on the country-
side. Our hosts are extremely hospitable. My own landlord tells me they've been hav-
ing pretty hard times down this way—the area is still a poor one and an economic Godsend—but there is no talk of defeat, no crying of the blues and no whining.

August 29th

Actual filming started today. Our first scenes were made on the "old Crowder farm." It's a small place, run by the widow Crowder, who is one of the kindliest people I've met. The place offers so much scenically that George Barns, our ace cameraman who is a veteran of many scenic locations, said "There's gold in them there hills." turned "on the exclamations. Naturally, Duke Green, our technicolor cameraman, was all set up about the color possibilities and had his camera set up in record time. It got pretty hot during the day, so Mrs. Crowder dipped up a big wooden bucket of clear, cold spring water for us. I've never had wine that tasted better, and the rest of us who worked today, Randy Scott, Hank Fonda, Brian Donley and Nancy Kelly agreed with me. The work seemed to go pretty well, and when the end of the day came Henry King had a big smile on his face. That means he's satisfied! I hope we can keep it up. King is a great guy and it's because of folks like him and Darryl Zanuck that I have learned to get over the haunting taste of beans, coffee and pie—which I got on the cuff in a New York beerery, while waiting for a chance to get on the stage, which opened the path to Hollywood. No, I can't ever forget that, and I'll be eternally grateful to those who gave me the opportunity to work for something more than beans and coffee.

August 30th—September 2nd

Mrs. Crowder's two grown-up sons went to work for us today as bit players. For a sequence in the film, we had to toss a bomb into a big, rambling farm house and set it afire. (Not actually, just smoke to simulate flames.) It became the duty of the Crowder boys to help us form an old-fashioned bucket brigade to put out the fire in their own home. They told me how our business manager had leased the farm, put a new roof on the house since a new roof treated with Hollywood's special paint seemed more ancient than their old roof, and how all the neighboring farmers had crossed around while Hollywood workmen built a duplicate of a bedroom in the farm house back of the barn. It was here they had to film the death scene of my film mother, Jane Darwell.

Sheriff Bone and his hard-working depu-
ties roped off the front yard and the barn-
yard of the farm so the crowds would know where to stand while we were fil-
m. The crowds, by the way, instead of making noises and spoiling scenes, were as helpful and co-operative as humbly pos-
sible. I've never known folks so mobile and easy to manage. I haven't been on many locations (except for "Suez" and "Lloyds of London"), but I venture to say no veteran of the screen—or, for that mat-
ter, the stage, ever saw such well-
mannered crowds. There were days when as many as 50,000 people watched us mak-
ing a scene.

September 3rd

This is a special day on my calendar because I attended my first dance in Noel. It was at Shadow Lake where Mr. Mark Cheney run a restful and picturesque re-
sort. There is a big dance Floor and dining room, overlooking crystal-clear Elk River, "Hank," Randy, Nancy, and the rest of us danced, got only among ourselves but with the girls of Noel. I've never been in a given area so crowded with good-
looking girls before in my life. It's true we have beautiful girls in Hollywood, but they are brought there from every place in the world. In the Ozarks, they just come by it naturally. Beauty, here, is pretty unanimous. There are plenty of autograph seekers, but it's fun writing in their books, on scraps of paper, hats, pocketbooks or anything they happen to have handy, because they are so appreci-
ative. But the crowds—and the town is always crowded, for a mile or two around Noel one has difficulty in finding parking room—never bother us during mealtime. They wait until we are through and then become one of us for the evening, doing their best to make our stay a pleasant and happy one.

These next days are to be eventful ones. We're going to film the great train robbery and stage the big jail break from the little, old red-brick courthouse in Liberty, Mis-

our. We won't be in Liberty, actually, but in Pineville, which looks today more like yesterday's Liberty than the modern town of Liberty does. It took considerable work to make the town look that way. We built a big hotel, saloon, marshall's office, newspaper building, took down all the telephone poles and lines and put the lines underground. Old-fashioned board sidewalks were built over concrete ones and, what will never cease to amaze the visitor to Pineville, to say nothing of its citizens, the town's pavement was buried beneath six inches of dirt. Only last De-

cember, after generations of living with dusty, dirt streets, Pineville proudly un-
vailed its paved streets. And just a few months later, Hollywood's miracle finger found it out (after Director King had flown over 15,000 miles in search for just such a colorful, unspoiled countryside as this) and put thousands of truckloads of dirt over the pavement. Of course everything will be restored. The only thing we will leave behind will be the money spent with the good folk of this region and the thousands that the tourists are bringing in while we are here.

September 5th

Henry King has an uncanny ability to discover and uncover things. Imagine finding a ten-mile stretch of railroad on the old Frisco line near Southwest City—eight miles from Noel! It was here he decided to film the great train robbery. King also discovered an old engine and three pas-

senger cars that had been used in the time of the James Boys. They were all re-

worked, repainted and put in top condi-
tion for the filming. All this shop work was done in Little Rock.

I never will forget the thrill of standing atop the coal tender with two big single-

action 45's in my hand while the old-

fashioned train shook, swayed and rum-
bled down the track—all the while the technicolor camera was recording the scene. I kept thinking of that other time, years back, when Jesse James really held up a train, only a few miles from the exact spot where we were now re-creating that scene in color. The roaring fire in the fire-

box threw out a red-hot glare at every shovel of coal. I don't know whether it

Garbo, back to make more Hollywood films, meets the press, wearing a hair-do that hairdressers denounced as outrageously out of style, and heavy ribbed stockings.
was the actual heat or the memory of that other historical episode in the nation's development that made my heart pound harder and the heat seem intense, but with a woodswoman's nose, I could smell each lurch of the engine, I was thrilled to my boots. I've always loved trains but this was the first time I ever had a chance to really look at one. I sat in the cab where all the interesting gadgets are located, where the throttle sends the train plunging ahead, where the bell and whistle ropes are located. It made memories of my childhood when I wanted to be an engineer more than anything in the world. The smoke and cinders didn't bother me at all. I'd enjoyed every wind that slashed against my bandanna-covered face. Somehow, I didn't feel as if I were making a motion picture today. Instead, I was having the time of my life.

September 6th

Today we finished filming the train robbery. We'd had to rope off part of the track to keep the crowds back. There must have been more than 50,000 people packed against the ropes, just out of camera range. They came from almost every state in the Union, judging by their car licenses. Residents of the town of Southwest City rented their yards as parking lots and sold ice cold soda pop off their porches. From there we moved on down the railroad several miles near a steep bluff, people, in high spirit of adventure and sport, tramped through the woods for four miles. We came down a mountain side to watch the final holdup scene. One enterprising farmer opened up a road through the woods by chopping out the underbrush and then he charged 25 cents to drive down to the edge of the cliff.

A very pretty girl among the extra players was going to take all the people for atmosphere roles and brought two baggage loads of costumes of the Jesse James period for this purpose. asked me if she could ride the train instead of being in that crowd that greeted the arrival of the first train to Liberty, Mo. (We were using Southwest City as Liberty for this purpose.)

“You see,” she said simply, “I've never been on a train in my life before and this is the first chance I have ever had.”

It was a bit disheartening to me. I took her to Director King at once. “Why, bless your soul,” he exclaimed, “I should say you can get on that train. Director King ordered a special train but you look right in the background of a shot involving Randy Scott and Donald Meek. She had on a beautiful blue dress and blue bonnet. You might look for her in the picture. She was as happy as any person I have ever seen. I believe her 'train ride' was as thrilling to her as my ride atop the swaying coal tender yesterday.

September 7th

With a crowd of people today for the big jail break sequence. So Pinville was certainly bustling. Many old-timers told me nothing had stirred up the countryside so much since the gold rush days. (Gold was a full-time business for years.) We only brought four Hollywood trained horses with us. The others we hired from various farmers throughout the region. We had a row of barns almost a mile away called for the town to be placed under martial law, and we had to break in the horses to stand at the hitching rails while gunfire was going off all around them. We didn't long to get used to the noise. Dad-blamed (you see I'm slipping into the true local color of the region) if I don't think those horses were getting scared. All the horses on our masters have been doing right along. We shot pistols and muskets several times and then played the scene without any trouble.

We had to take every precaution because a horse can snap a bridle quickly and charge through a crowd, spreading havoc. We almost had that happen once on the Cline, when an automobile frightened one of the mounts who pulled down an old railing fence post and dashed madly about, with the railing thumping at the back, and the horses. We tried to throw a very clever horseman with our troupe, calmed the animal and removed the railing before anyone was hurt.

Roland Young and Constance Bennett, up to more mischief in "Tepper Takes A Trip."

September 8th

Day off today. Drove to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to see the sights. Tulsa is a fine modern, bustling city, located about 120 miles away from here. It was a swell ride, over good roads. Imagine my shock when I arrived there to discover that I had forgotten my money and had to make a telephone call back to Noel. I had a nickel to get the operator with in a pay booth, but when I wanted to put through a collect call the operator asked, "Who's calling?"

"Tyrene Power," I said.

"Quit your jooking," she said, "I'm a box office girl. Give me your name and I'll put the call through."

I tried to explain, but the more I talked, the more complicated it became. By that time, the other operators were enjoying the conversation until one said, "It is Tyrene Power, I recognize his voice. I'd know it anywhere." Then I heard them laugh.

She insisted and put the call through for me. I learned her name, that she lived at Springs, Oklahoma, and when I got back to Noel I invited her to call on me as my guest. She came up and we had a grand evening, dining and dancing at the Shadow Lake resort. She had dances with some of the men in the band and wrote me a letter on my stationery thanking her for such a charming and thoroughly delightful evening. I also gave her an autographed picture, in fair exchange for pictures I demanded one of hers. And one arrived by the next mail.

September 9th—15th

You just can't hold up a movie company, even with rain! while we had some fine weather to make our technicolor shots, the sky suddenly clouded up the other day and we had heavy shower. The shower didn't last long but during the rain we continued filming. Robert Webb, first assistant director to King, had made plans accordingly. You may remember that Webb, who has been Henry King's assistant on almost all of his recent pictures, won the Award from the Academy of Motion Pic- ture Arts and Sciences this year for his work as an assistant director on "In Old Chicago."

We filmed in a "cover set," an interior scene that can be filmed regardless of the outside weather. The particular scene was my first love scene with Nancy Kelly. I had just robbed the train, doubled back and found Nancy Kelly, who later on would become Governor Kelly of the state of Illinois. Her uncle is Col. Cobb (Henry Hull). I was caught in the office by United States Marshal Rock Scott, who says I recognized me, but gives me a none too veiled warning to leave that neck of the woods or be prepared to shoot it out at the next meeting. We had to continue the scene at that stage. When the rain got too loud on the roof, we covered it with soil, absorbing canvas to deaden the noise and went right in and finished.

While we filmed this and other interior scenes, the crowds continued to visit the sets. We had a lot of fun talking to the various people about the country, their problems, what they thought of pictures. I'm sure we all profited as much for our talks with them as they did watching us play our scenes for "Jesse James." During occasional showers, we would let the people stand on the porches and under what cover we had. Others brought their own umbrellas and stood patiently in the rain to watch us. It's kind of touching, such devotion, and is bound to make us feel a little humble.

September 15th

Hank Fonda and I went fishing today. We both threw lines out over the rowboat gunwhale into the sparkling clear waters of the Elk River, bedded with gravel and huge slabs of clean, limestone rocks, while many fish are beautiful white crappies. I rowed awhile and kept a weather eye on the line, but my vigil was unrewarded. Hank had more luck, however, for suddenly his cork was jerked under with a splash and he grabbed the line and started to tug. I was busy rowing the boat and just at that time the boat would have to spring a leak. I started bailing frantically while Fonda fought with the fish. We both won—I kept the boat from sinking in midstream while Hank landed a beautiful seven-pound fish. We tried to go fishing again but it was too much fishing because the telephone at nearby Shadow Lake resort rang and we were called back to the set for another scene.

September 16th

On our way back to Hollywood with most of the scenes we wanted safely in the can. Throughout our stay we worked every day except for the one I got off to go to Tulsa. We were at 3:30—5:00, had breakfast, made up, donned our costumes and were on the set at Pinville or the Crowder Farm eleven minutes after we had been dropped straight through until six or seven every night, depending upon the sun. It was grand fun, every minute of it, for all of us. It was hard, with even my mornings, though very sensible and reasonable, just too big. Traffic was tied up, business was at a standstill, and standing crops were getting trampled by horses, cattle, or people running up stakes and get back to Hollywood. We leave, I think, with nothing but happy memories of the place, the people and of the work we did there. I think it is nearly everyone's hope that the people we worked with and among during the filming of "Jesse James" will always remember how much rich and charming hospitality has meant to the entire troupe. Now we're all on tenterhooks, waiting to see how that beautiful scenery ships up in technicolor. Bet it'll be swell!
Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE—They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin*

In New York's Fashionable Stork Club—Brenda Frazier adds gaiety and charm to the luncheon hour. Like most of her crowd, she follows the new code of extra skin care—creams "skin-vitamin" into her skin with Pond's.

Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."

Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder Phoebe Thorne sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses Pond's. "I believe in it," she says.

White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) Adelaide Weld, debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."

Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion. "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up glamour plus."

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

In Pond's Laboratory—Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.
**She's Dancing Again!**

Here's The Grand Crawford Again!

Swaying to music, smiling, carefree!

You'll love this real story of new happy days for Joan!

Elizabeth Wilson, famous Hollywood writer gives us a new, intimate slant on the celebrated star who clicks again!

Full of human interest to all screen devotees seeking to get inside of Joan Crawford's sensational new successes!

**But One of Many Smart Features!**

The January issue of Silver Screen is filled with gossip, glamor, fashions, studio news, thrilling star stories!

**Read this Grand Story!** —only in the January Silver Screen

10¢ on all newsstands!

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**Screenland's Crossword Puzzle**

By Alma Talley

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ACROSS
1. She's a famous screen "brat."  
2. She sings in an "Alexander's Ragtime Band."  
10. He sings in "Sing, You Sinners."  
15. Wicked Biblical city.  
17. Roof edges.  
26. His new one is "Screen of an Actress."  
22. This dancer is featured in "Hondurra."  
25. Burn.  
27. Unusual.  
28. To walk in water.  
32. Ocean.  
33. The Mad Miss Mantle's new one.  
35. He's married to Ruby Keeler.  
37. A vegetable.  
41. An attendant for the sick.  
43. Tapestry.  
45. She's Mrs. Bing Crosby.  
46. She was one of "The Sisters."  
47. Killed.  
48. Otherwise.  
49. Accepted.  
51. That man.  
52. Estimated.  
54. Grief.  
56. Railway (abbrev.).  
57. The leading man in a movie.  
58. His new one is "Sweethearts."  
60. A high card.  
62. Star of "Made For Each Other."  
64. Greek letter.  
65. One of the "Sinners In Paradise."  
71. Everyone.  
72. "Out of the North," a movie.  
74. Paradise.  
75. Put words on paper.

DOWN
1. He's featured in "Youth Takes a Plane."  
2. Absent.  
4. Compass point (abbrev.).  
5. Like.  
6. To strike along.  
7. A thought.  
8. A vegetable.  
10. To exclude.  
11. She returns to the screen in "That Certain Age."  
12. A number.  
13. Entrance.  
14. Dined up.  
16. Her new one is "Say It In French."  
17. Part of a plant.  
18. Has.  
19. Co-star of "Carefree."  
20. Coward.  
21. To embarrass.  
22. She's featured in "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation."  
23. Natural metals.  
24. She's featured in "Listen Darling."  
25. Not water tight (as a pipe).  
27. On the other side.  
29. Tangled.  
32. Betting advantages.

---

Answer to

Last Month's Puzzle

Fred Cable Abel Aide Orton Lorre Young Titts Flynn Etc Russell Jessa Louise Auer
Sailing Buel Am Travis N. Lady Eddie Joe Liner Nude Pot Fasten Or Raine Elmo Ma
Malt Roans The Shearer Hill Argo All Romeo Stew Bends Ends
They Smell
Continued from page 19

preferably Graves, is served with them. But most passionate snail consumers prefer to skip the dinner and just sit down to a big platter of snails, a leaf of French bread, and a bottle of wine.

SNAILS COLBERT

Mix thoroughly one quarter cup of finely chopped parsley and one clove of very finely chopped garlic into one half pound of butter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Scald the shells. Put a small quantity of the butter mixture into snail shell and insert the snail. In the larger shells you put two snails. Fill the remaining cavity of the shell with more of the butter mixture. Then put the filled shells in the oven and heat thoroughly. They are served hot.

In the homes of the haute monde you are given a little silver fork with which to extract the snail from the shell, otherwise toothpicks will serve the purpose, and serve it well. But even in the homes of the haute monde it is perfectly permissible to drink the juice left in the shell, and to dunk bread into the butty, garlicy sauce.

Now if you know anything at all about garlic (and if you have ever ridden on the Third Avenue L in New York you know a lot about garlic) you know that a clove of it is a goodly bit and can let off a powerful smell. And when you have eaten it, you too have a powerful smell for the next twenty-four hours. I began to wonder if this million dollars' worth of glamour around Miss Colbert's table realized how they were going to smell the next day.

"If any writers come near you girls tomorrow," I said, exulting in being one of the common people. "they'll have every right to print, "She stinks. Who said you Can't Take It With You?" Caustic cracks were made about my lack of wit, but I could see I had those cinema stars worried. It was immediately decided that we could not go to the preview of "The Sisters" because if we blew our breath around any of his pictures Jack Warner would never forgive us. Merle had kissing scenes to do with Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the Lady" early the next morning, to be followed by an interview at noon. Norma had two interviews with foreign correspondents, and Mr. Mayer.

Then Merle remembered the exhibitors from the East and Sam Goldwyn, Norma remembered the dentist and a dinner dance the next night at the Trocadero, and I remembered my "Alice in Wonderland."

"But the snail replied too far, too far, and gave a look askance.

Said he thanked the whiting kindly but he would not join the dance."

I don't remember much after that. I think a Glamor Girl hit me. Well, that was it. Several weeks ago now and the girls have stopped smelling and are going along nicely being great big glamorous movie stars again. Of course they haven't quite as many fans as they used to have—Merle lost that whole batch of eastern exhibitors, and Norma lost two foreign correspondents, a hairdresser, a fitter, a manicurist. Her children stood by her bravely. Gary Cooper is going to have a law passed about leading ladies, and the Messieurs Goldwyn and Mayer think they may have to insert an anti-garlic clause into future contracts. Claudette doesn't have to think up ways to kill time any more as she has to be on the set of "Midnight" every morning by eight thirty. Merle and Norma feel that it was so sweet of Claudette to give that snail dinner, but they are awfully happy she can't give any more for at least 8 weeks.

---

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

-pill says I always smell so nice! That's because I bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

-MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING WHEN YOU BATH WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET! ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOUR, AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS...KEEPS YOU DAINTY AS A FLOWER!

WHAT A LUCKY GUY I AM...ENGAGED TO THE LOVELIEST, DAINIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!

AND WHAT LUCK FOR ME THAT I LEARNED ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET...THE NICER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOUR!

I USE THIS PURE CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CAREDING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTHER AND RADIANT!

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

Screenland 75
BOthered by constipation?
Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

1. Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes just like delicious chocolate milk. No fuss — no bother! No laxative.

2. You sleep through the night — undisturbed! No stomach upset. No nausea or cramps. A rare occurrence to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It can be taken at night — without over-action.

3. The next morning Ex-Lax acts... thoroughly and effectively. It works so gently that the pleasant relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family — the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.
in section "R" I looked with horror, first, and then with admiration on my first rodeo.

Team Roping and Tying. (Animals roped and tied by two hand legs in the same manner as cowboys handle a critter on the range for branding) and Bulldogging (Wrestling with a steer which is one of rodeo's most dangerous events) might sound awfully dull to you, but believe me, it's the most exciting thing I've ever seen. How do those cowboys take chances! But fortunately they rarely get hurt. Behind me Margaret Lindsay and Bob Abbott, said to be engaged, were discussing slick fork saddles and flanking calves like a couple of old cowhands from the Rio Grande. I nearly died of envy. Seeing Nancy Carroll and Charlie Grayson, also said to be engaged, in the grandstand nearby I moved over to visit with them, thinking that a New York gal like Nancy wouldn't know much about Brahna bulls and such. But she knew enough to go out there and rope a few steers herself. Sitting nearby were the Allan Joneses (Irene Hervey) and Bob and Betty Young goggled-eyed with excitement. Bob and Allan have just gone into the horse business as a sideline, but I don't think their little women will let them do any bareback bronco riding any time soon. "Look at those boys ride," Bob yelled. "Ride 'em cowboy, ride 'em! Say, they can do better without a saddle than I can do with a saddle."

They have a cute little custom at the rodeo of naming horses after the celebrities present, and you don't imagine what a start it gives you to hear Abe Leighton, the announcer shout, "Hold your hats, folks, here comes Swede Londo riding Shirley Ross." And, "Look out everybody, here comes Izzie Cook riding Clara Bow." And, "Hold everything, here's Bob Hitchcock riding Charlie Wimmingter."

Also in the grandstand urging on the cowboys and consuming quantities of hot dogs and coca-colas were Edgar Bergen with Jane Stanton (she is the Pacific Coast Girls Tennis Champ and a very pretty blonde), Gene Autry, Clara Bow, Harry Langdon, Tex Ritter, Harry Carey, Shirley Ross and her new husband Ken Dolan, Bobbe Jordan of the "Dead End" Kids, Beverly Roberts with Herb Perry of the Walt Disney studio, Charlie Wimmingter, Joan Payne, Irvin S. Cobb, Hedda Hopper and Billie Burke.

Edgar Bergen (he must have given the slip to Charlie) and Shirley Ross "dressed" for the occasion. It looked very much like the Western Costume Company. Edgar brought Jane, Nancy, Shirley, Charlie Grayson and Ken Dolan down in his limousine with chauffeur—and I am sure the forty-siners would have looked askance at that. If Charlie McCarthy had been there he would have taken one look at Bergen all done up in his pretty new cowboy suit and said with the sneer of a McCarthy, "Get a load of Bergen. Woo-Woo!"

After the rodeo every one who can get inside gathers at the Green Spot which is the town's local saloon, but it will serve coca-cola on request. Here "Jackie" plays the piano while the cowboys and cowgirls strut their stuff. What an old smoothie the Lambeth Walk is when compared with the Cowboy Walk. By the way, those cowboys all come from the cattle ranches and the "dude" ranches near Victorville, and some very handsome guys. As a matter of fact I am beginning to understand the great popularity of the "dude" ranch. I guess I have been too effete Eastern.
means that Hollywood will be looking for new writers to turn them out.

We were talking about the text book the other day. "I'm convinced that in the next two or three years about eighty percent of the motion pictures produced will be the stories written exclusively for the screen," she said. "After all, there are just so many successful plays and novels, not nearly enough to supply the Hollywood demand for material, you know. Even at that a great many of them are unsuitable to the screen. Movie censorship is so much stricter than stage censorship that it is practically impossible to get needed material in that way. Movies play to a much larger audience, not only of grown-ups but children as well.

"Novels usually necessitate a lot of changes to adapt them to screen material. And these changes are often resented by people who loved the book and do not realize that what made good reading could make pretty dull motion picture fare if Followed too literally. Books and even plays depend so much on their psychological values while action is life to pictures."

"Another reason novels are so often resented in their transition to the screen is that readers are so apt to visualize the hero and heroine and often resent the stars playing them because they are different from the own preconceived pictures of them. Just think of the Hollywood headlines that would have been prevented if "Gone With The Wind" wasn't made! Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler would have been cast long ago. But because the millions of readers of that amazing best seller have funereal their pictures of Scarlett and Rhett not to speak of Melanie and all the other characters, the casting has resolved itself into a Hollywood crisis.

"Despite all this, Frances Marion has always been in the lead of any new picture trend. Her "Secret Six" was the first gangster picture, her "Big House" the first important prison production. After these came the avalanche of gangster and prison stories. As a maker of stars she is almost without equal. It was she who first saw possibilities in the tall, lanky cowboy hanging around the Goldwyn lot and insisted Gary Cooper should be given the lead in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." And it was she who picked out Clark Gable, an unknown, for the role of the newspaper man in her "Secret Six" that sent him skyrocketing to fame. She gave it all, and after he had given her an impetus when she fought, with practically the whole studio before she would agree with her that he was the actor to play Butch Jenkins.

"And it was Frances Marion who gave Marie Dressler to the screen—and the way she went about it tells more about Frances herself than about her ability to talk. She walked into my office one day and made the claim that Dressler could do anything she wanted to. I knew what she was up to when I saw "Let Us Be Gay," one of her first talkies. You see, I know Frances Marion better than you ever imagined a screen story can be when she is doing one of those grand, generous things she is always up to. For Marie Dressler was in that picture, playing a role that had been more or less unimportant in the stage version but which had been built up so in the picture that Marie practically stole it.

"Then a few years later the same thing happened in "Anna Christie." You all know the result. Marie Dressler's greatest fame came because of that role.

"But there is more, Marie. It is not only what Frances Marion did with Dressler, and know the selfless devotion she had always felt for Marie to see the whole picture. I knew the story. Years ago when I was on the set of my first talking Film studios I saw one of the grandest friendships I've ever been privileged to see. Marie Dressler was a comedienne then, one of the best the stage or screen has ever known, and Frances wrote some of those grand early comedies of hers. When the years seemed to leave Marie defeated and forgotten Frances was determined to help her. And she knew the only help Marie would accept would be a new and fresh role. Frances persuaded the studio to cast Marie as the dowager in the one and the boisterous harriaroy in the other and then she built up the roles. The rest is written in those characterizations. They were written in love and devotion and loyalty. She wrote all of Marie's pictures after that just as at an earlier time she helped all of Mary Pickford's biggest successes.

"It was in the back in the days when studios were paying anything from ten to twenty-five dollars a week. Bill Wouafi and several other scenario writers were making seventy-five dollars a week tops that she struck for the giddy price of two hundred dollars. And she kept it on the roof top.

"Yet money, as money, means little to Frances. She is prodigal in her generosity and those closest to her have to watch her keep from being a skimp by any everything she makes. Begging letters are kept away from her now. They have to be for her own protection. And sometimes I feel as though people who so glorify celebrities they have never met asking for assistance could know how impossible it is to meet all those demands and how unhappy it makes the recipients when they see they can't, if they would, keep on doing it. When I was visiting her out in that lovely Eighteenth Century English house of hers down there I was amazed at the love and care I found there. As I asked her I was afraid if I did I'd find the whole house wrapped up in tissue paper and deposited on my doorstep. Frances, Frances, Frances was morning! For I thought of the friend who made a complimentary remark about her silver at the luncheon table the day I arrived. "Do you like it?" Frances said, "I don't want it. I've got much more than I need." She began gathering silver from the sideboard drawers and, I'll never forget it, she gave it all away, the kindly despit, who was then in charge of the Marian dining room, interrupted her hastily, "But Miss Marion, we'll need the silver for the dinner party." And I won't forget her secretary coming back from the hospital after the automobile accident where in when Frances was hurt. We could only hope she would recover. There were tears in the girl's eyes as she typed out the instructions Frances had given her. She was preparing for the operating room.

"They made three typewritten pages, those instructions. Don't forget the milk for the sick, and such a family. And I'll never forget if the Dash's rent is paid and call up that magazine about the story Elizabeth is doing on Marie Dressler (we have been discussing the incident), get that boy who was Marie's secretary down for a few weeks, you'll need help anyway and he can give her all the help she can give. She will be long before I'll be able to that will hurt the story, the story." And so on and on without one word about Frances herself. She had sold her house, cleared out and bought another supply of the frivolous little bed jackets she adores because we discovered she had given away the last one of her own supply away. When I was allowed to see her just after she had..."
More Gifts for Beauty

Above, D'Oro's Belle de Jour, perfume, lilting, gay, the spirit of yesterday and tomorrow, quaintly bottled in white alabaster. Below, Nestle's Hair Kit. It will groom those curls high in sleek, shining array. Brilliantine, curl-comb and lotion.

Above, Woodbury make-up trio, powder, rouge and lipstick, smartly boxed. Below, a little gift but a good one—Maybelline mascara, pencil and eye cream. Maybe you owe yourself this gift!

Above, for both beauty, she will like Hudnut's Du Barry soap chest, or that dainty jar of fragrant bath crystals. Below, the tourist will adore Kleinert's roomy kit; large center space, two-wide fitted pockets. A real boon to travelers.

come off the danger list I found her propped up in bed, her badly smashed shoulder eased by pillows, pencil in hand and bed strewn with papers. Much to her doctor's apprehension she was working on a novel. She was smiling that impish smile of hers as she waved at the flower-cluttered room. "Looks like a smash hit, doesn't it?" she giggled. Then later she spoke about her shoulder that was so badly crushed it had to be wired together. "I'm just a marionette," she purred. "All strung with wires."

There are people who say Frances was born with the proverbial gold spoon. Certainly she was born with a bright array of talents to choose a career from. For she could have been an artist, a pianist, or a singer. But on the other hand the very diversity of these talents could just as well have stopped her from achieving success in any one of them. Too many potential geniuses have lived out their days as charming dilettantes. So I'd say if anything it was her urge to work that proved to be her gold spoon rather than her talents, great as they are. She started as an artist in San Francisco where she was born. They were gay days up there on Telegraph Hill where she had her studio along with all the other young Bohemians of the city. One of the artists who knew her then told me that Frances showed the greatest promise of any of them, even though she was only a kid in her teens. But she wasn't content as the rest of them were with dreaming of future success in the fine arts. She didn't believe in going hungry. So she set out and got herself some commercial work to do, much to the criticism of the others who felt real art was above such petty necessities as food and clothes and a roof over their heads. But their convictions didn't stand in the way of their eating the grand dinners Frances cooked for them.

That's how she came to Hollywood, or rather Los Angeles, for at that time the glamorous movie town of today was a bleak, sparsely settled suburb. Laurette Taylor's stage hit "Peg of My Heart" was playing there and Frances had been given the commission to do a play for the play. The movies were just beginning their struggle for importance and Frances was fascinated by her first glimpse of the make-shift studios. So she stayed to grow up with them, to work with them and do her tremendous share in making what they are today. After all Frances has the blood of pioneers in her veins. Since the first men and women of her line to settle a new country came over here from Scotland and England the family has done its share in the making of American history. They fought in the Indian wars and in the Revolution and they cleared farms in a wilderness. The first wagon train carried some of them West and they did their share in the settling of California, knew the excitement of San Francisco during the gold rush. So maybe it isn't so strange that Frances became a pioneer too.

Most of the other pioneers are forgotten in Hollywood today. Of course some of them are remembered in a nostalgic sentimental way and occasionally one or the other of them will be thrown a little bouquet made up of type and graceful phrases in articles written about the old times. Old times! All of twenty years ago. Hollywood exaggerates time as much as it does everything else. But people seem to have forgotten that Frances was one of those pioneers. They never reminisce about her, the way they do about the others who tasted their glory with her. How can they, when they are too busy talking about what she is doing today and tomorrow and next year? For in a town of ever-shifting values Frances Marion seems as permanent as Hollywood Boulevard itself.
it immediately that Bette Davis, on com-
pletion of her picture, would go into court,
his marital vacation becoming a legal separa-
tion.

Fantastic rumors were in circulation by this
time. One was that Harmon Nelson, weary of his career-chance, had strayed into other
and Hollywood was sat

Another rumor had it that Bette had fallen
in love with Errol Flynn while the two
were playing opposite each other in "The
Saxophone."  

Walter Winchell stated over the radio
that Bette Davis was about to marry a
millionaire. He must have had Howard
Hibber, who was never met Hughes
but once—the night he sat at her table
at the Tailwaggers' Ball.

Again I sought Bette to deny these
ridiculous rumors, and to give me, as an
old friend, a definite statement to clarify
the situation. I still couldn't believe that,
stealed as she was against Hollywood gos-
sip in the beginning of her marriage, she
would admit, after six years weathering
the worst of the storm, that Hollywood
was stronger than hers and Harmon Nel-
sen. She wanted to believe that was willing to say
even less than she had said to me before.

"I will not talk," she declared—this time
in a determined tone. "Even if I should go
into court under any circum-
crances what has happened between
Ham and me. It is our personal affair.

Bette Davis is protecting something very
sacred. Unlike stars we've known with
pasts they wished to forget when they
"arrived" in Hollywood, this New England
girl brought to Hollywood a college
romance which had warmed and
inspired her whole struggle for
a foothold. Her mother—who she calls
"home, every step of the way, but Ham's love walked beside
her, a constant comfort and support.

Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson have
loved each other for nearly twenty
years, six of which they have been married. They
were fellow students at Cushing Academy,
where they began to call each other "Ham" and
"Bette." Bette had other romances,
but lanley Harmon Nelson (who reminds
me a lot of Jimmy Stewart) is the only one
of Bette's beaux who ever really got
under her skin as her family put it. She will never
for them during the years of sepa-
ration of struggle or success. However,
for some time, Bette, the Hollywood Big
Sister, with the help of Harmon
Nelson, obscure orchestra-leader crooner.

"I knew Ham and I belonged together," she
said shortly after their elopement to
Yuma in 1932. "But I was afraid of put-
ing him in the position of being a star's
husband."

She was prepared for a barrage of gos-
sip. "I'm intelligent enough to comprehend
that having become a movie personality,
I'm on the traditional ride," she stated.
Success on the screen has a price. But
there is one thing Hollywood cannot do
to me. It cannot, arbitrarily, make me a
divorcee just because that's the customary
sequel to a Hollywood marriage!"

Bette shielded Harmon Nelson in every
way possible. Do you know why she
rented a house for $75,000 a month on a
neighborhood street in Hollywood, where
nobody lived who was anybody in
pictures? I'll tell you why! Because Harmon
Nelson dared her to find a house that
they would be willing to live in on his salary. She took the dare—not to keep
Hollywood from calling Ham "Mr. Bette
Davis"—but to cinch her own job as Mrs.
Harmon Nelson. She knew that Ham
would not spend one cent of her money.

Six months ago, the Nelsors surprised
filmland moving into a big Spanish-
California house in Coldwater Canyon—
a house built around a patio, with such
starry accessories as a swimming pool,
tennis court, but still as Cape Coddish in
character as was their modest home on
the Tocadero. Their new house is filled with
Bette's antiques, samplers, convex mirrors,
and her prized collection of Sandwich and
Britat glass.

Keeping up an extravagant Hollywood
front had no appeal for the New England-
born Nelsors. Harmon Nelson continued
to pay the rent. By this time he had
worked himself up to an impor-
tant position as executive in the firm
of Rockwell-O'Keefe which handles mu-
sicians and orchestras. At no time did I
ever see Bette and her husband at the
Tocadero or any other night spots, with
the exception of the Cacoonet Grove, where
occasionally they went to dance. There
was no glamour for them in night clubs
which so long had been Ham's job. The
Nelsors spent most of their evenings at
home.

They arrived at their Coldwater Canyon
home one night, just as they were finish-
ing their simple dessert of chocolate pud-
ing. Harmon had on a yellow sweater
that matched the muffin tops which had been
cut from the garden and placed in a pewter
bowl in the center of the maple tavern
table. Bette wore comfortable cotton pa-
lamas, her hair piled in curls. She had on
shoes and sandals. Her hair, which she
had worn piled in curls in pommadour style
for weeks during the making of "The
Saxophone," was now allowed to lie behind-screen rest along with its owner.
It hung down to her shoulders, straight
as a poker. Her face was shiny and tan.
minus make-up with the exception of lip-
stick. Yet I never saw Bette Davis look
as attractive, or happier—funnier-looking,
either, when—after we had gone into the
theater, or coffee—she sat, crossing and uncrossing
her legs, in her Grandmother
LaFaver's chair covered in petit-point
roses. Her mind works like a lightning
conductor. She kept up a brilliant flow of
conversation in that quick, onrushing
throaty voice of hers. She's an exciting,
fascinating person to me.

When Bette Davis became president of
the Tailwaggers' Foundation, she adopted
thousands more dogs.

It was quiet and peaceful in Coldwater
Canyon. The Nelsors were getting a kick
out of the crickets and the frogs. I could

Virginia Dobney, formerly of Atlantic,
Go, now in Hollywood, for Paramount.

Sing poems or melody writers! Send for outstanding, amusing offer. Being is believing.

IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE HAPPY!

You have waited long enough, a time now that your
life should change
that you should succeed, that hap-
piness should come to your home
for good. It is all
so simple when you
and know the
treasure
which rule your
destiny. To find out
simply ask your
name (Mr. or
Mrs.), ad-
dress, date and place of birth to Professor
Benedict. V. G. Bonheur, 13 Rue Richelieu,
Roubaix, Nord, France, (Postage: 5c) and you
will receive a free trial reading (in plain envelope) that will astound you
by its insight. Happiness, according to
Assissi, is as easy as breathing. Just like any
other science, and your reading will con-
tain the key to this valuable knowledge.
Professor Benedict, leading astrologer of
Roubaix, is said to have devoted his entire
life to the practice of star-tar
and by his unique methods, he claims to read effec-
tively. If you wish to define some of his
terrestrial prices, please add 2/ steam
bees. He will read for you a free
trial reading (in plain envelope) that will
be returned if you are not satisfied. Important:
If you do not receive your free reading, Professor Bene-
dict will send you a curious free trial
man with his reply.

80
A little shiver ran up my backbone when I heard the horse's hoof step ever, when I saw Bette run over two cam-
men in her dash to the door. Nelson met her with a shy, proud grin.
"Just a little horse to con-
gratulate the top lady," he said, and stooped quickly to kiss her before a pho-
tographer realized what a rare candid shot he was missing!

Is Bette overly ambitious? After eighty-
five per cent of the critics voted her the
outstanding American actress on the
screen, did she begin to take herself too
seriously? Is it true what they say about
"Jezebel" having gone to her head? The
facts as I know them, will answer these
questions. No, Bette Davis is ambitious,
who wouldn't be, with her talent? But
Bette's ambition does run away with her
to the home-breaking point. Didn't she
actually go on record to say that Marilyn
had developed her into a better actress?
Ham was the last person in the world
to want her to quit her job in which she's
performed herself after years of hard work.

He was always proud of Bette's progress
as an actress. It was his custom to go
above and beyond pictures to where she
stayed at home as nervous as a kitten.
When Ham came back from "Jezebel," his
way of raving was to say, "Spuds, you've
got a real winner in that one!"

If it isn't the usual question of ambition
and jealousy separating this Hollywood
couple, is it the money that Bette Davis
cann't escape from? Hollywood or Hoboken
the money question is said to be the cause of more than half the
divorces. The rash clash in Hollywood is
trumpeted vigorously. A movie pic-
ture star's salary is more than that of the
President of the United States or the
president of a steel corporation. It is gull-
ing the heart to realize that his wife can buy and sell him.

On what grounds would Bette Davis or
Harmon Nelson sue for divorce? I have
it solemnly from Mrs. Davis that there is
no other person involved—unless you
want to credit the "in-law rumor." Namely,
that mother Ruthie and sister Bobbie (who
is heard this), it was gotten quickly, as
Bette's so often that Harmon complained
even the hours they could spend together
were not spent alone!

The world may never know the real
reason if it waits for Bette to disclose it.
My guess is that it is a case of tempera-
ment. Harmon Nelson remains a con-
sequence of this. He has always had to have
her straight-laced, or illegal, or else, she says:
"I couldn't have played getaway girls or
didn't care about winning something.

When she first came to Hollywood, they
called Bette Davis "a little brown wren.
In comparison, today, she is a fighting
cock. She found out that the best way to
beat the game in Hollywood is to stand
up and fight. She had to fight to get out
of sister roles and sweet young things. She
drove out of drugstore and drugstore
molls. She fought Warner Bros. for the right to make pictures
in England two years ago. When she lost
that battle, she went back to Europe and
returned to work, I knew she was
just biding her time. I wasn't surprised
when she reopened the old battle with
Ham. It's a battle that has been
self suspended for refusal to play "Come
Over Broadway," which she felt would be a
fall-down after "Jezebel" that sent her stock
shooting. Suddenly, Business had cleaned up
tremendous profits for the studio.

This sort of thing takes a lot out of a
woman. What's left, the husband gets.
The family doctor told Bette to "ride
horse." Yet she is extremely sensitive
and high-strung. She's an individualist as
a woman and as a movie star. She's always
refused to be put in the Hollywood mold.

Never wanted to be a glamour girl—cut
the kick of her life when Time Magazine
called her "Pop-eyed the Magnificent."

Ham's wise today couldn't possibly be
the "Spuds" of the married. Primarily, she's
a studio investment. She was working in
"The Sisters" when Harmon Nelson left
for New York for a month's business trip.
He was anxious for Bette to go with him.
But what happened? She couldn't even go
to the station and see him off! This is be-
lieved to have been the beginning of the
end.

"Click—And You've
Got Something"

Continued from page 59
automatic spring on the camera, shot it,
and that was out of my system!"

Roland Young, as Topper, wandered up
to us, glanced through the pictures and
admitted them, satirically. "Fun doing this
film," he observed, after we had waited in
silence while a scene was being played, "but
it's tedious sitting in the trick stuff.
Constance Bennett has just disappeared
and we're in for more ghosting!"

"Rather fun, trick stuff," commented
Alan, I like to experiment with my cam-
eras. I use a fog filter and put them to get
some special shot. I used it for a pic-
ture of my daughter in the garden. It was
a bright, sunny day, but it came out very
misty, with my little girl looking like a
fairy about to float away. One of the best
pictures I ever got was made on the set of
an Eddie Cantor picture a few years ago.
I had my daughter visiting me on the set,
and Eddie thought he'd make her laugh.
But she was giving him nothing, simply
sitting there. He tried all his tricks, put
her on his lap, and suddenly some-
thing struck her as amusing and she leaned
back and roared. I clicked my shutter.
Here's the picture. That's another of the
advertising experts would like to have. My
daughter doesn't mind the camera. She's
used to seeing me fussing around with it
and paying no attention. Then I call her,
she sits for a moment, and it's over.

"I have one of those angle-shot things
that attaches to a camera so that you seem
to be pointing your lens in one direction,
but actually, you are shooting in another.
In that way, it's possible to get good un-
posed stuff. But I doubt if you could fool
children with it. You might manage it
once, but the second time they'd be on
to you.

"In this shot, my daughter was actually
posing. She was visiting the British bat-
tleship, H.M.S. Daucie, and the men gave
her the cap and made quite a pet of her.
She wanted a picture, so I took it. But as
a rule, I creep up on her when she's doing
something and shoot.

"I very seldom show my pictures to
people. I hate that old family-album stuff,
where you drag out the back and make
people look at Cousin Hetty and Aunt
Areabelle, and Bobby when he was on
the football team, and so on. It bores people
because it is, after all, your personal
to show them up if they're good, and throw
them into a drawer. Except, of course, for
the few I frame for my wife. She has several
upstairs in one corner. For myself, what
I want is a record, as I said before.
Something to keep. To record the swift
changes in my children. Even in these few
shots you can see how my daughter has grown.

"For a hobby, you know, taking pictures
is really worth while. You've got some-
thing. Yes, you've got something!"

SCREENLAND
TAGGING
the
TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Lew Ayres as a doctor just out of medical school, facing career, loyalty-to-parents, and girl problems. First of a series, it is warm, human, well written and finely directed drama, splendidly acted by Ayres, Lionel Barrymore as a physical cripple but vigorous scientist, Lynn Carver and others. There is a restraint and honesty about the characters and story that make it genuine and absorbing entertainment.

High-jinks over homicide—two of 'em to be exact. It doesn't make sense, this tale of a junior leaguer and a reporter tracking down a murderer, but the nonsense it develops will make you glad you went to see the show. Barbara Stanwyck with a knock-out wardrobe, an unconvincing rôle to act, but plenty of good wisecracking dialogue, romps through her part, Henry Fonda and Sam Levene score.

Corking cast—Constance Bennett, looking like a million, new leading man Vincent Price (who can become a definite screen asset); Mischa Auer; Helen Broderick; Charles Ruggles, supported by Joy Hodges and others. It is giddy comedy in a silky setting and deals with an efficient business woman, La Bennett, who pines for a man with a mind of his own, and meets him in Vincent Price. Light, bright diversion.

Hollywood, after landing many a lusty poke at the parole system in many a gangster melo, here takes it back, and shows how offenders by mistake rather than criminal intent, are spared degradation of jail terms. Routine in story and staging, it is grim but moderately entertaining melodrama presenting Jane Bryan and Ronald Reagan as pleasing principals and Sheila Bromley as an able femm. "heavy."

A London stage hit transferred to the films, and your chance to see precisely what entertains the tired business man of Britain. It's for grownups (or had we better say for those who've attained their legal majority?), with the always pleasing Jack Buchanan as a shy but none-the-less eager romantic trying to get out of one engagement to get engaged to another girl. Songs, gags, a typical London stage revue.

The story of two young lawyers, one turning the corner that leads to gangland, the other going the straight and righteous path that brings him to the district attorney's office—where he wins his big case because his pal confesses on himself and his gangster clients. It is satisfying melodrama capably played by Robert Cumarings and Thomas Beck as head men, with Helen Mack and Lyle Talbot prominent.

For a yarn about seafarin' fellows you couldn't get a better cast than Charles Bickford, Preston Foster, Andy Devine and Frank Jenks—with Barton MacLane in reserve. Now if only the story was as robust as these hearts, you'd have something more than just good average melo-drama in this quick-moving and well acted film. Tom Brown and Nan Grey take over the romantic part of the show most capably.

A refreshing film of humorous and wholesome appeal, this is pleasing entertainment as well as honest story-telling. It gives you glimpses into the lives and hearts of several girls at a school where Anne Shirley overcomes snobishness on the part of richer students, but girls just like herself underneath the social shams foisted upon them. Nan Grey, Gloria Holden, Noah Beery, Jr., in a fine cast.

Armand Denis and his wife Leila Roosevelt show you life as lived by savage men and wild beasts in the Belgian Congo. Scenically it is a glorious record of a trip through a land of thrilling contrasts. Little you have not been shown in previous films about Africa, but much to fascinate you as expert camerawork captures magnificent landscapes, awesome jungles and weird customs of the pigmy and Urundi tribes.
TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR BEFORE YOU BUY

Lady Esther's New 7-Day Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with only 1 coat instead of 2...makes nails gleam like sparkling gems

At last, a cream nail polish of enduring loveliness...a polish that goes on in one smooth coat...and stays perfect for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling...to keep its lustrous finish days longer...to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents more than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an entirely new way to buy polish...a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

Try on before you buy!

Haven’t you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the sales-girl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you hope is right...but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes.

And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther “Color Tips” at right—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment...to save polish, time and money!

You’ll want to start right now—so try on these “Color Tips” at once and don’t stop until you’ve found the one glorious color that’s lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther’s 7-Day Nail Polish the first time you’re shopping.

10¢

CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—THese "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.
Merry Christmas Everybody...

...and to everybody more smoking pleasure

Chesterfield Cigarettes in their attractive Christmas cartons appeal to everyone. Their refreshing mildness and better taste give smokers everywhere more pleasure.

Chesterfield They Satisfy

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
The Kentucky of great tradition has inspired a great picture... in all the splendor of Technicolor!

Proud romance... beautiful women... chivalrous men... magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!

Kentucky

with

LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE
and WALTER BRENNAN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN
Photographed in Technicolor

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote
From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY
"'Pink Tooth Brush'—
So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

**IPANA AND MASSAGE**

That dull, dingy, dreary smile—it can't be yours! Why, yours was the smile that had such magic—yours were the brightest of bright, sparkling teeth! What happened—who's at fault?

You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant trouble. You knew the step you ought to take—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible person, you're going to take right now!

You're too wise and too lovely to go on taking chances with the beauty of your smile. So see your dentist—and see him today. And when he tells you how to help guard against "pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage—follow his advice!

**Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"**

"**Pink Tooth Brush**" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but find out the truth. Usually, however, it simply means gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. His advice will probably be, "more work for lazy gums" and very often, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation is increased within the gum walls, gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as attractive as it should be!

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

**SCREENLAND**

**TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH**

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.
They Built a New America with Glory and Guns...They Were MEN That Women Could Love!

The grandest adventure-romance since "Cimarron" stormed the screen...crowded with stars, action and thrills!

Published in this space every month

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tidbits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.


Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M? Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."

"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Moscha Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

Love is sweeping the country.
"Thanks for Everything"

That happens to be the title of a current 20th Century-Fox picture, but it also tells a lot that I want you to know!

Your generous response to the new and better Screenland at the now low price of 10 cents, expressed in your enthusiastic letters, is indeed appreciated. It's your way of telling us you like us. Now we are responding to your enthusiasm by striving, in every new issue, to give you just exactly what you want most and like best in screen magazine entertainment. It is our purpose not only to amuse you but to hold your interest, to offer you such beauty pictorially, and such stimulation editorially, as will induce you to come back asking for more!

Several features we are planning will particularly interest you, such as:

Hollywood Wives vs. Glamor Girls. A wholly frank discussion of a vital problem usually ducked by writers because in cinematic town they sometimes prefer to dodge the issue. We don't!

How Hedy Lamarr Fights for a Private Life. The sensation of "Algiers," now co-starring with Spencer Tracy in "I Take This Woman," denies herself to interviewers these days, but she reveals to her friend Elizabeth Wilson and to no other her secret struggle for a life of her own in hectic Hollywood. Can she live down her "Ecstasy" past and plan her future for herself?

Charlie McCarthy's Secretary Tells All! Here's a story not only as amusing as you'd expect since it's about the famous dummy and his Svengali, Edgar Bergen, but also of interest to every girl who is a private secretary or hopes to be. It's a great job, admits the Bergen-McCarthy right-hand girl, but it's strenuous—and she tells why.

And now I've told you why you'll want to get the next, the March issue of Screenland, on sale February 3rd.

Paul C. Hunter,
Publisher.

February, 1939
Vol. XXXVIII, No. 4

Every Story a Feature

The Editor's Page.......................... Delight Evans 17
Hollywood Whirl.......................... 18
Hollywood Women are Sexless!........... Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 22
"All Right, I'll Fight!" Robert Taylor as told to.... Charles Darnton 24
"I'm No So-And-So!" Alice Faye as told to........ Liza 25
1 Career is Enough. Says Mary Livingston Benny... Miriam Rogers 26
I Worked for a Star. Melvyn Douglas........ Mary Jacobs 28
Serious Side of a Screwball. Coroley Lombard... Elizabeth Wilson 30
What 1939 Holds for the Stars. Narvell as told to Tommy Thompson 32
Candy Store Cinderella. Ellen Drew........ Tom Kennedy 34
Picture Your Pet Contest.......................... 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.................. Delight Evans 52
How to Live and Love. Madeleine Carroll.... Jack Holland 54
That Twosome, Tyrone Power and Eraxka........ Ruth Tildesley 56
Screenland Glamor School. Edited by Paulette Goddard.... 58
Hollywood Fashions.......................... 60
Benchley's Best Short.......................... Anita Kinmore 62
Great Women of Motion Pictures. Ill. Natalie Kolmus.. Ida Zeittel 64

Special Art Section:
- Deanna Durbin, Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, Ann Sheridan, Marie Wilson, Paul Muni, Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell, Joan Parker, Joan Crawford, Nan Grey, Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, James Cagney, Rosemary Lane, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month, Errol Flynn and "Anna" by Morgan Dennis.

Departments:
Honor Page........................................ 6
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle.................. Alma Talley 8
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews............. 10
Inside the Stars' Homes. Whitney Bourne.... Betty Boone 14
Here's Hollywood. Screen News............. Weston East 66
You Can Wear Purple! Beauty................ Courtenay Marvin 72
Yours for Loveliness.............................. 73

Cover Portrait of Shirley Temple

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5
To David Niven, hitherto merely a clever comedian, who comes into his own with a fine and dramatic portrayal in "Dawn Patrol" with Errol Flynn.

Of course you know Niven—gay, debonair, ingratiating young Englishman whose suave comedy has enlivened many a picture. But we venture to say you have never taken him very seriously as an actor of parts. Now, you'll change your mind—for in "Dawn Patrol," in support of the dashing Errol Flynn, and as only one member of a magnificent cast including Rathbone and Donald Crisp, he stands out for charm, sympathy, and a truly dramatic characterization. "Dawn Patrol," stirring story of the doomed heroes who flew to glory in the great war, is a picture long to remember, with not the least of its merits the poignant, poetically humorous, completely winning characterization of David Niven, whom from now on we will watch for important acting.
HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! ... AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!

They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know!

WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN as the adventurous leader of "The DAWN PATROL"

with a dashing squadron of famous players including

BASIL RATHBONE
DAVID NIVEN
DONALD CRISP

Melville Cooper - Barry Fitzgerald - Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOU LDING

SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTHEROH - FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS
SCREENLAND’s Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. He’s married to Jeanette MacDonald
2. The late Charlie Chan
3. He’s featured in “Men With Wings”
4. In alignment
5. He’s married to Ann Sothern
6. To bellow
7. Angers (slang)
8. A beverage
9. To bring up
10. Yes
11. A gown
12. “... Hot to Handle,” a movie
13. He’s featured in “Young Dr. Kiddare”
14. He sings again in “Sweet-hearts”
15. Exclamation of woe
16. Man’s nickname
17. Measures of land
18. Note of the scale
19. A kind of cheese
20. He’s featured in “Exposed”
21. A step leading up or down
22. Soft drink
23. Prince John in “Robin Hood”
24. Opposed to
25. He’s featured in “Army Girl”
26. A Rover
27. A unlucky date for Caesar
28. Compass point (abrev.)
29. Sea
30. Part of your head
31. French article
32. A hornet’s nest
33. She’s started in “One Third of a Nation”
34. What Snow skates on
35. Small child
36. Kind of whiskey
37. Comedienne with a Southern accent
38. His new one is “The Citadel”
39. Monkey
40. To arouse from sleep
41. Scents
42. Judge Hardy
43. An owl’s call
44. An old time musical instrument
45. Made of a certain kind of ore
46. She’s featured in “A Man To Remember”
47. DOWN
1. He co-stars in “The Cowboy and the Lady”
2. One of the Great Lakes
3. He’s featured in “St. Louis Blues”
4. A female sheep
5. Either
6. A gambling game
7. “That Certain ...” with Deanna Durbin
8. Teddy
9. “Young ... Kiddare,” a movie
10. Monk’s title
11. Makes muddy
12. To relieve
13. Leading lady in “Sing, You Sinners”
14. Only
15. The parts that actors play
16. The mother in “Listen Darling”
17. What you row a boat with
18. She dances in “Hoolahoop”
19. Countries
20. Co-star of “Carefree”
21. Eccentric dancer, in “My Lucky Star”
22. Rode, as in a car
23. Studies
24. Hendricks in “Valley of the Giants”
25. Get up
26. Girl’s name
27. Scarlett’s home in “Gone With the Wind”
28. Also
29. Merchandise
30. He co-stars in “The Road to Reno”
31. Greek letter
32. Again
33. Range of a man’s voice
34. Star of “The Joy of Living”
35. Famous Alaska gold rush district
36. An image that is worshipped
37. Buffalo Bill
38. Assembled faces
39. Stars’ names are in this kind of lights
40. A bet, in poker
41. Part of to be
42. Kitchens utensil
43. Exclamation
44. True
45. Printers’ measure

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

JANE ALICE BING OWE SODOM ARIA EAVES PER BRENT LYE ELEANOR NEE RAM RARE FLONDA AL FERE PEEFLY LEE LEAD FERR BAFF FAIR NURSE ARRAS LER ANITA SLATE LEE HS TOY HERO EDDY ACE LOMBARD ETA BOLES ML FLAH EDEN WROTE SEAN LANE EXOTI ANTE
At Last!
You SEE them CLASH ON THE SCREEN!

W.C. FIELDS
in You Can't Cheat an Honest Man
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie Mccarthy

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogie
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN
1. Watch your youngster’s face brighten when you give him a half-tablet of Ex-Lax. No struggle to get him to take a laxative. Children actually love the delicious chocolate taste of Ex-Lax!

2. His sleep is not disturbed after taking Ex-Lax. It doesn’t upset little tummies or bring on cramps. Ex-Lax is a mild and gentle laxative—ideal for youngsters!

3. The next morning, Ex-Lax acts... thoroughly and efficiently! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the grown-ups as well as the youngsters. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Shirley Temple is in it—which means this will delight great masses of this and other lands. There is not much help from the story, which is formula stuff, but in the course of bringing prosperity back for her temporarily impoverished father, Shirley does a cute song number, dances with Bill Robinson and Joan Davis, and makes life more exciting for Charles Farrell, Bert Labr, Claude Gillingwater and others.

Skulduggery in India’s sunny clime, with the British forcesquelling revolt by a nefarious kahn. It’s a far more suspenseful and entertaining picture than that plot indicates, the romance in which two brothers are in love with the same girl working in adroitly with the melodramas. Excellently played by Patric Knowles as the aviator who outwits the kahn, Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson and a good cast.

If only you don’t expect too much in the way of novelty and surprise in story development, you can have a jolly hour or so watching Lucille Ball and James Ellison progress through a series of laughable incidents occurring during a trailer trip to Reno. Unpretentious as to production and the manner of its treatment, this is nevertheless good entertainment, despite a mechanical plot. An amusing program film.

More adventures of boys who play awful rough in line with a vogue started by “Dead End.” This companion band to the originals is made up of Frankie Thomas, Harold Huber, David Oliver, Holly Chester, Harris Berger, William Benedict and Charles Duncan. As balloonists in Long Island drawing-room they make the sublime smugness of society ridiculous. Ed Horton, Misch Auer and Mary Boland also present.
Candy not only tastes good—it gives you valuable energy, as Hollywood stars have discovered. Our star of the month, Whitney Bourne, whips up the right ingredients in her own kitchen, at right.

Remove at once and pour on wet cold platter. Cool until lukewarm. Beat with paddle or spatula until the fondant becomes white and creamy. Then knead with hands so it will not crumble. Put it away in a bowl or a jar, cover well and let stand 24 hours longer. Then flavor, color and shape as desired. Ripened fondant may be kneaded, flavored, and shaped with the hands and also may be melted and used for dipping or making cream mints.

"You can use it to stuff dates, prunes or nut meats, or for dipping nuts and grapes and strawberries. Ever try it with those enormous big unhulled berries? And you can make mints, like these, with it by coloring the fondant with vegetable coloring and flavoring as desired.

"This is Divinity fudge, this is chocolate, and this is Penuchi. I don’t know what Penuchi means, but it’s heavenly!"

**DIVINITY FUDGE**

3 cups granulated sugar  
1 cup Karo, Red Label  
½ cup water  
2 egg whites  
¾ teaspoon salt  
½ cup chopped mixed nuts  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine Karo, water, salt and sugar, boil to 265°F. (hard ball stage). Beat egg whites stiff and gradually beat in the boiling syrup. Whip it until it begins to stiffen, add vanilla and nuts. Beat again and pour into a pan slightly oiled with Mazola or butter.

(Continued on page 81)

**IN WINTER...** Let Hinds Lotion help your hands say nice things about you.

**Even one application makes Chapped Hands feel smoother!**

People look at your hands and think—"She’s well groomed, hands so smooth!"... Or—"She’s let herself go, hands so rough!" Don’t let them stay that way. Use Hinds. Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even one application helps soften up flaky chapping. Hinds coaxes back the "Honeymoon Softness" that wind, cold, steam heat, and hard water take away. Right now you can try Hinds without risking a cent. Good-Will Bargain (below) is at toilet goods counters.

**TIME EXTENDED ON GOOD-WILL BARGAIN**

**MONEY BACK**—Buy the medium size Hinds. You get a Good-Will gift bottle with it. Try the gift bottle first. If it doesn't convince you that Hinds is grand for chapped hands, take the large bottle back unopened, where you bought it—and get Money Back.

**EXTRA LOTION**—Keep both bottles and you get nearly 20% extra lotion—at no extra cost! More of this fine favorite lotion for the money than ever before! Hinds also comes in 10c, 25c, 81 sizes.
THE ROSE TEST
Dip a rose into two inches of water in an ordinary glass. Remove, and see how the waxy film has repelled most of the water. Then add a little Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam to the water and dip the rose again. Now remove it; you will note that every petal is covered with water; Luster-Foam has surged into tiny pits and cracks on the petal surface in a way impossible with water alone. On the teeth, Luster-Foam acts similarly, foaming into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the enamel, where so much decay starts.

Told on the petals of a rose

THE MAGIC TALE OF HOW LUSTER-FOAM GETS TEETH SUPER-CLEAN

The simple little experiment outlined above, we believe, will convince you that Luster-Foam detergent, in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, is indeed a remarkable dental discovery... the modern, dainty aid to lovelier, more lustrous teeth, which you should be using.

It gives you a close-up of Luster-Foam detergent in action... makes it easier for you to comprehend how amazingly it cleanses your teeth, reveals its astonishing power to spread into danger zones of decay.

You readily understand how this super-wetting agent, as Science calls Luster-Foam, surges into neglected, hard-to-etch areas that even water alone may not enter, and gets after tiny defects on teeth enamel, where some authorities state more than 75% of decay starts. (See chart to right.)

The Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath"
Energized into a dainty "bubble bath" at the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam gets to these danger zones. Meanwhile it attacks those oily food films which hold fresh stains, foster decay, and make the enamel dull. At the same time, Luster-Foam aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments that attack enamel.

Is it any wonder that this new tooth paste is winning thousands of friends every day? See why yourself. Your drug counter has it in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and big, double-size at 40¢.

TYPICAL DANGER ZONES
WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE MORE THAN 75% OF DECAY STARTS

Tiny pits, cracks, and fissures in these danger zones are breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that most of it is centered in the bicuspid and molars, although other teeth showed a substantial amount.

Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was created to get at these vulnerable areas, so often neglected and so hard to reach.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR MARLENE:

Farewell to legs!

Let’s be frank. They’re not News, as such, any more. During your European jaunt things have been happening here too. Gorgeous gams are no longer a novelty. More dozens of obscure if dazzling actresses have perched obligingly on ship rails for news cameramen—but knee art, alas, is not enough. The girls who grabbed the most space and audience attention while you were away were: 1, Hedy Lamarr in “Algiers”—for eyes and ability, not for knees. 2, Bette Davis, for magnificent emotion in every picture. 3, assorted youngsters such as lovely little Jane Bryan, with buoyancy, terrific enthusiasm and devotion to art; and Priscilla Lane, fresh as a May morning; and Nancy Kelly, gifted, eager, a good actress at seventeen. So it seems screen styles have changed. I thought you’d like to know.

I’m sure all SCREENLAND readers will join in welcoming you back to our shores. Sincerely—we’ve always had a fondness for you, we American moviegoers, despite mediocre performances, bad pictures, and occasional snooty foolishness to the Press. Now, the Press seems to have appointed itself a publicity bureau for Dietrich since, upon your arrival in New York, you insisted that a girl reporter who got her feet wet climbing from cutter to liner accept a pair of your filmy fabulous stockings. Still leg stuff, Marlene—but good. And a genuinely kindly gesture, too.

All right—so goodbye now to legs, eh? How about a little straight acting? I hope you make a good picture soon. I hope you get a strong story and a stronger director who’ll boss you around and a co-star of the Tracy type rather than still another routine leading man. I warn you we’re sick of swooning close-ups, of seeing only the ears and the back of the head of your leading man whenever he is; we’re not even so awed by glamor any more. Give us acting, Marlene. We can took it.

Delight Evans
Snapshots that bring you the sights of screen town as film favorites step out after studio hours. By our ace cameraman Len Weissman.

Variety is the spice of Hollywood's mid-winter social whirl. Top left, Jane Withers and her mother enjoy the show at the Tropical Ice Gardens. Right, George Raft and Virginia Pine receiving the personal attentions of mine host, Maurice Roshblum, during the anniversary party recently held at "Slappy Marie's" cafe.

Hollywood stars honored Lily Pons at a party after the diva's concert. Lily, very happy about it all, is seen at top right with Edward G. Robinson; left center, surrounded by Anatole Litvak, Miriam Hopkins, George Chapman, Gladys Swarthow and Lucius Beebe; above, with Rosalind Russell, Adrian, Janet Gaynor.
Photographs for Screenland
By Len Weissman

The great outdoors as well as brightly lighted salons and cafes attract the Hollywood celebrities. At top left are Mr. and Mrs. John Hoy Whitney and her son. Mrs. John Hoy Whitney and her son, John Hoy Whitney, were congratulated by jockey H. Boyer for the victory won by Virginia Bruce for the victory won by Mrs. Whitney's horse at the Riviera Country Club meet. Above, Rudy Vallee greets Dorothy Lamour and Jean Sablon at the Cocoanut Grove, when Rudy's band brought the stars there.

Alice Faye and Tony Martin were prominent members of the glittering group at Rudy Vallee's opening at Cocoanut Grove. They both gave four of the most lyrical numbers for the audience. Left, Robert Taylor at a football game, and the lad who was a national favorite—Bob's father, even before Bob got into the service—that's even before Bob got on the screen—and that's even before Bob got on the screen—and that's even before Bob got on the screen— and that's even before Bob got on the screen— and that's even before Bob got on the screen— and that's even before Bob got on the screen— and that's even before Bob got on the screen— and that's even before Bob got on the screen. Baby LeRoy, now attending a military school, uniformed and smiling, at Bob's left.
Celebrity most genuinely thrilled-by-it-all to be seen at recent Hollywood events was Deanna Durbin, whom you see at left with her father and mother dining at the Cacoanut Grove; and below at her first grown-up formal party. Center left, Deanna with C. Aubrey Smith, Maureen O'Sullivan, Earl of Warwick and Alan Mowbray blending their voices in the singing of an anthem at a British ball at the Ambassador Hotel. Immediately below, Miss Durbin and Earl of Warwick take turns at the microphone.

Chatting gaily as they sit on the sidelines and watch the dancers are Deanna Durbin, C. Aubrey Smith and Maureen O'Sullivan. Above, a Hollywood couple you can count on seeing at popular night club events are Martha Raye and her husband, Dave Rose—here they are at the Cacoanut Grove.
Concerts, dancing, popular music, athletic events—all keep the Hollywood Whirl going at a merry pace. Below, the Gene Raymonds are spot-shotted by our camera as they arrive, most formally attired, and most luxuriously (note that chinchilla wrap of Jeanette MacDonald’s), at the Shrine Auditorium to attend the Lily Pons concert. Right, romance thrives as Henry Wilcoxon and his bride-to-be, Joan Woodbury, occupy a table in a secluded corner at the Cocoanut Grove at the Rudy Vallee premiere.

Mischa Auer plays comedian, on his own time too, playfully nibbles the table decorations at the Ambassador Hotel, as his wife looks on in tolerant amusement. Above, Al and Jimmy Ritz amuse youngsters at a football game. Left, Joan Crawford watches the popular Jimmy of the Cocoanut Grove cut a huge Ice Cake.
Hollywood Women are

Y
O
U
can count the really sexy women in Hollywood on the
fingers of one hand, believe it or not. For sex in Hollywood
has long ago been sold out. It is now a commodity for picture-
goers, readers of the photo-magazines, tourists and gullible onlookers.
It is the come-on of our largest city of make-believe, and yearly
it brings in a gross cash trade far in excess of that delivered by any
of the nation’s expensively advertised World Fairs. Some naïve souls
will confide that it is the climate which takes them on their sporadic
trips to Hollywood, but you can mark that down in the Ananias
column when it comes into after-dinner conversation.

Yet, fine-comb the colony at will and tell me where rampant sex
protrudes and I’ll kiss you on both cheeks and award you the golden
horseshoe of valor.

For years now I’ve been breezing through Hollywood without
much success. But my observations today as compared with yester-
day are about the same. Women outnumber men approximately
8 to 1. Hollywood then is America’s Number 1 Men’s Town.
“Dates” are to be had for the batting of an eye, and you’d be sur-
prised at the pretty girls you can take dancing for simply a first-class
feed. Every girl in every American city pretty enough to receive
the flattery of her men friends, someday makes the Hollywood trek. All
think they are bound for the studios. A few succeed—as extras. The
rest land up in beaneries, hairdressers, department stores, markets,
movie-theaters, beach-piers, stenographic positions and a dozen other
occupations they could just as well have filled at home. Lonely hearts
abound. Sex is a matter of course. It is so prominent that even the
men themselves pay very little attention to it. Their thoughts are
concentrated on the Glamor Girls they’ve feasted their eyes upon
in the cinema. Surely these queens of the silver screen are “dif-
ferent.” The grass must be greener on the other side of the studio fenc.
Well, someday, if they’re lucky enough and have enough connections
they meet a star or two. And then the rude awakening will come.

Scribblers have written about it for an age, but men seldom
read the gossip columns or the movie-magazines. They leave that
for their wives and girl friends. If they had, they’d know before
they started out that it takes brains as well as sex to make the grade
in Movieland today. A pretty face is the pass-key, acting is a real

So their careers
make ‘em cold,
distant! But what,
your readers
will ask, about
girls like these,
Mr. Vanderbilt?
The socialite author who "told" on Society now dares to challenge Glamor. Before you cry "Nay," or even "Yea," read this one man's opinion because he proves it's based on very personal observation

necessity, personality and plausibility are de rigueur, sex is swell but actually unnecessary. Any studio director with the aid of a workable wardrobe woman can unfold that, so that she shears the lambs wherever they may be.

Most Hollywood actresses, and I've run the gamut of nearly all of them in the past two decades, are actually the most sexless women I know. Their career and art are the foremost things they think about. This transcends everything save the pay-check. In fact, it pays for the pay-check, for there are no dividends in sex. And it hasn't taken the average star long to find that out.

Perhaps she got where she is today by flaunting her sex before the right director, and yet, I somehow doubt it. But even if she did she's found out sometime ago just what it's worth and she's not going to give herself, sex and all, to the first Charlie McCarthy who comes along. Few important stars marry unimportant, pen-nilless men. The temptation is too great to make a brilliant match when they feel themselves no longer in screen demand. Their paramount objective then, is to eclipse the world, then slip into an easy berth for the rest of their days. A millionaire at the altar is worth half a hundred Johnnies at the studio door. And millionaires come to Hollywood as widows go to Waikiki.

Most girls when they reach stardom have a rigorous daily routine to perform. No studio in 1939 is going to let them lead a life of ease and laxity. All will have to earn every penny they make. And there is no "mehbe" to that sentence. Exercises, rehearsals, drama-school, languages, modistes, beauticians, still photographers, fill in every hour of the day. Each suitor for milady's presence at this or that night-emporium is carefully checked and rechecked by half a dozen different flunkies. If he doesn't pass inspection, he is politely told that the peach-of-his-eye is engaged for the evening and simply can't break a single date for days to come.

But if his bankbook or his "connections" warrant it, then he is ushered into the presence of his one-and-only-one with as much dignity and style as he could be received in Buckingham Palace. His chest bosoms out an inch or two and he flatters himself into believing that the grade has been made. Poor boy, how little he knows Hollywood.

Cash is King, and cash as he envisions it is but a drop in the bucket of the beguiling creature he is to escort places that evening. Before he brings her home, his bank account will have dwindled three or four figures and he will be as limp as the collar he wears from the experience. P. T. Barnum said that a sucker was born every minute. Even Texas Guinan in her heyday swore they came a dime a dozen. Hollywood promoters know this and more. They just sit by waiting for the lambs to be sheared. The performance is so easy, they grow fat and lax in its execution.

All evening long the Girl-of-his-Dreams will tell the Wealthy-Lad-from-out-There all about herself. She'll eulogize her virtues and pass over the tid-bits which mean columnists have suggestively written about her. Each time the Boy-of-the-Evening tries to edge up and get a little bit playful she'll snap him back into place so quick he'll wonder what hit him. Maybe she'll let him hold her hand on the way home, but when he tries to put his arm around her, he'll find her as stiff as a ramrod, as cold as an icicle.

And will he and the homefolks be surprised to read in the gossip columns from Hollywood later that week of his glowing attentions to the little girl he once thought an Angel! No protestations on his part will be worth a thing when his wife's or his best girl's friends produce the telltale papers (Please turn to page 90)
ROBERT TAYLOR is fighting mad—don’t make any mistake about that! One short year has worked an astonishing change in him. It had been about that length of time since I’d seen him. Now, as he swung into his dressing-room in the roughly picturesque clothes of Western pioneer days, socked his old beaver hat into a corner, and lunged himself on to a wall-bench, I was struck by the way he had altered, turned from the wavering uncertainties of the tyro into something more ruggedly individualistic. Maybe I’m wrong, but, as he pushed his hair out of his eyes, I felt the influence which probably had brought this about. For he walked like Gable, talked like Gable, smiled like Gable, even looked like Gable! Not that he was in any sense imitative. Yet, unconsciously, he seemed to have acquired traits characteristic of Clark, who evidently had meant more than just a pal to him. Here, then, could be seen at a glance the story of the Robert Taylor of today. Or, if you prefer, Bob. It’s more free-and-easy, like his frankly friendly “Hello, Charlie,” to me.

What I was trying to get at, without letting him know it, was this new Bob. And there couldn’t have been a better way than that offered by the name of his latest picture, “Stand Up and Fight.” For that’s exactly what he’d been doing ever since he came mighty near being licked once and for all before he’d got fairly started. And that’s what makes him unique and outstanding among the stars in the Hollywood of today, if not of all days. There’s no one who has gone through what he has and got away with it. He certainly took an awful beating, with never a yelp out of him, but what really matters is that he proved he could take it. That his punishment was wholly unmerited goes without saying; He simply happened to be too good-looking for his own good! But he couldn’t change his looks. (Most of us would like to, as almost any change in our homely mugs would be for the better.) And the chances are Bob never gave his a second thought. He just was thinking of being an actor. Then the whole masculine world, possibly out of rankling envy, seemed to gang on him. It got so a fellow didn’t dare take his best girl to a Robert Taylor picture for fear of finding himself on the wrong side of her door when he took her home. That’s tough. But what made it far tougher for Bob was that, after brutal (Please turn to page 83)

As told to
Charles Darnton

“All Right, I’ll Fight!”

Robert Taylor

Taylor socks Waldo-Jerry in “Stand Up and Fight” for M-G-M.
"I'm No So-And-So!"

As told to Liza

THERE is a battle going on in Hollywood right now, a bloodless battle to be sure, due to the fact probably that the contestants on both sides are said to have more ice water in their veins than red corpuscles, but as battles go it is quite a good one. It is the battle between the Stars and the Press. And it is a battle to the finish. Naturally there is only one finish—the finish of the star. Why these pampered darlings with their illusions of popularity don't realize this, I don't know; I only work here.

The battle has become so serious these last few months that writers are writing letters to the editors, and the editors in turn are writing editorials, and such snarling and snipping as you've never heard. Lucky indeed is the star who is only called a "so-and-so" these days. One of the best editorials appeared recently in the Hollywood Reporter, and I shall quote from it in part, just to give you a general idea of what all the fighting's about. Says the editor, who wasn't born yesterday:

"The battle here in Hollywood is occasioned by the actions of men and women; whose images on the screen are the picture business, denying themselves the privilege of increasing their attractiveness at the box office through publicity—a publicity that has made of this business the great industry that it is. They are telling the national and international press—newspapers, magazines, motion picture editors, correspondents, syndicates and all other sources which build the players after the studio has turned out the pictures, "We're sorry, we haven't time, we must only work a certain number of hours a week, unless we get paid for the overtime." They are telling themselves, 'I don't need interviews in magazines, I don't need my pictures in newspapers, I don't require publicity. I'm satisfied to let things remain as they are.'"

"In the old days it was nothing uncommon for a player to give as much time, and even more, in efforts to build him or herself through publicity mediums, than he actually gave to working on the shooting stages. That effort made this picture business as much as the attractions that were made on the stages. Those stories and individual lines of publicity created a desire on the part of the public to go to the theatres to see the pictures so publicized, to see the individuals they had been reading about. But now it's another thing altogether."

Indeed it is. It is just about as easy to snare a dodo bird these days as some of the stars, and pardon me for pointing but just look what happened to the dodo bird. Katharine Hepburn, Simone Simon, Jean Arthur, Kay Francis, Luise Rainer, Marlene Dietrich—all you girls who take such delight in saying, "I don't require publicity"—just step right over here and I will tell you what happened to the dodo bird. Extinct in the twentieth century. Isn't it sad? Well, it would be even sadder to be extinct in the twentieth century.

Time was when the stars and the press walked hand-in-hand across the studio campuses, and mutual admiration societies were held in every dressing-room. Stars could hardly wait to see their pictures in the newspapers, and their lives and loves in the magazines. And then something happened to that great big beautiful friendship. Somebody, a sourpuss with a smattering of culture no doubt, said that publicity is vulgar. And of course no one making over a (Continued on page 96)
Marriage comes first! Here, for the first time, Jack Benny’s professional and private-life partner for 12 years tells what it means to her

By Miriam Rogers

"Did I dream of a career?" Mary Livingstone repeated my question. "No, I didn’t dream of one or want one—I never even thought about it!"

She was sitting in front of the mirror in her dressing-room at home, a slim figure in a quilted satin robe and slippers of soft rose color. Her reddish blonde hair curled softly about her face, her enormous brown eyes glowed.

"And now you have three," I commented. "Marriage, radio, screen."

"It just happened that way," Mary murmured, and added: "It’s marriage that is important."

That Mary means what she says is revealed in innumerable ways. She never courts publicity, in fact fights shy of it. "It’s Jack they’re interested in," she insists. "Who cares about me?" Pinned down, she answers questions shyly, convinced that nothing she does is important or of any possible interest to anybody. She is naturally reserved, diffident with strangers, and just as naturally absorbed in a life that is varied and gay and filled to the brim with activity and fun and love, none of which, she firmly believes, could in the least interest outsiders.

The house she lives in with her husband and little daughter is a Georgian mansion in Beverly Hills. A beautiful, huge house with roses flaunting their vivid beauty and shy velvety pansies lining the front walk, a large swimming pool and playhouse in the rear. For years the Bennys dreamed of and planned for a home
but not in their fondest dreams did they visualize the elaborate mansion fate through the medium of radio and screen was to make theirs. A mansion, but a "home, not just a place to live in, and so much a part of their scheme of things that Mary, in answer to a remark about the lovely spiral staircase, murmurs dreamily: "Joan will look lovely coming down those stairs, a bride."

That is a long way off, however. For only a few days ago Mary was weeping because it was Joanie's first day at school. That morning Mary, who usually rises at ten, was up at seven-thirty to take small Joan to nursery school. And all day the house was empty and her eyes brimmed with quick tears at the mention of Joanie's name!

January 14th is the twelfth wedding anniversary for the Bennys. Twelve full years and happy ones, but it doesn't seem long, looking backward. And Mary dis-

claims any effort or any responsibility for making the marriage a success. In the theatre, in the movie world, or in radio, marriage, Mary believes, is just like marriage anywhere.

If two people are congenial," she murmurs, "have tastes in common—we think alike, Jack and I," she summed it up. "Of course there is a certain amount of compromise, of my doing what he likes and Jack doing what I like. And if there is a quarrel, one of us keeps still, leaves the other alone. We can't always be gay. Sometimes Jack is moody, sometimes I am. But we don't force an issue. And of course a sense of humor is the most important thing of all—it gets you out of a lot of things!." she chuckled.

As if to illustrate, Jack barged in. He was wearing green slacks, none too clean, a grey-green sweater and a striped bathrobe slung over his shoulders—don't ask me why! And he was obviously unshaven. "Ready, Doll?"

he called gaily, "It's about time we got going."

"I'll be ready," she answered quietly. "You have to shave."

"Mmmmm—I should shave, just to drink two cocktails!"

"Jack, you can't go like that!"

"Why can't I? I should dress up to go to a cocktail party! They don't do that around here, they wear pajamas, slacks, any old thing!"

"But at least they are clean! Jack, put on a shirt and tie anyway."

By way of compromise, he bounced out and returned almost immediately sporting a bright green tie—and the same slacks and sweater.

"Awful, simply awful," Mary groaned. "You still look like a bum."

(Please turn to page 88)
"I WORKED for a STAR!"

Melvyn Douglas' trusted friend, Arling Alcine, top left, tells all, and you'll like Melvyn better than ever. Three scenes above are wild comedy from Columbia's "There's That Woman Again," with Douglas and Virginia Bruce.

"I'M WARNING you!" Melvyn Douglas said. "You can have the job as general factotum of my household if you want it, but the place is a mess. Everything's all bawled up."

"We're all crazy," his wife, Helen Gahagan, added laughingly.

"When I arrived at his home in Hollywood, I concluded they were understating the facts," Arling Alcine, who met Melvyn a dozen years before when both were actors in the Hartmann Stock Theatre of Columbus, Ohio, told me. Melvyn's mother, Mrs. Hesselberg (Melvyn's real name is Hesselberg), ushered Alcine into a beautifully furnished library, which Melvyn's executive had used as an office. Opening the drawers of the desk, Alcine discovered them overflowing with bills and letters: bills for food, for clothing, dummying letters, threats to shut off the gas service; similar notes from the electric and telephone companies; fan mail and advertisements.

Finally the cook, Millie De Vein, straightened things out. "I've been on the verge of quitting a number of times. It's only because the Douglases are such fine people I've stayed, We'd ask Mr. Douglas's secretary to have the checks signed to pay the bills, and there it seemed to end."

In the desk Arling Alcine found a check book with dozens of checks made out, but not one was signed. "Was Mel surprised when he saw that array of bills and checks; his eyes almost popped out! Busy with his movie work, he had taken it for granted that Mrs. Douglas was attending to everything; busy with her concert work, she thought he was signing the checks. They didn't know first base from home plate! It took three months to clean up the accumulation of fan mail and bills."

Once Melvyn realized the state of affairs he did all he could to help Alcine put things in order. Since then the Douglas menage is run on as business-like a basis as you can imagine. It costs money to live as the Douglases do, and two years ago it cost them a thousand dollars a month to keep house for a family which consisted of Melvyn and Mrs. Douglas, their son Peter, Helen's mother, Mrs. Gahagan, Melvyn's mother, Mrs. Hesselberg, and the servants.

Imagine two mothers-in-law under the same roof, yet having peace and quiet reign! During the nine months I lived among the Douglases," Alcine told me, "I never heard one quarrel; only once or twice did Mel raise his voice. Mrs. Douglas, who is excitable, rushed in and out, but she and Mel get along beautifully. When she was unnerved, he'd wait till she quieted down before saying anything. When did he get upset?" Alcine laughed. "It was a riot. Mel, who drives around in a little Ford equipped with a police motor, is very proud of it, and shows it to all visitors."

When he took a friend to the garage to show him the special gadgets on the car, you can picture his amazement when the garage was empty. Back into the house he ran. "Where did you leave my car?" he demanded. "I didn't
What's it really like, working in a star's household? Take a peek into the private life of Melvyn Douglas and family, and find out!

By Mary Jacobs

take it out," Mrs. Douglas and Alcine chorused. "You sure? Good heavens, it's been stolen! Let's phone the police."

But Mrs. Douglas knows her man. "Just one minute, just one minute. When you played tennis the day before yesterday, Mel, you took the car. Did you drive home in it or did your partner drive you back?"

"He drove me back," Mel said slowly. "I bet you car is still at the tennis club, absent-minded professor!"

"Then it's goodbye car," Mel countered. "Someone else is riding around in it." But believe it or not, when they phoned the tennis club they were told the car, windows open with the key in the lock, was still as he had left it, except for a layer of dust.

"And there was the time while we were making 'The Gorgeous Hussy' when the director kept Mel waiting forty-five minutes on the set. That annoyed Mel terribly; since he's very punctual, he can't understand why others aren't just as courteous."

One of the most pronounced of Melvyn's characteristics is his sensitiveness, which makes him terrified of hurting anyone, and rather quiet. Cruelty to animals affects him deeply.

"Behind the house there was an untenanted aviary," Alcine continued, "and one day Mel and I went to The Trader Horn Shop and bought some parakeets and a set of cockateels."

Almost immediately the cockateels laid eggs, but the parakeets either broke the eggs or ate the young cockateels as soon as they were hatched. "Mel felt terrible about it and tried several devices for separating the birds. He was as much concerned with the welfare of the baby cockateels as if they were human. The storekeeper had trained one of the parakeets, a brilliant yellow one with an orange crest, to hop onto your fingers; he was put into a separate cage placed on the small balcony where Mel and Mrs. Douglas breakfasted.

After playing with him for a few days Mel brought the cage into the aviary, allowing the parakeet to join the rest of his kind. "I can't stand imprisoning him for my own pleasure," he explained to Alcine. "Here's where he belongs."

"During the many years we worked together on Broadway, Mel as director and I as his stage manager, I never heard him bawl out an actor, or say an unkind word to anyone. All his rehearsals were free of the pyrotechnics that usually abound in the temperament-charged theatre; yet he was very particular about his shows. He was extremely careful about the different types he used for even bit parts; during rehearsals for 'Within the Gates,' a Broadway success, he made thirty changes in minor roles, shifting actors till he found the perfect one to portray each part. And though Lillian Gish, a fine, experienced actress played the lead, so painstaking is Mel that he gave her readings, gave her tempo, went over her part countless times. Appreciating his desire for perfection, she co-operated beautifully. When he's displeased, Mel usually finds a way of fixing things without argument."

"For 'Within the Gates' lighting effects which would put the sombre mood of the play across had to be employed. So great a part did lighting play in determining the success of the story, that the producer engaged a lighting expert to whom he paid $1000, to create the proper effects. This man dragged so much lighting apparatus into the theatre that Mel and I thought we were running a stage lighting supply shop. At the dress rehearsal when he lit up the stage, the lights were so bright and glaring they hurt (Please turn to page 86)
DON'T suppose the dopey-looking dame with her hair coiffed to the skies in the booth next to mine at the Brown Derby ever realized how near death she was that night. There I was tearing joyously into tenderloin de luxe, completely at peace with the world and Connie Bennett, when she had to up and open her trap. "That Carole Lombard," she said to the mousey guy with her, "always playing gags on people. Gags, gags, gags, all the time gags! Can't she get publicity any other way?"

Fairly choking with rage and a French fried I gave her a look that's been known to crush traffic cops with hair on their chest. But nothing would crush that one, outside of a steam roller. "So she sends Clark Gable a jaloppy," she continued shrilly, completely ignoring my menacing map. "So she sends him a ham with his picture on it! So she sends him a ballet skirt! So what? I'm good and sick and tired and fed up with reading about Lombard's gags. Pass me the salt." The mousey guy passed the salt and said, "She's got good legs."

Well, by the time I had counted ten—I promised Mr. Hays that I wouldn't murder anyone in his Hollywood until I had counted ten, and as I count on my fingers I count slowly—I had cooled off considerably, and remorse, deep gnawing, depressing remorse had set in. After all, some of those gags weren't Carole's. I made 'em up. And I'm not going to be noble about taking the blame, either—the other ladies and gentlemen of the press tossed in a few dandies too. Especially the one about the ambulance, and did that one stink! You see, we who write while our editors burn sort of thought it was swell copy to make the screwball girl even screwier than she really is. And Carole was always such a grand sport about it.

Believe me, I was pretty depressed about the whole thing. And then a few nights later I found myself at a dinner party, up to my ears in Flato and the Right People, where a glamorous one who was wilting around the edges like lettuce that has been out too long remarked that the gag that Carole had played on agent Myron Selznick wasn't funny at all and that she was bored stiff with the Lombard gags. (Of course the fact that Carole has been snatching off more space in the magazines than she has might just possibly have had something to do with

By
Elizabeth Wilson
Carole Lombard can cry, too! Here we show her with James Stewart in a poignant scene from "Made for Each Other." Opposite page, Carole the aristocrat and Carole the zany—which one is real? Which is a well-acted role?
Fed up with Lombard's gags? So is she! Read our exclusive story exploding the myth of Carole's much-publicized craziness and change your mind about her of the preview of "Twentieth Century" and she said she wished I'd let her know what I thought about the picture. I was new in Hollywood in those days and I didn't know that every star says that to every fan writer—it's sort of the conventional thing to say, like "Goodbye now." Hick that I was I was pleased and flattered that Miss Lombard should want my humble opinion of her picture, and by golly I gave it to her, in an eight page letter. (Little did we reckon then, ah me, ah my, small fry, that "Twentieth Century" would start the cycle of wacky comedies featuring swift kicks that would soon establish Carole as the Screwbald Girl of the World.) Well, being a polite star there was nothing poor Carole could do about an eight page letter but thank me for it, which she did. And somehow or other a friendship got started.

It ripened beautifully a year later when we found ourselves on the wrong train out (Please turn to page 76)
Norvell’s Offer to SCREENLAND Readers! Your ’39 Horoscope FREE

Interested in astrology? Then you’ll want to take advantage of this offer. Norvell, Hollywood advisor to the movie stars, will send a FREE 1939 Horoscope to every SCREENLAND reader who writes for it—just fill out coupon below, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, mentioning your birthdate, and you will receive, without charge, Norvell’s Sun Horoscope. Enjoy Norvell’s 1939 predictions for famous stars of the screen; then let Hollywood’s top astrologer reveal what your birthdate says about YOU! No rules to worry about—only the coupon to fill out and mail, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: Norvell, % SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N.Y.

Please send me Norvell’s Horoscope. I enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
My Birthdate is:____________
My Address is:__________________________________________
City ____________________________________________
State ____________________________________________

“CLARK GABLE, beware! Read what I say is written for you and don’t say you weren’t warned!”
“Wayne Morris, don’t marry!”
“Janet Gaynor—your opportunity for happiness in love lies close at hand. But—”
“Gary Cooper, have no fears.”
“But you, Robert Taylor—that fine restraint that’s served you so well, must a little longer be your guide.”
Thus, calling these and other Hollywood stars, Norvell, mystic prober of things to come, reminds the earthly luminaries of the screen that the stars above are looking down on them. Once again, facing a new year, Hollywood is turning to Norvell, noted astrologer, begging a preview of its Destiny for 1939. Get an earful of what Pluto and Venus have to say about our fair lads and lassies of the cinema world as read and translated by Norvell.
“Ginger Rogers will marry again!” (But not until she’s definitely divorced from Lew Ayres—naturally.) “Dorothy Lamour and her husband are headed for the divorce courts.” Norvell whispers confidentially as he takes his head out of an ancient tome on astrology and consults rows and rows of figures that look like a cross between an Arabic headache and a text.

What 1939 Holds For the Stars

book on trigonometry. “Uranus,” he casually adds, “brings trouble in romance to John Barrymore—he must watch his health and his heart.” (That’s not so startling, for as far back as I can remember, man and boy, he’s had romantic trouble.) “Then,” Norvell hurries on to say, “there’s Jeanette MacDonald. She married Gene Raymond under adverse aspects of Mercury and Venus—gossips will place them in the divorce lists—and they won’t be far from wrong!”

That for a mere starter. Breath-taking events reeled off as an inconsequential prelude to the more astonishing things to come as Norvell peers deeper into the future. And while he was delving in his mystery-giving files, looking for such trivia as sun spots, configurations, and sextiles of Jupiter and the Sun, I roamed quietly about his “castle” in the hills where this astrologer carries on his work for the movie great, and a vast clientele he serves throughout the world by mail. Norvell’s “castle” is located in Hollywoodland, and it is one of the most pretentious places in the Hollywood environs. With its winding stairs, its subterranean rooms, it’s the nearest thing to Valentino’s mysterious Falcon’s Lair. When you enter, you are ushered up two flights of stairs into an enormous living room that has a huge fireplace in the center. This room is done in
Don't miss Norvell's new Hollywood Predictions here! As told to Tommy Thompson

Here are some of the stars for whom Norvell predicts strange, splendid, or awesome things for the coming year: Gable, Lombard, Wayne Morris, Jeanette MacDonald, Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, Alice Faye and Tony Martin, Elaine Barrie and John Barrymore, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

In group at lower right: Norvell, with Anita Louise and Dorothy Lamour; John Payne, June Wilkins, James Stewart.

priceless antiques, and it has an impressive atmosphere that has attracted people from every country in the world. Members of royalty, including Lord and Lady Mountbatten, have been clients of Norvell, and even one Maharajah of India, who came thousands of miles out of his way to consult Norvell as to how he would manage his many wives! The legendary tale is passed around Hollywood that the cream-colored Rolls Royce that Norvell is seen driving around was a royal gift from the grateful Maharajah.

The accuracy of Norvell's predictions is amazing. Last year he was credited with having had twenty of his predictions come uncannily true! But Norvell himself makes no mystery of his predictions: "It's simply," he says with a shrug of his shoulders, "that two and two make four—and when you have certain elements at work in human lives, the results are inevitable." But I still can't understand how he predicted the following. It just doesn't seem human, but here they are, as Norvell predicted them in the public press and in magazine articles last year:

"The separation of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone."

"A cycle of deaths for Hollywood, taking several beloved characters." (Do you remember Pauline Frederick, Jack Dunn, Warner Oland, Sir Guy Standing and Max Factor?)

"A separation for Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston."

Then, there are the more famous predictions that Norvell made several years ago, which brought him world fame. He predicted the mysterious death of Thelma Todd, the suicide of (Please turn to page 92)
HAVING done a heap o' living in her twenty-four years up to now, there's no need for synthetic embellishment to gild the glamorous touch which Ellen Drew has imparted to her own picture in the gallery of Hollywood recognition. The girl who proved the lightning of discovery can strike twice in the same year on the same movie lot (Olympe Bradna and Ellen Drew, two finds in one season—that's pretty good, Mr. Paramount), is creating glamor where it counts most—on the screen.

And yet, in her case catch phrases come a dime a dozen. Call her "one girl in 30,000." Or, "the million dollar find from a five and ten-cent store." Or, should you prefer alliteration in your capsule description, make it "candy store Cinderella." Her press agent could caption an Ellen Drew yarn any one or all three—and make 'em stick with documentary evidence right out of Ellen's not the least shady (she's one of the frankest persons you ever met) past.

But when you meet this blonde-tressed young lovely with the smiling blue-green eyes, you know she's altogether too genuine and alive to be tangled with catch phrases. And meeting her you also know there's nothing unusual—for her, that is—about the fact that she went on living, postponing nothing, not even marriage and motherhood, while waiting for Hollywood to give her the chance she wanted. She wanted to get into pictures so much she set out from Chicago for Hollywood with nothing more as economic assets than ambition and self reliance on her ability to earn her own living. She chucked a job in a five-and-dime store to make the trip—which is the explanation of that "five and ten-cent store" angle mentioned above. Let's clear up the other—two catchlines and get that out of the way. The "one girl in 30,000" gives the ratio of success to failure by girls wishful of movie careers. The "candy store" angle comes in because Ellen Drew waited on the counter in one of those Sweet Shoppes in Los Angeles.

She wasn't Ellen Drew before Bing Crosby made the picture that made everybody (including Bing) love the Unholy Beebes—Bing likes 'em so much he wants to go on playing Joe Beebe in further adventures of the family you met in "Sing Your Sinners." That's the third name she has answered to. The other two were Terry Ray, her real name and the one under which she was known for two years on the Paramount lot, and her other name is Mrs. Fred Wallace.

Like all good stories hers is as down-to-earth as it is dramatic. (Maybe those millionairesses who are trying to crash the movies and finding it no dice would have more success if they had less dough). At sixteen this Terry Ray was paying her own way and contributing to the support of her mother on $10 a week. That was in Chicago. She was born in Kansas City. A couple of years later, after winning a strictly local beauty contest, in which the manager of the five-and-dime store entered her, Terry (Please turn to page 75)
Screenland Salutes

JEANNA DURBIN

Soon to be seen in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," screen sequel to her first film hit.
Surfeited with stuffy indoor dramas and zany comedies, Hollywood takes a good, deep breath of fresh air and turns on a new cycle—action, ozone, and to heck with elegance!

Cagney as a cowhand—can you believe it? You'll have to, when you see the screen's ace hoodlum on a horse in "Oklahoma Kid"—plenty of proof, above. Jimmy rides, shoots, spins a lariat—and lives it. Rosemary Lane, his heroine, shown with Cagney at right, welcomes the change from musical comedy. At right, a lovely outdoor scene from Warners' big Technicolor film, "Heart of the North," with Gloria Dickson and Dick Foran.
RED-HEADED RIOT

Ann Sheridan, handsome red-head to hit Hollywood since the days of Clara Bow, commands attention for arresting beauty, makes one brood doubtfully upon acting ability to live up to it.
JOEL McCREA
This stalwart personality and, since his work in "Youth Takes A Fling," acknowledged good actor has a rugged rôle opposite Stanwyck in the exciting outdoor drama directed by maestro DeMille himself.
No season, whether rushed or arriving in its own good time, is really official until Joan Crawford resumes her sun-tanning relaxations, as at right. Center, and across top on opposite page, get a gay glimpse of Nan Grey, so chic and summery, first in a nautical beach outfit, then tailored resort costume (navy linen, Breton sailor hat); white linen dress and sunshade hat (winter-vacationing at a desert resort); finally slacks with bolero and belt in Mexican colors and designs so in harmony with her surroundings at Ensenada.
Ole Man Winter may not be keeping away from your door, but remember, somewhere the sun is always shining—and trust Glamor to get there first!
MUNI, MASTER OF ART

Artistic integrity, uncommon anywhere, is positively amazing in Hollywood where the emphasis is on Umph. But Paul Muni manages to combine uncompromising portrayal with boxoffice appeal, and so makes "Juarez," his next, a film well worth waiting for.

POWER, PRINCE OF PERSONALITY

Speaking of Umph, Tyrone Power has it. His youth, his genuine good looks, and a dash of deviltry have created an American Dream Prince. But he is more than that. His heritage of fine theatrical tradition may yet make him our really great romantic actor.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
From RKO Radio's "Gunga Din"
Here is ace photographer Alex Kahle at work shooting our Most Beautiful Still of the Month which you see on the opposite page with the three stars of "Gunga Din" in action: Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. RKO's epic called for a fine "still" cameraman and Kahle is one of Hollywood's best. Below, another splendid Kahle picture. Far left, close-ups of McLaglen and Grant, above; Doug, Jr., with heroine Joan Fontaine, below—also by Kahle.

ARE YOU A FAST WORKER?

Energetic people are usually successful. They work harder, faster, longer, because they have the energy to fight fatigue.

Body energy comes chiefly from Dextrose, the sugar which enriches delicious Baby Ruth Candy. That's why Baby Ruth is so popular among active people everywhere. It's great candy and a source of real food-energy. Let Baby Ruth help you fight fatigue...today...and every day.

Curtiss Candy Co., Chicago, Illinois, Otto Schering, President

ENERGY TESTS ON BABY RUTH

By actual metabolism test, an average worker can type steadily and at normal speed for 1 hour, 17 minutes, 8 seconds on the food-energy contained in one 5c bar of Baby Ruth Candy.
ERROL FLYNN AND "ARNO"
BY MORGAN DENNIS
Picture Your Pet!

Enter our second Pet Contest! Submit your best picture of your own pet. First prize, Morgan Dennis' original portrait of Errol Flynn and "Arno" on opposite page. We will pay $5.00 for each additional Pet Picture published.

Morgan Dennis, famous artist, and some of his fine studies of fine dogs. Mr. Dennis' study of Errol Flynn on opposite page, one of his best, is our first prize.

CONTEST CONDITIONS:
1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, February 2nd, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

RESPONSE to our first Pet Picture Contest last month indicates that you like the idea! So here's another opportunity, in a similar contest. Try for the first prize, Morgan Dennis' original portrait of Errol Flynn and "Arno," reproduced on page opposite; compete for the distinction of having your own picture of your own pet published in SCREENLAND—we will pay $5.00 for each Pet Picture we publish. The awards for the first Pet Picture Contest in the last issue (January, 1939), will be announced next month; those for this current contest, the month after. If your enthusiastic response continues, so will our Pet Contest series. Read the rules above. Fill out coupon, and send along to us with your Pet Picture.

I am entering SCREENLAND Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE
THE COWBOY AND THE LADY—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

OF COURSE you won't fail to catch this challenging co-starring combination of strong, shy Gary Cooper and subtle, sophisticated Merle Oberon, and you'll find much to interest, amuse and even touch you in their first picture together. You will like their love scenes, which for tenderness and good manners haven't been approached since the dear old days of the Ronald Colman-Vilma Banky films—dear me, Samuel Goldwyn produced them, too. Come to think of it, good manners are the distinguishing mark of Mr. Goldwyn's pictures. Perhaps that's what is just a little wrong with this one. Somehow as a study in social contrasts it is never quite strong enough; and as a comedy never very hilarious; and worst of all as a Gary Cooper picture it never quite rides to town. There's too much of the Lady and not enough of the Cowboy. When Merle, rich man's daughter, meets Gary, the lone cowhand, and leaves her life of luxury for the ranch, and then turns right around and leaves him because she's so loyal to her father—yes, that's right—and he wants to be President—oh, let's skip the whole thing. You'll go to see lovely Merle, lovely scenery, and Mr. Cooper—especially Mr. Cooper, who is definitely at his best.

PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M

AN EVENT! The first Bernard Shaw play to come to the screen! The dawn of a brilliant new producing team and of a new screen career for Leslie Howard! The American movie debut of Wendy Hiller! I was enchanted with "Pygmalion" and I would like to predict you will be, too. I hope it's a huge success if only because then Producer Pascal and Mr. Howard will make more pictures, and with Wendy Hiller, Shaw's play, for which he himself did the screenplay and the dialogue, has been perfectly directed and acted. The story, you remember, of a Covent Garden flower-girl, Eliza Doolittle, glorified by a renowned phonologist for purely scientific reasons, is sheer delight, sparkling with Shavian wisecracks which will win for his plays a whole new public of enraptured movie-going youngsters—if he cares. Mr. Howard shines in his most inspired high comedy style, surrounded by a splendid cast, but Miss Wendy Hiller is the true star of the film. In her first scenes as the bedraggled wench she is so amazingly real you probably won't like her at all; but as she builds her beautiful characterization you will discover Miss Hiller, gradually, as a piquant personality, a real beauty, and a brilliant actress.

THE GREAT WALTZ—M-G-M

IF ONLY for that one scene in the Vienna woods, in which melting Johann Strauss music is superbly staged as Fernand Gravet, playing the famous composer, and Miliza Korjus, as his favorite prima donna, sing their hearts out as their carriage careens through the woodsy paradise to the clop-clop of horse's hoofbeats—it only for that, "The Great Waltz" would be worth your time and trouble. For me, the whole picture was worth while for its high spots which, besides the beautiful Vienna Woods number, include handsome settings for other lovely Strauss tunes, made more memorable by the exciting voice of Mlle. Korjus. It's a nostalgic exhibit, I'll admit, occasionally as sugary as a confectioner's dream-cake; but certain screen pictures created by Jules Duvivier, who came over from France to direct this for Mervyn LeRoy, in which his camera artist catches mood, spirit, emotion in a single glorious sweep, provide the most eye-filling movie moments of the month. Luise Rainer is charming; M. Gravet is a distinct disappointment, but the new singer, Mlle. Korjus, makes up in honest vigor and expert voice for her lack of conventional Hollywood beauty. To me, she seemed a breath of fresh air after a surfeit of hothouse scents.
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

GLORIFYING the Average American Man, this is a gay, bright, spontaneous show. Genuinely fresh, with a novel idea, sparkling direction, and clever performances by the popular cast including Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Adolphe Menjou, Bonnie Barnes, and Arleen Whelan—you'll find it good fun. Haley wins an "Average Man" radio contest conducted by Menjou, and as a glorified guinea pig is tested as to the preferences and prejudices of the A.M., to amusing and occasionally hilarious results. Of the two Jacks it is more Mr. Haley's than Mr. Oakie's show, this time; and of the two handsome ladies it is Miss Barnes who strolls away with the honors. One of the smoothest of all screen actresses, she's one of the few who successfully combines the appeal of technique and temperament, and "Thanks for Everything!" gives her ample opportunity for charm and humor, as Mr. Oakie's breezy sweetheart. Little Miss Whelan, as a beauty contest winner who engages Mr. Haley's ardent attentions, is not only prettier than ever but also shows some signs of acting promise, the important thing. Perhaps Jack Oakie is really just as funny as ever since the Great Diet but it seems to me a good steak might make him happier than he seems here.

THE SHINING HOUR—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD's fans are probably already hoarse from cheering their star's performance in this picture. It's undoubtedly her best in a long, long time. She really gets under the skin of her character, the down-to-earth night-club dancer, Maggie Riley, and does a good job of making the heroine a pretty real person. Any deficiencies in Crawford's characterization must be blamed on the scenario, which somehow makes a blueprint of a play that seemed, when I saw it, a rather original design. Maggie's marriage-for-security to a "scion," as they keep calling poor Mervyn Douglas, is stymied from the start by a mean sister-in-law, Fay Bainter, a wearying brother-in-law, Bob Young, and his noble wife, Margaret Sullivan. Even the magnificent Miss Sullivan can't make this witty paragon plausible. Bob Young does his best as the self-styled neurotic brother of Joan's long-suffering husband, but when will Mr. Young draw a good strong part? The way he and Mr. Douglas are treated here may give wives an awful case of complacency, and I wouldn't wonder if it seeds some husbands hurrying to "Dawn Patrol." The Crawford fan-clubs, however, will have no fault whatever to find with "The Shining Hour," and since it's a Crawford picture that's the general idea.

DAWN PATROL—Warner's

Finest drama of the month, a really spectacular achievement in all departments. "Dawn Patrol" is a tremendously exciting motion picture. No wild hurrah for war, no frenzied flag-waving, there is nevertheless no use denying that while it emphatically fails to glorify war itself it cannot help exalting the heroes of war. Dealing as it does with the most showy and pulse-stirring of all gallant warriors, the boy who fights in the air, it cannot avoid big moments, breathtaking attacks and escapes, miraculous chances. Its flight scenes are superb—but it is chiefly memorable for its quieter scenes, such as those in which the veterans "welcome" the replacements, schoolboys whom they must send up to certain death at dawn. I'm not forgetting that some of the thrills in "Dawn Patrol" could only happen in a movie, and that the return of Errol Flynn and David Niven from their dare-devil aerial nose-thumbing will be viewed with scorn even by seasoned movie serial-fans; but these flights of the scenarist's fancy can be forgiven when one remembers the rest. No women in the cast headed by Errol Flynn in his best performance, with David Niven crowding him for first honors, and Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp and Carl Esmond superb, particularly Esmond as the gay and gallant prisoner.

SUBMARINE PATROL—Twentieth Century-Fox

I warn you, the men folk of your family will want to stay through to see this one twice. It's their picture, and while some of them may carp over technical flaws, they will mostly remain to cheer. "Submarine Patrol" is a stunningly directed action drama of the Splinter Fleet in the world war, recording the particular adventures of one outfit composed of green but willing workers who of course are required to perform the impossible in feats of daring bravery and do it. John Ford has preserved the spirit if not always the letter of the achievements of the Splinter Fleet; he has camera-painted some wonderful pictures at sea; he has provided the brand of thrills that bring small boys of all ages to movies like this; and he has managed to make Richard Greene, that personable British lad, do a real acting job. Ladies, better see it after all. Mr. Greene and Miss Nancy Kelly, also new but already an able actress, make a very nice team. You'll be glad, too, I think, to see George Bancroft giving a grand performance as Nancy's father. My favorite, however, is Warren Hymer, whose comic talent is so true and his timing so perfect that he steals most of the scenes he is in—only we're all so used to it by now we forget to give him credit. That noble veteran, Slim Summerville, takes a bow, too.
“LIFE offers many things,” said Madeleine Carroll, “whose enjoyment has no relation to money. You can’t buy friends, you can’t buy the happiness provided by marriage and home—and all prospective newlyweds should think about that instead of a budget—and you certainly cannot purchase the contentment that comes of reaching a goal after you’ve worked hard to attain it.”

Madeleine Carroll knows what she is talking about! She has learned the rules of this game called living—and loving. She is a success in her chosen profession of acting. She’s an even greater success as—just a woman! Her marriage to a distinguished man has been a singularly happy union. She is worth listening to—for she knows.

“Nothing, believe me, is a tougher job than knowing how to get the ultimate good out of this living game,” she went on seriously. This earnestness of Carroll’s is one of her great charms. She bothers to think—she troubles to feel. A good actress as she proved in “Prisoner of Zenda” and “Blockade,” is proving further in Paramount’s “Café Society,” she is also one of Hollywood’s few really lovely women who become more personable the longer you look at her, off or on the screen. This interview was in her home, just about at dusk. I don’t know, exactly, what started us off on this living-and-loving theme—perhaps it was partly the fault of the eminent Chinese philosopher, Lin Yutang, whose book, “The Importance of Living,” occupied a prominent place on the table in Madeleine’s living-room.

“More or less out of curiosity,” Madeleine told me, “I read this book. But from it I learned how much I had thought about living without realizing it. About whether success is merely a desire to escape obscurity and poverty. About the meaning of happiness. About loving, loafing, traveling, and so many other things that constitute thoughtful living.”

At this moment, the maid brought tea, for every afternoon at four, Madeleine reverts to her English background by indulging in the favorite afternoon custom of a sip of tea, you know. “Now this business of drinking tea relates directly to living,” said Madeleine between sips. “Somehow a cup of tea relaxes me, makes me forget any disturbing elements, and even brings me closer to myself. It just seems to let me drift away into hazy but pleasant dreams.”

But Madeleine is no dreamer. She is a realist. She said abruptly, “I someday hope to be a real success in my career! Oh, perhaps I have had a measure of suc-

HOW TO

Madeleine Carroll advises other women, out of her own rich experience, on the most important things in life

By Jack Holland
know, there is so much to learn when you're wondering
where your next meal is coming from."

And Madeleine had such moments. Those agonizing
days in London while she was tramping the streets wait-
ing for the break that never seemed to come. Then, after
her chance came and success seemed on the way, the
hours of waiting again for another chance! She had all
the moments of tragedy, of uncertainty that seem to be
a part of every successful person. Breaks did come
her way, that is true, but they would have passed her
by if she had not been insistent on the worth of her
ambition and the knowledge she was right in her am-
bition.

"I've found," continued Madeleine, "that many appar-
ently successful people are not success, because of one
important thing. They forget that they are not privileged
children of God. They seem to get the impression that
they are above other human beings. Such desire to escape
the 'common touch' is the surest way I know to end in
the obscurity everyone abhors. I have known several in
my own business who have gone around with their nose
a little too high in the air, their conceit a little too
obvious. It wasn't long before they began their slide
down the hill. I think that every actor
and actress should thank their lucky
stars for each fan letter they receive,
not look down upon the fans as pests."

"Disregarding the fact that you
think you aren't an entire success," I
commented, "you are happy, aren't
you?"

"I like blunt questions," Madeleine
said slyly. "Yes, I am happy. And for
a very strange reason. Because I'm
busy continually! Nothing is more
detrimental to real happiness than idle
moments. I used to find time weighing
heavily on my hands while I was wait-
ing for the next job, and those were
my unhappy moments. Even now, with
my picture work and all, I like to make
my own decisions, for they give me a
sense of responsibility, and responsi-
bilities are very much a part of genuine
happiness. Naturally I refer my prob-
lems to my agent, but I always make the final decisions.
I learned the value of that when I had to decide between
a good stage offer and the screen. I've never regretted
choosing the screen either."

"What about the apparently happy people who are al-
ways the good time babies at parties, the type who never
seem to have a care in the world? Aren't they happy?"

"Never! Theirs is a superficial happiness, built on
shallow and meaningless things. Possibly they feel life
is too short to waste on serious thinking and on work.
But usually such cases are the results of a lack of any
responsibility, any desire to make their lives mean
something. I knew a person once who was always the
popular chap about town, the one who was invited to all
the parties. His family provided him with all the money
he needed. I watched him day in and day out, trying to
keep up his pretense of being happy. Then, one day he
told me, 'Life is a boring thing, isn't it?' I was sorry
for him, I can tell you! Now, most people think that
every movie star is happy and has everything. That they
don't work for what they have. Let me tell you there
are mighty few who can say to themselves, 'I'm terribly
happy!' and mean it. I happen to be fortunate in that I
have learned from my early experiences that it takes
more than money and some degree of fame to be happy.
I've learned that to be truly happy, one must have mo-
ments of unhappiness. (Continued on page 94)
That Twosome, Tyrone and Exakta

By Ruth Tildesley

“WOULDN’T go anywhere without my Exakta!” declared Tyrone Power, dark eyes glowing. (Never mind, Exakta isn’t a girl, she’s a camera. She has a 2.8 Tessar lens and he feeds her with 35 m.m. Super X Eastman film with an average of 32 exposures to a roll.) “I’m flying to South America for six weeks, the minute we get through making ‘Jesse James,’ and I expect to come home with some real pictures,” Tyrone went on. “I’m taking color film for my home movie camera and black-and-white for Exakta, and if I have the luck I had in Mexico, I’ll be satisfied.

“I don’t know how I got interested in cameras. When I was about seventeen I had a home movie outfit. I hadn’t done much with it, when I went to Canada. I took the camera but I forgot to declare it. I declared the projector, the film, the little screen, the tripod, everything but the camera—it was slung about my neck at the time, and I suppose I thought they’d see that, anyway, and list it. Six months later, they came to me and said: ‘Remember that home movie camera you had when you came in?’ I said: ‘Yes, I remember.’ ‘Well,’ they retorted, ‘you haven’t got it any more. You didn’t declare it.’

“So until just now I was minus a home movie outfit. Suddenly I’m so thrilled with making pictures that I want to try the movie stuff again and see what I can do with it. But I like to take still pictures best.
Exakta is a camera, not a girl, so Mr. Power is free to tell secrets of a partnership that gets swell snapshots—scenery and girls too.

You can always pick them up and look at them, have them enlarged and fuss around with them.

"I don't do any developing or printing because I don't have time, but I try effects with filters, exposures, speed and so on. I may get good enough so that I can tell the camera shop how to print up my stuff, but I'm not that good yet.

"It's fun to try an infra-red filter and make the skies dark to give mood to a picture. Take this shot of the Mexican scene on the road to Cuernavaca. The filter gives the sad tone of that scene, yet you can see the details, too—the clothes drying on the roof of the shack, the trees blowing in the wind, the woman in the shawl add interest."

Tyrone, picturesque in his black slouch hat, his dark hair grown long for "Jesse James" sat in his trailer dressing-room and examined packages of stills with interest. He doesn't care much about portraits of people. Professionals can take care of that, so far as he's concerned.

"But this one of Annabella on the grass on the 'Suez' set, and this one of Henry Fonda on the porch of the hotel at Pineville on location for 'Jesse James,' aren't too bad. Annabella looked up when I walked over with the camera, but with Henry I was just sitting on the railing fooling with Exakta when I shot it. He wasn't noticing. There was no prettying up in either case." Tyrone likes spontaneity in his shots of people. He doesn't often use a light meter. "I don't believe in them unless it's for a shot that will be gone in an instant and there's no time for you to decide about light for yourself. Otherwise it seems like taking an unfair advantage. If you know to a dot exactly what speed, what focus, and so on, then you might as well have a robot take your picture, for there's nothing left for you. No element of chance. I like to think that my success is partly my own doing.

(Continued on page 80)
SCREENDLAND
Glamor School
Edited by
Paulette Goddard
Red fox, extravagantly used, makes Miss Goddard's afternoon suit of beige tweed something to see and gasp over! Her high-topped turban, the huge muff are also of red fox. More to the general taste is her black wool bolero suit below. Trimmed in Persian lamb, it boasts two belts—one of self material with lamb trim, the other in black and gold suede. A puppet-sized tricorne outlined in the fur, a dull green crepe blouse, Paulette's own jewels complete a stunning picture.

Photographs of Miss Goddard by Willinger, M-G-M.
Black with bright accents—always smart. At left, Miss Lane models her black crepe dress with crocheted yoke and accents it with a girdle of claret-colored jersey. See her high hat, big squared bag. Two ways to dress up a simple evening frock are shown below. First, cluster-flower pin of blue and white sapphire stones, with matching bracelet; left below, bands of heavy gold link chain set with simulated rubies fashion Rosemary’s necklace and bracelet.

Photographs by Scotty Welburne, Warner Bros.

Rosemary Lane gives you a pre-view of the highlights from her personal wardrobe.
Special chapeau show, at top from left to right—Rosemary Lane's pet hats. Below, dinner suit with jacket of red wool crepe with appliqué of gold kid in baroque design. Right below, red wool jacket costume trimmed with Persian lamb.
"YOU'LL excuse me a moment, won't you please," said Mr. Benchley, "while I get out of this wet bathing suit and into a dry martini?"

Mr. Benchley was neither in a wet bathing suit nor was he about to have a dry martini—but that'll give you an idea of the little quips which he is whipping off at you at every turn. He was, it's true, a little hot and wet around the collar—a state in which he claims work always puts him—and it is also true that he was about to reach for another collar, and maybe a glass of water from the water-cooler nearby. While he's busy at that, I'll see if I can place him in your mind for you.

Mr. Benchley—I don't know him well enough to call him Bob—is author, playwright, columnist, critic and commentator, and then—we hate to mention it because he hates to have us mention it—he is also an actor. Perhaps we can get around it by saying that Mr. Benchley has appeared in numerous dramatic celluloid concoctions: some years ago he accompanied Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery through "China Seas;" some time later he was with Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans in "Piccadilly Jim;" more recently with Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell in "Live, Love and Learn."

Noted humorist Benchley has become, to his own great surprise, one of America's greatest screen stars and box-office attractions. The Robert Benchley 'short subjects' are more popular than most feature pictures. See Mr. Benchley at left, and in scenes from his various "How To-" films for M-G-M at right, and put yourself in good humor. Then read our exclusive interview with him.
But perhaps you know him best for his short pictures: "How to Sleep," "How To Train a Dog," "How To Be A Detective," "How To Raise A Baby," "How To Read," "How To Watch Football"—that's it! that's he: the "how to" man! The man who makes you smile just to look at him, for some strange reason or another; and when he speaks, the laugh becomes frankly an outburst.

"Now as I was saying," Mr. Benchley resumed, (he wasn't saying anything of the kind), "the reason I tremble so when someone refers to me as an actor is that I am a critic: at least I've always chosen to think of myself as one, and I've held numerous jobs as such. I hold one now as a matter of fact, on The New Yorker. Attempting to act, and to criticize acting at the same time, has its problems, as perhaps you can imagine. After I did 'Live, Love and Learn,' for example, I arrived back in New York to carry on with my work on The New Yorker at about the same time the picture appeared there. There were plenty of bad plays in New York about then, but every time I wrote so, and took an actor to task for a mediocre performance, you can imagine how my pan-mail increased. Yeah, look who's talk-

ing—you've got a nerve—after your performance in a picture I saw you in last night! As I say, it has its difficulties. And since I can't stand to see myself on the screen, and hadn't seen that picture, I couldn't be sure but what my critics were right: that I was obnoxious.

"A most disillusioning thing happened recently. I saw 'China Seas' for the first time, although it was made—let's see, was it four years ago? At any rate, when Tay Garnett, the director, those four years ago, talked me into doing the part of a drunk in the picture, the part as he outlined it to me sounded wonderful. Funny. I nearly died laughing. It was screaming. So I did it. Afterwards everyone told me that I was very funny in it, and so I believed it. Imagine! For four years I've been walking around believing that I had given a superb comedy characterization in 'China Seas.' Why, I actually beamed whenever anyone even mentioned 'China Seas.' Yesterday, I saw the picture. The reason I saw it is rather ironical. I was planning to do a short in which I would enact the part of a drunk again. I thought I'd just see that old picture, so I'd have a good pattern for my present characterization. But now—well! I'm not even going to do the part in the short now. I'm urging someone else to do the drunk part and I'll do, oh, most anything else. It tears my heart out to admit it, but in 'China Seas' I think I was lousy."

Well, not everyone, can agree with a critic's opinion, of course. But as a result it's quite possible that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will never again manage to entice Mr. Benchley into a feature picture. Shorts—yes, he writes them by the reel, and appears in them as easily. It takes him only a few days to play his part, and nobody seems to know quite when or how he writes them. In fact it's sometimes doubtful that Mr. Benchley knows himself. He scribbles them here, there, and everywhere, never puts them in binders, never even makes a carbon copy. But there's usually a manuscript tucked away in one or two of his pockets, no matter which suit he happens to be wearing. Sometimes after they've passed (Please turn to page 90)
Natalie Kalmus didn't have to choose between love and a career. She was lucky enough to find them hand in hand. She's the kind of woman who, driven by both economic and inner necessity, would probably have built herself a career in any case. At twelve, she was an artists' model. A few years later she was making balloon ascensions at county fairs, using the hundred dollars she received for each of these stunts to help pay her way through art school. But if she hadn't fallen madly in love at nineteen with Herbert Kalmus, her work would have led in other directions. You would not be reading on every color picture produced today the legend: TECHNICOLOR COLOR DIRECTOR—NATALIE KALMUS, and wondering perhaps about the story that lies behind the name. It's a story of romance, of struggle against repeated setbacks crowned at length by achievement.

Born Natalie Dunfee in Norfolk, Virginia, her family moved to Boston while she was very young. Her father, whom she adored went out skating one day, fell on the ice and died of a fractured skull. She was conscious of her loss as few eight-year-olds can be, and conscious too of her responsibilities. She knew that her ruling passion, the study of art, could be realized now only through her own efforts. With a background of Virginian and Boston gentility, it's a tribute to her independence of mind that she went out and took work where she could get it, daunted neither by raised eyebrows nor physical peril.

She was teaching at the Boston Institute of Art when she met Herbert Kalmus, a brilliant young chemist who had just acquired the dignity of a doctor's degree but was without the dignity of a job. Despite the fact that they had no money, that marriage lay hidden behind an impenetrable veil, life became a rose-colored haze. They held hands and walked in Boston Commons. He was presented to Natalie's mother as Natalie's fiancé. Mrs. Dunfee looked the tall spare young man over, and decided there was nothing wrong with him except that he didn't get enough to eat. Thereafter he was fed frequently at the Dunfee table.

Suddenly the clouds dropped from the future. Kalmus was appointed research chemist at Queens College in Kingston, Ontario. He and Natalie married, and went to Canada to live. For the first and only time in her life, she led a butterfly existence, gave bridge parties, attended teas, acquired a reputation as a hostess and astonished herself by enjoying over a period of three or four years what she called uselessness.

By that time they had saved enough to embark on their next project. Ideas were fermenting at the back of the doctor's mind, and he felt he needed further study to cope with them. Taking leave of Kingston, they sailed for Zürich, where Natalie took art courses at the University, while her husband worked in the chemistry laboratory. They lived frugally, on the theory that every dollar meant another precious day at their labs. The little board saw them through two years.

The bee about making movies in color, which had long been germinating in Dr. Kalmus's bonnet, was now fully-fledged. Back in Boston, he planted said bee in the ears of two former fellow-students at Boston Tech, and the three started experimenting. When they needed a model,
they used Natalie, whose warm skin and redgold hair made her a perfect subject for their purpose. Besides, they didn't have to pay her. Soon she came to be known as the Technicolor Girl.

They had no money to speak of, their technical equipment was meagre, but their faith was invulnerable. Since they couldn't eat faith, the devoted Natalie brought in the necessary minimum of cash. She worked in a library by day, and came home to cook the evening meal, wash the dishes, and launder her husband's shirt and socks—he had two of each—to ensure his looking presentable next day. Then she would join the others, vitally interested in the day's developments, not only on her husband's account but on her own. With an eye trained to color by years of study, she would make suggestions. Their camera was crude, as likely to pick up blue as green or yellow as muddy brown. Natalie studied its eccentricities and tried to cater to them. Watching the tests one night, she advised the substitution of turquoise for emerald. A whoop of delight greeted the result. "She's got the damn thing eating out of her hand," murmured her proud husband. After which she found the duties of color-arbiter added to the rest.

At the end of two years, they had reached a point where they felt their work was ready for financial backing. They got William Travers Jerome, the famous New York lawyer, steamed up over it. Jerome interested a few of his capitalist friends. Dr. Kalmus, that anomaly among men, a scientist with a shrewd business mind, was delegated to go down to New York, display the invention, and clinch the deal. From (Please turn to page 74)

Natalie Kalmus—The Technicolor Girl
TYRONE POWER certainly outwitted everyone about Annabelle. Their romance bloomed behind the smoothest smoke screen in Hollywood history. They fell in love while filming "Suez," but they never so much as had lunch together. When they week-ended at Ensenada they were properly chaperoned, Annabelle faded out of Hollywood so quietly: she was to complete her 20th Century-Fox contract by doing two pictures in London. Instead she secured a Paris divorce from her French actor husband, Jean Murat, and that cleared the tangled way to Tyrone. Even Tyrone's mother was astonished when the two met in Rio by perfect timing; he hadn't taken her into his confidence.

THE very vedy ultra Mrs. Jock Whitney has been determined to have an acting career of her own, but with little success so far! Starting in high, she aimed for the role of Scarlett. Finally it was announced she'd rejected the role of the dance hall queen in Errol Flynn's new melo. But Ann Sheridan who presumably was second choice had been set for this part all along. So until Mrs. Whitney manages to become a star herself, watch for her in the social write-ups of the current races at swanky Santa Anita.

IF YOU are still trying to figure out the Bette Davis-Ham Nelson divorce, what of the inside rumor that their split was caused by too much mother-in-law? And even though Bette is or isn't the gallant lady for not taking the legal offensive, keep this in mind: she and Ham still love one another! Yes, they do. Of course both of them still refuse to give any explanation and both are really heartbroken at their misunderstandings. A girl-friend from the East has been visiting Bette, who's had a fight holding onto necessary weight—Bette isn't casual about her personal emotional crack-up, is the report.

GEORGE RAFT has a house he built and would like to live in, but after getting it ready, what happens? Mrs. Raft, from whom he separated long before he ever came to Hollywood and got into the movies, still refuses to give him a divorce. So he can't marry Virginia Pine and start housekeeping! He continues to reside in the same apartment house as Mae West, near the center of Hollywood. Poor George even has to holter for his automobile. His pal Mack Greer bet with him on the World's Series and Mack won—to the tune of a Packard. Then Mack began renting his new car to Paramount for sequences in the Raft picture now under way, at a price of $50 a day, and he usually has the star's car when Georgie wants to get places. It's all very confusing for a guy who only wants simplicity!

FOR awhile Francis Lederer and Margo dropped quite out of the spotlight, but they're back in it and, cozily, together. They're doing a picture in New York, and it's the first time they have worked with one another. The excitement of the metropolis is a vivid change from the quiet of their California ranch home. Incidentally, Francis hasn't become cynical about his world peace movement. When he gave up his offices for it on the Boulevard the wiseacres said Margo had brought him down-to-earth, killed it. That is far from the truth: she is as idealistic as he is, but he couldn't go on pouring his money into his dream—not indefinitely.

MOST glamorous holiday hangover belongs to Ray Milland. He isn't back at the grind yet; he's luxuriating in St. Moritz, skiing from Alp to Alp! Furthermore, with his wife. There's nothing to that gossip about their splitting. He hadn't been home to England since his big success, so he took her by airplane and Queen Mary, and both of them were loaded with gifts for the Milland clan. They spent New Year's Eve in Paris. Mrs. M.'s left arm is decorated these evenings in Switzerland by a big gold-linked bracelet, engraved on the dangle from it, in Ray's script, are the words: "I married an angel."

HOWARD HUGHES not only hasn't married Katharine Hepburn, as so many people thought he might, but he's added considerable zip to Olivia de Haviland's private life. Livvy wasn't feeling up to par for a long spell, and then she had to work constantly. Lately she's been getting around socially. Once old maid older
More travelers! Dorothy Lamour and her mother, snapped in New York during Dorothy's recent vacation. At right, center, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., just before sailing for a vacation in England.

nister—she's become a problem, darling. Younger sister Joan Fontaine's romance with Conrad Nagel isn't half as involved as Olivia's dates now. But it's still flirtation and not the real thing—or so she says.

FOR one hectic hour Errol Flynn was going to be a father—or else! A magazine insisted on the exclusive story of how he felt about the heir Lilli Damita was going to give him. "I only wish it were true!" exclaimed Errol, over and over. Whoever started the report played a pretty mean joke. Lilli had a gay whirl abroad with the Jack Warners, Errol's boss and his wife, and is now the dutiful housewife once more. Since Errol wants no night life cluttering up his spare time she's taken hers alone.

ACTORS are as enthusiastic about excellent performances as fans, but few of them have nerve enough to praise those they like. The other day Spencer Tracy decided he'd write Robert Donat some complimentary phrases. Robert Taylor admits he wired congratulations to John Garfield when John crashed through on the screen. Robert, it seems, sent Wayne Morris a congratulatory telegram after seeing a particularly impressive bit of work by Wayne. Hollywood men are much more generous toward their rivals than Hollywood women. Of course, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer have been cordial to Hedy Lamarr, the daugher girl who's likely to step into their shoes; but that's an exception and Myrna and Norma are un-usually tolerant of other women.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN evidently has no intention of publicly clarifying Paulette Goddard's marital status. He refuses to say whether they are married. It is said they wed at sea a few years ago. Together they entertain in Charlie's home. He was indignant when she finally resolved to resume her career without waiting for his long-promised production for her, but he softened when she went ahead regardless of his ban. The other evening they dined at the Victor Hugo, and should have been at the adjoining table but Lita Grey Day! When Lita divorced Charlie she collected more than half a million as a settlement. She is the mother of two sons who visit Paulette and Charlie, but she herself isn't on his guest list. She has remarried.

ON HALL never got to England to be "The Thief of Bagdad" after all. When there was a production shake-up abroad, Jon was left once more without a picture to star in. But this time he at least had that magnificent wardrobe Samuel Goldwyn had purchased for him to dazzle London with. Jon is still on the Goldwyn payroll, believes he'll return to the screen now as a glorified beach boy. Meanwhile, he's still madly in love with his wife Frances Langford and is a joy to the sightseers who are driven past his home on Sunset Boulevard. Jon frequently does his daily dozen on the front lawn, in his "Hurricane" costume!

BING CROSBY decided he'd prove he wasn't so poky after all; he could be an athlete, even an ice skater, too! So he led Dixie and a few well-chosen intimates to the Polar Palace. He sat down so hard, the wrong way, that he had to be hauled off to a doctor, and have stitches in his knee. Then they gave him crutches. Under the circumstances, Bing was positively glad to greet Andrea Leeds when she appeared as a guest-star on his radio program. Andrea had to wobble about on crutches, too; she broke her foot when she went to a friend's house for a calm game of badminton.

HOLLYWOOD mysteries: what happened to Allan Jones? No fellow ever worked more conscientiously to make the grade. And how do you explain Gene Raymond's amazing predicament? Once one of the busiest of leading men, he hasn't done a film since his marriage to Jeanette MacDonald. Did June Lang leave 20th-Century-Fox because she left a certain millionaire out of her date book? How will Virginia Bruce and Ina Claire, now that Ina's quit the stage and joined M-G-M, hit it off? Both were once wed to John Gilbert, remember?
discriminating women at Roach—and is, they insist, quite mad about Joan. He deluges her with flowers and phone calls and they dine and dance when she isn’t working. Those in the know can’t forget the respect Joan and Franchot have shown one another since their separation, however enraptured Martin may be and no matter how many night clubs Franchot relaxes in. Franchot himself has just repeated that he has no intention of marrying again. So it looks like one of those Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres things. A definite separation, but no divorce. Franchot returns to Hollywood after the run of his new Broadway play.

THE fate of Warner Baxter interests a lot of insiders in Hollywood today. Ironically, he is leaving 20th Century-Fox after doing a return-of-the-Cisco-Kid picture; it was that character that won for him his fabulous deal with this studio years ago. Warner has hated the idea of growing old, of losing out on romantic leads. He has been the highest-paid star at 20th, earning $390,000 for this—his last year—with this company. He lives in a gorgeous home, is happily married. But he certainly wants to go on acting. Will he be stubborn and insist on all he’s grown accustomed to? It’s always a blow when time begins to mellow star’s lustre. It’s a problem pretty nerve-wracking to the star involved.

ONE of the unpublicized sights of Hollywood is the fourteen-room house adjoining the front entrance to the Warner studio. It is beautifully Spanish, with a red-tiled roof and a charming patio apparent from the street. For the past year, though hemmed in by the buzzing activity of a great movie plant, it has been conspicuously vacant. It’s Marion Davies’ dressing-room and Marion hasn’t been around to star in a picture for quite a spell. No one at Warners knows for certain whether she will ever make another film. Marion invited Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck up to “the ranch” the other week-end.

Stand back, folks! This feud, left, is out-throated—by the script for “Tell It!” wherein co-stars Alice Faye and Constance Bennett have their differences. See trouble brewing? (top). “Ouch!” Below, Glorio Stuart, Don Ameche and Pauline Moore, on the other hand, are most friendly with one another, in “The Three Musketeers.”

THERE is no one more efficient than Constance Bennett. When she had a little unfinished business abroad she made a three-week trip across. That is, she was only gone from her Holmby Hills Colonial mansion in the West for that length of time. She was the house guest of the Douglas Fairbankses in London and she shopped for her spring wardrobe in Paris and New York. Having made three pictures on her come-back campaign, she’s hired a press agent to help her put the old Bennett glamour over big once more. When Connie is indifferent, no one can be more so. When she’s in the mood to be just a regular gal no one’s more regular. She’s in the latter mood—now that it’s decidedly profitable.

LATEST flash on Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone: both are having dates, of course, but Joan has a constant admirer while Franchot is playing the field in New York. Joan’s beau is one Charles Martin, a very handsome scenario at the Hal Roach studio. He has beautiful brown eyes and beautiful brown hair—according to the
The Ritz Brothers, of all unpredictable people, turn up as "Three Musketeers" in the musical version of the Dumas thriller in which Don Ameche takes care of the romance.

Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan is in the movies now (RKO better put return addresses on their prop planes.) Below, the star of "Flying Irishman" gets a make-up for the camera: acts with Robert Armstrong and Paul Kelly.

Merle Oberon looks so little like her screen self, and so like any average attractive girl, that she has a swell private life in Hollywood! At least once a week she goes down to Chinatown for dinner in some tiny Oriental café, and afterward she invariably wants to go dancing at the Palomar, Los Angeles' largest dance hall. She's crazy about swing music and so she's a jitterbug with all the rest of the high school and college crowd there —far from the pretentiousness of the movies' upper crust. No on ever recognizes her as she swings and sways to Ted Weems' music. Her escort is an earnest friend in the Goldwyn publicity department. But there is no romantic tie there—Merle's real heart in Alexander Korda, England's foremost film producer. She lives smack on the edge of the Pacific, by the way, and dives in for a swim these wintry mornings without ever missing once. That's the brand of gumption she exerts to retain her camera perfection.

Look for the Paul Munis in the Hollywood Brown Derby on Thursday nights—they meet Mrs. M.'s brother and his wife for dinner and go to a movie afterwards, regular as clock work... for Charles Ruggles at U.S.C.'s night law school—he's got his dog kennels running so well now he has time for law in his evenings off... for George Brent above Palm Springs—Warner's won't let him fly, so he flies in the desert where it's supposed to be a secret... for Jane Bryan in the smartest gown shops—she never gave a damn about how she looked until her recent (first) trip to New York... for Jimmy Ellison's former stand-in playing leads himself—RKO not only gave Jimmy a new contract, but re-dubbed his stoge Allan Kulp and signed him for leads, too, as Roger Hunt!

Phyllis Brooks won't be Mrs. Cary Grant for another year yet. She hates the waiting, but she wants to repay her mother for the years of sacrifice which resulted in Phyllis finally clicking. You know Phyllis was under contract to two other studios previously to landing on the 20th Century-Fox line-up, and although she and Cary are perpetual jokers both are profoundly serious about progressing in their work. She wants to buy her mother a home, has already bought the furnishings. Anyway, she and Cary did have that brief whirl together in New York when he returned from his quick trip to England. Phyllis finished her last shot only an hour before the plane left Burbank, the one which got her East in time to meet the Normandie.

Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Spence Tracy, and Frank McHugh were buddies a decade ago—when they were struggling to establish themselves on the stage. They borrowed shirts and swapped dollars in their efforts to click. Since they've become famous, and are well-to-do and married, they've never found the time to get together much. At last they've solved it: now they meet for dinner every Wednesday night at some Hollywood café—and then their reminiscences begin. Their wives want to know what they intend to do when they run out of remember-whens!

Most popular actor in Hollywood, according to the latest check-up, is Melvyn Douglas. Here's one reason: when he gave a gala housewarming in his elaborate new hillside home there was only a handful of stars on the big guest list. The others invited were all studio workers—the crew and technical boys and girls.
EX-STARS in circulation again: Antonio Moreno, once a matinee idol, is trying to get a job as an assistant director. Nancy Carroll is reclaiming her secondary roles. Bela Lugosi is active once more because a theatre on Wilshire Boulevard tried reviving horror pictures and horror has come in arfesh due to the big box office receipts there. Harry Langdon has jumped from obscurity and poverty because Stan Laurel tried Hal Roach's patience just once too often. (Yet Harry's had just as much wife trouble!) Helen Twelvetrees hung on and now is playing a lead. Other neglected but now busy stars: Gladys George, Francis Lederer, Edmund Lowe, Alice Brady, and Zazu Pitts.

ROSEMARY LANE apparently has one of those secret romances where nobody ever sees the guy. Perhaps it's like the one Rochelle Hudson used to sport. Rochelle was always dashing about loaded with gardenias and full of mysterious sighs. Naturally the press reported her extraordinary sweetness. Rochelle, however, used to pay for those flowers herself, do all that disseminating just to garner publicity. So if Rosemary doesn't present a live male pretender, it's a good many cynics are going to matter over their coffee at the devotion of her admirer. Sister Priscilla Lane still prefers Oren Haglund, assistant director at Warners. If you don't think he exists, just ask Wayne Morris—who lost Fat to him!

ONE of Hollywood's numerous and much-disputed social crowns has passed from the Basil Rathbones to the Edward G. Robinson's. The Rathbones had been spending a lot of money and they decided they'd be scintillating guests for a change. Gladys Robinson's parties aren't so glamorous, but they're more fun because of that very fact. The Robinson home, an English-style mansion filled with famous paintings and rare antiques, seems more friendly than the Rathbones' mirrored modernity. Mrs. Rathbone is a man's woman, dynamic and determined, while Mrs. Robinson has a host of feminine friends, is frankly one of the congenial married girls—about—Hollywood. So when one steps out in society today one can be a lot more informal, can't one? Heaven help the guest who ever arrived at the Rathbones in anything less than perfect attire for the occasion!

MARTHA RAYE's marriage is still weathering rumors of strife, and even if she doesn't give up her career for love—as she said she wanted to—a bride can't help getting sore when everyone claims there's trouble with one's honey. She turned over the house she bought and furnished to her mother and now she and David Rose, who arranges orchestrations, reside in a sumptuous Hollywood apartment. Martha furnished it, too. She arrives at Paramount in her town car, with her chauffeur at the helm, and drips new glamour—until she gets down to funny business. Her young sister Melodye hawked for a screen send-off, but to date is still hawking.

FRED MacMURRAY didn't install a swimming pool in his garden to be movie-starish; he wanted to enjoy a convenient plunge and he does every day although it's winter. His latest thrill, though, is his station-wagon. He drives it to work and someday he's going to convince Lillian MacMurray she really can drive. Mrs. M. so far is scared of a steering wheel.

GLORIA STUART is no longer under long-term contract to 20th Century-Fox, where she has decorated many a B film, but is she blue? Not Gloria! She turned antique dealer and interior decorator while fulfilling her term at the Westwood studios, and now she is proprietress of a store herself. While portraying a queen of France in her current release, "The Three Musketeers," Gloria presented a strange sight. Regally arrayed, she busily covered footstools while walking to a step into her scenes. "I've been all over Los Angeles getting the correct damask and satin for these old New Orleans stools. This will be one of my bargains for the discriminating buyer!" Of course she isn't abandoning her screen career.

ORETTA YOUNG won't give interviews about her young sister Georgiana, because she waits the girl to grow up untouched by movie glitter. Having had one fling at acting, with Deanna Durbin, Georgiana is back in school under protest. If she can't follow right in Lorett'a footsteps, at least she can date an actor. So she's been stepping out with Gabriel Dell, who may be a Dead Ender theatrically speaking, but has wonderful manners according to Georgiana. The youngsters doll up fit to kill and Rudy Vallee and the Coconut Grove have been none too good for them!

WAS Douglas Corrigan dismayingly temperamental as a movie actor? The studio that employed him says no. He was just curious. While they were setting up the cameras at the airport for one sequence in his picture he jumped on a motorcycle and took a spill. A couple of days later he was about to take off in the ancient crate patched together for a scene. It would never have flown, so everybody screamed at him to stay down. Quite unpretentious, Doug wandered around RKO confessing he'd never be more than a one-picture actor. He rented a modest apartment and bought a 1929 car. Why? Because I'm not going to give parties and I don't need a new car. Anyway, it's fun tinkering with the old boat!" He took sightseeing tours on Sundays, answered his fan mail carefully, and—if you must know—made no dent on Hollywood society. When they made out their guest lists they didn't have to have Corrigan or bust. Why not? That's Hollywood! Most democratic of villages sometimes, snooty other times.

ARTHUR TREACHER no sooner graduated from butler roles than he received word he was the hope and joy of America's snootiest butlers! It seems the British-born butlers and maids who work in New York's most elegant homes have incorporated themselves as a club, and they chose Treacher as their honorary president for 1939. They feel he has done so much to dignify their profession. They'll no doubt be interested to learn that Arthur's big moment is his nine-months-old French poodle; it's just won two blue ribbons, so there!
Robert Taylor insists upon a car that will take the country road he travels into town every day at a safe clip; more particularly, he's been investigating tires in a way typical of him. He remembered a ride in a police car back East, determined to have the same sort of tires himself. So he ordered his secretary to buy tires—and tires—and tires. After he'd spent more than he wanted he secured the exact traction he recalled and now he drives with a song in his heart! Yes, it's still on with Stanwyck.

WILL Wendy Barrie's mother become an actress? Widow of a British consul, the pretty mater of the blonde star confesses she is willing. If daughter has talent, maybe she inherited it from mom, eh? But until some producer urges her to sign on the dotted line Wendy will continue to be the family celebrity. And a popular-in-person one, besides. The other afternoon she noticed that one of the electricians on set had a terrible cold. When he reached his home that evening there was a big box tied onto his front gate. It was filled with every conceivable kind of cold medicine. Wendy knows everyone of the humber workers who are on her sets, knows whether they're married, their wives' names, how many children they have, and what their particular problems are. She not only talks to them, but really does something about it when a bit of help is obviously in order.

Hollywood night life has been emphatically peped up by the opening of Earl Carroll's Inner Circle. The veteran Broadway beauty picker has out-glomered all of the other expensive spots, throwing the sixty most beautiful girls in the world (he says) in a lavish revue while one lines and dances. Picture money isn't backing him—a San Francisco society lady is reputedly sponsoring this rival to the popular Trocadero. June McNulty, Penny Singleton's sister, is one of the sixty beauties. A number of stars have "angeled" the new badminton club on Pico Boulevard; besides badminton the ultra club-house brags of a conference room, a projection room, a television room, and a steno's office—in case a big shot wants to drop a note!

Ann Sheridan wrote a girl friend in Texas to come on out and see her for awhile. Having divided Eddie Norris, who immediately started to rush Nancy Kelly, Annie was lonesome when she finished her day's starring. It was fun to have Gwen in the house, and as a pal. She persuaded Gwen's mother to let her chum quit college in Texas and take a business course in Hollywood instead. Incidentally, it's Allen Lane who's dating The Sheridan offends these winter evenings. He's a handsome consolation prize.

Shall a featured player accept bids from a small studio after a long-term contract expires, or should he wait until the proper role shows up at another major plant? The minor companies usually pay twice the regular salary, but they employ a name because that person has a ready-made audience. Mary Carlisle, Michael Whalen, Rochelle Hudson, and Robert Kent are the latest to head casts of less pretentious films. Will they regret this? Many of their boosters, remembering how predecessors fared because of such a move, hope not.

Madeleine Carroll lives more gloriously—really—than any other star. But don't think she isn't inconvenienced. First her castle in Spain, presented to her by her rich husband, got right in the middle of the war there. A year ago she was the one actress who had to be rescued when flood waters cut off Malibu. She was the one actress whose house at Malibu burned down when the brush fire swept the Hollywood hills a month or so ago. However, she has a new long-term contract at Paramount, and she had an excitingly fast trip to London for the holidays there. So save your tears. The gal's saving grace is that, despite her beauty and luck, she's as regular as they come. Nothing ritzy about this Carroll. It was Nancy Carroll who was so terribly temperamental when starred.

Bette Davis goes modern after a sequence of two dated dramas ("Jeezbel" and "The Sisters") in "Dork Victory," in which Bette appears with George Brent, left, Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie make Victor McLaglen feel he's making it a crowd, in "Pacific Liner."

That was no gag about Glenda Farrell being elected mayor of North Hollywood. She ran on the regular ballot, and was the winnah in the official election last fall. So what do you suppose she's up to? The kids never would have thought of it! She's gone to the school board and started a wildflower plan for all the vacant lots in her municipality. All the children see themselves sprinkling seed lither and you in their snate! They're wondering how to stave off spring.

So Long as a Hollywood marriage is still in such it's such an idiotic thing! Dick Powell and Joan Blondell currently are number one couple when it comes to sustained bliss. Even when they're working they manage to lunch together, at a table for two in Warners' Green Room. Dick bravely withheld those wisecracks the other noon when he walked in with a lot of yarn; Joan makes afghans between her scenes and she'd forgotten her daily supply of yarn. The neighbors who wake that early see Joan white out of the Powell driveway in her little coupé at 6:30 a.m. Dick shoots out in his station wagon at 7:30. She has to reach the studio a full hour earlier to have her hair fixed, the price of glamour!

Jane Withers' latest catastrophe was a rear ing donkey in her mother's parlor! Leo Carrillo gave Jane a little Sicilian donkey. The Withers heard it bray howl through a couple of nights, but the worst was yet to come. It soon learned to follow Jane like a dog, and it strolled right in the front door one memorable afternoon this past month. Mrs. Withers didn't lose her poise; she admitted "Cactus" was rather cute. Suddenly the phone rang. The donkey was so startled it began Newark to get out of the house. Two precious Chippendale chairs were walloped in that process. Jane shuts the door firmly nowadays. Victor McLaglen has the colony's prize personal animal collection, though. In his yard he keeps fourteen dogs, two honeybees, two kangaroos, six deer, a flock of turkeys, rare peacocks, and two cows. He may be a nice man, Mrs. Withers will explain to Jane if Jane reads this, but you are not going to bring home anything if you meet him! Victor's pet is a trained duck which waddles after him, if you can believe it.
SNOW swirls from leaden skies; under-foot, earth and pavement alike are damp and cold. A piercing wind makes you cringe slightly within that Winter coat, forgetful of correct posture and the charm of a gallantly lifted head, but grateful for its protecting warmth. Yet—in your heart and soul you are sick and tired of it. You'd like to throw it aside and not see it again for a long, long time. Winter coats invariably mean sameness.

This situation is just an overdose of Winter, an ailment that overtakes many of us about this time. There are two correctives for it: a new hat, frock, blouse, sweater or accents of a fresh, new mid-season color. Even a piece of the large costume jewelry helps. And—a new lipstick! By all means, a new lipstick. These ideas brighten you up, change your viewpoint and put you in fashion. They are far better bromides for keeping our chin up, physically and mentally, than all the pep talks in the world.

Not long ago, I went to see Gail Patrick, vacationing in New York. I had thought she might tell me, so in turn I could tell you, how she keeps that perfect skin in Winter. Alabaster is the word that describes it. An over-used word, and few have alabaster skin, but Miss Patrick definitely has! But I was wrong. Miss Patrick has practically no skin worries. She uses a bland soap, sometimes cream, and hand lotion, just a little, for powder base. Over that goes a light dusting of powder, no rouge, and on her long, dark lashes, a cream mascara. The cream is exceptionally tear-proof, as Miss Patrick has found when emoting for the camera. Some of the cake form, too, is emotion-proof.

Lips and nails are Miss Patrick's focal points of added color. To achieve a lip tone of the deep, warm purplish variety, she first applies a royal red and over that a tone known as prince's feather, from the flower, coxcomb. This was lovely with the purple-wine frock she wore. Square of neck, buttoned to the waistline, from which a skirt flared to soft fullness. Miss Patrick is tall, a fashion model height, five feet, seven inches. Since her body is a size fourteen, her skirts twenty inches, she cannot buy frocks to fit in the shops and must have them made. Her nails, not too streamlined, matched her wedding ring, delicate filagree set with spaced rubies.

With that fair skin, dark eyes and almost black hair, Miss Patrick could probably wear any color and wear it well. But no! She has ideas there. “I like black, white or red best. At one time, I wore those colors exclusively. But I like red best of all,” she told me, “I am happiest in red.” Happiest in red! A color, then, to be worn for a fine reason. It makes her happy. And what are you happiest in? There is probably some color you associate with happiness for a reason. Just because you wore it when... Perhaps a romantic experience; or that day you walked off with a...
prize job, or maybe just one time when someone looked at you and the world stopped turning for that moment. If you have the right color, then you are happy, and this you can do effectively with a little attention to make-up. There is more to the idea that color affects us and others, than is presented in theory. Miss Patrick believes this, too.

You can wear "surprise" colors, and you won't know what they can do for you until you have. When the purples and fuchsias and cyclamens descended upon us, many were doubtful. But the cosmetics people got busy, and some soft and cool tints of the pink than rachel tones, yet deep, to give the skin life; some deeper shades of cheek rouge, and these I find, if well applied, not nearly as obvious as the lighter shades, and an array of lipsticks that is dazzling. Still they arrive, new lipsticks, from cerise to almost purple, yet with the deep cool note. It is, frankly, none too easy to select powder, rouge and lipstick at random and get a good color harmony. It is wiser to spurge a little and buy all designed to be worn together. These aids, generally of the orchid tone, will see you well through all costume colors from orchid pink to cool blue. A makeup of warm red wills, unless they are brownish. For the tawny colors, brown, tan, beige and yellowish reds, some new, deep, slightly bronzy lipsticks have appeared. Most greens still seem to me to need a red lipstick, deep or light. And your lipstick should definitely match any skin color you wear.

I think, as I said, that this is a wonderful time to buy a new lipstick and to try to get some bright, new color under that Winter coat. I think that it might be fun and very educational to stop at a cosmetic counter the next time you are shopping and tell the salesgirl what color you want to wear and ask for a suggestion on makeup. These girls are well trained in color, are in the stores for consultation as well as sales, and you need not buy unless you want. It is a guess as to which should come first, that new costume color or the lipstick. But this I can say, they must go together. If you want to be fashionable when you buy something new, in the way of clothing that may carry over into Spring, from the middle-season showing of new fashion colors. I think you want to wear these good: violet blues, teal blues, boreale (cerise), beige, violet, lemon or maize yellow, grey, winy tones and off-shoots of purple.

Now, more on Miss Patrick. Maybe you've admired her on the screen, as I have. But the camera does not do her justice. She should be seen personally to be appreciated, for much of her beauty is in skin texture and color harmony. So it is with a gardener; photography can never do it justice. Some of the stars are the reverse; the camera finds beauty that the natural eye cannot see. Not so with Miss Patrick. Her face is gentle and low. She is never hurried and is willing to turn a drawer or bag inside out to show the lipstick she likes. For day, she wears her hair parted in the middle, curled (Continued on page 95)

MORE BEAUTY NEWS!
And more fashion and more fun! All included in a brand new leaflet beginning with this issue. It tells how to give a party, new make-up and perfume by name and answers of the color of the day, modern manners. Just enclose a three cent stamp for mailing, to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Tiredness, strain, and too much exposure to wind and cold show in your eyes. Then, even clever make-up can't quite conceal their lack of life or the weary look of the skin about them. Wonder-workers for these conditions are Eye-Lifts, soft eye masks of felt saturated in a stimulating solution that is both lubricating and astringent. Remove make-up, press an Eye-Lift gently over and about the eyes. Relax five to ten minutes with your head back. You can feel tension lessening and when mask is removed, your eyes will look and feel bright, the skin appear smoother and younger. Eye-lifts are a good beauty habit if you want to keep your eyes young and attractive, and are a special blessing when eyes need a quick, effective treatment.

Certainly a coarse, blemished skin is a real personal woe. And certainly even normally good skins kick up now and then. A good idea to try for either case is Formula 301, by Kay, a lotion to be used in conjunction with soap and water only. The lotion is smoothed on a clean skin with cotton, where it conceals those heart-breaking irregularities. large pores, etc.: powder may be used over it, and meanwhile it does its work of antiseptically cleaning and clearing your skin of its troubles. Users of this preparation praise it highly, and it is just the thing to keep on hand for those skin protests that result from Winter generally. Must be ordered by mail.

EYE-LIFTS FOR YOUR SVANTINE EYES
If your face is showing the strain of Winter, here are aids to make you look like Spring!

Oh, FOR a good, rich lubricating cream, something to soften those fine lines that Winters intensifies in the skin; to smooth out that crepey neck, to give my skin that young, warm look it used to have! Many are probably thinking these very words. Then Colonial Dames Salon "Activated" Cream, salon formula, is the type of cream you probably need. Though definitely slanted toward the skin problems of "thirty and over": an ideal cream for dry skin. The makers say this cream is high in sunshine vitamin D. Certainly it helps toward that vital, younger, more radiant look.

Perehaps you were the lucky girl to receive a big bottle of your favorite perfume for Christmas; or perhaps you will be somebody's Valentine to the tune of a precious fragrance. Far, so good, but do use it correctly. For a lasting, gently diffused fragrance, a Devilbiss atomizer seems absolutely necessary. Perfect in workmanship and ranged in price to fit your purse, these atomizers are as practical as they are beautiful. They are a real economy if you use costly perfume, and are also designed for the use of eau de Cologne. This department believes in spraying all fragrance!

A CLEANSING cream that takes off make-up like magic, that leaves your skin soft and smooth and clear-toned, because it is beautifully clean, is Albolene Solid. This is a hospital-proved product, designed to cleanse and sooth, and is gentle enough for a baby's skin. In Winter, we seem to need extra-thorouh cleansing, because of sedentary life generally. At least, keep surface skin immaculate. Albolene will do this for you. If you will first apply enough to take off make-up and dust, remove with tissues, then apply more and leave on for a few minutes while you bathe or do other chores, you will get extra-good results. In department, drug, chain stores.

A LITTLE Tattoo Black Magic at hand, and, lo, you have lovely lips. This is new, a black lipstick that when transferred to your lips makes them alive and lush with color. It spreads well, is soft and easy on the lips and magically, the one lipstick does for all types. Apply it, according to directions, for light, medium or dark. The general shade has fuchsia so that smart name and this one lipstick really answers three needs. Very application, according to direction, and you have a tone to suit your demands. Tattoo Black Magic is safely indelible. C. M.
Great Women of Motion Pictures

Continued from page 65

Natalie's brother he borrowed money for the trip. She was aching to go with him, but their principles forbade their going into debt for more than the essentials. They worked for several months. To impress high finance, the doctor would have to stay at a good hotel. But he'd eat at the Automat. He wouldn't send wires with another man's money. His associates would have to possess their souls in patience, while he relayed the news of the day on postcards.

She recalls that period as a martyr
don of suspense, her body pacing the floor between postcards, her soul striving to keep the space between Boston and New York. One night she opened the door to find a Western Union boy on her threshold. The deal had gone through. With thousands of dollars behind him, the doctor had caught the spirit of big business and sent a wire.

While Hollywood was already preeminent as a movie center, it didn't stand alone then as it does today. Technicolor went to Florida, because it was cheaper. Mrs. Kalmus went along, not primarily as her husband's wife, but as an official cog in the organization. Because of two outstanding qualifications, she had been appointed color director: they knew no one better equipped to handle the job and, as on an earlier occasion, they didn't have to pay her!

The backers of Technicolor had been helpful but cautious. It was still in an experimental stage. Studios had agreed to release its one-reelers on a percentage basis, but all the expense must be borne by the company. Since picture-making costs were more or less fixed, the only appreciable economy lay in parting salaries. To Mrs. Kalmus the fulfillment of her husband's dream was of paramount importance. She agreed that his salary should cover the work of two—an arrangement that held for several years before she was finally put down on the payroll at twenty-five a week.

A special train was chartered and a special car made up for the camera. The men took turns staying up all night to guard it. They parked on a siding next to an housetop in Jacksonville and spent the winter there, making short subjects. On Mrs. Kalmus's shoulders fell complete responsibility for settings, backgrounds, and costumes. She had no assistance, her budget was small. "Why do you keep using those infamal reds all the time?" people would grumble. "Because I get 'em cheap," she'd retort, and sigh for the beautiful colors she couldn't use.

For money shortage wasn't the worst of their ills. The camera was proving a disappointment. It couldn't achieve true blue and, lacking that essential, reds and yellows reproduced with a garish look. Still, color—any kind of color—held the attraction of novelty. While they made no brilliant showing, the returns of the first three years seemed to warrant a move to California.

The move was made. As their first feature they filmed "Toll of the Sea" with Anna May Wong, and followed it with "Black Pirate." They found themselves faced by a long and uphill battle, two steps forward, one back. For this there were various excellent reasons. The technique of color lagged behind their vision of what it should be. Results were poor as often as they were good. Studio executives were variously canny, the technique was not the same. Still, color—any kind of color—held the attraction of novelty. While they made no brilliant showing, the returns of the first three years seemed to warrant a move to California.

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Candy Store Cinderella

Continued from page 34

Ray was on her way to the cinema city. She tried the movies, but the movies tried to and succeeded in ignoring her. Came the necessity for a more realistic approach to the problem of eating, so this girl went back behind the counters. Later came marriage, came motherhood. The average story would know her with the give - tare, one of living happily—or otherwise—as a home - body. But this is different. The girl is still nice, but her baby's something. Skipper—was about a year old a talent agent told her she ought to be in pictures.

Terry's husband, then, an actor who has since switched to the technical side of production, said “that’s out.” He knew the disappointments, the bitter struggles, the suspense of hoping that a “break” would come after you did get on a movie lot.

What the agent proposed was “out” for a whole year. Then Mrs. Fred Wallace asked her husband if he didn’t think it would be all right for her to ask the agent if he meant what he said a year ago. She did. The agent did—mean what he had said. In no time Terry Ray was in stock at Paramount—playing chorus in musicals, “atmosphere” in a film here and there, posing for leg art publicity stills, and—AND—working hard in the Paramount dramatic school in whose play she was seen by Wesley Ruggles, then looking for just the right girl for “Sing You Sinners.” Ruggles made a test—which landed Terry Ray the part that made everybody sing but Ellen Drew’s praises—the Ellen Drew name was selected when Paramount saw this girl had possibilities as a dramatic actress, was not just a “cutie.” Things happened fast then for Ellen Drew. Came quickly the part of Huggette in “If I Were King,” and came later the lead opposite George Raft in “The Lady’s from Kentucky,” which is her next film.

Now if that isn’t an interesting success story it’s because we haven’t told it right—because the real-life drama is there. But even so, whatever interest there is in Ellen Drew’s past, her present is far more absorbing when you read her, or, better yet, hear her, to say. The thing she actually likes most about all this success is that she now is in a place where “the hard work is chiefly work. But it’s something to do—and I like it whether it’s hard work or something pleasing—like meeting the press.” We tell you that girl’s got everything—including a sense of humor.

Carole Lombard’s hairdresser is Loretta Fran - cell, who says “hold still” and Carole does. Lana Turner, like many of the foremost glamor girls, has her own hairdresser. Though a natural beauty, Paulette Goddard is prettied up like this before each scene.
of Chicago, and walked up in fields of cotton instead of blocks of skyscrapers. This was not a Lombard gag. It was a mistake. In Chicago where the Chief dummied us we had decided that it was silly to pay the Twentieth Century dollars extra fare to take us in to New York when another train would get us there just as well for much less. There’s no stupid chi-chi about that Carole. Miss Lombard is probably the only movie star who ever arrived in New York on a milk train.

When you are cooped up for five days and nights with a movie star you get to know her pretty well. How she talks, and what she thinks, if she thinks. And believe me, Carole thinks. She is one of the most serious girls I’ve ever met. People who knew Carole as Jane Peters when she was a child and later in her early teens tell me that she was a quiet, shy little girl whose stockings were always wrinkling. She worshipped her mother and was definitely a “Mama’s girl” — and still is, for that matter. Fortunately she got pushed around considerably by her two older brothers, Frederick, Jr., and Stuart, who taught her how to box, and to play baseball and volleyball. She had a great amount of energy and usually managed to beat them at their own games (just as she does Mr. Cagle now), but around adults she remained strictly the demure type. At the age of fifteen, fresh from Virgil Junior High School, she broke into films as Estelle Fox as Edmund Lowe’s leading lady in “Marriage in Transit” simply because she could work up a good flood of tears at the drop of a hat. “I just have to think sad things,” said Carole to the director, “and I cry.” She did. She also played in “Hearts and Spars” with Buck Jones (on a camera-wise horse that had been in so many pictures that the moment he was out of focus he would stop dead, with the result that Carole was always gliding over his head onto her own), and in several other Westerns with Tom Mix. By no means a Glamor Girl, Carole just the same was fairly well established in pictures with ambitious hopes for a brilliant future — when suddenly her world collapsed about her. Her face was torn open in an automobile accident. There seemed little doubt but that she would be scarred for life.

It happened on a Sunday afternoon in 1925, when Carole was seventeen. She went riding in a Frenchmade car with Harry Cooper, a banker’s son. They were driving along Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills, when Cooper brought his car to a stop. At that moment, the car hit a bump, the catch on the movable seat broke, and Carole slid faceforward into the windshield. Ordinary glass would not have broken so easily, but this windshield was already cracked. In shattering, it made a bone-deep scar in Carole’s face, from her upper lip to the middle of her left cheek. The common belief is that Carole’s beauty was saved by long and expensive plastic surgery operations, but that is entirely untrue. Some unknown surgeon in a community hospital in Hollywood, who took fourteen stitches in Carole’s face, was the real hero. He administered no anesthetic, because he did not want the facial muscles relaxed. After the operation he taped down Carole’s eyelids for four hours, and warned her against moving her face for the next ten days. The only trace now of that accident is a slight scar that can be detected only on the closest inspection. At the time of the operation, however, an angry red line remained on her face for over a year, during which period Carole became more and more despondent over her future on the screen. The scar gave her a dreadful inferiority complex and she hid herself away from her friends, from Hollywood, from all contact with that gay glamorous life that had been hers for only a moment before it had been snatched away. Through a year full of long days and lonely nights she had plenty of time to think things out.

It was that accident, I am sure, with its accompanying loneliness and despair, that turned Carole into the screwball whom the public knows today. Her pride was hurt so deeply that she has a horror of being hurt again — so she fights people off with laughter, with hilarities squeals and shrieks. Gags are sort of a defense mechanism with Carole. She wants you to think of her as a gay gal without a care in the world. Also, during that lonely year she learned a lot about human nature. People like to laugh. If you come into a room and say, “I have a sad story to tell you,” you’re just about as welcome as a process server. But if you come shrieking into a room and shout, “Hey, everybody, relax, I’ve got the funniest story to tell you,” people will crowd around you and adore you as if you were the nicest thing that has happened since Christmas. If you say, “Come over to my house tonight and let’s have a serious talk,” you can be quite sure that your guests will suddenly find a previous engagement. But if you say, “Come over tonight, and let’s have some laughs,” you can be sure of a party. ‘If I am ever given another chance I won’t be a screwball,” thought Carole. “I’ll be a daze dame. People want to laugh, okay, I can make them laugh. And as long as they laugh they can never get close to me.”

As everyone knows by now, an assistant director and friend named Lonnie Dorsey suggested a remedy for the brooding Carole. “Get her over to Mack Sennett’s,” he told Mrs. Peters. “She’ll forget her disfigurement in that mad bunch and she’ll hit her stride again. The last postcard came out of it.” Figures, not faces, counted at Sennett’s. After two years of slapstick comedy, which proved invaluable experience when she was a screwball girl, Carole’s good spirits were restored, the red line had entirely disappeared, and Carole had started her merry prank that simply played Hollywood as a set of stiches. “Carole’s a card,” people said. And couldn’t wait to see what she’d think up next.

In order to know that serious side of Carole today you must see her when she isn’t in action. When she’s at home. When she has finished a long hard day at the studio with plenty of preliminary reports and publicity and has had a noisy goodnight to every prop and grip (Carole is accepted as the most democratic star in Hollywood) she drives herself in a far from glamorous car, and simply falls into bed. But her abundant energy doesn’t leave her even then and for hours every night she lies awake and listens to see if her name is there, but reads it from page to page with special attention to the editorial page. When she admires an editorial, she often telephones her editor or columnist who says, “Enjoyed your editorial last night tremendously. Of course the editors and columnists think it’s only fair to you, but they just ought to see how serious Carole is about it.”

She reads every book and play published, and the original plays as well, that some friend brings to her by her friends and acquaintances. Naturally, you say, she is looking for a part for herself. And naturally, she is. But if she finds the book, the play, and the script unsuited to her she doesn’t toss it aside with a “There’s nothing for me there.” No—
WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE—
THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!*

Boy Teaches Girl — Nancy Hoguet gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides cleaning and softening it."

Big Moment — Camilla Morgan (now Mrs. Remsen Donald) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."

245 Presents — Marjorie Fairchild sails for Bermuda honeymoon day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin beautifully for make-up."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple — Anne Clark Roosevelt faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps skin health. I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."

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Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

- Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.
- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
RAW THROAT?
Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite.
Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds—at contact; (2) it eases the rawness in your throat; (3) it relieves the painful swallowing.

If you’re looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

DANDRUFF ITCH?
Heres an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. This gives head an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.
4. Rinse very thoroughly. This leaves scalp clean and sweet.
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. This relieves dryness. Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you’ll be delighted with results. That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction—or your money back in full!

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR*

Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic—an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery.

Use ZONITE for
FIRST AID • SORE THROAT • BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF • FEMININE CLEANSING

What she knew (and she played a very fair game at that) and started from rockbottom with coach Eleanor Tennant. When she took up sket-shooting, she concentrated horridly on it until now she is recognized as the best women sket-shooter in Hollywood. When she goes hunting with Clark Gable and Andy Devine she is no drawback to the men—in fact she is better at the sport than they are. She can bag more ducks than Clark any time. But when it comes to fishing, she gets even with her. The Lombard stomach is subject to naul de mer at its worst. Since the little incident that happened on the last fishing trip with Clark and the Buster Colliers Carole has sworn off the sea, forever. She had been flat on her back under canvas all day simply praying that Clark and “Stevie” and Buster would be drugged into the ocean by those horrid muddy winds so she could go home to her clean nice bed. But during the late afternoon she felt a bit stronger and thought she might sit up and try to manage something in the way of food and that when launching her sandwich rather undecidedly a sea gull swooped down on the deck right in front of her. “Here birdie,” said Carole, “come get this sandwich.” The seagull swayed uncertainly across the deck, gave Carole a peculiar wan look, and proceeded to throw up a fish dinner right at her face. For months Carole has turned deathly pale at the very mention of the word fish. That wasn’t a gag either.

Rather typical of Carole’s serious side is the interview she gave out not long ago to Frederick C. Othman of the United Press. He asked her what she thought of the huge income tax peed off her $465,000 salary for 1937, and he expected her to go into a fine frenzy like the rest of the Hollywood stars do at the mention of income tax. But not Carole, “I think it’s great,” was her prompt reply, “I’m glad and proud to pay the government any amount it sees fit for me to pay. This is the greatest country on earth, worth any price. I like its schools, its free parks for children, its opportunity, all made possible by taxes we all pay. The taxes I pay come back to me in all the wonderful things that make this country the finest in the world. It is this kind of a country that made it possible to me to earn

Watching an actress dress for her part, Janet Walda in the evolution of a modern beauty into a Turn-of-the-Century belle, enters her dressing room, left. Her coiffure arranged and not brief undies donned, Janet calls for help to get into that firm fauonion of corset.
A dainty thing consisting of yards and yards of cloth—virtually a hoop skirt without hoops—goes on next, not without a struggle.

such a salary. Yes, I'm glad to pay my taxes. (By the time Carole has paid her taxes, federal, state, agent, etc., she has about $30,000 left from her $405,000 annual income. She gets $150,000 a picture and $5,000 a broadcast. $30,000 is still a lot of money to us, but it isn't very much for a movie star who has to pay ten times as much for things as we pay.)

Amid all the griping and wailing about income taxes in Hollywood the Lombard point of view, "I'm glad to pay," was rather refreshing. And I do hope you saw the two-column cartoon in the New York World-Telegram showing a rotund captain of industry with the Lombard interview in his hands. He is shouting to his butler, "Henceforth, Jeeves, when attending the cinema you will hiss this Lombard person long and loudly." Jeeves will have a very good opportunity soon when "Made for Each Other," Carole's latest in which she co-stars with Jimmy Stewart, plays the neighborhood theatres. But I bet Jeeves won't

Swaddled up to the neck in corset, corset cover, yards of starched muslin, Janet gets the final treatment—a silk dress.

Now to pass the inspection of the star of "Zaza," Claudette Colbert critically examines details of Janet's costume.

...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE.

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

"Sorry Jack...I'm cutting in. But listen, fellow, wait for me after this dance, will you? I want to tell you something..."

I know Judy gave you the high sign, wait! But you don't know why, Jack! On the level, pal— you've just gotta see your dentist about your breath!

Tests show that much bad breath comes from decaying food particles and stagnant saliva around teeth that aren't cleaned properly. I recommend Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits.

"Well, as I live and breathe—if it isn't that Daily Double, Jack and Judy, again!"

Later...Thanks to Colgate's

No bad breath behind his sparkling smile!

S.O.S.

Make sure that your breath is okay! Play safe: use Colgate's twice a day!

Colgate's Combats Bad Breath...makes teeth sparkle!

Screenland
That Twosome, Tyrone and Exakta
Continued from page 57

“This rodeo shot was a fast action shot. You can stop a rider in full flight like this with a high speed camera and yet get excellent detail. For this shot I had time to decide in advance on the speed before the action began. At a football game or a race or something like that, you mightn’t have a chance to figure things out.

“It’s nice to get a feeling of heat into a shot, as in the desert scenes on ‘Suez,’ where blazing sun made a heat haze in the distance and the water is dark in contrast to the white sand, or where the sky looks glaringly clear behind the huge tanks.

“Talking about moods in pictures, this church at Xochimilco, Mexico, has a mood of menace. I used a dark filter on that. The church on the way to Xochimilco is one of my favorite shots, and I’ve had it blown up and finished in sepia. I cut off a little of the white road in the foreground, and it’s really nice. The shot of the city of Taxco from a hotel balcony is the sort of thing that enchants me. I hope I can get a lot of that type of thing in South America.

“The Mexican trip was my first trip into a foreign land of any consequence and I got the urge from that. Maybe I’ll tour the world with Exakta before long!”

“Being in pictures is an advantage to the earnest candid camera fiend, according to Tyrone. “I learn a lot from watching experts on pictures. About color, I’ve picked up a great deal from ‘Suez,’ my first technicolor picture. I hope to put what I know into practice on that South American trip. Not too much glaring color, not too many distracting colors, concentrate on one lovely effect, not several. Now all that remains is for me to do it!”

“Every time they set up the cameras outdoors, I try to decide where I’d set up myself for that particular scene, and then when they’ve done it, I find out either that I was right—which is rare—or what their reasons are for not doing as I’d have done.

“I’m interested in these shots of the wind storm in ‘Suez.’ In the first one the property men are using a battering ram to break in the door; the second shot shows the door broken and the men leaping out of the way behind the shed, and a giant figure starting forward. That’s an action shot in my language.”

“Like nearly all men, Tyrone likes airplane shots. He has three favorites taken on board a plane—one is a sunset, one of a fog, and one of sun and clouds. “The last one I’ve had blown up and printed in a blue wash that’s very effective. They put the blue into the printing solution, I think. It would be nice for a seascape, too.”

“The trouble with most amateur shots, Tyrone believes, is that they look flat and uninteresting. “People take them head on, without paying any attention to what they really want to get,” he explained. “Now, hotel windows are good vantage points if you want a distance shot. This one of New York from a hotel window isn’t bad.

“I actually know very little about shooting pictures, but I keep watching the fellows on the set who are experts, and seeing their results and if I don’t see how they got their results, I’m not above asking! I think it’s well to vary light and shade, to try for good composition, not to pick up the camera and shoot in a hurry.”

“In Kansas City, over the Labor Day week-end, there wasn’t any small film left anywhere! Why? “About 5,000 people came down to Pineville to watch us making pictures, and I’ll bet most of them had cameras,” laughed Tyrone. “They bought out the entire supply of film, and had to wait till Tuesday before the city got in any more.”

“The crowds amused Tyrone so badly they shot them for his album. One woman actually sent Henry Fonda a reel of film No. 120 and asked him to find a camera to take his picture with it and send the film back to her. “But nobody had a camera of that particular size’ remembered Tyrone. “Henry has a new camera with a ground glass lens that’s very interesting. But he’s a real expert. I find Exakta easier to manage than the Leica or the Contax, because it’s easier to see what you’re doing, but every make has its devotees.”

“I suppose if anyone wanted to be really different in Hollywood or anywhere else these days, he wouldn’t go in for candid cameras. “But why not—it’s grand fun!”

—Alice Faye makes a not very happy landing in this scene above from ‘Tail Spin.’

**Beech-Nut**

**ONE OF AMERICA’S GOOD HABITS**

**Here’s How she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it. P. S. So do grown-ups!”**

**SCREENLAND**

80
Inside the Stars’ Homes
Continued from page 15

Divinity may also be faintly pink and chopped candied cherries added. Another suggestion is to sprinkle 2 tablespoons grated orange rind on bottom of pan. Then sprinkle ½ cup grated coconut over that and pour on the divinity. When removed from pan the orange gives a very attractive top.

“The nicest Valentine I’ve ever received was one given me out here. It was a Vienna candy box—sort of tier on tier with a tiny tassel on top. You pull the tassel and feel as if you’re Columbus, because each pull releases a tier and each tier is full of something delicious.

“The worst one I ever heard of didn’t come to me. I was in the convent and there was the usual fat girl whom everyone teased. On Valentine’s Day, some wit sent her a huge box of candy stuffed with cotton and various unpleasant things. I thought it was a dirty trick and I still think so.”

Whitney sprang up and went to the studio window overlooking the front lawn. “Look, in this box outside I have black lilies! They’re very rare and I’m always hoping they’ll start to bloom. I’m mad about flowers. Want to see my special pets? They are gardenias—twelve of them—as large as small trees and they’re out in the patio.”

From French doors we stepped into a red-and-green tiled patio, where the gardenias were guarding sun divans, tables and chairs overlooking a second formal garden and lawn.

“My house guests always like this,” commented Whitney, as we wandered inside again. “I like having people staying here, just a few at a time. I never have big parties—who enjoys them? Certainly not the hostess, and to judge from the guests’ comments, they don’t either. So why do it? My house guests like waffles, griddle cakes and French toast for breakfasts. So do I. I suppose it’s this yearning for heat in me. They say there’s something in the syrup that provides it.”

(“The syrup is Karo, and the ‘something’ is Dextrose which gives the needed energy and heat to the body.”)

“Marie, my French cook, serves these dishes a little differently from the ones I’ve ever eaten before. She’ll give you the recipes. Oh, and she makes a most marvelous pie, too—peanut butter pie. You must have that!”

GRIDDLE CAKES

2 tablespoons Mazola
2 tablespoons Karo, Red Label
1 egg, beaten
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Argo or Kingsford’s cornstarch
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder

Tea time for Whitney Bourne! The hostress whose home you visit in the accompanying story is seen in the attractive living room of her home in Brentwood, swank Hollywood suburb.

Do we cut down RUNS with Lux?”

“You bet we do,” girls say

“With a job and a wee salary I’m more than ever a Lux fan! It makes stocking dollars elastic—just as it keeps stockings elastic longer so they go into runs less oft’en!”

“I T’S EASY to cut down runs with Lux,” girls say. Lux saves elasticity—stockings give under strain. Runs don’t pop so often! Soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing weaken elasticity—then runs may come!

“With a job and a wee salary” I’m more than ever a Lux fan! It makes stocking dollars elastic—just as it keeps stockings elastic longer so they go into runs less oft’en!”

Cut down RUNS with Lux?
This way...
Runs come easily when silk loses elasticity. Save the elasticity of your stockings—Lux them after every wearing.

“With a job and a wee salary I’m more than ever a Lux fan! It makes stocking dollars elastic—just as it keeps stockings elastic longer so they go into runs less oft’en!”

“I T’S EASY to cut down runs with Lux,” girls say. Lux saves elasticity—stockings give under strain. Runs don’t pop so often! Soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing weaken elasticity—then runs may come!

Cut down RUNS this way...
Runs come easily when silk loses elasticity. Save the elasticity of your stockings—Lux them after every wearing.

“With a job and a wee salary I’m more than ever a Lux fan! It makes stocking dollars elastic—just as it keeps stockings elastic longer so they go into runs less oft’en!”

“I T’S EASY to cut down runs with Lux,” girls say. Lux saves elasticity—stockings give under strain. Runs don’t pop so often! Soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing weaken elasticity—then runs may come!

A little goes so far—Lux is THRIFTY

saves elasticity
 Combine the Mazola, Karo, egg and milk. Sift together the dry ingredients, beat into the liquid mixture until all the lumps have disappeared and the mixture looks bubbly. Fry on a griddle slightly oiled with Mazola, putting the batter on by teaspoonsfuls and keeping the cakes well separated. Turn as soon as they are bubbly all over. Serve at once with Karo.

**FRENCH TOAST**

12 slices white bread cut
about ¼ inch thick
2 eggs
1 cup Karo, Light
1 tablespoon Karo
1 pint milk
½ teaspoon salt

Beat the eggs, add the milk, Karo and salt. Dip the bread in this, one slice at a time, then turn and fry in sufficient Mazola to keep from sticking. Turn only once. Serve immediately as a main dish, with broiled bacon, or as a breakfast, luncheon or supper dish with Karo.

**KARO PEANUT BUTTER PIE**

1 cup Karo, Blue Label
1 cup sugar
3 cups peanut butter
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Blend ingredients well; pour into 9 inch pie tin which has been lined with chilled Flaky Mazola Pie Crust. Cover with another pie tin, inverted, and bake in hot oven (450°F.) for ten minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350°F.). After fifteen minutes, remove cover and continue to bake until a silver knife inserted shows a firm filling and a slightly crisp top (fifteen to thirty minutes). This pie is very rich, as well as delicious, it should be served in small portions.

"Oh no, they're not fattening!" she argued, at my exclamation. "Any active person burns up energy quickly—especially in the hard grind of movie-making—so we need it. Which is very nice.

"Most of the people I know are in pictures—Anna May Wong, the William Wyler, the John Huston, Wendy Barrie. Not that any of us are fighting weight. Merely that we need all the vitality and energy we can get.

"Another reason for fewer guests at a time is the size of my dining room," said Whitney. "It won't hold more than six comfortably—but if they're old friends, we squeeze in somehow. That Sheraton buffet is the pride of my heart. See my four silver candlesticks? All collected in different places, and yet all match! The table is good and so is the tip-table but the chairs are imitation. I'm still looking for the ones I want.

"Jimmie Broderick did the murals for the room—fortunately for him one wall is all windows so all he had to do was think up three of them. They represent the Gods against the People.

"One wall depicted huge gods of war hovering above the tiny earthmen who struggled beneath carrying different flags. A second showed the god Bacchus with his wine, women and song, and his tiny imitators below; and the third revealed the gods of love with their adherents under them.

"I call the first the political ward, the second, the alcoholic ward, and I wouldn't mention the name of the third. All so grand for the digestion! Nobody can eat here with any piece of mind, so as a rule I use the table for a buffet and everyone takes what he likes and eats it where he pleases.

---

**FOR LIPS THAT LURE—TANGEE!**

Here's orange magie in a lipstick known the world over for its "young" appeal! Watch it change on your lips to your very own shade of blushing rose...see how it makes them glow with life, as though your heart beat through them!

**ROUGE AND POWDER, TOO!...**

Tangee Rouge to match, Compac or Creme, gives your cheeks lovely "natural" color. Clinging Tangee Powder makes your skin seem petal-smooth, all ready to be kissed. Ideal for blondes, brunettes, redheads.

**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone cheat you.**

**TANGEE**

Ends That Painted Look

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

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**4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

The George W. Elti Co., 417 Fifth Ave, New York City...Please mail "Miracle Make-Up Set" of
TANGEE Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet.
1 envelope size (champagne or opal). Use in Canada:
Check Shade of [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachet [ ] Light
Powder Desired [ ] Peach [ ] Rachet

Name.
Street.
City—State—SU-29

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**WILL HE KISS YOU, TONIGHT?**

Your heart is ready...but your lips are not. If bright greasy lipstick makes you look older, less desirable than the girl of his dreams. He's apt to turn away...and take his kisses to a wiser girl...with sweeter, more natural lips. So...

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**SCREENLAND**

Doing his good deed for the day, Jackie Cooper investigates a supposedly "haunted house" to allay the fears of Vondell Darr, as Frank Coughlan, Jr., looks on: "Eagle Scout."
publicity, he had to take a second beating in "The Crowd Roars" from prize-fighters who'd make anybody think twice, particularly someone who never had put the gloves on, before standing up to them. And on the day I talked with him he'd just been mixing it up with Wally Beery, who's no pushover.

There you are—and it's not a soft place! To get there and stay there you must have an abundance of viscera, described in polite circles as a lot of guts. Sizing up Bob was sure he had 'em. Meanwhile mobs had run him ragged. So I asked him how he felt about crowds, "Okay with me now," he replied, "But the first time I went to New York, two years ago, they scared the life out of me! I'd never been in a really big crowd before, and I didn't know what to make of it. I was terribly interested in it, but couldn't for the life of me understand why it should have any interest in me, I felt like a huck seeing the sights, so couldn't possibly figure myself as one of the sights. Small-town boy makes good in big city reads swell in the papers, but that doesn't go for me. I'm still so small-town I can't even put up a good bluff. Out here in Hollywood it's easy, You just go along—howdydoy—and you're not bothered. But get a New York crowd on your tail and you feel like a dog who has just been introduced to a tin can. The trouble was I didn't know how to handle myself. There was nothing to be afraid of, but at first I was knocked cold with fear."

His frankness left no doubt of how desperately he had battled that fear—and conquered it. Even more ingratiating was his consideration: "I was anxious to do the right thing, make the right impression. But it all came so suddenly and unexpectedly that I didn't know what to do about it. In a city the size of New York you'd think you could go to a hotel and nobody would know where you were. But somehow they find out. That was the first thing that struck me as strange in a city where there are more avid fans than anywhere else in the world. I managed to slip away from them at the hotel without much bother, but when I got to Loeve's State to do a radio stunt they caught up with me, I expected to be able to walk anywhere, and at first I did without anyone giving me a second look. But after awhile it seemed easier to take a cab. Then I got on to a new trick the kids were playing. They're ride on the back bumper of the taxi, and when I got out they'd be on my neck. I probably got a lot more fun out of that game than they did. But I was always surprised that anyone should want to see me—still am. I fail to understand why there should be so much curiosity."

Bob shook a puzzled head, then let a slow smile creep over his face. Looked as though he were keeping something back. Sure enough for presently he admitted: "Guess that's one on me, so I might as well own up, I'm just like the rest of the fans—or used to be. You see, I'd done the same thing myself a few years ago. When in college I came up to a fraternity banquet at the Coconut Grove, Joel McCrea, who'd gone to Pomona before my time, was there. He was the first movie actor I'd ever seen, and the moment I clapped eyes on him I didn't know whether I was eating Squab Ambassadeur or plain hamburger. When McCrea got up and left the table I sneaked out after him and followed him into the men's room. No, I didn't have the nerve to speak to him, But I smoked three cigarettes and washed my hands twice just for an excuse to rubberneck him."

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TRY the new Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Daily use helps against dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.
That awed college cub never dreamed that one day he himself wouldn't be able to walk out of or into a public place without starting a mad rush in his direction. It occurred to me that, just back from Alaska, probably he had gone on that trip to get away from Madrid throngs, and I wondered if he had succeeded. "I never attempt to get away from people now," he said, "and it's no good trying any tricks—they're on to all of 'em. After boarding ship at Vancouver and being told there was a crowd on the dock, I went out on deck and had a lot of fun. They threw things up over the rail for me to sign, among them old shoes. That was the first time I'd autographed shoes, and I got a big kick out of it. Because of returning on the same boat, I had only one day in Alaska, but two laughs. One friendly old fellow sidled up to me, saying, 'Boy, I'm a good customer o' your'n. Every time one o' your pectors comes along I plunk down my two bits and ask for a ticket. Now I want you for somethin'.' Autograph? I inquired. 'Hell, no,' he barked, 'cigarette?' Another old-timer with a sly twinkle in his eyes said, 'Bein' as how you're in the movies I s'pose you got lots o' gals.' No, only one,' I told him. 'Kim she cook?' he wanted to know. 'Anything she lays her hands on,' I said. 'Then,' he seriously advised, 'don't lose no time gittin' spliced to her. Love ain't lastin', but eatin' is.'"

As he left romance comfortably established in the culinary department, Bob gave evidence of being well nourished by a healthy sense of humor. Then he put on a straight face, with: "What has impressed me most of all in meeting a person here and there is an underlying friendliness. The same is true of crowds. They want to be friendly, and it's this attitude that puts the rest of it up to you. That's the most valuable discovery I've made. Having made it, I've overcome my fear of crowds. Be honest with them and they'll be honest with you. Anyhow, that's the way it has worked out with me. I never refuse to do anything I can do, and if it's impossible simply explain I'm hurrying to keep an engagement or am on my way to work. That never has failed to make everything all right. Keep your head and a crowd will do the same. It's all in knowing how to handle: one. For a time I didn't know any more about it than a rabbit. But I've never had any actual fear. By this I don't mean I'm absolutely free of it. No one is. Everybody's afraid of something, lives in fear for his job, his business, his finances, his health, his happiness. I've never worried so much over my work as I now do. But I've got over my first panic at crowds, just forgot about it.'"

How Bob could ever forget that New York crowd which swept him like a storm and threatened to wreck his whole career as he was sailing for England to make "A Yank at Oxford" was more than I could understand. For a moment he made no comment, and I was expecting none when he came out with surprising candor: "What happened there will always be a mystery to me. Except for the crowd on the dock I knew nothing of what was going on. I certainly had no idea two girls were hiding under my bed. The first I knew of it was after they were discovered and sent off the boat. Up to that time I hadn't been in the bedroom. All the time they were there I was in another room, the suite, along with a bunch of newspapermen. How those girls ever got there beats me, but I'm sure it wasn't a 'plant.' Evidently it was just a kid prank, for I had a letter signed by both girls saying they were terribly sorry for what they'd done and hoped I'd forgiven them. They also said they had been suspended from school, and that made me

---

James Roosevelt smiles for the press as he takes his place as an important executive in the film industry. Above, the President's son, former member of the White House secretariat, is pictured with Samuel Goldwyn in his office at Hollywood. Mr. Roosevelt becomes a vice president of the Goldwyn company, will divide his time between Hollywood and the New York offices of the concern whose stars number such luminaries as Garry Cooper and Marle Oteron. It is understood that "Jimmy" will be identified with the financial division of the company, will take an active part in the expansion program on which Goldwyn has embarked.
This even goes on far into the night, something I realized after being cooped up in the hotel for hours. It was pretty hot there, and I was dying to get out for a breath of fresh air. But there was a big crowd below my window and they bolstered till late at night. Howard Strickling had come over from M.G.M. ahead of me, and finally about midnight we sneaked down the back stairs and hopped into a cab. It seemed ‘all clear,’ as they say over there, till we noticed that a guy on a bicycle was trailing us. We tried to shake him off in Hyde Park, but couldn’t get away with it, so at last we drew up at one side. Our pursuer leaped off his wheel and pulled pencil and paper on us. I thought he was an autograph hunter, but he turned out to be a journalist. After asking a question or two, he politely went his way. This left me to go mine, so I legged it around the park for an hour or so just as a work-out."

Bob now, I warily noticed, was working a thumb in his best prizefighting manner. "Busted it on a guy in 'The Crowd Roars,'" was his casual explanation, "and it's still a bit on the bum. Doesn't matter, though, because in the picture I'm now doing there are only three fights." Only! That just went to show there was no fear left in the new Robert Taylor. He had fought it to a finish.

Loretta Young and Warner Baxter in characters they portray in "Wife, Husband and Friend."

Stunning!

Isn't She?

That's what they'll say about you when you enhance your charm with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. When you darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara it seems as though Nature made them that way. Maybelline Mascara, in Solid or Cream-form, goes on easily and stays on perfectly. It is harmless, tear-proof, and non-smarting.

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THE LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS IN THE WORLD
your eyes, and just about wrecked the act."

"That lighting is out," Mel said to Alcine, "It ruins the play."

Since the expert felt he had done a good job, and the producer, who had paid so much for special lighting would have been indifferent at the idea of scrapping it, Mel, without saying a word to either, arranged matters to suit himself. At nine o'clock, when dress rehearsal ended, the cast went home; but Melvyn, Alcine and the electricians remained behind and tinkered with the lights till four o'clock in the morning. Then, satisfied, they went home; it was their arrangement of the lighting effects that won the admiration of all playgoers.

For many years Melvyn Douglas, who has excellent business sense, has been trying to persuade the Hollywood moguls to let him direct pictures as well as act. So far he has not succeeded officially, but anyone who has watched the making of one of his films can understand how much subtle directing Melvyn manages to put across. In "Theodora Goes Wild" Melvyn did not like the director's way of shooting the scene where he chases Irene Dunne around a table, so he got permission to try it his way. The director agreed he was right.

Though he's usually soft-spoken, Melvyn Douglas is as independent a cuss as they come. Years ago when he drove up to the M-G-M studio to take his first screen test, the police guard ordered him to leave his car outside. "If I can't drive in, I won't come in at all; and if anyone asks tell him you sent me home with my car." Backing his car out, home Melvyn went.

Most young fledglings plead to be permitted to take a screen test; Melvyn didn't feel that way. It wasn't till his agent had arranged for the admission of his car that he consented to go back for the test. In the same way, he has fixed ideas of saving for the future. He doesn't play the stock market; he invests in no side-businesses; all his surplus goes into insurance, and he knows to the day when each premium is due, how much he saves by taking a certain type of annuity, and what the advantages of dealing with each insurance company are.

Tremendously loyal to his family and friends, he insisted that his mother-in-law stay at his home after she was injured in an auto accident, and he engaged nurses and extra help so that she would be as comfortable as possible. Always, he is pushing his younger brother, George Lemarr, baritone and actor. Not only did he give him a role in "Tapestry in Grey," a Broadway show, but when a reporter interviewed Melvyn, he devoted the greater part of the interview to telling what a swell actor his brother was. His kindness extends even to strangers. When the son of his wife's music teacher came to Hollywood, Melvyn, realizing the boy was lonely, dropped everything to introduce him at his tennis club.

"When it was storming one night," Alcine told me, "Mel came home late from the studio because though he was dead tired, he had driven some of the little extras home first, as they had no cars." How many stars pay any attention to the extras?

Unlike many other husbands, he is delighted that his wife, Helen Gahagan, concert singer and actress, has a career of her own. So anxious is he for her to get into films that recently he took a screen test with her. Eight years ago she was the star of "Tonight or Never," he her leading man—that's how they met. Subsequently he directed her in "Moor Born" and "Mother Love."

"Whenever they differed about a point in a production," Alcine said, "their discussion was never acrimonious. Always it was 'Honey, I don't think that's wise.' And 'Dear, let's try it this way."

He still retains the humility he had when he first started touring with a ham Shakespearean repertory group where he collected no regular salary, wore threadbare clothes and was glad when the receipts covered third-rate lodgings.

During the shooting of one of his films Melvyn said to Alcine, "When I see extras it scares me to death. So many of them who were big shots now depend upon Central Casting and that $7.50 a day." And pointing to a beautiful woman appearing in a mob scene, "That's Mary McLaren, who was once tops as a star. And over there is King Baggot, once the most famous of Hollywood's directors."

One night, when the Douglas family was seated in the living room, Melvyn suddenly said, "I wonder how long it will last."

"What will last?" they asked.

"Here I am with a nice home, a good..."
cook, fine friends, pleasant work, and a
whale of a good income. I wonder if I won't
wake up tomorrow and find myself in a
hall bedroom on 45th St. looking for a
job.

He can usually sense when a play or
film will be a failure. On the opening
night of "Mother Lode," which he directed
and in which he took the part of Cary
Neild, Alcine found him disconsolate in his
dressing-room at the end of the second
act, while outside the audience cheered
wildly. "It's no use," Mel said, "I feel
absolutely sunk—terrible. This play is no
good."

"But look at all the curtain calls they're
demanding," Alcine insisted. All Melvyn
did was to shake his head and pick at his
thumbs, as he always does when he is
nervous. By the time the performance
was over, the edges of his thumbs were all
raw from picking. The play did not last
long, and Melvyn never forgave himself.
Thought he lost a lot of money in that
show he never once complained of that;
what hurt was that something on which
he had worked, which might have been a
glorious success, was not.

As to his hobbies, he loves to shoot dice
at the studio, to chin with the stage hands,
play with his son Peter, talk politics and
drink milk and coffee. Rarely is liquor
served in the Douglas household; occa-
sionally they have a glass of sherry or a
cocktail before dinner. His favorite indoor
sport is listening to good music.

"When we appeared together in the
play in Columbus, years ago," Alcine told
me, "I gave a dinner one night for the
cast. In the apartment was a player piano
with about two hundred recordings; the
moment Mel arrived he seated himself at
that piano and began pumping away.

Unwillingly he took a few minutes off
to eat the spaghetti dinner his host had
cooked; after dinner, till they left for the
theatre, he was back at the piano, playing
all the good recordings he could find.

His mother, who dotes on her son, tells
two stories of his boyhood. When his
father, the pianist and teacher, Edouard
Hesselberg, was teaching at a girl's semi-
inary in Nashville, Tennessee, Melvyn, aged
eight, had to attend classes there, the only
boy student in the school. "I noticed," Mrs.
Hesselberg says, "that Melvyn always
seemed to have a plentiful supply of dimes,
far in excess of his allowance, and he
simply refused to explain where he got
them." Worried, she investigated, and
found that the girls in the school were
paying eight-year-old Melvyn a dime each
time he let one kiss him!

And once, after he had visited the neigh-
boring fire house, he decided to play at
being a hero at a fire. Since there was no
convenient fire to extinguish and no one
to rescue, he locked his dog into the dog
house and set fire to it.

His attempts at extinguishing the fire
and unlocking the door proved equally
fruitless; the bowl of the pup, who was
being slightly scorched, aroused the neigh-
bors, who succeeded in breaking open the
doghouse and rescuing the pup.

That night little Melvyn's back side was
slightly inflamed.

Now here's a little love scene that's not for the movie cameras. Louis Hayward and his
bride, vivacious Ida Lupino, are thinking about each other, not the camera that took this.

---

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to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the
skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

SCREENLAND 87
"Quite collegiate," Frances Scully of NBC's press department suggested in a mild effort to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"But not the college type," Mary giggled. "You're not ready," Jack growled, scowling at the pink robe.

"Oh, yes—I've only got to pull on an old skirt and a dirty sweater and go without brushing my hair or washing my face, so that I'll look like you! Jack," her voice took on a serious edge. "Please shave—you know we are going to the theatre later."

"There'll be plenty of time for that," he said airily. "We'll be back by six."

"Oh, Jack, never!"

"Well, six-thirty, then. I'll have time enough to do a broadcast, to write a broadcast, let alone shave!"

There was a timely interruption. The phone rang and it was their good friend, Chet Lauck, better known as Lumn of Lumn and Aloner fame. Chet offered a wild duck, trophy of a recent hunting trip.

"Oh, no," Mary said quickly. "I don't like wild duck."

Into the phone Jack said: "Mary says she doesn't like wild duck—that means I don't get any!"

"You know you don't like duck," Mary protested.

"Of course I do—I love it," Jack insisted. But his eyes glinted as he added: "Nothing I like better. But if you don't want it, I won't eat it.

And now another interruption: a lovely little thing with an aureole of golden curls and eyes like star sapphires, running lightly in, holding up her face to Mommie for a kiss and turning to Daddy for another. Of all the routine that governs life for the Bennys, none is more sacred than the two hours between five and seven devoted daily to Joanie. If Mary is out for the afternoon she never fails to be home by five, to play with Joanie and see her leave her supper. And very seldom do they go out before seven, after Joanie has been tucked in bed. Of course they are frequently together during the day too, but this is Joanie's time and the high point of the day for all of them.

Jack's schedule is of course much the heavier. From Wednesday on, he is working with his script writers, never free of the weight of his NBC program until after the second broadcast Sunday night. During the making of a picture, he is completely tied down, but Jack loves his screen work, looks on it as play and doesn't begrudge a minute of the time.

Mary's routine is different but no less absorbing. As far as the program is concerned, she gives only a part of Saturday and Sunday to it. About her movie career she is philosophical, dismissing her one picture with: "I just wasn't good. I doubt if I ever do another."

Not regretfully, just frankly. For Mary has enough to keep her busy—and happy—right now. A house like that doesn't run itself. Each day, Mary devotes the morning hours to her household cares. She has, like any other housewife, to see that dinner is ordered, flowers arranged, laundry attended to. She has an allowance and manages it efficiently. And because she is a good housekeeper and a kind mistress, things run smoothly in the Benny household. She has no secretary—if one is needed, Harry Baldwin, Jack's secretary and devoted friend for eleven years, comes to her aid. Sometimes she has a few girls in for lunch, sometimes she lunches alone.

Afternoons, she perhaps goes out with some friends or goes shopping for herself or for Joan. In the evenings, after Joan has gone to bed, she and Jack have dinner and afterwards go to a movie or have a few friends in for cards. Sunday nights they usually go to a night club.

They have so much in common, get so much fun out of just being together. They like the same things, dancing, cards, movies, taking little trips in their car. They have the same friends, the Chet Laucks, the Don Ameches, Burns and Allen. All summer, they swim in their pool. Now that it is too cold for that, Mary is taking golf lessons, Jack plays, of course, but not too seriously—Mary has never known what it means to be a good golfer. On vacations, they take longer trips. Last year, they made their first European jaunt, Last summer, they went to Seattle, where Mary used to live. In short, they both like best the things they can do together.

Jack dotes on giving Mary presents, remembering this "anniversary" or that with thoughtful gifts. He sends her flowers constantly, sketching a silly figure on the card for signature—no name is needed. Recently he gave her a locket inscribed: "I love you, Doll—Jack" and her heart is warm with the knowledge that these are no empty words.

Romance began for them with a gag, when Mary was in the hosiery department of a Los Angeles store and Jack performing at a local theatre. Jack had met Mary first when she was a gawking child of twelve. Now she was grown and lovely but his only thought was to tease her and he and a fellow actor torment her all one day by buying hose and bringing it back.
and demanding more. It was one of those unpremeditated things when they met again in Chicago, where Mary had gone to attend a family wedding and Jack, in a romantic mood inspired by "Lohengrin," perhaps, proposed and Mary doubtfully accepted. Doubtfully because although she had known him long, she had not known him well. He was older, he was an actor.

A year later, in an emergency, Mary was inducted into Jack's slit and she has been with him in his profession as well as behind the scenes ever since. Facts give constant testimony to the fact that her part on the NBC program is as indispensable as Jack's.

For five years now Mary has been an NBC radio star, for eleven years an actress, for one year a movie star, for twelve years a wife, for four years a mother. Now, before their adored Joan gets much older, the Bennys plan to adopt a baby boy. Joan needs companionship. They don't want her to be spoiled or lonely. Beyond that, they have no definite ambitions.

"If she shows any particular talent, we will develop it," Mary explained. "If she doesn't, that's all right too. All we want is for her to be a little lady."

And Joan runs in with a pencil. "Fix this, Mommie."

"She thinks I can do anything," Mary laughs, but she takes the pencil, fusses with it, succeeds. Joan is not surprised. "See, it's all right—you fixed it. Thank you, Mommie, thank you!" And humming thank you again under her breath, she skips lightly out of the room.

If it should happen that way, Mary would do another stint on the screen. "But I don't think it is for me," she says. And goes simply and directly about her business, her radio career seeming no more important to her than the ordering of the daily meals.

Upsy-Daisy! Joy Hodges puts lilies of the valley in her upswept hairdo and achieves an effect that speaks eloquently for itself when you look at these two angles of Joy.

"Is marriage more difficult in Hollywood? Does it need to be worked at? Would a movie career interfere? Does your radio career create added problems?"

One answer does for them all. "No, I don't think so," And Mary adds gravely: "Why should it be so?"

And why should it indeed? If two people are congenial, if two people understand each other, if they love each other—Mary said, you remember, that a sense of humor was the most important thing. She didn't mean clowning—that adds zest to the Benny menace, of course—but it is much more than a mere matter of laughing at each other's jokes. It is something that little Joan has already revealed in her developing character. Jack's eyes are warm with it as they rest fondly on his Doll and the tiny Doll Face, adopted but endearingly like her Mommie. It is in Mary's enormous orbs as she smiles at Jack in his spotted slacks, his cheeks unshaven.

Yes, one career is enough for Mary Livingstonstone—the career of being Mrs. Jack Benny.

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takes a minute

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for twenty minutes

4th STEP Rinsing off completely

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home:

*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

Why not try Linit Complexion Mask NOW? All Grocers Sell LINIT

and here's SOMETHING NEW! Linit All-Purpose Powder for every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TODAY!
Benchley's Best Short

Continued from page 63

from him to the studio production department, he can't remember exactly what they're about. Recently Roy Roland, the director who does all of his shorts, over-took him on the lot, and thrust a photograph under his nose. "Bob, don't you think this fellow could play the part of the little man?"

Mr. Benchley hesitated, hummed, and halved—the little man—short—yes, they were going to make one soon—little man—"You know!" said Mr. Roland. "The little man, Dr. Ditwell."

"Oh yes, Dr. Ditwell." Dr. Ditwell—Mr. Benchley tried to clear his mind of the European situation which was occupying it at the moment; tried to forget out Dr. Ditwell: obviously in some manuscript somewhere he had created this character. "Yes, surely, I think he'll do. Yes, he's fine; exactly what I had in mind."

But when he walked away he was still muttering to himself: "Dr. Ditwell, Dr. Ditwell." When he was asked to report for work three days later the riddle was finally solved. Yes, there was Dr. Ditwell in the script, and also on the set, and the script was "Ball Game Today." Mr. Benchley had written it three months before. He had written five since. How should he know?

He claims to be lazy. He has no sporty hobbies. His favorite pastime is a game called "Let's just sit and talk"—and if someone puts some really good food and good wine in front of him that makes the sitting more pleasant, the talk more sparkling. But he claims that beyond that he doesn't exert himself. It's a lot of nonsense, of course: he can't be lazy and still turn out the work he does—and now, added to his careers of writing, criticising, commenting and making shorts there is his appearance on the radio, an hour's program once a week for a big cigarette manufacturer.

He is also one of the world's most hungry readers. When he's in Hollywood he lives in an apartment, but no one has yet been able to definitely confirm whether it's a furnished one or not, because the entire place is buried under newspapers. Not just a newspaper spread out here and there, but hundreds of them. They arrive each week; they come from all over the world, not only from metropolitan newspapers, London, Paris, but from Podunk, too, and all the corresponding Podunks in Europe as well. They're not there to start fires in a faulty fireplace either: he reads them all and occasionally writes about them in another department for The New Yorker called The Wayward Press.

He also carries on a gargantuan correspondence. This, however, he bunches into two-four days a year. These periods occur in the Spring, when Mr. Benchley leaves New York and travels by train to Hollywood, and in the Fall when he leaves Hollywood and goes back by train to New York. He just can't seem to write letters except on a train, and although he'll prefer to fly, he feels that he does have to consider his friends. Incidentally he was the only train traveler not pleased when the cross-country trains shortened their running time recently; it cut into his correspondence too much.

Mr. Benchley has been coming to Hollywood off and on for fourteen years, yet for some reason many people have the impression that he's a newcomer to the West and he is constantly asked "Well, how do you like it out here?" This perhaps results from the fact that he is not a social butterfly, and that he does very little goofing about in the society or gossip columns. Still he does know practically every star in Hollywood, and has an apartment full of friends every Sunday afternoon. He first came out here fourteen years ago to write subtitles for the silent pictures in the "came the dawn" era.

There is another erroneous impression about Mr. Benchley. Cary Grant crops up every now and then: to wit, that he is a bachelor. Mr. Benchley is married and has been

Cary Grant and Marlene Dietrich made it a news cameraman's holiday when they arrived together on a luxury liner from Europe. Though companionship was not, there was no romance angle to the double-feature celebrity pictures newsmen got when Cary and Marlene posed together. Soon as he got ashore, Cary started a New York vacation, making the rounds of theatres and night clubs with Phyllis Brooks, who was also vacationing in the East. And Phyllis were as companionable, and as popular, in New York as they have been for a long while in Hollywood. Marlene received the Press most cordially this time.

S C R E E N L A N D
for many years, but since his wife seldom accompanies him to Hollywood, there have
been times when uninformed press agents have assumed that his aloofness meant that
he was without family ties. On one occasion
not so long ago, Mr. Benchley was moved to
say something about it, and what he
said, as usual, was very funny: "I do wish
somebody would take the trouble to tell
the newspaper men that I am not a bache-
lor, because if I am, all I can say is that I
am certainly wasting a lot of money on my
sons' educations."

Those two sons are Nathaniel Goddard
and Robert Gale Benchley, one of them
already a newspaper man on the Herald
Tribune, in New York; the other just
entering Harvard, also Mr. Benchley's
 Alma Mater.

Mr. Benchley has had quite an amazing
and varied career, but his greatest break
occurred many years ago when he was
hired to be a dramatic critic on the old Life
magazine. It came as rather a shock to him,
because for several years past he had been
contributing articles to Life, none of which
contributions were accepted, but all of
which were promptly returned with rejec-
tion slips. Only the man who hired him, it
seems, didn't know that. And it was just
as well that he didn't. The association was
not only a new lease on Life, but for Mr.
Benchley as well. His pungent, pithy com-
ments on shows and show people were soon
quoted around the world.

Personally he's quite a novelty in Holly-
wood: a man who dislikes all show and
ostentation; who dislikes both being looked
at and looking at himself. He's most agree-
able to work with, has no false pride, and
will go through any and every kind of tor-
ture during the making of a picture. Not
long ago on the hottest day of the year he
made a football short, attired in racoon
costume—sweltering. During that baby short,
he had to let the baby kick him in the
stomach and all but scratch his eyes out.
In another picture he had to fall down-
stairs. Someone asked him once why he
didn't complain. "How can I?" he an-
swered. "I can't help it. I wrote that way."
The Benchley fan mail, by the way, con-
tains hundreds and hundreds of ideas for
shorts sent in by admirers, and also by
would-be writers themselves. "Long ago
I had to stop opening fan mail mainly for
just that reason," he explained, "so that
if by chance one of my ideas was also
held by an amateur, no possible plagiar-
ism could result. But still I do have total
strangers approaching me in person with
ideas occasionally. Mr. Benchley, I have
a wonderful idea for you. Why don't you
do a short on How to Open a Can of
Sardines? It could be awfully funny. Oh,
there are a thousand and one things you
could bring in." I usually ask them to name
me only three.

"Well, first you'll have to go out and
buy the can, and then you'll have to take
it home, and then you'll have to open the
can opener, and then, oh, there are a thou-
sand and one things! I'm sure it could be
awfully funny. Believe it or not that par-
ticular idea on How to Open a Can of
Sardines is one which has actually been
suggested time and time again. But it's one
short you can be sure I'll never make. Or
can you? Can I be sure? Am I sure I've
written it already? It does sound
vaguely familiar." Mr. Benchley looked
suddenly perplexed, perhaps he had reused
it down somewhere; he began rummaging
through his pockets. Then he shrugged,
dismissed it, said conclusively, "Well, I
can't find it now, but if it's there the tailor
will probably find it the next time I send
the suit to be cleaned."

How to Be a Genius Without Acting
Like One—now there's a short that would
really fit Mr. Benchley to a T!

For teeth that
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Add charm to your smile. To enhance the beauty of your smile...
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gredients blended with prescription
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teeth with Calox Tooth Powder is a
refreshing, delightful, wholesome
erience. Help your teeth to shine
like the stars. Get Calox today at
any drug counter. Three convenient,
long-lasting, economical sizes. Trial
size, Handy size and Family size.
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, you may have liver disorders in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is crowded, and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “pletty” Harvard gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills. 3c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Paul Bern, and of Ross Alexander. He warned Will Rogers to beware of his life—and that same year the beloved Will was killed in an airplane crash.

Is it any wonder that movie stars, producers, and directors run for cover when this famous seer peeps through his telescope and sees Saturday with death, or Venus上升ing over a sunbeam? Perhaps it might be interesting to cut out the following list of these predictions, and at the end of the year 1939 you might glance over it, and see just how right—or wrong—the stars were.

“Alice Faye is doomed to disappointment in marriage,” Norvell said. “The signs indicate that Tony Martin and married are not compatible. A separation is shown in 1939 and divorce by 1940.”

You’ll remember that there have already been rumors, but the couple has denied that there is anything to them.

“Mirna Loy has nearly concluded her good luck cycle—she was born in the Sign of Leo, ruled by the Sun and, owing to the influence of Sun spots and other affictions, there are danger signs ahead for Miss Loy. This may affect her career or her home—or both.”

“Mary Pickford’s brave efforts to find supreme happiness in her marriage to Buddy Rogers seem destined to end in a crash,” Norvell went on. “For professional differences will arise, and this couple will face separation in 1939. Mary must watch her hair and body—or products, or other disturbance looms on the horizon.”

“Eleanor Powell, who hasn’t yet reached the altar, is due soon to marry,” according to Norvell. “Her chart shows she is in love, but is keeping it a secret, and does not want her engagement to leak out. The news will be announced in the first half of 1939.”

Norvell consulted both Carol Lombard’s and Clark Gable’s charts and found:

“There are marriage signs that they may marry in 1939, but the outcome is most dubious. There are temperament differences in the natal charts, that would cause them to separate. It is to be hoped they will see this before they marry, and avoid heartache in the future. The great lover of the screen is doomed to some unhappiness in his life.”

I was curious to know about Adrian and Janet Gaynor—if they’d ever be altar-bound. And what of Tyrone Power? Norvell did some juggling of figures, and said, “Tyrone is destined to come on to even greater heights in 1939, for his chart is ruled by the fire sign of Aries, and he brings to the screen that romantic and spiritual touch which is so badly needed in pictures. His friendship with Janet Gaynor should never have been constructed, but a real love match could not be mated, astrologically. Janet and Adrian could marry and be fairly happy, each living the type of life they like best. They are temperamentally suited for marriage, for they are too independent in nature, Tyrone Power should never marry, for he would be unhappy.” (I wonder how many girls’ hearts that will crush?)

“Joel McCrea and Frances Dee have weathered the matrimonial storms,” according to Norvell. They should go on to better things in their careers, and although they were born in incompatible signs of the Zodiac, I believe that they are both intelligent enough to rise above the influence of their stars and make their marriage a success.”

“What about Marlene Dietrich?” I asked Norvell. “Will she continue in pictures or is she going to retire from the Hollywood scene she has so long enlivened?”

“Marlene’s chart shows she was born in the Sign of Capricorn, and she will not make many more American pictures. Her chart indicates she may retire toward the end of 1939, or make pictures abroad only.”

The chart of Gary Cooper is one of the most fortunately aspects, according to Norvell. “Gary Cooper did not marry the right woman, but he seems to be doing very well in his marriage, and it is to be hoped he may continue. His career will continue to reach new peaks.”

It was Jimmy Stewart that Norvell picked three or four years ago to rise up and become a contender to Robert Taylor’s crown, and Norvell says this about Jimmy’s future: “Jimmy Stewart was born in the Sign of Gemini, and for the coming three years aspects are good. There is some danger to health, and also to airplanes and accidents. He must be careful in 1939, but his career will thrive.” It was only a year or so ago that Norvell warned Jimmy against flying, and the studio immediately cancelled his plans to fly to New York. Maybe you think the studios don’t take Norvell’s warnings seriously!

Norvell then dismissed a whole stack of astrological charts thus: Clark Gable faces another marriage either in 1939 or 1940. Wayne Morris should not marry for five years; he needs the time to grow stars, June Wilkins, 20th Century-Fox player, will rise to fame in 1939.”


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"Norma Shearer faces retirement from the screen, and another love affair and marriage before the end of 1940. She must watch her health also."

It was interesting in checking back over Norvell’s previous records, to find that he accurately picked several players who were absolutely unknown at the time, who’d rise to success in pictures. He chose Jimmy Stewart, George Murphy, Lloyd Nolan, Richard Greene, and Wayne Morris. So far, most of these players have made quite a name for themselves. Norvell, believes that another great woman star will rise in 1939, and says that Richard Greene and John Payne will be the new heart raves of the coming year.

Among his warnings this year, Norvell lists a possibility of separation for Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, but he says they may and yet by using his bow, Joan’s been so lucky in her work, but not so lucky in love—so here’s hoping they can cheat the stars!

He cautions Fred Astaire to watch his health—Clark Gable to avoid flying planes—Edward Arnold to watch out and not overwork—Robert Taylor not to marry in 1939, as it’s a danger year for him professionally and romantically! Edna Mae Oliver may take a long journey, and must be careful of accidents. Lionel Barrymore, also, has to be careful not to overwork, for 1939 is one of affliction.

Norvell put aside the telescope and turned inscrutable eyes in my direction, but I was afraid he might open the books on my life, so I cut in, “And what about the little darlings of the screen? We’re all anxious to know—will there be more child stars in 1939?”

“Shirley Temple’s chart shows that she will continue to rule as box office favorite in 1939, and will still be the outstanding child star of all time. Close competition will be given by the Dionne Quintuplets, however, for the Quints’ charts all show that they will come to Hollywood, or do a big picture that will steal some of Shirley’s thunder.

“There is a definite trend toward child pictures, and two young child stars will rise in 1939.” (It seems to me that this is a good cue to producers who are wrecking their brains for the usual hashed-up movie plot.)

It is definitely rumored in Hollywood that next to Cupid, Norvell is one of the best matchmakers in the world. There is one case that is still being whispered around Hollywood where Norvell played Cupid in no uncertain terms. It was during the famous Ariel and Caliban love affair of the century. John Barrymore and his beloved Elaine had quarreled, and had decided not to go through with the anticipated marriage. John was on one Coast, Elaine on the other—there seemed no way, except through a metaphysical miracle, to bring them together again, for they were mad at one another. Then, suddenly, through the intricate maze of Hollywood intrigue and mystery, a telegram was sent hurtling through space, the wire purported to be from Elaine to John, “All is forgiven. I love you, darling. Please return,” or words to that effect. Well, the long and short of it is that Caliban burned up the airways with the speed of a comet to return to Elaine.

Now Hollywood rumor has it, from pretty authentic sources, that while this red-hot comet shot through the air on a modern Sleipnir, Norvell sat in his Hollywood castle, high in the hills, and had one knowing eye fastened to the small end of a telescope, and the other closed in a strange way. The Hollywood know-alls say they know who sent telegram to Elaine—and it wasn’t a message from Mars, or Uranus, either!
How to Live and Love
Continued from page 55

Therefore, my creed is simply this: Build on simple and seemingly unimportant incidents and the big things will come of their own accord.

At this point Madeleine was called to the phone. I glanced around the room. Everything reflected the graciousness, the charm, the vitality, and the intelligence of my hostess. After Madeleine had finished her call, and after I had stopped making mental notes on her and her house, we went into a discussion of this subject. A sip of tea, a comment, and another sip of tea. All very informal, you know. By this time, after discussing Madeleine’s recent trip to Europe and her hopes for the future, we were devastatingly comfortable—in fact, we were losting.

“You know this is the first time I have had a chance to just loaf in weeks,” she said, “And I’m really enjoying it.”

“Surely you get some time to loaf,” I suggested.

If I ever take advantage of such moments, I think most of us who are trying to improve and progress are too inclined to be overly efficient, and put order above being. I know that when I try to loaf on the sand at my home in Malibu or when I try to read or swim, I never fully enjoy myself because I am continually thinking of all the appointments that I must keep. Of course, I must do the next day, it does seem that we forget to make good use of idle time. That we don’t allow our minds to rest occasionally. Yet, everyone who is active mentally can’t help living at a fast pace. He doesn’t think he has time to loaf. My own loafer has always been confined to time limits. However, I do know that an ability to loaf is one of the prime requisites of real living. Living certainly isn’t all rush and excitement. But it takes many people, including myself, a long time to realize that.

“Then you belong to the school of ‘don’t put off till tomorrow what you can do today’?”

“Very definitely, Mr. Yutang seems to think such adherence to order and promptness is bad, but I simply can’t do what I want when I’d like to. There are very few people who have a big job who can postpone duties without finding themselves swamped in the end. In my case, I loaf when I have time. I relax when there’s nothing else to do, and I collapse completely to the tune of jumping nerves when a hard job is finally finished. In pictures, your body isn’t tired, but your nerves crack up continuously.”

“Didn’t you even loaf while you were in England recently?”

“Some, but I was pretty busy even there. However, when I travel, I can take time out to forget about schedules, promptness, and other such exacting things. I never travel to improve my mind necessarily, you see. And I don’t travel so I can tell my friends where I’ve been. I allow time schedules on a trip. When I travel, I like to forget. I like to forget I’m a motion picture actress. I want to feel the simplicity of being a human being. When I first did any traveling of any extent, I stayed at the hotels, the followed the beaten tracks, and was bored. Then I began to go to the little hidden towns, to stay in picturesque inns. I have an old gentleman who met up in Italy and told her that for learning how to travel. I was in a small town, and time was weighing me down. I met the old man in a small store. We began to talk. He told me all about his family, of its colorful heritage, and then asked if I wouldn’t care to see some of his family landmarks nearby. I readily accepted. For hours we walked up and down funny streets, looking at all sorts of picturesque places, at large gardens. Then he began talking about other sections of Europe he had visited, and that I had gone through. He asked what I thought of a little city in a small village, of a certain kind of tree in China, and many other things. Suddenly I realized how little I had gained from my traveling. When I returned to the house, the first thing I did was to look up the places he mentioned. Since that time, I’ve been an ‘off the beaten track’ traveler. I’ve also learned more of the people in Europe! What they feel, how they act, how they live, and other things that travel books so often distort. I’ve also learned to look for beautiful sunsets, odd shapes and colors of leaves on trees, and other flowers. Surely the monuments and famous buildings are interesting, but they aren’t as enlightening as the simpler things. Now I know that in traveling, ‘seeing nothing’ in the ordinary sense of the term is ‘seeing everything’.

Just as I was beginning to think I had overplayed my job as private inquisitor, and that I should leave, another cup of tea arrived for me. So I decided I would do him no harm. And much more of the same that has always been widely discussed pro and con, and one of the most significant questions in any argument on living. ‘Do you feel money is necessary for complete en-
joyment of living?" I bluntly queried.

Madeleine seemed so sure of herself when she answered me that I knew at once she had often thought about such a question. "I'm glad you asked me that," she said. "Money helps toward the enjoyment of living, yes, in that it may give one things we want and that we couldn't have otherwise, but it certainly is not the essential thing. I have known many people who were extremely wealthy and yet were unhappy because they were mentally and spiritually miserable. They had too much of material things. And I've known others of moderate position who found life a great thing.

"Money will not bring a full realization of living at all. To love life, to be glad to be a part of it, to have the pure forms of ideals, his own beliefs, and develop them to the fullest extent. Then he will find the secret of the enjoyment of living. It can be gotten only a few at a time. He can do on $225 a week. Everything depends on the person's own mental outlook. Money is a means to an end, but it is not an end.

Many might think that it is easy for Madeleine Carroll to say money isn't important since she has it, but none of the ideas that she believes in and adheres to strictly are based on the necessity of having plenty of money. She lives quietly, works hard, and never exploits her success. "After all, what else is life but the understanding and appreciation of these simple things?" she asked. "Such items of living are personal, available to everyone. Anyone can learn the true enjoyment of life if he wants to enough—and if he takes time to think about it. You'll find that only the defeatists and the pessimists are bored with life, because they have nothing within them—nothing to which they can refer, that makes them want to enrich their lives by appreciating the individual and universal benefits given them. "I know and have had it proved that living is a duty and a challenge that must be faced directly and whole-heartedly, so that you can say truthfully at any time, 'Gee! I'm glad I'm alive! Take your life and make it mean everything possible to you. And you can if you don't feel you're being cheated, that others are better off than you, and if you don't say, 'What's the use! This or that isn't for me.' It is for you—for all of us!"

You Can Wear Purple

Continued from page 73

up at the sides, with curls at the back. For evening, her new formal coiffure is pictured. Her husband likes it either way, and you feel that she likes to please that husband—Robert Coby. You feel, too, that she is very happy about this husband, and though she makes four or five pictures a year, she finds time to enjoy her personal life she had often thought.

Miss Patrick offers one make-up idea that, though not new, makes a world of difference in your mouth. She shapes her lips with a brush. Brushes come especially for this, but Miss Patrick buys hers in an art supply store. They cost about forty cents. Contrary to general custom, she applies the stick to the center of her lips, then spreades and shapes it with the brush. Many outline with a brush, then fill in. Miss Patrick says that whenever she sees a careless rouged mouth, she feels like straightening it into a clear, definite line. I asked Miss Patrick what personal qualities she thought the most important in getting the best out of this old world. "Understanding," she replied. "It smooths the way because it enables us to catch another's viewpoint." I think you are right, Miss Patrick!
thousand dollars a week for the first time in his or her life can afford to be caught doing anything vulgar, not in Hollywood. So immediately the stars changed their attitudes and their tactics. Some directors and their publicity departments that they didn't need to use captions or pictures in newspapers, or advertise themselves directly. At $150,000 a picture they wanted a private life of their own! Some of the stars, naturally, were too well to let a lot of publicity to know what was vulgar and what wasn't. Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, the late Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck. Hollywood stars continued to walk hand-in-hand with the press.

Now when Fred Astaire announced that publicity was vulgar, and that if anyone dared to write a book about him he would have to see it before it was published, so he could correct the spelling, the grammar, and the punctuation (of course the press wouldn't know about those things) we were annoyed but we really didn't care. At least Fred meant to us was an occasional, and very occasional, seventy-five dollars. We just couldn't get all warm and feel as though we disapproved about Fred Astaire. But when Alice Faye up and refused to give interviews and take any pictures for a whole year or two, there was another color! No one could believe it. The Hollywood press is very fond of Alice. We think of her as a good-natured daughter who has a warm and sincere understanding of human beings. There is no chi-chi about Alice, she has never flashed her diamonds in our face, she has never gone in for "arty" and "narrow" she has never tried to make Hollywood "society." Alice was awfully poor herself up until a few years ago, and she knows all about being poor. She has all those traditional Gaelic characteristics: she's impulsive, fun-loving, warm-hearted, and exceedingly generous. She never tried to impress us with her stories, often her "thank yous" were accompanied by flowers. No wonder we were nuts about Alice and claimed her as "one of us." And, as no wonder we were as fortunate as we were, and puzzled by it all, when she too decided not to give interviews.

Alice was the last person in Hollywood we expected to enter the run-around business. In fact, I for one wouldn't believe it at first. Not Alice. If one member of the press, or two or three of them, walked into a room, and her shoulder calling Alice unflattering names I would give it the usual fifty per cent discount and thought nothing of it. But it wasn't one or two or three—practically the entire press reported Faye trouble. Our Alice, it seemed, had become a problem child! One writer told us, "Alice had been the best of pals the first few years Alice had been in Hollywood, how they had often gone to the movies together and dined together. And then the writer had had to leave for New York suddenly, but before she left she had an assignment to do on Alice. Alice refused to see the writer, even as a special favor. An old friend," she seemed, meant nothing to Alice. (Bette Davis, the writer added, was too busy at the studio to see her so she gave her an entire week at her disposal.) Another writer, after waiting for two months, was finally told by the publicity department that Alice would see her sometime the set of a picture. Alice was quite ill but she had waited so long for the story that she accompanied by the studio's unit man, appeared on the set of the day appointed. She reported that Alice refused to see her. This gives you a rough idea.

Alice, of course, after her grand performance in "In Old Chicago" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is right at the top in popularity. (I am willing to bet that she will be numbered among the Big Ten in 1939's Box Office Popularity Poll—a spot, every star covets), so naturally every magazine and newspaper editor in the country wants a story on her. A fine time, I must say for, our Alice to go into the silences.

Now, we of the press, all caricatures to the contrary, are a sentimental folk, so when we get fond of people it's awfully hard to get un-fond of them. There's something wrong there, we said, Alice wouldn't go "high-hat" on us. She's no "so-and-so." She realizes the value of publicity. She doesn't think it's vulgar. We've got to get to the truth about Alice.

Well, I'm not averse to picking up a few truths now and then, so the day after Alice finished her last picture, "Talkpin" (in which she co-stars with Conkie Bennett), I was right there waiting for her in her pink and white satin dressing-room, with the luxurious chaise longue and the many mirrors. I told her at once what I charming people of the press were calling her, and I did my best to work up a good indignation. But I don't know. There's something about Alice—something that you can't put your finger on—but honestly now, you just can't be mad with Alice Faye. She doesn't flatter you out of your anger, she doesn't lay on heavy-handed, she just becomes Alice Faye, sincere and natural as the day is long.

"I haven't gone high hat," she said, curling up on the chaise longue, "I'm just the same punk kid today as I was when I first came to Hollywood. Possibly a little more frightened and puzzled. The only difference is that I am working harder now; why, I'm working harder than I ever dreamed I could work. Do you realize that for two years now I have gone right from one picture to another with only a few weeks off that entire time—and then I was out of town. Acting may be easy for some people, but it isn't easy for me. It's the hardest kind of work I've ever seen. And frightening—why, I'm so petrified with fear every time I step in front of a camera. And just show me a microwave I immediately break out in gooseflesh. The press has been awfully kind to me, they've even called me an actress, and I'm trying awfully hard to be one. People around the studio tell me that acting is easy. That it's
child's play. Maybe it is for them. With me it's a serious business. And an exhausting one.

I told Alice that there was a rumor going around that she had been dodging interviewers and gallery sittings for four or five months now, and I hoped she hadn't joined the convoluted stars in Hollywood who thought they didn't need stories in the magazines and pictures in the newspapers. That had her worried.

"But I've been working," she insisted, "I promised the publicity department that I would give all the interviews they wanted when I finished the picture—or the picture finished me. And I intend to keep my promise, truly I do."

"But Alice," I said gently, feeling like a schoolma'am with a problem child, "other stars manage to give interviews when they are working. They don't keep the press waiting. They either invite the writer to have lunch with them at the studio commissary, or they see them on the set. After all, you're not more important than a Joan Crawford or a Bette Davis.

"Oh, I couldn't have an interview on the set," wailed Alice. "I want to be at my best when I'm giving an interview. I want to look as pretty as possible, and appear as calm as possible, and talk as sensible as possible. On the set I am at my worst. I am dreadful. Sometimes I blow up in my lines for several takes, sometimes I get mad and throw things, sometimes I cry from exhaustion, and more than sometimes I smear my make-up and lipstick and look like something out of another world. And how can I give an interview when every minute I am worrying about the next few lines I've got to say in front of that terrifying mike. I know that glamor is supposed to be old fashioned but I still believe in it."

Well, personally, I think Alice has something there. That's what's the trouble with interviews today—no glamor.

The interview, according to Alice, I discovered, is a Special Event. She worries about it ahead of time, she's frightened to death during it, and she worries about it afterward. She takes it very seriously. Other stars, I explained, have an abundance of small talk, they toss off several interviews a day, and think nothing of it. But Alice doesn't know how to make "pretty talk." Perhaps it's just as well that we don't show her. After all we've got to have a little sincerity in this business. Even if we have to wait for Alice to finish her pictures.

The girl is Hollywood star ANDREA LEEDS in Samuel Goldwyn's screen play "The Last Frontier." Her dress is made available to you by DOUBLE MINT GUM. Just buy SIMPLICITY pattern 3978 at Simplicity dealers. Or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, New York.

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Twin sweater sets are favorites of June Travis and many other screen colonyes.
in the largest set constructed for a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers film (and they've had some big ones in previous films), the stars of The-Castle-Dance across a map of the U.S.A.

Hollywood Women Are Sexless!

(Continued from page 23)

with the well-built-up story of Sir Gala-
had's Hollywood film. Before they get
through with him, he'll wish he never saw
the Virgin Piper, the maiden who caught
his eye. Of such are Hollywood press
agents made.

There is more holism in most of the so-
called screen romances than you can shake
a stick at. Time and again have I listened
on the radio or read this or that well-
published column giving the supposed low-
down on your idol and mine. And then out
at the Trocadero I've seen them with en-
tirely different people. I'm too old a bird
at the game to comment on this, but if I
weren't, I'd be shocked and horrified at
their mutual infidelity. Old-timers in the
business of a pound of flesh would merely
give me a glassy stare and laugh me off the
Boulevard.

Publicity is Hollywood's middle name.
Without it no star is born. Without it no
star remains long in the brilliantly lit
Hollywood firmament. Without it Tillele-
The-Toiler and Minnie-Mouse are plain
Janes.

Time was when I thought Kay Francis,
Ginger Rogers, Jean Harlow, Carole Lomb-
ard and Mae West had something. It took
a turn in the Shinn-Sham City to change
my point of view.

Fifteen years ago I lived next door to
Gloria Swanson and her then husband in
Beverly Hills. You can't fool your barber
or your next-door-neighbor. Gloria is a
charming person, effervescent with per-
sonality, but as for sex—well, I know a score
or more lassies in Los Angeles itself who
had put her to shame.

Sylvia Sidney once caught my eye. In
pictures she tagged at the heart-strings.
One summer I saw a lot of her on the Riviera
where she was relaxing. True, she was
a glamorous girl, but as for sex, the
Statue of Liberty had her beat a mile.

Virginia Piper crossed my horizon
and my midsummer's dream was ablated
with varied color. Her winsomeness and
her femininity won me from the start. She
was my Venus-de-Milo and my Joan-of-
Arc rolled into one. But an Atlantic viaduct
across the_channel, a shell was like all
the rest of the Hollywood beauties.

Down in Palm Springs Constan
tine Bennett was vacationing at a then little-
known spot called La Quinta. I hadn't seen
her since Davis Island, near Tampa, Flor-
da, more than a decade before. Her hus-
band in those days was young Phil Plaun.
Today, Phil is raising chickens on a farm
in Connecticut, and Constance is still in
the cinema. In the intervening years I had
come to know Constance almost better than
George Brent, and knowing her I let her
alone.

Ginger Rogers is a gay gal who intrigued
for a while a younger cousin of mine, until
his wife-to-be appeared in his life. Trying
to avoid columnists and other lit-
erary vultures, he and Ginger used to eat
at the "Drive Inn" on Sunset Boulevard.
Their was a real romance, but publicity
agents wanted to make it a real romance, and
today she isn't Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt.

There was a time when Kay Francis,
then unknown, attended some of my youth-
ful bachelor parties. She was full of life
and the joie-de-vivre. Then she became so
immersed in the cares of her career she had
little energy left for social pastimes,

What a price they pay for fame! Joy-
ful, happy little girls turned into weary,
unserviceable, care-ridden women. Many a girl
I've seen through the years who, before
she reached stardom, exuded sex of such
power that it was difficult to get within
range without exploding, only to turn a
few years later into a wax model. Fea-
tures are hardened. All expression has been
ironed out by beauty experts, except when
a director puts on the heat. Voices have
been cultivated in a hybrid affected accent,
They simply cannot let down their hair
and be themselves. Too many directors,
directors, agents, publicity men, have di-
verted and distorted their thoughts. They
scarcely know who they are, or whence
they came. The bright, imaginative souls
have fled. They have been but bits of clay,
moulded by a merciless, inhuman sculptor.

To love well, one must have sufficient
leisure to concentrate on the ideas and
thoughts of the loved one. There must be a
merging of two minds and personalities.
This cannot be done if one's time and
energy is sapped and diverted by the thou-
sand and one demands which a Hollywood
casino entails. He is looking out the window
when the Keigs flash. Little Cupid is a
diffident, shy fellow. Too many people and
too much glitter spoil his aim. After a few
months he rusts out, and the most ideal stick
arrow and tries no more. He seeks the
quiet and seclusion of humbler and less
publicized surroundings, and finds that too
many other places that welcome him.

Too much synthetic love-making in pic-
tures before directors, authors, electricians,
stagehands, scriptwriters, the movie stars
most stars feel affected and strained when
they attempt the real thing. They find
themselves stopping to think what brand
of love they should use, and thought is
death to real emotion. The man in ques-
tion, on the other hand, feels that he is
trying to kiss lips which have endured a
thousand embraces on the screen, and
Heaven only knows how many in private.
This doesn't make him feel any too much
at ease. He begins to wonder too how he
is supposed to up with such black lovers of
the movies. In the confusion of these thoughts
sex has flown out the window.

The amount of immorality among the
regularized stars is not a little to be neg-
ligible. I venture to say that no body of
women of similar income in the entire
United States produce as many headers of
sexual conduct. Most of them have pul-
led themselves up to the topmost pin-
nacle solely through their own efforts, and
not by making concessions to men for real
or fancied aid.

I feel sure there are many readers who
will disagree with me over the title of this
story. But I am not biased, and base my opin-
ions on my own observa-
tions and the personal confidences of many
friends closely identified with the movies.
A friend of mine, a Virginia newspaper
publisher, came to Hollywood. He had
read and heard much of the glamour and
charm of the twinkling stars. Another
friend of mine, a movie patrolman, attended a
party for him which included seven or
eight of the prettiest of the younger, lesser
known stars. When my friend paused
firstly at the assemblage of youth, beauty,
and talent, he was in the seventh heaven
of delight. It was an early evening affair.
When we parted, my friend told me of
this girl and another man. "Not one of the girls
would even kiss me," he complained. "At home
I'm not supposed to be a wet blanket. I get
along as well or better with the girls as the
next one."

I couldn't help saying, "My friend, there
are many things in Hollywood undreamed
of in your philosophy."

So much publicity came from this party
that on his return to the east his fiancée
broke off their engagement. Poor fellow:
he got the name, and I'm sure he was glad to
be back at something easy like running a
daily newspaper.

I'll pick any woman from the broad
highway of film life and put the Hollywood
Broadsword of glitter and gossamer. I find
that women, like the less gifted males, can
only do one thing at a time. And if they
are to engender interest to enduring love,
they must cast all else aside. Happiness
does not come easy. It must be eagerly
sought for and vigorously defended.

It's impossible to have a complete
story to gain and hold to hard, but well worth
the battle when ultimately reached. And in
this world of ours, there is only one inten-
Sibility, the claque, all-embracing, and last-
ing love of one man for one woman.
BARBARA STANWYCK says “Want Romance?
Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN”

I USE COSMETICS BUT I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP’S ACTIVE LATHER

To pass the Love Test, skin must be smooth and soft. The eyes of love look close—and linger—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly. It’s so foolish to risk the choked pores that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—appealing.

STAR OF PARAMOUNT’S “UNION PACIFIC”

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK’S advice—has skin that passes the LOVE TEST

I DON’T WANT COSMETIC SKIN TO SPOIL MY LOOKS SO I TAKE THE SCREEN STARS’ ADVICE. LUX TOILET SOAP LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
RECENT tobacco crops have been outstanding in quality. New methods, sponsored by the United States Government, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. Now, as independent tobacco experts like Fred Evans point out, Luckies have been buying the cream of these finer crops. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them a week and see why...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT’S LUCKIES 2 TO
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

March

15¢

NOW

10¢

THE REAL TRUTH about GABLE and LOMBARD

HOLLYWOOD WIVES PLAY SECOND FIDDLE!

Norma Shearer
"He was an outlaw...a killer...his life was the epic story of a lawless era!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of

JEFFERSON JAMES

starring

TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT

and HENRY HULL
SLIM SUMMERSVILLE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BRIAN DONLEVY
JOHN CARRADINE
DONALD MEEK
JOHN RUSSELL
JANE DARWELL

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR
CLEANLINESS that’s unbelievable!
LUSTER you’ve always desired!
MOUTH FRESHNESS that lasts!

WITH THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with
LUSTER-FOAM

Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating...foams into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where so much decay begins.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic “bubble bath” that freshens the mouth delightfully and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It swiftly goes to work on the remote and hard-to-reach areas where, some authorities say, more than 75% of decay starts...between the teeth...on front and back of the teeth...on bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures. No wonder that some authorities hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care.

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent “bubble bath” freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

1. Quickly sweeps away food deposits and new surface stains.
2. Attacks film which dulls the natural luster of the teeth.
3. Aids in preventing dangerous acid fermentations which hasten decay.

Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the verdict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same except for the fourth paste. LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO.

Kiss Him! for Pete's sake
Kiss Him!

GLORIA: Sure the scene was lifelike! Sure there'll be retaken! But it's not my fault. Tell your Juvenile to take care of his terrible breath and maybe I'll be able to kiss him with feeling!

Does she turn her cheek when you kiss her goodnight?

Don't let halitosis (bad breath) ruin romance, cool friendships, endanger your job! Almost everyone offender at some time or other—usually without knowing it. Don't run this foolish risk. Use Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. Use Listerine morning and night. LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS
REVEALING
THE REAL MYSTERY
BEHIND THE CASTING
OF
SCARLETT O'HARA!

Why all the mystery, the conflicting rumors, the delays in casting an actress for the most-discussed role in years? "Gone with the Wind" has become an American legend, and the question of who would play the famous character has occupied the attention not only of Hollywood but of the rest of the world for an incredible period. Now the actress has been chosen. Now the cameras are rolling. And NOW the real truth can be told—and will be, in the next, the April issue of SCREENLAND. All you have read before about the casting of Scarlett can be put aside, for here you will read the amazing true story, for the first time.

ALSO—FIRST AND ONLY INTERVIEW
WITH WAYNE MORRIS ON
HIS ROMANTIC MARRIAGE
TO PRETTY HEIRESS!

Young "Kid Galahad" didn't want to discuss his romantic, youthful marriage—his bride, a charming girl from private life, urged him not to turn their romance into a publicity stunt. But we finally convinced Wayne that the public appreciates clean young love and wants to hear about it as well as about Hollywood's more hectic amours; and so you will read, in our April issue (on sale March 3rd) the only interview given by Wayne Morris about his marriage.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

March, 1939

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

Gentle Jabs............................................................ Malcolm H. Oettinger 11
The Editor's Page.................................................. Delight Evans 19
Hollywood Whirl.................................................... 20
The Real Truth about Gable and Lombard.................. Elizabeth Wilson 24
James Roosevelt Joins the Movies......................... Douglas Churchill 26
Hedy Lamarr Fights for her Private Life.................. Elizabeth Wilson 28
Hollywood Wives Play Second Fiddle...................... May Mann 30
Charlie McCarthy's Secretary Tells All.................... Kay Hardy 32
He's Her Boss. Joe Pasternak................................. Tom Kennedy 34
Picture Your Pet Contest....................................... 48
"Disgustingly Normal." Shirley Ross......................... Ned Gage 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures................................. Delight Evans 52
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Phyllis Brooks...... 54
"I'll Be an Author if it Kills Me," Joan Blondell............. Liza 58
"I Am in Danger!" Richard Greene............................ William H. McKegg 60
Once She Was a Shop-Girl. Rosalind Russell............... Charles Darnton 61
Medals and Birds................................................. S. R. Mook 62
Important Women of Motion Pictures....................... Betty Shannon 64
IV. Vyvyan Donner............................................... 66
Attention! Candid Camera Friends........................... Ruth Tildesley 66

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Olivia de Havilland, Wayne Morris, Bette Davis, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Gladys Swarthout, Betty Grable, Don Ameche, John Garfield, Sonja Henie, Claire Trevor, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, James Stewart, Lew Ayres, Constance Bennett and "Sandy" by Morgan Dennis, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.............................. 8
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.............................. Alma Talley 10
Inside the Stars' Homes. Ann Sheridan....................... Betty Boone 12
Ask Me!........................................................................ 14
Honor Page.................................................................... 16
Here's Hollywood...................................................... Weston East 68
New Fashions in Figures. Beauty Article.................... Courtenay Marvin 72
Yours for Loveliness............................................... 73

Cover Portrait of Norma Shearer

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SPENCER TRACY
in the most romantic role that this grand actor has ever portrayed on the screen.

HEDY LAMARR
THE GLAMOROUS
Exciting BEAUTY...
YOUR SENSATIONAL
NEW DISCOVERY
Welcome her to her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring role—an exotic orchid of cafe society...

I TAKE THIS WOMAN
with INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON
Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandon.

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust Miss Grade Allen.

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckleberry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney at "Huck" Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box S, Culver City, Cal.

Dear Fans —
This is a fine letter for you.
I think you from the bottom of my heart for the way you have responded to this column.

Leo
"Sure I’m a gutter Girl..."

"Born in this old tenement. Raised on this dirty street. Me and my kid brother, just a couple of what you rich guys call gutter rats. But my heart’s all right. It’s clean and it’s honest and it’s true. Maybe I don’t know big words and fancy stuff, but I know enough plain ones to tell him what I think of him, this polo playing good-for-nothing with all his soft talk and smooth ways and his heart all eaten up with the shame of what he and his millions have done to us... the one third of a nation he wouldn’t dirty his gloves to touch..."
Strong words, brave words and yet she loves this polo playing multi-millionaire—and he loves her—and their love story is drama as real, as human as the story of this girl's home—the New York slum, which bred the "Dead End Kids", the brutal background of "Street Scene"

Harold Orlob presents

SYLVIA SIDNEY
"...one third of a nation"
with LEIF ERIKSON

A DUDLEY MURPHY PRODUCTION • Screen Play by
Oliver H. P. Garrett • A PARAMOUNT RELEASE

The "East Side Gang", the toughest bunch of kids ever to braid their way into your heart—
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Please send me introductory size package of Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coin).

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TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Out West With the Hardys
M-G-M

Nobody has to be urged to turn out to see the Hardys when they come to town in a new film—so we're merely putting this down for the record—a swell record it is. Familiarity with the Hardys breeds admiration, it seems. And as good as were the previous films in the series, this is even better. To that you'll agree heartily when you see Mickey Rooney (especially Mickey Rooney) Lewis Stone and the others in this.

The Duke of West Point
United Artists

The author of "Navy Blue and Gold" turns with equal success to West Point for a story rousing with patriotic fervor, effective sentiment, and humor. Louis Hayward scores as the chap brought up in England who makes good after being misunderstood by fellow plebes. Tom Brown, Richard Carlson and Alan Curtis all contribute good performances, while Joan Fontaine pleases as the romantic interest.

Blondie
Columbia

As long as we must have double feature bills, let's have something lightly amusing like this to pad out the show that's topped by a "big" film. The comic strip characters who are known to all followers of Blondie and Dagwood get the best of Hollywood talent to conform to the cartoon idea. Artie Lake, Penny Singleton, Larry Simms (swell as Baby Dumpling) and others make up a good cast. Good pastime.

Blondie
Columbia

Wings of the Navy
Warners

Planes zoom and the sound track gives out booming buzzes of roaring engines. And if you're the least bit air-minded you have a swell time watching this film unroll its rather familiar but effective story. George Brent is the older brother who wins glory but suffers a permanent injury striving to build a better plane. John Payne is the lad who tries to live up to George's record and wins Olivia de Havilland.

While New York Sleeps
20th Century-Fox

A film that has that thing—you know: pace, zip, and mood that keep you entertained. This is another episode in the screen's own version of why newspaper work is so exciting. Michael Whalen is the reporter—and mighty good at it—who goes out to prove a supposed suicide is a murder. But while mystery has its part, it's the comic element which keeps things humming. Harold Huber and others good.

Dramatic School
M-G-M

Handsomely staged, well directed dramatic study of a group of girls driven by the urge to become great actresses. But after "Stage Door" the whole idea, laudable as it is, is too much to supply Luise Rainer with a substantial vehicle, seems most mechanical. Miss Rainer herself is lost in the role and again resorts to acting tricks in a futile dramatic effort. Paulette Goddard is decorative. Alan Marshall, good.

Annabel Takes a Tour
RKO-Radio

Follow-up to the amusing "Affairs of Annabel" here's more good comedy developed by Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball, as press agent and screen star respectively. This time Lucille makes a personal appearance tour, as with Oakie almost Ostentatiously with a zippy effort to keep Lucille on the front pages. His trumped-up romance of the star with a viscount almost "takes." Ruth Donnelly and others support.
A picture you're sure to enjoy. A sound story, good direction and competent acting are combined in a drama of strong emotional appeal and sustained dramatic interest. It shows John Carroll as a gambler who seeks to offset public hostility by adopting a boy—a slowy device that does more than the efforts of the law to reform him. Martin Spellman, Craig Reynolds, Kay Linaker and others in a fine cast.

Flirting with Fate

M-G-M

Ooop! Joe E. Brown bites off more than he can chew in attempting to amuse the customers with such a hackneyed array of familiar gags as tumble from the screen in this. Joe's locale here is South America; his occupations bad men, lions and so forth in an effort to get himself bumed off so his stranded fellow trouper can get back home on his insurance money. Leo Carillo, Steffi Duna, Wynne Gibson and others.

Cross-roads

Tri-National

A powerful character portrayed by Charles Vanel and outstanding performances by other French stars. It is the story of a man who discovers that he had a criminal record in the youth that is now a total blank since recovery from shell shock suffered in the war. The play is tense, but so much of it depends upon dialogue that subtleties, while clarifying the action, handicap the play for most audiences over here.

The Kreutzer Sonata

Foreign Cinema Arts

Tolstoy somberly pondering the evils a man sees in others, to an accompaniment of Beethoven. It happens in Czarist Russia, with Jean Yonnel as the libertine now reformed but plagued by thoughts that his lovely wife is as faithless as many wives who figured in his own youthful conquests. Gaby Morlay and other gifted players of the French theatre appear in support. It is a monotone; heavy, even dull at times.
TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?
Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.

2. YOU SLEEP through the night... undisrupted! No stomach upset. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is a gentle laxative. It acts overnight — without over-action.

3. THE NEXT morning you have a thorough bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

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SCREENLAND’S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. The cowboy in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
5. Co-star of "There Goes My Heart"
10. Three of the "Four Daughters" are named this
14. Girl's nickname
15. Nix
17. He's a Mexican star ("Desperate Adventure")
19. Heidi Lamarr and Charles Boyer constended this
21. A female sheep
22. Wood-cutting tool
23. Girl's name
34. To decay
38. He's featured in "Say It in French"
41. Inquire
42. A girl's name
45. Precious stone
47. She's starred as "Little Orphan Annie"
55. Paid (business abr"
57. Co-star of "Tail Spin"
60. A French word
61. Swiss river
62. Boy's name
64. French boy's name ("Listen Darling")
65. Star of "Mad Miss Manton"
69. Star of "Mad Miss Manton"
71. Operatic solo
72. Vegetable soup
73. Bookkeeping entry
74. Plays a "meek" role in "Jesse James"
76. To bother
77. Famous Hardy heroine

DOWN
1. He's married to Jeannette MacDonald
2. To confess
3. A stream
4. Affirmative vote
5. Comedy team of brothers ("Room Service")
6. Post
7. Japanese measure
8. Co-star of "Too Hot to Handle"
9. Steering wheel of a ship
10. Hawaiian wreath
11. To prevent
12. Famous Roman emperor
13. Formerly (poetic)
18. "You laughed at her in "Give Me a Sailor!"
20. Co-star of "The Young in Heart"
21. Island
22. Imitated
27. Writ of judgment
29. Poet's measure
30. To prevent
31. He's featured in "Law of West Tombstone"
32. Ape-like, silky
33. Smallest units of measure
35. Comedy maid in "The Cowboy and The Lady"
36. Male duck
38. Japanese money
40. Grey rain
41. Devoted
43. A tyrant
45. Co-star of "Sweethearts"
46. Epochs
51. Since
53. Scout
55. Eagle's nest
56. His new one is "Down Patrol"
58. To make glad
59. First man
60. Blood
62. Command to a horse to stop
63. A great number
65. Natural metals
66. Street postmen
68. Kind of tree
69. What woodsmen do if they don't like the show
70. A small role in a picture
73. "... Old Chicago"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

GENE OLAND FRED ROAR
CHANNELS TUES RAISE
JES GERRARD NELSON BALAS
AND STOP "CHIRP"
STAIR SODA RAISES ANG
EMAN ROSE IDES
NEUROSTOMY STONE TOOT STONEY
ICE TADE RINA DONAT APE WAKEN
ODOR STONE JOLLY
LYRE OATEN ANNE

SCREENLAND
Paraphrasing personalities whose faces are familiar to film fans everywhere

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

This lovely village in the Mohawk Valley, Canajoharie, N.Y., can truly be called Flavor-Town. It is famous for Beech-Nut flavor and quality.

PACKAGES OF GREAT RENOWN
GOT THEIR START IN FLAVOR-TOWN

All America looks to Flavor-Town [Canajoharie, N.Y.] for fine flavor and quality in chewing gum. Your choice of six different varieties. Refreshing and restful.

Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N.Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Something hot and delicious—movie beauty actually fries chicken!

See Ann Sheridan at work here, read her own special recipe

By Betty Boone

You’ve read that stars can cook. Here’s pictorial proof. Above, Ann seasons the cut-up chicken. Right, she puts it into paper bag containing flour. Left below, she shakes the bag vigorously. Lower right, she heats Crisco into the skillet. Now see top of opposite page.

When you look at glamor-girl Ann Sheridan on the screen, you’d think that the nearest she came to a kitchen was when she sat at that end of somebody’s dining table, and that all she knew about food was how it looks or tastes. But you’re wrong. You ought to see Annie, as her friends call her, frying chicken!

I stopped for the chicken on my way over to Ann’s Mexican farmhouse, wickedly thinking that I’d see just how much Ann knew about kitchens and what goes on in them. Ann with her red-gold hair and her dancing feet and her long ruby-tipped finger nails. Marty (Schuyler Crail), ace cameraman, selected the fowl with equal skepticism. “It’s a good bird now—whatever happened to it later,” he asserted.

Ann was waiting for us, in neat blue slacks, divided between excitement over the newly arrived radio-phonograph, which was breathing forth gay Mexican music, and delight in her red-and-white kitchen.

“It’s red-and-white to the last little knob on the cupboard doors, including the stove!” she exulted. “Look, isn’t this perfect? You open this gadget and push in your garbage and next thing you know about it, it’s outdoors! Magic, no less. And will you look at this cooler—vegetables on every shelf and the whole thing revolves! And this grand affair is for pans and skillets.”

A movie star all hoo-ha over garbage slots!

She inspected the chicken, critically. It
wasn't cleaned to suit her, so she plopped it into a pan of water and went after it, red nails and all, in a professional manner.

"When I fry chicken, I have my skillet full of hot deep fat," she informed me, indicating the ready skillet. "Now, that's much better, much, much! What I mean, clean, Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" Her voice soared upward, and Elizabeth, a smiling colored maid, appeared. "Find me a paper bag, will you? And where's the flour? No, no, I don't want you to get it for me, just tell me where you hide it!"

The bag and the flour duly arriving, Ann poured a large quantity of the latter into the former, seasoning her chicken with salt and pepper, and put the cut-up pieces of c'kcken into the bag, where she proceeded to shake them vigorously, while she danced around the room singing: "I've got a pocketful of dreams!"

She loves to dance. She dances most of the time, even when she's frying chicken. "Just at first, I have the gas on high to brown it well," she demonstrated, as she began putting in the floured pieces, "Then I turn it low and put on my cover. It should fit tightly. There, now we'll let her simmer a while and talk recipes. No, wait. Let's look at the house. This is the dinette." She danced into the knotty pine room, with its red tiled floor, its maple refectory table and chairs, its array of Mexican blue glass. Then on into the entry hall and across to the living-room where the new music box was rendering La Conga. "I'm mad about this room. See this fireplace, with the andirons and whatnot? Imagine burning driftwood there!"

At opposite ends of the room two love-seats in beige and brown face each other across a beige chenille rug; there are blue chairs too, and a gold-covered one, and the drapes are brown.

"See these two laughing Buddhas—are n't they adorable? My ex-brother-in-law gave (Please Turn to page 87)

Next step: Ann starts to fry the chicken, left above. Close-up of Ann frying the bird, above—getting hungry? Now look, right above: Ann comes out of the kitchen with the best fried chicken any movie star ever cooked.

Where she proceeded to shake them vigorously, while she danced around the room singing: "I've got a pocketful of dreams!"

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It's a romantic year for hats, hair and eyes! So curl your lashes demurely, for that sweet old-fashioned effect. Kurlash requires only a few seconds, is effective for hours...an easy, mechanical beauty-routine. And it's yours for only $1.

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Ask Me! By Miss Vee Dee

Hollywood grooms another European beauty for screen glamor honors, as Paramount mounts is Mirane, blonde, blue-eyed Helen actress, in a starring role with Ray Mil- lan as leading man in "Hotel Imperial."

Roberto, Mickey Rooney was born September 23, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mickey seems to be shy about giving the year of his birth; perhaps the reason is that he made his stage debut at the tender age of 11 months! Jackie Cooper was born September 15, 1923, Judy Garland is around 15 years old; she's 4 feet, 11 inches in height and weighs 95 pounds. Has brown hair and eyes. She made her screen début in "Every Sunday."

Kay K. Try writing to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California for an autographed photograph of Nelson Eddy. Yes, that is his real name; he was born in Providence, R. L, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Eddy, both fine musicians. He was a boy soprano in a church in Providence. Later Nelson moved to Philadelphia.

Marion M. So you like little Mary Maguire? And I'm just the one to tell you all you wish to know about her. Her real name is Helene Terese Maguire and she was born way down in Melbourne, Australia, on February 23, 1919. Her picture career began before she left Australia, playing ingenue leads with an Australian motion picture company. On coming to Hollywood, she was signed at once with Warner Bros. Some of the pictures in which she has appeared are "That Man's Here Again," "Confession," "Alcatraz Island," and "Sergeant Murphy."

Inquisitive Joe, It was very pleasant reading all the nice things you said—I'd like another letter like that! Anita Page is married; she hasn't appeared in pictures in quite some time, but that does not necessarily mean that she has retired from the screen.

Beatrice V. If you are really a loyal fan, as your letter tells me, you will try again, because stars like to receive letters from admirers. Address your letter to Claire Trevor, United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Perhaps your first letter was misdirected.

M. F. K. Barton McLane was born in Columbia, South Carolina, December 23, 1902. He attended Wesleyan University, graduating with the class of 1925. He was a noted athlete in college, which brought him a chance in pictures, during the filming of a football story. A recent picture was "Blondes at Work." Some of his previous pictures are: "Go Into Your Dance," "Special Agent," and "C Men." Address him at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif.

M. D. G. You don't doubt did hear Donald Grayson in the Community Sing. He has toured the country, singing and playing his violin in every important city in the United States, to say nothing of the Kit Kat Club in London. It was singing with an orchestra in a Chicago night club that landed him in pictures, much to his own surprise! He has a contract with Columbia Pictures; made his screen début with Charles Starrett and Marion Weldon in Columbia's "Dodge City Trail."

Grateful, Jeannette Loff is not in pictures now. Her real name is Janette Lov; she was born in Cromon, Idaho.

The new Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler, who succeeds the late Warner Oland as the popular Chinese detective, deftly juggles his chopsticks between scenes. Sen Yung, his mentor in Chinese manners, is seen at right.
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DARK VICTORY

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Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play
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DARK VICTORY

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Back in pictures, and welcome! Here's Helen Twelvetrees returning to films at Paramount.

just might be able to get that picture by writing to the Warner Studios, Burbank, California. For the photograph of Edward Norris write to 20th Century-Fox Studio. Gloria Dickson was born August 13, 1917.


Bob M. Wonder who wins the bet? For Louise Rainer was born in Vienna, Austria, and Sonja Henie, in Oslo, Norway. Priscilla Lane is not very old, she was born in Indiana, Iowa, on June 12, 1917.

D. W. Louise Hovick was born in Seattle, Washington, twenty-three years ago. At the age of six she made her first appearance in vaudeville, supporting her sister, Baby June. Her first picture was "You Can't Have Everything."

Shirley T. Thanks for your letter. Jackie Cooper is a very much grown-up and handsome young man now; and if I should attempt to tell you his weight and height right now, it would no doubt be incorrect by the time you read this! Deanna Durbin was born in Winnipeg, Canada, December 4, 1922. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Thank you very much for your good wishes. Let's hear from you again.

Z. M. H. Write to Warner Bros., Burbank, California, for a photograph of Kenny Baker. Alice Faye was born in New York City.

H! TY!

No, I don't know you well enough to call you "Ty." But you must be used by now to having ladies take liberties with you, since everywhere you go you are mobbed while "we" the women rip buttons off your coat or get lipstick on your ear. Used to it—but do you like it, really?

I'd hate to think so. I'd hate to think you are reconciled or even indifferent to "our" disgusting clamor. You are much too intelligent, much too sensitive—I hope. But after all, aren't you asking for it? It isn't your fault that women who see you on the screen promptly go haywire and want to take you home. Isn't it?

Well, I wonder. And I am forced to the conclusion that you will soon have to choose between two careers—that of a movie idol of the Valentino type, or that of a sensible "business-man" actor, like Colman. I hope you choose the latter. For I happen to think you are potentially the finest young actor ever to appear on the screen. Since "Lloyd's of London" I've thought it and said it. There is no other young man in pictures to approach you for romantic charm and professional sensitivity. The only thing to stop you is—Tyrone Power, the boy himself.

If you were just another handsome lad, it might be good movie business to exploit your personal romances with handsome ladies. But you are vastly more than that. And I imagine, having met you and talked to you, that you would much prefer a Colman-career to a Valentino rage. Why choose? Because right now the public seems more concerned with your off-screen romance with the lovely Annabella than with your latest screen performance. That's not so good. In fact, that's terrible. Because you can act; you have good taste and you have tact; and I feel sure that you would far rather be applauded for your work than for a "glamorous" private life. I thought this first when I met you on that New York jaunt when Sonja Henie was your companion in the news photographs. You seemed a little embarrassed by it all. You've made more pictures since then; been mobbed on two more continents, evaded many more avid women fans. I don't wonder that your latest portraits look a little disillusioned, a little weary. But a good picture—and I hope "Jesse James" is it—will fix all that. And I hope you get so worked up over your future as an actor that you'll just concentrate on your job for the next few years—at least until Shirley Temple grows up.

Delight Evans
STAR GAZERS! Even a downpour of rain failed to dampen the spirit of the crowd which gathered to see celebrities, perhaps snare a treasured autograph, at a recent Hollywood preview.

A star smiles at the crowd. Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Pressman (more amiable toward the cameraman than usual) arrive at the Carthay Circle for the gala premiere.

Not perturbed by either the rain or the crowds, Norma Shearer and Producer Mervyn LeRoy were among the early arrivals at the theatre where screen greats attended a preview.

Marlene Dietrich, who rises to heights of glamor when celebrity seekers gather, escorted to the preview by Henry Fonda.

A party at the Trocadero follows the preview. Above, Joan Bennett and Walter Brennan meet in the fayer of the Trac.
Kentucky's governor, A. B. (Happy) Chandler—center—his wife, and daughters Mildred and Marcella are escorted to the brilliant party by Hollywood's eminent Darryl Zanuck.

Richard Greene cuts in, apparently adds wit and interest to the engaging conversation that had been progressing between David Niven and Loretta Young, table companions.

Joan Bennett, wearing an all-white evening gown and her hair in the up-swept and (to her and same, but not all, others) flattering style, was escorted to the party by Walter Wanger.

Dixie Lee Crosby critically watches her husband, Bing, as he concentrates on obtaining some nourishment from a stalk of celery when supper was served at the preview party.

A flashlight shot from across the table catches Virginia Bruce and her husband, J. Walter Ruben, aware of the camera's presence, and Kay Francis wrapped in her own thoughts.
Al Jolson tells a story—one of more or less serious import no doubt—to his neighbor across the table, as Ruby Keeler listens intently, during the course of the preview party.

Byplay that amused the guests. Sitting in, as 'twere, for Charlie McCarthy, whom Edgar Bergen didn't bring to the party at the Troc, are Martha Raye and Dorothy Lamour.

Photographs Exclusively for Screenland by Len Weissman

At the Cocoanut Grove, where Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees were the stars, Governor Chandler, Rudy, Loretta Young, David Niven and Mrs. Chandler

Norma Shearer leans across the table to converse with Marlene Dietrich, while Marlene's escort for the evening, Henry Fonda, laughingly listens in—a party at the Trocadero.

Happy birthday to Dotty! Martha Raye bestows a congratulatory kiss after singing Happy Birthday to Dorothy Lamour, who was feted at the Ambassador in celebration of her anniversary.
really didn't discover each other until that horrible night when everything went wrong at the White Mayfair. The meeting was well-timed; Clark had been separated from Mrs. Gable for many months, and Carole was what the poets call whole heart and fancy free. Carole went home that night to grit her teeth and swear that never again would she be a hostess, and Clark went with a party of friends to the Beverly Brown Derby for hot cakes and coffee. But anyway, it was the beginning of a beautiful romance.

Several days later I dropped in to Carole's dressing-room at noon time expecting to be invited to stay for lunch as usual when I noticed quite a bit of suppressed excitement. Carole was humming I'll Write Myself a Letter, looking up mysterious numbers in the telephone directory, and paying absolutely no attention to the juicy bit of scandal that I had been dining out on all week. Suddenly the phone began to ring, and I never heard such guarded conversations. "Make?" said Carole. "Condition? Age? I'll call you later." Finally I took the hint, and offered to leave, and my offer was accepted. I had never seen Carole so completely happy—and vague. "It's love," I said, "l'amour rides again."

And I was definitely right. Carole, one of the most sensible girls in Hollywood without an iota of chi-chi about her, had suddenly gone coy and had decided to send Mr. Gable (who had been calling constantly since the White Mayfair) an old broken-down Ford from a junk heap, all done up in hearts and red ribbons for his Valentine. Now nobody likes a funny gag like Clark—though up until the time he met Carole there had been darned few in his life—so he took that old piece of junk and had a first-class engine put in it, and all dressed up in white tie and tails drove up to Miss Lombard's door and insisted that she accompany him to the Trocadero. Any other star would have looked at that old wreck with no top on it and screamed—but not Carole. Her coiffure lasted at least to the end of the driveway. But her gags, which always amuse Clark so much, have lasted, and are doing nicely, thank you.

I may say the Lombard-Gable romance got off to a false start. That was practically the last time that they dressed up in tails and orchids and went dancing with the Right People. They decided that night that they didn't like dressing up and they didn't like night clubs. They liked being normal human beings, not stuffed shirts. You can almost count on your fingers the times they have been out "socially" since. Carole was busy taking tennis lessons from Eleanor Tennant at the time—and you know Carole, there's nothing half way about her. She isn't content just to pop a few balls over the net, oh no, she's got to be an Alice Marble, nothing else. Well, naturally, a regular guy like Gable isn't going to let a gal play a better game than he plays, so Clark, who had been too busy all his life to take up tennis, now took it up with a vengeance. But if Carole introduced him to tennis he had a few things to introduce her to—he taught Hollywood's fairest movie star how to shoot, how to hunt, how to ride, and how to fish. Carole had always been athletically inclined—she had been a first class basketball player and hundred-yard-dasher at the Los Angeles high school, and her two older brothers hadn't spared her when it came to rough and tumble—but when she became a Glamor Girl she packed away her sneakers and went in for more frilly things. What fun, she shouted, when Clark first suggested that they go hunting. She climbed right down off her chaise longue, pulled on boots, grabbed a gun, and let the finger nails fall where they may.

Carole and Clark soon discovered that they had the same interests and liked the same things, so no wonder the romance got off to a riproaring start. Their idea of a lot of fun is to have (Please turn to page 98)
A CROWN PRINCE has joined the movies. There have been other scions of nobility, who have flashed briefly and spectacularly on the Hollywood scene, but none created the international furor that has accompanied the acquisition of James Roosevelt's services by Samuel Goldwyn. There has been considerable speculation over the reasons for the politico-cinema alliance, and in the anti-Administration press the motives of everybody concerned have been impugned: a good swift kick at a member of the Roosevelt family is a good swift kick at the President.

Jimmy—and everybody in Hollywood has taken to calling him Jimmy—is the eldest of the Roosevelt boys, and is reputed to be a very bright young man. In fact, when Mr. Goldwyn talks about him, he murmurs over and over during the conversation, "Brilliant mind. Magnificent mind." Additional evidence concerning Jimmy's mental stature was adduced by a Goldwyn aide, who, in reply to a wag's statement that Goldwyn had spent an entire day teaching young Roosevelt the business, said, "He was through by two o'clock."

However modest his appraisal of himself, Jimmy is a genius. He may not like this idea, but he must become reconciled to it, for everyone in Hollywood receiving more than $500 a week is a genius. Many getting less claim to be, but they are just pretenders. Further, the rating is clinched for him because he works for Goldwyn, and it is well known that Sam has nothing but geniuses in his employ.

Why did young Roosevelt join the movies, and why did Goldwyn hire at a substantial salary one who makes no pretense of knowing anything about the business are the two most frequently asked questions. Possibly no conclusive answer can be given to either, for these can only come with time, but out of the facts that are known today can emerge fairly sound deductions. From a realistic standpoint, two factors are self-evident: Goldwyn is impressed by famous names, and Roosevelt wanted a job where the future for a young man was bright, where the hours are pleasant and the wages are good.

Jimmy Roosevelt is an engaging young man. The Washington correspondents found that out when he...
Movie producer hires President's son! The story of how Samuel Goldwyn, former glove salesman, signed up a Roosevelt is the story of America. It's human, heart-warming, real! Don't miss our authentic account by a noted writer.

was secretary to the President, for the newspapermen's hostility when he joined the White House staff was evident. Within a few weeks, he had a majority of the reporters as his personal friends and staunchest admirers. With that charm that nearly all of the Roosevelts have exuded, he took the Hollywood correspondents into camp during the early moments of his first interview. They were not as antagonistic as had been the Washington lads, but they were suspicious of the Goldwyn motives.

Jimmy is thirty-one. He stands six feet four inches tall, and in many of his mannerisms resembles his father. After four years at Harvard, where he flunked out because of language, he married Betsey Cushing, daughter of a Boston physician. He has two children, the favorite actress of whom is Shirley Temple; Jimmy has none, or at least had none until he surveyed the Goldwyn contract list.

The life of a President's son bent upon getting ahead on his own is not easy. Everything he does his father's enemies attribute to pull and trading upon the White House name. The Roosevelt boys have had this brought home to them with some force. One of them got a $25 a week job in a department store, and the press emphasized the point that he was living in a $100-a-month apartment. Overlooked was the fact that it is a common thing for well-to-do parents to aid a young couple starting out. Jimmy went in the insurance business and was viciously attacked, although he disproved the charges. An illness, for which he was undergoing constructive treatment, was aggravated by the onslaughts to such a point that he was compelled to submit to an operation. He joined the White House secretariat at an annual salary of $10,000, and the attendant criticism declared that he had been given a sinecure by his father.

Joining the movies at a salary estimated to be $35,000 a year, the barrage against him was nation-wide. The most commonly attributed reason for the new job was that he was to call off the Government's Anti-Trust suit against the motion picture industry. The viciousness of such a charge is exceeded only by its ludicrousness. Unfortunately for Jimmy, the choice of his life's work came at a time when his father was in the White House. Sons of the average well-to-do family are selecting their careers at around twenty-five, and Jimmy was no exception. It was unavoidable that he would be criticized for anything he did, for the political enemies of his father were bound to make capital of his every act whether wise or not. It takes older heads than Jimmy's to analyze people's motives and determine when they are seeking to take advantage of him.

Consideration of Goldwyn's interest in Roosevelt results in one of two conclusions: the first is laudable and the second is understandable. Jimmy is a bright young man. There have been very few dopes in the Roosevelt clan, and it is probable that he possesses in an excellent degree the Roosevelt intellect. As Vice-President of the Goldwyn concern, and even though his duties are pretty vague at the moment, it is reasonable to assume that he will contribute something of interest to the screen. This is a business the entire stock in trade of which is ideas. There are (Please turn to page 92)
EVER since the preview of “Algiers” Hedy Lamarr’s friends have been worrying themselves sick about her. They even sit up nights worrying. They’re afraid success will go to Hedy’s pretty head. They’re afraid she will change from the warm friendly human being that she is to a cold and conceited automaton with an adding machine for a heart. Hollywood does such things to foreign actresses. Just look at Garbo, Dietrich, and Rainer. Before “The Torrent” Garbo was one of the friendliest girls ever to hit Hollywood. She used to run around ringing doorbells with John Gilbert, and, I have heard on good authority, even “crashed” a few parties. When Marlene arrived in the film capital, a plumpish German frau, very badly dressed, she was as natural as the day is long. She was ardent and animated and childishly impulsive. Sob stories kept her broke. She wanted so much to be liked by the American people. And so did the wistful Rainer.

For some strange reason nearly every European star who has come to the American screen has become so dopey and affected that they have lost all contact with the American picture-going public. One success and they cease being human. Two successes and they are egomaniacs. No wonder Hedy’s friends have whipped up a fine crop of wrinkles. They couldn’t bear to think of a swell gal like Hedy going high-hat. But it seemed inevitable. They worried so that soon they had me worrying too. But that was before I met Hedy. I have met her now. And I am not at all worried.

I was forced to fenagle a meeting with the star who is generally acclaimed the hottest thing in pictures today. A year ago there would have been no fenagling. Why, Metro was giving her away in those days! If I was insinuate enough to want an interview with a foreign girl whose option very likely would not be (Please turn to page 76)
Most talked about girl in Hollywood is waging desperate battle, revealed for the first time in this exclusive interview!

By
Elizabeth Wilson
T WAS one of those gay Hollywood parties given in a palatial built-from-movie-money Beverly Hills mansion. A six-piece orchestra played rhumba and swing from a balcony; glasses tinkled and clinked at the bar; a buffet supper was being served in the dining room; Joe E. Brown was clowning in the drawing room; guests were dancing or wandering about chatting and having a good time and the moon was doing pretty well by romancers outside on the wide terrace. Other guests sitting at small tables were indulging in personal observations on the party and guests in general, on who was having a good time and who wasn’t, the daring cut of Marlene Dietrich’s new gown from Paris, all under the guise and expertly polite pretense of playing cards.

Dick Powell and his cute little wife, Joan Blondell, were sitting on the staircase in the entrance hall—holding hands, and watching Joe E. A screen magazine photographer had sat them there for a picture—and there they stayed. Joan, honey-blonde, blue-eyed and vivacious was the most attractive girl at the party. She clung to Dick’s arm, and he was obviously content that she should do so. Someone remarked on what a happy married couple they were; and a dreamy-eyed young thing, a niece of the host, out from the East on a visit, murmured that she could be “perfectly happy if she could just marry a movie star. It wouldn’t matter which one, Bob Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, or Tyrone Power, because it would be so thrilling to be a famous star’s wife.” The rest of us smiled at her girlish enthusiasm—and I dare say there wasn’t a girl in the room who wouldn’t like to be the “Mrs.” before such names as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Wayne Morris—to say nothing of Nelson Eddy! Our New York débutante’s ambition is shared enthusiastically by girls the world over who keep the mails hot with letters to the bachelor (Please turn to page 74)
Glamor Girls versus Wives! A clash that makes eternal vigilance the price of marital happiness for stars

By May Mann

Artist Leonard Frank's illustration dramatizes the Glamour Girl taking the spotlight as the Hollywood Wife retires to the background. Above, the Warren Williams, top; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni, lower.
NOW you’ve heard everything, folks! Charlie McCarthy has a secretary!

If you ask him, he’ll tell you it’s “kinda annoying, sorta,” to have Bergen hanging around every time he wants to do a little dictating. He has to reverse the usual procedure of lap-sitting, too, but irksome little details like these don’t cramp his style one bit. No, sir! Not Casanova McCarthy!

Her name is Mary Hanrahan, which made Charlie warm toward her the first time he met her. She’s a slender, dark-haired girl with hazel eyes, a peaches-and-cream complexion and a flair for clothes that keeps her pleasantly broke. Her official title of secretary is merely a feeble term for a combination of business adviser, interior decorator, nurse, custodian of Charlie, and Girl Scout. In her spare time (there’s irony in that statement somewhere) she works as secretary to Mr. Bergen.

Mary’s story is one of those truth-is-stranger-than-fiction things that would bring letters of indignation from the public about “insulting our intelligence with such unbelievable stuff” if it were used as a plot for a movie. Mary, you see, didn’t want to work for Mr. Bergen. Mr. Bergen didn’t want Mary to work for him. That’s how much you can rely on that first impression being the best idea. Why, Mary was the
one person in this world who was exactly suited for the position in every way. That’s a rash statement, I know, but I’ll bet you agree with me when you finish reading the story.

Think, now, for a minute about one or two secretaries of your acquaintance. How many of them have a Bachelor of Science degree floating around the house? How many have ever run two shops of their own simultaneously? Or been assistant credit manager to a big wholesale house? Is any one of them an executive secretary to a big novelty company? There will be a brief pause while you catch your breath before I tell you of Mary’s acceptance into the Rockefeller Foundation, where she was connected with the council of State Governments and the Public Administration Clearing House. You can begin to understand why Charlie is so proud of her.

“Whatever,” you ask, “is a girl of such tested executive ability doing as secretary to a couple of feet of lumber and a ventriloquist? Must be a simple job!”

Tell Mary you think it’s a sinecure, and she’ll laugh hysterically. Every bit of knowledge and experience she’s ever had has been put to work at one time or another in this one job. She has to know how to handle correspondence. (Charlie’s fan mail is tremendous and he’s inclined to dawdle over the delicately scented ones.) Her experience while working for the novelty company gave her the knowledge she needed to handle patents and such on all the products Charlie’s pert likeness adorns, ranging from books and greeting cards to shirts, radios, and soap. Her merchandising experience fits in here so nicely that now Mary capably handles all the details herself, flying to New York when it’s necessary to close a deal. All this, mind you, without neglecting her other duties. She’s able to advise Mr. Bergen on many things, although he has excellent business judgment and a sense of the fitness of things that allows him to take care of himself when the wolves of Hollywood, to say nothing of the temtites, come howling at his door. Working in State affairs taught her the finer points of diplomacy, which helps greatly in handling Master McCarthy’s publicity. I’d hate to think what would happen if that little imp got to the reporters himself.

Mary’s most important natural asset, I think, is her initiative. After all, she has no precedent to guide her. When a particularly knotty problem arises, she can’t draw on the knowledge of predecessors, because there haven’t been any. Mr. Bergen is unique, and so is her job. She has poise, too—she needs it! Imagine dining in an exclusive restaurant with Mr. Bergen, and just as the dignified waiter is serving the soup, he’s frantically screaming from his suitcase under the table, “Help! I’ll suffocate!”

Now that you know something of the present set-up, we’ll use a favorite trick of our, Hollywood producers and cut back to a scene in the novelty company where Mary has just resigned her job. If you look closely, you can see a grinning little fellow named Luce, now garbed in the more dignified robes which disguise him as Fate, watching as Mary leaves the building, goes home, packs, and departs for New York for a well-earned vacation. Rested and refreshed, she returns to Chicago a few weeks later, only to find she is bored having nothing to do all day after the routine of the past few years. She has made application for admittance to the Rockefeller Foundation, but there is no word from them yet.

It was the Sunday paper that started it. There was an interesting advertisement in it that Mary felt just had to be answered, so she went down-town early the next morning and discovered the office was that of the Music Corporation of America. One look at the reception room crowded with girls told her that they had read somewhere about the early bird getting the worm, but this time the worm turned, and the first person to be interviewed was Miss Hanrahan. Mr. Smith asked her about her experience, schooling, etc., then said: “I’m sorry, Miss Hanrahan, we have no positions open that pay the salary to which you are entitled. However”, (here he handed her an application blank), “we sometimes have sudden calls for secretaries for orchestras, and it’s difficult to find one in a few hours. When we run across someone very capable, like yourself, we ask them to fill out this blank and we then file it for reference.”

Well, Mary took the blank home with her and stuffed it in a drawer with some old rubber bands, a couple of old snapshots, and a recipe for nut fudge cake. If this were a movie, the audience would be worrying for fear she wouldn’t fill it out; but it isn’t, and anyway Mary received word that same afternoon that her application to the Foundation had been accepted, and she was to start work the next morning. As far as she could see, this was her future. This is what she had been looking for! A pleasant position, nice hours, congenial surroundings—charming people—for the first time in her life, she was content. If anyone had told her that within three months she would quit her job (Please turn to page 80)
He's Her Boss!

Meet Joe Pasternak, guiding genius of Deanna Durbin's screen career.

By Tom Kennedy

The oldest company in the movie business was facing the hardest times experienced in its near quarter century of existence, when sheer accident brought together a little known producer, an obscure director, and a 14-year-old girl castoff from the contract lists of a rival studio. This unique triumvirate, destined to become one of Hollywood's greatest 'money' combinations, were principal collaborators on a production that brought such a rain of coins at theatre box offices that in the trade it is credited with having turned the ebbing tide of a $6,000,000 corporation.

The girl, Deanna Durbin, has become more widely famous than the men who guided her to stardom in her very first feature film, and went on to prove that neither she nor they were mere flashes in the picture-making saucenpan by following that picture with two more equally popular and lucrative. The two men, Producer Joe Pasternak and Director Henry Koster, playing parts behind the screen are members of that 'unsung' galaxy of the cinema's star system. They are associates because the one, Pasternak, so willed it when his company, Universal, promoted him in 1928 from assistant director to producer of its foreign films made in Europe for strictly European distribution. Recalled to Hollywood just prior to the sale of the company by its founder, Carl Laemle, Pasternak brought Koster with him.

Sandy-completed, nervous, almost fidgety in the way he darts his pale blue eyes, Joe Pasternak today has two great enthusiasms. One is America, the adopted country to which he came first as an immigrant from Hungary when he was 19, and where a man can be "free, not a puppet for the manipulation of some tyrant or political masters." The other is Deanna Durbin. On both subjects Pasternak talks with such excited praise that he becomes embarrassed by his own enthusiasm and vehemence.

"I'm afraid to talk like this—it might be taken as exaggeration, flattery uttered with an ulterior motive," he said in the middle of a summation of the causes to which he attributes Deanna Durbin's retention of what may be called unspoiled naturalness in the face of praise and adulation heaped on by glamor makers of Hollywood and an applauding public. Who made stars out of who in the fortuitous accident that brought Deanna Durbin, Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster into conjunction on the Universal lot in 1936, is something you can place beside the "which came first, chicken or egg?" as a premise for unending argument. Deanna Durbin's entrance into the picture was the merest accident, as facts (not previously recorded so far as I know) were set forth by Pasternak in the course of an interview about which this is concerned.

Pasternak had been assigned a routine picture of the run of the mill sort after waiting months for a definite production commission on the lot. He picked his own director, Koster. Together they selected a cast from the Universal contract list, with the exception, that is, of the youngest of the "Three Smart Girls." For that part, Pasternak was negotiating for Edith Fellows, who had impressed him by her work in the Claudette Colbert picture, "She Married Her Boss." Then Deanna Durbin was brought to Universal for a test, and Pasternak immediately picked her. The part was a minor one. No singing, which was Deanna's chief claim to consideration for the screen, was provided in the original script, and the production budget was very limited. But as scenes progressed, Pasternak and Koster kept building up the part the Durbin lass was playing. As daily rushes came through the budget was constantly increased by studio heads who from day to day became more convinced that Pasternak was bringing in a winner. The songs were added, the Durbin part expanded to principal character interest—with results known far and wide since the day "Three Smart Girls" was (Please turn to page 95)
Screenland Salutes

LOVELY OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
WAYNE MORRIS

Warner's big boy will next be seen in "A Broadway Cavalier." We hope it will be another "Kid Galahad" for Wayne—he needs it!
Screen's best actress has completed "Dark Victory," in which she is said to top her own finest performances. Next, "Juarez"
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, as Vernon and Irene Castle, in the fox-trot number from "The Castles," their new film.
GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Beauty and a golden voice—why can't this charming person make good in Hollywood!
BETTY GRABLE

We'd like to see the pretty, buoyant and blonde Betty in more and better pictures!
MIRTH!

Don Ameche
SONJA HENIE

Empress of the ice, now making one of her triumphal skating tours of the country “in person,” surprises with new numbers and new hair-do—we like both! Henie is indeed a honey.
Movies' handsomest blonde, radio's voice rave in the "Big Town" broadcasts with Edward G. Robinson, Claire now has a really big role in "Stage Coach," epic Western for Walter Wanger
Since "Kentucky" we must credit the Young girl with once more warming our hearts as well as bewitching our eyes with a genuinely poignant and sincere performance.

LORETTA YOUNG
Cutting capers, to say nothing of a fancy figure or two, Joan Crawford turns to the merry mood after a succession of emotional roles. Joan’s new picture is "Ice Follies of 1939," in which she has the collaboration of James Stewart and Lew Ayres, among many others, in a spectacular and most promising film.

Can You Dance

HOUR and 34 MINUTES
Without Tiring

Lively people are gay, interesting partners in every kind of activity. Their energy lends them charm and personality. The energy of the body comes chiefly from Dextrose, which is the primary “fuel” sugar of the body.

Baby Ruth candy, so pure and delicious, is rich in Dextrose—rich in real food energy. You’ll enjoy Baby Ruth—and you’ll find it helps you to forestall fatigue.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
OTTO SCHNERING, President
Be A Winner in PET PICTURE CONTEST

Here are winners of our first (January 1939 issue) Pet Contest. Don't let your pet down. Your dog or other pet deserves its chance to win. First prize, Morgan Dennis portrait reproduced on opposite page. We also pay $5.00 for each additional pet picture published.

FIRST PRIZE (Morgan Dennis original portrait: Bette Davis and "Miss Tibble")—Lossie Chamblin, Chicago, Ill., and her five white Spitz puppies, named after the Dionne Quints.

Winner of $5.00. Mr. Hoover, owned by Mrs. Alden Eldridge, Buzzards Bay, Mass.

Winner of $5.00. Aggy the alligator, and owner, Ruth Hooper Larsson, New York City.

Winner of $5.00. Peter, owned by Miss Ruth Fleming, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Winner of $5.00. Scotties, owned by Mrs. E. Y. Mason, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.

Winner of $5.00. Cat and puppy, owned by Miss Dorothy Dayle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOW that you see the winners of our first contest, you'll surely want to enter your pet in this, the third of the series. Send in a picture of your pet—dog, cat, canary or whatever it is—and give it a chance to win. Remember, first prize is the original of the Morgan Dennis portrait of Constance Bennett and "Sandy," reproduced on opposite page. Remember, too, we pay $5.00 cash for every pet picture we publish. Winners in the second (February 1939 issue) Pet Contest, will be announced next month. Winners of this, the third Contest, will be announced in May, 1939, issue.

CONTEST CONDITIONS:
1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, March 2nd, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

I am entering SCREENLAND Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed.

NAME ..................................................

STREET ADDRESS ..................................

CITY .................................................. STATE ..........................................

CONSTANCE BENNETT AND "SANDY"
BY MORGAN DENNIS
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Mickey Rooney in "Huckleberry Finn"
“SHIRLEY ROSS: temperature normal—breakfasts on coffee, sliced orange, toast, marmalade—calls husband 'darling'—a bride wedded several months but has been too busy to have a honeymoon—got into films as a blues singer but says there’s no future in it (blues singing)—writes with left hand—real name Bernice Gaunt——’ We interrupt, ladies and gentlemen, to tell you that this is not a confidential report based on information supplied by doctors, dieticians or undercover snoops and published in violation of the ethics, but a transcript of notes found among the effects of a reporter who recently had the pleasure of interviewing Shirley Ross in her dressing room at a theatre where she was making a personal appearance. Going even further, without your permission, in connection with these notes (not at all rare—they turn up after every interview) we will say that the notes themselves are not made public because they have any significance whatever. We bring them up only because they reminded us to tell you something about Shirley Ross.

We needn’t tell you that Shirley Ross is the blonde, grey-eyed, very shapely limbed songstress who popularized “Thanks for the Memory” in “Big Broadcast of 1938” to such a memorable degree that Paramount made a film (the first in history to be a sequel to a song) by that title with Shirley Ross and Bob Hope co-starring. But we beg to jog your memory to recall that Shirley has had such ups and downs during her 4-year career in Hollywood as usually add up to “out” for young screen aspirants. But Shirley, you’ll notice, is now definitely “in” —featured parts in five pictures in a row. Five (count ‘em): “Big Broadcast of 1938,” “Blossoms on Broadway,” “Prison Farm,” “Thanks for the Memory” (1938 releases), “Paris Honeymoon” and “Café Society” (completed in 1938 for early ’39 release). A schedule like that gives a girl a very wide circle of acquaintance among the film-goers, which is something studio bosses very well know and therefore proves the same bosses repose a lot of confidence in Shirley’s ability to become a “screen name.”

When we walked into the room where we saw Shirley Ross for the first time in person we thought we had gotten into the wrong place. Seated in a far corner of a large “star-sized” backstage dressing-room was a very blonde person with a thermometer protruding (Please turn to page 92)
HEART-WARMING entertainment of which I enjoyed practically every minute, after the grim prologue was once out of the way. It's as refreshing, as lovely and as fragrant as blue-grass, and I can't imagine anyone not having a grand time at it. It's the true South that's shown, not the phony you—all sort of thing that makes Yankees wish they'd stayed home. It's all in gorgeous Technicolor. If I attempt to tell you the plot you might decide to stay away and miss this delightful picture, so I'll gloss over the fact that it's all about one of those familiar North-South family feuds, Loretta Young, a vision in Technicolor, plays the Southern girl with all the sincerity I've been missing from her recent performances—this time she seems to forget Loretta for the character she is playing, and her reward is that she convinces us not only that she is lovelier than ever to look at, but that she is still essentially a brilliant young player. Richard Greene is nice as the boy, but it is Walter Brennan who hobbles away with the film in the rich rôle of a crochety old gentleman. Yes, you'll see the Derby run—the most exciting horse-race, outside of the news-reels, that has ever been filmed. Go to "Kentucky"—you're welcome, gentlemen!

YOU MacDonald-Eddy fans have already written your own reviews of this one, in long lines at theatre box-offices from New York to California, so what can I say? It is definitely what you have ordered, it is a glossy show. For once, I suspect that neither the Jeanette MacDonald fan-clubs nor the Nelson Eddy addicts can quarrel, because it seems to me each star has an equal amount of footage and the same number of close-ups. Or wait a minute—that's exactly what will start a New Feud, with the MacDonald fanatics claiming that with Jeanette's undoubted advantage in Technicolor she should have rated more close-ups than Mr. Eddy, and the Nelson admirers just as positive that the blond baritone's slight edge in a more human and sympathetically written rôle should have been rewarded with just one more song. I'm not taking sides. I think Miss MacDonald is ravishing in Technicolor. For once Mr. Eddy leaves a warmer impression as an actor. The "big," but big musical numbers are overpoweringly gorgeous, but I liked the "little" big numbers in which Miss MacDonald's golden voice is a joy and her radiant presence a rainbow of loveliness. Frank Morgan, Reginald Gardiner and Mischa Auer provide de luxe comedy.

A MAGNIFICENT performance in a chaotic picture is the bitter-sweet truth about Claudette Colbert in "Zaza." It gives the star her best acting opportunity in far too long, and she sails into it with beguiling verve and vivid charm. But even a passionately sincere performance cannot compensate for one of the oldest and crackiest plots in theatre history, and if it were not for the star's big moments the long, dull stretches of "Zaza" would be hard to bear. These big moments include the scenes in which Colbert brings the heroine to life with a gay abandon and wicked humor which are completely enchanting; and those other, tender scenes in which a subdued Zaza faces the child of the man she loves and resolves on renunciation. Even if you fight against it you will find yourself swallowing hard and blinking frantically as little Ann Todd plays mercilessly on your emotions, and Miss Colbert achieves the practically impossible—holding her own with a child star in eloquence and appeal. Herbert Marshall makes it hard to believe that Zaza could forsake all others for him; but Bert Lahr and Helen Westley are grand. See it for Colbert's performance, but don't blame me if you find "Zaza" just a flash in the can-can.
BEST ENTERTAINMENT:
"Kentucky"
"Sweethearts"
"Topper Takes A Trip"

FINEST DRAMA:
"Grand Illusion"

NOVELTY:
"Trade Winds"

BEST PERFORMANCES:
Claudette Colbert in "Zaza"
Walter Brennan in "Kentucky"
Jean Gabin, Dita Parlo in "Grand Illusion"
Ann Sothern in "Trade Winds"

TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists

WORLD TOUR with a wild sense of humor, "Trade Winds" is a decided novelty which I think you'll enjoy. A terrific travelogue in the de luxe manner, it takes you from San Francisco to Honolulu, Singapore, Bombay, Shanghai—with such travelling companions as Joan Bennett, looking more like Hedy Lamarr than Hedy herself, and Fredric March as a debonair detective—Mr. March in his best mood, that is for my taste—the gay one, not the moody one. There is a murder mystery to provide the excuse for the grand tour, with Joan, of all people, as the suspect, and Freddie in pursuit—don't worry, though, because all ends well. Besides the surprise of our blonde and beautiful Joan appearing in sirenish guise, there is the added excitement of Ann Sothern in a mad gay rôle. She is grand as a sophisticated secretary, and I think we may count on Miss Sothern's continued screen activity from now on, for if any actress can take Joan Harlow's place it is she. This is one picture where the whole cast seems to be enjoying themselves instead of working hard for money. I don't think Miss Bennett is a real threat to Lamarr, but I had a good time at "Trade Winds."

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

IF YOU thought "Topper" couldn't be topped you will be pleasantly surprised, not to say exhilarated, by this comedy. To me even funnier than "Topper" the first, this fresh and contagiously amusing sequel records further adventures of Roland Young as Mr. Topper, Billie Burke as the bubbling Mrs. Topper, and Constance Bennett as the disturbing element—this time Connie comes back to earth again even more determinedly devilish than usual—accompanied by Skippy, the irresistible wire-haired terrier. Unfortunately, Cary Grant is detained by previous film engagements and so can make this trip only in the form of a flashback; but much as I like Mr. Grant I can't say that you miss him so much, once the fun starts. You remember, of course, the hilarious materializations and dematerializations achieved by camera wizardry—well, they are even more mysterious and amusing this time, as the story begins in New York and moves rapidly to Paris. Roland Young continues his wistful and engaging characterization and Miss Burke is even funnier than before. As for Miss Bennett, if you like her shrewd and subtle playing you will revel in this and if you don't quite revel you will find her always decorative.

GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures Corp.

IF YOU can find this fine French film playing anywhere in your neighborhood I suggest that you do not miss it. As a matter of fact, it is well worth going out of your neighborhood to catch, if you really care for pure cinema at its finest. Directed by Jean Renoir, son of the famous painter, it is a revelation in picture-making both artistically and humanly speaking, for it presents in true cinematic form a new viewpoint of war, neither, as has been said, glorifying or "gorifying" it, but showing the reactions of men under the stress of a great conflict. You will find no super-colossal battle scenes here, but a powerful picture of men in prison camps, men longing for peace. The great French screen actor, Jean Gabin, plays the ordinary man caught in the war maze, and he provides a splendid example of the best European performer who never permits his own personality to intrude upon his characterization. Pierre Fresnay plays the aristocrat sickened by war, while Eric von Stroheim is excellent as the German officer. The one woman in the cast, Dita Parlo, should be seen by every Hollywood actress. Mlle. Parlo, permitted only one close-up but she accomplishes more with that than some actresses with dozens of 'em.
SCREENLAND
Glamor School
Edited by
Phyllis Brooks
Of interest to every girl is the personal wardrobe of Cary Grant’s favorite person, pretty blonde Phyllis Brooks. Here is the pre-view posed for us in Phyllis’ new Westwood home.

Opposite page, Phyllis poses at her own chic green-and-red cocktail bar in that indispensable “little” black crepe dress. On her tip-titled hat is a garden of tiny blue flowers made of feathers. Left, she’s a gracious hostess at afternoon tea in her gown of banana-colored crepe, highlighted by gold zipper, gold on belt, heavy gold bracelets. Left below, outdoor ensemble of rosy-beige wool dress, with plaid top-coat of brown, rust, and beige. Below, two shades of rose, one soft, the other brilliant, are used in this charming dinner gown.
Simple but dramatic is Phyllis Brooks here in her "monastic" dress of dark blue crepe for informal evenings at home or for small dinner parties. Colorful peasant embroidery outlines the deep pockets and edges the cap sleeves. On opposite page, the classic California play-suit selected by Phyllis to enjoy a romp in her own garden with her prize-winning Kerry Blue, "Mickey." The play-suit is a tropical print in colors of aquamarine, amethyst, and sunset-red. Miss Brooks' new film is one of the 20th Century-Fox series, "Charlie Chan in Honolulu."
What next! Joan Blondell, movie star, wife, mother, has a secret wish that comes to light here

As told to Liza

C O M P L E T E L Y _entire nous_ of course, and don't let it go any further. I think that movie stars are just a teeny bit cracked. Maybe I am stupid at figuring things out (there's a man in the income tax office who will swear to that) but I simply don't understand why people who have become Important Somebodies in what the New York critics laughingly refer to as their "art" can't just relax and enjoy their long red nails, their square cut diamonds, their perfectly lovely salary checks, and that adorable Tyrone Power.

I shall never forget the day I had lunch with Helen Hayes in a studio commissary. Helen's "White Sister" had reduced me to a soft pulp and I was drooling over her like a setter puppy. Suddenly the-greatest-since-Duse sat bolt upright in her chair, choked on a piece of celery, and fairly ogled at a nearby table where slouched one of Hollywood's Beautiful Bores—whose name I have long since forgotten, and so has every one else. "Isn't she beautiful!" sighed Helen. "I'd give anything in the world to look like that." Well, really.

In time I became accustomed to the fact that Holly-
wood is a mess of frustrations and that practically all Dramatic Actresses want to be Perfect Profiles, and Perfect Profiles want to be Bette Davis; that Charlie Chaplin and Harpo Marx want to be Hamlet and Hamlet wants to be Mickey Mouse. But the day I discovered that Joan Blondell wants to be Theodore Dreiser I must say I received a terrific jolt.

Personally, I don't see why any star in her right mind—and I have never doubted Joan's mind; her veracity, yes, but her mind, no—should want to putter about with a lot of old typewriter keys that chip one's nail polish something awful. Joan has a perfectly marvelous husband (I don't have to tell you that his name is Dick Powell), two precious children, an expensive Bel-Air roof over her head, and a screen career that we'd sell our souls for. But it isn't enough that Joan should be a wife, a mother, and a movie star—oh no, she wants to be an author too! Imagine, writing when you don't have to. Imagine, wrestling with a metaphor when you have Dick Powell to pay the rent. It isn't imagine. But Joan, who is made of finer stuff, had rather see her name in ten point caslon than in electric lights. She'd rather you compliment her on an interesting paragraph than on a magnificent performance! It takes a lot of people to make a world, I always say.

I discovered Joan's literary yearnings one day last summer when I was a guest on the Powell boat for a week-end. I came up on deck (and none too soon, I may add) Sunday morning to find Dick vigorously polishing brass and singing away at some old sea chanty he had picked up in a "B" picture. His little bride was leaning against the cabin door dabbing herself with suntan oil with one hand, writing madly on a piece of wrapping paper with the other, and crying as if she had just seen the destruction of the entire human race.

What goes on, I thought, weakly collapsing on the deck, have the Powells come to a "parting of the ways" and presented me with a "scoop" when I'm too sick to care? All Joan's and Dick's friends know that Joan is allergic to boats and earthquakes. They do something to her stomach. Dick, of course, is mad about boats, they're his hobby, and the more they toss about the sea the better he likes them. There was a salty old skipper in Dick's family tree some place. Now Joan has always been very gallant about boats—she's a good little wife if I ever saw one—but we always said she'd reach the breaking point some day. Alas, even now she was writing a farewell letter to her innocent little children before casting herself to the hungry sharks. Poor, dear, noble Joan. In my pale green condition I was thoroughly in sympathy with Mrs. Powell. Mr. Powell was a Captain Bligh, definitely. I dragged my shattered body across the deck and plopped down beside Joan. "Tell me all about it," I said wanly, as a wave smashed me in the kisser, "I'll understand."

A fresh batch of tears poured down her cheeks and Joan fairly dissolved into soul-wracking gulps. "It's so sad," she said, blowing her. (Please turn to page 82)
"I AM IN Danger!"

Richard Greene faces the hard facts of a young actor's life in Hollywood

By William H. McKegg

Richard Greene declares he is in danger! He knows it, he faces it calmly. His sang froid comes perhaps from the fact that he was born in Plymouth, famous for Devonshire cream, and the Bowling Green where Drake played his historic game while the dangerous Spanish armada sailed up the English Channel. "Admiral, those Spaniards are here!" the watch yelled. But Francis stood firmly on Plymouth Hoe, as cool and as calm as a modern Greene, and bowled away, till the game was finished. Then, he finished the Spaniards in short time.

Dick says he has a safeguard for each kind of danger confronting him. And since coming to the movie mecca—Twentieth Century-Fox's competitor to Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor—danger, like a real trouper, has reared its head daily, sometimes twice on one day as if to include a matinée. Dick faces it all in a Drake-like manner. Some of the dangers are these: A newcomer usually is ignored by the established coteries of filmland. If he gets nowhere, he fades away, without (Please turn to page 84)
YOU'D never guess it. But Rosalind Russell was once a poor working girl. Toiled eight hours a day in a big New York shop. Punched the time-clock coming and going. Battled subway rush-hour mobs early and late. Made both ends meet on $15 a week. Lived in one room. Got her own breakfast from morning milk-bottle. Ate 15-cent lunches. Kept down to 30-cent dinners. Scraped up 10-cent tips. Blew herself now and then to a side-street movie. Washed out things at night to wear next day. So tired then she was ready to drop. But learned a lot about workaday humanity. And loved it all.

Coming from that seeming aristocrat of the screen, this revelation of an unsuspected part of her background proved all the more astonishing. Miss Russell had been expressing Hollywood in terms of work when unpredictably she disclosed: "After two years on the stage I deliberately left it for three months to work as a shopgirl at Saks-Fifth Avenue in New York. I wanted to find out if I could do something entirely different from anything I'd ever done. What I felt still more was the absolute need to be a two-job girl. But in my second job I made so many mistakes at first that they called me 'Error Russell.' I didn't mind that because everybody was ready to help me. And I learned something more than selling dresses. To me that store was an education in human nature. It taught me that a person can get along on very little and still be happy."

While warmly sensible of her practical philosophy, I was keen to know of her actual experiences, for after all a Broadway actress serving humbly in a Fifth Avenue shop is something that doesn't happen every day. "Perhaps not," agreed Miss Russell, "but what happened to me was so interesting that I shall always feel it to have been the most valuable experience of my life. One thing I'm sure of is that I was all the better for it. And once I'd made the break it was quite simple enough. Of course, it was necessary to watch the pennies, but that was good for me. On fifteen dollars a week I managed very nicely. Living in one room was no hardship —plenty of girls do it and at the same time look like a million. Not that I looked that way, but no matter. With me it was a case of the plainer the better. That helped me to fight with (Please turn to page 85)"
Six years now I've been dishing out Medals and Birds. This year—solely in order to relieve a spleenetic condition—I'm dishing out Birds and Medals. Hark ye!

The first Bird of the year goes to my favorite actress—Myrna, the Magnificent, Loy. There is no one on the screen as fascinating, glamorous, bewitching as Myrna and I would as soon think of passing with an ace-full in my hand as I would of missing one of her pictures, BUT! You have completely forgotten the days when you were a struggling actress, Myrna, and a helping hand was as rare as manna from heaven. Writers come to you with tales of a dead-line to meet and you promise them you'll see them Thursday. But on Thursday, it seems, you've gone fishing or you've gone to Ensenada, or you're not working. Because I'm in love with you—in a nice, polite, abstract way, of course, I choose to believe it isn't snootiness. You're just plain lazy, Myrna, and I'm giving you a bird because your off-screen life doesn't match up with the dazzling creature you are in pictures.

Mr. Astaire—Mr. Fred Astaire, I mean, because I don't think even your best friends would ever achieve the

By S. R. Mook

MEDALS and BIRDS

Hollywood parades past the one-man cheering and jeering section, and Mr. Mook again braves your boos or bows as he speaks his own mind

Fred Astaire, Smiles, but he gets a bird.

Virginia Grey, Wins a round of applause.

James Stewart, Makes a hit with everybody.
“Freddie” stage—your smugness and your social register complex give me a pain in the neck that even the electric heating pad and the bottle of Carter’s Little Liver Pills my Aunt Miranda sent me for Christmas won’t cure.

And to Dorothy Lamour goes another juicy bird because, Dorothy every song you sing is sung as though it were a torch song (you’d sing “There’ll be a hot time in the old town tonight” as though it were a heart-breaker) and because a while back you got a lot of publicity about having a baby or adopting a baby. Well how about it—the baby, we mean.

All of a sudden I remember the bottle of champagne Mr. Samuel Goldwyn thoughtfully sent me, and after a few sips (taken solely for medicinal purposes) I feel more than somewhat able to cope with the MEDALS.

The first goes to Lew Ayres because, after having had to omit him completely for a couple of years, it’s a pleasure to hand him an award for the biggest comeback the fickers have recorded in many a moon and to say to the wisenheimers who said Lew’s success was just a lucky break, “I told you he could act.”

The bed of tiger lilies goes this year to Joan Crawford, not because of her ambition, not because of her achievements but because the more successful she becomes the more she sheds the phoney phases through which she has passed and becomes as down to earth as she was when she hadn’t a butler to bless herself with.

Robert Taylor gets a medal because—to me—he is as simple and unassuming as he was when he was nobody and because, without rhyme or reason, there is no one who has taken a more merciless beating from the press without becoming embittered.

Carole Lombard gets the American Beauty roses because she is glamour girl #1, because while remaining Glamor Girl #1, she contrives to retain her sense of humor, because she has a keen sense of values (and I don’t only mean $$$ values either!) and because with all her glamour she is still the cinema colony’s best COOK!

Clark Gable gets a medal because he is still the screen’s most modest glamour boy and because (Please turn to page 94)
Six years now I've been dishing out Medals and Birds. This year—solely in order to relieve a spleenetic condition—I'm dishing out Birds and Medals, Hark ye!

The first Bird of the year goes to my favorite actress—Myrna, the Magnificent, Loy. There is no one on the screen as fascinating, glamorous, bewitching as Myrna and I would as soon think of passing with an ace-full in my hand as I would of missing one of her pictures, BUT! You have completely forgotten the days when you were a struggling actress, Myrna, and a helping hand was as rare as manna from heaven. Writers come to you with tales of a dead-line to meet and you promise them you'll see them Thursday. But on Thursday, it seems, you've gone fishing or you've gone to Ensenada, or you're not working. Because I'm in love with you—in a nice, polite, abstract way, of course, I choose to believe it isn't snootiness. You're just plain lazy, Myrna, and I'm giving you a bird because your off-screen life doesn't match up with the dazzling creature you are in pictures.

Mr. Astaire—Mr. Fred Astaire, I mean, because I don't think even your best friends would ever achieve the

**MEDALS and BIRDS**

Hollywood parades past the one-man cheering and jeering section, and Mr. Mook again braves your boos or bows as he speaks his own mind

By S. R. Mook
“Freddie” stage—your smugness and your social register complex give me a pain in the neck that even the electric heating pad and the bottle of Carter’s Little Liver Pills my Aunt Miranda sent me for Christmas won’t cure.

And to Dorothy Lamour goes another juicy bird because, Dorothy every song you sing is sung as though it were a torch song (you’d sing “There’ll be a hot time in the old town tonight” as though it were a heartbreaker) and because a while back you got a lot of publicity about having a baby or adopting a baby. Well how about it—the baby, we mean.

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EXT in Screenland’s series of important women of the cinema comes the tall, striking Vyvyan Donner, who in the past ten years has earned a big place for herself in motion pictures. You have seen her name constantly on the screen—though I would not be surprised if you have been bewildered as to how to pronounce the “Vyvyan,” which is really only good old “Vivian” spelt in its classic, medieval-English form.

What has this Vyvyan Donner done to be singled out as fourth in these annals of outstanding feminine accomplishment in films?—Mary Pickford, we know, is the screen’s “First Lady.” Frances Marion is its leading story writer. Natalie Kalmus worked with the courage and loyalty of a Madame Curie side by side with her husband in his laboratory and out, to fracture light and bend it to their will, until the gorgeous hues of the new Technicolor were rewarded their diligence. They even in Paris itself, the very citadel of fashion snobbery—her pictures are eagerly awaited. One hundred million people all over the globe see each release. Hers are the only American motion picture newsreel fashions shown in France. Even the members of the French Haute Couture—the ultimate high court of fashion in the world keep track of her selections.

**Important Motion**

By

Betty Shannon

Vyvyan Donner, above, with her Technicolor crew. Right, shooting a Fashion Forecast for Fox-Movietone. At top right across the page, a new portrait of the films’ newsreel Fashion Director.
The fact that Miss Donner displays the clothes she selects in the ways and settings in which they would naturally be worn, is considered of weight in the scales of national interpretations to foreign countries. But one of the most important things she has done is to tame the wild, uncontrollable newsreel with its grinding speed.

**Women of Pictures**

Now, meet the girl who shows the world what to wear and how to wear it, in her famous fashion newsreels

**IV. Vyvyan Donner**

its insatiable thirst for sensation, its limited footage—and to have it eating out of her hand. You have some idea of how difficult that would be from such pictures as “Too Hot to Handle.” Entering a distinctly man’s field, asking no odds because she was a girl, she gradually worked out the difficult technique of picturing Fashion news stories which audiences would not walk out on. This she has done, they will tell you around the studio, not with temper or temperament—but with courage and fair play, give and take, and with an unruffled calm although she may have been on the set from early morning till midnight. Her most recent triumph, however, came right in that important sector, the home-office, when Fox-Movietone granted her permission to make four Fashion Forecasts in Technicolor—one each for Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer. On seeing the display of beauty and talent she had gathered together, Mr. Truman Tailey, producer, agreed to back her to the limit. Twenty-eight of the most beautiful models in America posed for the first reel, and the second is already on the market. They are (Please turn to page 88)
Candid shots from the album of Verree Teasdale Menjou. Above, New York skyline. Upper left, husband Adolphe views New York harbor from aboard ship. Left, reading down: her neighbor’s children; Piccadilly Arcade, London, with Mr. Menjou in left foreground; scene from Manhattan hotel window, the Queen Mary docks.

Attention!

Verree Teasdale—Mrs. Adolphe Menjou—takes life as she sees it

"HE’S the only woman in Hollywood who not only takes her own pictures, but enlarges and prints them herself. What she doesn’t know about technique, nobody knows!"

A still cameraman said that. He was talking about Verree Teasdale, who was just then descending a wide staircase on the "Topper Takes a Trip" set, looking like the last word in glamor girls. Gather 'round, candid camera fiends, Verree tells all!

"I use a Contax camera," she observed, presently, her blue-and-silver gown a color contrast to the scarlet couch in her dressing-room. "It’s almost the same as a Leica, but I find it superior because I can get greater depth in pictures, it’s simpler to focus, and I think it’s less complicated. No doubt Leica enthusiasts will argue the point, but I’m Contax conscious. If you’re a real camera fiend, you won’t get the full satisfaction from your pictures until you do the enlarging and printing yourself. It’s fun experimenting with filters, with different papers, with etching masks and chiffon veilings. You’ve no idea what different results you can get by using different papers for the same negative.

"When I was abroad, I met Mr. Gervaert, head of the Gervaert Company which makes various papers for camera work, and he looked through my collection and gave me some hints about pictures. He also gave me supplies of these papers. There are smooth papers, rough papers, papers with a (Please turn to page 96)
The beautiful Luxembourg Gardens, Paris, serve as background for one of your film favorites, Adolphe Menjou, above. Upper right, view of the Seine. Right, reading down: young visitors at the Menjou swimming pool; another view of the majestic Queen Mary, and two interesting angle shots of the Ile de France.

By Ruth Tildesley
S H I R L E Y T E M P L E is wintering in Palm Springs between pictures and Shirley has her make-up problem exactly like all the rest of the Hollywood girls.

With her it's her wrist, though. It seems she has to wear her wrist watch, undoubtedly, and when she reports to the studio there is invariably a white, untamed hand which stands out too distinctly. Shirley gets a kick out of saying before each shot—"Wait until I wipe the desert off me!"

H O L L Y W O O D just couldn't lure Cliff- ford Odets into adapting his own play "Golden Boy" for its screen version. The bright young playwright husband of Luise Rainer spurned the gold dangled before him. Rouben Mamoulian, who'll direct this one, went to New York to show Odets the completed film script and Clif- fRoy vowed a perfect job of transcribing from stage to screen had been made. This is close to unheard-of, such praise from an author for a studio adapter. But then Luise's darling is different. She divorced him, but couldn't give him up after all. You won't be seeing her for quite a spell, because she's spending her six months' vacation in New York City with him. She isn't behaving like a grand star, either. His pals are hers, and he hates hypocrisis pomp. Though when it comes to putting on an act, he's almost as effective as she is.

NOW that Wendy Barrie has a new contract with RKO she doesn't need engagement publicity. Until Tyrone Power fell so definitely for Anna- belle he was linked with her by the gossips, and that kept her in the limelight. Rudy Val- lee did his share, too. Wendy was at the Coconut Grove almost every evening when he was playing there, and while Rudy crooned she sat at a table with his father. Every once in a while Rudy stepped off the orchestra stand to give her a whirl around.

R O B E R T T A Y L O R and Barbara Stanwyck have done everything they can to be dignified about their love. Bob won't permit reporters to quote him on the subject of romance and marriage. Bar- bara has always refused to dis- cuss her divorce from Frank Fay. But still they can't escape the excessive curiosity aimed at them. When they refuse to talk, writers go ahead and turn out "inside" stories about them anyway. It's a shame they aren't allowed to work out their attachment unhindered. The meanies who claim Bob's mother objects to Barbara are all wet. Mrs. Brugh does not believe in divorcée, and is old- fashioned in her ideas of home life. But she has a large, auto- graphed photo of her son's girl-friend on her piano, right above the church hymns on the piano rack, and if Bob is going to be married to an actress she's glad he's picked Barbara.

The decidedly decorative Rita Hayworth, who adds to the attrac- tions of Columbia pictures, reminds us that glitter is where you find it in abundance— that is, in Hollywood itself.

H E R E ' S H O L L Y- W O O D

Highlighting the news and gossip in late flashes from Filmtown

By Weston East
HOLLYWOOD’S swanky farmers may be moving from their brand-new rustic hideaways. Dick Arlen had no sooner sunk a fortune in a country hacienda with orchards attached when he found oil on his property. Robert Taylor is looking for a further-out ranch because they are drilling close to his retreat; he’ll take any huge profits he can get and love ‘em.

JACK HALEY never had to re-enact his daily scenes before, but he’s been doing re-takes without the camera every night when he reaches home. He’s been participating in “The Wizard of Oz,” and naturally his two children want to see exactly how fantastic he can be. They invite three little cousins in to watch him perform.

THAT amateur actress Charlie Chaplin discovered during his six months’ stay at Pebble Beach last year isn’t going to be his leading lady, as folks whispered when he was angry with Paulette Goddard for going ahead with her career instead of waiting for him to cast her. But newcomer Linda Winters, thanks to his encouragement, is carving her own way. She’s snug as the gal in a Charlie Starrett Western at Columbia. One of the amazing facts she’s stumbled upon in Hollywood is that Mr. Starrett himself still drinks lemonade by the pail. Well, that’s Hollywood, Linda!

AND HOW—Bette Davis plays the scene, putting into it even more emotion than Director Goulding was able to indicate in his graphic instructions to the accomplished star.

ANITA LOUISE now wears the screwiest hats in Hollywood! She told all the men that she’d never be caught in one of ’em, annoyed all the other actresses about town by showing up at all social functions hatless. Of course, such stubborn sanity made her quite conspicuous. But today she is just one of the crowd. The other afternoon she found a daffy hat she could wear, sort of a champagne chilling bucket. Buddy Adler, her writer boy-friend, is worrying over how really cock-eyed the belated convert will go.

MARGARET LINDSAY swears she has told her English-gal-from-Iowa story for the last time. She got into pictures posing as an import from London and the hoax was so clever interviewers have been quizzing her on it ever since. She is a new girl these days, anyhow. An alluring, friendly knock-out who trades witicism at the drop of a hint that you’re fun, also. She’s moved into the first Hollywood house she’s ever rented, having been extremely modest in small apartments heretofore, and her own suite is a sight for Carole Lombard to see and envy. She’s got a beau whom she won’t discuss, and you know what that means?

Below, W. C. Fields, still picking on Charlie McCarthy, pretends he got a splinter in his hand when he tried to chuck Charlie under the chin. Edgar Bergen tries arbitration.

Above, the camera tilts on the scene between Bette and George Brant in "Dark Victory."
Sequel to a film hit that launched a star—Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey as Joan, Deanna as Penny, Helen Parrish as Kay, and Charles Winninger in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up."

THE current night-clubbing being done by Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—separately—merely proves one thing: no one of the three is in love again yet. When they have seriously felt the grand passion they've turned home-bodies, shunned the gay spots, Charlie Martin, scenario writer, is still the favorite Crawford escort. Franchot continues to play the field—after his nightly play performance. Dong, like Franchot before Tone left Hollywood, enjoys Norma Shearer's company. (And Joan and Norma were never exactly gals together!) Franchot confides, "I have no intention of ever marrying again." That spikes the thought he might be searching for a less dynamic mate. Astrologists assert Joan will want a divorce shortly, so she can remarry. Dong only smiles cainly when probed by rumor hounds.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN's difficulties with the English language have been lavishly exploited by his astute press agents. What they haven't mentioned is the time he's had with Jon Hall. Jon isn't experimental, but his particular asset is a body beautiful and Goldwyn has been stumped for a whole year as to how to further cash in on his Apollo. For awhile Jon was set for "The Thief of Bagdad," wherein he'd be picturesquely draped. That was called off and the boys in the scenario department ran up a little Hawaiian number entitled "Beach Boy." But you won't be seeing the lad on a super-beach after all, because now Goldwyn has decided to star him in "Sun Valley," a skiing drama. The smart guys around Hollywood swear Jon will surely have to ski through the air in shorts!

MICKEY ROONEY is still surprised at his good luck, even if a lot of meanies are going around stating that he is too fresh. Being chosen Star No. 4 in nation-wide popularity hasn't turned his head, nor has the fact that all his old pictures are being revived given him delusions of grandeur. The kid's a trooper. But he would appreciate a nice long vacation, and there isn't a Chinaman's chance for one now, he admits.

BETTE DAVIS and George Brent haven't a thing to say about their new interest in one another. It's funny that they should have discovered each other after having acted together in several pictures wherein their love scenes left them quite cold. Don't rush to the conclusion that Bette will become Mrs. B. when her divorce is final, though. She's resolved not to marry again until she's through with Hollywood and is back in New York. She doesn't intend to hang onto studio glory, you know. She thinks women who can't quit pictures when their peak is past are pathetic. But a gal needs a Garbo. So if George-Porgy wants to play a bit, Bette will—a bit.

JO, Lew Ayres isn't a little bit "tech'd!" Yes, there was a rumor rampant at M-G-M that he was. The comeback hero, gossips whispered, was a mighty peculiar. When the report was tracked down no one could actually recall anything very strange about Lew, as a matter of fact, he is moody—but far less so than he used to be. If he doesn't feel like working with a dozen prop boys, he just doesn't. He lives alone, except for one man-of-all-work, in a small home he's built on Hollywood's highest hilltop. There he is diligently educating himself. Literally! He has been wading through countless books, to give himself a background he won't be ashamed of. Naturally, this is considered weird by a flock of Hollywoodites who wouldn't recognize a background unless it bit them.

ERROL FLYNN's split from that fight he had at that Sunday afternoon cocktail party was his obvious bad luck. "Liz" Whiteney, the wealthy hostess, had to call off her dinner party because a couple of her guests got too rough. But what nobody knows is this: the next day Errol was hurt worse—he had a wisdom toothed yanked.

PRISCILLA and Rosemary Lane share their bedroom and that's no fancy formality, either; they honestly are all for one and both for each other. So Pat was perturbed when an interviewer insisted she was the more successful of the two. There was nothing to do but accede graciously, but she still believes Rosemary has far more talent. The Lane Sisters' most recent personal predicament wasn't their own fault. They'd no sooner bought their new home and invested in dollars and dollars worth of stationery with their address on it when some bird high up in city affairs changed street numbers on their boulevard. So all their swell writing paper was outmodeled before they'd had a decent whack at it.

LOUIS HAYWARD found success and was able to marry because of the tragic death of his friend Jack Dunn, but he doesn't want this mentioned. Which is understandable enough, yet the story of Louis' current good fortune really can't be told without dipping into last summer's chapter, if Dunn hadn't died of a strange illness, Louis wouldn't have stepped into stardom in the vehicle designed for Jack. And Louis was resolved not to propose to Ida Lupino—until he attained a Hollywood position equal to hers. For two months the studio that had counted, so heavily on launching Dunn searched for a successor—and, as fate would have it, Louis was elected for his friend's shoes. The young Haywards aren't settling down into old studies just because they're married, by the way. They're as jolly as ever and their ideal English cottage is the scene of merry, intimate parties.

ONE of those typical Hollywood events has occurred in the rediscovery of John Wayne. Six years ago John was a handsome football hero who was grabbed off the gridiron to hero for the old Fox company. He was slated for George O'Brien's spot as ace Western hero. After a few attempts to put him over the bosses lost interest. If he hadn't been as plucky as he is handsome, John would have given up his ambition for pictures and taken to a gasoline station. But he kept on trying, and finally—out of the blue—he remembered and given a lead opposite Claire Trevor in a major drama. What'll happen to him, now? Will he slip back into quickies?

REMEMBER these former favorites? They're back in the Hollywood way at once—Harry Langdon, Adrienne Ames, Kent Taylor, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Josephine Hutchinson, Dolores Costello, Laurence Olivier, Francis Lederer, Zazu Pitts, and Astrid Allwyn. They're all in big-time pictures, too. The point is that where there's hope there's a chance—if a player has enough persistence!
NFANTICIPATING within the next month or so: Margaret Sullivan and Maureen O'Sullivan. It's the second for Maggie, who's retired to her Massachusetts farm, and the first baby for Maureen, who's right at home in Beverly. Neither wife will publicly reveal her great expectations for her offspring, but already marriage has noticeably softened both these stars. Once aloof and discontented, they now beam with happiness, practically coo over their marital set-ups.

NO ONE in Hollywood ever confesses the true story of a marital bust-up, which is only human nature. Sometimes these long-time separations are sadly complicated—for instance, the Gable and Raft divorce dilly-dallying. It's refreshing to report that the Chester Morrisses have forgiven and forgotten their private quarrel and are together again, and Chester gave Sue a beautiful new sapphire as her re-engagement ring and they went to Honolulu for their second honeymoon.

In REAL life Jane Withers is an oversized Baby Snooks. While visiting San Francisco recently she was asked what she particularly wished to see. "Alcatraz!" Jane piped loudly. Her mother smiled appogistically, murmured, "No, dear, you mean Treasure Island—that's where the Fair will be." Unabashed, young Miss W. retorted emphatically, "I mean Alcatraz!" A government boat whisked her to the prison island, but they wouldn't let her personally investigate conditions among the inmates. However, her brief glimpse of the wrong brand of glory has given her a terrific edge on her neighborhood gang. She completely squelches everyone with her memories of "The Rock."

YOU might as well consider bleaching again for the spring season. Since Penny Singleton dyed for her art, and is making a series of "Blondie" films, hairdressers are prophesying a twenty-five per cent jump in blondeness. Incidentally, the kid stars will no longer have the monopoly on endorsing clothes and gadgets. Soon there'll be a flood of "Blondie" dresses, hats, and—incapably—dolls. Penny's doctor husband was dismayed when he heard he was going to have a wife of a different hair color, but he admits fame is worth it!

WHY has Frances Dee appeared in but one picture in the last year? Beautiful, and certainly a good actress, Frances has been searching for better roles. It isn't at all slightheaded, though. She says the only way for her to progress is to attempt parts that make some demands; so her agent is still sending out feelers for higher-powered scripts. The test that thrilled her was her unpublicized test for Scarlett O'Hara; George Cukor, who tested Frances for "Gone With The Wind," thought she would be great. But they wanted a more obvious-looking schemer type, and Frances has had to be only Mrs. Fred Astaire. She doesn't belliger that fate, naturally.

ALTHOUGH Marjorie Weaver's best girl-friend Judy Parks doesn't live within walking distance, they still bicker and they still get into jams whenever they go forth together. One afternoon last week they went to a matinee, and Marjorie carted a box of candy along. When they emerged from the theatre they'd eaten only half the chocolates, so in driving away they noticed a little girl who looked as though she'd thought the child the box the tot let out a scream that was heard for a block. Mama came running, papa came tearing, and neighbors gathered forth. Thoroughly bewildered, Marjorie soon realized she was a kidnapping suspect and the child believed the candy poisoned. It took considerable explanation to convince the assembled crowd it had only been a Girl Scout impulse!

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell wound up their long-term contracts at the same time and so were able to dickor for new deals simultaneously. For years both have been dissatisfied with their pictures. Dick's wanted to protect his future by branching into more intelligent characterizations, while Joan tired of essaying so many dumb dames one after another. She hasn't the faintest notion of retiring, but neither is she going to work herself to death now that she needed. Their home continues to be a whirlwind of excitement. Each is temperamentally at heart, though. Dick is a good business man and Joan is a good scout. Impulsiveness is a fine ingredient for a modern marriage, they maintain. At least it's working out that way for Dick and Joan.

REMEMBER Phillips Holmes and Jean Muir? They're on the road for New York's ambitious Group Theatre, acting hobo and vagabond in "The Golden Boy" which would like a fresh crack at Hollywood, but until a nice offer comes along they're concentrating on the stage. Phil surprised a lot of the actors in summer stock on Cape Cod last hot spell by his indifference to learning lines; they didn't think he was in any position to be bored. Jean is more attractive than ever, and still unmarried—as is Phil, incidentally. Madge Evans is a hit on Broadway and won't be back on the screen until summer—when her success in the theatre will give her more interesting assignments.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS' return to the screen is not, mind you, to be classified as a "come-back." A handful of years have elapsed since he was a foremost picture star. In the interval he has tried Broadway once, successfully, and has traveled abroad extensively. Now that he has resumed in Hollywood, with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant no less, he is emphatic in explaining that he never really retired. "I always said when I reached a certain age and had earned a certain sum I'd see the world. So I did." Five contracts have been proffered him, but he won't tie himself down to routine assignments. He'll work whenever a role appeals to him. A brilliant juvenile nearly twenty years ago, Barthelmes is happily married and the father of a near seven year daughter. He calmly saved much of his big salaries, so he can afford to be choosy. While on the subject of yesterday's big names, Buddy Rogers says he'd like to see Mary Pickford act again. "She is more beautiful than ever!" he exclaims. "She ought to be before the cameras!" He doesn't mind switching to orchestra-leading, personally. He had his day in pictures, is willing to return if they want him.

MYRNA LOY'S brother is proud of his actresses sister, but sometimes he is awfully fed up on Hollywood. He had to give an interview about her and he refused to have lunch at M-G-M because he doesn't enjoy being pointed out as a village sight. The interviewer naturally expected him to pay for the drinks and the luncheon—that's courtesy to the press—and did that burn brother up!
New Fashions in Figures

Our figures are changing and all for the better. Here are some of the reasons

By Courtenay Marvin

OMEN are growing taller, we are told. And they will continue to grow taller. The change has come about slowly and will proceed slowly. This is encouraging if future generations want to go in for modeling. I have heard nothing about the future growth of the boys, but it is to be hoped that they keep up with the girls.

In relation to this slight upward tendency has also developed a new standard as well as a definite physical type in the feminine figure. This figure is one of long line, grace and vitality. Shoulders are broader, though fashion certainly came to the aid of the narrow girls when the padded shoulder became a fashion point of practically every outer garment. This has been a boon also to broad hips, because it has thrown shoulders and hips into better proportion. The chest has a better lift, which in turn does something for the waistline. With space between the bustline and the hips, a figure appears slimmer, longer and more graceful. When the two are poorly spaced, this gives a flattening, fattening illusion. Stretching games and exercises are probably responsible for this. Women have a better walk, generally, today, which may account for shapely legs. All in all, if you look back over old photographs, you have to admit we are improving!

Hollywood should have many of the orchids for this welcome change. For pictures carry the ideal American figure to all corners of the earth, and this inspiration undoubtedly has influenced millions of women. There is no denying that American influence in fashions and beauty is having a terrific impact on old world standards. After having gone through the mill of experience in reducing, building up or maintaining a beauti-
MORE BEAUTY AWAITS YOU!

Spring brings the urge to be beautiful. New ways and means are included in our March bulletin, yours on request. We believe you want more fun, maybe more poise or charm or fashion. Hollywood—New look here on these are included too. Yours for a few cents stamp to Courtney Marvin, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

taken care of. If not, try to join a class for exercise. Many salons offer this at very reasonable rates. Watch posture, I can't go too strongly on this. Adjust your girdle, foundation or corset for your figure, but don't depend upon it alone to hold you in place. Regard it as a grooming, smoothing aid.

The well corseted girls of another time couldn't very well slump, if they wanted to. Practically a steel support held them up above the waist. With the coming of the boneless girdle and new two-way stretch fabrics, came also a new consciousness of our bodies and, therefore, a great improvement. A straight jacket can quite satisfactorily be for the stamina and will-power necessary to develop good posture. But once it's yours, it's yours! I have an idea, too, that once you have absolutely taken control over your figure, that you adopted a régime and control on even posture, they are ours to be used for other good purposes. Not so long ago, it was realized that if you modestly pulled your posterior down and under, that did something grand for your tummy. It didn't push it in, which is uncomfortable and unnatural, but kept it up! And there it belongs in the normal young figure. This produced a rather sveth line and was worth working for. A little waist furniture might slim the bulky part of the body, our worst worry generally, and made it firm and strong. Then the light girdle finished the work. Like a firm, comfortable second skin, it smoothed us. That was body freedom, plus a nice compact, altogether feeling. The girdle, I firmly believe, belongs on every adult, or the well designed corset for the definitely fat figure. When you have a fitting, you realize how anatomically perfect are these garments. Consideration for your comfort and health go into them as well as your beauty. This garment support plus our own muscle support is aiding our figures.

Recently, a new element has entered the face and figure beauty picture—vitamins. You get them through food or in a concentrated form, and whether on a reducing, building-up or normal diet, you must have them. Though a kind of mystery, I believe we all know that Vitamins A, B, C, D, E, and G are something we must have or else it is too bad. We know, too, that there are reliable supplementary aids in the way of vitamin concentrates that assure an abundant intake of the valuable ingredients that we need. There is one reason, too, for everything, and vitamins, undoubtedly, are playing an important part in the lives of our taller, slimmer girls, with their broad shoulders, gently curved figures, buoyant lifted heads, as well as their sound teeth, nice skin and hair.

Yours For Loveliness

Recipe for Spring! A new outfit and new beauty in every personal detail

LIKE the result of rouge and lipstick when artistically applied, the new Golden Glint is correspondingly effective for accenting your hair. A "make-up" idea that emphasizes color and subtly blends tone and soft texture. Golden Glint is a beauty rinse, not a dye, and the slight coloring is government certified. To bring back color and life to faded hair, to subtly blend in that first touch of gray, to even the tone of dyed or dye-free hair between touch-ups, to highlight hair beauty generally, here is your aid. In six special shades for brunettes, brownettes, blondes, auburns, silver glints (for softening a harsh yellow, for platinum or white hair), and for lustre glints (colorless, for highlights only). Use merely as a rinse after any good, mild shampoo. Golden Glint is for sale in chain stores.

Hoir—alive with beauty by Golden Glint

IN ALL their original bottled beauty are sketched these perfumes supreme, Reflections and Surrender by Ciro. These, however, are smaller sizes than the originals, and will sell for around $$. So lovely to look at; so lovely to use! And two great perfume favorites with Hollywood. How often I have used a new perfume in this stamp size, yet found it was a poor substitute for our cherished, renewed loneliness, fresh interest and appeal for others, my very first suggestion would be, "A new perfume!" But it's a toss-up between these two, I must admit.

AN INTRIGUING idea and a safe precaution on occasions is the Priscilla Parker Deodorizing Lipstick. Velvet-smooth, in smart tones, this lipstick contains an effective deodorizing element that promotes a fresh, clean taste and sweet breath. When a raw onion tempts you; when your rages is delicious with garlic; when you wonder if that one cocktail tells the world, or when you've smoked too much, this convenient lipstick keeps your secret.

Deep tones in lipstick and rouge have made an extra-light textured face powder imperative. Otherwise, appearance is hardened. Stop here, if you've used Luxor Face Powder. You know that it's feather-weight, yet has that priceless powder virtue of clinging to the skin for hours; that it is moisture- and shine-proof. All the beauty of a fine powder without a powdered look is your reward for using Luxor. The shades, too, are smart and flattering.

I HOPE you've tried the new Lady Esther 7 Day Nail Polish. And if you have, I believe you will agree with what I say. I consider it a super-polish in its price range— and super, anyway. There are ten shades now—two new ones shortly to be announced—ranging from colorless through gentle tones to, smart, brilliant, high-fashion colors. The polish does stay on! Through the toilet and chores of busy days, it keeps its high lustre, its perfect, unmarred surface. It is easy to apply. One coat is all that is necessary. The price is a revelation in this modern trend toward much that is fine and desirable at a cost that puts real beauty before every woman. This emphasizes the truth that fineness must not be measured in price but by the integrity of the maker. From personal experience and that of those about me, this department marks an enthusiastic 100% on this Lady Esther polish.

Therere are many women who say, "I can't use anything but dry rouge because I can't apply it well." There is something in rouge that I think you can apply well and with the most flattering results you've ever had from rouge. This is Miner's Stick Rouge, with its new patented applicator. A rouge you apply directly from the stick, the smoothness of the applicator, not your finger. The result is a lovely undertone of radiance, not a spot of color. This is the touch that beautifies all over; that "lifts" your face, gives it life and spirit and intensifies the color of your eyes. It stays in place, it won't run, even when to rouge today, when radiance is very much in, obvious rouge very much out. This is the effect you see on smart women and wonder how in the world they achieve it. The answer usually is one of these easy blending rouges. For day, Miner's Stick Rouge comes in natural blush, medium and raspberry. For evening, try the orchid shade. In the chain stores. C. M.
Hollywood Wives Play Second Fiddle
Continued from page 30

stars—and to the married ones as well.

A moment later the Eastern Débutante's eyes widened as a lull in the conversation at our table brought us remarks from the next. "She's afraid to let him loose," a girl in white chiffon with gardenias in her hair was saying. "Aid of giving some of the rest of us a chance at him!"

"Now you're not talking about Joan Blondell! Surely you don't think she is afraid of losing Dick Powell," her male partner exclaimed. "Just look at them—Dick should be the one to be afraid of losing her."

"Well, why doesn't she let him dance with some of us, turn him loose for a change?" insisted the girl. The Débutante looked disturbed. She edged her chair closer to the next table to catch the man's next remark.

"Perhaps he's just as anxious to keep Joan to himself—after all, she's a famous star too, and perfectly beautiful, you know. Any man of us would be only too glad to get a chance to dance with her." But the girl smirked—and said something about its being too bad that movie-stars' wives had to always tag along with them socially—the married male stars never had any chance for fun.

The Débutante turned back to our table with a "Well, I never!" She was shocked. She couldn't believe her ears. I felt that the girl in white had a topsided point of view. Surely anyone would know that Dick would prefer Joan above any bit-player in a white dress—and beside Joan was easily the belle of the ball, with the possible exception of Marlene, who was wearing her most startling imported gown and exercising her most potent glamour.

Another lady sitting at our table, attractive, charming, and so well-groomed, remarked to the eastern Dol—"My dear, if you lived in Hollywood, you'd know that it isn't a glamorous job being the wife of a film star. Most of us are just second fiddles to our famous husbands. That's the price we pay for basking in fame. Of course we married our husbands for love, and we don't mind our positions too much—though at times it takes more patience and endurance than seems humanly possible."

The lady speaking was Helen William, wife of Warren. Later in the conversation she invited us out to the William estate at Encino to continue what was developing into a most interesting discussion. And meanwhile the party carried on. But there was a more understanding look in the eyes of the Débutante as she glanced over at the other guests, including Mrs. Bob Young and Mrs. Pat O'Brien.

It is reasonably safe to say that a large percent of the eligible girls who write fan letters to the stars, which run to five thousand a week for Gable or Taylor, would scarcely hesitate a split second to say "Yes!" and breathlessly, if their secrets were to propose marriage. And there was a time when we girls who write about Hollywood felt just the same, but that was the time before we became well acquainted with the wives of the stars, and saw for ourselves the problems they encounter. And now consider the average girl, if she were asked to spend her life playing a background personality, being resented by other women, ignored, pushed around, pitied and being forced to compete with the attractive and star-worshipping women of the universe—she'd probably flee to escape any possibility of such a future. But the glamour of being Mrs. Cary Grant or Mrs. Nelson Eddy would perhaps outweigh any pretentious theories of stepping into the role of "Second Fiddle." She'd probably answer "Yes!" But would she find the glamour and fame she hoped to share in being the mate of a celebrity of the cinema world?

Any star's wife will tell you that if she didn't love her husband devotedly, she'd hardly have the fortitude to stick with him—but with his public. Of course there's the B-lady speaking, the Schiaparelli gown the mink coat and jewels so dear to femininity; the custom-built cars, the yachts, and the home circle inside those high iron gates. But on the outside is the public—and it becomes her mistress. She must act and do according to its bidding.

Mrs. Leslie Howard is one wife of a famous star who says that marriage in Hollywood is quite different and very difficult. The Howards spend a majority of their leisure between pictures in England, where they live a quiet life in the country away from the world of theatre. When the Howards first came over from England to make American pictures and settle in Hollywood, it is said that the screen's glamour girls, including some of our most beautiful and well-known stars, sent invitations for Leslie to attend their dinner parties and balls. And because it was good business for Leslie to attend the more important functions to become acquainted with the important producers and executives, Ruth Howard put on a brave front, and accompanied her husband to the swanky affairs. In one instance, according to report, the Howards arrived to find a dinner table carefully place-carded and marked. Helen is invited as a single woman. There was no cover marked for her. An extra one had to be embarrassingly placed. Later her hostess was overheard to remark to one of the guests, and within earshot of Mrs. Howard: "But I didn't expect Mrs. Howard, really, you see I didn't invite her, just Leslie." And so the English, well-bred Mrs. Howard, a woman of noble family background, had to force herself on the glamour-girl hostess. Because Ruth Howard is not streamlined like Bette Davis or Norma Shearer, with whom Leslie has so successfully co-starred, fans often voice their disappointment when they see her. They apparently fail to notice her lovely pink and white English complexion, her golden brown hair, and her really lovely eyes and queenly carriage. Today Leslie calls her "My Indispensable."

"We movie stars' wives should be perfect angels." Helen William laughed on a recent day after the party, as she basked comfortably on a canvas lounge in the sunshine on the patio by the tiled swimming pool. "I feel it is my duty to be a perfect wife. She would not rate in beauty with a Lamour or a MacDonald, but she has an amiable charm, a sense of humor showing in her blue eyes, and an almost child-like..."
appearance with her mop of carefully combed brown curls.

"If Warren and I go to a party, he is surrounded by people the moment we make our entrance," she confided. "Everybody wants to meet him or those who already know him sweep him away. Very often some beautiful star, who has recently played opposite him runs up and throws her arms around his neck and grooms him with a kiss—one of those long, soulful screen kisses too! At such times, I have to pretend not to notice, and direct my gaze elsewhere, or think of something to say that will sound witty so those looking on will see that I'm not at all jealous or disturbed. While War- ren is one of the most popular guests at a party, I find myself twiddling my thumbs, sitting in a corner. Warren tries to watch out for me—but there's always some pretty girl to watch out for him, and he seldom is able to escape them. Most amazing, however," she continued, "are the women who come out here to our home. Some of these are writers, studio people, and actresses. If they are at all young and attractive, they greet me casually, then turn their attention on Warren, and from then on practically ignore my presence. I often wonder if the obviously designing ones think that after all of these years of struggling from the bottom to the top with Warren that I will tightly step aside and give my husband and home over to them. And yet if I should treat them with just one less degree of cordiality they would discuss me or write me up in their stories as a 'jealous tramp.' Any wife, except a movie star's, could order such women out of her home, but I have to smile as sweetly as ever and be continually gracious to make the right impression for my husband's sake.

Too, no matter how carefully we guard our weights and our complexions, the diets and exercise we employ, the careful care with which we dress, in order to compete with these glamorous girls and make the necessary appearance befitting a star's wife, let alone hold our husband's interest and attention, there is scarcely an encouraging word for our effort and rarely if ever a compliment. People notice our star hus- bands, we are just background, a necessary evil to the women public."  

Over tea at the Assistance League I heard Mrs. Fred Astaire remarking that she was simply dying to go East and visit her people but she simply didn't dare.

"Why, if I'd take tonight's train home for a visit the morning's papers would announce the Fred Astaires were divorcing! I'm just dying to go home—just for a couple of weeks and Fred wants me to. The last time I went one of the Hollywood gossip col- umns syndicated in the East said, 'What star's wife has run home to mama and will file divorce proceedings any day now?'— and it was in print in our Eastern paper before I reached home." I couldn't help but think of the freedom the average American wife enjoys over the Hollywood star's wife. It is customary for most wives to return home to visit their mothers—but Mrs. Astaire didn't dare risk the gossip such an innocent visit would incite in the press.

One evening I was coming out of the thea- ter just behind the Fred Astaires. A dozen or more girls recognized Fred and sur- rounded him eagerly for autographs. Mrs. Astaire was almost trampled in the sudden rush but despite skinned shoes and hat knocked askew, she clung firmly to the arm of her famous husband. One girl turned to her and asked, "Are you an actress, too? I'd like your autograph." Mrs. Astaire to be obliging and democratic replied she wasn't but she offered to sign the book under her husband's name, when a second girl yelled, "She's not an actress, she's his wife, but here comes Ginger Rogers!"— whereupon the proffered autograph book and pencil were immediately withdrawn as the girl dashed madly to intercept Ginger. You can imagine how Mrs. Astaire must have felt when the pencil was jerked out of her hand before she had signed her name!

When a screen star's wife accompanies her husband East on a personal appearance tour, most anything may happen to test her devotion. In the middle of the night the telephone may ring and a sweet feminine voice may ask her husband for a date in dulcet tones. Even better she may step into the next room and pop in to see her hus- band being soundly hugged in the arms of another woman. Her husband may be quite innocent in the matter. He may have an- swered the knock on the door, and opened it to be suddenly clutchèd in the arms of an adoring woman-fan. Any star's wife could relate such experiences. They happen so frequently and the women fans are usually young and pretty, and the husbands nat- uraly are a little flattered, as male vanity will be when feminine admiration is poured on so profusely. At parties given in a star's honor by local town hostesses, the wife has to endure the oft-time poorly concealed disappointment evidenced by the women guests that "she brought his wife along."

Of most importance is the star's work, the actual studio work of making pictures, to which a star must devote a major part of his time. If he's the romantic type this time is employed in holding a beautiful woman star in his arms, making love to her. If he's a real actor these love scenes are intense in their reality, and a wife visiting her husband's sets might well wonder if after all he isn't completely fascinated with the glamorous actress. This problem has been met by many wives who make it a point never to visit their husbands at the studio. But can they help but feel a qualm or two when they see these romantic scenes on the screen? Just let the average American wife watch her husband displaying the realistic love for another woman that our better actors demonstrate in their pictures! You'd have a real situation!

"No one ever thinks of me romantically," says Paul Muni, foremost star and Academy Award winner. "My wife doesn't have to worry about competition. I'm too closely identified with my characterizations." But then the Munis, who were former stage partners, still team in picture work. Mrs. Muni comes to the studio daily with her husband. She acts as his secretary, business manager, and all-around general assistant throughout the length of the filming of his picture.

Our Débutante friend concluded during her Hollywood visit that a star's wife must be perfect and have complete control of her temper and her feelings. No matter how her toes are trampled on, she must be poised and gracious under all circumstances and situations. She must keep her figure and face youthful and beautiful, though she exercises and diets rigidly without the compensa- tion of compliments enjoyed by her film star sisters. She must always be allur- ing, attractive, and amiable to compete with the beautiful women in turn competing for her husband's attention. She must exercise good judgment and common sense; in other words she should be perfection! And above all she must be willing to play the rôle of "Second Fiddle" for the feminine public. Should she fail to do so, her husband may soon be playing "Second Fiddle" to some other star on the screen.

Watching Eleanor Powell rehearse a dance at M-G-M is really something to see.  

Eleanor starts spin, left, from a graceful introductory pose; quickens tempo, above.  

The routine concludes with a high kick, above. Strenuous, but easy for Eleanor.
Hedy Lamarr Fights for her Private Life

Continued from page 28

picked up the studio would be glad to whisk her in at a moment’s notice (she was sharing a small bungalow with Iona Massey at the time), and I could bask in Hedy’s radiant smile for a whole noon hour—and have the eighty-five-cent director’s special besides. But I was a heel, Hollywood was glutted with foreign girls whose options wouldn’t be picked up, and I was only interested in success. “She’s nice,” the studio people said, “she comes into the publicity department and sits on our desks and talks to us by the hour. Don’t you want to meet her?” “No,” I said, “get me Myrna Loy who doesn’t sit on desks and rarely talks.”

But that was a year ago. When I asked for an interview with Hedy a few weeks after her sensational success in “Algiers” the studio was very polite, but firm. There would be no more Lamarr interviews. Orders from the front office in the her sets would be closed. When I pouted and fumed assured me that it wouldn’t do any good—it would be easier now for me to see Garbo. As a matter of fact maybe they could arrange an interview with Garbo. I said, “No, I want Lamarr.”

Hedy’s sudden rise to fame went to Metro’s head like a shot of brandy with a champagne chaser. Three seconds after Hedy had played that scene in “Algiers” where she leans back and a mysterious shadow plays over her eyes Metro knew they had a gold mine. The press of the world stumbled out of the preview, fairly reeling from so much beauty, and promptly acclaimed her Hollywood’s Number One Glamor Girl—a spot long held by Garbo with Dietrich as runner up. Ah, said Metro, a Number One Glamor Girl must have mystery. No more parties, no more interviews, no more Reginald Gardiner. Give her the Garbo build-up. And so Hedy, willy nilly, was tossed into the great silences. And the great silences might have been all right for Garbo, but Hedy found them extremely dull.

Well, naturally, when we of the press discovered that Hedy had become an Un-touchable, that we were not to interview her, see her, or even exchange idle chitchat, we assumed that Hedy was fast going the way of all those other foreign belles. Smiths were reported—the stars, a mite jealous no doubt, contributed choice bits to this—and I decided that Hedy had become just as impossible as her predecessors, which was too, too bad. But I am human, even if glamour girls aren’t, and the minute I was told by the studio that I couldn’t see Hedy Lamarr I resolved that I would see Hedy Lamarr, if it was the last thing I did. It wasn’t the last thing I did, but one of the most pleasant.

Merle Oberon had met Hedy at one of Norma Shearer’s parties and agreed to invite her to lunch that day she invited me. Hedy arrived in grey slacks (she’s a great one for slacks, wears them when it’s cold with a mink coat), and a diamond ring so big that one flash from it and for a few seconds there I thought I was blinded for life. I soon found out that Hedy is very conscious of her jewelry, whereas it at as if it were a few little baubles from the ten-cent store. During her married life with Herr Mandl, Hedy did a fine bit of collecting, and her emeralds and diamonds are quite the envy of the Hollywood glamour girls who, poor things, had no munitions manufacturer in their quiet lives. Hedy is pleased with her jewelry, but she doesn’t flaunt it, just binds you occasionally, and if you admire a ring or a clip she will promptly take it off, hand it to you, and say, “Wear it tonight, dear.” Recently when one of the nice little girls in the publicity department came home with sixty thousand dollars in emeralds around her neck, her parents attacked her cars severely and began packing at once to return to Kansas City, where daughters don’t come smothered in emeralds.

I liked Hedy immediately. She gives you a vigorous handshake, a continental custom, and you notice that her hands are large and warm and strong. The sunshine, and there was plenty of it that day at Merle’s beach house, plays no tricks on the Lamarr beauty. She has dark brown hair, which she wears parted in the middle, and which glows like polished mahogany. Her eyes, fringed by dark lashes that happen to come from nature and not from the brothers Westmore, change from gray to green, and she does most of her laughing with those very remarkable eyes. Her reticence nose, which the Hollywood gals envy almost as much as they do her jewels, is the sort that artists like to do with a single stroke of the pencil. With the possible exception of Norma Shearer she has the most perfect profile on the screen. She has a low-pitched voice, talks in the scatterbrain manner, and makes graceful gestures with her hands. She seems quite unconscious of her beautiful face. She stays at Merle’s all afternoon that day and only consults her compact mirror once. Which is some kind of a record in these parts where a Narcissus complex comes with every contract. I saw her later in her dressing-room, which Metro has generously sprinkled with mirrors, but not once did Hedy blink or peer or gaze at herself. Maybe, with a face like that you just don’t bother.

This in particular endeared Hedy to me that first time I met her. She attacked Merle’s luncheon with the normal hunger of a living person and as she helped plentifully to the wild rice casually remarked, “I will start reducing tomorrow.” Again, with the second slice of chocolate cake she assured us that tomorrow she would go on her diet. Just as it is with a lot of us it is always “tomorrow” with Hedy when it comes to reducing.

She loves to eat. Reggie Gardiner likes to tell about the time he called on Hedy and found her almost dissolved in tears. “It was her best dramatic scene,” says Reggie. “At the end of every frenzied sentence she panted a chocolate in her mouth. She finally choked on a caramel and recovered her good humor.” Hedy adores chocolate candy. She will look fondly at a chocolate cream and say, “To think that you are five hundred calories. It is such a pity.” Hedy had no intention of reducing when she came to Hollywood, but the studio read the riot act a couple of times and Hedy finally consented to go on a diet. “In Europe they like my figure,” she says sadly, “but Hollywood wants me skinny.”

She weighs 130 now but promises that “tomorrow” she will start reducing again until she reaches the coveted 120. I saw her just the other day on the set and she and Spencer Tracy were licking away at ice cream cones. “Only one ice cream a day,” she said, fairly reeking with martyrdom. When boy friend Reggie comes calling he always brings ice cream instead of flowers. Hedy doesn’t drink at all and guests in her...
Airport—Geraldine Spreckels, of noted California family, at Burbank Airport. Her skin care is simply—Pond's. "Its use helps keep skin wonderfully soft and smooth."

Races—At the running of the Futurity, Mrs. Victor du Pont, III (3rd from left). She says: "I've always used Pond's. It cleanses skin so thoroughly."

SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE *

Ballet Russe Première—At the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes, granddaughter of Mrs. James Roosevelt. Her skin gets extra care. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "That way my skin gets extra 'skin-vitamin' along with its daily cleansings."

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Winter Resort—H. R. H. Princess Maria de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler), "When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's helps supply this vitamin."

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"Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

* Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

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THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT!

Perhaps your lipstick stands between you and the man you love—a harsh, greasy red...that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment...tonight...with something different?

FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE!

Just stroked that orange magic on. Watch it change to your shade of blushed-rose...see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting...ready to kiss...and so Tangee keeps them with its protective creamy base!

MATCHED MAKE-UP, TOO. For lovely, glowing, "natural" color in your cheeks, use matching Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme—for "cameo" skin, use eliding Tangee Powder. Blondes, brunettes, redheads find Tangee gives the young, appealing look men love.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you.

TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luff Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post booklet. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). 15c in Canada.

Check Shade of: [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Cherry

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home usually find themselves with a dish of chocolate walnut in their hands, instead of a Scott and soda.

Well, I thought as I enviably watched Hedy and Spencer finish up their cones, Metro hasn’t been able to make an example of living death out of Hedy. She’s still cheating on that diet. And, I also thought, they certainly haven’t managed to make a Garbo out of her. Garbo, as you know, will have no visitors on her sets. She speaks to no one, and when she does a scene she insists upon having screens placed around her so that even the technicians and gaffers can’t watch her act. But not Hedy. She sneaks people on her acts and is pally with everyone from the director to the doorman. There was a rhumba orchestra on the set that day and between "takes" Hedy was out there teaching a couple of extras how to do the rhumba. She draws everyone in to see her new stage dressing-room of which she is very proud and which is done in knotty pine—though Hedy calls it "naughty" pine.

Not long ago Hedy and Reggie and Merle Oberon and two boys and myself decided after dinner one evening we would go down to the Palomar to dance to Gene Krupa’s marvelous dance music. The Palomar is a big public dance hall in Los Angeles, and has the best swing bands West of the Rockies. Merle likes to dance there and watch the jitters. I was a little doubtful about Hedy. I remembered the Garbo build-up, and all that glamour and mystery business—I remembered, but Hedy didn’t. She ordered a chocolate ice cream sundae, magnificently passed around spoons of it to the rest of the party, and with Reggie proceeded to do a continental version of the shag. There must have been three hundred dancers on the floor that night and very few of them missed bumping into Hedy. Finally Hedy said, "Reggie, we are not doing this right. We don’t jit." So she smiled sweetly at a couple of earnest young jitterbugs and vamped them in to give her a lesson. Somehow or other I just can’t seem to see Garbo taking a swing lesson from a couple of jitterbugs on a public dance floor.

Hedy says that the morning after the preview of "Amaranta" nearly every real estate man in town called her up (as well as all the automobile salesmen, etc.) and suggested that they had a little something in common in twenty years of film and tennis court that might interest her. The Hollywood advisers, and every star picks up dozens of them, sort of suggested that a great and glamorous star should have herself an estate and a limousine. But Hedy continued to live in the smallest house in Beverly Hills, with only one servant, the indispensable Erika, answer her own phone and drive her own car, a small Buick. Last month she figured it out that she could buy a house cheaper than she could rent a house, so she bought possibly the third smallest house in Beverly Hills. She made one concession to her new grandeur. She built a swimming pool in the back yard. She bought the house through the FHA, and is paying for it out of her salary, which, surprisingly enough, isn’t very large.

The new house is only a few doors from the rented house she had, so Hedy and Erika did most of their moving themselves. It was night and Hedy admits that she has never seen anyone walking on a Beverly Hills street before. It was all too unusual for a radio cop who stopped her and threatened to run her in. Hedy finally managed to convince the law that she was just moving from one house to another—that’s the nearest she has ever come to being arrested.

People intent upon making Hedy the best mystery girl of the year sort of suggested that she give up Reggie Gardiner, the one boy friend Hedy has had in Hollywood. Boy friends, like parties and interviews, were taboo. But there again Hedy has smiled sweetly and continued to do just as she liked. She met Reggie when he helped her with a test at the studio once during those long nine months when she just sat there waiting to be discovered. He has a magnificent wit and keeps Hedy in convulsions. It must be real love, for Hedy acts as a stooge for him. The first time I ever saw a glamour girl do that. Very easily she leads the conversation right up to one of Reggie’s best stories, and then she says, "Oh, Reggie, tell them the story about the cat with three tails." Hedy must have heard that story dozens of times, but it doesn’t bore her at all to hear it again. She’s no point-killer, that Hedy. A man has a chance around her. Hedy likes to tell a joke herself, but invariably she gets confused in the Vennese.

There is a saying that has definitely come into its own since Hedy came to town. The word is chi-chi, pronounced she-shi. When people ask her about "Ecstasy" she gives a continental shrug and says, "Too much has been made of it. It is a lot of chi-chi." Then she adds, her eyes practically laughing in your face, "Chi-chi in French means nonsense."

When I told Hedy that now that she was a mystery woman, a glamorous girl, and the next Garbo I guessed she would have to give up seeing me and her other friends she merely said, "Chi-chi!" I’m afraid we’ve got a foreign star at last who is going to stay normal, warm, friendly and impulsive, and not follow in the tradition that makes me very happy.
She was a “Perfect Wife”
... except for ONE NEGLECT*

She was lovely ... always took care to look smart and fresh.

She was efficient. Her house was always neat, clean, well-run.

... economical. She knew how to make a budget behave.

BUT ... she was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene
And her husband would gladly have traded most of her virtues to correct this one fault.

“Lysol” might have made her score 100%

Love is not logical, more’s the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to “have everything” except the love of her husband.

Don’t be too sure he’s just ungrateful ... Perhaps she’s guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man’s love, even when everything else is perfect.

If you’re in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about “Lysol”. Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why “Lysol” is preferred ...

1—Non-Caustic ... “Lysol” in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness ... “Lysol” is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading ... “Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy ... “Lysol” is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor ... The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears after use.

6—Stability ... “Lysol” keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR “LYSOL” BOOKLET
Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. S-993, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet: “Lysol vs. Germs” which tells the many uses of “Lysol”.

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Charlie McCarthy’s Secretary Tells All

Continued from page 33

Lips that invite love must be soft lips... sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to “Theobroma.” Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every “Sub-Deb” Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50c.

New—"Air-Spun” Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50c.

Get ready for thrills, folks. Basil Rathbone is portraying “The Son of Frankenstein.”

“A ventriloquist on the radio! Never heard of such a silly thing.”

But she had said she’d help him if she could, so while she politely cursed the day she sent in that blank, she took down his address for the time for the appointment and went back to her work.

One of those very warm fall days had descended on Chicago, with not a suggestion of a breeze from Lake Michigan to offer relief. Mary was wearing a woolen suit and was uncomfortably warm. It was more, she had a hole in her stocking. Depressing! She didn’t feel like talking to anyone. Anyway, her bus, the one that would take her to a nice cool shower and clean sheets, with dinner on a tray, was only half a block away. The fact that she decided to go in the opposite direction, toward Mr. Bergen’s when everything was pointing the other way, presents a wonderful argument for those who say our life is planned in advance. What made Mary change her mind at the last minute? I don’t know. Neither does she, but five o’clock found her ringing the doorbell of the Bergen apartment.

She was admitted to an apartment full of people, all grouped about a quiet blond man whom she rightly assumed was Edgar Bergen. He was to explain here that M.B. has a funny little habit of waving his hands in the air to punctuate what he is saying. Not a wild waving, mind you. Sort of a mild Zaza Pitts sort of thing. He spied Mary, and came over to her immediately, hopping over a green hassock.

Mary thought: “I don’t think I’m going to like this.” Bergen thought: “What’ll I ask her?” He spoke first.

“Uh—it’s rather crowded in here—shall we go in the kitchen?”

Mary nodded. She was anxious to get it over with and get home. It was no better in the kitchen. People were everywhere, in the pantry, on the back porch—not a bit of room. Mr. Bergen frowned. Then he looked at Mary with a rather embarrassed expression.

“C’mon,” he said, “There’s only one place left!”

And so it was that a minute later, Mary found herself sitting in the bedroom explaining just how she would go about some of the books for him while he confusively asked her the usual questions about schooling and experience and whether or not she’d be free to travel, as he planned on returning to New York. Her mother lived with her, Mary explained, but that would be quite all right. By this time, Mary’s poise had impressed him.

“Could you give me an idea of exactly how and why help me with some correspondence? You can’t tell me more about the type of work you’d have.”

It was on the tip of Mary’s tongue to tell him she didn’t think she’d be interested, when the same thing that changed her mind that afternoon made her agree to come. She had no idea what Charlie McCarthy was—yet!

One thing changed her entire opinion of Edgar Bergen. She walked into the apartment the next Sunday and heard a recording of his act with Charlie. It was undoubtedly the funniest thing she had ever heard. Surely the man who wrote this material must have cast his mind back to the glory days of vaudeville; then it was funny! They just sat there with faces frozen. Mary listened to the records for a while, then sat down and answered a pile of fan letters “exactly” said Mr. Bergen, “the way I wanted them...”
done, only I didn’t know quite how to tell you what I meant.

They had a good long talk, and Mary discovered she understood him perfectly. Their opinions on various subjects were the same, their personalities seemed harmonious, their thoughts swung along the same paths. Mary thought, “I’d like to work for this man.” Bergen thought: “She’s nice. And impersonal. Just the one I’ve been looking for.”

Mary went to talk to the woman under whose name she worked, a kind sincere woman who had been very good to her, and told her she thought of giving up her position at the Foundation. The woman, who was very wise, pointed out to her that she was giving up a job with an institution behind it for a position whose stability depended upon one man. If anything happened to him, Mary couldn’t take his place. Show business is so uncertain. He may be great—he may be washed up within two months. You can’t be sure. They were all powerful arguments. Mary knew it. She guessed she had better stay here. Then the phone rang, and it was Mr. Bergen. She made up her mind in an instant. “Yes,” she said, and marched out of the office like a crusader going to war.

You know what happened. Mr. Bergen was a greater success than even he dreamed of being. Perhaps Mary sensed that he would be—just as she sensed he needed someone to look after him. That’s why you’ll find her on the set when he’s making a picture, insisting that he rest between scenes instead of dashing around the studio, wasting his energy. He needs every bit of it, appearing at as many benefits and things as he does.

Take that new house Mr. B. just bought. It’s a honey, and much of the credit goes to Mary who took time out from her many duties to talk to decorators, buy linen and china, choose furniture and do the other hundred-and-one things that must be done and which never turn out right if a man does them. Mary’s favorite job, though, is taking care of Charlie. He has a special suitcase, you know, for special occasions. The one for his NBC broadcasts is soft beige, if you please, with double green stripes at frequent intervals. It’s Mary’s duty to put the little fellow back in this after the broadcast, and many’s the time people leaving the studio after seeing the show bear little Charlie screaming, “Hey! Easy there, Hanrahan! You’re pinchin’ me!”

Kathryn Kane and Johnny Downs go into a dream as they dance in “Swing Sister, Swing.”
“I’ll Be An Author
If It Kills Me”
Continued from page 59

nese Earthquake” at which she comes to the conclusion that although she doesn’t approve of Japan for religious reasons they do have children so the Americans should be nice to them. The teacher gave her a Triple A for that which was tops. At twelve she started her first novel—which is still uncompleted—but which got off to an awfully good start, as you can see:

The wind was blowing wildly outside on the lawn and beautiful Miss Penelope Lacros was standing contemplating the storm that was gathering in the darkening skies. Little did she know that in faraway France her father the rich old Duke was foully murdered in his beautiful flower garden. As she stood there at the French window she placed her hands over her ears to try to drown out the clap of thunder that rent the air. A strange chill as of foreboding shook her beautiful form as she clutched Armand’s portrait to her bosom. ‘Why does he not come for me?’ she cried aloud. If it is love that he feels for me why does he not take me from this tragic life in the home of my wealthy uncle and escort me to my father’s mansion in France, my beautiful France.’ Just then the butler entered the hall dark room and announced that Lady Tavory wished her presence in the upper sitting room. ‘What have I done now,’ she wondered. Am I to be tortured with more tales of my actress mother who died when I was but a babe? Where, oh where, is Armand, my lover?’ An icy fear gripped her heart as she ascended the staircase to face the most wicked old woman in England. Continued in the next chapter.”

Like a great number of writers I know, including myself, Joan has the awful habit of not being able to finish anything. She will become terribly enthusiastic over some idea she thought up during the night when she couldn’t sleep and for hours she will write and cry and write and cry while her characters suffer the tortures of the damned. Then, quick like a flash, the mood is over. Joan dries her tears, sneaks a couple of chocolates, and gazes as a two-year-old goes for a romp with Normie. She is definitely a “mood” writer. Joan writes with a pencil, which she chews on when the seeds convulse her, and pockets her own soul on any kind of paper that happens to be handy. Her heroines are always beautiful, noble, and unappreciated, and I suspect are Joan herself. She has

Joan Blondell and baby Ellen Powell pictured in their home. Photograph by Len Weissman.
always wanted to be a great tragedienne. They won't let her be one on the screen, so she has to get it out of her system on paper. And believe me, and Dick, and some of her more favored friends, Joan's literary efforts, though slightly drenched in tragedy, are not bad.

Joan is very serious about her writing, and terribly sensitive, and she doesn't want to be kidded about it. She's always planning to finish up something some day and send it to a magazine. "Though I know I'll get a rejection slip," says Joan modestly.

Now you know, and I know, and Joan knows that all she has to do—movie fame being what it is—is to put the name of Joan Blondell on a story some day and send it to a magazine. The chances are that the editor will snap at it like a turtle. But Joan refuses to do that. There'll be no trudging on the Blondell name. You gotta like her for that.

Two years ago Joan met a New York publisher one evening at a Hollywood party. She had "just about" finished an extremely sorrowful story called "The Two Sisters" and was in the throes of creation. Late in the evening she gathered up courage to corner the well-known publisher. "I have a story," she said breathlessly, "which I think is awfully good. It's written by a friend of mine—an Inez Holmes who is really very talented." The publisher looked awfully bored while Joan told him the plot, and eventually politely and emphatically informed Joan that his company would not be the slightest bit interested in anything written by a nobody named Inez Holmes.

"All right," said Joan, wistfully. "I thought it was a good story. I guess I needn't bother to finish it."

"Oh, it's your story," snapped the publisher. "Why didn't you tell me so from the beginning, Miss Blondell? Send it over to the hotel in the morning, along with any other stories you may have, and maybe we can whip together a book of short stories—by Joan Blondell. How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't like it at all," snapped Miss Blondell, and that's the nearest she ever came to contacting a publisher.

At present she is engaged in writing a script for Dick called "Gawk;" a story for children called, "Angels Without Wings," and a sad story about truck drivers called "Moving Day." Joan got her inspiration for the last story recently when she moved from Beverly Hills to Bel-Air. For an hour she watched two six-feet-two truck drivers balance trunks, desks and pianos on their backs. Finally the tragedy of it all, was just too much for her.

"When you get home don't you just cry," sighed Miss Blondell, reaching for her handkerchief—and a pencil.

Daddy Dick Powell, aboard his boat "Galatea." Dick, doting poppy, devoted husband, is also proud of wife Joan's writing ability and hopes she gets her wish to be a successful author.
being able to claim friendship with any of the great. On the other hand, should he become a success, he is “taken up” by the elite. Nay, inundated with pressing invitations, both written and oral.

Hollywood is the host of all human elements—good, bad; clever, stupid; virtuous, vice-ridden. One has but to choose. And one must choose dandily carefully, or—well, you know how it goes. In brief, a lonely young actor, of the handsomeness of a Greene, has a heck of a time knowing what to do for the good old best. Dick has his actress mother with him now. Until she came, he lived alone. Quite alone—not even a stereotyped companion-secretary on the hectic horizon of his solitary existence. Daily, he worked in “Four Men and A Prayer.” But his nights were free.

“Everything connected with acting is basically dangerous,” Dick remarked. He gives a hesitant, quizzical look when he makes a definite statement. “To begin with,” he continued, “an actor is not like an ordinary business man. An actor works mentally and emotionally. Particularly the latter. That is one constant danger I face in my work.

“The chief danger for the actor in Hollywood is to become self-satisfied. I’m no better as an actor now than I was a year or two ago. I was an unknown and mediocre player, who had the good luck to get to Hollywood. The studio has been most generous. I see my name sent out over the country, over the world. I see it constantly in the papers. I am interviewed, and read the flattering reports in print. I can see how easy it is for a newcomer to accept such adulation as his just reward, and take it too seriously.”

Dick believes that, more than anything else, English tradition keeps a fellow in the straight and narrow path of common sense. “Back home, we know a chap cannot be made different in a second. A bank clerk in the morning does not become a bank president in the afternoon. But in America the belief that he can is the very backbone of all business life. Honestly, I believe it is up to the individual, regardless of nationality. I don’t feel that from what I have heard he is the type of fellow nothing can upset. You couldn’t make him egotistic, for he is too level-headed. I’m not easily flattened, so no

sympathet can get far in my estimation. There is, of course, the danger of being lionized by those who specialize in running after a newcomer on the upper grade. That’s a danger I have faced yet, though I do hope I’m rising.

“The only people he keeps in with are a few intimate friends. Now and then he goes to a show with his stand-in. But he links his name with lovely young Arleen Whelan. They are good pals and not, Dick says, the passionate pair the newspaper columnists make out. Dick says love and romance are sidetracked by Dick. When I casually asked him he had ever been in love, he looked at me aghast. He was both startled and aggrieved. “Was I ever!” he emphatically asserted, “Most decidedly.”

“When I asked for more details, he refused to comply. “Such a topic is too personal, too intimate, to talk about,” he said. When I diplomatically hinted at his duty to his public, he declared it was none of the public’s goldarn business. That is, he didn’t say ‘goldarned.’

“After all, Dick should be the good actor he is, for he comes from a family of stage professionals. The late Evie Greene, his aunt, was the original Floradora. Another success of hers was The Duchess of Dantzig. She was a star of pre-war London’s famous Gaiety Theatre.

“Dick remembers the stage from infancy. When he was two years old, his father died. There was a big money—enough to assist his mother to give him a good education. “My one gratification, since coming to Hollywood, and achieving the little I’ve achieved,” he put it in, “rests in the fact that now I can give my mother adequate returns for all she did for me.”

“From eighteen, our hero became self-supporting. That is, now and then, “More than once, the exchequer was all but exhausted. On one occasion I lived for three months on twenty pounds. I’ve been hard up. I know what it is to be hungry.”

“ IF you ever wish to find out what he did, try living on thirty dollars a month! He toured in stock, all over the British Isles. “I believe we show people are better safeguarded against Hollywood life than a person who comes directly from home, or school. From my earliest days, I was taught that the English, English, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, I could have felt sorry for my lonely plight as a bit player. Instead, he said, “when I visited to see the historic sites. Then it was time to get back to the theatre for the evening performance.”

“HE has escaped all complexes by forgetting any exist. “Most people develop complexes by thinking they possess them,” he explained. “Years ago, I did, and thought I was all kinds of a being. So I stopped being analytical over non-existent traits.”

“Night life does not appeal to him, if overdone, so seriously poses a danger as far as he’s concerned. “The Jazz Age is dead,” Dick commented. “Dashing round night after night is not the best way to have an enjoyable time. I notice that the majority of young people seem to hide panic under their outer excitement.”

“Richard Greene is a pleasant young chap, friendly and as candid as he believes he ought momentarily to be. He is secretive, but earnest. If he’s not at all interested in what you’re doing, he’s deeply concerned in his own activities and tells you about them. Danger may be to the right of him, danger to the left of him, but Dick is ever ready for it. In fact he likes it. He says it simulates existence.”

“HE was recently made captain of the studio bowling team. I have a strong idea that were anyone to tell him that danger was approaching, like Drake, Dick would first finish his game before attacking it.

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**GLAZO**

**Polish Wears Longer**

Ask your dealer, too, for Glazo’s NAIL-COTE, a marvelous new polish foundation that contains wax. Nail-Gate gives longer wear and brilliance to your manicure. Guards your nails against splitting, cracking and breaking. Helps relieve nail brittleness.
Once She Was a
Shop-Girl
Continued from page 61

the best of them in the subway rush-hours. I got a great kick out of it. Cost of meals was my chief concern. But that worked out easily with a bottle of milk and maybe a roll for breakfast before starting off in the morning, then a fifteen-cent lunch and a thirty-cent dinner with a dime saved out for a tip to the waitress. Cutting down on food peppeled me up in health—never felt so well in my whole life. Punching the time-clock meant a wallop. Once in a while, when feeling flush, I'd treat myself to a movie off Broadway where I could see one for a quarter. On other nights I'd stay in my room and do a bit of simple laundry work, that my things would look clean and fresh when I got to the shop. Sometimes it made me pretty tired, but that was all to the good, as I'd tumble into bed and sleep like a top. Nothing I did was any effort because I loved it.

Dear as this may have been to her proletarian heart, I wondered how the other girls in the shop reacted to having an actress share in their work. "They were all so generous that they made me one of themselves," said Miss Russell. "I'd never before found myself with such kindly, unselshless people. In the three months I was there they couldn't do too much to help me—and did I need their help! Their calling me 'Error Russell' during those first few weeks was just their way of kidding, and they did everything possible to correct my errors. Although I knew nothing about clothes, I didn't know anything about customers, couldn't size them up right. At the start I got them all wrong. For ex-

Mickey Rooney, visiting the "Stagecoach" set demonstrates his skill with a rifle to the evident interest of Louise Platt.

ample, if a fat woman came into the place I'd trot out dark dresses which would make her look less hefty. But that wasn't what she wanted at all! One indignantly de-
manded, 'What do you take me for, an old grandmother?" The brighter the colors and the bigger the patterns the better she liked them. I had to learn my job by watching the shoppers. Meanwhile the other girls were watching me, and when they saw me lugging back black dresses and handing them on the hooks they'd give me the laugh."

Miss Russell now gave herself one, then smiled when I asked what her shopmates had tried to learn of her as an actress. "They couldn't possibly understand why I had given up acting for clerking. All of them thought it would be wonderful to be actresses. One girl said, 'If I could get a part in a play or a picture you wouldn't be able to see me for dust getting out of here.' The romantic phase of it seemed to fascinate them. They'd crowd around at lunchtime and ask the most amusing questions. How did I feel when playing a love scene? Was it like the real thing? Wasn't it embarrassing to be kissed by a handsome actor in front of an audience, or did it thrill me? When I said it was just part of the job they looked incredulous—and a bit dis-

appointed, but there was one exception. She was a very young girl in the wrapping department. From morning till night she was busy doing up bundles. But never once did I hear her complain about her lot. Apparently she was perfectly happy in it. She did everything as if it were a real pleasure. Yet she was so poor that her heart ached for her. She lived 'way up in the Bronx and walked to and from the store every day unless she happened to catch a ride. She couldn't afford to pay street car or subway fare. Her one luxury was a ten-
cent package of cigarettes once a week. I had to be very tactful in offering her one of mine for fear of hurting her feelings. When she wasn't looking I'd often watch her and wonder what in the world she got out of life. But I felt sure she got a good deal, for she was always cheerful. So was I, for that matter, all the time I was there. When I left to go back to the stage I cried like a baby. But it made me happy to be told I could come back any time and have the position of buyer now that I al-

ready had been made assistant buyer. Was I proud!"

'Error Russell' fairly glowed at remem-

brance of success won far from the dazzling

"Happy Landing" FOR THE GIRL
WITH Petal Smooth Skin

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EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
IN A FAMOUS POWDER BASE*

Women everywhere praise Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base...now they're excited over the extra skin care this famous cream brings. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that wounds and burns healed quicker when "skin-vitamin" was applied to them.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to help supply extra "skin-
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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:00 P.M. Eastern Time. Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company
light hadn't another first chance acting is the most unreliable occupation in the world. Nothing can leave a girl flat quite so suddenly and unexpectedly. Anything—a bad play, a performance, the inevitable change which years bring—can knock her pins right out from under her. If she doesn't want to go down and out with never a chance of getting back on her feet she must have something more substantial than acting to stand on. What she needs is the safeguard I've taken before she takes the biggest risk any girl can run—Hollywood.

This was about the last thing I'd expected to hear from a Park Avenue girl who had established herself so securely in pictures as to be sure of her bread and butter, not to say a spot of jam. "Park Avenue doesn't help," she protested. "And, anyway, I resent people who get on because of their social footing, those who succeed in this way—if it can be called success. Just to walk from a finishing school and know Mr. So-and-so, who may have a fancy for a pretty face, doesn't get a girl very far. Indeed, it's liable to get her into trouble. She may arrive at Hollywood with the serene attitude that beauty and a 'pull' are all she needs, but this is unfair, not to be tolerated."

Miss Russell sprang to her feet, every inch the thoroughbred. "In New York," pacing off her words, "I did go in for social life and I did have a good time. I'm glad of it, for that sort of living is good for a girl, makes her normal and happy. At school I used to think there was something wrong with me if I didn't have at least a dozen dates for the week-end. I fairly hung on the telephone. It was lots of fun running around with the Annapolis lads and the Princeton boys. But I never let it interfere with my work. And in the summertime I ran a girls' camp and taught horseback riding."

As she whipped back into her chair, I puzzled over what had led her to become an actress. "Money," was her frank reply, "To get it I had to do something, and I was brought up in the belief that a girl should never need money. But, well, I was a lawyer, considered it an unhealthy existence for a girl to go to school, then sit around waiting for a man to come along and marry her. As to what I might do, I thought of one thing and another, among them, of course, interior decorating. This with a merry pout. "Then I thought, 'The theater, that's where they make a lot of money,' But once I was in it I didn't want acting to get the better of me. That's why I went to work at Saks-Fifth Avenue."

"Even so, it was difficult to imagine her as a shopgirl, for she looked as though she had just stepped out of a dressing-room. "No girl can bring charm with her out of a dressing-room," exclaimed Mr. Stoughton. "Even those Park Avenue girls who have gone on the stage for a lack or just to show off haven't, by the long string and effort, become actresses. They have simply remained society girls, wearing smart clothes and looking self-conscious. The secret of acting is ease and naturalness. This means charm. Without it a girl is nothing to her part and painful to her audience. There's no one like a society girl to kill a play or a picture. She's sure death."

Not one to mince her words, Miss Russell yet had an amiable way of getting her sharply-uttered points across. She was chewing her bottom lip, and in its rhythmic rocking "Acting," and she rapped her knuckles, "isn't all play and no work. In fact, it's the other way round. You can't play the two and they are all right if you take them separately. I've played hard and worked hard. One thing that girls of wealthy families don't seem to realize is that all actors are exposed like slaves. Duse and Bernhardt, as examples of greatness, were desperately poor to start with and shaved for years to 'nurse' something of the others. And the name is true of most successful screen actresses, Garbo and others. Because they may be living in luxury now doesn't mean they haven't been good for them. If you stop to think, it is work with hardship that makes movie stars. It's a safe bet that if they started with silver spoons in their mouths they wouldn't have worked half so hard. But to be successful in pictures it is also necessary to have individual charm. You can have great ability and yet have no success. Not that screen success is a matter of personality rather than of acting. Yet there must be that individual something which for lack of a better word is called personality. Whether it may be it interests an audience. But the only place where you can learn to sell it, in my opinion, is the stage. You can't do it under a school and know it. If I hadn't been on the stage I never would have dared to go into pictures. So far as that goes, I never even thought of it until I had an offer. I was playing 'the other woman' at first wasn't so lucky. She's just a story convenience and doesn't get you anywhere. There's no reason for a woman to behave as she does. The really dangerous woman doesn't give herself away. She never lets you see what she's up to. And she's not necessarily a flirt, but she has your belief. The great menace in everyday life is the little blonde, the blue-eyed baby doll who looks so innocent that no one ever suspects her. She can cut your throat every time. I know, for she's done it."

Shocked, I fearfully inquired whether so treacherous a charmer could possibly live and get on, and was reassured by the answer. "I came to Hollywood," remarked Miss Russell, adroitly evading the point. "It's just mad enough to be interesting. But I can't go out here to work. For I like to work in the same place. I get a kick out of it. What's more, I want to be valuable to Hollywood producers, make money for them, which seems to be the criterion of value here. That's all right with me. So long as there's work nothing else matters to me here. It is said that marriage in Hollywood is wrong, devastating, fatal. I don't think so. But I've never considered a professional marriage. For that matter, I ain't in love with anything yet, and I'm not really interested in actors. Still, I don't understand why marriage doesn't work out better in Hollywood. I've both husband and wife are impossible they ought to be able to get along together, for they have the same interests. In talking over their work they may, of course, get into quarrels. But if he believes she can hit her over the head and shut her up. It should be quite simple. There's nothing like teamwork to make a marriage successful."

One thing I liked about that picture was its working people. Even my part of the school teacher stood for work. And, after all, I'm just a working girl."
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 13

them to me. Oh, but what a love this new music gadget is! Did you know it makes records, too? I'm going to give a party soon and make all my guests record songs or dialogue. They can have the records for favors. Or we could have a contest. Well, we'll think about that.

Over the fireplace and above the venetian blinds were tiny gold stars. "Not my doing, they came with the place," laughed Ann. "Gwen Woodford, my friend from home who is sharing the house with me, says they thought I had a star complex. Maybe they're good luck, at that. Let's get back to the dinette, where I can keep an eye on friend chicken.

When Ann serves fried chicken, she doesn't bother with soup or cocktails. She thinks it takes the fine edge off the appetite so people don't appreciate all the effort she's made for them.

"I have mashed potatoes, all beaten up with butter and milk, and peas and beans. You know, my guests rave over Elizabeth's peas, and know what they are? They are canned peas (Heinz)—tiny ones, and she adds lots of butter and maybe a little side-meat to give them flavor. Then we have salad, fruit mostly. Sometimes we go fancy with a jellied fruit salad, made of Knox gelatine, with cans of Dole pineapple, the cut-up kind, and pineapple juice, can of fruit salad and one of white cherries and pecan nut meats. You dissolve the gelatine in cold water, then in the hot pineapple juice. When it's cool, you add the fruit mixed with French dressing; then the nut meats. Fold in Hellman's mayonnaise, whipped cream and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Then put in your refrigerator until it sets.

If it's plain fruit salad, I arrange the fruit on a crisp lettuce leaf and put a ball of cheese in the center and pour French dressing over it. As for desserts, I never eat them, and my guests are lucky if they get any, but sometimes I have a heart and provide a frozen dessert or something with lemon or orange in it, and perhaps a plain cake.

"Not if I'm invited," put in Marty. "I want dessert. What I mean, dessert! Now—give it!"

"Oh, if you're coming, and if Betty's coming, we'll have ice cream cake. You take a good jelly roll and bake it, then when you are ready to serve it, you spread it with strawberry ice-cream, roll it up and trim it with candy shot and maybe whipped cream."

Marie O'Beron from Tasmania to Hollywood via London, is an ardent devotee of California's sunny outdoor life. Marie is sun-bathing beside her pool, white playsuit reflecting the rose tinted glasses softening them for the lovely O'Beron arbs.

Ann is from Texas. "You'd know it the minute you came to dinner at my house and were served ham with mustard greens and black-eyed peas" said the actress, clogging around the kitchen in the intervals of inspecting the heavenly smelling fowl. "There's a place out here in the valley where we can pick mustard greens, believe it or not. I like them young and tender, or they'll be stringy. Elizabeth says she knows where she can get some black-eyed peas, so we'll see if she's spotted those, cooked with side meat. My ham isn't baked, either—it's fried. In Texas, we fry our food, and man, is it good? And no milk gravy. Real, sure 'nough pan gravy!"

Ann likes to entertain with after-theatre parties, informally. She had a successful one following the preview of "Angels with

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SWELL IDEA!
Dirty Faces." "The food is laid out and everybody helps himself. If anyone starves, it's his fault. I provide all I can find, and I'm out to enjoy myself; so, if they're wise, they'll do the same."

She has an array of cold meats, deviled eggs, sliced cheeses, olives, radishes and celery, huge mounds of rye bread, and even higher mounds of potato chips, "I have my favorite recipe for cream cheese to go with the potato chips," she confided. "You add cream to the cheese and beat it up with chopped chives or grated onions; "In Texas we have potato salad, but you can't get good potatoes here. You boil 'em, and dice 'em, and add hard-boiled eggs and chopped chives and plenty of mayonnaise and then just before serving, I add walnuts. If you put the nuts in earlier, the potatoes will turn black. But I must use walnuts—they're my crop. Come, I'll show you!"

She led us outside to inspect the six big walyards. "Pretty Swans?" I asked. "And think? And those two deciduous trees there—I decorated them for Christmas with lots of lights, and were they lovely? Don't look at the patio and garden as they are now. I haven't been here long, you know, and they are run-down. Will till my grand gardener and I get through with it, we'll have lots of new flowerbeds this spring. That's the badminton court and that's the ping-pong table. I'm having them fit for night-playing, when the weather gets warm. Then we can play out here when we get tired of dancing or playing records."

Gwen Woodford, Ann's house-guest, came in from college just then and sniffed, hopefully--"Chicken's Annie's chicken?" she cried, "When do we eat?"

The chicken was done to a golden-brown turn. Hot and crisp and fragrant, it came to the table, hot and fresh, and devoured. It accompanied by little hot biscuits concocted by Elizabeth with what seemed to be a twist of the wrist. Was it good? It was!

HOT BISCUIT
You make this without rolling the dough. The recipe makes 12 biscuits in a muffin pan.

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter
3/4 cup of milk

You may need a little more milk.

Sift into a large bowl flour, baking powder and salt. Mix thoroughly. Add butter and cut into small pieces with a knife, then with fingers and thumbs fold the batter until no lumps remain. When butter is flaked, then further mix ingredients by lightly rubbing between fingers and hands. Keep fingers stiff and slightly apart and go through the mixture, lifting it and lightly rubbing it until it looks almost like flour again.

Add milk and lift mixture over and over until it combines into a rather wet dough. Then pick up pieces of wet dough and drop them into clean ungreased muffin pan.

When oven is hot (450 degrees) put biscuits as near center of oven as possible and bake for 15 minutes, when they should be a rich golden brown.

Ann was dancing again. The victrola had gone back to La Vanga. "Bring your chicken with you. You didn't see the bedroom! This is Gwen's in knotty pine with brass ship lamps and mahogany on the walls. I don't bathe with my bath, and this is mine— all in blue and gray. Is that sumptuous? Look at my dressing room—that's beige taffeta on the walls and rose drapes on the dressing-table. Come back! Let's finish that bird. NOW. Can I fry chicken?"

She can! The Princess Baba, daughter of the White Rajah of Sarawak, who makes her film debut in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," shows, American models look upon engagements with this astute young woman with somewhat the same pride that an American stage beauty referred to the fame of having been picked for the Folies. It is generally acknowledged that the most beautiful models in the world appear in the fashion sequences directed by Vyvyan Donner. These girls are delighted to work with her not only because it is always a pleasant experience to do so but because she manages to give her models a little experience in real acting in addition to the parade of styles.

Several of the lovely wearers of her stunning fashions have gone to Hollywood, Phyllis Brooks and Priscilla Lawson, for example. Michael Whalen is one of the young men whose natural talent for acting was sharpened when he was wearing clothes under Miss Donner's watchful eye. Stanley Hughes and Alan Curtis are also screen drama critics who have worked in the Fox Movietone studio which was especially enlarged so that Vyvyan Donner could prove that clothes make the most vital kind of newsworthy subjects.

"One of the main reasons why I think our little sequences are successful," Miss Donner said to me the other day, "is that clothes have a far deeper connection with..."
our destiny than we know. They are a part of life itself. When we look back at the big moments of our lives—or at the little ones—we are apt to say, 'I was wearing my new blue dress when that happened to me,' or 'That was the evening I had on my gold evening gown.' We have special clothes for all special occasions from christening robes to coming-out frocks and wedding gowns. They have a deep place and a deep meaning. The happiest people I have known are those who have had a natural affinity for the right kind of clothes."

Mary Pickford—we were delightfully told by Margaret E. Saugster in the first article of this series—was learning to read from bill-boards as a child actress, at an age when most little girls are playing dolls. Vyvyan Donner—at the same age—was playing with dolls all right, also dressing up in her mother's clothes, and producing plays. She especially loved paper dolls because there was no end to the magnificent wardrobes she could cut for them from colored paper. Having a father with a European background (Montague Donner was born in Helsingfors and educated in England and Switzerland) she was more conscious of European customs than most American children. A fact which has had important bearing on her work. For her paper dolls she included proper clothes for presentation at court. This childhood occupation, encouraged by an intuitive, art-loving mother, Adelaide Donner, who was always her inspiration, was preparing her for the famous Vyvyan Donner "Color Silhouette" which led her into motion pictures. Pathe Newsread asked permission to make some scenes cutting out a silhouette for a felt poster. "That was the moment when I was knocked unconscious by the motion picture," she says, "I have never come to!"

Like Pickford, too, she benefited from association with grown-ups—for the most important people from New York's art and literary life visited constantly the charming home of her parents. Her father was a poet and teacher and her mother a brilliant pianist. Vyvyan was taken to see the great masterpieces. Ferried back and forth between New York and Europe. Listened to with respect even as a little child. She left school to enter the theatre, and from then on intense life activities piled up with the speed of movie montage. She was a shoe girl at the Casino, and introduced bare legs to the Winter Garden chorus. She taught dancing, studied art at Cooper Union, devised costumes, peddled ideas, made posters and window displays, decorated nightclubs, wrote articles on the theatre and fashions, illustrated them herself. Every week the New York Times carried sketches from her hand. Her beautiful color posters looked down from the leading billboards of Broadway, and there were credit lines for her dance figures on the programs. This was the time when she was called "The Girl Who Owns Broadway," and she did.

It was in 1912 that Miss Donner posed for the felt poster subject for Pathe News. At once she could see that the field held something for her and she decided to find out. "First of all I sat right down and made a long list of subjects I thought would make good film features," she relates in telling of her screen history. "Many of them were about the queer, funny clothes—like bustles, chatelaine watches, pompadours and strange bathing suits I had written about in my fashion articles. But I could not find anybody to let me go ahead with my ideas, so I decided to do them myself. I found a cameraman who would be willing to give me a day of his time and his camera at a low price. I got hold of an old automobile, some antique dusters and goggles and veils, such as were worn when automobiles were called "horseless carriages," hired a couple of people who did

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**Warrior Queen wins with smile!**

Roman soldiers feared her—but admired her beautiful smile. Her teeth were kept sound and sparkling by exercise on rough, chewy foods. We moderns eat soft foods that fail to give our teeth enough healthful exercise.

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not mind risking their lives, and made a picture of early "joy riding" in America. It cost $50 and I sold it for $500. I see parts of it used on the screen. That gave me courage to make other short newsreel episodes and features. One of these showed bathing styles and costume of 1924. For this I hired a large group of models and took them down to Fire Island for a couple of days. What I learned about picture making is the most valuable experience I've had. The whole island went wild. The news broke loose up and down the south shore of Long Island that movies were being made. Every boat that approached Fire Island was loaded. We needed a whole cordon of New York Police, but there was only little timid me trying to keep the crowds out of the way of the picture. The girls into their costumes, keeping an eye on the properties, seeing to it that everybody got sandwiches and coffee, and telling the rest of the cameramen to be on their guard. I was make-up man, hairdresser, grips, president, trouble-shooter, director, property-man, dresser, script-writer, camera-man, and the man who was in charge of all the camera equipment, and he was having troubles of his own.

"Today I would have a unit of ten or fifteen expert studio men, a dozen automobiles and a dozen cameras to help stage such a piece. I suppose somebody might have told me that I needed help—but I am glad I did not. I never did go plunk into the deep end in my life, and I learned how to cut corners and do things with cinema, that I could never have learned any other way. I got so that I became the director of Paramount Pictures in New York, and I directed a few pictures there."

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"Tired as they are today. The method of displaying clothes on living models was then confined to the swanky dress shops and salons of the French Quarter. My method was to write out an idea, take it to a newspaper editor, and if he seemed to react favorably, to get under way."

"It was four or five years later that Miss Donner made her connection with Fox-Movietone. The Tout was the boiling day in January, 1929, in which the weather was exactly dramaticizing her feelings, and she was given up to the luxury of having the blues. Suddenly her mother remembered that there was a fashion show scheduled to be given at a department store, "We mustn't give in to this," she said, "let's go." They did not want to stay and put our coats and overcoats on, nor did they want to wear our heavy clothes."

"That was one of the most important decisions of my life," says Miss Donner. "Fashion was the front, as it is today. The method of displaying clothes on living models was then confined to the swanky dress shops and salons of the French Quarter. My method was to write out an idea, put it on the line, and make it effective."

"Mr. Eddye Reck at Fox-Movietone. He was interested and told me that if I could go ahead, his company would loan me his studio and all his facilities, including make-up man and hairdresser. I can remember what an impression this made on me. He seemed to think that if I made a success of the subject he would talk to me about contributing regularly. So I pitched in with my'accents,' my frugality, and economics, and did it all myself. A week later the picture was showing at Roxy's, and I was on the Fox-Movietone payroll."
care and precision Leo takes a bobby pin out of his box and tip-toes up behind her and deftly tucks it into Miss Donner’s head from behind.

Thus the day is begun. Vyvyan Donner is here, there, everywhere—seeing everything, remembering everything that goes with everything else. The wrong glove with the right dress may cause tragedy. She talks the action over with Jack Painter and the models, gives the order for one to begin her walk into the set, coming forward eight steps in a diagonal line, stopping, displaying her gown, wrap or whatever it is, continuing her march off the screen. Another model enters the set from the opposite side before the first one has disappeared, thus making balance and a pattern for the flow of the action. If not a diagonal pattern, then some other. Miss Donner says that she can always draw a picture of the pattern she intends to carry out in the movement of her actresses. Before anyone realizes it noon is here, and time for lunch. The new chef has set up his long table in front of the three boxes in the diamond horsehoe and piled it high with sandwiches, pastries and coffee. Miss Donner sits down at the head of the table and the models, guests, fashion writers, Mr. Painter, and whoever drops in—perhaps it is Lowell Thomas or Lew Lehr—eat with much joking and chatter. Pretty soon the timed, patterned entrance of the models will begin again, made with the precision of a dynamos. The palm tree has been changed to the deck of a cruising yacht. So the day goes on—maybe till six, which will put Miss Vyvyan home in time for her bath and that before dressing up and going out to dinner. Maybe till midnight—which is all right too.

With all the figuring, the precision and endless calculating of her job, Miss Donner manages to get around a lot. She loves to dance and dine out, to go to the opera, and see the new pictures. But with all she always has time to do some studying—painting, French. She and her adored mother the last two years of her life, studied Greek and Roman art together, as if they were school children. She goes to Europe every year and would like some day to become a director of dramatic pictures. “The Information” she thinks is the goal to aim at. She thinks it is the finest film she has ever seen; that the scenes with their fog and shadows are like beautiful paintings, the simplicity of the composition, superb; the dramatic construction of story and the emotional content all heightened by the fine sense of pictorial values and artistically conceived direction accorded the scenario.

We were talking about it the other morning when I had breakfast with her in her beautiful studio on Central Park South. She stood by the mantel, looking across her blue-gray drawing room as if she were peering off into far distant space—into the future, perhaps. The grand piano, the quaint blue and crystal mirror, bought on her last trip to Venice, the beautiful rugs, the sun-filled windows, were nothing to her. There were no walls to restrain her vision. “Today I am going to dramatize two hats, and I love it,” she said. “But think what I could do if they would only let me work with human emotions.”

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Why not try the LINIT Complexion Mask? All grocers sell LINIT!
"Disgustingly Normal"

Continued from page 51

from the corner of her tightly compressed lips, who made motions for us to come in and took a seat on a divan set against the wall opposite the mirrored dressing table. Presently the lady removed the thermometer from her mouth, held it up to the light, and said: "Disgustingly normal!"

By this time we recognized the comely blonde person as Shirley Ross. Our fear that we had mixed our dates and were to call on her next Wednesday instead of to-day were pleasantly allayed when the lady graciously apologized for delaying us with this clinical procedure, and shook hands very friendly-like. It seems she had contracted a cold, had called in a doctor, and he had suggested she get a thermometer and keep track of her temperature. "I never had anything to do with one of these jiggers before. It's kind of fun. I feel like a child with a new toy," she added. Presently her husband, Ken Dolan (artists' agent), dropped in—and just then Shirley's maid brought in an autograph book from some-where (we have not been able to figure in here to explain those references to "darling" and "writing with her left hand" in the notes above). We're sorry we brought them up, they are getting in everybody's way around here.

Between bites of breakfast from the tray that now had been set upon the hard table before her, Shirley Ross talked about this and that. Presently there were but two people in the room, interviewee and interviewer. Then we found out that Berniece Gaunt, later Shirley Ross of the movies, suffered such terrors of stage fright in her first public appearances as a school-girl musician, that the last thing the ever thought of was a movie career, though she lived within the shadow of film studios and screen celebrities.

It was the second instance proving the strange ways of stage fright we have run across among the film people. Harold Lloyd was the first—in explaining the wonderfulisms of a producer before the camera, the comedian told how he had been looking for something to put him at ease; he was jumpy, self-conscious and nervous. He decided he would be accidently put on a pair of specs for a comedy part, and felt so comfortable and at ease he has since never attempted to act a single scene.

We were trying to find out why Shirley Ross, after studying hard and making real progress as a pianist, had quit the piano altogether for singing—professionally, that is, "I was terrified every time I played the piano before an audience," she said. "My teachers arranged several appearances, but I couldn't play well enough to suit myself, and though I was applauded for these performances they never did anything but discourage me to the point where I felt I'd give up the piano altogether rather than face the prospect of playing concerts."

The answer is, of course, that she aimed too high in her devotion to something which she had worked so hard and loved so much. But blues singing? "Oh, when I took up singing blues songs I did it because I liked them in the same way everybody else does, and not because of the light diversion that's here today and gone whenever we tire of it."

The blues singing she did at a Los Angeles hotel with Gus Arnheim's band landed her in the movies, just as singing cluttered up the Hollywood studios with scores of sopranos, tenors and crooners during the big rush of the film musicals. Shirley was signed by M-G-M and promptly forgotten between assignments to a song specialty in a picture here and there.

"I could see where all that was leading me," said Miss Ross, who has a mind of her own. "So I went to the front once, where nobody seemed to know me, and got a lot of most startled looks when I said I wanted to act parts, not just sing blues numbers. The looks told very plainly that I was a pretty nervy person to demand anything at all, considering that I was hardly in pictures at all."

But the interview with the front-office bobbies resulted in some action, and eventually led to Shirley Ross receiving an offer from Paramount for a good part in "Big broadcast of 1937," getting acting parts—the first straight part being in "Prison Farm," a "B" picture—"but it was something straight from heaven for me because it gave me a definite step toward acting," she says. You see it's as actress that Shirley Ross hopes to make her impress on the future. Why? "There's no future in blues singing—remember?"

James Roosevelt
Joins the Movies

Continued from page 27

thousands of people in Hollywood with a knowledge of movie-making who would be of value to Goldwyn, and whom the pro-ducer could see at a cost of less than Jim- my's $650 a week, but Goldwyn feels that Jimmy's donation to the cause will be of such unique character that he will be more than repaid for teaching the young man the business.

On the understandable side is Goldwyn's adoration of big names, his story and that of his acquisition of the son of a great family, the story of American, a Polish Jew, he came to the United States at the age of fourteen and got a job in a glove factory. Later he became a salesman and sold more gloves than any other representative of the company. In the earliest days of the cinema he looked upon the screen as a great new medium of recording possibilities. With Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil B. DeMille, he formed a partnership which today is known as Paramount Pictures. He joined with Arch and Edgar Selwyn in forming Gold- wyn Pictures (the name was a combination of the Selwyns and his own, Goldfish), which was taken over by Darryl F. Zan- doria. Today he has attained a position in which the hiring of a President's son and a member of a family of American bluebloods is considered by him but a normal act.

Evidence of his devotion to famous names came a good many years ago. He formed a film organization known as Eminent Authors, which attracted many of the big-wigs of the day including Rex Beach, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rine- hart, Robert E. Sherwood and Granville Morris. He brought Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden to the screen. He paid Edna Ferber $10,000 a week, after buying her "Come and Get It" for $100,000, just to come to Hollywood and talk about the story. He sought an alliance with George Bernard Shaw, and was stopped only when Shaw said, "I never get any support of our ideas conflict. All you think of is art, and all I think of is money."

In Jimmy Roosevelt sees his big name fetish carried to its ultimate. Gold- wyn honestly believes that Jimmy will contribute a great deal to his company, but his subconscious motive is revealed un- wittingly. He says, "Jimmy knows every- body, Everyone in the world of importance is his friend. He can talk to anybody." Therin lies the element that is most at-
tractive to Goldwyn, access to the famous. Of course, it has been said that with Metro doing the Hardy Family and Fox doing the Jones Family that it was only natural that Goldwyn would like to do the Roosevelt family.

Properly handled, Jimmy Roosevelt’s movie career can be a stepping-stone to the goal he reputedly has in mind. It is said that he would like a political life, and it has been more than casually mentioned that some day he may be a Presidential possibility. No industry in the world has a publicity machine equal to that of Hollywood. Due to a press agent’s handling of the original Roosevelt-Goldwyn announcement and the subsequent interview with correspondents, Jimmy has a scrapbook of press clippings as imposing as that of any movie star. He gives a pleasing and impressive appearance before the news-reel cameras, and if he learns the tricks that Hollywood can teach him, he should come out of the experience more competently equipped than any other public figure.

Hollywood has had its outside celebrities and is taking Jimmy in its stride. The glamour of the place has lured the great and the near-great. Visits from royalty are common. Too, the town has been taken in by some monumental frauds, for Hollywood is a push-over for anyone claiming to be famous.

Jimmy has been pretty noncommittal about his duties as vice-president of Samuel Goldwyn Inc., and that is largely because neither he nor the producer have much of an idea what he will do. They call each other Sam and Jimmy, and out of such a camaraderie some idea is born to develop.

Looking at the situation with the cynical eye of Hollywood, the best advice to Jimmy is to be wary. Already Goldwyn is looking at possible new fields, for when asked if he thought his next acquisition would be the Duke of Windsor, he replied, “I expect now to make an offer to the king.” Just joking, of course.

The tenure of the average Goldwyn executive is short. They withdraw from the organization either with an “amicable settlement” or with ulcers; the division is about equal. Jimmy has a five-year contract. It might not be amiss for him to re-read it carefully, and be sure that it contains no clause by which Goldwyn can exercise an option on his services or fire him on the Wednesday following the first Tuesday in November, 1940. The votes should be pretty well counted by noon.

Phyllis Thompson, aged 8 and a champion skater, even glides to and from school class—at M-G-M, where Phyllis is appearing in the featurette “The Art of Skating.” At right, Phyllis is getting star names for her autograph book—those of Spencer Tracy and Frank Borzage.
Medals and Birds

Continued from page 63

he is to Lombard what chicken is to dumpings—or vice-versa.

Florence Rice gets the bed of petunias because she is not only beautiful, charming, educated, refined (you get the idea that I care, I hope, Florence) but also because she is coming along at a great rate in pictures and whether the picture is A, B, C or D it is worth seeing because Florence is in it.

Gary Cooper rates a medal because he continues giving swell performances and because he hasn’t changed an iota from the “Long Tack Sam” I knew nine years ago.

To Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Warren William and a couple of others whose names elude me at the moment, go the bed of forget-me-foons because they have finally heeded my pleas—of course.

Constance Bennett rates the bed—or tree—of orchids because there is class and because she just won’t stay licked. When everyone else was through she was through and she comes back in the big pictures in one year.

Spencer Tracy rates one of the finest medals because although I have been rooting for him for years, he finally crashes through in 1938 and becomes one of the most important box-office draws of the screen.

My, my. Mr. Goldwyn’s champagne is completely making me forget myself. I’m going Polyantha up and the more you keep up no one will love you. Or, even if they love me they won’t find me very interesting, Like Educational Films, I want to be known as “The Spice of the Program.” Just a little pepper pot.

Well, here’s a bird for Norma Shearer because, in times like these, I never read a more satisfying story. She gave out to the New York press saying she couldn’t do the things she wanted to do on $25,000 a year so she has to work. Phooey.

And here’s another bird—the biggest of them all—to Edgar Bergen because no one has EVER gone so completely Hollywood in so short a time as he. No one can gain your sympathy Mr. Bergen. No one’s cleverness could develop at the rate your good opinion of yourself has.

And a bird to Alice Faye because a few years ago when with Warner Baxter in “King of Burlesque” you wept tears of gratitude all over the Fox lot that you were finally being cast in an “A” picture with a first rate leading man. But when, recently, you were cast with him again you put up a howl that rocked Hollywood because, you said, he was too old for you.

And a bird to Jean Arthur because you’re still nursing that persecution complex, and too—too too—too-tooled an idea of your ability.

Heigho. Champagne is affectionately called giggle-water and here am I groaning about everything, anybody. Well, Jimmie Stewart gets a medal because he is still not only a pretty swell guy but a pretty swell actor.

And Richard Arlen gets a medal because he is the most untemperamental actor I know and with a little help from the right parties (are yuh with me, Messrs. Stromberg and Mannix) he could be a topnotcher.

Deanna Durbin certainly rates the bed of daffodils, not only because she is as fresh and lovely as they, but because she is a shining example of “How to grow old gracefully.”

Jimmie Cagney wins a medal hands down because he stands up for his rights and because no matter how long he is off the screen or how inferior the pictures he appears in may be, he still manages, by force of personality and ability, to retain his spot in the sun.

And HedY Lamarr deserves the bed of—well, I’m inclined to go hog-wild and just give you the whole hothouse, HedY, because—well, just because.

To John Garfield goes one of my biggest and best medals because he is not only a superb actor but because he is modest and because I don’t believe Hollywood will ever “get” him.

To Virginia Grey, with all my love (and, baby, you’ll never know) goes the bed of hollyhocks because they are as unassuming as Virginia, because they are beautiful, because they are one of my favorite flowers and Virginia is one of my favorite people.

Although this is a department for actors and actresses, I should like to take time out to bestow a special award on Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. Mr. Goldwyn may never win any awards for the even tenor of his disposition and he may continue to be the butt of many a Hollywood criticism. But, year in and year out, Mr. Goldwyn makes the most consistently good pictures of any producer in Hollywood, and in my humble opinion, if the word genius is to be applied to anyone in this business it will well be pinned upon Mr. Goldwyn. You’re welcome, Sammie, and it’s a good thing I said my when I did because the champ—
gamers gone once upon a time and kindness in my veins has turned to ichor.

All of which means the icebox has been opened and a few juicy birds are being dragged out into the light of day.

This one goes to Jack Benny. This hurts me worse than it does you. Jack (Yeh, I know that’s one of my favorites, good). I would as soon think of skipping my prayers as I would one of your radio broadcasts but you’re absorbed in yourself not only has to time to think of others off-screen, you haven’t even time to be civil.

I’ve made an exception to an old rule and instead of “Ladies first” it’s “Ladies in between.” Which is by way of saying that, while it pains me, I must toss a bird in the direction of Irene Dunne. I have never read a more interesting story, and yet, all of a sudden you’ve reached the point where you don’t need publicity, and can’t be bothered with the press.

And here’s a bird to David Niven because, after being kicked around Hollywood for years, he suddenly gets a few million bookies and becomes by himself so important that he, too, doesn’t need publicity. Well, you were good in a couple of minor parts, Mr. Niven, but I somehow can’t believe that anything short of a marriage to Garbo would ever make you important enough that you don’t need all the publicity you can get.

What’s this? A proper doorbell and when I open it what does it turn out to be but some cheer from that thoughtful Walter Wanger. In all fairness, Walter, your men haven’t always turned out to be all I have predicted for you (although I am not forgetting “Algiers” by any means) but those articles you’ve been writing for various.ghosts as Mr. Damon Runyon would turn them reflect, an intelligence and insight that does credit to the industry and which is so rare. And I wish you the best of luck—Mr. Niven yours.

And, under Mr. Wanger’s stimulus, we’ll go merrily on up the tree to that golden days to Sonja Henie because she has reached the point in her career where she no longer has to depend on her ice-skating for applause. She can stand on her own feet (and VE-RY shapely, too) as an actress.
A medal to Joel McCrea because he is regular and because, while he has never taken himself seriously as an actor, in his last picture he gives a performance that any man on the screen might be proud of. Guenniny. Here we are almost at the end of our tether—or paper—and Bette Davis hasn't been mentioned.

Bette, my toots, you know—or should know—how you stand with me. You're the ultimate in acting, you're as sane and sensible as they come and as long as you're in the business and you keep up your career but your private life with finesse and discretion. You should be at the top of this department and it is an impossible oversight you aren't. The bed of peonies to you.

And Janet Gaynor. I've never liked you, Janet. That outspokenness for which I'm never or less often compels me to say I still don't. But in "A Star Is Born" and "The Young In Heart" you made me feel like "Stand up and cheer!" Salute! The sweet Williams for you.

My, my, it grows late apace and I have scarce covered half the field. A medal to George Raft because he is regular, big-hearted and observes "Be-kind-to-others" week all year round. One to John Barrymore because, after hatting him for years, I finally say his line and a more genial entertaining gent I have never encountered. And one to Edward Arnold for his performance in "You Can't Take It With You" and one to John Carradine for his performance in "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Just as the bride throws her bouquet, so I'm in the left of my bath and looking into the air and hoping that Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Shirley, Claudette Colbert, Olivia de Havilland, Una Merkel, Virginia Bruce, Loretta Young, Millitz Korjus and Merle Oberon each get a posey for varied—but obvious reasons.

And, just so people won't think Messrs.

Friedo Inescort, truand from Hollywood for quite a spell, and Patrick Knowles in a scene from RKO's "Beauty for the Asking."

Goldwyn's and Wanger's gifts have turned me soft, I'm tossing a flock of birds in the direction of Jack Haley (who annoys me to the point I leave the theater when he comes on the screen) and Paul Muni (whose acting I admire profoundly but who, personally, affects me like an overdose of spice). John Howard, for whom I see no miscalculation, Raye, I'll hold out the bird until we've had time to talk this over. Maybe you're still passing through a phase.

There! I'm clean out of hates, out of ideas, out of adjectives, epithets, verbs, flowers, birds. But I can dream, can't I?

released to theatres throughout the land. Had Deanna been playing a Dollar Princess in that film her personal bank account would be even richer than it is. The character name was Penny, you may recall, and from the day she started working in the part Pasternak put Deanna on his private payroll for a penny a day. From then to now Deanna daily receives her penny from Pasternak. One of the first details he arranged before leaving Hollywood on a recent vacation, was provision for one of his staff to see that Deanna received her penny every day.

Joe Pasternak's own success story is a parallel in contrast to that of the young star whose meteoric ascent he can explain far better than she herself can. One of eleven children whose father was a hard-working bookkeeper in Simlouf, Slovakia, Hungary, Joe Pasternak at 19 completed the better-than-average education, for boys of his country and economic situation, which parental sacrifice made possible. After graduation from the gymnasium (approximate equivalent of junior college in this country) Joe set out for America. In Philadelphia he found his first job over here, working in a belt factory. At piecework of a dozen cents an hour, Joe stitched up leather belts into which he punched the required number of buckle holes. Joe managed to make $11 a week—a fortune in his eyes. Later he went to New York. His first job there was plucking feathers from freshly killed chickens in a poultry meat shop. Next he became a bus boy in a cafeteria, and graduated to the commissary department.
at the Paramount studios in Long Island City. Soon he was averaging $100 a week as waiter—mostly on tips so freely handed out by stars, directors, and lesser lights among the throng who lined up at the、“for certain spots” in a picture, so that places that are too light or too dark, or that you'd like to blot out for some reason.

Verree enjoys every kind of picture. Scenery, portraits, action shot, child studies, anything that catches her interest.

“I made a shot of the Seine River in Paris that is rather nice, he said, producing the print. “For this, I focused on the bridge which is midway in the picture, making the bridge sharp and giving depth to the picture as a whole. I got more out of the background. Everything is given sufficient detail, and yet there is harmony.”

To make a really good shot, Verree advises: Decide where you want your emphasis and never shoot a picture that is special object the most interest. Now, if I were to take a picture of you, as you sit there, I’d focus somewhere behind you so that it wouldn’t seem to be rising from your hair or your hat. That’s what’s wrong with many shots. When I took a portrait of my baby straight on, I just wanted to get the face and behind it is less sharply defined. You can see the little figures, dozing, fishing, and walking in the foreground and the buildings rising in the background. Everything is given sufficient detail, and yet there is harmony.”

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Morris Limb Straightener

"You get so used to your camera that you can tell at sight how to make a shot. Use a light meter to get correct timing and your camera will stop for timing to correspond with the meter. Once you understand the technical points, you can estimate exactly what you must do to get the desired results.

When I took my pet picture of New York as we left on the Ile de France early one morning, the city was still in a haze of sun in the foreground on the water and on a small streetboat that was leaving us. I got three distinct shades of gray in the city buildings, as well as my black and whites. I used a boat. There's such a charm to composition. Angle shots are usually interesting, like this of the Ile de France and this of the Queen Mary; from the tender at Plymouth. I used a shot from the Ile de France and a shot from the Queen Mary, taken from the tender, of the great ship, to see how clear the details are, both ways.

"I enjoy doing portraits, but I like them best outdoors, where people are more at ease. If you fuss around with lights, your sitters grow stiff and uncomfortable. Sometimes I do color shots indoors, because these need special lighting. I project these shots on my home movie screen and they are beautiful. I did several color shots of my baby in his nursery, but of course

I watched him and got ready while he played around and then shot quickly.

"This camera is so rapid it can stop anything in motion. I can stop a train going sixty miles an hour—that's what they call it when you catch the train without a blur. I put a frame speed of 1/120 of a second; it will get almost anything at 1/500 of a second, and at less than that can do remarkable things.

"Mr. X may not be active that they need a speedy shutter to catch them. I follow my baby and my little friends around the garden and catch them at play. He doesn't bother the least about me. He knows Mommy has a camera, but after looking at it once, he lets it go at that. The children here at the pool had no idea that I was getting them.

I used the same method I use with the baby, for I usually click off 20 to 25 shots when I'm after a picture. During the first few perhaps the subject is self-conscious, but after that they usually forget the camera and aren't aware that I'm still playing with it.

"Mr. X is always looking at my work, but he's not interested in doing it himself. He has enough of pictures at studios. However, he's very sweet about letting me snap him. I like this one, as he was walking through Piccadilly Arcade in London, and this on the boat. On this, in Luxembourg Gardens, Paris; I gave it a bit of lightening. This is the first time I've taken my own picture—never even have a picture of myself in the house. That's not what interests me in my hobby.

"Verree confines that much of the success of her pictures lies in the darkroom. She can block out what she doesn't want and bring up the interesting features. "If I took a picture of you now," she explained, "I might take you in that chair with the set in the background. Then in the darkroom I might decide that the real interest lay in your head alone and I'd bring that out and leave out all the rest.

"I don't much care for experiments in lighting for portraits, although I may get interested in it. But Roland Young, perhaps, is because I like outdoor portraits. But a strong light from directly above a face full of character will create a mood, you know, probably a grim one. So I feel, though, I felt that I'm after an informal, natural picture. It may be fun sometime to do a series of different moods."

Verree keeps her best prints mounted on large pieces of cardboard and in folders especially made for them. Then she can look at them without any trouble, or show a few of them without putting through a whole book. "I'm a real hindu," she smiled. "I find it absorbing. I love experiments. But I don't go in for the Coronet style camera work, taking still—such a cabbage leaf dripping with dew, a tomato cut in half, a pair of hands with a sponge, and so on. That is really very easy, for all you need is a special lens that can be set very close to a subject and easily adjusted lighting. It all seems too mechanical and artificial to me.

"If you are beginning, it's best to stick to medium yellow filters for outdoors shots, because they will dim down too bright sunshine, bring out details there are and give you good results. When you get more expert, you can vary your filters as you find it best. I seldom use a red filter unless I wish to make a night shot by day, but light or dark filters can be chosen for individual taste. Here's one of my most successful red-filter shots, with the Place Vendome silhouetted against clouds. This was a yellow filter for Stratford on Avon Ticket Office. That's my idea of an interesting subject."

Alan Mowbray and Roland Young sauntered over from the set and began to inspect the pictures, Alan, with a shot of New York's Fifth Avenue in his hand, began to "Trski! Trski!" and shake his head. Roland looked at the shot and "Teaski!" too.

"Now what?" demanded Verree in the tone of one used to much kidding. Alan "Trsaski!" again and showed me the shot.

"See? All those people walking along the street and everyone of them men! What do you make of it? Trski! Trski! Trski!"

Bonita Granville welcomes Frankie Thomas for a visit to her set of Worners' studio.

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The Real Truth About Gable and Lombard

Continued from page 25

Jessie, Carole's cook, pack a picnic lunch for them, jump in the Gable station wagon, and spend the day at a county fair, a neighboring rodeo, or at a hunting club near Bakersfield, where they can "tale shop" with such fine old huntmen as Andy Devine, Phil Harris and Tuffy Goff. When the quail season opened in California not long ago I was at Carole's the afternoon she brought back her "catch" for the day. She had caught as many as the law allows, which was more than anyone else had managed to catch. She had scratches all over her and the beginning of a painful charley horse, but she wasn't complaining. I intimated in a very sweet sort of way that my poor old teeth hadn't bitten into a juicy little quail in years, but Carole only said, "There's just enough for Jessie to cook for Pa's dinner." (Carole calls Clark Paw and he calls her Maw—that's what they think of glamour.)

When Carole was making one of her more recent pictures I spent a week-end with her "on location" up at Arrowhead. There had been frequent mentions in the various columns that Gable and Lombard had ceased to care, and the radio gossips for several weeks had assured their breathless listeners that the world's most famous romance (second only to David and Wally) was definitely on ice. I'd read and heard so much about it that even I was convinced. The first day I was there Carole stayed in the cold waters of the Lake for one too many "takes" and turned blue. The hotel doctor was notified and she was sent to bed immediately—with me as sort of guardian nurse. Clark called while she was sleeping, the hairdresser reported her ill, and I'm telling you before I could mix myself a good-old-fashioned cocktail, he had driven those hundred miles, along mountain roads in a thick fog, and had brought Carole her personal physician, Dr. Harry Martin. After that I decided never to believe what I read in the papers or heard on the air. I have been with them twice during the past year, once at the Walter Langs and once across from them at the Brown Derby, when a news flash has come over the radio that the Gable-Lombard romance is dead. They only laugh, and have another piece of fried chicken. It's an old story to them now.

When Clark and Carole marry, as eventually they will, their marriage has every chance of surviving, even in Hollywood, for I have never seen two people more in love, or with more similar interests. Both are at the top when it comes to fame and money, so there can be none of that petty jealousy that ruins so many marriages in this neck of the woods. Carole is interested in her career, she wants to stop being a screwball comedian and become a great dramatic actress—but her ambitions are second to her friendship with Clark. Being Screen Hero Number One can be very taxing on a man's nerves, but I must say Clark gets along beautifully. The secret is that he simply never bothers to be Screen Hero Number One. He's not a movie star when he comes calling on Carole, he's just a very amiable boy friend who wants to do what his best gal wants to do. I have been with them often and I must say I have never seen two more congenial people. None of that hickering or fussiness that is so embarrassing to innocent bystanders, not those two, they're too busy trying to please each other. The minute they enter a room you are quite certain that Clark has eyes for no other woman. Can you blame him for that—all that beauty! But it isn't a matter of beauty with Clark. He has said of Carole, "One reason Carole and I can be happy is that she has the greatest sense of humor of any girl I ever met, and she is one of the kindest people I know."

Clark lives in a rented house in the Valley now—Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are his landlords—but he owns several acres in the Northridge section, beautiful hillside property, near the ranches of Barbara Stanwyck, Zeppo Marx, Robert Taylor and Dick Arlen, and here he is planning to build a house for his bride-to-be. You can be sure there will be plenty of dogs and cats and horses. And when the Lombard animals meet the Gable animals there's going to be a hot time in the hills of Northridge. I'm betting on Carole's cat, the black one that bosses the dogs around, winning the skirmish—though Gable's cat isn't exactly what you'd call a clinging vine.

Hollywood, strangely enough, having spent three years trying to break up the Gable-Lombard romance, is now trying awfully hard to get them married off in double-quick time. All of which is very embarrassing to Clark and Carole. And they've been such swell people to the press (the newspaper boys swear by Clark) that we really should lay off. It just isn't a matter of baking a cake and calling in a minister. Although he has been separated from his wife for nearly four years, and there never has been the remotest possibility of a reconciliation, Mrs. Gable has never divorced a person who was more of a gentleman, the good old-fashioned bring-for-a-lady type, than Clark, and naturally gentlemen do not sue their wives for divorces. So Mrs. Gable will have to get it. Mrs. Gable, at the time of her separation from her famous husband, was reported to have received a large financial settlement which Clark has paid over a period of three years. The last payment was made last December, at which time Mrs. Gable said he had paid his very little fortune of $300,000, or in the neighborhood of that amount. Now that the financial settlement has been paid up it is rather safe to bet that Mrs. Gable will get the long-delayed divorce. However, divorces in California take a year, and Mrs. Gable likes California, so you needn't start buying tickets to send Carole as wedding presents just yet. And don't expect an invitation to the wedding for it will not be one of those grand Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond things with flower girls and white ties and Nelson Eddy singing One Promise Me. They'll probably be married during the duck season, out in the marshes somewhere, with a couple of decoys for witnesses. That's the way with swell people like that.
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WILL GINGER ROGERS AND FRED ASTAIRE "KILL SWING?"

You'll find this among other timely features in the next issue. Not only jitterbugs but all lovers of the light fantastic will welcome this sprightly article which has appeal for all dance-mad Americans young or old. The new Rogers-Astaire film, said to be the best this famous screen team has ever made, brings back the good old dancing days of "The Castle Walk," "The Maxixe," and other Castle hits, and by some is said to sound the death-knell of the current craze for Swing. Well, read our story and see what you think.

MY STRANGEST YEAR BY ROBERT TAYLOR HIMSELF

Here's a scoop for you! All Hollywood tried to get Bob to talk about what the past year has meant to him both personally and professionally. Only Screenland could make him tell, in his own words, what he has been up against in his fight to maintain his integrity as a man while feminine film fans tried to turn him into a typical movie "great lover." It's a good story, and I wish you would watch for it—in the May issue of Screenland—on sale April 5th.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

April, 1939

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page ............................................... Delight Evans 19
Deanna Durbin Contest ........................................ 20
Hollywood Whirl .................................................. 22
Wayne Morris Really Talks about his Romantic Marriage .... Gladys Hall 24
Clearing Up that Casting Mystery of "Gone With the Wind" ... Elizabeth Wilson 26
Bing Crosby's Family Life ....................................... S. R. Mook 28
Rise Above It ..................................................... Adele Whitely Fletcher 32
Has Hollywood Changed Him? John Garfield .................. Dick Mook 34
"Don't Feel Too Sorry for Me!" Robert Young ................ Ida Zeletin 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures .................................. Delight Evans 52
SCREENLAND Glamor School, Edited by Wend Barrie ....... 54
Formula for Success ............................................. Elizabeth Benneche Peterson 58
A Real Day with Errol Flynn ................................... Dickson Morley 60
Girls! Don't Be Too Clever, Virginia Bruce ................. Ben Maddox 62
Pete Smith, in Person, Explains .................. Dick Pine 64
Bob Hope's Souvenirs. Candid Camera Hints ............. Ruth Tildesley 66

SPECIAL ART SECTION:
Norma Shearer, Jane Withers, Charlie McCarthy, John Payne, Patricia Morrison, Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, Jean Parker, George Raft, Nelson Eddy, Richard Greene, Jeannette MacDonald, Eleanor Powell, Pet Picture Contest Winners, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month, Joan Crawford and "Pupchen" by Morgan Dennis.

DEPARTMENTS:
Honor Page ...................................................... 6
Inside the Stars' Homes. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, Betty Boone: 8
Hot from Hollywood ............................................ 10
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews ......................... 14
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle ........................... 16
Here's Hollywood. Screen News .................... Weston East 68
A New Beauty Is Born. Beauty Article .................. Courtenay Marvin 72
Yours for Loveliness ........................................ 73

Cover Portrait of Ginger Rogers

V. G. Heimbucher, President
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In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in American, Cosmopolitan, College Humor, McCall’s, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

March comes in like a lion. (advt.)

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw standing on the shoulders of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.

That is where Mr. Shaw says he stands. It’s his way of describing the natural advantages which made him able to write his first motion picture Pygmalion.

Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times.

We have written the Shawian epitaph: Author, Critic, Salesman.

The singing West, the great outdoors, the open plain—action, action and more action...

In other words, Nelson Eddy in “Let Freedom Ring”, plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us!

“The Wizard of Oz,” now in production, will be the last word. Keep this confidential.

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in “Huck Finn”? We now present Miss Joan Crawford.

Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box T, Culver City, Cal.

Yes...Lew Ayres’ appearance in Joan’s skating picture is just a gay interlude. He returns to the bedside manner in “Dr. Kildare’s Mistake”.

Johnny Weissmuller will soon appear in the newest “Tarzan” film.

Oo-ee-oo-ee!

Leo
NEVER has The Barrymore more clearly demonstrated his consummate skill in the screen acting art than in his achievement in making a "man with a hole in his pants" so likeable, full-bodied and ingratiatingly consistent that you will long remember "The Great Man Votes." The so-called Great Tradition, even his identity as The Great Profile, are tossed aside in the interests of a portrayal of an impoverished, broken-down intellectual whose consuming love for his children is his only tie with a world with which he finds himself at odds.

To John Barrymore for his exuberant, exhilarating and cheerful characterization in "The Great Man Votes"

Eccentric, but utterly human is the man John Barrymore vitalizes with humor and richness of character in this simple, but grandly entertaining film. Pitted against the certain appeal of two such amazing youngsters as Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden, Barrymore more than holds his own in the spotlight, neither stealing, nor having stolen from him, a single scene.
MRS. LANE'S SPECIAL DRESSING
First, rub bowl with garlic. Then cut little bit of garlic into the bowl, just very little. Take large wooden spoon, put in spoon 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard (Gulden’s) and a teaspoon salt and put in bowl, then pour in 3 wooden spoonfuls of vinegar and mix; then add 4 tablespoons olive oil and mix well.

"If guests don't like green salad, we serve fruit salad," put in Pat, "and wind up with

No dates for the girl with underarm odor
Wise girls make sure of charm—with MUM

TO ONE called her yesterday—surely some one will tonight! And yet in her heart Mary fears that 'phone won't ring...tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can't help noticing that the men she knows neglect her lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilty of underarm odor. She forgets that in spite of her bath, underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for past perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come. Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps underarms sweet, your popularity safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so safe, so utterly dependable.

Mum IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it's harmless to clothing. And even after underarm shaving, notice how Mum actually soothes the skin.

Mum IS QUICK! In thirty seconds you're through. Yet this fragrant cream protects all day.

Mum IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Give underarms daily care and be truly lovely, attractive.

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
When Mary Pickford married Buddy Rogers she resolved to rechristen Pickfair and took a simple house to start love afresh. The illustrous hilltop mansion was but a closed chapter. However, she has reopened it by giving up the new dream cottage and moving back to the home which is so much a part of her. She has given one big party—for the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. All her treasured linens and silver were out in full array and it was exactly like the good old days when she and Doug, Sr., ruled Hollywood society. Marion Davies came out of ranch retirement to attend. Doug, Sr., brought Mary’s successor, Lady Ashley, as Hollywood still dubs her. Laurence Olivier introduced Vivien Leigh to the assembled and curious cream of the town. Buddy Rogers was handsomer than ever. He’s leading his orchestra in a San Francisco night club these evenings, and hoping for a swell radio contract that will enable him to settle down in Hollywood. The jumping around the country is the only thing he dislikes about his new career as a bandleader.

Sonja Henie has Australia in her eyes. Just back for a new picture, this time a chiller-diller—the new tale’s about murder on an ice rink. She’s giving the boys and girls who formed her chorus on her recent tour jobs at the studio and they hope to form her troupe next fall when she starts mopping up personal appearance receipts “down under.” Refreshed by a three-week cruise to Rio (if Tyrone could have a headline rendezvous there the place was worth seeing!) Sonja, as usual, is beaming with superb health. If only she didn’t have a torch song in her heart!

Jeanette MacDonald heard that an acquaintance was in a hospital for an operation. Although rushing madly to the set she stopped a minute to ask a studio worker to order flowers sent to the woman for her. She’s never received any acknowledgment, no sign of a thank-you, and she wonders why she didn’t attend to the matter herself. Or do some women think thanks unnecessary? She’s genuinely concerned, which is an intimate insight into her real character and proof that her great success hasn’t dulled her natural self.

Have you been giving Dannielle Darrieux a second thought? She was so good, but what’s happened to her? Well, it’s a sad story. She was already bound to a French contract when she got a leave to star for Universal. She expected to return to America after doing one film more in Paris. But she hasn’t come back because she has found that, legally, she is obligated for four French pictures. She loved Hollywood and was so excited over her début here. She had to hurry away before she could enjoy any of the applause, and now it may fade into a dim memory if she can’t return for another year.

The younger set is definitely growing up. Mickey Rooney goes to the Grove at least four nights a week. Jackie Cooper...
I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin...and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY GIRL...and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KNEW MY SECRET...She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd dramatize yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a thing for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl instantly. You need a brighter, more alluring shade...and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly one shade—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why, Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside...I want to talk to you...alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms...he kissed me...and he whispered, "Sweetheart...I love you..."

TRY ALL TEN SHADES, FREE. You, too, can find your one lucky color. Let Lady Esther send you, free and postpaid, her ten thrilling new shades of face powder. One of these shades will bring out the fresh, natural color of your skin—win you sparkling "story book" charm. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 66th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your 10 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream. (44)

Name:______________________________

Address:__________________________________________________________

City________________________________________State_________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
Roccomara, her manager. She hasn’t had a vacation in ages, because even when she’s between pictures she has her regular Sunday night radio show for which she must rehearse.

WHY editors grow gray dept.: before the “true” story of Richard Greene’s love for Arleen Whalen got on the newsstands the two principals had bussed up. Dick gave Anita Louise a brief whirl—Buddy Adler had told her it was all right to step out with her leading man while he was out of town—and his latest enthusiasm is Wendy Barrie, his current heroine. They’re dancing dreamily at the Coconut Grove so often, Wendy scoffs at the marriage chatter, though. She maintains she won’t marry, that she is too independent and isn’t domestic and has few of the perfect-wife qualifications. She’s just going to be the gay bachelor gal for ever! Her attitude, being far more salutary than sentimental, has enabled her to remain on friendly terms with all of her boy-friends.

Tyrone Power was her beau between his Gaynor and Annabella crushes. But there’s more to Wendy’s story than meets the eye; she is again marrying because the one love of her life, the millionaire youth she idolized in London, didn’t sweep her off her feet as she’d hoped. Indeed, she came to the Coast to forget him via a career—and the memory lingers on yet!

VICTOR McLAGLEN has been the hardest-working actor in town; he’s been plunging in and out of so many films he’s worked seven months straight. He wasn’t able to attend the gala premiere of his last epic, so he bought three hundred seats and turned them over to the thrilled members of his lighthouse cavalry. The boys all took their wives and girl-friends and applauded Vic furiously. What McLaglen talks about most now is his eighteen-year-old son who’s in prep school. The boy plans to take a freigher to Europe this summer, with Lawrence Tibbett’s eighteen-year-old son Larry.
EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS WAITED TO PLAY THIS ROLE!

Deep in the heart of every actress lives the ideal role she longs to play—a role that embodies every talent she possesses. Now such a role has come to Bette Davis in "Dark Victory." Not a "character" part, but a natural, normal woman who faces all that fate can offer—all the sweet and bitter of life—all the joy and pain of love—and comes through the dark with colors gloriously flying. Eight years she has waited to play this role. We sincerely believe it's her greatest screen performance.

BETTE DAVIS in "DARK VICTORY"
GEO. BRENT - HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald - Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers - Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson - From the Play by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch
Music by Max Steiner - A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.
REAL-FORM

Girdles & Panties

If you think all girdles are alike... try "REAL Form". Knitted of Lycra and Bemberg rayon and fashioned to fit, it combines comfort, freedom and beauty of porous web fabric and figure restraining control. Safely boned front satin panel, malinecose cloth—won't twist or "hike-up" and is guaranteed non-run. At all leading stores.

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO., 358-5th Ave., New York

SONG POEM WRITERS

Write for free sale, 50¢ per poem. Selected by Opportunity. INDIANA SONG BUREAU, Dept. M, Salem, Indiana

... AND I USE TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS

Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 3 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day, according to the directions, until you have lost enough fat—then stop. Marmola Prescription Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hyper-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnoses as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The complete formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

FOR FIGURES THAT GO PLACES

REAL-FORM

Girdles & Grace

TALKIES

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Paris Honey-moon
Para-mount

The Great Man Votes
RKO-Radio

Persons in Hiding
Para-mount

Stand Up and Fight
M-G-M

The Son of Frankenstein
Universal

Ambush
Para-mount

Pride of the Navy
Republic

By Bing Bache again—but you sinners need not expect as well a show as the last Crosby picture. No, "Paris Honey-moon" is not the best Crosby by a couple of croons, but it is at least lively entertainment since the stars is on the scene, and when the comedy does not descend to the most outrageous slapstick to be screened since the last Bennett shindig. The girl appeal: Francisca Gaal, Shirley Ross.

What, another "horror" cycle? Perhaps. Anyway, if it's a ghost story you're looking for, here is the biggest bundle of "boo" melodrama the films have offered. Imagine, Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Lionel Atwill at their respective best in "scare" characterizations, and you have an idea of what happens when the monster of "Frankenstein" comes back to life. Incredibile, but mighty entertaining going-on.

Given a good, though conventional melodramatic vehicle, Gladys Swarthout renders a fine account of her acting abilities in a role far removed from the operatic sphere in which she has attained eminence. This is out-and-out crook melodrama, with the attractive Miss Swarthout as a stenog-rapher caught in the toils of a nefarious criminal. Lloyd Nolan in a sympathetic part—by way of change. Very good show.

One of the most ably acted gangster tales in the screen has offered, and a film that will hold you from start to finish, despite its familiar "crime doesn't pay" melodramatic premise. Notable among many outstanding acting achievements, which include J. Carrol Naish's portrayal of a skulking bandit and Lynn Overman as a humorously calm but efficient "G-Man," is the performance of newcomer Patricia Morison. Watch her!
Variety show with a wealth of specialties by radio and vaudeville "names," and Dorothy Lamour as bright particular star with her songs, her magnetic presence and her romantic interludes with Lloyd Nolan, show boat captain with whom Dotty falls in love. Story is slight; it's the Lamour songs, the swing of Maxine Sullivan, dancing of Mary Parker, comedy by Cliff Nazarro and others that make it diverting.

Definitely one of the best films France has sent over here. Raimu, superb comedian and character actor, and Michele Morgan are the real stars of the film, but the cast as a whole is excellent. Even if you don't understand the French dialogue, the English titles are adequate to keep you interested, amused, and at times stirred to deep sympathy by this tale of a bicycle store proprietor and a girl he befriends. Noteworthy.

Michael Whalen changes studios but gets the same type of rôle in which he's been cast as a bystander who gets involved in a murder mystery. Instead of a newspaper man, Whalen appears as an actor who is mistaken by local police for a Scotland Yard detective. The stress is on comedy, but over-working of incident makes it merely mechanical movie in which Whalen, Mabel Todd, Chick Chandler do their best.

Add a charming sparkle to your smile—take this tip from Hollywood: Use Calox Tooth Powder . . . the very same pure, safe, refreshing dentifrice that helps protect the radiant smile of Jean Parker, scores of other famous screen stars and millions of people throughout the world.

Important: To give teeth a brilliant high polish without harm to precious enamel . . . to make Calox always a wholesome, pleasant-tasting dentifrice, five separate tested ingredients are blended with prescription accuracy by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed for 106 years.

Calox is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. For teeth that shine like the stars get Calox today at any drug counter. Three convenient long-lasting sizes.

1939, McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. His new one is "The Gambler and the Lady".  
2. He gave it "Wuthering Heights".  
3. Micky Mouse's papa.  
4. "There's That Woman..."  
5. Wing-like.  
6. Lines of joining two pieces of cloth.  
8. She's featured in "It's Spring Again".  
9. Assistant.  
10. "There Goes - Heart".  
11. Snows, mixed with rain.  
12. Leading man in a picture.  
14. He sings in "Sweetharts".  
15. Rational.  
18. Attend.  
19. The name of a film.  
22. "The Last - - - - from Madrid".  
23. Requires.  
24. Buzzing insect.  
25. Forever.  
26. He's featured in "Newsboys' Home".  
27. Sheepfold.  
28. Compass point (abbrev.).  
29. Sib.  
30. She's featured in "The Three Musketeers".  
31. None of the scale.  
32. Come face to face.  
33. Privileges.  
34. Co-star in "Too Hot to Handle".  
35. Period.

DOWN
1. Reckless.  
2. Away from the wind.  
3. Young horses.  
5. Pa's wife.  
6. A hen's production.  
7. He's featured in "They Made Me A Criminal".  
8. Long narrow mark.  
10. Conflict.  
11. Cottonwood tree.  
12. "The - - - - Vanishes".  
14. What plants grow from seeds.  
15. His new one is "Wings of the Navy".  
16. Advice (abbr.).  
17. Exclamation.  
18. "Jesse James".  
19. Strap to guide a horse.  
20. She's featured in "The Little Princess".  
21. He played Tiny Tim in "A Christmas Carol".  
22. Choose.  
23. He's featured in "Heart of the North".  
24. Free-for-all fight.  
25. Beverage.  
26. To contend.  
27. What you wash clothes in.  
28. Storage pit for grain.  
29. Custer of "Idiot's Delight".

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from purely vegetable ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.
Out of the directorial genius of Leo McCarey, Academy Award Winner and producer of “The Awful Truth,” now flames a dramatic romance to take its place among the screen’s great attractions! ... Irene Dunne, ravishingly gowned in fashion’s most coveted creations, as kissable Terry McKay, girl of Park Avenue ... Charles Boyer, handsome, suave, as Michel Marnay, international heartbreaker—brought together by a love that stormed all defenses ... Drama—rich, warm, human, yet gay as love can sometimes be! ... SEE IT AS SOON AS YOU CAN!
Here's why the Listerine Treatment works: Dandruff is a germ disease . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills the germ

Do conflicting claims of dandruff remedies bewilder you? Then you will be glad to know there is one logical, scientifically sound treatment, proved again and again in laboratory and clinic . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Recently, in the most intensive research of its kind ever undertaken, Scientists proved that dandruff is a germ disease. And, in test after test, Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, mastered dandruff by killing the queer, bottle-shaped dandruff germ—Pityrosporum ovale.

At one famous skin clinic patients were instructed to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within two weeks, on the average, a substantial number had obtained marked relief. At another clinic, patients were told to use this same Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. By the end of a month 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

Try the delightful, stimulating Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. See for yourself how wonderfully soothing it is . . . how quickly it rids hair and scalp of ugly scales . . . how much cleaner and healthier both scalp and hair appear.

And remember, even after you have rid yourself of dandruff, it is wise to massage your scalp occasionally with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE TREATMENT
MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day. WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively. Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE
the PROVED treatment for dandruff
DEAR GLAMOR BOY:
Do you mind if I say you're a honey?

As far as I am concerned, you are the Dream Prince of pictures, and the Errol Flynns, the Bob Taylors, the Tyrone Powers and the Clark Gables are mere amateurs of charm compared to you. They try too hard. That's the trouble with them. Whereas you put forth practically no effort at all and the result is positively devastating. I watched you work—if you can call it work—at Universal studio in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man." Now watching a Dream Prince during business hours is usually a rather disillusioning experience. It's work, and it looks like work, whether it is Spencer Tracy making love to Lamarr, or Lew Ayres sparking Jeanette MacDonald—it looks all right later on the screen, but it isn't so much fun to watch. On your set, Mr. Fields, how different. You have such a good time and so does your audience. Cameramen, electricians, visiting press are fascinated. The only people, I may add, on a Fields set who do NOT seem to be enjoying themselves are the other actors. They wear an uneasy expression. I don't blame them. It seems they never know what to expect.

But from a safe spot on the sidelines, what a show! The day I watched, you were belittling a drawing-roomful of ladies and gentlemen in formal attire, at one of these "society" affairs that occur only in a W. C. Fields picture. They say when you walked on the set your first words were: "Ah—I see the extras washed the backs of their necks this morning." Then you rehearsed the scene in your customary casual manner, slapping a dowager's back, jibing at a débutante, and generally wreaking havoc. The lines you had writ-

Deanna Durbin Prize Contest

To all the young in heart who adore Deanna, we present this gay new contest!

DEANNA, and her producing company, Universal Pictures, want SCREENLAND readers to answer this question: "Do you want to see Deanna Durbin fall in love on screen, play romantic roles from now on? Or do you prefer little or no 'love interest' for Deanna in her future pictures?"

As all Durbin fans know, "That Certain Age" was the first in the remarkable series of Deanna Durbin film hits to show her in romantic mood—her schoolgirl "crush" on Melvyn Douglas and the devotion of schoolboy Jackie Cooper were signs that the great little singing star was indeed growing up a little. In "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," her current picture, sequel to the sensational success "Three Smart Girls," first Durbin hit, Deanna does not fall in love—but she is charmingly surrounded by romance, and sooner or later it may catch up with her!

She really wants to know what YOU think. So write a letter, not more than 300 words, answering above question and giving reason for your answer. It's easy and simple, and the prizes are well worth trying for. Please see opposite page for contest conditions and coupon to fill out and mail with your entry.

Many fine Prizes! Don't miss this opportunity to win one
To try for: right, Deanna with the Deanna Durbin doll offered among contest prizes. Above, raincoats are included. Left, bottle of Deanna Durbin perfume. Below, Deanna wears a "Deanna Durbin" coat.

**PRIZES:**

**FIRST PRIZE:**
Complete Deanna Durbin outfit: 6 dresses, 2 coats, 6 hats, 3 handbags, 2 raincoats, 6 sets of perfume, 1 Deanna Durbin doll.

**SECOND PRIZE:**
Deanna Durbin outfit of 6 dresses, 1 coat, 3 hats, 1 raincoat, 3 handbags, 3 sets of perfume, 1 doll.

**THIRD PRIZE:**
Deanna Durbin Dress Wardrobe of one dozen dresses, 3 raincoats, 3 handbags, 3 sets of perfume, 3 hats, 1 doll.

**FOURTH PRIZE:**
Deanna Durbin Hat Wardrobe of one dozen hats, with 3 handbags.

**FIFTH PRIZE:**
Deanna Durbin doll—large size.

3—**SIXTH PRIZES:**
Deanna Durbin dolls.

4—**SEVENTH PRIZES:**
Deanna Durbin raincoats.

**RULES OF DEANNA DURBIN CONTEST:**

1. Fill out coupon below.
2. Answer the question, "Do you want to see Deanna Durbin fall in love on the screen, play romantic roles from now on, or do you prefer little or no love interest for Deanna in her future pictures?" Write a letter of not more than 300 words giving reason for your answer.
3. This contest closes at midnight, April 4th, 1939.
4. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
5. Enclose coupon with your answer and mail to Deanna Durbin Contest, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

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Screenland acknowledges with thanks courtesies extended by the following Deanna Durbin licensees for their contribution toward our contest:

Rosenau Bros., Inc.—Deanna Durbin dress
Arnstein-Oppenheimer, Inc.—Deanna Durbin coats
Hers and Kory—Deanna Durbin bags
L. Lewis and Son—Deanna Durbin hats
Moisture-Proof Fabrics, Inc.—Deanna Durbin raincoats
Ideal Novelty and Toy Co.—Deanna Durbin dolls
House of Hollywood—Deanna Durbin perfume

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I am entering Screenland Deanna Durbin Contest, with my letter enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE
Charley McCarthy gives a party—assisted by Edgar Bergen, Dotty Lamour, Ty Power, and practically every other star except Bill Fields. Better not miss it, folks!

All photographs by Len Weissman
"Warmer than Bergen's heart are the two above—wouldn't recognize Tyrone Power in that get-up, would you? But I'd know Betty Grable, allrightallrightallright! At right above: Ty with his real girl friend, Annabelle."

"That Bergen! What a lens-hound! No room for me in this picture above, with Bergen crowding out Ty Power, Julie Carter, and Andy Devine."

"Begins to look as if I never will get into the picture. Bergen just put me back in the trunk for fear I'd make a hit with Norma Shearer—surrounded above by Miriam Hopkins' husband Mr. Litvak, Chico Marx, and dear Martha."

"Ah, at last a picture without Edgar in it! Above, Martha Raye swings out with Allan Mowbray at my party. She put on this dance just for me."

"By the time the Marx Brothers took over the piano, I was too tired to care."
Wayne Morris

SCREENLAND Scoops
again! First interview
with Hollywood's
happiest bridegroom

SAID, "He'll never get married tomorrow—there
won't be enough left of him to throw to the cat."

"Oh, he'll get married tomorrow, all right," grinned
Pat O'Brien—(we were standing together, Pat and I,
on the set of "The Kid From Kokomo" watching Wayne
in the big fight scene)—"even if there is only enough
of him left to throw to the cat, that will be more than
the whole of many kids."

It was the late afternoon of the day preceding
Wayne's marriage to Leonore (Bubbles) Schinasi. At
least, the marriage was then scheduled to take place the
next afternoon. And so it would have, except that Wayne
had forgotten to "file intentions." And so they had to
wait until the day following, I was visiting on the set
of "The Kid From Kokomo," as I have said. I had ex-
pected to find a pale, romantic bridegroom-soon-to-be.
Dreaming he would be, I thought, remote from all real-
ties save that of Love. Instead of which my hair stood
on end at sight of him, clad in fighting trunks, in the
midst of the plug-ugliest, cut-your-heart-out mob of
fisticuffers, ruffians and upper-cutters as ever was. In
the exact centre of this profile-punishing gang I saw the
bridegroom-soon-to-be. Already one cheek was pum-
melled to raw meat, one eye appeared to be all but closed.

By
Gladys
Hall

At first, Wayne Morris flinty refused to talk about his marriage
to "Bubbles" Schinasi. He finally gave in—so SCREENLAND readers
may now read the exclusive account of the film colony's most
refreshing young romance. Above, the new Mrs. Morris with her
happy husband and her pretty mother-in-law. Right, bride meets
brother-in-law; right below: bride meets boss—Hal Wallis,
Wayne's discoverer and producer of his pictures.
And bloody but unbowed, having a perfectly savage time of it was young Wayne, giving as good as he got. And better.

"If Bubbles Schiissi doesn't whisper her love-honor-and-obey's into a cauliflower ear tomorrow," I sighed, "it will be one of the major miracles."

"He isn't having a bachelor dinner," said Pat reassuringly, "so he breaks about even."

Followed ten minutes of furniture-smashing, bridegroom-bashing, splintering furniture, the harsh, bruised gutterals of men fighting like animals. I was feeling sorry for the lost Leonore, who would, I felt morally certain, wed a totally unrecognizable bridegroom.

It may be remarked here, now that the twin are safely one, that Wayne's face was not unrecognizable or even blemished when, in a private dining room at Victor Hugo's, here in Beverly Hills, the ceremony took place one day and a half later. Youth heals easily. Liniment and the light fingers of Leonore made the wounds to vanish. The heart of Youth heals easily, too, I thought—for not a year earlier I had watched young Wayne playing another scene, a love scene with Priscilla Lane. A love scene which, or so they thought, was fact as well as film-fiction. Propinquity, publicity, the heady excitement of their twin stars rising had brought these youngsters together. For a brief enchanted while they had lived in a mirage together. And then the mirage faded—and no harm done. Perhaps that make-believing love which masqueraded for a little time as real, served to show them both of what metal the love which means marriage is made. Neither was broken-hearted. Both have given their whole hearts into other hands.

The fight scene over, Wayne leapt from the scuffle, nimbly mounted a ladder and, provoking the cat-walk, precariously high overhead, surveyed with keen interest what remained of the scenery—and the other players. He will fall off the cat-walk, I thought, lovers are blind—the headlines will read: WAYNE MORRIS, ON EVE OF MARRIAGE, MEETS DEATH IN FALL FROM CAT-WALK! Then Wayne came down. Safely. Children, fools, and lovers, it should read, are divinely protected. Wayne managed to fight, for how long I did not know, on the chair beside me. His assumption of nonchalance covered his heart more firmly than the red satin robe he was wearing over his fighting togs covered his 190 pounds, six foot two of muscular, bronzed body.

I said, "I thought you might fall from up there—lovers are blind, you know."

"But we're not!" he told me, "lovers see with perfect vision when what they see is—is real!"

There was excitement smouldering in his blue eyes. As if instinctively, he smoked so that the smoke veiled his eyes. I perceived that the furious energy which had hurled him through that fight, sent him high overhead to pace the narrow, dangerous cat-walk was an inner excitement, not induced by the director or the script. His heart was eagle-winged, so were his feet; his strength was as of twenty men; he had not been pummeling the brute mob on the set, he had been pummeling laggard Time, pushing it ahead, mauling it, knocking it out.

"So you are in love?" I asked, which was as about a superfluous a question as any fool could ask any lover, "and tomorrow you are to be married?"

"Yep," he said.

(Please turn to page 90)
And now at last you can read the real reason for the delays in selecting the characters in the cast of the century!

**By Elizabeth Wilson**

CAN'T help lying awake nights and worrying over what is going to happen to Hollywood dinner conversation—now that "Gone With the Wind" is cast. What in God's nightgown, as *Scarlett* used to say, are people going to talk about now? I can't recall facing a bowl of soup that someone didn't crack out with, "Who is going to play Scarlett?" With the roast lamb and mint sauce came Katharine Hepburn; Bette Davis arrived with the string beans and carrots, and Margaret Sullavan accompanied the mashed potatoes, "I won't go near it if Jean Arthur plays Scarlett!" . . . "Paulette Goddard! My dear, the South would sue." . . . "If Miriam Hopkins gets it I'll leave town" . . . etc., etc., etc.

Such a clatter of indignant shrieks and yells while the poor movie star hostess looks on in pained surprise. "I," she mutters to herself, "I'm the only actress in Hollywood who can play Scarlett. Can't a one of these dopes realize that?" I'm telling you that by the time the coffee arrived no one would be speaking to anyone else. No wonder I have indigestion.

Well, what with the dollar where it is now, and I'm sure I don't even know where it is, I don't get about the country much; but my friends who travel tell me that dinner conversations, followed by fistfights and free-for-alls, have been the same in Georgia, Kansas, Nebraska, and New England ever since that dreadful summer of 1936 when David Selznick dropped a bombshell. Never have people had so much to say on any subject as they have on who is to play Scarlett. And poor Mr. Selznick contends that never have people had so much to write on any subject as they have on who is to play Scarlett. So now that Scarlett is cast, and the fun is over, and my digestion is getting better daily, thank you, I think it might be interesting to hold a post mortem and clear up a few of those casting mysteries.

In the summer of 1936 David Selznick, of Selznick International Pictures, through a New York agent, Annie Laurie Williams, bought the movie rights to a book written by Margaret Mitchell of Atlanta, Georgia, and
Clearing Up That Casting Mystery of “Gone With the Wind”

People’s choice—Clark Gable, left, is playing the role of Rhett Butler. Vivien Leigh gets the Scarlett port—she is shown below reading the final script of “Gone with the Wind,” with Leslie Howard, cast as Ashley Wilkes, and Olivia de Havilland, who is enacting Melanie.

it seemed that three fourths of the population of the United States had found ample time to read 1037 pages—not only to read them, but to get hysterical over them. And having read in the newspapers that Mr. Selznick would make a movie of their favorite book they immediately began deluging him with letters regarding the casting. Never before had any producer received so many letters. And believe me, when “we the people” speak a Hollywood producer has to listen. Contrary to a lot of rumors he really is making pictures for the people, and not for his friends. Mr. Selznick reads his mail—and he worried.

From the very beginning, most of the letters demanded Clark Gable for Rhett Butler. A few held out for Ronald Colman, Cary Grant and Errol Flynn, but it was Gable for Rhett a thousand to one. Also, the public was quite in accord over its choice for Ashley Wilkes. No one would make such a good Ashley, they wrote, as Leslie Howard. At first there was great discord over Melanie, their choice running from Helen Hayes to Anita Louise, but I am told that during the last six months the great majority of the letters have demanded Olivia de Havilland. Well, and good. After all, Mr. Selznick couldn’t please everyone, but he did want to please the majority. But when it came to the casting of Scarlett O’Hara that was a bird of another feather. There was no agreement. There were threats, there were pleas, there were demands, but no agreement. People got excited. They wanted to throw things. One month it was Bette Davis who got most of the letters, (Please turn to page 82)

called “Gone With the Wind.” The most noteworthy thing about the book at the time of the sale was that the book was another “Anthony Adverse,” ran to 1037 pages, and that probably no one except a few leisurely Southerners would ever wade through it. Mr. Selznick picked it up for a mere $50,000 which was indeed a bargain, when you consider that Harry Cohn paid $225,000 for “You Can’t Take It With You,” not to mention the $125,000 that “Room Service” nicked RKO for. Had Selznick waited a few more months to buy it the price would probably have tripled, for suddenly...
There are no two people in Hollywood more informal than Bing and Dixie Crosby. Bing's informality over the radio is what differentiates him from other masters of ceremony. Even the Philosopher of the People—Bob Burns—doesn't live as informally as the Crosbys. People on the Great Outside ask more often of them than of any other stars, "How do they live? What's their home like?" So, it is with pardonable pride that Screenland offers the first pictures and description of their home.

The house is Southern Colonial or Mt. Vernon style, if you prefer. That is a concession to Dixie's Southern ancestry. On either side of the front door are two white benches which, in days long gone, served as pews in a New England church. And the iron dogs once served as footscrapers to some of our Pilgrim fathers in a time before paved streets, when only their feet got muddy and their souls re-
Rare treat and real scoop! The Bing Crosbys welcome you to their home with exclusive pictures

By
S. R. Mook

Only real friends are ever invited to Bing Crosby's home, pictured above, to meet the swell Crosby kids—see exclusive nursery picture at left showing Gary, Dennis, and Philip at lunch—and the beautiful Dixie Lee Crosby, pictured at far left across the page with Bing and their youngest son. First exclusive home pictures for Screenland include the most-used rooms in Crosby menage—see two pictures below showing the library-den, with Bing's desk, trophy cupboard, pipe-racks, and telephone most frequently used by Crosby. It's a real home, as well as one of the most attractive in Hollywood. Now turn page for more pictures.

The entrance hall is spacious but severely simple. Entering, a guest is flanked on one side by a bench and on the other by a door to the coat closet—which is usually so filled with Bing's paraphernalia there is little room for aught else. Through a pillared archway one gazes at a beautiful Georgian staircase curving gracefully to the upper floor. The wallpaper is a Chinese Chippendale in soft gray. To the right is a mahogany Chippendale table and mirror with a bowl of flowers in the center and a Southern hurricane shade around a brass candlestick at either end. Opposite is an old Grandfather's clock.

Off the entrance hall, one door leads to the playroom, another arch leads to a long passage-way off which open the den, the downstairs guest room and, at the far end, the huge living room. This passage is lined with fine prints of famous race horses: Twenty Grand, Blue Larkspur, Billy Barton and Jolly Roger.
The Crosbys live simply in elegant surroundings—an achievement in Hollywood! Above, view of pool, dressing-rooms, and rear of house. Upper right, the lovely Georgian staircase. Right, impressive entrance hall. Lower right, the downstairs guestroom, called “The Morning-Glory Room” because of antique chandelier of morning-glory design. Note unusual miniature Victorian wardrobe and dressing-table. Read our story for detailed description of all the furnishings.

The living room is enormous—about 34 x 23. (See photograph on Page 31.) The exquisite crystal chandelier is reputedly one of the finest in the country, costing a mere $1800. The mantelpiece is pure Georgian with an Adam over-mantel mirror. If you look closely you will see an eight-piece china orchestra. The musicians are all monkeys. This was made in the middle of the eighteenth century at Meissen, near Dresden. Originally this band was comprised of thirty-five pieces, all mounted on a single gilt stand. It was too large and cumbersome to be displayed to advantage so the pieces were separated and Bing fell heir to eight of them—at a price. This monkey band may not be our idea of fun but it was excruciatingly funny once. The band is flanked by two Rockingham urns.

One of the show pieces of the room is the music stand which is pure Georgian. Another is the Duncan-Phyfe sofa table. And still another, which doesn’t show in the picture, is a Regency card table with a folding top. This is inlaid with brass. On it stands a silver bowl which, in days gone by, held flowers on a dining room table in the house of some English nobleman. Now it holds flowers in the house of Crosby.

In the center left-hand corner of the picture you will see the top of a chest. Wonder of wonders, this unfolds into an exquisite bar—the sort our forebears had before built-in bars became more or less of a necessity in upper-class homes. To-
More views of the Crosby home, shown for the first time for Screenland readers. Left above, Georgian fireplace in living room with Adam over-mantel mirror. The figures are the famous monkey band and the urns are Rockingham. Above, the large living room, its crystal chandelier one of the finest in the country, the music stand at far end of room pure Georgian. Left, the master bedroom with its wallpaper of magnolia design, its authentic 18th century English furniture. At lower left, Bing’s playroom bar. Just inside the door are pictures of Bing’s horses. Every time a Crosby horse wins a race he gets another picture on the wall.

day, it is referred to as a “mixing table.”

The chairs on either side of the fireplace are Philadelphia Chippendale. They are very little later than the English Chippendale but they are slightly larger and heavier—an adaptation made necessary by the demands of a new country where heavier service was required. The upholstery materials include some modern weaves that are as effective, but more durable, than antique brocades. The drapes are a flowered brown satin. Although formal, the room is livable and was designed for a young couple rather than a staid middle-aged banker or lawyer.

The downstairs guest room is, to my mind, the prettiest room in the house. This is referred to as “The Morning Glory Room.” The furnishings were built around the antique chandelier which features morning glories. The drapes and upholstery for the chairs are fuchsia-colored with a morning glory pattern in them, and the bedspreads also display morning glories prominently.

The furnishings in this room are particularly exquisite. There is a miniature Victorian wardrobe, a miniature Victorian dressing table with a pair of Dresden lamps on it and a beautiful mirror over it. I might add that the mirrors throughout are a distinguishing feature of the house. The bed, too, is novel. There is a huge quilted (Please turn to page 92)
FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode, at left above, is the famous lady of diplomacy around whose philosophy our story is built. Noted film stars on opposite page are inspiring examples of courage and consistency: Bette Davis, Glenda Farrell, Pat O’Brien, Fredric March. Read how they overcame obstacles that loom in personal and professional life.

Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode is the famous lady and it was her story, told to me by Helen Ferguson who is one of her dear friends, that was the inspiration for this symposium.

When Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode was a Congressman she was not only struggling with the problems of 600,000 constituents but with the problem of educating her children as well. There were economies to be made and it was her wardrobe, not the children’s that suffered. One evening when she dressed for a banquet at which she was to sit on the dais at the speakers’ table, Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode said to Helen Ferguson: “I do wish I didn’t have to wear this old frock tonight. But I must. So there’s only one thing to do—rise above it!” And
improvising a blue girdle to change the appearance of her gown somewhat, she went to that grand banquet and she was so charming and she made such a fine, intelligent speech that a brilliant appointment soon followed.

It's easy to call quits. And those who do go down with their courage!

Not so many years ago Fred March was afraid he was through, all washed up. He was in love with Florence Eldridge, a brilliant Broadway star. And he had no big-time reputation himself at this time. Never, for instance, had he faced a New York audience. When Florence's new play went into rehearsal the management signed Fred for a part. They had nothing to lose by doing this for in his contract there was a seven-day rehearsal clause. This meant that if, after a week of rehearsing, they decided Fred couldn't play the part he was out.

Fred told me about this as we sat on the steps of an old southern mansion, lush moss dripping overhead. Both the mansion and the moss were products of the artisans in the Paramount studios. "I was too anxious to make good, that was the size of it," Fred said. "I needed a Broadway success to get my salary to the place where I could afford to marry. And, of course, I was desperate to appear at an advantage before Florence. I went around so scared I was tied up in knots. I knew my lines but I wasn't able to relax long enough to get inside the character I was playing and make him live. And when I saw myself failing I became more and more wooden."

At the end of the week Fred got his notice. Florence had little to say. Fred was convinced she was ashamed of him. It didn't occur to him that she was as frightened as he was, but for a different reason—because he might resent her for succeeding when he had failed. In a spot like this Fred could do one of two things. He could sink, in which event he would have had to do a lot of climb- (Please turn to page 88)
WHEN John Garfield first arrived on the Hollywood front everyone who came in contact with him sensed that this would be a battle to the finish. Would Hollywood "get" John as it has got everyone else who ever came out here, or would John be the exception and conquer Hollywood by refusing to let it change him?

Every writer who came in contact with him, impressed with his fresh enthusiasm, his earnest desire to act—to turn in performances that really mattered—shook a doleful head as he listened to John's plans—and hopes—and dreams. "Wait," they warned him, "you'll see."

"No," John persisted stubbornly. "I have a clause in my contract that any time I don't like Hollywood I can give the studio sixty days' notice and go back to the stage. I took less money than I could have got just so I could have that clause in my contract with the studio."

"Did anyone ever think to tell you," writers asked him, "that there isn't any Santa Claus?"

"Yeah," John grinned. "But a promise is a promise. The studio has promised me good parts. And if they don't give them to me I'm going back to New York."

Writers remembered Dick Powell's contract—that stipulated he should have his twelve weeks' layoff in a lump so he could go out and make personal appearances or do a stage play. He went out the first year and immediately on his return the studio tore up his old contract and gave him a new one—at a much larger salary—for fifty-two weeks of the year so they would have complete control of him at all times.

Edward G. Robinson and Paul Muni both specified in their contracts they were to

**Has Hollywood Changed Him?**

"No!" says John Garfield, screen's most sensational new actor. Is he right?

By Dick Mook

Garfield is a fighter! He swears he'll stick to art. Below, in character rôle in big new film "Juarez"
For her thrilling performance in season's most courageous and stimulating cinema, "Idiot's Delight."
LOVE Z CHARLIE MccARTHY!
Screenland Salutes

New CHAMP

Baring up the glory road, John Payne started what promises to be a winning string of performances in "Wings of the Navy."
Patricia Morison makes a triumphant transition from stage to screen with a flashing display of versatility in "Persons in Hiding."
Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll in "Café Society"
We've been seeing this little girl around on the screen for a long time, but somehow she never burned up the celluloid. Now, in Hal Roach's new romantic comedy, "It's Spring Again," Jean is said to sizzle as a sultry beauty. We're watching!
Right after turning in one of his better performances in Paramount's "The Gambler and the Lady," with Ellen Drew, rebellious Raft turned down his next proffered role, walked off the lot—again. There's only one Raft; we wish he'd behave.
Character study of the phenomenally popular blond baritone and recent benefactor, in his rugged new rôle in "Let Freedom Ring."

[Signature]
Close-up of the rapidly rising young actor from England, in costume for his latest part in "The Hound of the Baskervilles."
WIN PRIZES!

Here are 10 more Pet Picture winners. New Contest this month. Enter now! Your Pet Picture may win a prize.

The 10 Pet Pictures published on this page win prizes in our Contest for February. Now we announce the third of this series of popular Pet Picture Contests. First Prize for this month’s Contest is an original portrait by famous artist Morgan Dennis of Joan Crawford and “Pupchen,” reproduced on Page 50. Also, we pay $5.00 cash for every Pet Picture we publish. Give your pet its chance to get its picture in Screenland. Give yourself the opportunity to win a valuable prize. Enter now! Winners of this month’s Contest will appear in June Screenland, on sale May 3rd.

I am entering Screenland Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE

CONTEST CONDITIONS:

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, April 4th, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to Pet Picture Contest, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Richard Greene and Nigel Bruce in an eerie setting for one of the most stirring of all "Sherlock Holmes" tales, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," coming to the screen in a new elaborate 20th Century-Fox film.

**YOUR BODY NEEDS "FUEL" TOO...**

Simple as it seems, driving is fatiguing. Many people, in fact, have been known to "fall asleep at the wheel"—which is dangerous. If you get tired, while motoring, stop for a Baby Ruth, the big delicious candy bar rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth is fine candy. You will enjoy it—and its food energy will help you fight fatigue. Baby Ruth is sold everywhere.

*Curtiss Candy Co., Chicago, Ill.*

*Otto Schnering, President*
JOAN CRAWFORD AND "PUPCHEN"

BY MORGAN DENNIS
"Don't Feel Too Sorry For Me!"

"Poor Bob, he never gets the girl!" But that's in pictures. In real life he gets something more important—happiness out of Hollywood. Read about it here

By Ida Zeitlin

BOB YOUNG is the fellow who never gets the girl—well, hardly ever. He loses her to a romantic like Bob Taylor, or to that more seasoned charmer, Melvyn Douglas. He masks his wounded heart behind a flipcrack and fades from the picture, leaving his likeable image to haunt the ladies, who sigh as they leave the theatre and murmur, "Poor Bob!" Don't do it, ladies! Don't feel too sorry for him. It's sympathy wasted.

Despite the glitter, despite the money, despite the all-too-fleeting fame, there is much to be said for the theory that the movie star's lot, generally speaking, is not a happy one. There's the nerve-wracking climb to the top and the sense of swaying insecurity, once you get there. There's the danger of being plunged into strange ways of living, through wealth too suddenly acquired. There are the extra matrimonial hazards, too apparent to go into. The record of Hollywood's broken marriages speaks for itself.

By a combination of luck and character, Bob has steered clear of these shoals. He's happily married to the love of his schooldays. He lives normally, pleasantly and without ostentation. He has never crashed through to stardom in a blaze of glory, but over a period of years that has seen more spectacular luminaries rise, totter, and fall headlong, he has pushed quietly on, improving his technique, entrenching (Please turn to page 96)
MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-United Artists

MY FAVORITE of all the fine current film offerings—because it is so human, so deeply moving, so real—and so simple. It is a story of average people, people we all know, rather than period puppets or dreamed-up desperadoes; a straightforward record of their everyday emotions and experiences. What happens to the nice young couple in "Made for Each Other" has happened, is happening right now to other young Americans and their mothers-in-law and their children—and for my money provides far keener entertainment than more fanciful films. Boy meets girl, falls in love and marries her; boy and girl have baby, financial difficulties, mother-in-law trouble, break their rose-colored glasses—but after all the grief discover it's worth it, that nothing else matters except that they have each other and they'll muddle through somehow. I told you it was simple—it is also heartwarming, tender, and terribly touching; and John Cromwell's direction, Carole Lombard's and James Stewart's self-effacing performances make it a very nearly great American picture. It's peculiarly timely, it's inspiring, and it's also absorbing entertainment. Cheers especially for Carole, for Stewart, Charles Coburn, Lucille Watson, and the baby!

POOR JESSE JAMES, nothing! He's very much alive as the screen hero of the day, and contemplating the long lines at theatre box-offices throughout the country producer Darryl Zanuck must be congratulating himself that he has at last discovered America for Tyrone Power. After sentencing his bright special star to strutting around Suez and other outlandish places, Zanuck finally gives in and presents him as a rugged native character in a dramatic fiction based on the Jesse James legend. What should have emerged as a picturesque piece of authentic Americana somehow turns into a period piece for the further glorification of Tyrone and Technicolor, but nobody seems to care, for "Jesse James" keeps moving fast, and scentually it is simply superb. One long, thrilling chase, it packs all the wallop of your first Western, against the magnificent background of some of America's choicest outdoors. The opening scenes of the James boys fighting for their mother's home are the best in the picture—rousing, richly human, and real. Henry Fonda as Frank James realizes his character to perfection. Yes, "Jesse James" is a big show, a super-Western if there ever was one.

THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warner Bros.

YOU'LL want to see this chiefly because it stars John Garfield assisted by the Dead End Kids—those kids need no encouragement from us but young Mr. Garfield did need this chance to prove that his first stirring film performance in "Four Daughters" was no flash but merely a small sample of what the boy really can do to create a living character. If Garfield isn't potentially the finest young performer to emerge on the screen since Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" and if he doesn't keep right on proving it by way of powerful playing, I will put the Dead End Kids on the cover, one at a time. This new picture would not be in the least important if it were not for Garfield's persuasive performance as a cocky young prizefighter who becomes a fugitive from justice only to find himself almost if not quite regenerated by a wholesome blonde and the good outdoor life—no to mention the uninhibited horseplay of the Dead End boys. Billy Halop of the gang, by the way, is getting to be a better actor with every performance. As a melodrama "They Made Me A Criminal" lacks the essential vitality except when Garfield is on the screen—but when he is!
CAFÉ SOCIETY—PARAMOUNT

CINEMA champagne cocktail charmingly served up by Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, and ace director E. H. Griffith. "Café Society" provides a pleasantly piquant entertainment with no more serious after-effects than a warmly gentle glow. Don't let the smarty title scare you off—there's more to it than a lush and lavish expose of high jinks in the El Morocco set. There's a society glamor girl for heroine, true; and she toys with the affections of an upright young ship's news reporter, yet; and marries him to win a bet—but don't walk out yet, even if you can write it yourself from then on. Sure, the spoiled beauty is transformed into a human being, discovers how the other half lives and likes it so well she moves in. But it's the charm and high good humor with which director Griffith and his appealing people invest "Café Society" which makes it such swell fun. Miss Carroll proves that she can be fun, too, as well as the screen's most decorative person—the story requires her to be dunked from a yacht, squirted by a seltzer bottle, and slapped by Fred MacMurray, and she emerges nobly—and even prettier, if possible. Nothing stuffy about this show.

THE MIKADO—UNIVERSAL

HEARTILY and unreservedly recommended to all Gilbert and Sullivan fans, this lavish, full-length Technicolor production of the most beloved of all G-S operas is a joy to eye and ear. For the first time the artists of this inimitable entertainment can round up the younger generation who haven't had the time or taken the trouble to become Gilbert and Sullivan fans themselves, and using the movie medium as a bait make 'em look, listen, and, I hope, like it. As an old, dyed-in-the-wool fan myself, I can only hope it will work out that way, admitting all the same that a more modern presentation might have been devised for wary youngsters reared on radio and waiting for television. The songs are wonderful and beautifully sung; the Gilbertian fable of Nauki-Poo, wandering son of the Mikado, pursued by elderly Katash, but determined to win Yum-Yum, betrothed of Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner, unfolds with all the necessary gay gusto after a dull prologue; the cast is the best available, all members of the famous D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of London with the exception of our own Kenny Baker, a vocally splendid and personally engaging Nauki-Poo; but the piece is still too much a photographed stage show.

IDIOTS DELIGHT—M-G-M

MOST DARING of all current films, not to be missed by any one of you who really cares about the better things of the cinema—including, of course, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, but meaning also such matters as courage and conviction—"Idiot's Delight" will cause more healthy comment, I believe, than any other picture, and at the same time provide more entertainment than most. You can take it as a movie with a message or you can take it as rousing entertainment—and you'll be right. Robert E. Sherwood's vigorous dramatic protest against war makes an even better motion picture than it did a play, with Sherwood's own script and the fine direction of Clarence Brown, the spirited team-work of the stars, and the eloquent playing of the entire cast particularly the brilliant Burgess Meredith. Shearer is a trapeze artiste when she first meets Gable, small-time hoofee on the same vaudeville bill, after the world war; they meet again in a winter resort hotel in a Europe on the verge of another war while the world rocks in chaos around them. It's a thrilling film, with Shearer a stunning surprise and Gable terrific. Advise you not to miss this.

GUNGA DIN—RKO-RADIO

THE CINEMA TREAT of the season for every small boy at heart, "Gunga Din" is an incredible circus with accent on the "Din." It's a really super-colossal spectacle combining the more elaborate elephant acts of the biggest shows on earth with the myriad thrills of all the outlandish serial movies of all time—perversely played by a splendid cast of skill and imagination. "Gunga Din" may have been planned as a more or less sober pageant based on Kipling's poem, but that isn't the way it all comes out on the screen. Somewhere in work, whether it was director George Stevens' idea, or Susie the elephant's, "Gunga Din" turns into a terrific carnival which bids the whole gigantic adventure of three Victorian musketeers in India battling wild tribes, defending forts, making mild love, being captured by the fierce cult of cruel Thugs, and finally being saved by none other than the noble old water-carrier himself, that better-man-than-I-am Gunga Din. Of course you may sit there and scoff at the amazing heroes of Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the hair-breath escapes, and the sometimes cloying roughness of Mr. Cary Grant; but when the Highlanders swing into action you'll come close to cheering.
Wendy Barrie, left, selects for warm Spring afternoons this red and white silk print with saucy red taffeta petticoat, ruffled to make the bottom of the full skirt swish importantly. Wendy's accessories are red kid, and her hat is a scooped halo of white straw covered with red cord-netting. Below, her stunning Spring suit with 'xtreme broad shoulders, double-breasted coat trimly outlined in brown wool with fabric-covered buttons. Brown pumps, bag, and modified sombrero sailor with Roman-stripe taffeta bow complete the highly chic effect.
Close-up, above, on chapeau and accessory chic—Wendy Barrie selects a gold circular compact, her own signature spectacularly engraved on the top, to accompany the Spring suit of brown and white sheer wool which you see illustrated full-length on opposite page. Exclusive Glamor School photographs of Miss Barrie made for SCREENLAND by Ernest A. Bachrach, RKO-Radio.
Wendy Barrie lets Hollywood glamour take a holiday as she emerges, left, in her trim ribbed sweater of purple wool with six shiny buttons spelling her name. Wendy tells us that Simone Simon knitted the sweater with her own little hands and presented it to La Barrie as a gift. Below, Wendy rustles in navy blue silk with perky hand-made lace trim. Her completely mad hat is summer felt with a bias veil sprinkled with polka dots; her handbag is navy blue suede, her open-toed pumps navy blue kid. At lower left, a different Wendy—this time in her favorite hostess gown of Roman-striped silk jersey combining red, purple, green, and yellow. The beaded belt carries out the same gay color combination.
GLAMOR PRE-VIEW
OF SUMMER OUTDOOR CHIC

Wendy Barrie is all set for Summer on the beach or in her garden with this gay ensemble of farmer’s blue jeans trimmed in red and white candy-stripes. Red clog sandals and straw bonnet are accent on all the fun.
Every mother, every daughter will want to read this frank interview with the mother of the famous Bennett sisters with its valuable advice on training talented children for future fame

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

HAVE you a young genius in your home? A little girl, maybe, or a little boy marked for potential success? And if you have, do you know how to bring out that latent talent and develop it or are you content just to sit back and let things take their course? Success is never haphazard. Many a precocious child has grown up never attaining the fame everybody was so sure would come. And many another who showed no particular spark in childhood has gone on to dazzle the world in adult years. Sometimes a child, surer of her talents and ultimate goal than most of us, has done it singlehanded—but usually you will find someone else in the picture, an understanding older member of the family whose wisdom has guided that promised success to fulfillment.

Look at the stars famous in Hollywood today and you will realize how much their home background and training have influenced their careers. With Deanna Durbin it was an older sister who helped her win success. But usually, behind the successful daughter you will invariably find the successful mother. There is Mrs. Temple and her daughter, the incomparable Shirley; Mrs. Withers and that beloved rascal Jane; Mrs. Kelly and her daughter Nancy, the latest wonder girl of the screen. And there are the glamorous Bennett girls Constance and Joan and their sister Barbara who has won success in her own way and there is their mother, Adrienne Morrison.

In Adrienne Morrison's story can be found the stories of other successful mothers. In her manner of bringing up three successful daughters can be found the formula for the future success of countless other children who are at present thinking of nothing more exciting than their dolls and their homework. The fact that Adrienne Morrison is an outstanding success in her own right, formerly as an actress and at present as one of the best known play agents in the country, has nothing to do with this story. It is of her success as a mother we are concerned. We spoke of her three girls in the charming white drawing room of her New York apartment and all around us were the pictures of her daughters and her daughters' children. She has beauty and charm and wit and it was difficult to think of her as the mother of grown daughters and the grandmother of their children.
Constance Bennett, her mother reveals, never gave a thought to clothes or how she looked—different now, as her portrait at left proves. Above, Constance's handsome little son, Peter. Center below, Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett as children. Lower left, Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) with her five children.

"I'm getting so much fun out of those children," her brown eyes went from Constance's Peter to Joan's Diana and Melinda, and from them to the picture of Barbara and her five youngsters. "But of course there's nothing unusual about that. Grandmothers always enjoy their grandchildren relieved as they are from responsibility and that awful bugaboo of discipline. The unusual thing in my case is that I enjoyed my children just as much.

"If mothers would treat their children as they do their grandchildren they'd get much more zest out of bringing them up. They miss so much when they concern themselves with unimportant details, with eternal taboos and meaningless discipline. A mother has to have wide horizons. She must see her children as individuals apart from her, not as possessions whose lives she can dominate. She must have interests of her own so that her children may be allowed their own interests too.

"What is harder for a grown up son or daughter to contend with than a mother who has devoted herself so exclusively to them that she has nothing to sustain her when they leave her? I don't think these mothers realize how exacting they are in their helplessness. Their children spend so much time worrying about them, about their loneliness, their happiness in catering to their needs. A mother's most important gift to her children should be freedom from her own apron strings.

"I happened to have a career but if I hadn't I would certainly have interested myself in something apart from my home and children, for their ultimate good as well as my own. And now that they have gone their different ways, they do not have to spend time and thought that they can put into their own lives and careers worrying about me. They know I have a very good life of my own. They know the hours go as quickly for me as they do for them. They know I am all right. When we get together it's because we want to be together, not from any nagging sense of duty to each other.

"Stage family that we (Please turn to page 94)
By Dickson Morley

A REAL DAY
FOR the lift of a lifetime, try to spend a real day with Errol Flynn! You will never forget it, or him.

Is Errol honestly so exciting, in person, away from all the movie starts build-up? I wanted to know, too. Of course, in meeting him on the lot at Warners I'd always found him stimulating enough to make his publicity seem practically authentic. But perhaps, I couldn't help thinking, he was just playing ball—shrewdly. Perhaps he was the champion poseur. After all, those tales of Errol's constant adventuring sounded almost too good to be true. I followed Flynn around, literally. Talked to him intimately, saw how he lives and what his off-screen attitude is. Here he is, unretouched!

He had finished a love scene with Olivia de Havilland (another one!) when he chanced to turn and notice me watching them. I kidded him. The old nice-work-if-you-can-swing-it gag. I said I knew he led a dog's life. Errol cocked an eyebrow, registered suspicion at the remark. "I've tomorrow off," he retorted. "Why don't you come over and lead it with me?"

Now invitations are tossed to the press indiscriminately by the best people in Hollywood, so I thought nothing of his. I was dreaming of eloping with Loretta Young when, at seven-thirty a.m., my phone rasped. (Before we'd landed in Yuma.) "Up and at 'em!" exclaimed the Flynn voice, replete with vigor as well as excellent diction.

I hurried to the address he gave me. The Flynn home is in Beverly Hills, its architecture what you might brand as typically Beverly. Which means a little of this and a little of that, expensively flung together. The white bricks and peaked roof are rather French provincial. Errol was sitting on the garden verandah, a dog at his feet, a paper in his hands, and a giant coffee pot at his elbow. He wore one of those white toweling robes, and beach sandals. "I'm a coffee fiend," he asserted. "I take coffee by the pots full." The swarthy man who let me in brought a tall glass of orange juice and a pot of coffee and a package of cigarettes for me, also.

"Max is my man Friday," Errol explained. "He's phone-answerer, reminder, valet, errand-goer and pal. He's a great guy, an Egyptian. Looks self-effacing, but he can be plenty tough. He used to be in the Marines—was in Nicaragua when they were active there." It appears that when Errol skyrocketed to picture fame he employed a man who was so elegant Errol finally had to get him a job as an actor. His next man eventually became the Flynn stand-in. Max has no camera aspirations, fortunately. Besides, he's a particularly good story-spinner. "I like to hear interesting yarns," (Please turn to page 74)

with ERROL FLYNN
Virginia Bruce disagrees! For herself, anyway. All the other women who have fame in Hollywood can go right on battling. They can furiously aim for what they demand from life. They may fervidly swear the only certain system for success is to fight for it like a man. But not Virginia! She hasn’t lived and loved and lost and learned that way.

Every other girl who has become a stellar lady may have sacrificed original individuality on the showy altars of ambition, may have studied endlessly, may have deliberately acquired businesslike caniness. Virginia? No! She wouldn’t bother. And now that she finally has arrived among the important she candidly admits she hasn’t bothered about a lot of things supposed to be downright essential in Hollywood. But she is more than the one star who hasn’t made the slightest effort to transform herself. She isn’t at all according to Hollywood Hoyle from more significant angles. Here is the striking exception to the regulation movie actress pattern and living proof that all the terrific strain so many women know is absolutely unnecessary. For in the most nerve-wracking of towns she is serenity itself—
apparently in complete command of her own destiny. Don't instantly blame her beauty. That isn't her real story. What's news about Virginia is this: with everyone else around her scrambling madly for prizes, she has never troubled to snatch or scheme to get ahead, or to get love. Still, look where she is! Today Virginia, too, rates top billing on theatre marquees. She is blissfully married. She is a beaming mother. She has just moved into exactly the kind of a house she has always wanted to build. Socially she has a most enviable entree, a circle of devoted friends. Everything's rosy for her. But not because she faithfully followed the trite rules the others talk about.

She X-rayed herself for me with startling frankness between scenes for "There's That Woman Again," at Columbia.

Traditionally stars retire to dressing-rooms between takes. Virginia said she wanted to stand up, a few feet from camera range would do, and she stood erectly instead of slouching.

"I may look like a cream puff," she told me, "but I'm not! Oh, I'm no hellion because I'd break myself up laughing if I ever tried raising any roofs in regal style. But one of the truths about me is that I am not, sad as it is to some people, a slave to my face and figure. I don't upset my home with any routine. I'm awful copy for those beauty editors who would like me to!

"I believe in luck, you see, because I know how lucky I am myself. I haven't perspired for my appearance, such as it is. I've had to diet once in awhile, but at least I'm not pounded into shape by masseurs. I like to sleep, so I do, a lot. When I wake up of a morning I do a few stretching bends and then I have a breakfast that is a breakfast. I eat oatmeal every morning, because I've always liked it, and I keep on at that rate. I'd be as dumbfounded as you would be at being served humming-bird wings!

"I admit I make an (Please turn to page 80)"
PETE SMITH sighed, and surveyed me with a distinctly weary expression. "Well, what do you want?" he asked. His tone indicated that several people must have been wanting some pretty fantastic things of him of late. I tried to be bright.

"Commentator comments on commentator!" I suggested. "You have a large public. They look upon your sports shorts, they view your pictures of dogs and acrobats and people cooking and raccoons and goldfish. Your voice keeps on explaining these matters, making things clear, making them amusing. But you remain a mystery. You comment a good deal on other people; how about commenting on yourself for a bit?"

Pete relaxed. In fact, he smiled. "I never make personal appearances, or appear in my pictures, because, like Garbo, I prefer to remain a mystery, but for somewhat different reasons. But the chief difference between Garbo and myself is about five grand a week!" He paused. "Did you say you wanted me to talk about myself? I'd really much rather talk about two other guys, but if you insist—What? You don't insist? Okay, then, I'll talk about myself. Let's see.

"I'm forty-six, married, five feet nine, have weak eyes and thin hair. My arches are good, though. Don't interrupt me. You asked for this. I'm a lover of the outdoors, sunshine, surf, dogs, and apple strudel. I hate jingoists, show-offs, Hollywood social climbers, rainy weather, certain football coaches, and curry of lamb. Don't interrupt!"

But he seemed to have run down for the moment, and I interrupted. I got as far as, "But—"

He waved a hand. "I'm a ham at heart. Fate, or something, made me a press agent. It's a queer combination. If it weren't too much work to memorize lines, I'd be an actor. If I could act. But after eighteen years as a press agent, whether I liked it or not, it's only natural that adjectives are still in my blood, in spite of four operations, three nervous breakdowns, and a severe case of hangnails. What were you saying?"

I said, "But—"

Pete continued. "I play bad golf consistently, good ping-pong occasionally, and nothing on the piano, flute, or violin. I love music, particularly strings. I used to be a trap drummer, which, maybe, is why I like stringed instruments. My ambition is to some day get far enough ahead of my shorts, so that I can grab some of the sweet radio sugar that has been dangled before my eyes. Not that I care for money, you understand. Pas de tout, which is French for something or other. It's just the desire to gratify my art. You'd better put a question
Extra! Invisible pun and fun man talks about himself

By Dick Pine

Mr. Smith relaxes—that’s right? No, that’s wrong! He’s really going to town recording a flow of rapid-fire comment for a Pete Smith featurette.

So! Keeping up appearances of great industry, energy and concentration! Here’s how a Pete Smith short is born; getting ideas down on paper.

mark in parentheses there. Did I hear you say, ‘But?’” He looked severe. “You’re spoiling the timing!”

I said, “But—look here, old thing, you’re talking faster than I can listen. Whoa, for just a minute, won’t you?”

He whooped for maybe a couple of minutes, while I extracted, with some squirming on his part, some other facts about him. For instance, I compelled him to admit that his golf is really pretty good, and that he has a trophy room at his home to accommodate the hardware he has accumulated by his prowess. With the assistance of some strong-arm guys I called in from other departments, I elicited the information that he was one of the ace publicity men in this country for years, and that his glib wit at after-dinner speaking was one of the things which won him his chance to become a commentator on his own.

Pete practically thought up Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, out of his own head. He is definitely responsible for much of the screen success of such stars as Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Marie Dressler, and a score of others. But while he was building the spectacular careers of these others, he had some yearnings of his own. He longed to direct pictures. And he did enjoy talking to an audience.

One of the first men to experiment with short subjects, accompanied by comment, was a brilliant writer named Joe Farnham. He contracted to do a series of these for M-G-M, and the series was duly sold in advance to exhibitors. After Farnham had completed one or two, he died very suddenly, leaving the series, of course, incomplete. After an incredible amount of worry and flurry, somebody had the good sense to suggest that Pete Smith be allowed to try his hand at it. Pete could write; he could talk; he understood something of film editing. And he was a real wit. And so, Pete became, by sheer force of merit, one of the industry’s big box office “draws.” His shorts are often billed above the feature at theatres all over the country.

While I was pondering these matters, Pete regained his breath, or whatever it was he had lost. “I like making shorts, because it permits me to work when and how I please. If at all. Also, it’s an education. For instance, you learn that to get the burnt taste out of a pot of overcooked pea soup, you add a teaspoonful of peanut butter; that champion divers go straight down and hit the bottom of the pool with their hands. You also learn interesting things about radium, prize-fighting, tuna fishing, anaesthesia, X-ray, football, billiards, bowling, and bugs.”

“But—” He mowed me down with a glance.

“I liked working on the world’s biggest eye, the two-hundred-inch telescope. When finished, I mean the telescope, you were able to see every heel in Hollywood, even if laid end to end! And then, I’m a sucker for dog stories, and will buy them at the wag of a tail. If the price is right. I’ve made a dozen dog pictures and am still at it. I’m a softie with animals, including the African gnu, Spelled gnu. You can shoot a man, and I’m likely to yawn, but step on a dog’s tail, and I’m ready to fight!”

“But—” Pete scowled at me, and rattled on.

“I like to talk of the future of the movie industry rather than my achievements in the past. Possibly this is due to the fact that you can put my achievements in your eye, and still have room for a monocode. I think ninety-nine percent of the talk about genius in Hollywood is the bunkaroo. You can count the Hollywood geniuses on one hand, even if you have a two— (Please turn to page 98)
As I strolled toward Bob Hope's Paramount dressing room, I saw the comedian crouching with his Graflex camera behind the railing by his doorstep. "Don't walk into it!" he cried. "This is serious!"

The character actor in costume and make-up whom he was catching as he ran called back: "What are you making, Bob?" Bob waved a triumphant hand and rose: "Oh, retakes on 'Too Hot to Handle,' only I'm retitling it: 'Put It on Ice!'"

He followed me into the dressing room, carefully put away the Graflex, and continued: "I don't put the stills on ice, exactly, but I keep them. I certainly keep 'em! You know, that's why I take pictures—to preserve souvenirs of glamorous days. To me it's still marvelous that I'm an actor—that I got the chance to act. I still expect it to stop suddenly one day and leave me to go back to where I was before I started. So I provide against the long cold days coming by taking pictures as I go.

"When I was a kid in Cleveland, I had a little Brownie camera, if I remember rightly, but I never got especially excited about it until the day I got a chance to go on the stage. Fatty Arbuckle had come to town to make a personal appearance and they needed two more acts, so a boy named George Byrne and I teamed together in a dancing act and landed the job.

"It was my first professional appearance, and it occurred to me that I really should have pictures to prove it. I got out the old camera, but the pictures I made with it didn't altogether suit me. I knew I needed a better camera, and I needed a better man behind it. So later, when I set out in vaudeville, I got a more expensive camera and learned how to operate it. Wherever I went I shot pictures.

"People could talk me into almost anything when it came to cameras, so while I was on Broadway, I bought..."
more, until now I have four—a Leica, a Graflex, a Bell and Howell's home movie outfit, and another little camera whose name I can't recall at the moment. They're all good, though, and I get a big kick out of them.

When Bob was on the road in vaudeville, and later in musical shows, he used to arrange with the Eastman Kodak man in whatever town it was he stopped in, to come to the show and use the home movie camera from the back of the theatre, to take pictures of Bob on the stage.

"I had a telescopic lens adjusted to the camera so that even when he stood a good distance from the stage, he could get close-up views of what went on there," said Bob, his dark eyes widening with interest. "Talking of telescopic lenses, did you know they had a lens called the 'Magic Eye' out at the Rose Bowl game? It was as big as this, I swear—" measuring off a saucer shape, "and it could follow a forward pass all the way. You have to build a lens like that, you can't buy one."

Because Bob's idea in taking pictures is to get something that will be a souvenir of his acting days, or of some celebrity he's met, or some glamorous event, he doesn't attempt anything definitely "artistic." "I don't go all arty," he explained. "I want to see what I'm getting, not try for a mood, or deep shadows, or etching masks or have the thing blurred so that you have to guess whether it's the inside of a cabbage or a girl's face. I know what my pictures mean. I use an amber filter for outdoor shots. And I use this new film they've just put on the market—Super XX, or Super-panchromatic—for indoor shots. It's terrific! You can get swell shots, if you place your lights right. Now if I was taking a picture in this dressing-room, I'd put the lights to this side and to the front of my subject, and have them both fairly level with the face so that there'd be no distressing shadows making bags under the eyes and lines around the mouth."

He drew out a pile of stills and began going through them, earnestly. "In 1934, when I was on Broadway, I went to a party at the Hollywood Restaurant. Took my camera with me, of course. Here's a shot I made with Sophie Tucker in the arms of George Bancroft and Jack Dempsey. That's a swell shot for me. I can see the place again and remember all about the party. Now maybe some arty guy would say the background is too close to the subjects, but it suits me.

"Rudy Vallee had a birthday party there and I made this shot. The girls in the picture are actresses. It suits me, even though an expert might complain about the lighting. I had the camera fade first on (Continued on page 83)
DON'T think Alice Faye's marriage has flopped. It hasn't—yet. Pessimists to the contrary, it may not. Alice is determined to make a go of it and right now all is serene on that romantic front. She smilingly declares the first year is always the hardest, always requires the most adjustments. She's been showing around a snapshot of some bare floor! A fan who's an official in the courthouse at Yuma, Arizona, where the Martins were made one, took it especially for her. He explained that more than fifty couples have asked to stand on that very spot when saying their marriage vows—because that's precisely where Alice and Tony stood! 20th Century-Fox is sending Tony out on more personal appearances and Alice will join him. Finally over the shock of finding herself up among the first ten in stellar popularity, she's now concentrating on being the perfect little woman. She figures Tony will put more of his personality across the footlights if she's backstage to encourage him.

HE DY LAMARR can take it—right on the head, too! While playing a scene with Spencer Tracy she had to gaze out an open window. The sash, being indifferent to glamor, rudely slipped and conked her in a big way. When they finished applying soothing ice Hedy requested a hat and the performance went on though her head was throbbing. Her constant dating with Reginald Gardiner is a thing of yesteryear, like "Ecstasy." Not that Hedy likes him less, or has gone high-hat with success, but because, according to report, a Mrs. G. suddenly materialized on the horizon. Hedy has been conscientiously doing her bit, so far as the press is concerned, by going to the biggest premierses
with Gene Markay, Joan Bennett’s ex, who always did have a fascination for glamorous women, is proving an intriguing escort and Hedy has a new glow in her eyes. Still, she can’t become serious because she has yet to secure a papal annulment of her marriage to the Austrian munitions magnate she ran away from.

**GEORGE RAFT** has argued over roles ever since Paramount began to star him, and George has been right most of the time because he wanted strong stories and casts. “I need all the support I can muster up,” he confided candidly. “If I don’t get it, I’m sunk!” Box office reports showed that the roles he ducked out of were generally the duds he foresaw they’d be. Anyway, George finally disagreed with his studio once and for all and since he’s co-starring with Jimmy Cagney at Warners as his first free-lance job his own judgment seems to be pretty keen.

**THE Clark Gable-Carole Lombard wedding is the chief topic of conversation these nights in Hollywood. Carole says she didn’t bargain for a Southern accent, but it only adds to “Pappy’s” charm. The second Mrs. G. is a half-million dollars the richer, insiders contend; that was the reported settlement Clark made to secure his divorce and be able to marry Carole. The only regret the glamorous Carole has these days is that she couldn’t play Scarlett. Long before the book attained its vogue she was after this role. But Carole—a gal can’t have everything, and you have Rhett forevermore in real life! It will be interesting to see how this dynamic duo make it together; they’re beginning by planning on the simple life.

**YOU might as well bet on wedding bells for Janet Gaynor and Adrian, even if they didn’t elope when they went vacationing to New York and Bermuda. (Mother Gaynor chaperoned!) Janet’s been in love often enough to realize it’s time to settle down. Adrian, who is younger than she is, has never been in love before. She won’t have to sell her home when she moves into his, for she’s never bought one. You know that Adrian is the foremost glamour stylist, but did you know he’s a swanky interior decorator, also? His decorating shop is on the smart Sunset Strip, next door to the Trocadero. And if Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M’s maestro of sets, created the ultimate in modernistic mansions as a background for Dolores Del Rio, wait until you see what Adrian has in mind for Janet! Janet has become exceedingly clothes-conscious.

**BY any chance you’re still struggling to get your hair up, desist! The Hollywood gals never did accept the up-do and consequently even most of the society debs have abandoned that fight. However, those perennial long Hollywood bobs aren’t the mode once more. No, now it’s smart to sport a short, tailored bob. Janet Gaynor, Bette Davis, Annabella, and Mary Pickford are leading the parade and their barbers are clipping away ecstatically.

**COMEBACKS of the month are being staged by Al Jolson, Richard Barthelmess, Laurence Olivier, Ida Lupino, Warren William, Kane Richmond, Paul Lukas, and Peggy Shannon. Remember how they formerly worked constantly? Jolson and Barthelmess are rich, but they have discovered luxury needs spicing up with action. From the enthusiasm they display you’d imagine they just laid to make good or else. The other players have had a run of bad luck; but close-ups have come again and each one of them is praying to hang on this whirl.

**YOU can hear Joan Crawford sing on Victor records now and laugh that off, you Crawford cynics. . . . Wendy Hiller, surprise heroine of “Pygmalion,” could have teamed with Robert Young at M-G-M if she hadn’t already decided on a baby. . . . Mae West is still planning to show the boys in Hollywood how to produce pictures, but her return is delayed because she wants to direct as well as write and act. . . . Martha Raye, Merle Oberon, Jimmy Stewart, and the Taylor-Stanwyck twosome prefer the Palomar, Los Angeles’ largest dance hall, to the ritzier night clubs and breeze down there frequently. . . . Robert Montgomery intended to revive his prestige by acting opposite Katharine Cornell on Broadway, but Metro wouldn’t let him and he’s sore! . . . Mary Pickford and the present Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (ex-Lady Ashley) are inviting each other to one another’s Hollywood parties, which is evidence that Mary and Doug have forgiven and forgotten . . . . get ready to welcome back Katherine DeMille under the new title of Deborah DeMille—it seems she’s been studying numerology while becoming a mother. . . . Louis Hayward’s most embarrassing moment was when, serving as a special cop in London, he unwittingly bawled out the Duke of Windsor for blocking traffic . . . . Paul Muni
wants to know if you know that the annual payroll in Hollywood is $91,000,000?

MERLE OBERON isn't going to marry Alexander Korda after all—that's the latest in her decidedly interesting love life. But they remain the best of friends and now that she's spending the next six months in London he'll star her in a million dollar picture or two. Their romance had a singular introduction in that it was the first Mrs. K. who noticed Merle lunching in a London hotel and pointed her out to the producer as an extraordinary type. Merle plunges into metropolitan life after wintering by the sea at Santa Monica. Her jewel box of a town house is in London's smartest neighborhood and is concrete evidence of her progress since she was only a broke but ambitious girl.

STRANGEST case in Hollywood today is the mystery of why Dolores Del Rio isn't working before the cameras. Certainly one of the genuinely stunning beauties of today, an exciting personality who is the acme of intelligent modernity, Dolores once commanded a weekly salary of $10,000. She surely has excellent social connections in Hollywood, and her graciousness has made her personally popular. Still, no contracts are coming her way and she very much wants to go on with her career. What will change her luck? It's true she is no Bernhardt, but lots of gals with far less to offer aren't, either. She refuses to ask any of her important friends for a job. Perhaps all she needs is less refinement and more plain nerve!

BETTE DAVIS and Spencer Tracy have been the most ardent boosters of the desert this winter, but—they haven't been there together, naturally. Bette not only invited her mother to vacation with her, but asked her uncle and his wife and their son to stay at her La Quinta cottage, too. She has regained the poise she lost when she and "Ham" Nelson split, and looks very much better. Incidentally, she and "Ham" talk via long-distance and she is so glad he has a good job with an advertising agency in New York City. And as for those persistent rumors that George Brent is the new man in her life, to date Bette says he's never asked her for a date! Which puts her in the same spot Olivia de Havilland was in last month. The columnists were loudly proclaiming Howard Hughes' passion for Livvy, who was silent—because, in reality, he had never at that time so much as called her up. If George is like Hughes he'll finally telephone Bette just to make honest men and women of the snoopers. The millionaire flyer is now swamping the de Havilland home with expensive flowers, having decided Livvy is a honey. If he still pines for Katharine Hepburn he's concealing his Hepburnitis admirably. Before he met the de Havilland ultimate in ingenues he gave Marlene Dietrich a whirl.

BACK home from a triumphant honeymoon trip, Wayne Morris and his bride claim the high spot of their boat tour East was the masquerade ball at which they copped first prize. They went as the ideal bride and groom. Wayne was fastidious in top hat and tails, except there were no trousers over his shorts. Mrs. M. was Parisian in her gown, only she donned a muslin veil and tossed a bouquet of carrots. Warners presented the lad with a new contract which brought a salary raise as a fitting wedding present. The couple has a beautiful Brentwood home, not far from Joan Crawford's, and it's fully paid for.

WHEN Joan Crawford and Billie Burke broadcast together not long ago it was astonishing to note that it was Joan and not Billie who was most composed. The veteran stage actress tripped up on a couple of her lines. Her savings, she confesses, aren't going into a trust fund because she hasn't been able to sell the Hudson manor where she and Florez Ziegfeld lived in such style and she has to keep it up until she locates a buyer. Joan Crawford's only fault, according to audiences in the radio studios, is that she doesn't bow or smile gracefully when she finishes her act. She scurries on and off stage as though she were scared to death. Maybe she is, but after all she is actress and she could profitably pose as a poised performer. Bill Powell claims he pretended to be nonchalant for years before he truly was.

JOHN GARFIELD may have abandoned the stage when he said he wouldn't for all the gold in Hollywood, but he hasn't gone elegant. He's remaining in pictures because he's getting amazing opportunities to characterize, something he never believed happened. Mrs. G. is frankly pleased, for now that they have an across California home he's less comfortable than a cramped New York apartment. John admits he has never been in any of the expensive New York night clubs; he'd rather spend his evenings talking, and you have to be alert to keep up with him. So one more cynic finds that Hollywood isn't so bad after all!

YOU have to hand it to Fredric March. When he could have gone on collecting fat paychecks he turned down another long-term contract in order to face the free lance and so get better acting roles. Then, although luxuriously settled in a Beverly mansion, he vowed to repay his wife's sacrifice of her career to his by teaming with her on Broadway. Their play was a flop. Undaunted, he tried again, and if you haven't seen the unbeatable Marches in person in the current hit, "The American Way," you'll want to when you visit the gay white way. Freddie has made one more step, clicked on Broadway. He was on the stage before he entered pictures, but he never was acclaimed by the nation's top critics for his foothold endeavors. He will not make another picture for some time, not until summer, for he's too busy playing—acting with Florence Eldridge March. Yes, he insisted she team again on his second try.

MOVIE stars never know when they'll get their vacations. Right now Errol Flynn is enjoying his, an eight week layoff. Of course, he's been doing a little work, but not before cameras. He has a few radio broadcasts to get his voice and the opportunity D. Roosevelts under his belt, and now he's hunting on a great Virginia estate. Society has taken him up. Oh, and Lili Damita Flynn of their own latest flyings are thoroughly reconciled once more. As soon as they leave country life on the plantation they head for Miami and a yachting wind-up.
EVER notice that glamorous girls are authentically that way if they deserve that description? Take Hedy Lamarr, for instance. Hers has been and is an exciting life and the high voltage comes right off the screen. Warners have been making a valiant attempt to put Ann Sheridan over as a sexy siren. But Anne is a down-to-earth, typical American girl, and she's had to display plenty of sticktoitiveness. During her five years climb men have hardly been in an uproar at sight of her, still her studio insists she is sensational. Such forced publicity may do more harm than good, and she is so anxious to make the grade. She can, on her own merits. She's been dating Cesar Romero, who's been taking her to premières and ice skating. Now mysterious glamour gals would float over the ice with a St. Moritz flair. Anne's been diligently practicing daytimes, under the tutelage of a boy in the studio publicity department, so she won't sit smash when the gallant Cesar begins an ice-romeo.

NOW that Margaret Sullavan has had her baby that fantastic confusion on the Metro lot is over! For several months no one was ever certain which was having a child when, for Maureen O'Sullivan was ordering baby clothes and gadgets, too, and the mothers were so similar in name! The producers on the lot didn't get involved in the general mix-up, for they were always certain as to who was who, but their fine plans for Maggie struck a gigantic snag when she insisted on time off for a second child. (Maggie courageously went everywhere until the last minute, even to one of those beautiful Saturday night dinners at Crawford's.) Maureen's baby is due within two months, and the girl who once was so unhappy is near ecstatic at the prospect.

MYRNA LOY sometimes doubts if she'll ever get that second trip to Europe. It's supposed to be her honeymoon, but plan as she will it just won't come off. If she receives time off between pictures Arthur Hornblow is sure to be in the midst of a terrific production schedule. Both have had one jaunt across the Atlantic and are dying to go again together, to show each other the sights they discovered. Still gossiping about Myrna, here's an amusing observa-

tion: her personal secretary, who functions in the Loy home, talks so much like the star that bores never know a go-between is doing the polite stalling. What a smart employer is Myrna, eh?

JOAN CRAWFORD data: Joan wanted to go to New York during the height of the winter season, to see the new shows and night spots and pal with several close friends there, and she wanted to go to Chicago to adopt a baby. But most of all she wants to climb back to her former high niche on the movie ladder and so she has stuck to business. She is not in love with Charles Martin, the good-looking scenarist who's been rushing her; in fact, she's been dating Cesar Romero, Randolph Scott, and David Niven besides Charlie. She has accepted more and more radio offers; this is her method for sneaking up on the stage—she won't be so nervous if she's accustomed to broadcasting. Adrian has done her music room; the love seats that were leather now have formal chintz covers. Where other women buy new hats when they want to improve their mood, Joan starts redecorating.

SINCE losing the rôle she'd set her heart on, the part of Scarlett, Paulette God-dard has subsided into the silence. Charlie Chaplin approves of her. Bitterly disappointed when Vivian Leigh outclassed her, pretty, ambitious Paulette patiently is concentrating on home life until the tem- peramental Charlie starts shooting on "The Dictator." At least she'll be the heroine in it. She hopes it won't stretch out forever, because she wants to become box-office while she still has her youth.

ROBERT TAYLOR finally has satisfied a long-felt desire—he's ridden on a subway. He wouldn't let M-G-M monop-olize all his time on his recent New York jaunt. Bob turned up his overcoat collar, pulled down his hat, sneaked out of his hotel and put his nickel in the subway slot. In a jiffy he was hanging on a strap, being jostled just like one of the old-timers. He confesses that one wary-eyed woman stated, "That looks like Robert Taylor." Her com- panion retorted scornfully, "He wouldn't be riding on the subway!" The moral? Next time play your lunch—it may be R. T. in person, away from the maddening crowd to see how the other half lives.

Romantic figures who live in history came to the screen in "Juarez." This advance still shows Brian Aherne as Maximilian, Mickey Kuhn, and inimitable Bette Davis as Carlotta. Other stars in "Juarez" include Paul Muni and John Garfield.
A New Beauty is Born

Amazing are the changes that may be wrought in appearance. Here are some points on which to start.

By Courtenay Marvin

The miracle of make-up and change illustrated by Alice Faye. Above, Alice as she is today. Soft, lovely, appealing and animated. Below, Alice of yesterday, an automaton in black and white, merely a type, not an individual.

You can see a beauty miracle happen in Hollywood almost any day. Just watch the raw talent material that picture scouts find here and there, transport to Hollywood on the chance they may make the grade, then see the transformation in appearance, the development of personality. The butterfly emerging from the chrysalis, indeed!

Just what is the secret of taking human clay and moulding it into something of distinct beauty, style and appeal? Basically, it is a matter of accenting the best points, subduing the worst. It is an unbeatable plan for being our best, and one that we may apply to ourselves. It takes a critical eye, taste, knowledge and work. Work, above all. This is exactly the process in making picture material. We can find out how to make the most of appearance, and we can work, if we want. The discriminating eye, the correct taste—these are sometimes difficult for us. The reason is this. The eye quickly accustomed itself to that which it constantly sees, and so we may look in a mirror frequently and not really see ourselves as others see us. Therefore, it is interesting and helpful to get the viewpoint of others. When a number of people have commented on the same thing, such as your beautiful hairline, fine skin, and so on, then you may reasonably accept these points as good ones that attract attention. Thus, opinions give you an idea of what to accent, what to minimize.

An almost startling example of the change that may be wrought in a face is Alice Faye. Compare the two pictures shown. Several years ago, Alice looked like just another blonde. Her hair was platinum; her brows, one pencil line of black, which gave her face a puzzled, inquiring look, so no matter how composed or relaxed, Alice always looked as if she were waiting for something. Those brows prevented mobile animation, because the normal brow lifts or lowers with expression. The high pencil line just can’t lift any higher, and to lower it makes a face slightly ridiculous. Then, too, Alice’s mouth was too definitely and harshly shaped. Frankly, Alice looked hard, cold, expressionless. Too bad, because hidden in those blue eyes by too much eye make-up was a warm spark.

Look at Alice as she is today and see how that spark has been brought forth. Now she is not a type, but an individual with much charm. Her softness, warmth and eloquence have been dramatized, and these you probably felt if you saw her in “Old Chicago” or “Alexander’s Ragtime Band.” Today, she looks like a very blue-blooded deb or the product of an exclusive finishing school, except, of course, when picture rôles demand otherwise. Now Alice is lovely, appealing, and in the best of taste.
**HAVE YOU A SKIN PROBLEM?**

Is your skin worrying you, making you feel unhappy and inferior? If so, some general ailments and corrective measures are discussed in this April self-help bulletin. Some social points on letter writing, also, along with some tips on fashions and good looks. The bulletin is illustrated for a three cent stamp for mailing to Courtenay Morvin, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Let’s see how these changes came about. First, gone is the platinum hair. In its place is a natural soft brown. Platinum, always a bit startling, is a rarity now. The late Jean Harlow wore only gold Bounty, who seemed to get away with snowy locks. She had rare skin beauty, a gorgeous figure, wonderfully blue eyes. I believe any girl who is naturally blonde should try to stay that way. And she can, too, without bleaching. There are fine products for naturally blonde hair.

Alice’s brows grow naturally in an irregular, sweeping arch. Terrifically interesting brows that go with her large eyes. Expressive, too. These brows are heavy enough to keep a deep, throaty voice. Notice that rouge follows a normal line. A safe principle, always, unless your mouth is very unbalanced. Then, shape softly by all means. Hollywood had done a fine job on Alice, and she is doing a fine job in pictures. Let’s hope the good work continues.

Hollywood is full of examples like Alice, and they are helpful and inspiring because they prove what we may do with ourselves. Among its vast assortment of beauty and personality, you may find your own pattern. Use it to best advantage.

Now that Spring is here, perhaps it awakes in you, as it does in many of womankind, I think, a desire for new loveliness. Why not check a few of your personal points and concentrate on them? You can work almost any reasonable change you want. For example, why not decide upon something drastically different in a hairdo, but leave the styling in the hands of a competent hairdresser? You may find a facial contour, a sharpening of personality, you never dreamed of. To be practical, get your hairdresser to show you how to take care of that coiffure, yourself. You may not groan, but why not, also, decide upon at least one hundred good whams of that hairbrush daily? Why not, just to see the sparkle and sheen that brushing brings forth?

Then, why not decide to go to a good beauty parlor, and ask for a facial, followed by make-up? Of course the facial will do you good, but the make-up, if you watch carefully and ask questions, may show you an entirely different scheme of tone, when applied and how. Tone and application of make-up are so important and you may pick up helpful points.

If you are a soap girl or a cream girl, why not alternate your cleansing methods (Please turn to page 94)

Yours For Loveliness

Let shining eyes, a flower skin, soft, colorful lips and perfume greet April!

WHEN eyes are heavy, dull or reddened from fatigue, late hours or exposure, Eye-Gene is a wonderfully soothing aid. In a few seconds, it will relieve that strained feeling, if due to the above causes, and make your eyes look alive and bright. It is a grand thing to have at hand these windy days; grand, too, when hours of close concentration on work or study have dulled those eyes you wanted gay and sparkling for the evening. It is a clear, colorless liquid with a dropper conveniently attached to the top. Two drops for each eye are suggested. Then add your make-up touches, and your eyes will not only look well but feel well. Absolutely harmless, of course. Eye-Gene is for sale in drug, department stores everywhere.

AND now for the glamor touches which Kurlash has collected for you in the new Purset! An attractive moire case, lined in Platinum gauze, a distinctly practical mask that turns lashes a divine curl; Lash tint, that fine mascara with its own dampening sponge; Kurlene for grooming brows and lashes or to be used over lids for a colorless sheen; Twissors for keeping brows well shaped and an eye beauty pencil. Purset keeps everything neatly in the shapely parlor for a facial, followed ends by blunt. They do a quick, effective job of removing stragglers. Notice, too, that Alice’s eye make-up is not heavy. In place of black mascara, try blue, brown, blue-black and other combination tones. They add dramatic color without harshness.

Alice’s mouth now looks soft and friendly. It is of a deep, throaty voice. Notice that rouge follows a normal line. A safe principle, always, unless your mouth is very unbalanced. Then, shape softly by all means. Hollywood had done a fine job on Alice, and she is doing a fine job in pictures. Let’s hope the good work continues.

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If you are a soap girl or a cream girl, why not alternate your cleansing methods (Please turn to page 94)

EVERYBODY seems to like Perkies, and no wonder! For here is skin cleansing reduced to a minimum of time and effort. Perkies is discs of cotton saturated in a good cleansing cream and lotion. They take off make-up and dust in a jiffy, leaving skin soft and clean. The cream prevents any drying action. Business girls, especially, will find Perkies convenient for looking lovely at noon and five o’clock. In purse and home use.

THE Ginnie-Lou Chamois Spreading Reliable Lipstick presents a real solution for women who find it hard to shape their lips well. It works somewhat on the principle of an automatic lead pencil. By a twist, a few dots of rouge are squeezed onto the lips. A chamois end then spreads the color to that Hollywood beauty and evenness of line. The stick is refilled from a tube of rouge. In drug, department stores, beauty parlors.

IN TUNE with the trend to simplify beauty care, Bourjois offers a delightful, new Evening In Paris Trio-Lotion, that does three important jobs at once. It cleanses; it softens; it leaves the skin gently moist, not greasy, for make-up. And it is delicately perfumed with Evening In Paris. Pour a few drops in palm, rub together, then over face and neck. Remove with tissues or soft cloth. You will love the clean, refreshed sensation this lotion leaves, and the ease of use will inspire you to cleanse often for a finer, fairer skin. True cleanliness is the root of skin beauty. If you wonder why some skins always look so immaculate, one answer is frequent cleansing with some such preparation. In drug and department stores.

"I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows." according to Shakespeare. And I know a sweet, new bottle containing a real bouquet of Spring. This is Yardley’s April Violets, a lifting perfume for the month of sunshine and showers. So perfectly attuned to fashion and to make-up, so fresh, so different and altogether lovely! April Violets is uniquely packaged. You will bless that permanent bottle base that prevents upsetting and spilling. Very reasonably priced in drug and department stores. A good gift idea.

C. M.
A Real Day With Errol Flynn

Continued from page 61

Errol added. He's Max' favorite audience.

Errol picked out his home while Mrs. F. was away on a "mad." He and David Niven were brothers at the time, and they decided to enjoy a house as only men without women can. "I don't give a damn about a house so long as it's comfortable," Errol declared. "If I spot a scratch on my boat I go nuts, must have it revarnished immediately. But I'd prefer to do a lot of other things than worry about furniture! Rosalind Russell had rented this place before Niven and I found it. I thought it was okay, so I bought it."

When David left and Lili returned, she was pleased with everything but her bedroom. It was feminine-flily; she wanted a tailored style, which was all right with Errol. After all, he'd selected the establishment. He smiled. "Lili's become domestic, you know. She sleeps late—won't be awake until eleven at least. But then she'll send for the cook and insist on everything being just so for dinner at eight. We're both foods for food, especially unusual dishes. Lili'll trot downtown to little markets for out-of-season stuff.

"I bought some property up on a hilltop so we could build from our own original plans, but I have to afford to start that yet. Come on, I'll show it to you." He rose, stretched. "I'll get some clothes on."

Max the swarthy entertained me while the master dressed. "He sure hates to ring that studio," Max said hopefully. "He never hangs around Warners unless he's working. He says a fellow ought to do his work and then go away and play. Mr. Flynn's one who sure can play, he sure can.

Mr. Flynn bounded down the stairs at that moment, in gray flannel slacks and a white turtleneck sweater. He has three cars—a sedan which is used at night, with Max at the wheel, when there's a premiere or a grand party and Mr. and Mrs. F. are taking it big; an open British model halfway between midget and normal in size; and a new station wagon. He chose the latter for us and Arno (his schnauzer and permanent companion) and I piled in.

We shot through Coldwater Canyon and turned up into the hills above Hollywood. He was ignoring the convenient radio—he can leave a radio alone and like it. (That's more than I can say of Robert Taylor!) "I've eight acres. Got it all landscaped, anyway. I had some fun investigating all the nurseries in town, selecting exactly what was appropriate in trees and shrubs and flowers."

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The site was breathtaking. All Los Angeles was spread below, and the Pacific Ocean and Catalina were on the far horizon to the West. "Note my tool-shed. And the place levelled for a tennis court. Yonder's my corral. Way over yonder I'd like to ride often, even if a stirrup broke when I was Robin Hooding—I didn't mind being pitched off, but I felt silly when the seat ripped out of those fancy pants! There should be a barn here to go with the corral, would have been, too, but I refused to be gypped."

Seeing the world on a shoestring, depending on his wait, made him wise to the true value of money. Errol will pay fair prices, but he is a natural trader and he never gets the worst of a bargain. The land adjoining his estate-to-be trebled in value shortly after he invested; he had a hunch it might. He decides what something is worth to him and then has marvelous control, won't give in to super sales lines.

"I received an amusing letter from my father." (His dad is dean of the faculty of science at Queen's University, in Belfast, Ireland.) "Some bird at the studio had a vision in an idle moment, cooked up a few potte paragraphs about my plans for this property. Which, incidentally, I certainly am not going to use as he fancied. 'Dear son,' wrote my patient father, 'I see by the newspapers that you are planning to build a replica of your ancestral castle over there in Hollywood. I did not know you had an ancestral castle. Please tell me where it is so I can go and live in it.'

"I'll tell you this, though, I am considering a country retreat. When we were on location for the forest sequences of Robin Hood I fell for the beauty of that neighborhood. Those scenes were taken in Northern California, five hundred miles from here. I could fly it in three hours, you see. So I've put some money in a bank near there, and I've commissioned a real estate agent to find what I want. They grow almonds profitably there—I'd like eighty acres of trees and then say twenty hundred of wooded land. There are quail, deer, and grouse in abundance. I must have a creek, because there are trout and salmon. I could hire a man and his wife to run it for me."

A reckless gent? When the spirit moves him; yes. But he's canny, too. He said, next. "Well, let's run out to West Side for some tennis." The West Side Tennis Club is Hollywood's favorite sports rendezvous; a flock of courts and a large swimming pool sprawl around a semi-Spanish structure on the street connecting 20th Century-Fox and M-G-M. Errol was one of the organizers and is not only the singles champ, but is ranked number-one tennis player among all the screen stars who play anywhere. I agreed it was a swell idea and announced right off I'd watch rather than play!

Once we were out of the hills Errol fumbled in the glove compartment and hauled forth, of all things, an electric razor. "You mind driving?" I didn't. We switched and this streamlined soul proceeded to plug the razor into a special socket in the dash-board. He shaved as we drove down the cross-Hollywood boulevard. Arno wagged his tail nosilantly: I attempted to be as casual without a talk. "You know I don't enjoy tennis tournaments half as much as pick-up sets," Errol muttered between gyrations. "It spoils the fun even if tennis is arranged. I don't plan my days—I'm ready for whatever happens."

He greeted everyone in the club lobby and locker room, quickly lined up a game. Errol wielding a racket is as satisfying a sight as Errol piercing a Rathbone in a hot dueling shot. He does everything with such terrific enthusiasm and skill. Between sets he'd relax briefly; then he was aceing his opponent again. He had a rubdown and a shower. I was curious about the thin gold chain around his neck. It is his good luck charm. In New Guinea he nursed a dying missionary for seven days and nights and was handed it as a token of thanks. "I believe in Lady Luck—I've only taken it off once, when I played a boxer. They didn't think it'd do."

We had lunch there at the club, Errol ordering a light salad and mixing his own dressing expertly. Yes, and he had to have a big pot of coffee! "I'm trying to cut on coffee, but I guess I don't try very hard yet."

I recalled his flair for authorship. "I gathered material when I went to Spain but I haven't done a damn thing with it so far. I write my stuff in long-hand. It is the sloppiest copy you ever saw. I revise every sentence as I go along, imagine I've a knack for phraseology. My book's done quite well in sales, and when I get around to it I expect to do considerable writing.

I can author a snappy telegram already. Remembering it was the birthday of a woman friend at the studio, he admitted he got a great kick out of joking people. Calling for a telegraph blank, he scribbled, "Congratulations to the oldest white woman on earth." After it was dis-
April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, The Countess de la Falaise says: "Pond's is my choice, I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"

Spring in the Garden is fun for Miss Sally Anne Chapman, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin—with Pond's."

Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! Jean Stark (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. Miss Lucy Armistead Flippin, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so make-up looks glamorous!"

Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in Pond's Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

FOLLOW TODAY'S SMART SKIN CARE—

NOW YOU CAN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO YOUR SKIN*

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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patched he wondered if he’d gone too far. “One reason I love my wife is that she has an insane sense of humor like mine.”

His yacht flashed into his mind. “It’s at Wilmington. Let’s have a run down and see how she is today?” So away we went once more. “Should have had chicken for lunch,” said Errol enlighteningly. “Nothing like chewing the soft ends of chicken bones to keep your teeth sound.” Teeth became our topic. “When I was in the Caribbean last year my steward had a tooth that ached like the devil. I had to extract it with a pair of piers. He trusted me because the week before he’d got a fish hook in his thumb and I had to cut it out with a razor blade. I had no anesthetic aboard then. So I just filled Charlie full of Scotch and he didn’t feel the operation! I learned about dentistry in New Guinea. A roving veterinary there graduated himself to dentistry and he never had any anesthetic; when the pulling got rough he’d pin them to the ground by kneeling on their chests! He’d play poker for his fee, have some drinks to celebrate, and leave with his pockets empty!”

His personal opinion of his screen rôles was a matter I’d intended to bring up. Now was a time to catch him in candor. “One of my favorite rôles was that fellow in ‘Four’s A Crowd.’ I like playing farce comedy. It’s fun.” What, no swashbuckling complex? No! Probably because bunking around is actually second nature to him and acting a man unlike himself requires more effort. What he wants most to try now is “Cyrano de Bergerac,” the classic of the homely lover whose nose killed his romantic chances. Errol would improvise an exaggerated nose. Can you see him turning Durant, or Warner permitting him to? But he has so little vanity that he’s seen but two of his own pictures! His major impression of himself on the screen? “My ears! What a shock they gave me. They look as though they were put on with a pastry cone!”

His yacht, the “Sirocco,” was riding sleek and trim in the yacht harbor at Wilmington. A seventy-eight-footer, she is his week-end home. She was launched three years ago and he got her for a third of what she cost, made a trip East to locate such a bargain. Having explored the Caribbean last spring, he’ll sail either Alaskan waters or down to the isolated, uninhabited Galapagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador some day. He has a passion for seeing new places, but don’t mean, it’s because he can afford to indulge this desire. Errol went adventuring when he had to earn his passage, ran away from home because of his curiosity.

Have you ever day-dreamed of what it’s like in—Ethiopia? Errol did, when quite broke, but he didn’t stop at day-dreaming. Here’s what he did, and he’s never told this before. “I was on my way home from New Guinea. When we reached Port Said I was bored with the ship. I wanted to see Addis Ababa, meet the then-emperor, Hailie Selassie. I had a few dollars, literally; just enough to buy passage back to London on some other boat. But so what? So I jumped ship with a pal and we spent the remaining coin on railroad tickets to Addis Ababa. We didn’t think of how we’d get out of there! “Well,” sighed Errol, spitting mightily to test the wind, “we were important American geologists, heads of an expedition about to arrive. The emperor was delighted to meet us, and invited us to move into the best available accommodations in his city. We had no luggage and if you’ve ever tried to register at a hotel under such circumstances you can picture how the prime minister looked at us a trifle askance. We declared it was coming on the next train. And when it didn’t we were so amazed! The train was a weekly. We had a great time until the second week had rolled by and another train tooted in. No luggage! “We had a suspicion we’d best scam before the emperor became disillusioned. So we left in the dark of night, secretly boarding the outgoing train. When we reached Djibouti, this being our last, we heaved sighs of relief—we were out of range! “How’d we get back to England with no money? Oh, via a stokehold. Sure, swelled coal for a Mediterranean cruise to Dover.”

Hugh, who does odd jobs for Errol, was more than enthusiastic about the warm bedroom in town. “Max has been telephoning,” Hugh reported. “Said if you came down here to remind you that you were going to ski at Coronado this afternoon.”


It was already 2:30 p.m. “We’ll be there in a jiffy, pal,” maintained the dynamo. Whereupon we station-wagoned directly to the Miami airport, took a flight to Guiana, and, luckily, caught a Southbound plane just leaving. The dog went right up with us.

Errol is going to own his own plane soon. He’ll buy an amphibian, instead of a prosaic land plane. “I want to drop into the water at Catalina or Coronado in a few minutes from Hollywood?” He’s been delayed by studio objections to his flying; after six lessons in aviation, averaging twenty minutes a piece, he was soloing! “I’m going to let him do some flying.”

Magnificent letters from the Hollywoodians demanded autographs. He signed in abbreviated fashion—‘Flynn.’ Not to be eccentric, he assured me, but because he’s saved for himself, in the last four months alone, by shortening his signature.

Two friends had a car waiting and drove us to the strand. The beach at Coronado is long and smooth. One of the fellows handed Errol some swimming trunks he couldn’t get by with these at Ensenada,” Flynn admitted. “I went ashore there and the Mexican gendarmes suggested I retire and put on pants. We got morals ordinance here!” the policeman shouted at me.

Water skiing. Flynn form, is rare sport. The skis are just like snow skis. An airplane cable was tied to the rear bumper of the car; Errol held the tow line in his hands and stood on his skis in shallow water. When the train was on the tracks alone, by shortening his signature.

When an hour had passed one of his buddies mentioned that Max had long-distanced and left the message that Errol wanted to stop at a hardware store on his way home, for some fishing tackle. “Oh, yes,” nodded Flynn. “I’d have forgotten.” Whirled back to the airfield, we emerged half an hour later at Burbank once more. We went into Hollywood, to a hardware store on the Boulevard. “I’ll take this and this and this,” pointed Errol. Fishing tackle entices him.

It was 5:30 when we returned to his home, Lili met us at the door. “That Flynn,” she cried warmly, “so now you’ve come home!” A gorgeous redhead who was the sophisticated darling of Paris! Errol was a Samuel Goldwyn star, Lili has changed since marrying Errol three years ago. She is still as beautiful. Still fascinating, chic, emotional, and—let’s say it’s still dramatic. But her tastes have altered, to suit his. She has given up her career, contentedly, to be his wife. When they quarreled the columnists whip up rumors of divorce. When they take separate vacations occasionally there is a leaping to conclusions. But in spite of their fiery natures they are still Mr. and Mrs.

Four friends had dropped in for cock-

---

Song and dance men! Clark Gable and six very cute chorines in a scene from "Idiot's Delight." The girls with Gable are Virginia Dale, Pauline Stone, Joan Marsh, Virginia Dale, Lorraine Krueger and Bernadene Hayes.
Beware of the ONE NEGLECT* that sometimes kills Romance!

A GIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

There are women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects herself is apt eventually to live alone, whether she likes it or not. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene ... with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. Here are some of the important reasons why—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. S-904, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ________ State: ____________

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"Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

Are you a good housekeeper?

Do you take care of your looks?

Are you economical?

Are you always careful about Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance) on this question means that you "flunk" the test.

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Screenland 77
We have a few more pages from the document you provided. Here is the text extracted:

**Inside the Stars' Homes**

Continued from page 9

of raw potato. I believe a headmistress could make a hit if she'd try serving them sometime. But we can't give a Mother's Day party.

"Mother's day food," smiled Pat. "She won't ever tell us what's for dinner. Just says: 'This is the day I'm having surprises.' The other night she invented a grand dessert. She calls it orange surprise.

"A wonderful element adds excitement to satisfaction when it comes to eating the food mother is always thinking up to serve. But curiosity tries to kill excitement, it seems, and we continue to ask what's for dinner—and mother tells us we can't find it out until it's served to us. We think of the time when the food is actually served. But 'orange surprise' is what we were talking about, wasn't it?"

**ORANGE SURPRISE**

2 packages Jello (orange flavor)
6 cups boiling water
Sugar (enough)
4 tablespoons port wine
1/2 lb. citrus

Dissolve jello in the water and sweeten; when cool, add the port wine and pour in mold, probably a circular one with a hollow in the center. When the jello is set, add the citrus grated on top, and serve with center filled with whipped cream.

"Mother's the one who really understands food. Pat and I can't cook, except for barbecue," confessed Rosemary. "When Pat was in camp, she used to wrap potatoes in mud and roast them, and roast corn in shucks, too—it was wonderful!"

"I made a cake the other day," boasted Pat. "I took it to the studio and everybody said it was good. It was, too. Want to know about it?"

**CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE**

Melt 3 squares of unsweetened Baker's chocolate in a double boiler with 3 tablespoons butter; add 1/2 cup boiling water and 1 cup sugar and beat hard; pour into a bowl and beat in 1 well-beaten egg and 4 tablespoons sour milk. Sift 1 cup of Swansdown flour with 3/4 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt and beat into the mixture with 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla. Pour into three buttered and floured layer cake tins and bake in a moderate oven. Cool on a wire cake rack, spread between the layers and on top and sides marshmallow cream filling.

We can use our barbecue winter and summer because it's inside," said Rosemary. "But Lola has one outdoors. I was over there one day when she was barbecuing a steak and it began to rain. Anybody who supposes would have finished cooking indoors, but not Lola! Once she starts anything, she finishes it! The butter came out and held an umbrella over her until the steak was done.

"I love storms. I wish we had more of them out here. We come from Iowa where it's awful hot in summer and awfully cold in winter and does the wind blow!"

We wandered up to the house, where the Lane furniture, purchased in New York, seems to fit any house—especially the ranchhouse style of architecture. "It's mostly maple," Pat pointed out, "and some of the pieces are very good. Since we've been trying to get more pieces, we've discovered that our maple is a deeper color and more unusual wood than they sell here. The dining room
set has a lovely buffet, quite odd-looking, but charming. Then there's the cobbler's bench coffee-table and the butcher's block lamp table in the living room.

We moved on to the den, in redwood with a huge fireplace. There's an emergency bar in the wall, but Pat uses it for photography. She's a home movie fiend.

The girl's bedroom has white-brickled walls, blue rug, two pretty maple beds with chenille coverlets, and rose pink chintz in the windows. There's a hall leading to it, and on one side is an elaborate dressing room, on the other a huge bathroom, each equipped with mirrored wardrobes containing separate compartments for furs, evening gowns, shoes, sports clothes, street clothes, negligees, etc. The dressing room has a ceiling of heavenly blue decorated with silver stars, and a completely equipped table. The bathroom has a rose pink crosswise tub, with seats at angles, and a novel make-up shelf over the tub that comes down so that the girls can sit in the tub and take off make-up, or put it on.

"We often sit in the tub and drink coffee and have sandwiches, if we are home very late from the studio," said Pat. "Sometimes I read in the tub, too, if I want to relax. It's marvelous!"

Going back to barbecues," said Pat, as we returned to the living room, "they are really good fun summer or winter; winter especially because they seem more exciting then. Girls bake, and have them in the gym on the gas-plate. The real fun is having everybody help. Somebody should be responsible for each dish, and somebody responsible for the entertainment afterward. We play ping pong or darts, or the usual game—'What is it?'—you know, where you have to act out a proverb or slogan or something. The responsible people can plan prizes or new games."

"And about food," Rosemary put in, eagerly, "You can serve pie and hamburgers. Hot dogs—wieners—you know that sort of thing is delicious in winter or spring. And pie—most men are mad about it. We'll each pick out a good pie for you."

ROSEMARY'S PIE
Raisin (Mock Cherry) Pie
Cut 1 cup of cranberries in half and mix with 1 cup of plumped seedless raisins, 1/2 cup sugar sifted with 1 tablespoon flour and a few grains of nutmeg (Burnett's); add 2 teaspoons butter, broken in small bits and pour into a pastry-lined pie tin; cover with pastry, cut two slits in the crust and bake in a moderate oven.

PRISCILLA'S PIE
Apple Pie Royal
Beat the yolks of 2 eggs with 4 tablespoons of cold water. Sift 2 cups flour, 4 tablespoons sugar and rub into 1 cup butter; when the flour is like coarse meal, add the egg yolks and water and the grated rind and juice of 1/2 lemon. Work to a smooth dough and set on the ice until thoroughly chilled. Peel, core and chop 4 large, tart apples and mix them with 1/2 cup chopped, blanched almonds, 1/2 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons chopped seeded raisins, 1/2 teaspoon cinamon (Burnett's) and the grated rind and juice of 1 lemon. Roll out the pastry and line deep pie tin with it, fill with the apple mixture and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth with 5 tablespoons sugar and mound on the baked pie, return to the oven, brown lightly.
effort to be well-groomed at all times, and if I'm ever in an accident I won't be embarrassed. But then any self-respecting woman makes that effort, doesn't she? I am not a follower of high fashion, however. I don't spend half as much money on clothes as most of the women I go about with do. I don't have a wardrobe designed months in advance. I buy things that are right for my type, I'm particular about fit, and I try to dress suitably for the various events of life. I select the colors that are complimentary to my coloring. That's all! It's funny, but I wasn't urged to splurge on a wardrobe when I began in Hollywood, as most girls say they are. My mother used to tell me I didn't have to dress as expensively as the other girls—she thought my 'young-and-innocent' looks and er—ability more than made up the difference.

Virginia sighed, asked for her canvas-backed chair. "That was fine when I didn't have enough money to buy what I wanted, when I really had nothing to wear. It made me feel good. But my mother still has the same idea, so when I want an exclusive model I buy it first and mention it afterward!"

She not only has none of that consuming vanity you might have expected in her, but she never even being driven to be an actress. She wasn't driven on by any great desire to demonstrate her stupendous talent, and she won't claim she was.

"I know," she declared, her wide blue eyes essaying would-be horror, "that this isn't so much as hair-raising as it should be, but I had no particular ambition. Back in Fargo, North Dakota, I simply had a normal good time and presumed that everything would come out all right. I was the only girl at high school who had a car of her own, which was not unusual, and I went to all the small-town dances I could go to, and I didn't care a snap whether a boy was rich or poor. I remember an Irish boy who seemed so handsome to me, and I remember his family had no money and how I never worried about that! I liked him.

"I never had the faintest notion of becoming an actress. I thought my mother must be out of her mind when she'd say I was as attractive as most of those girls in Hollywood. I don't think I showed her. I'm here, an actress, because I've been plain lucky and I think I have common sense enough to know so. And I'm still a farm girl at heart, even though I've been in the Follies. The truth about me is that my tastes and my habits are simple, not sensational. I don't want uncertainty, I want to be sure about the few fundamental things that seem significant to me. I want to be sure of my husband, of my home, of children. I don't want suspense and sensationalism."

Right to the point, Virginia is, with no whipping up of exotic quotes to suit press agents. Furthermore, I think it is notable that she has developed into a star without ever being the least ruthless, and this is all the more singular because she has done her rising at a studio where the competition is, to put it gently, slightly cutthroat.

"They say this is one more gold-rush town, where a girl has to win the man's mind and as much money as a man's hard-boiled nerve to survive. Well," vowed Virginia, submitting casually to the simultaneous attention of a hair-dresser, a make-up woman, and a wardrobe woman, "I've gotten as far as I have without putting on pants, figuratively. I'm afraid I've never wanted to play the game just like a man."

Other careerists can boast of how they can take rebuffs as a man would. Virginia objects to being so modern a martyr.

"I'm afraid I don't want to be anything but a woman, even though I work. I have never tried to think or react 'just like a man.' I haven't been a rebel, I haven't had a business eye. I haven't run ragged after opportunities. But I've taken advantage of my best opportunities eventually. I haven't wanted a daring life, passionately full of risks and dangers and dollar bills. I never get myself into a major frenzy. What's the value?

"No, I don't demand a place for myself in the sun. I just hope. There were," she added thoughtfully, "a number of things I don't believe in. I don't believe in having

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**Joan Blondell visits Geraldine Fitzgerald on the "Dark Victory" set at Warners.**

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Girls! Don't Be Too Clever! Continued from page 63
"I believe in luck," she repeated. "It's a lovely idea, fancying we decide our own fate, but I doubt if it's true. I'm inclined to bank on destiny having designs for us. Few people happen into our lives and we can't pick them because we don't know what they're like until we have had time to know them intimately.

"There's no getting around it; I've just been fortunate. I came to Hollywood ten years ago because dad had business reverses and we moved to California so he could try here. He had been in insurance. Things were tough, too. He couldn't even get in civil service because he was from out of the state. I happened to be introduced to William Beaudine, the director, and he said I should be in pictures. We needed an income. If I hadn't changed to meet people who helped me, where'd I have gotten?"

"Pretty soon I was in the stock company at Paramount. I didn't push myself; I even was so unmasculine-minded that I wouldn't be hurried at all. Women without men's minds can't be won. I went to their coaching school and learned very little. I was absolutely unprepared for progress then. You couldn't call me stupid, but I'm the type who has grown up mentally very slowly.

"So I was let go at Paramount, and I had to have an operation for appendicitis and I couldn't pay for it. I had it and couldn't pay that doctor for a couple of years. So then I needed work more than ever and began to be sorry I hadn't tried to learn more there on the lot at Paramount. It wasn't anything I did, but to someone else I was introduced to Florenz Ziegfeld at a dinner party and he signed me for the Follies.

"I went East and had a grand time in New York. I wasn't regretful about pictures, because it was the first time I'd ever been away from home. Homesick?" She answered my question truthfully. "Why, I enjoyed the freedom from my family, I'm afraid. Though, understand, I get along swell with my family! Anyway, New York was fun; it was the big city. John Hark- rider, who was Mr. Ziegfeld's set designer, promised dad to watch out for me. He and Mr. Ziegfeld and I had dinner together often, and they vauntingly saw that no harm came to Little Nellie, who was terribly naive and thrilled silly when she rated her first trip through Chinatown. I was in two Broadway shows, I was in the chorus of the first one and had only a small bit in the second, and then it closed and it seemed best to return home and try pictures again. I cried when I left New York. No, Mr. Ziegfeld didn't offer to make me a star. He wasn't interested enough—yet later I was cast as one of his typical tempe- mental ladies, in the movie version of Ziegfeld. What was that but luck, bad and good?

"I was sitting in the waiting room of the casting office right here at Columbia when an agent noticed me and got me a test at Metro. The test got me my contract at M-G-M. I played some leads, but I wasn't overly eager; I supposed that if I weren't very good I'd marry and go out of the business.

"Which was precisely what she did do. She fell in love abruptly with John Gilbert, the turbulent romantic lover of the silent screen. She worked entirely and attempted to suit her peaceful nature to his fiery and unpredictable sophistication. Her daughter Susan was born, but after two years of strange dis-Harmony she moved back to her parents and Metro asked her to resume with them.

"Great luck, of course. I started to pay some attention to acting. Robert Young and I rehearsed with Oliver Hinsdale in the studio's schoolroom and learned con-

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**Cashmere Bouquet**

**THE LOVELIEST SOAP WITH THE COSTLIEST PERFUME**

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**Screenland** 81
She's Scarlet O'Hara

Continued from page 27

coming in to see a preview, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper enter the Hollywood Theatre.

next month the letter-writing public had changed to Margaret Sullivan, next month it was Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins. Mr. Selznick had a sinking feeling about his decision. The paramount test for any Scarlett great masses of people were going to be as mad as wet hens. He might just as well be bold about it and revert to his first instinct.

And his first decision had been to get an unknown girl to play Scarlett! When he read the book he knew that Scarlett had to be a star; and yet he knew that any Scarlett great masses of people were going to be as mad as wet hens. He might just as well be bold about it and revert to his first instinct.

And the great search for an unknown Scarlett was launched. She must look like Scarlett (so the public wouldn't scalp her), and she must be some one he could put under a long-term contract (so Studio International could reap the rewards). After all, picture-making is a business, and you can't blame Mr. Selznick for having his own business in mind. He's a shrewd man, and the fairness to him, I must say that if you letter-writing fans had agreed on any one big star from another studio Mr. Selznick would have made a better deal and let Studio International get her. But you didn't agree.

You did agree on Gable for Rhett Butler, though. And what a lot of trouble that caused Mr. Selznick. Metro wasn't at all enthused about loaning out their top star to another studio. They themselves had plenty of pictures on hand, Mr. Gable and they weren't feeling at all charitable to the studio down the road. Mr. Selznick pleaded, Mr. Mayer said no. That went on for some time, and Mr. Selznick was getting desperate. So Mr. Mayer, also with his eye on the exchequer, said, "I will give you Gable if you will promise to release "The Wind" through Metro so we can share in the profits." (This is inside stuff, kids; but I thought you'd like to know how movies are made.) Now, Metro have a contract with United Artists to release eight pictures through them. If he suddenly turned on them and released "Gone With the Wind" through Metro, he would lose the living daylights out of him. But he had to have Gable. So what? So he had to make his eight pictures to be released through United Artists before he could release a picture through Metro. He has recently completed his eight-picture con-
tract deal with United Artists—and “Gone With the Wind” will be released by Metro!

See, folks, what a lot of trouble you put your Uncle David to, simply by insisting upon Clark Gable for Rhett!

And that, in a nutshell, is the mystery of the long delay on the filming of “GWTW.” It wasn’t the search for Scarlett that held up production. It wasn’t a play for publicity. It wasn’t just stalling until everyone got bored. It was those eight pictures he had to make.

But to return to the search for Scarlett. Knowing that it would be 1939 before he could make the picture Mr. Selznick took his time and made a thorough job of it. He sent George Cukor, the director of the picture, on a long tour through the South, with emphasis on Atlanta, in quest of an embryonic star. Cukor interviewed hundreds of girls, many of whom he tested. The tests were run off in the projection room at the studio and Selznick, Cukor and the company executives mulled over them. If a girl looked like Scarlett it was a cinch she couldn’t act. If she could act, she didn’t look like Scarlett, not by the wildest imagination. It was pretty discouraging. He checked over the ready-made stars again. Cukor wanted Katharine Hepburn who happens to be one of his best friends. But Hepburn didn’t look like Scarlett. Norma Shearer was announced for the part, but there was such an avalanche of threatening letters that she quickly withdrew. Joan Bennett was tested. So was Jean Arthur. And thirty-five other actresses, or would-be actresses. Paulette Goddard took test after test. But she wasn’t Scarlett. However, if Vivien Leigh hadn’t appeared when she did Paulette would probably have gotten the part for the chief reason that she is under contract to Selznick. If he made a star out of her the profits would remain in the company. Poor Paulette, she has been very sporting about it, you have to give her a big hand for that, but in the quiet of the night I bet she wishes that Miss Vivien Leigh had never discovered America.

The whole thing happened quite by accident, as most important things do. Laurence Olivier decided to accept the role of Heathcliff in “Wuthering Heights” and came to Hollywood from London to co-star with Merle Oberon in the Sam Goldwyn picture. He had met Vivien Leigh in an English picture called “Fire Over England” and had become quite interested in her. At his insistence Vivien decided to come to Hollywood for two weeks (she had a play waiting for her in England) to visit the

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Honeymooners! Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, and his bride were married in Yuma, Ariz.
English colony here, have herself a social whirl, and then back to England and work. Though not a “big” star she is rather well-known in England, where she is under contract to Korda, and her agent is none other than Harry Ham, the London representative of the Myron Selznick agency. So, naturally, when Vivien arrived Myron gave her a ring and suggested that she take the test for Scarlett as everyone else had so why should she be different? David Selznick is Myron’s brother so Myron took her out to meet brother David the night that they were burning Atlanta on the back lot at Selznick International.

When the producer met Vivien he had quite a start. Here, for a change, was someone who actually looked like Scarlett, if she could only act! The first test was terribly, terribly British, and Mr. Selznick was despondent again. After all, you can’t have a belle of the Old South talking like a Noel Coward drawing-room comedy. And then, when the starting date was drawing near and Paulette was just about to be announced, Vivien took another test—and was damned good. It seems that the first test was more or less a joke with her as she had every intention of returning to England, but then in spite of herself she got interested. She read the book, and she adored Scarlett. And she likes to act. The third test was perfect. And then the matter of contract. Mr. Korda, as luck would have it, was in Hollywood attending the United Artists board meetings. He and Mr. Selznick had lunch together and before either of them could reach for the check it was decided that Vivien Leigh could sign a contract with Selznick, with the provision that she make one picture a year for Korda. Selznick had practically what he had made up his mind to get way back in the summer of 1936—an unknown girl, at least unknown in America, whom he could place on a long term contract, and who looked and acted like Scarlett O’Hara. Another one of those one-minute-to-play miracles.

I have met Vivien Leigh, and although I arrived prepared not to like her, I was completely captivated. More than any of the other contestants, she really looks like Scarlett. On page one Margaret Mitchell wrote, “Scarlett O’Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it is an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, started with brightness. Her lashes slanted upward, created an arresting oblique line in her magnolia white skin—

And on page 76, “And as for her waist—there was no one in Fayetteville, Jonesboro or in three counties, for that matter, who had so small a waist.” I’m telling you it’s all there. Vivien’s eyes are green with black lashes slanting upward, her waist seventeen inches, and what’s more she is of French and Irish descent.

And what about this girl who won the most coveted role in movie history?

What was her life before she came to Hollywood? She was born on November 5, 1913, in the resort town of Darjeeling, India, in the Himalayas. Her father, Ernest Richard Hartley, was a stock broker in Calcutta at the time. At the age of five Vivien was taken to London to enter the Convent of Mary of Roche. As luck would have it she was given her first taste of acting in a school production of "A Midsummer's Night Dream." Maureen O’Sullivan, a famous actress of the British stage, took her under her wings that once when she asked Vivien, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Vivien promptly and emphatically answered, "Actress!"

When she was fourteen she left London to study in a French convent in Italy, followed by a year’s study at Mlle. Manlie’s school for young ladies in Paris, where she was able to study dramatics under a famous actress of the Comedie Francaise. Then came finishing school days at the Baroness von Roeder’s school in Bavaria. After graduation she visited Connemara, in Ireland’s peat bog country, to visit her family. Vivien’s dream was to be an actress to her parents, and with their consent she became a student at the Academy of Dramatic Art in London. On December 20th, just after her nineteenth birthday, she married Leigh Holman, a prominent lawyer in England (from whom she is now separated), and in 1934 became the mother of a little girl whom she named Suzanne.

Her first appearance on the stage was in "The Green Sash" and she became an overnight sensation. Other important plays followed, and naturally the movie offers came thick and fast. "Fire Over England" in which Vivien played as lady-in-waiting was her first picture of any note. She has played in one American picture, "The Yank at Oxford," which was made in England for Gaumont, with Robert Taylor and Maureen O’Sullivan. She has had several American movie offers before, but never had the slightest intention of ever accepting one. Her act was in her hair. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 103 pounds, and her hair is brown with a reddish tint. She’s very very handsome about Scarlett.

If Margaret Mitchell, the author, doesn’t object to an English girl playing Scarlett I see no reason why we should. "Remember," Miss Mitchell has said in an interview, "has revealed that cultured Georgians of the War Between the States era were more English than our present day Englishmen. They had great respect and admiration for the English and when they went on vacations they did not go North but to England. Many had been in that country, but few years and others went first or second generation Georgians, only a few years removed from England." Miss Mitchell sent Vivien a wire when she was announced for Scarlett which is Vivien’s proudest possession.
Broadway, and later Rudy took it up. He shoots pictures of everyone who goes on his shows. He shot a picture of me, once, just as I was shooting one of him. Everybody took up the fad and it still rages. I don't wonder. There's a great satisfaction in it.  

"This is a shot of Gypsy Rose Lee before she became famous, at a luncheon of the Ziegfeld Girls' Club. I stood on a platform to get that. That's why the two end figures aren't all flattened out, as they would be if you shoot straight on. You wouldn't recognize Gypsy! Well, here's one of Sally Rand with clothes on, taken at the Casa Manana. I like that shot, especially. It was at a rehearsal where they just had rehearsal lights, and it looks unposed and informal, the way such a picture should look.

"I adore angle shots. I hang over railings, I lie down on the floor, and I peep out from railings to get shots. I think I was standing on a chair when I got this shot of the chorus girls' backstage in 'Red, Hot and Blue.' This is the sort of picture you see in an artist's sketch. So maybe now and then I'marty. But it's incidental.

"This is a shot I made at my first big dinner as a speaker. Up to that time, I'd appeared on the stage and on platforms as master of ceremonies and so on, but this Baseball Writers' Dinner was the first time I'd ever been asked to act as entertainer at a really important affair. I was scared at first. I worked out a monologue about baseball, with a lot of stories in it, and the thing went off very well. Anyway, people laughed and clapped, so I was relieved. The minute I was through, I thought to myself: 'Maybe nobody will ever ask me to a thing like this again!' So I grabbed my camera and said: 'Let me take a picture!'—Another for the days of the pipe and the old armchair. Judge Landis and Ford Frick stood up and let me shoot them. Everybody was very nice. You know, I was just a fan!

"I like taking action shots too. This one of Orzie Nelson (Harriet Hilliard's husband—I mean, she's his wife)—boxing at the New York Athletic Club, is one of mine.

"I wonder now how Madison Square Garden ever let me in with my camera when they usually bar cameras, but nobody said a word to me. I wandered in, hugging my Graflex, and looking sort of wide-eyed, and then sat in a good seat and got click, click, click. Nobody stopped me. I suppose they thought: 'His pictures never get anywhere!' and went on.

"Whenever I've been in a show, I've taken pictures. Here's Mitzi Green in the show in 1937, posing for me. Good picture of her, too. Nice balance, don't you think? See how professional I am. And here's a shot of Sonja Henie, with her mother and brother, at dinner during her Madison Square Garden appearance. Am I a news-camera man, I ask you?

"I'll tell you the things you should watch for, if you make pictures. Take the cover off your lens, if you have one on your camera. I once shot a roll of film without removing the cover. And they would have been the best pictures I ever took, too.

"Don't be in a hurry. I learned that from watching the cameramen around this lot. They are sure it's OK before they shoot—they fuzz around with the lighting, the focus, the expression, the background, the balance—gee, they have to be right! They can't show up at the darkroom next day and say: 'Gee, that's too bad, but the folks were in such a hurry I just grabbed what I could get.' They see it's all right, hurry or not.

"Naturally some shots must be grabbed, if a horse is racing or a ball flying or something, but in most cases a little time won't matter. Look in your finder, because if it isn't there, it won't be on the finished print. I used a lot of stuff with my home movie camera because I needed to disturb people by making them pose. I have some great scenic stuff on it, too. But Palm Springs—I Gee, there's a tough spot to make pictures! The light's terrific. No dust in the air, they tell me, but my camera was full of dust. None of my shots were good. And I used filters, too. I should have used a light meter for that brilliant light!"

As I started away, he hurried after me: "Look," he said, "I'm not really making a picture called: 'Put It on Ice.' The name of my picture is 'NEVER SAY DIE.' Get it in, will you?"

--Screenland

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Has Hollywood Changed Him?  Continued from page 34

have the privilege of doing stage plays. Robinson has never done a play since he first came to Hollywood. Manx went back east, did one play, returned to the west coast and promptly sank into the desuetude of Hollywood life. When Robert Montgomery signed a new contract with M-G-M it carried a provision enabling him to do stage plays. He has never availed himself of the clause. Spencer Tracy used to mean that Robinson and Muni had the only workable contracts in the film industry, because they had the privilege of doing stage plays. Yet, when he left the Fox company he promptly signed with M-G-M—signed without even a backward glance at the legitimate theatre.

All this was pointed out to John Garfield by aforkful of egg on his new gray slacks, “You’re going to start that again, eh?” he muttered, cleaning himself off. “I haven’t changed!”

“You’re bound to have changed some,” I insisted. “You don’t need to have changed for the worse but you’re bound to have changed somehow.”

“I haven’t!” he yelled and added defensively, “ask Robbie.”

“Robbie,” I put it up to his wife, “you tell me.”

“I don’t think he has changed,” she replied. “When we came out here he didn’t care about night clubs. He still doesn’t. We’ve only been to one in all the time we’ve been here. He didn’t care about parties—and he still doesn’t. He’s only been to one Hollywood party and that was one night when he’d worked late and his director made him go along. He didn’t care anything about clothes. He’s still the worst-dressed man in Hollywood. He still doesn’t pay over $5 for shoes or $2.00 for a shirt.”

I glanced down at John’s feet. He had a pair of sandals such as I have never seen anywhere but in Hollywood—and hope I never do, either.


“You’re crazy,” John shouted. “I bought these in New York three years ago. Only in New York you can only wear them in summer. Out here you can wear them all year round.”

He turned to the cook: “More eggs, please,” he suggested politely.

I watched him down a breakfast consisting of orange juice, four eggs, six slices of toast, jelly and two cups of coffee.

“Did you always eat this much in New York?” I asked hopefully.

“No,” Robbie said promptly. “We never had enough money for him to eat this much.”

“Well, then he’s changed that way,” I exulted. “Why, he’s eating you out of house and home.”

“He always ate us out of house and home,” she retorted. “I only said we didn’t have as much in the house in New York.”

“You won’t get anything out of her,” John warned me. “She knows better than to talk.”

“Don’t goad me too much,” Robbie cau-
tioned him. "I'm likely to surprise you."

"If you thought you meant that," John grumbled, making a playful pass at her chin.

"Oh, a wife-beater, eh?" I sneered. "Holly-

Gail Patrick and John Howard, featured in
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ing before he got back to the place where he had been before. Or he could rise above it. He maintained a typically masculine, noncommittal exterior. But he was frantically happy. That was the most beautiful and heart-warming happiness which he knew today. The play in which he next was given a part proved a success and ran for a long time, to give him important parts in the New York theatre and to make him an actor for whom movie producers began bidding greedily. While, ironi-

cally enough, the play in which Florence continued and from which he was fired closed almost immediately.

Had Glenda Farrell shown the white feather some years ago there wouldn’t have been a mother in the house who wouldn’t have counted it against her—but she wouldn’t be where she is today and neither would her son, Tommy. Glenda had to decide whether she would go to New York and leave Tommy in California with her parents or whether she would stay where they were. It was four months before she made up her mind which she intended in the theatre would buy. Going away wasn’t easy. Stay-

ing away was slow torture. The letters Glenda’s parents sent twice a week, to tell her that they had made her ill with loneliness and longing.

Glenda shared a little flat with two other girls in show business. She had to scrimp plenty to pay her share of the expenses and to send money home. Nevertheless she sometimes managed telephone calls to Cali-

fornia. And these calls, as well as the snapshots, told her that Tommy, while she was away from him, was turning from a baby into a little boy.

We sat in Glenda’s dressing-room-on-
together. She was fairly fevered about her hairline, Glenda freshened her make-up after luncheon. “Sometimes it isn’t the first hundred years that are hard,” she said, “it’s the second hundred!” The first Christmas I spent away from Tommy was no picnic, except by com-

parison with the second Christmas. The

second Christmas I knew what I was in for, so I lived through it twice—first in dread, then in reality. I knew the sickly let-down that would come when the Cali-

fornia box was packed and gone. I knew how lonely it would be in the chain restau-

rant where I ate dinner, with practically everybody else in the world with their families. I told myself I would have inside of me when I walked along the streets alone at dusk. I thought I couldn’t stand it all over again. I came close to quitting the show—all the way that eventually took me back to California and helped me get into pictures. I decided I
tommy too much to jeopardize the career that would protect his future and give him an education and I knew it."

Nine Christmases have come and gone since that last Christmas Glenda stayed away and they have been good days, all of them, with little Tommy together, and the house full of food and presents and relatives. And two years ago this June when Tommy graduated from the Cali-

fornia Preparatory School it was very dif-

ferent than it would have been if Glenda had not refused to admit her love knew any selfish breaking-point. After the ex-

ercises Tommy and Glenda walked down the school steps hand in hand, with Tommy pushing over her way, proving by every inch of him that he is worth the care and education he has enjoyed, and with Glenda positively shameless in her pride.

I come now to Bette Davis. When Bette

started out to get where she is today she didn’t find the going easy. There were plenty of discouragements and hardships over which she had to rise; but greatest of all was her voice. At luncheon in Bette’s dressing-room, while I was charmed as always by the rich, vibrant tones that are such an important part of Bette’s mag-

netism today, she told me she once had talked with a New England twang. “Peo-

tle used to look at me pityingly when, at six, I talked of going into the theatre,”

she explained. “And I know too that my high, little, squeaky voice stood in my way.

But I never looked upon this as a barrier, only as something that had to be over-

come.”

Surmounting this obstacle Bette encoun-
tered other obstacles. While she attended a New York dramatic school she had to

ski mp along and practice one unbelievable economy after another. And while she was in the process of attaining the tones and diction which distinguished her today she had to take a lot of hard kidding because she talked in a much deeper voice and pronounced many words in an exaggerated manner. But she stuck to her guns. She didn’t call quits. And now look at her!

Often enough it’s little things like the need to wear an old gown, as Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode had to— that it is hardest to rise above. Big events have drama so they offer a greater challenge. Howev-

er, it’s by riding high over little setbacks and disappointments that a colorful and courageous personality is formed. And such a personality will carry us to popularity and success—and to happiness too. Besides, frequently, the immediate reward for sur-

mounting a little obstacle is great. Take the case of Marjorie Gateson. Although

Marjorie had been a bright favorite on

Broadway she found it difficult to get

started in Hollywood. And the rapidity with which her money became

spending pet money that Marjorie knew offered to bring an important director to
dinner. This director was casting his next picture and he needed someone of Mar-

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AND THE

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sentiment. Elizabeth Wilson tells the story only

IN THE APRIL-

Silver Screen

10¢—NOW ON SALE—10¢
jorie's type. Delighted at the opportunity to attend this noteworthy event, Marjorie planned a dinner for six with care.

"I had filet mignon," she says, "They're just about worth their weight in gold in California, but you know how it is, you always feel impelled to serve food like that when you're poor. You probably hope it will act as a smoke screen."

Marjorie had no maid so she prepared the dinner. And things were further complicated by the fact that they were going to the Hollywood Bowl afterwards and Marjorie had to wear a semi-formal gown which had a long skirt and flowing sleeves.

The table was laid at one end of the living-room. It was charming with crystal, roses, and candles. Sherry was served first, dry yellow sherry. In a polite way it was all very pleasant but Marjorie realized that she and her friend, their beaux, and the director and his girl were unfortunately restrained. It was almost a relief when she had to go into the kitchen to attend to the last minute details. She arranged the fillets carefully on a large silver platter and grouped the vegetables around them. Then into the living-room she whisked, bearing her platter aloft, trying desperately to be gay and casual.

Her flowing sleeve caught on a chair! The fillets and the vegetables cascaded to the floor, a small and colorful Niagara. The three men were sympathetic. That brought Marjorie close to tears. The girls laughed. That saved her. Pat, that made her furious. She picked up the food and rearranged the platter. "We'll eat it!" she announced. And there was healthy anger in her voice and in her eyes. The men liked Marjorie's spirit. They roared with laughter. And at last she laughed with them. That accident, which might have ruined everything, saved the party. Because Marjorie rose above her concern and her embarrassment. And she got the job!

Sometimes to support a conviction or an ideal it's necessary to rise above a number of immediate needs. That's Pat O'Brien's story. Once upon a time Pat had to rise above his lover's urgency and impatience and fears. Eloise Taylor, now Eloise O'Brien, and Pat were engaged for four and a half years; if you start counting, as Pat did, from the sixth day after they met. Why Eloise should stick to him was more than he could see. He knew he was no great shakes. He was as poor as only an unestablished actor can be. And Eloise, he knew, could have any man she chose to. Sometimes Pat would wake up in the night and be frightened for fear some rich, handsome devil already had stolen Eloise away from him and she had not yet found the courage to tell him. Then and there he would decide to take his last dollar and go to Hollywood, in spite of the fact that it was Pat's deep Irish hunch that he should not go into the movies until he was sent forth by daylight, however, his fears would recede a little and he would decide to wait a little longer.

Pat lived in a room, which he describes as the size of a flower-pot, next door to the Lamb's Club. Eloise had a little basement suite further uptown. Usually they had dinner at her place. Pat brought in the food and she cooked it. "There were plenty of nights," Pat says, grinning, "when we dined on tuna fish and rice. And there were more nights when tuna fish and rice was what we wished we had."

Once, after Eloise had been playing in Duluth, Minnesota, for months and Pat had nearly died for a sight of her, they went to Coney Island on a spree. "I've got one dollar to spend," Pat told Eloise. "What will it be? The roller coaster, or a ride in a wheelchair with a bag of popcorn between us?"

They decided on the ride and the popcorn. And while the darkly pushed them into the large chair that pulled them around and around, they decided to go back to the hotel where Pat had his private room. So they returned. It was a small, two-room affair, and Eloise paid for the room and the ride and the carnivals and the ice cream and everything. They paid for their own dinner at the hotel restaurant. And Eloise, who never balanced her checkbook, never balanced her ledgers.

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DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

SCREENLAND

89
I wish you could have heard that "yep." Ugly little word that it usually is, it became, on his lips, a lover's litany, a prose poem. Galahad is penned in the one-syllable, casual slang-vernacular of the modern (Kid) Galahad.

"I believe in early marriage," he stated, then.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "because of the children."

Well, I thought, patiently, he has to say something. I knew that he has to say something to me and so he is casting at words because his senses are so tangled up in the moon and the stars of Tomorrow. I didn't want to hurt him, I wasn't a bridegroom-so-very-soon-to-be. At that, he did very well indeed, considering.

He said again, "because of the children..." and so matter-of-factly did he voice his consideration for "the children" that I looked at him, half expecting to hear him characterize the Patter of Little Feet. He was kidding me, perhaps? He was delirious? He was punch-drunk? He was slap-happy? But no, his eyes were entirely serious.

I said to myself, "He's in love, you dope, that's delirium." "Oh," I said, aloud, "I see."

"So that we can grow up together, you know," Wayne was explaining, "to football games and plays together, Bubbles, the kids, and I. Kids don't want an old dodderer for a Dad." (Wayne was born February 18, 1916.)

I said, then, persuasively, I hoped, "Won't you tell me all about it?" Perhaps, I thought, this question will provide an outlet safer than cat-walks and marital contests.

"Well, I was out on a personal appearance tour, you know, just about three months ago, twelve days ago, anyway. I wasn't even thinking about girls or dates. I flew into New York from Chicago. When I got in Minna Wallis, she's sister to Hal Wallis, the producer on our lot, you know, called me on the phone. She asked me to have dinner with her and with the Schinas family, her friends. She said she thought we'd get a little deeper about something. She knows so many people in New York. I'd met so many girls. Yet it was this girl, that night..."

"So I was having a drumming in my ears that night. I thought it came from the plane. Maybe it did. But I once read a story about 'The Drums of Fate' and how you hear them rat-a-tatting in your heart. Well, anyway, I can't say that it was 'Love at First Sight' like you read about. I guess it was, all right, but I didn't know if I meant. I didn't take one look at Bubbles and say to myself, 'This is the girl I am going to marry.' I wasn't that much of a Smart Guy, I'm sorry to say. Now, it's true that I said weeks to say that to myself and—to her."

"But we clicked right off. We were friends at first glance, that's certain. She wasn't the easiest girl I'd ever met. We seemed to have so much to say to each other, right off. We spoke exactly the same language. And in just about ten minutes after I met her, she did something I liked. We'd gone to one of those snazzy places in New York for dinner and dancing. They put me out. I was exhausted; I didn't want to dance. I didn't know how to dance. I didn't have on a Tux and it was the kind of place where you can't dance unless you are formally dressed. And the girls weren't made, so we went around pretty fast. At the door the autograph gang ganged up on me. Bubbles stayed right at my elbow and waited. Now, most girls would have streaked away and waited for me in the taxi. But not Bubbles. She stood right by me, quietly, all unused to that sort of thing as she is, until we got away. I liked that an awful lot."

"She seemed to be so little thing but to me it had big implications. Gave me a sort of a warm feeling of a woman by my side, the way a woman is supposed to be. I knew myself I fell in love.

"You are just a touch old-fashioned about women, aren't you?" I asked. "I mean, you're glad Bubbles is not a pro-fotographer."

The cigarette smoke, still making a frantick smoke-screen over those candid blue eyes, were not affected at all by the sound of the heart which was: "I am glad that Bubbles is everything she is, not anything she isn't!" But what he said may have been more than he knew."

"I mean, too."

"Don't go, me! Not on your life! Of course, I wouldn't want my wife to work."

"Of course not," I said. I hoped that I didn't sound as though I was hearing him. Then I realized that he wouldn't have the Viaziest notion how I sounded.

Then, we feel the same about everything; it was so sort of the same things. Like if I say, 'I don't feel like going dancing for two months,' she says, 'I don't either.' Or if I say, 'I'd like to go to the fight this evening.' She says, 'Sure. I'd go, but I wouldn't go. I Matter of fact, we're going to the fights this very night.'"

"Is my wife?" I said, "the—the night before..."

"Sure, big fight tonight, yeah, we're going tonight. But as I was saying, I mean, as I am saying now, it isn't that she is the class-vine type, simply to me or anything like that. She has more spirit than a girl raised in the jungle. She doesn't take me seriously at all, darn it! Well, anyway, I do."

"And they're so pretty. Except by marrying me. She isn't doing that wussily. But she kids me all the time. She'll say to me on the screen, you have sex appeal! She told me that she got up and walked out of 'Valley of The Giants.' She'd seen all my pictures but she'd never started any fan club for me. Now, that's a girl!"

"If she didn't agree with me, she'd say so. The funny, beautiful, sort of wonderful part of it is that we just do agree, about everything."

"We like all the same things, like I said. We both like to go to the movies. We both like golf and tennis. I hate people who bum cigarettes, people who smoke, people who smoke who?" over the telephone, exhibitionists of any kind. I hate girls who talk about dieting. I like to go to football and hockey games. I like police dogs and horses and cokes. I like all kinds of flowers except orchids which look to me like old, dead faces. I like to drive myself, pretty fast, in a sassy open car. And she is right along with me in all these little likes and dislikes. Maybe you'll think they are too little likes and dislikes, but these things like these that cement people together with adhesive tape."

"Well, we met that first evening and everything."

"Every single evening for the two weeks I was in New York. After that first meeting, we never had another date with anyone either of us. The way it was, you got up at 11 o'clock and then Bubbles would pick me up at the theatre and we'd go out to supper. Sometimes we'd go places and dance. Sometimes we wouldn't. It depended on the mood."

"Valley of the Giants or Central Park—or wherever it was. By the end of that two weeks, I knew. I knew for certain and forever. Then I did say to myself, 'This is the girl I am going to marry. I hope.' I don't remember the words I
used when I proposed to her. I'm not sure that I did propose. Nowadays, there's none of this getting down on your knee and saying 'will you be mine?' We don't do like that anymore. By the way we get around to asking that question, we don't have to ask it. Maybe it's because young people are more honest with each other these days. I don't know. I only know that when pop-
ing the question is indicated you know that she is yours and you are hers and it's all understood without words. That's the way it was with us. And so I don't remember the words I used, if any. Even if I did remember, I wouldn't tell. Those words (if any) belong to her now. No, I don't even remember where we were."

I said, "There must have been—"

"A moon," he said. That wasn't what I had intended to say but I let it pass.

"There was so little time," I said.

"Aw, TIME" said Wayne, "what's time? Time's only good to add to your age. It only takes a splintered fraction of a second for a heart-beat, doesn't it? Well, a couple of heart-beats in perfect swing-time and you know, all right. I don't believe in long engagements. When a man and a girl meet—well, as I say, what's Time?"

"But we didn't make any definite plans in New York. We figured it out, very wisely, I suppose. It's a lot of bology to be 'wise' about something that's older than wisdom, and wiser than wisdom, but there are a few old saws and maxims we thought we'd better try out. So we decided that I should come on back to the Coast and then we'd see how we felt. Maybe it was Maggie, we said. Maggie is pretty wonder-

ful, we said, but once you take the rabbit out of the hat, what have you got? An empty hat. Well, we didn't want to take propping out of our hearts only to find that all we had left was two empty hearts. We wanted to be sure that absence would not make our hearts grow fonder of—two other people.

"So I came back home. Then Bubbles came out here," Wayne laughed now, a laugh that was good to hear, a laugh that laughed away the old saws, the old maxims, the old do-do's who would put love in the test-tubes of 'absence,' who would chain Cupid's fleet wings with a cautious 'Wait!' who say to Love, as they cannot say to Birth and Death, "Are you sure?"

"So we bought a house," Wayne was saying, "almost right away. Right this moment, I've never seen the house in the daytime. We went out one night and looked at it and the next day we bought it. It's a sort of Bermudian house and we have five and three quarters acres of lawn. Know what we've named it? Hellzapoppin! Guess maybe we should have named it Heavens-
poppin, that would be more like it! Because everything is roxy. Everybody has reacted simply swell to our marriage. Her folks. My folks. The studio. I think, I know that my marriage will help my career. Why, just while we were engaged I got a new contract at the studio, more radio shows than I ever had before—I gave her a pearl for her engagement ring. Diamonds are too hard for her, she's too young and sort of soft—she has the same coloring as Hedy Lamarr, you know, black hair, green eyes—she calls herself the spit of Hedy Lamarr!—and so, to-
morrow we're getting married—less than three months from the night we first met."

I said, "Will you be nervous?" (It seemed to me that Wayne's finger-nails had been longer once upon a time!)

"I'm going to take one of the prop men from the studio to prop me up!" he laughed.

"How about Bubbles? Will she be ner-

vous, too, do you think?"

"She'd better be or I'll bat her cars down," Wayne laughed again, laughter not altogether steady. He added, "Brides are supposed to be nervous, aren't they? Say," he said, "here's a hot one—I'm getting married twice tomorrow—no foolin'—I'm getting married to Jane Wyman in the picture, and I'm getting married to Bubbles in real life. The marriage in the picture will be my rehearsal. The marriage to Bubbles will be—" there was a little pause and in that pause and in that silence I could hear his heart-beat—"the real thing.""

He added, with a laugh that sounded sort of thin and shaky, "Tomorrow is my wedding day!"

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**Bing Crosby's Family Life**

Continued from page 31

headboard. Two single box-springs and mattresses mounted on legs are attached to this by means of hinges so that the bed can be swung outward to give ample room for making them up. The paper in the connecting bath also emphasizes morning glories, although the paper in the bedroom itself is white with a satin stripe. This room is used often as a powder room than as a guest room.

The opposite is the combination library and den. During the racing season this is the most-used room in the place as, in addition to two radios, it features a loud speaker connected with the Hollywood Turf Club and the Hollywood Turf Club so that one hears Joe Hernandez calling the races as they are being run. The changing odds on the horses bet can also come over the wire. It is here, too, at the end of the day, that the nurse's reports on the doings of Gary and the Twins is heard and justice is dispensed.

The furnishings? The walls are California redwood. There are a sofa and two large easy chairs, all upholstered in leaf green. The walls are clad in modern rough-textured modern weave. In this room, too, is a cupboard in which are prominently displayed Bing's trophies. These consist of cups won in numerous tournaments, cups, and gold-plated horses and various other knick-knacks picked up at various times as tributes to his prowess in the field of sports.

His desk looks suspiciously like a converted Georgian square piano. No one is allowed to touch anything on this desk or in the cupboard. Bing gusts it himself when he gets around to it—about once or twice a year—and this end of the room is the despair of all connected with the household.

Two of the walls are lined solidly with books which indicate a catholic taste in literature. A well-worn set of Dickens rubs shoulders with Melville, Balzac, and Stodard. A complete set of Burns Mante's "Best Plays," "Gone With the Wind," and "Anthony Adverse" are also "among those precious" piled on Bing's desk and it seems that Mr. and Mrs. Bing have combined all these treasures together in one volume instead of tying them up with the originals. An Adam gilt mirror hangs over the fireplace. A mirrored screen hides the door to the butler's pantry, its brown leather and gold-covered panels. The walls are a soft blue-gray in a special paper designed to harmonize with the walls. The linen drapes, especially printed, fit well in the general scheme. Two small tables at one side of the room boast crystal candleabra and on each sits an antique tobacco urn used as flower vases.

The butler's pantry, kitchen and breakfast room are regulation, the only distinguishing feature being spaciousness.

Upstairs there is the master bedroom, the guest room, and the children's quarters. The first mentioned is of gargantuan proportions. The house, being Southern colonial, somewhere in the scheme of things, magnolias would have to make an appearance (I hope to tell you they would—and none of these silly California magnolias, either). So, the magnolias appear here—one on the wall paper. The drapes and bedsheets are of heavy, hand-blocked linen with a lace border.

The furniture is all authentic 18th century English. The lamp shades are of real lace and are the pride of Mrs. Crosby's heart. There is also an 18th century lady, over the mantel, is a gem. The chair is Hepplewhite and the chaise-longue is Duncan-Phyle.

Adjoining this is a small sitting room (never used) and off this is a door leading to Bing's bath and dressing room. The bath bears mute evidence of Bing's struggle with his old enemy—constipation. The 18th century bathtub, steam cabinet and a rowing machine occupy most of the space. His shaving and dressing are done in the most approved gentility. (You grab a seat or a razor whenever you find room.)

The guest room features a slant-top...
Georgian, burled mahogany desk and a hand-woven rag carpet. The drapes, early American in feeling, are bright reds and blues on a white background. On the mantel are small figures of Uncle Tom and Little Eva, made about the time of the Civil War, as part of the propaganda against slavery. The plates that adorn the walls, also display scenes from "Uncle Tom’s Cabin." Two blue Bristol vases ornament the mantel. The chair at the foot of the bed is American Chippendale.

The twins’ room is undistinguishable save that it emphasizes the dual note—twin chests of drawers with matching twin beds, twin lamps and even twin windows. In the bathroom the same idea is carried out—there are two of everything.

There is a community kitchen and dining room adjoining and then we come to His Lordship Gary’s quarters. This eldest of Bing’s four sons has his own bath and bedroom. Gary feels (and rightly) that having been on the scene longer than the twins and the baby some deference should be paid his lengthy service. After all, he's known his parents a year longer than the twins, hasn't he? Accordingly, no sooner had Mr. Grieve handed over the keys to the house and taken his departure than Gary set about arranging his quarters to suit himself. The picture gives you an idea of what he thinks an eligible young bachelor’s apartment should look like. Mr. Grieve might not see eye to eye with Gary on this subject but, after all, Gary lives here.

Outside, the pool lies between the tennis court and the bath-house. Off to one side are the gardens and beyond these the chicken runs. It was to the latter place, last Easter, that Bing brought his young hopefuls. A hen clucked proudly amidst her brood of newly hatched chicks. "I'm going to get me one of those," Gary announced firmly and with his accustomed conviction.

"Go to it," Bing encouraged him.

As Gary stepped inside and reached for a chick the angry mother flew at him with outstretched wings, clucking in a furious tone that sent Gary scuttling back to the safety of his father’s side. A few minutes later he noticed one of the chicks had wandered far off to one side of the run. Cautiously he stole in and stopped to capture the errant fledgeling. Just as his hand closed about the chick, the hen let out a squawk and flew at Gary. In a panic Gary straightened up and reached for the roost overhead. He pulled himself clear of the infuriated mother and then the roost broke. As he dropped with a thud he frightened the hen almost as much as himself. He picked himself up, mustered what dignity he could and turned defiantly to the fowl. "I’m glad I broke your blamed trapeze," he announced as he strode from the chicken run.

The foregoing may explain, in part, why invitations to the Crosby menage are at a premium for, aside from the friendly surroundings, life has never a dull moment in these environs.

---

**Petal Smooth Skin**

**ALWAYS MAKES THE GRADE**

**NOW**

**CHOOSE THIS FAMOUS POWDER BASE FOR THE EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" IT BRINGS!*"**

Now when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond’s Vanishing Cream, you’re giving it extra skin care.

Now Pond’s contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use Pond’s Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

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*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Tune in "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond’s Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Copyright, 1939, Pond’s Extract Company
A New Beauty Is Born

Continued from page 73

now? Some of each. Skin welcomes this change as much as the body welcomes change in diet. Or try other types of cleanliness. Most people have two or three. They are wonderful for quick cleansings, and there's nothing like an immaculate skin to prevent large pores, eruptions and other annoyances. They are not too many. Very thorough ones at night and morning, quicker ones at noon and five o'clock, especially if you are a business woman. A creamy, unscented soap at least once a week for general beauty and before big evenings.

Why not go in for beauty baths? They improve the skin, they give you a luxurious sense of being pampered. Some of the nicest I know are quite inexpensive in the forms of soffners, perfumes, bubbles and so on. If your upper arms and back are spotty, roughened or broken out, use a bath brush and scrub these areas with plenty of soap and warm water, rinsing with cold; for roughened skin, then apply cream; for eruptions, use a drying up lotion, as you would for your face.

Why not decide upon a daring shape in a beauty aid that is suitable for your needs? A brand new costume color, too? Such feminine foibles, as the girls all know, are a great tonic. We both look and feel better after such a purchase.

Formula for Success

Continued from page 59

were, we lost none of that closeness, that sense of security in being together that all children need. You couldn't have found a more loving and understanding than we were. Our summers were invariably spent in our big, rambling country house where we all went native for our vacations and did exactly what we wanted to do. When I played in New York I had dinner with my children before leaving for the theatre and when I came home after the performance I would listen from the one side or the other of each of them on my pillow. And when we went on tour they always went with us.

"We travelled all over the world with 'Damaged Goods,' the longest run of any of its day, denounced by some and praised just as vehemently by others. My former husband Richard Bennett was the star and I played the part of the girl of the streets, and I often used to wonder what those people it shocked the most would think if they could have gotten a glimpse of us onstage! There we were, domestic, enough to please the most Victorian, traveling with three children, a nurse and governess, a crib and perambulator, dolls and doll carriages, and all."

"The stage held no glamour for my three girls. They hated it. Of course it disappointed me coming from an old stage family. I had given up my mind that if my children had any talent in any way they would be allowed to develop it along their own lines. I never tried to make actresses of them. I was so pleased when they got up their own little plays that Joan always wrote and directed and I never tried to use their interest in any art and design. There was play ing as rear guard for the theatre itself. It was hard, for I couldn't help seeing even then they had a real acting talent."

"Most people have told me that Joan and I have rigidly act their art completely from their father. With that I disagree. For, great actor though he is, a great deal of it comes to them from my mother, Rose Woods, one of the best known actresses of her day who came from a long line of actors. My daughters are the eighth generation of the Woods family to be on the stageten and before there was such a thing as a drug store, the family was very successful in strolling players, as clowns and pantomimists. An early member of the family was one of the first managers of the famous Drury Lane Theatre in London and all of them have given their hearts to the theatre."

"My mother made her stage début at the age of eight and I at the age of 13. Richard and I were both nurtured in the arts. My father Lewis Morrison, who was the stage idol of his day. They had a great talent, a great aptitude for the theatre, but they were not educated. I, who was a bit of a by-word and knew it as I was in my mother's family. Naturally I wanted to see my daughters carry on the traditions of the old family and I've been grateful for it ever since. For if I had tried to influence them I know I would have defeated me. I have given them such inhibitions that their natural instinct for acting would never have been developed."

"Mothers should never choose their children's vocation! As a matter of fact it is difficult for anyone to know what career a talented child is best suited for. There are the exceptions. If there is any one who could be a talented child it is Anne Stamps, who at the age of 47 lbs. was a child and Barbara a musician, and Joan's great ambition was to own an interior decorating firm and find unusual talent along these lines and when they wanted to develop them I encouraged them to do it."

"It all is so closely allied, it's difficult to know which a talented child will choose as her vocation. So often a child who spends all her spare time drawing will turn to the writing of plays. Or she who spends every moment she can either scribbling or telling stories will turn out to be an artist. It's so important for people to find them and they should choose it themselves. Parents should be guides not dictators. Parents must gain their children's confidence and to do this you must treat them with the same deference and respect you treat your adult friends. They should be allowed a voice when they have something to say and they should be helped with the same respect you show an adult."

"It's fun having talented children but it has drawbacks too. Their values are different and they are much less tractable than unimaginative, more phlegmatic children. There is an originality about them that attracts people and they are very often interested in friends that an adult mind recognizes as disturbing and injurious influences."

"I forbade my children any playmate I disapproved of. Instead I urged them to bring all their friends to our home, and it's amazing to see how much better a child is to her associates when she sees them against a home background. If they asked my opinion of any of their friends I would always say exactly how I felt. But I never volunteered criticism."

"Constance was always a natural leader with other children. She was the hoven of the family and liked to fight. Let any of their playmates as much as look askance at either Barbara or Joan and Constance would be there ready to defend them and she had friends from other girls. The rody-poly little girl in and in a quarel Con stance could call her 'a big fat slob' and think nothing of it. But let anyone else show the least bit of disrespect, and Constance was a wee bit plump and Constance would move into them with everything she had."

"She never gave a thought to the way she looked. She'd pull her hair back over her ears and she'd have other amazing ways of turning her natural preti-
ness into downright homelessness. It was difficult to interest her in clothes. But I did. Every woman owes it to other people as well as to herself to look as pleasing as she can. Untidiness and lack of taste in clothes is an eyesore to everyone. And the instinct to look her best will help a woman in any profession she may choose.

"I don't think children should be too clothes-conscious, and the mother who is forever dressing up her little girls is inviting her to become a too vain woman. But children should learn neatness and be able to pick out things becoming to them. Judicious praise on the child's appearance will invariably turn the trick. A critical attitude will defeat it.

"The same theory holds true in teaching girls a knowledge of housekeeping. No matter how many servants a woman may have her house will not be well run unless she understands housekeeping herself. I am thankful all my girls grew up with a real interest in their homes. Joan is a demon housekeeper, almost spinsterlike in her fanaticism for neatness and system. I've seen her come home from a hard day at the studio and without waiting to take off her hat slip her glasses over her ears, she is so awfully near-sighted, you know, and look into the ice-box to see what left-overs and other food there was and then sit down and write out the marketing list and the menus for the next day.

"Now a child on her way to becoming an entity can be trying I know. But a child must be encouraged to become an individual. Only in being patient can a mother help her progress. A questioning child can be both tedious and disturbing, but welcome those questions instead of discouraging them. Curiosity in a child is a sign of an active brain. I was frank with my children no matter how embarrassing the questions they asked. I told them what they should know about sex when they were so young that they were unable to really assimilate it. In this way they had no sense of shock. They grew up absorbing knowledge little by little so that they looked upon it in an entirely normal, healthy way. When they went to school their teacher wrote me a note congratulating me upon the method I had chosen. She said it was a pleasure to hear my children refuting the sensational, exaggerated ideas on sex the uniformed children had tried to tell them.

"It's the most fascinating thing in the world watching the development of any child and the unusual child is doubly fascinating. And now that they are grown it's interesting to look back upon the childhood of my three girls and then look at them as they are today, each so different and yet so much alike too.

Joe.

Romancing for the first time on the screen together are Nelson Eddy and Virginia Bruce, seen above in a close-up from Nelson's newest film, "Let Freedom Ring."

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Fresh as a Benchley Quip

FOR YOUR ADDED PLEASURE
extra choice, extra long-aged tobaccos give extra rich flavor . . .
extra Cellophane wrapper assures extra freshness.

TRY THE 1939 Old Gold
DOUBLE-MELLOW

TUNE IN: "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network
Barbara, who left a promising career as dancer to become Morton Downey's wife and the mother of their five children, is as successful in her own way as are Constance and Joan. Constance and Joan have had their share of unhappiness in their marriages. But I feel it's almost an impossibility for any marriage to succeed in Hollywood. If you have two children, too hectic. I've always felt that every Hollywood marriage is balanced on a waiting volcano.

"I don't think there is a mother in the world prouder of her daughters than I am of mine. And the greatest happiness they have given me is the fact that I feel they all have made successes of themselves as human beings and as individuals as well as in the careers they have chosen for themselves. No mother could ask for more. But every mother can ask for as much!"

"Obliging chap, the horse—he blinks his eyes when he sees a love scene coming on."

George Raft and Andrew Durr are 'The Gambler and the Lady.' George Raft's latest starring vehicle.

"Don't Feel Too Sorry For Me!" Continued from page 51

himself solidly in the affections of his fans. By the same token, his career doesn't have to end. His training and record will enable him to pass into the limited field of the young into character parts, where he can go on forever. Far from being "Poor Bob," he's one of the most enviable young men in the movie game. Not the least enviable feature of his good fortune is the fact that he's aware of it. In discussing it, he veers from grave to gay.

"You know," he said, "there's always the danger of appearing smug and complacent, from which God protect me. The fact remains that, ever since I can remember, pleasant things have happened to me. Maybe I'm one of those simpletons that the Lord looks after. When I was a kid and the family was going through a series of lean spells, it never bothered me. I always knew I'd work out of it somehow, though I hadn't the faintest notion how. It's like seeing a movie for the second time. You know it'll end right, because you've seen it before. That's how sure I was. I suppose lots of kids have the same feeling. For lots of them, it doesn't work out. Mine would have been a more typical case, if it hadn't worked out for me. That's why I say I'm a lucky stiff. I got interested in acting in high school, but never thought of it as a life work. When I graduated, I had to find a job, and took what I could get. Someone told me about the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and I got started there, still without any hope of becoming a professional actor. Then another fellow and I decided to see if we could save six hundred dollars apiece. We went to New York, live on fifty dollars a month and give ourselves a year's trial. It never happened because, much to my amusement, an agent got hold of me, took me round to the studios, and first thing I knew, I had a contract with M-G-M. When I read and hear about other people's struggles, I have an impulse to hide my head and blush."

This resume doesn't take into account the years during which he worked by day and slaved by night at the Playhouse for sheer love of the theatre. It doesn't take into account the fact that Metro didn't sign the young unknown to a contract because they had a contract with nobody and nothing else to do that day. He had played opposite a girl they were testing, but when the tests were run it was Bob, not the girl, whom they signed. No one had ballyhooed him, no scout had discovered him, he was signed on the strength of the acting ability he had sworn to acquire and on nothing else.

"I married the only girl I ever wanted to marry," he continued, "and in a way, that was luck too. After leaving high school, we'd rather learnt nothing of each other. She was busy at college, I was busy working. I got myself engaged to another girl, she got herself engaged to another man. My engagement was broken, and Betty sent for me one day to ask my advice about marrying the other man. It was only then,
when I had to put on a big brother act, that I realized I'd never wanted to marry anyone but Betty. I had to keep my mouth shut till she'd made up her mind about the other fellow. Even now I break out into berets and perspiration when I think she might have decided the wrong way—for me.

"We've stayed married because—well, I don't know any clearer way of putting it than because we love each other. Maybe that sounds naive. If it does, just put it down that we're naive, and let it be that! I know we're in an age when such expressions of affection are considered trite provincial—with many people they come under the kind of what the New Yorker calls the Raised Eyebrows Department. However that may be, the feeling is still a pleasant one. I'm not trying to minimize the sensation, however, the wayside of which there are plenty—especially in Hollywood. We haven't been blind to them, which is maybe one reason we've been able to step around them. We've had our differences. But they've never affected the fundamentals. I can't imagine anything that would affect the fundamentals. In other words," he concluded, a very nice expression in his very nice eyes, "I don't imagine a life worth living without Betty."

Let us say, then, that he's lucky to have Betty. One might argue, of course, that it wasn't all luck, since he had the good sense to pick the girl. Similarly, he considers himself fortunate in his friends. The fact that many of them are much older than himself, tried and seasoned by life, reveals a quality characteristic of Bob. He revere character. In a town of skeptics, he remains an idealist.

"Here's another instance of what I mean when I say pleasant things have always happened to me. When I was a boy, Lewis Stone was my screen hero. My feeling for him was little short of idolatry. He seemed to me all that a fine actor and a fine gentleman should be. Of course I never dreamed I'd meet him. Now he's my friend. I don't want to be over-modest and I don't want to brag either, but the simple truth is that I swell with pride every time he accepts an invitation to our house. Now that I know him, my feeling is still little short of idolatry. Most of one's god have clay feet. While he's human and sane, still he has all the qualities I expected to find in him. He's a kind of gracious embodiment of what you'd like to be yourself and never will. But to my mind, any man is lucky who sets an ideal in his youth and finds later on that it clicks with reality."

"Money? Well, of course, the normal reaction would be that any movie actor who didn't consider himself lucky in the pocket should be kicked high, wide and handsome out of the nearest window. There's some

**HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT?**

**SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS QUICK EASY WAY**

Read how thin, tired-out, nervous, rundown people have gained health and strength—quick!

Are you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Are you often tired, nervous—unable to eat and sleep properly?

One of the many regrettable numbers of skinny, rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds and new pep—the women naturally alluring curves and new popularity—with this scientific vitamin-rich formula: Ironized Yeast.

**What it builds up so quick**

Scientists have discovered that countless people are thin and rundown—tired, cranky, washed-out—only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without the aid of these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder, then, that they have helped thousands of people who needed these substances to gain new, naturally attractive pounds, new health and pep, new popularity and success in just a few weeks!

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and feel better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

But be sure to get the right Ironized Yeast. This is the Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substances have opened up. Of course inferior substances do not give the same results. So make sure you get Ironized Yeast. Look for the letter X stamped on each tablet.

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TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday evening. See your local paper for time and station.

Sweets for the glamorous Captain Philip Astley offers his wife, Madeleine Carroll, a dainty morsel at a party in honor of the famous blonde star.
thing in the idea. There's also something against it. Money goes to your head and, if you don't watch yourself, you're likely to get drunk on it. It acts like wine in another way too—the less you're accustomed to it, the greater the danger. Even beginners in the movies usually make a hundred and fifty and two hundred a week—that's ten thousand a year, more than most of us could earn after years in any other profession. It seems limitless. You catch yourself, 'I'll buy this, I'll buy that.' After a while, you make more. What used to seem staggeringly no longer does. Where a thousand dollars once sounded like the savings of a lifetime, it now becomes part of your checking account. You say, 'It's a week's salary, so what, I've got forty more coming.' At least,' he grinned, 'that's what I'm sometimes inclined to say. Betty isn't. I've as much respect for the dollar as she has, but less perspicacity. I'll bicker more violently over two backs than I will over hundred thousand dollars in the form of balance. 'Who are you?' says my wife, 'to be giving out with that, it's only two hundred? Two hundred is also quite a piece of change.'

'Once in a while I go berserk. I wanted a Cord. Don't ask me why—the actor coming out in me, maybe. Betty sniffed, said she'd rather have it in the bank than roll ing around on wheels. So I bought it, and by the time I got through feeling self-conscious about it, I'd begun to feel panic. I had to starve myself to feed it. Gas. Also, it's off the market and has no turn-in value. So I'm what is commonly known as stuck with it. Betty doesn't say a word—just groans sweetly when she pays the gas bill. That was a bagatelle, however, compared with the time when I took it into my head that I was going to buy an oil well. How it came about God only knows, and He's in doubt. Normally, I'm nobody's financial wizard, but by the same token, I'm nobody's sucker either. Still, some guy got hold of me, painted a beautiful picture, and I fell. It meant borrowing to the eyebrows. Betty argued, she pleaded, she all but wept. 'What's the matter?' I said, 'do you think I've got any business sense? No,' she said, I ignored that, I waved my arms around. 'Here's a gold mine going begging,' I said, and you turn it down. How do you suppose Carnegie and Morgan got rich?' said. 'By sticking their money in the bank at two percent?'

'My lawyer seemed to think maybe Betty was right, which made it me against the world. Finally he said: 'Would you be willing to gamble three hundred dollars for an absolute guarantee?'

'What does it mean?' I asked.

'I'll give you $500 if you give me $500.'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'That will over my plane fare. I'll go down and investigate.'

Even in my state, that sounded reasonable. He came back in a week with a briefcase full of clippings and statistics, proving beyond any shadow of a doubt that I'd been on the point of making a spectacular jack ass of myself. I was sick. Betty didn't say anything that time either. I beat her to it.

'They've lived in this same house since before Carol Ann was born. It has its inconveniences, but they've grown attached to it, inconveniences and all. Chief among these is the fact that the neighbors are too close. They rattle dishes on one side and play badminton on the other. 'We realize,' says Bob, 'that dishes have to rattle. We realize that badminton has to be played. But the blow fell when they reported a party of ours to the police one night. I assure you it wasn't a loud party—not nearly so loud as the shrieks they shriek when they hit or miss the ball. Our faith in the good neighbor policy was shattered. We even talked of moving. We even looked. We'll look at anything, but we won't buy it. It's not the neighbors alone. Every once in a while I get the agrarian yen. I go around, muttering, 'Elbow room! View! Trees! Grass!' Betty turns on that mournful look, 'I love the house so, Bob. Couldn't we stick it down in the middle of a field and stick a fence around it? That's as far as we get.'

He gazed thoughtfully into the middle distance, then shook his head. 'To strike a reasonable average, I think I'd choose a small plot of something I want that I haven't got. But I can't. I like my wife, I like my job. I like my house, I like my friends, I like my money, and I like the baby. Wait a minute, though—maybe we've got something there. I did want a son the second time. The first time I didn't care—I was too young and too stupid to want a child. That's the irony of it. Carol Ann came along without any trouble. So we took it for granted the second would come the same way, and rode blithely down to the hospital, wishing for a boy.

Bob's wife almost died when Barbara was born. He and her mother waited in the hospital corridor hour after hour, while the doctor went to and fro with nothing more comforting to give them than a grave, 'I'm doing my best.' I was dispatched, and clung saying to Betty's mother, while she murmured from between white lips, 'It's started, son. It's got to be finished.'

What do you say when a bygone is over, he forgot he ever wanted a boy. 'Anyway, we've got the nearest thing to it—a tomboy at the age of one. Her hair's short, and her shoulders looked—she were things that are football tackle. People who stop and pat babies on the head always ask, 'How old is he?' The nurse gets furious. Carol Ann was always a feminine youngster. She hated dirt. If you put a new dress or a bonnet on her, she'd go sit in her buggy like a little old lady, sort of inviting the world to admire her. Put a bonnet on this one, and she'll rip it off. Dress her up in something clean, and five minutes later, one sock's up and the other one's down, she's got holes in her knees, dirt on her face and thunder in her eye. She smashes everything within reaching distance. They're attached to the collection of pipes on the floor and stamped the daylight out of 'em. Then she turns this heavenly smile on you, and you're sunk. Why do I need a world for? He couldn't raise an unholier racket.

'Now if you'd come to me two weeks ago and asked me about my suppressed desire—let's call it desire—for a girl, I generally talk about them loud and often—if you'd come two weeks ago, as I say, I could have obliged. I've always wanted a dressing-room of my own at home. No, I didn't have one—contrary to the general impression of the literature Hollywood lives in.

'When we first moved in, there was a clothes closet in our bedroom that was destined to be a dressing-room for me. But Carol Ann was born, we had no nursery, so we took the clothes and put her in there to sleep. Reasons: it had a window, protected by some wide bars, and a door. We could open the window, give her fresh air, and us a sense of security. We could close the door, so if she woke up in the night and yelled, we wouldn't hear her quite so soon. If she yelled loud enough and long enough, etc., the next week, we'd hear her and take delayed action.

'We finally got a nursery built and Carol Ann moved out, but other important domestic paraphrases moved in. My clothes were all over the house, I was a drawer here, a shelf there, a couple of hammer-mENN-badgers, those is the way we got off the bounty of the wife and daughters for wardrobe space, I was a lost soul chasing frantically round the house for a pair of socks, a pair of two we were in the dressing-room. After years of exile, all my clothes are all together in the same place. I spend hours gloating over 'em, and I can't think of buying anything else. He may not get the girl nor the fattest roles in the most expensive pictures. But he's got the only girl who counts and, viewed from within, the most important of parts. Don't be sorry for him. He'd hand you back your sorrow on a sliver platter, bowing politely, smiling his cheerful smile, saying 'one of the lots, ladies, but I really wouldn't know what to do with the thing!'

Pete Smith Explains

Continued from page 65

fingered hand and a poor memory for names"

"But—"

That's your fifth 'but' by actual count. All right, go ahead; but what?"

'I've forgotten what I wanted to ask," I bleated, miserably.

Find it first,' I'll talk some more. What were we talking about, outside of 'but's? Well, no matter. We'll think of something more interesting. D'you know, I've been thinking as I look out the window of what it means when audiences like one of my shorts. But I'm as low as a worm's angle when they don't. I'm excitable and nervous, but I don't beat my wife. I was going to keep myself awake counting sheep, kangaroos, and my jossies at a silly card game called 'Hearts.'

As I got to the door of Pete's office on my way out, his voice drifted across the room, 'I've had you given a better story. if you'd have let me get a word in edgeways."

With a grin, and a wave of the hand, Pete went back to work. The last glimpse I caught of him as he began to talk into a poor, defenseless dictaphone, which he presumably, couldn't talk back, even to the extent of a but."
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