JITTERBUGS DOOMED? SEE PAGE 24
WHY MOVIE STARS HIDE OUT IN THE DESERT
MY STRANGEST YEAR BY ROBERT TAYLOR HIMSELF
I am Heathcliff...
I married a woman
I loathe... to spite
the one woman
I love!

Samuel Goldwyn, Hollywood's premier showman, creates the season's outstanding screen drama... a truly great picture, adapted by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur from the powerful novel by Emily Brontë.

It is coming soon to your favorite theatre... watch for it!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

WUTHERING HEIGHTS
A Story of Vengeful, Thwarted Love

co-starring MERLE OBERON • LAURENCE OLIVIER • DAVID NIVEN
with Flora Robson • Donald Crisp • Geraldine Fitzgerald • Released thru United Artists
Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Once the spell is broken
tears won’t bring him back!

No girl need risk losing romance—when MUM so surely guards charm!

HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises to love her always—how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed—and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool ... there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that the freshness of a bath soon fades. A bath removes only past perspiration—never odor to come. That’s why it’s so important never to neglect Mum! Mum keeps you fresh all day. More women use Mum than any other deodorant. It’s so pleasant ... so easy to use ... so sure to guard your charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm —under that—and you’re through. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric—use it even after you’re dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum is soothing to your skin!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of odor. Get Mum at any druggist’s today. With Mum, you’re sure underarm odor won’t break the spell of your charm. Mum keeps you always fresh!

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO. Don’t risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know that it’s gentle and safe!

SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
COMING!

NORVELL

AS A MONTHLY FEATURE
IN SCREENLAND!

Such was the remarkable response to a single Norvell feature in this magazine that we have arranged for the noted Hollywood astrologer to conduct a regular monthly department for us, exclusive in the screen magazine field.

Beginning next month—with the June issue—SCREENLAND will present Norvell, who will write a feature article in every issue, make interesting predictions as to futures of famous film stars, and, of even greater interest, offer YOU clues to your own future by means of his astrological deductions.

Watch then for Norvell, in SCREENLAND every issue. Get your June copy and read Norvell and other strong features. Remember—June issue on sale May 3rd.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

V. G. Heimbucher, President

Frank J. Carroll, Art Director

May, 1939

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

SCREENLAND

DEIGHT EVANS, Editor

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COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY HURRELL
America's Songbird Chosen *Queen of the Screen*

(22 Million Fans Voted Her FIRST in a Great National Newspaper Poll)

Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"

with Lew Ayres • Ian Hunter • Frank Morgan

They parted when she won fame and he failed. Was their youthful love strong enough to bring him back?

Frank Morgan and a grand comic cast. Glamour of Broadway show world! Crowded with gorgeous girls!

Beautiful Jeanette dances, sings! Hear "Broadway Serenade", "Magic Melody" and others...

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION • SCREENPLAY BY CHARLES LEDERER

A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER PICTURE

SCREENLAND
"IMAGINE ME...IN LOVE WITH A TAXI DRIVER..."

Dear Irish,

Has your little friend Eve got herself a headache! When I hit la belle Paree, I had one pawn ticket and a rained out evening dress. But you know me...never say die. With the old Park Ave. technique, I'm batting in high society in half an hour. An old gaffer is willing to put your little friend on the payroll to get his Mrs back in line. Seems she is that way about a smoothie young Mr. Millions and all I have to do is make Mr. Millions forget the old gaffer's wife.
So why the headache? Listen with all the taxi drivers in New York. I have to go and fall for a Paris taxi driver. Believe it or not, this hard little heart cracks like Broadway asphalt in a heat wave. Imagine me in love with a cabbie. We're gonna put a pair of water wings on his old bus and drive back to Broadway. And none of your fancy tricks either. Hands off.

Your favorite girl friend.

Eve

Paramount Presents

Claudette Colbert
Don Ameche

in

"MIDNIGHT"

with

John Barrymore • Francis Lederer
Mary Astor • Elaine Barrie

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • Based on a story by Edwin Justus Mayer and Franz Schulz

DIRECTED BY MITCHELL LEISEN
Will he notice your Spring hat...or only a heavily over-powdered face?

SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

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Your smartest Spring bonnet will lose its stylish effect if you couple it with a heavy face powder. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.

Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.
I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural... Powder... My favorite size is... Blemont... Rose Baked (very popular)... Send my free trial package to...

Name: __________________________
Address: ________________________
City: ___________________________
(For use in Canada) State: ______

ACROSS
1. Leading man in "Four Girls in White" (45)
2. She co-stars in "Till Song" (40)
10. He played Johnnie in "The Arkansas Traveler" (50)
12. Foundation (26)
13. English star of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (23)
16. Sister Madeline in "Made For Each Other" (27)
17. Come in (40)
19. Furniture truck (20)
20. More colorless (21)
21. Afternoon drink (22)
22. He's featured in "Fast and Loose" (22)
24. European measure of area (23)
25. What a star's contract is signed in (20)
26. Not working (28)
28. Herons (31)
31. Star of "The Kid From Kokomo" (35)
32. Devils (40)
33. Co-star of "Cafe Society" (40)
34. A shell hub (40)
40. Mournful tone (24)
41. None of the scale (22)
42. The box-office baby! (40)
44. Beloved? (24)
45. Happening, incident (20)
46. Prophesy (22)
49. Far away (32)
51. To set free (32)
53. He co-stars in "Jawbreaker" (22)
55. He's featured in "Newboys Home" (20)
57. Dry (35)
58. Southern state (abbreviation) (22)
60. Afternoon (abbreviation) (20)
61. He's featured in "King of the Surf (20)
62. To put on (as face powder) (20)
66. Leswens (23)
68. Character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (20)
69. She stars in "Wuthering Heights" (22)
71. Soon (35)
72. A Shirley Temple picture (25)
74. A mob scene (20)
75. Measure of length (22)
76. Impenetrable beginning (20)
77. Playing cards (20)
1. To support (20)
2. He's featured in "Yes, My Darling Daughter" (20)
3. His new role is Vernon Castle (20)
4. Born (20)
5. Printed notice (abbreviation) (20)
6. He plays Colonel Weed in "Gunga Din" (20)
7. Pointless (20)
8. Tin container (20)
9. And (French) (18)
10. What a sheep would say in a talkie (35)
11. He's featured in "Next Time I Marry" (20)
12. Ending to a prayer (20)
13. A singing bird (20)
14. A part in a film (20)
15. Good-looking (20)
16. Young woman (20)
17. Kind of lamp used in film-making (20)
18. Acres (20)
19. So he's playing Rhett Butler at last! (20)
20. What your hero wears round his neck (20)
21. He co-stars in "St. Louis Blues" (20)
22. Courageous (20)
23. He's featured in "St. Louis Blues" (20)
24. To breathe noisily in sleep (20)
25. Ascended (20)
26. Part of to be (20)
27. What you put on lovers (20)
28. To rub out (20)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

RAFT MERRLE WALT PILL ALONE AGAIN ALAR SEAMS GIN BRADY HELPER NEAR MY SLEETS HERO AT EDDY SANE AM NET SERVE TITLE IRES IN OIL NULL TRAIN NEEDS SBE SAY LLOWE COTE NRE GORE STUART LAM MEN RIGHT MIRRA ND NORS ELBA HENIE TELA NEON ANENT SERF
She was on the jury—

... not to decide a man's innocence or guilt, but to judge a new, different kind of toothpaste—to decide whether or not it was an improvement over older types, and if it offered more for her money in cleanliness, luster, freshness, and mouth stimulation.

On the same jury sat other women, hundreds of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, single women, young girls... rich, poor, in between... in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast cities. A critical jury, as all women are in judging articles that affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

And what was their verdict on the new Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam detergent? See how they voted:

Over a leading brand, the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was two to one favorite. Against the next two leading brands, it was a decided favorite. And over the fourth leading brand, it had a slight but definite edge.

Their comments show why this new dentifrice won such high favor: "Like that dainty 'bubble bath' that Luster-Foam gives," said many. "Simply amazed, the way Luster-Foam cleans and brings out luster," exclaimed others. "Delighted with the wonderful feeling of freshness and mouth invigoration that lasted long after the tooth brushing was over," still others added.

See for yourself how the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent gets teeth super-clean. Any drug counter has it, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25c; and big, double-size, containing more than ¾ of a pound of dentifrice, 50c.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. St. Louis, Mo.

More Than

1/4 Pound of Toothpaste in the Double Size Tube 40c
Regular Size Tube 25c

A Hint to a Woman of 30

Jane dares to hint
MEN IGNORED ME, TOO. I'D NEVER HAVE NOTICED IT IF I HADN'T FOUND THAT MY BREATH WAS MY TROUBLE, AND I BEGAN USING LISTERINE. Perhaps you...

To girls who don't want to stay single

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For halitosis (bad breath) use LISTERINE

Screenland
A new outlook on the whole hygienic problem of women is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented internal absorbent. This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for all classes of women.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton; contains no paper. Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; no odor can form. Each individual Tampax is hygienically scaled in patented applicator—quite unlike any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Tampax and Junior Tampax. Month's supply 35c. Introductory package, 20c. As much as 25c saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

"A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse" Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

A timely and patriotic film—one of the first in the cycle of American propaganda pictures—with a top-notch cast which has Nelson Eddy, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore, Victor McLaglen, Edward Arnold. A rousing story dealing with land-grabbing in days when our country was expanding westward. Eddy renders well-known ballads effectively and his fight with McLaglen is exciting. Everybody will like it.

This is the first of a series of films based on Hal Forrest’s comic strip, "Tailspin Tommy." It is packed with action and suspense and youngsters will go for it. The plot concerns a stunt flyer and his pals who are held captive by agents of foreign powers, bent on getting plans of their bombing device invention in which the U. S. Army is interested. John Trent, former TWA pilot, is convincing as Tommy.

Don D’Ardman Ameche’s picture by a wide, and gratifying, margin; with the Ritz Brothers bringing up laugh’s (good robust ones) and helping, via the "mistaken-identity" route, Musketeer Don retrieve the much coveted emeralds of the Queen. Tampering with the Dumas novel (no 1st-rate material from our viewpoint) the story has been adapted to entertaining modern purposes in this musical comedy form.

Women with wings can be as sentimental about their ships and pals of the profession as males. Or so you conclude after watching good performances by Alice Faye, Constance Bennett, Nancy Kelly, Joan Davis and other always pleasing Hollywood girls in this stereotyped story about flying as a fad, as it is for rich Constance, or a grudge-stake as it is for Alice and the others. Not very stirring, but a satisfactory film.

A thrilling melodrama which moves fast and gets under way without much to-do. Richard Dix continues as one of the films’ smoothest and most finished players in the role of Nick Green, crime reporter. The plot revolves around collection night for a numbers racket and Dix’s efforts to expose the gang. Cyrus W. Kendall skillfully plays the policy man, Lucille Ball the heart interest with Allan Lane as her brother.
You'll have a good time seeing this very funny comedy in which the four principals are given an opportunity to do the things they do so well. Eleanor Powell dances delightfully and Robert Young expertly handles the dual role of a movie star who has a double. It's a series of amusing situations and mixups suited to the Burns and Allen comedy talents with Jackie doing more than her share of gumming things up.

If you like your movies sprinkled with breezy dialogue be sure to see this one, but don't expect a triangle picture as the title implies. Loretta Young and Warner Baxter make up the prenuptial pair of this light-hearted comedy about a wife with only a mediocre voice and operatic ambitions, Binnie Barnes so ably plays the role of the friend, a famous prima donna, that she comes very close to stealing the picture.

"The Saint" returns to the screen in the second of a series based on the widely-read mystery stories by Leslie Charteris. It unfolds the further exploits of this modern Robin Hood and at times the plot goes beyond the point of belief, but George Sanders as Simon Templar interprets the role with such consummate skill that anything seems possible. Wendy Barrie is fine, too, as the romantic semi-gangstress.

The trend toward patriotic and American films brings this touching melodrama of youth in a military academy. It shows the advantages of military school training for boys. The roles of two cadets are capably handled by Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, but Jackie's performance as the embittered and underprivileged lad who is sent to Culver on a scholarship is outstanding. Excellent for youth, but good for all.

"I have found Sturdi-flex the ideal figure fabric for sculpturing and idealizing the lines of the average woman because its controlled stretch retains the fluid curves and youthful lines of the natural figure."

IRENE SALTERN Designer

REPUBLIC PICTURES producers of
"MAN OF CONQUEST"

"You, too, can look SLENDER in a figure-perfecting STURDI-FLEX of controlled-stretch rubber! Sturdi-flex is a patented rubber fabric, perspiration-inducing, ODORLESS, perforated, easily washed. It smooths unwanted bulges and bumps into firmer, more youthful lines—AT ONCE! Just go to the Notion Counter of your favorite store and choose the style and size that will do the most for YOU. A wide variety of step-ins from $1.25 and ALL-IN-ONES from $2 up.

Kleinert's


Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada

TORONTO . . . NEW YORK . . . LONDON

SCREENLAND
No newcomer to fans of "Western" films, but a novelty to audiences of the "epic" pictures, John Wayne is now a solidly established star, thanks to "Stagecoach." See him here as he looks in the big new Walter Wanger film; at upper right, with Claire Trevor in a scene.

LEAN and lanky, graceful as a panther, lithe as a lariat and picturesque as a Remington cowboy bronze, young John Wayne has been around the screens for a long time. But not until Wanger picked him for the lead in the important new super-Western, "Stagecoach," did Wayne have his chance to impress in a big-time rôle. Now, a real hit, he strides the screen and looks forward to a "Gary Cooper" career.

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Cowboy comes into his own! John Wayne hops "Stagecoach" and rides into success
NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen’s most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman’s love that the world has yet seen. See “Dark Victory,” a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!
**Lashes**

**On the Upswing**

- The hair is swept up this year, and so are the lashes! Kurlash curls them away from the eyes, lets in more light, makes the eyes look bigger and brighter. It's quick and painless to use, effective for hours afterwards—and the price is only $1.

  And for extra lash-loveliness, be sure to use Kurelene—its rich natural oils keep lashes soft, easier to curl. A touch of Kurelene on the rubber bows of your Kurlash will give you a longer-lasting curl!

  FREE—Your Eye Make-up Color Chart. Write Jane Heath, Dept. B-5, Give color of hair and eyes.

**Kurlash**

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.

Rochester, N.Y.  Canada, Toronto, 3

The Only Complete Eye-beauty Line

**Wanted Original Poems, Songs**

For Immediate Consideration   Send Poems to

COLUMBIA MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., 3rd Floor, Toronto, 3

**Solo Curls**

Make lovely women lovelier!

That's why

**Millions Call For**

S O L O  C U R L E R S

Rapid-dry  Tangle-proof

**At 5¢ & 10¢ Stores**

**HOT from HOLLYWOOD**

Who should be the new belle of Hollywood but Jane Bryan? The Bryan naïf equals that of Hedy Lamarr, only Jane doesn't have to bother looking exciting. She's being given the big rush by a number of the more discriminating boys about town, including Jimmy Stewart. But what's she to do now that David Lewis, a producer at her studio, is dating her so constantly? Jane didn't realize Eddie Albert might be back in pictures so soon, and this is a problem almost serious enough for Bette Davis's advice. Whenever Jane is stuck by some dilemma, she hurries to Bette, who's a second mother to her. You should have heard Miss D. sport when Jane remarked that another actress on the lot had advised her to dive into "experience" if she wanted to progress! If Jane does any diving the Davis hairbrush will be applied.

It's rather ironic that Isabel Jewell is determined to sail her yacht to the South Seas next fall. Because their boats are the only thing Isabel and Lee Tracy have in common any more. Once they were so in love. She stuck by him through his adversities. When he regained his health and re-established his career he married a San Francisco widow. Now he has announced he'll enter his yacht in the California-Honolulu race later on this spring. Isabel, now devoted to Owen Crump, manager of a radio station, has conquered her own sick spell—brought on by overwork, and is back on the screen after an eight months' absence. She's determined to make a real name for herself on the screen and stage.

Myrna Loy's the best-hearted gal at Metro, if sharing the comforts of a stellar suite is any sign. Myrna's stand-in has the privilege of making up in elegance, before the Loy mirrors, every morning. Other stand-ins slap on their greasepaint in the big make-up department. Myrna's hairdresser has a standing invitation to rest on the Loy divan whenever she wishes. Many another big shot would be frankly horrified at such thoughtfulness. Myrna, by the way, is doing one film right after another until fall. Four super-epics in a row, and when she teams with Gable again they'll put on costumes and show us what Rome was like in its hey-day. (They hope you won't remember their attempt to revive Irish history!)

The most beautiful wife in Hollywood—Madeleine Carroll, naturally—only goes out with married couples when her husband, who's in business in London, isn't on deck to escort her. The other night she decided she wanted to see a certain movie in Beverly Hills. Residing at Malibu even if it isn't "the season" yet, this meant a drive of some twenty miles. Madeleine whizzed in alone, enjoyed the show, and emerged to discover some less discerning motorist had entwined a bumper around one of her wheels. She had to hire a taxi.
Both song-writers and scenario writers are having tough times in Hollywood right now. Musicals seem passé once more—Warners isn't filming a single one during 1939. (Altogether: Where do the Gold-diggers go during these non-musical movie cycles? Busby Berkeley, who originated the most fantastic dance numbers, fortunately has made the grade as a legitimate director.) Darryl Zanuck has no musicals on his line-up. Only nine song-writers are under long-term contract in all Hollywood. There are fewer scenarists under contract than ever before in the history of pictures, and only tried-and-true scripters get a hearing today. The traditional system of employing a dozen writers on a single plot is too expensive. The shelving of the Hedy Lamarr-Spencer Tracy picture, and the production troubles of "Gone With the Wind" were the final blows. Both ace productions were being shot without a completed story. 

On Sunday nights Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward entertain buffet style, only you sit on the floor to eat. But that's not half. Their guests bring their favorite food, it being the day the Hayward cook has a holiday. And the gals always come in dinner dress, though the men are informal. Ida says the women have to have a fling somehow, and if Hollywood men don't want to co-operate to heck with leaving the newest knock-out in the closet!

Jean Parker is blossoming out as Hollywood's newest glamour girl. Watch for her in the Hal Roach production "Zenobia".

Copyright, 1939, by P. T. Orellan Co.

TUNE IN: Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTHUR SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast!
FOR FIGURES THAT GO PLACES

REAL-FORM "Gracelike Grace"

If you think all girdles are alike...try "Real Form", Knitted of Lastex and Bamberg rayon and fashioned to fit, it combines the comfort, freedom and beauty of porous web fabric and figure restraining control. Softly boned front set in panel, mallanese crotch—it won't twist or "hike-up" and is guaranteed non-run. At all leading stores.

REAL-FORM GIRLIE CO., 353-5th Ave., New York

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
BACHELOR OF MUSIC
4153-V South Von Ness Los Angeles, Cal.

Faces Men Admire

are always velvety smooth—exquisitely free from shine. The kind of face any girl can have in 2 minutes with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP.

Keeps your skin fresh looking, radiant, glamorous for hours without re-touching. Use the one of 4 flattering daytime shades created especially for your complexion! Try MAUVE, (orchid) for new evening allure!

MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP
50 large size of cosmetic counters; trial size at 25c stores

FREE Generous Sample
Send coupon and 3c stamp
MAUVE... BACHELLE... RACHELLE... BRUNETTE... BUNTA... 3c stamp
MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. 112, New York, N.Y.

One of Hollywood's most charming hostesses, Mrs. John Farrow—Maureen to you—enjoys greeting her friends at afternoon tea, above, said Maureen. "I've just received a large tablecloth embroidered in the same bird design as these mats. The silver plate once belonged to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a heroine of mine, and the large silver centerpiece on the buffet is George IV. All the silver is about 1780, except the little centerpiece on the table. That is the only Irish piece, and was my first wedding present. In fact, it was a pre-wedding present, given me three years before we were married by a cousin in Ireland. He was rather vague about it, but I've had it appraised by several experts here and they agree it is very, very old and quite valuable. It's all hand wrought and exquisitely made.

"I'm afraid I'm not a natural-born hostess! Perhaps some day I'll break out and give a really large party, but as it is I never have more than eight guests for dinner and really prefer six, as our dining room is small. The object of entertaining is to please one's guests, and a small group is more comfortable here. In a way, it's more difficult to give small parties because large groups entertain each other, but I try to invite congenial people and we talk, or someone plays or sings. Sometimes we play foolish little games, and Johnny and I annoy everyone with our mystery game. One of us goes out of the room and the rest select a number from one to twelve, then the absent ones come in and immediately guesses the number. I shouldn't give it away—it's such fun!—but I'll tell you the secret."
Shucks! What a Run—
It Sure Looks Fierce

Jane House of
Ashtabula* has a
tip for Polly

BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS CERTAINLY ADD TO A GIRL’S APPEAL. RUNS—
WRINKLES—SNARKY SEAMS LOOK AWFUL

I USED TO GET RUNS CONTINUOUSLY. GOODNESS, THEY WERE EXASPERATING! THEN I CHANGED TO LUX

LUX DOES SAVE ELASTICITY, CUTS WAY DOWN ON RUNS. LEAVES MY STOCKINGS FITTING SMOOTHLY, SILKY, LOVELY LOOKING

*Ohio

Cut down on runs with Lux! Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity. Lux saves stocking elasticity! Buy the big box!

A little goes so far

Lux is thrifty.
AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING STORY!

Thrilling...and true! Of love so great and faith so strong that it inspired this man to endure ridicule, privation, hunger...to achieve the miracle of wings for the human voice!

20th Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

THE STORY OF
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

DON LORETTA HENRY
AMECHE • YOUNG • FONDA

Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Spring Byington • Sally Blane
Polly Ann Young • Georgiana Young

A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by Irving Cummings • Associate Producer
Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
Original story by Ray Harris

18
SCREENLAND
DEAR MR. SNERD:

This is just between us, so bend those big ears of yours and DON'T let on.

I am all for you, Mortimer, and so I think I should be the first one to tell you what a fool you've been. You've been a big dope, that's all, to let yourself be imposed upon the way you have. I don't think you realize how important you are since the release of "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." Oh, I know Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and W. C. Fields are supposed to be the stars of that picture, and got all the billing and all the publicity; but confidentially, Mortimer, that is your picture, and your big balloon scene was the high spot, and don't let anybody tell you different. No wonder Charlie McCarthy was sick—yeah, sick with jealousy. That McCarthy—who does he think he is, anyway? And who does Bergen think he is, when it comes to that? Well, buzz, buzz, Mortimer, they know, and don't think they don't, that Charlie is through, and that you are on the threshold of a great career; but they won't give in until they have to, not they; they want to keep you under wraps as long as possible; because when you come into your own, Mortimer, Charlie goes right back to the woodpile. Of course, this Bergen may not be such a bad guy after all. I think Charlie has him fooled. Bergen thinks that without McCarthy he wouldn't have a movie contract or even a radio job. But Bergen doesn't need Charlie; he's got YOU, Mortimer.

Now, you want to be a big star, don't you? You want to have everybody crazy about you, and writing for autographs and dates and teaspoons, the way Charlie has. Most of all, you want the laugh on that little tough toothpick, don't you, Mortimer? Well, then, get even. You have a personality second to none, and a voice for the ages. Personally, I much prefer it to Nelson Eddy's, or even Andy Devine's. You're photogenic too, you know, Mortimer; and you don't need all those costume changes that Charlie does, either. Why, he had to resort to blackface in that last picture; it makes me furious. And all he can talk about on the radio is Priscilla, Priscilla, Priscilla. Now you say something, Mortimer, so we can hear YOU for a change. Do something! What? I don't know!

Delight Evans
Event of the movie year!
The Academy Award Dinner

Triumphant entry! Bette, whose gorgeous gown is in marked contrast to the simple frock she wore when she attended her first prize-winning Academy Award dinner, sweeps in to more glory.

Best Actress arrives! Bette Davis, second-time winner of award for finest feminine acting, this time for "Jezebel," alights from her car.

Non-winning grins are registered by Frank McLHugh, Pat O'Brien, and Jimmy Cagney as they arrive at the Biltmore. Cagney was runner-up for the Best Actor's award. Better luck next time, Jimmy!

The greatest star of them all, though not yet an Award winner, hands in her ticket as parents beam. Yes, it's Shirley.

Deanna Durbin received a special award for bringing spirit of youth to screen. Here, she chats with Edgar Bergen at dinner preceding 1938 awards of Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.
Best Actor arrives! Spencer Tracy, with smiling Mrs. Tracy—he wins an "Oscar" for his performance in "Boys Town," voted finest masculine acting job of 1938.

Today's most popular screen star with yesterday's ace actor: "Little Princess" Temple and Douglas Fairbanks, famous movie monarch in "the good old days." Will Shirley win an "Oscar" soon?

Attracting more attention than most of the stars present was Jimmy Roosevelt, shown giving his autograph to cigarette girl while dinner partner Merle Oberon gives an engaging grin.

Just after the awards were announced by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, right above: Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis with their "Oscars," the statuettes so christened by lively Bette when she won her first.
Gay, genial, unspoiled Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney step out seldom, but have a swell time when they do. They’re dancing at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

It looks like love! It IS love! Joan Crawford and Charles Martin, above, on their way to a pre-view. Some are saying Charles is a second Charlie MacArthur, certainly a brilliant young screen writer.

Henry Fonda squires his wife and Marlene Dietrich at a popular night spot. Girls, note Marlene’s handsome beaded jacket. Not seen on the screen these days but she still glitters.

Richard Greene is being groomed by 20th Century Fox as a future “King of the Movies,” but Tyrone Power, acknowledged “King” on same lot, greets Dick cordially at Darryl Zanuck’s party at Café Mernel. Of course the lovely lady is Annabella.

You’ve heard the Screen Actors’ Guild shows on the air. The group donated services: Jack Benny, Gene Raymond, Judy Garland, Joan Crawford, Basil Rathbone, Robert Young.
Star's entrance! Typical of a Hollywood screen queen's royal approach is Ginger Rogers, above, complete with tulle, luxurious silver fox cape, and the eminent producer of her pictures—Pandro Berman, at right.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN WEISSMAN, SCREENLAND'S DEMON CAMERA DEPARTMENT IN HOLLYWOOD.

That constant couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, arrive for a preview at the Westwood Village Theatre. Gary, now in Paramount's "Beau Geste," has signed a new contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

At Darryl Zanuck's party following "Little Princess" preview: Norma Shearer, all done up in high hair-do, high hat, and a frivolous chin veil, greets host Zanuck, while the admiring Hedy Lamarr and director Mervyn LeRoy, left, watch.

Most unusual picture of Joe E. Brown ever published! Reason? It's Joe E. Brown without his broad grin. He is much too busy eating a big dinner in a Hollywood café to give our cameraman a glance; but Mrs. Joe E. looks as jolly as ever.
KILL the

"Our aim is to uplift and purify dancing, place it before the public in its proper light. When this has been done, we feel convinced that no possible objection can be urged against it on the grounds of impropriety. Nor will the social reformers be joined with the medical profession in the view that dancing is not only a renovator of good health and spirits, but a means of preserving youth, prolonging life, and acquiring grace, elegance, beauty."

CREED OF THE
CASTLE--portrayed by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire

this?
THE jitterbug is dying! Crushed by the winged-feet and twinkling toes of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, it is in its last throes. And there'll be few, if any, mourners at the bier!

So, anyway, believes Irene Castle. In a frank interview she declared: "I am convinced that the dances as presented by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in 'The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle' will swing the dance vogue back to that type dance. Also that the change will be welcomed even by those who profess to like jitterbugging. Now, I don't mean swing music—there seems to be a general confusion in regard to swing music and jitterbug dancing. The two have no relation.

"SWING is a delightful tempo which can be slowed down to fit even the old-fashioned soft shoe dance. JITTERBUGGING is a form of hysteria—neither normal nor right, which developed as result of orchestras doing what they called 'jamming.' This, apparently, was a musical free-for-all, with everyone going it alone. Youngsters couldn't resist the temptation to fit steps to the wild tempo, each-individual to his own inclination. Thus was jitterbugging created. It has been cultivated for commercial reasons because it lent itself to contests.

"However, I'm sure more people talk about it than dance it. It certainly should never be pointed out as our American dance to visitors from other countries. It is ugly, ungraceful, unbecoming, unhealthy, exhausting. Doctors say it is bad

for the muscles of the feet and legs and injurious to the heart.

"It makes me tired just to watch the violent jitterbugs. They seem to be counting every step and jerk. Dances full of effort have no grace. The most graceful way to dance is the lazy way. Fall into your partner's arms, sway a little to the music, and let your steps flow into his.

"In their former picture, the most beautiful dances I've seen Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire do had the ballroom flow. The Night and Day number in 'The Gay Divorcee,' and the Waltz in the Garden number in 'Carefree.' Remember these? Of course you do, although you've probably forgotten other more spectacular numbers they've done!

"The dances Vernon and I introduced were so simple that anyone who could dance could do them. I believe that is the secret of popularizing a dance," she said.

If "The Castles" picture—released in the midst of a sort of Holy Roller frenzy of the dance in America—does revolutionize the current dance, as Irene Castle predicts it will, it will be just another case of history repeating itself. Twenty-four years ago, Vernon and Irene Castle introduced glamorous ballroom dancing just at the time America was torn between whether it was "improper" to dance the Bunny Hug and Grizzly Bear, then in vogue, or whether it was "proper" to dance at all!

"We removed criticism from the dance, directed dancing in certain channels," Irene Castle told me. "They were doing dances then named after some animal. Ministers and editorial opinion expressed the belief that such dancing was driving the nation to hell. So the public hadn't formed very definite ideas of what they wanted to dance even if it were right to dance at all.

"Vernon and I returned from Paris, where we made
our first hit, at a most opportune time—1914. We realized America was itching to dance, and as leaders we got in on the ground floor. They didn't have entertainment then with dinner or supper. Cabarets were cheap beer gardens, or outdoor places like they had at Coney Island. Floor shows were unknown, except eccentric or acrobatic dancers perhaps who came in from behind the piano, from the kitchen, or trap door, and disappeared after they had finished dancing. Vernon and I sat with the guests like other ladies and gentlemen. We launched the 'tea dansant' at the Castle House, where (Please turn to p. 80)
"I've been a naïve, small-town boy, but I'm no sap!" So Bob Taylor sums himself up in this frank interview, written exclusively for SCREENLAND.
CAN see what has happened to me now that it is all
over. This past year, no matter how I look at what
led to it, certainly was my strangest one in Holly-
wood. So much I never expected occurred. I had so many
things to learn!

I was confused and worried, because of that barrage
of bad publicity I got. I tried to hide how I felt. In-
stinctively I always deny disappointments. I've never
enjoyed a whiner and I don't want to be a poor sport.
So I contended I wasn't the least bothered. But I couldn't
help reacting sharply, and I was by no means indifferent
to being sarcastically made out a sap.

There were times when I was so completely mystified
I wondered what the percentage was. If that was what I
was going to get if I persisted in trying to become a good
actor, what was the use of going on in Hollywood? I was
close to turning cynical then. I had to learn how to take
unjust criticism. I couldn't understand it. I still feel like
poking a guy when he wisecracks for no reason except
that I'm acting for my living. But I no longer let that
muddle me. At first I was determined to prove to every-
one that I wasn't a sap. However, I was in for a year
of discoveries, and the first one was that it was going
to be impossible for me to ex-
plain descriptions written to
be funny. I didn't want to

and that in every business there will be
 scoffers, and why let them triumph by ris-
ing to their baiting? Sincerity will be rec-
ognized by those who are sincere them-
selves. I had to admit to myself I'd been a
naive, small-town boy, too inexperienced to parry with
unanticipated parry with an unanticipated nerve. I am still bothered when I read an
untrue declaration about myself. Not because I'm egotis-
tical, but because I depend directly upon the good will of
the public for my success and I realize now how careful
anyone in such a spot has to be.

My year started off, too, with a new home, with my
ranch. I'd figured on building in Beverly Hills, but the
plans I drew up ran into too much money. I
found some property, a few acres, in the con-
venient San Fernando Valley instead, built a
six-room house where the plainness and quality
make up, I think, for lack of lavish size. And
this new quiet, and down-to-earth atmosphere,
was great. I could have my horses and dogs and
no suspicion of show front anywhere around; I
could live a regular life, and I do. I'm nearly
always up at six every morning, and in bed by
ten at night. I only come into Hollywood about
two evenings a month. I've raised seven crops
of alfalfa in my one year as a farmer.

But get this straight, please: this ranch wasn't intended
as a means of escape from Hollywood! I imagine my
most advantageous trait is my urge to cope with situa-
tions rather than trying to escape from them. Whenever
I'm up against it. I have one stubborn resolution—I'm
going to master that problem or die in the struggle! So
I didn't move to the country to live to draw into any
shell. I moved there because. (Please turn to page 74

shrug it off, but that was the only wise solution. I'd been
amazed, then mad at the ridiculing questions tossed at
me when I went to England. But gradually I understood
that even I was going to be a likely target sometimes,
HAVING been practically brought up from a tender age on New York skyscrapers, morning subway rushes, and mob scenes in Macy's basement on bargain days I felt that I had been gypped when I first saw the great American desert. “Well, get a load of that,” I said and wondered bitterly why I had ever left Broadway and 42nd street. After two days on the Santa Fe's Chief—the most self-conscious train I had ever ridden on until that time—of nothing but mesquitt, cacti, tumbleweeds and gobs and gobs of space I was all for giving the desert right back to the Indians. But I soon discovered that the desert—no matter how much I pooh-poohed it—was really in very good standing among the Hollywoodites. In fact they considered it chic. Chic as in Schiaparelli. Why they should want to leave their gorgeous Beverly Hills homes, their swimming pools with hot and cold running water, their tennis courts and their gay little portable bars for a mess of nothing, I just didn't understand. But light dawned on me at one of my first Hollywood parties. The night is irrevocably tagged in my memory as The Night I Almost Met Garbo. It was one of those impromptu after-preview parties—a Kay Francis-Ernst Lubitsch picture, I recall—and I, having declared to the high heavens that the only two people in Hollywood I wanted to meet were Garbo and Barbara Stanwyck, had been dragged along by someone who didn't know better. Three things made a deep

Just what is it alluring about the desert that all our best cinema celebrities hurry to it between pictures? Read our lively story and you'll know! Merle Oberon, above, suns herself at La Quinta. Bette Davis, right, is another star who loves the peace and beauty of exclusive La Quinta.
impression on my mind at that my first Hollywood party: (1) I burned Miss Francis' eyelashes as I tried to light her cigarette for her (hick that I was, I had never run amuck among such long lashes before.) And (2) Miss Garbo did not show up (I heard later that she smelled a fan writer.) And (3) I learned why movie stars went to the desert.

"If you really want to see Garbo," said Kay Francis amiably—(I must say she was a good sport about that eyelash burning—indeed, she herself burned a hole in our hostess' couch before the evening was over and I considered that downright friendly)—"you ought to drive down to the desert. She hides out there most of the time."

So that was what the desert was good for! A hideout! Well, no wonder. No dope in his right mind would ever look for you in that godforsaken waste. I wanted to see Garbo, but I didn't want to that bad. Why, I wouldn't go to the desert to see—to see—well, to see Garbo. But that was at least six years ago. I'm no longer a hick from a big city, I no longer burn glamor girls' eyelashes, I no longer want to meet Garbo, and I no longer wonder why movie stars hide out in the desert. I know. And furthermore I want to go on record as saying that they don't make 'em any crazier about the desert than I am now. If a doctor told me I had only ten more months to live—(there I go playing Bette Davis in "Dark Victory")—I would choose to spend my ten months at the desert resort of La Quinta, stretched out in a sun suit beneath a date palm, drinking in the breath-taking beauty of the Santa Rosa mountains, and reading a Van Dine murder mystery. And of course if Clark Gable, Robert

Taylor and Tyrone Power dropped in for cocktails that would be all right too.

So recently, when an Easterner on her first visit to Hollywood asked me why movie stars hide out in the desert I could hardly wait to tell her. "They hide out in the desert," I said, "either because the desert is the only place West of the Rockies where they can hide out and still be seen, or because it is the only place they can hide out and not be seen." (When I say "desert" from now on I am being typically Hollywoodish and referring to that part of the desert that includes Palm Springs, the B-Bar-H Ranch, and La Quinta—a stretch of some fifty miles that lie about four hours' safe driving from Hollywood.)

Palm Springs with its swanky El Mirador, Desert Inn, and Colonial House, and dozens of smaller hotels, has grown up during the last few years from a lazy one-hoss western village to a gay (Please turn to page 78)
AFTER writing about the movie stars ever since I stepped out of school it is only now that I can actually understand them; realize what it means to be in the movies; and not only really feel for them, but honestly feel with them. For at last I have been before the cameras—as a movie actress!

Before, I was always on the sidelines interviewing the glamor boys and girls and watching them earn a few thousands a day acting before one of those grinding machines. Nice work, I'd always thought. But my screen début was quite unexpected. In fact it was handed to me as a consolation prize. I didn't register at Central Casting, nor did I dog the footsteps of casting directors. I merely wanted to go on location—because it is always such fun. All summer I had anticipated a trip to Idaho where M-G-M was going to film “Northwest Passage.” Bob Taylor was to be the star, so perhaps that gives you a clue. I had thoughts about sitting on a rock on the beautiful pine-banked mountains with Bob Taylor and discussing how homesick he was to see Barbara Stan-
Building the first great transcontinental railroad was hard work. Building a great movie epic about it wasn’t so easy, either. But hardest of all was trying to build a screen career from an extra girl’s job in Cecil B. DeMille’s “Union Pacific”—read this story and see why!

By May Mann

to an awful let down

Every girl and young man who is ambitious for a Hollywood career must read this feature! It’s a lively account of one girl’s effort to make an extra’s job mean something. She’s May Mann—see her, close-up, across page; above, as pioneer woman in engineer’s cab in “Union Pacific”; and at right as herself, chatting with Director DeMille and Akim Tamiroff. At far left on page opposite, Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck, bright particular stars of “Union Pacific” in character for the big film.

wyck. It would make such a beautiful story—and perhaps I could add a word of consolation here and there. But the water froze in the mountain tops early in August so the location had to be postponed a year.

About that time Bob Burns was cast for Paramount’s “Union Pacific” and my friends at that studio suggested that I could still write location stories, if I didn’t mind writing about their Bob instead of Metro’s. Well, a girl can’t get quite as enthused about sitting on some sagebrush in the middle of a desert talking to Bob Burns when she’s had her mind on Bob Taylor. But that’s the way this writing business goes. I accepted the invitation to go to Southern Utah on location with the “Union Pacific” troupe. A week before we were to leave, the studio called and informed me that Bob Burns was not to be in the cast after all—and that Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck would be the stars. That was even better—I was getting back in the Bob Taylor theme again, only this time I would sit out in the lonely desert with Miss Stanwyck and perhaps console her because Mr. Taylor was some five hundred miles away.

Now just to show you how changeable this movie business is, at the last moment the studio kept Joel and Barbara in Hollywood. Their doubles were sent on the location. That left practically no reason for me to go—unless Clark Gable said, “So the acting bug has finally bitten you at last! I’d give a dollar to see a writing girl in our shoes—” and he laughed, as though the idea was a grand joke. Joan Crawford had invited me over that afternoon—and when I told her my good news, she gave me some pointers. It seems the glamour girls wear extra sheer hose—the kind that are shaded and do marvelous things for legs and ankles. In fact, she gave me a brand new pair from her own supply to wear in the picture. Joan told me how to stand at a three-quarter angle, so’s to get a slim waist and smooth hip-line before the camera. We practiced together in front of (Please turn to page 94)
LEW AND THE LADIES

Eversince he first appeared with Garbo in "The Kiss," femme Hollywood has been busy "discovering" Lew. Now let's admit he's here to stay!

By
S. R. Mook

First "discovered" by Garbo, then by Connie Bennett. Married to Lila Lane, then to Ginger Rogers. Right now, all set with Jeanette MacDonald, below, in "Broadway Serenade"—we give you lavable Lew!

"YOU know," Lew Ayres remarked recently, "when I was struggling desperately to get ahead in this business, I used to listen to people who were already established say, 'It isn't the struggle to get to the top that's hard; it's staying on top after you get there.' I thought it was a lot of applesauce—but it wasn't. I did put in a couple of bad years—years when I could hardly keep body and soul together. But that was just a period of waiting for a break. If it hadn't been for talkies I believe I'd have landed sooner.

"The first real part I ever had was the juvenile lead with Garbo in "The Kiss." That was when I really started."

He paused, but I know Lew so well I could follow his mental processes. He had good notices from "The Kiss" and thought he was all set. But talkies came in and producers seemed to think anyone who had been in silent pictures couldn't speak. Eight months passed after "The Kiss" before Lew ever faced another camera, but when he did it was to make the never-to-be-forgotten "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Constance Bennett was the hottest thing on the screen at the moment and the old Fox company had signed her for a picture called "Common Clay" and borrowed Lew for the lead opposite her. The picture was adapted from a sensational stage play so it was good box-office. And the people who had seen Lew in "All Quiet" wanted to see him again in a "dress-up" part and to find out if he could act or if "Western Front" was just a lucky accident. "Clay" broke records in practically every theatre where it was shown.

Then Warner Brothers borrowed him for the starring part in what turned out to be another box-office riot, "The Doorway to Hell." James Cagney had the second lead. Not only was Lew "set," he was the box-office sensation of the season. For the first time since "Seventh Heaven" had been released seven years before, Charlie Farrell failed to win a popularity contest. Lew won it.

"It was after that," Lew resumed as though he had never quit talking, "that my struggle really started—and it was a losing struggle from (Please turn to page 83)
Screenland salutes
Beauty of the Month:
LANA TURNER
KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT!

Sure, it's Spring—and a Pretty Girl in a New Hat rushing the summer season excites the fancy of a Handsome Young Man. SCREENLAND's own imaginary romance impersonated by Cary Grant and Lucille Ball. Thanks, kids!
YOU'LL SEE THEM TOGETHER
HOLLYWOOD RUNS RIOT IN MOST LAVISH CYCLE OF COSTUME DRAMA IN ALL ITS HISTORY!

BETTE DAVIS
In the character of the tragic Empress Carlotta of Mexico in "Juarez." (Above).

MERLE OBERON
As Cathy in the elaborate picturization of Emily Bronte's "Wuthering Heights." (Opposite page).
The Lady Looks at The Cowboy!

Myrna Loy, always lovely, and especially so in her new Spring bonnet, above, gazes over at Robert Preston on opposite page as he swings into action. Myrna co-stars with Bob Taylor in M-G-M’s “Lucky Night.” Preston, a rancher in private life, has a good part in Paramount’s “Union Pacific” with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.
Bob does a slow Burns, above, when he gazed at the girl on opposite page. Because he has made plenty of movies with Martha Rave with her playing the hoyden and all, and here she's been a Glamor Girl all the time and he never knew it. He's catching on now, Bob is!

WAIT TILL GRANDPA SNAZZY HEARS ABOUT THIS!
Jimmy is back in fighting form. He follows "Angels with Dirty Faces" with the riproarin' "Oklahoma Kid" — and more good roles to come.
Joan is joyously fighting the battle of her life to regain her place among screen stars. See her in "The Ice Follies of 1939".
GRAND YOUNG MAN

Jimmy Stewart, nicest boy and most natural actor in the movies
By actual calorimetric tests, a good swimmer, weighing 120 lbs., can swim for 2¼ miles (average speed 3 miles per hour) on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth.

Swimming is great fun, great exercise. But it is a strenuous drain on body energy. Baby Ruth candy, so popular among candy lovers for its purity and goodness, is a source of real food energy—which all active people need. Baby Ruth is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. So for enjoyment and food energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. Millions do.

Curtiss Candy Co., Chicago, Ill., Otto Schmering, President

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY!
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in "Dodge City"
"I Have No Regrets"

Franchot Tone, speaking frankly, puts an end to rumors current since his separation from Joan Crawford and Hollywood

By Jerry Asher

REGARDLESS of anything that has been printed or said, Hollywood has done all right by me. I've no kicks, no regrets—only gratitude. Even though I stay away for a while, I hope to be around for a long time to come." It was Franchot Tone speaking, thus putting an end the thousand and one rumors that have circulated since Franchot separated from Joan Crawford and announced that he would divide his time between the stage and screen. As an eye and ear witness to so much that has been unfair, I'd like to say that in the face of things, Franchot has been a pretty swell sport. So many exaggerated stories, statements that he never made, vicious gossips have all used Franchot as a target. Never once has he yelled for help.

We were in his brown and white dressing room, the one decorated by Joan Crawford and presented to Franchot one Christmas. Books, bundles of clothing, toilet articles, pictures of Joan were cluttered about the place. As Franchot talked he proceeded to dismantle the studio home he has occupied for the last six years. His refusal to sign another long-term deal brings to a close a colorful interlude in Franchot's life, that will doubtless remain green in his memory for a long time to come.

What kind of a person is Franchot Tone today? So many have asked this question. To some he appears to be such an unhappy young man. Others think his six years spent in Hollywood have wrought a great change. I don't think Franchot will ever be what you call a "happy" man. Very few intelligent people are really happy. So it isn't in Franchot's nature. The truth of things lies too near the surface in his makeup. His recognition of those truths isn't conducive to happiness. That's why Franchot is intolerant of anyone who refuses to accept truth as reality. If you ask Franchot point-blank if he really is unhappy, this is what he invariably replies: "Oh, I've just naturally looked 'this way' all my life."

Yes, Franchot is a greatly changed person since he first came out to Hollywood (Please turn to page 90).
THE LITTLE PRINCESS—20th Century-Fox

THIS is the Shirley Temple picture which should be preserved for posterity. Did I hear a rusty whisper of “If any?” No, I thought not. And lucky for you I didn’t. While they’re about the business of sealing up in bronze boxes significant signs of these turbulent thirties, to be opened a thousand years from now to amaze our descendants, surely they should not neglect the Best Picture ever made by the Terrible Tot of the cinema. For here, folks, IS Shirley—complete in Technicolor, lovely to look at, endearing to hear, whether she’s whimpering about her lost Daddy—he went to the Boer War, you see, and left IF Sara Crewe in that wicked Miss Minchin’s school; or singing and dancing The Old Kent Road with stately Arthur Treacher; or showering her precocious charm upon all and sundry, including even Victoria Regina—and you’ll love her, and whimper with her, and continue to be awed by her uncanny cleverness. You’ll also appreciate the lavish manner in which Darryl Zanuck has mounted the nostalgic narrative; the charming fairy-tale ballet; the superb acting, especially Sybil Jason as the little Cockney slavey, Becky—a tremendously touching performance; but not forgetting Ian Hunter, Mary Nash.

STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists

YIPPEE! Here’s an elegant Western for the carriage trade, with all the excitement of a dozen cowboy serials done up in one grand celluloid package, elaborately staged and importantly acted. It’s a super-Western for the Radio City Music Hall, but it will have an appeal just as strong for the dyed-in-the-wool “Hi-yo Silver!” fans who throng smaller theaters—which means that “Stagecoach” is a movie for practically everybody. You’ve seen the old movie West before but probably never from a stagecoach on one long perilous trip, and in such interesting company: a nice outlaw, the Ringo Kid (John Wayne); a lovely outcast with heart-of-gold (Claire Trevor); a hilarious but delightful doctor (Thomas Mitchell, there’s a swell actor!); a stern Sheriff (George Bancroft—there’s another!); a mysterious gambler (John Carradine—what, still another?); the driver, Andy Devine—just to give you an idea of the magnificent cast. The suspense is terrible for them and for us—but with Apaches behind every boulder, a budding romance between outlaw and outcast, and wondering whether the horses, to say nothing of the coach and our nerves, will hold out. They all do. It was a grand ride and I’m glad we won.

BLACKWELL’S ISLAND—Walters

LATEST in Warners’ long series of crusading films is a colorful melodrama, with John Garfield lending his talents to the role of a reporter who gets himself put behind bars for the purpose of exposing a corrupt penal system. With their usual astute showmanship Warners have managed to make their message consistently entertaining, and at the same time packing considerable punch, as they show the methods of grafting gangsters in a city prison, setting up neat little dictatorships over the prisoners until a commissioner of correction, aided in this case, of course, by our enterprising young newspaper reporter, steps in and cleans up. It is not a great role for Mr. Garfield, with few scenes in which he can let loose his impressive acting technique as he did in “Four Daughters,” but he has the peculiar ability to impart importance and reality to whatever character is handed him to play, and whenever possible in this piece he crashes through the plot machinery with poignance and power. Stanley Fields, one of those fine screen actors whose face, if not name, you remember from picture to picture, is excellent in a gangster role. Rosemary Lane is the somewhat vague girl-appeal, but there are no songs to sing.
SEE!

ACHIEVEMENT:
"Dark Victory," with Bette Davis' greatest performance

FOR CHARM:
Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess," her first Technicolor

FOR THRILLS:
"Stagecoach," swell super-Western

ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES:
"Yes, My Darling Daughter"

SPECIAL AWARDS:
Sybil Jason, a joy in "The Little Princess"
John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Claire Trevor in "Stagecoach"
Mortimer Snerd in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man"

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal

BUT you can cheat an honest audience; and I resent it. Here I went to see this three-star Fields-Bergen-McCarthy show with my face all fixed in a broad grin which was prepared at a moment's notice to turn into a loud guffaw; but when I came out of the theatre I was wearing only a faint smile on my features, and that was merely reminiscent as I thought of Fields in former films and Bergen and McCarthy in "Letter of Introduction" and Sunday radio. Somehow "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man" is funny only at long intervals, chiefly when Bergen's Other Dummy, the inimitable Mortimer, is on the scene. The great W. C. Fields must take his full share of the blame, because he helped write the story and has written himself a good, fat part; but aside from a ping-pong game and an occasional inspired moment, Mr. Fields is simply rather dull. Maybe he should stick to acting and not write, or the other way around. All I can record is my own bitter disappointment. I shall have to take that broad grin somewhere else, that's all. Edgar Bergen gets mixed up in a romance with Constance Moore—maybe Fields' Machiavellian idea to mix up Mr. Bergen. Even Charlie in blackface doesn't help very much.

DARK VICTORY—Warner

AND still another triumph for Bette Davis—this might be getting monotonous by now if we were speaking about any other actress; but whatever Davis does, it may be flashy, splashes, spectacular; but it is never, never monotonous. "Dark Victory" offers our native American two-time Academy Award Winner a very different role—one that calls forth a surprising new facet of her brilliant personality—a spirituality hitherto absent from her amazing repertoire. We know Davis can be gallant, gay, sombre, satanic, anything and everything striking and insistent; but we knew before "Dark Victory" that there can be a deeply spiritual side to her undeniable air. Here, she plays a complex character, a rich girl doomed to death but clinging to life; loving light and gaiety and high adventure, and fated to be struck blind before the end. Not a cheery picture, no; not a kid'sie show; but a brave and strong and strangely exciting drama, which will provide added proof that Hollywood can make pictures, when it pleases the producers to do so, for adult as well as escapist audiences. The final scenes of this film are beautifully realized. George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, newcomer Geraline Fitzgerald are splendid in support.

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners

THE only really extraordinary thing about this pleasant little picture is the fact that it got some censors all steamed up. I think that's marvellous, because they must have had a very good time and I love to see people enjoy themselves. As a matter of fact, they probably had a better time than I had, because when I saw the pre-view of "Yes, My Darling Daughter" in the projection room there was certainly nothing to get worked up about, so censors must have better eyes and more imagination than most of us, which is why they are censors. Of course, "Yes" was as I said a very pleasant little picture in the first place; but now it has become a National Issue, an Important Thing, and I think we should all see it again and again. There is a splendid cast laboring in this good cause: Fay Bainter, Ian Hunter, Priscilla Lane, Roland Young, May Robson, and Jeffry Lynn—each an excellent actor, and each deserving all the remarkable publicity they, and their picture, have been enjoying. As to plot, "Yes, My Darling Daughter" tells with innocent merriment the story of a nice young girl who falls in love and, naturally enough, wants to get married. All concerned are agreed that marriage is wonderful. Yes, yes, yes!
WHEN a man's about to become a father, you've just got to respect his delicate condition—I always say! And whether it's Canada or Hollywood, expectant fatherhood is a bit upsetting to say the least. Of course, there are no Papa Dionnes for Hollywood to point to with pride. But some of the local boys are giving the stork a nice little workout.

Not since that famous day when Fred Astaire confided that the long-legged bird was tapping (no pun intended) on his window, have I seen a due-daddy quite as excited as George Murphy. It was to be the first Murphy offspring, after eleven years of marriage. George made the announcement one night, at Joan Crawford's house. While Joan ran to the phone to order yarn for a baby blanket, we all crowded around the Murphys to

The smiles at top of page belong to Mr. and Mrs. John Garfield, new and very proud parents. The tiny Garfield heiress is still camera-shy. So is the new son and heir of the George Murphys, pictured at right.
offer congratulations. George behaved exactly as if he was the first man who was actually going to become a father!

George held up amazingly well. I must admit. Of course he had his little odd spells. At times he insisted on being alone, so he could sit in a corner with a far-away look in his eyes. But considering the wear and tear on his nervous system, George faced his approaching fatherhood like a brave little man. One day he and I were out on the links at Lakeside. From the clubhouse in the distance, a bell boy came running down the steps and headed in our direction. George saw him coming and started waving his arms like a madman. "Is it for me?" George shouted. "Do they want me at home?" The mere knowledge that his baby wasn't due for another two months, George dismissed lightly.

"It ain't for you," answered the bell-boy, while George all but shook the information out of him. "It's for Johnny Weissmuller. The studio signed him to a new ape. They just called and want Johnny to come over and test with him for 'Tarzan'."

Several days later I had lunch with George at M-G-M. Suddenly George realized he hadn't called his home in the last twenty minutes. The next thing I knew, we were in George's car on our way to Beverly Hills. From the servant who answered the phone, George had caught the one word, "sick." That's all he needed to hear! "Oh, I hope nothing's happened to Julie," George kept muttering to himself, as we went through every traffic signal. At the Murphy residence, it couldn't have been more peaceful. Julie was down-town taking a knitting lesson. The sick member of the household was "Jock," a prize-winning collie that had been frightened by a small earthquake. (If the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce reads this, maybe it was only a heavy truck on the highway.)

Came the day when Julie Murphy went to the hospital. While they waited for the stork, the Murphys played a nice friendly game of backgammon. His hands were hardly trembling at all, George told himself. Finally, the doctor interrupted the game. Yes, George did seem rather glad to stop. But Julie wasn't going to be put off so lightly. George was beating her. Stork or no stork, she wasn't going to give up until she won her money back. Like Garbo, George just wanted to be alone. In the father's waiting room, he tried to figure out a new dance step. Four times he read through a guest book and tried to think of things that were funnier than had been inscribed by waiting fathers be-

(Photograph of brand new babies, destined to inherit movie fame and fortune. Above, that pleasant movie "monster," Boris Karloff, is just a beaming papa as he sees his little daughter, Soro Jone, for the first time. At top left, Anthony Quinn and his baby son, Christopher; at left, Tony and Mrs. Quinn, the former Katherine DeMille, daughter of the noted director, with baby Chris.

The hilarious story—all true—of what happened when four famous Hollywood actors confronted the great experience of fatherhood

By Jerry Asher
Salute Spring with new clothes and fresh, vital viewpoint, says Ann Sheridan. It's the sublimely silly season—dress for it!

See large picture on opposite page for Ann's favorite Spring costume: smart three-piece wool suit with collarless jacket of soft yellow and olive-green plaid; yellow wool gored skirt, and yellow topcoat. Topping it all is a flat-crowned sailor of natural straw with olive-green feather. At left, fitted jacket of blue and gray shadow plaid with silver buttons over navy blue wool skirt. Her kettle-brimmed sailor of navy straw is accented with fuchsia. Below, new Spring coat of oatmeal tweed with stitched inverted pleats and high stand-up collar. Ann's hat is natural straw with a veil and feather "fancy" of brown.

Photographs of Miss Sheridan especially posed for SCREENLAND Glamour School by Scatty Welborne, Warner Bros.

Edited by

Ann Sheridan
Ann Sheridan, whose latest film is "Naughty but Nice," and whose forthcoming appearance with Errol Flynn in "Dodge City" will attract wide attention, poses for Screenland Glamor School, above, wearing a gay jacket costume of lavender and navy blue. The full pleated skirt is topped with a double-breasted plaid jacket of navy and lavender. A band of lavender matching the skirt edges the collar and cuffs. Ann's sailor is trimmed with feathers combining the two shades.
Sulriest of all new sirens on the screen, in private life Ann Sheridan is just a grand, typically alert and active American girl. So she wants clothes she can wear with ease, rather than stressing extreme chic—and we think she has selected, here, some Spring costumes to interest other dynamic young moderns.

At left, lustrous tile-red crepe striped in yellow, black, and green has been used for this new Spring dress, a modified “shirtmaker” with high neckline, short sleeves, and fitted waist. The skirt is cut with “umbrella” gores. Ann’s black patent leather bag matches her belt. Above, simple but striking navy blue sheer dinner costume, whose only note of trimming is the white pliqué appliquéd in formal motif. The soft bodice is caught into a snug waistband, the full skirt is topped by a short-sleeved bolero.
DOIT know why it is—I'm beginning to suspect I don't live right—but whenever I get an assignment to do a story on a star she is always rushing frantically to go some place. Other writers, it seems, are not faced with that problem. I am constantly reading in the magazines where they spend many hours, albeit days, on interviews in the homes of the stars—swimming lazily in the pool, lolling in the sunshine on the terrace, being oh, so gay around the tea table, and making merry quips over cocktails in the rumpus room. It's all so leisurely and lovely, and so utterly, divinely chummy. Jeepers Creepers, how it burns me up! Why, the very minute I get an assignment on a star she starts packing. I can make a vagabond out of a homebody at the drop of a pencil. My interviewing, darn it, has to be done screaming under a dryer at Westmore's (and did you ever try to get a "real truth" under a dryer?), or two seconds over the phone while she's waiting for her hats to arrive, or in the car on the way to the station with luggage nicking me in the shins—and the nearest to a quotation I ever get is "Goodbye" as the train pulls out.

Well, anyway, when I received this assignment to do a story on Jeanette MacDonald I optimistically thought, dope that I am, that my luck had changed. Tea and crumpets, I said, at least tea and crumpets. For Jeanette is famous for her kindness to and her consideration of the press. One of the most charming and gracious of the stars, she realizes that writers are not prestidigitators (sometimes I think there was one in my family tree) and can't go around pulling stories out of thin air, or hot air, for that matter. She thinks that an interview is important and should be conducted as pleasantly and painlessly as possible on the part of the star. She is very methodical, and schedules her interviews with the same care and precision as she does her French and vocal lessons. When Jeanette says she will give an interview she gives it, right on the dot, and it isn't dragged in helter-skelter by the skin of its
Thousands of film and song fans in the United States will be seeing this beautiful smile "in the flesh" when Jeanette takes her swing around the country in person. Right, the "Mac-Raymonds," as husband Gene calls 'em, in an evening at home before Jeanette left Hollywood. He’ll join her soon.

to me, Jeanette, I discovered to my horror, was on the verge of taking off on a concert tour! Well, I've had Wanderlust, New York, and Reno come between me and my art, but I never had a concert tour before. At least it was a novel twist. "All my life I've wanted to go on a concert tour," said Jeanette over the phone, a certain excited breathlessness coming through her usual polite restraint. "I've been planning it carefully for the last two years. But"—and here an embarrassed giggle came over the wire—"I've put off doing everything until the last two days. Isn't it awful? Fittings, repertoire, dentist, I'm going crazy! I'd like to see you but I haven't a minute to spare and the place is a madhouse." Miss MacDonald methodical? Miss MacDonald methodical, my eye! Un huh, I thought, either that much-publicized schedule of hers has suddenly reared up on its haunches like a Frankenstein monster and slapped her down, or else Miss Jeanette is just a human being with the inevitable weakness for procrastination like the rest of us. Miss Jeanette—and it does my heart good to tell you—is so very much like the rest of us that she couldn't remember where she had packed her music, and furthermore she locked her trunk with the key inside.

I must have sounded pretty woebegone over the phone because Jeanette relented just a little bit and said to come on up and maybe she could squeeze me in between her voice lesson and her fitting with Irene. I guess I'm just an optimistic soul, even after all these years of departing movie stars. But anyway, interview or no interview, I thought I owed my eyes a treat. I never get tired of looking at Jeanette MacDonald. Glamor Girls are not always as beautiful as they are cracked up to be, as you have probably surmised, but Jeanette is one star who is extremely easy on the optics. Remember how rose and blue and gold she looked in Technicolor in "Sweethearts"? Remember how wonderfully red her hair shone? Well, she's just like that in real life. She is one of the few stars that a writer
can describe as "breathlessly beautiful" and not have to worry about being struck dead the next moment for lying. I grabbed my pencil—just in case—and left for Bel Air, where on the highest hill you find the honey-moon house of the Raymonds. But before we go into that I would like to tell you a few things about Jeanette's concert tour, so please stand by for station identification.

Ever since she was a child singing Sunday School songs back in Philadelphia, Pa., and later singing popular ditties on Broadway, Jeanette has dreamed dreams of a concert tour. Unlike most young singers her goal was never the (Please turn to page 98)
Rosalind Russell is pleasantly mad about making pictorial records of all her good times and good friends here and abroad

By Ruth Tildesley

Rosalind shoots as she goes! Upper left, she gets shot in Florence; reading down, her own pictures of Italy: from Garbo's villa terrace at Ravello shooting down on Amalfi; cathedral in Perugia; the Colloseum; and coming home on the Nieuw Amsterdam.

Rosalind Russell began to want a camera because she knew Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, and John Swope, all of whom are camera enthusiasts. "It was John Swope who talked me into buying one," she remembers, "and now I have three! These shots are the product of my trip abroad. But next time I go—and may it be soon!—I shall work out a sort of theme first and then shoot as I go so as to illustrate the theme."

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star would have made a lovely shot herself as she sat on the chartreuse couch in her den, dark head silhouetted against light walls, her champagne-and-taupe plaid dress making interesting patterns as she moved. "I really didn't get very practical about using a camera until I knew I was to go abroad," she said, slim fingers busy among the tea things. "Then I thought of all the marvelous scenes I could bring home with me to remember the trip. I should have learned more about photography before I went, but I was in a great rush. The day I was leaving, John Swope came over. I had the..."
house full of dressmakers, people packing, people doing last things to the house, people from the studio with messages and packages. He brought his camera to take the picture he used in his book, of an actress studying her script in bed. I was doing a thousand last things, trying on clothes, deciding what should go and what to do with what shouldn’t go, and so on. John kept crying: ‘Come on! Hop into bed! Hurry!’ and every time I started to listen to him, something else happened.

“I swore I wouldn’t let him do a picture of me in bed, but he was a man with one idea, so at length I put a marabou jacket over my dress and posed against the pillows with the script. He fussed and fussed, but the result is very nice. While he was there, he tried to explain what I should know about cameras, but there were so many interruptions I couldn’t concentrate. I simply learned how to load and unload my camera and what to do with filters and let the rest of his instruction go out of the window. But now that I’ve taken pictures, I realize what I don’t know and want to learn how to do things right.

“The more pictures you take, the more the camera craze gets you. Because I knew so little about what should or shouldn’t be done, I found I wasn’t hampered by rules. I saw something and I shot it. If I’d known better, I might have stood back and looked at a scene and said: ‘No, it’s too dark. Those shadows don’t mean anything. There’s too much—or not enough—in that picture.’ Not knowing, I simply clicked the shutter, and often got quite good things by accident. Naturally, though, I don’t care to go blundering around forever. I mean to know next time.”

Doors fascinate Rosalind. She goes around admiring them. “In England there are (Please turn to page 86)
Talk about the house that Jack built! You should see this one—it's really two—that Jane Withers built

By Charles Darnton

She has done a big thing for a little girl. In these days when everything's going up, even women's hair, Jane Withers has put up as fine a place as you'd ever hope to see. But you may get a crick in the neck peering at it from the sweeping curve of Sunset Boulevard just around from the university in Westwood. (There's a good reason for its being there—tell you about that later.)

You're apt to get it in the neck, first of all, from the flowered embankment shelving gorgeously from the roadway to a hill-riding white fence. Then the grounds, green as springtime, keep on climbing to a white low-slung ranch house. This sort of fools you at first into thinking the Witherses don't live there because well over to one side there's a bigger two-storied dwelling, also white and what you'd call streamlined, or maybe yacht-styled. When you've legged it to the highest point you just have to turn around—that is, in your mind—and get things straightened out. That first house is where the Witherses live, with ten rooms and a patio in which to spread themselves. But the big surprise is that larger place over there, for that's Jane's playhouse, if you please. Rolling around, this way and that, are acres and acres going into the making of a $70,000 estate. And it's all Jane's, every cent of its cost earned by her. The extraordinary part of this most extraordinary youngster is that she's a home-maker at 12.

It made it seem all the more her very own home for Jane herself to open the door with a gracious greeting. Very sweet. She was quite the little lady. And I had
only to set eyes on her to see she was surprisingly unlike her screen reflection, for one thing, far prettier. She had on what she called her "flower pot dress" because of its little green wool bolero decorated with appliquéd—that’s the word—tiny felt flower pots sprouting diminutive gaily colored felt flowers and leaves. With it went a simple white blouse and flaring navy skirt. Bare legs ran down to white socks and brown shoes. Jane’s dark brown hair was pulled up from her ears and tied with a bright green ribbon, and little bangs flirted over apple-smooth skin. Next it was my pleasure to meet Mrs. Withers, kindly with eyes dark as her bobbed hair. A bit on the plumpish side, she was “honey,” and probably about thirty-five. Sincere and direct, she had a warming smile.

After a while Jane wanted to know if I’d like to go out and see her pets. Didn’t take long to fix that up. Her mother was to join us afterward in Jane’s playhouse. As we started for the rear door a genial parrot sang out from another room, “Have a good time, have a good time!” And did we! Down the slope at the back was an enclosure alive with a welcoming menagerie. In it were a Sicilian donkey, two little deer, a pony, dogs, goats, chickens, ducks, turkeys, rabbits, and goodness knows what else. All, made unafraid by knowing nothing but kindness, swarmed to the gate partly opened by Jane, but glinting pheasants shyly aloof in the background. Cactus, the donkey, and Dot and Dash, the deer, were gluttons for petting. When at last we turned away, they followed us with longing eyes.

On our way to the second house, Jane skipped across the lawn to pick a rose for my buttonhole. As she flashed back, beaming, it crossed my mind that she herself was one of the brightest of those flowers of life: children. Standing on the tip-top of her green-and-white world, I wondered what had led her to choose this particular spot for her home.

“That,” she said, flinging a hand down towards the football field of the University of California at Los Angeles, spread out below us and losing itself in the farther reaches of Westwood. “I love football. See the boards in that tree.” She indicated a sturdy oak. Sure enough, planks were set across its branches! “With other children of the neighborhood I sit up there every chance I get and watch the Bruins (Please turn to page 92)
Winner of $5.00: I. C. Adams, Calistoga, Cal., for this charming study, "Chums," of spotted deer and contented cat.

First Prize (Morgan Dennis original portrait of Constance Bennett and "Sandy"): V. M. Carlisle, Hartford, Conn., for this photograph of her pet, "Don Dee," described as "a wise old lady Cinn terrier, 12 years old."

Prize-Winning Pet Pictures

$5.00 Winner: Bernice M. Fuller, Bath, Maine, for this picture of "Sonja V. D. Kreger."

Winner of $5.00 Prize: George W. Marchell, London, Ontario, Canada, for appealing pet picture, above.

Another $5.00 Winner: Ellen Sue Lawrence, Cedarhurst, Long Island, for "Ellen and Terry."
These gay pictures of beloved pets are winners of our third Pet Picture Contest, which appeared in the March issue. Winners of the fourth, and final contest will be announced in the next, the June, 1939, issue.
**HILARIOUS TRIO TO MAKE "EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN" A FILM WORTH WATCHING FOR:** Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Bing Crosby, above. Now, below, co-stars Crosby and Blondell are joined for a studio visit by Joan's devoted husband, Dick Powell.

**ROMANCE! WORK!**

By Weston East

**Mickey Rooney** is still growing mellow over the moving-down he gave Manhattan! He ranged triumphantly from one end of New York to the other on his first real vacation. Now that he's home in Hollywood he speaks of "When I was at the Stork" in a throw-away tone Mae West or café society may well envy. He does the Chestnut Tree, the successor to the Lambeth Walk, but not with the same old glow. The Cocoanut Grove just isn't the ultimate to him since he has done the clubs where the Broadway boys relax. Anyway, these nights at the Grove bring back memories—of the Abbot Dancers, the nine young lovelies who finished their engagement as floorshow hoochers while he was away. Mickey was so true to the fourth one from the left, except when he was giving the seventh one the Rooney eye!

**Fred Astaire** has left RKO, where he was a star for five years. This may mean no more Astaire-Rogers dancing films. But there'll be more Astaire, with other stars, because he's always worked and even if he's rich now he doesn't want to retire yet. He's taking Mrs. A. on a round-the-world trip, a leisurely jaunt. The way he was bid good-bye at RKO demonstrates more eloquently than fancy words how well he was liked by his fellow workers. A beautiful parchment scroll, wishing him the best of luck, was handed him, and everyone who had worked on an Astaire picture in any capacity signed it. No other star has ever wound up a long-term contract with such a testimonial.

**YOU** stumble over cardboard boxes stuck together in the most mysterious fashion whenever you walk on a Shirley Temple set these days. Shirley is learning fractions in the new way. It seems you cut yourself pieces of cardboard and lay them this way and that as visual proof of the fractions you're fussing with. Jane Withers, being less of an angel, schemed to pull a fast one on her teacher last week. Jane was not amused with the period in history she had reached. While Gertrude Vizard, her special instructor, was out of the Withers dressing-room for a few minutes, Jane got busy with red ink and a tissue towel. She had a realistic nose bleed when Miss Vizard reentered. "You'll have to go right over to the studio hospital!" that worthy cried in alarm. Not anticipating so drastic a turn, Jane pooh-poohed it as nothing at all. Wincupon teacher got some water, learned the blood was actually ink. So our Jane got an extra large dose of dates to memorize.

**Nelson Eddy** was shocked at the news of Doris Kenyon's divorce from the millionaire she so recently married, for it was at Doris's Hollywood home that Nelson met and first courted the new Mrs. Eddy. (Doris was reputedly planning to spend a quarter-of-a-million remodeling her house; but she gave up her new riches to regain her freedom.) The most amusing happening so far while Nelson has been touring in concert was that time when the police commandeered a limousine and shoved him into it to get him out of the crowd that mobbed him. The irate owner shrieked wildly, "I can still see the lady raving." Nelson confesses, "but it was the police who decided that was the only way out, not me!" In New York twenty different times for concert appearances, Nelson never had one night free to see a play—until one week he had there on this trip with his pretty wife to step out with him.
THAT whole playground outfit you saw in Irene Dunne's latest is now bringing joy to the kids in a Los Angeles orphanage, because Irene quietly bought it and sent it to the less-fortunate children. The Jimmy Ellisons were at the station to depart for New York for the honeymoon they've not yet had time for when Jimmy was recalled for retakes—they threw a party on their boat at San Pedro instead; they invited everyone to come in old clothes, then handed out paint and brushes, and before the curfew rang the Ellison boat was as good as new. Don't ever drop in on Claudette Colbert, or you'll get the cool shoulder, because it makes Claudette furious to be dropped in on—she wants to do the inviting. Dennis Morgan, the new hero at Warners, is the same fellow who was Stanley Morner, at Paramount, and before that the Mary Garden protégé at M-G-M. Wayne Morris's mother-in-law has a forty-eight-room home in New York, so visiting his new mom is somewhat like calling on Marion Davies, who has a beach house in Santa Monica the same size. Mrs. Fred MacMurray went sightseeing at Paramount the other day, and went onto every stage but her husband's—she won't become a pest, she asserts. Lily Pons is trying her luck in a French motion picture of an opera because Grace Moore was so successful at this feat. There are now fifty pairs of footprints in the forest.

Ah, it's Sherlock Holmes himself! Pipe, cap, and all, as Basil Rathbone plays the famous detective character in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," elaborate filming of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story. He had to shave his mustache for the rôle.

Great actor Robert Morley, whom you remember for his masterly performance of Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette," pictured as he appears in title rôle of "Oscar Wilde," his New York stage success.

court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and the guy who hit the half-a-C mark was Nelson Eddy; they snatched him for posterity just before he left on this current concert tour. Mae West is mopping up big personal appearance money because her comeback picture plans are temporarily stymied by her demand that she be the whole cheese.

Here's Tarzan, Jr! But he's only an adopted son who arrives in Tarzan's jungle via airplane crash, in the new film, "Tarzan in Exile," which is a continuation of the popular adventures of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan.

THEM. The pest, this big Dennis swanky address at Lily Don't Happiness. The new speedy life in the most comfortable one. They drove across country. Irene writes she's even attempting cakes and pies like her grandma used to bake.

TYRONE POWER doesn't have to buy Amanella expensive perfume on account of the one thing she hates most is perfume of any kind! She even offered to have a bottle for each of the women employed on her new picture if they'd remain odorless the days she was working. The new

THIS picture Claudette Colbert's making at Metro is the first one she's ever done for M-G-M and the aura of glamour impresses her no end. She climbs in and out of her limousine with the greatest of care. And chuckles sedately when she remembers the fun she had making "Midnight." Don Ameche didn't let going to Paramount for the first time squelch his sense of humor! He joshed Claudette as he had always ribbed his co-star at Fox, his home lot. He hired an aged extra to plead dramatically for her autograph—and had the veteran depart mumbling he'd admired Miss C. ever since he'd been a little boy. She
Engaged? Priscilla Lane and best beau, assistant director Oren Haglund, attend the pre-view of "Dark Victory."

Wendy raved about his politeness—and looks. He was the handsomest thing she'd ever run into. (Don't read this, Richard—she wouldn't want to hurt your feelings!) "Then," advised a chum, "you simply must drop him a line thanking him for being so nice." Wendy phoned instead. The officer was baffled, her professional name meaning nothing to him. When she'd identified herself as the girl he'd tagged at such-and-such a spot he melted magnificently. "I was just going to write and ask you for a date!" Wendy said she'd love to go to dinner. He's called since to say that his parents knew she was a star and they're so excited that he's bringing her for supper a week from Sunday that they are repainting the house!

THE real reason the Wally Beerys separated, according to report, was that Mrs. B. is the type who goes mountaineering in high-heeled shoes. In short, she liked to dress up and enjoy their luxuries in style while Wally preferred to be friendly in an informal fashion. He remained a diamond in the rough through fifteen years of mutual attempts at adaptation.

REMEMBER Sidney Fox? Doris Nolan? They were manufactured stars at the old Universal. Pretty, but no longer ballyhooed, they're back in Hollywood, hopefully. . . . Franchot Tone took an unjust beating when the papers reporting Joan's divorce action declared he hated Holly-

Shirley has a totally different type of rôle in her picture to follow the popular "Little Princess." Missy Temple plays a picturesque outdoor girl with Randolph Scott (plus gold braid and mustache) in "Susannah of the Moonties," with Indians and everything.

Interesting team-work this—Henry Fonda and Don Ameche, who appear in important rôles in the big new film, "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell," story of the inventor of the telephone. Loretta Young and her real-life sisters are the girls in the cast.
wood, because he never said so and always told the reporters who interviewed him that it's as interesting as the stage. . . . Don't forget it's "Bob" Breen now, and there's a regular corporation named after him handling his affairs. . . . Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have come out of their farm shell now that their marriage path is smoothed for a Summer ceremony, and you see them cooing modestly at the Brown Derby and other night spots they used to shun. . . . Tallulah Bankhead has finally clicked in a big way on Broadway, so she's not sorry she failed to get the part of Scarlett. . . . Both Loretta Young and Jean Arthur insisted upon Cary Grant for their current pictures, and Garbo doesn't start her new film until he's available—so no wonder Phyllis Brooks and matrimony are waiting a while!

JOHN BARRYMORE nearly queued the sale of his hilltop mansion by talking too soon. "That Chinese tenement was a kind of a nightmare, but it might appeal to somebody—maybe an actor," he frankly remarked before the auction began. He had three swimming pools and bought the place from King Vidor because it reminded him of Austria. "I'd never been to Austria!" he added wryly. There he lived during his marriage to Dolores Costello. There were rooms for a dozen servants, which gives you an idea of the size. When he and Elaine return from their play, for more pictures, they will continue to rent. The fourth Mrs. B. won't let him get gay with his come-back earnings. The auction was radioed for the benefit of his public.

CONNIE BENNETT'S smartness has never been more in evidence than in the way she's building up her cosmetic business. Over on Melrose Boulevard, near Paramount, there's a modest building where twenty employees manufacture her powders and creams. The walls inside are burgundy and dusty pink, Connie's favorite tones, and each girl who is hired is required to know the full chemical formula of the plant's product, Connie is more than merely president of this corporation—she personally supervises its progress. If business keeps improving she'll take over larger quarters.

If you were Kay Francis these days your face would be so red! It seems that Kay's fourth marriage, which was to climax her life to date with a burst of happiness, went on the rocks before the ceremony was performed. Once again Kay made a mistake about love. But this time she was so sure. She'd made such definite plans to spend half her time in California and the other half in London, with the German baron she adored. Raven Erik Argus Barnekow. The best-laid plans for bliss went haywire. Kay took a cruise to South America, with only her lady business manager along. When she returned she felt like a fool trying to get back into the picture game, because she'd retired so magnificently. After a couple of spots on ace air shows, however, she landed her current role with Carole Lombard and David Niven in "Memory of Love." The baron? He's just one more memory now!
KNOW a few girls who still have long hair. They wear it brushed back from the forehead and in a chignon or knot at the back. It is difficult for these girls to find smart hats. Brushing this long hair is really work and a shampoo is an ordeal. This hair takes a long time to dry. Often they ask, "What can I do with my hair?" My first suggestion is that that hair be cut. Since this often meets with icy response, Dorothy Lamour comes to their rescue on this page and shows two styles in which her wealth of hair is dressed without sacrifice of length. Of course Dorothy's hair is gorgeous, and it is a particular asset in the primitive rôles that Dorothy does so well. Stirred by tropical breezes, Dorothy's hair is something for women to envy, were their native habitat a tropical isle. Girls in the theatre, movies, and some photographic models, of course, have the best reason in the world for keeping their Rapunzel and Lady Godiva locks. They are a distinct asset.

However, with the world gone streamlined, geared to high speed and action, certainly short or semi-short hair is the thing. It is shorter, too, now, than in some time. The smartest coiffeurs are urging curls all over the head, a cherubic idea, that is youthful and very feminine. The hair is tapered, permanently waved and combed into soft ringlets all over the head. It is a good fashion for warm days, is formal or informal, according to costume, and I am assured that care is easy.

Whether you wear an angelic halo, your curls brushed up atop your head, the longish bob curled up or under in Page Boy manner, which still clings in spite of all, hair is off the face. It is brushed back at the sides, up off the forehead, and here is a line that I think will endure for some time to come. It is good, for it reveals the face and gives a clear-cut line, always one of youth and beauty.
Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."

Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, The Lady Betty Bourke has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

"I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin." — The Lady Betty Bourke

"Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it." — The Lady Alexandra Haig

"Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds sparkle and glamour to my make-up!" — The Lady Morris

"Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices."

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My Strangest Year

First, it was a smart investment; second, because I'm from a small town in Nebraska and I like fresh air and simplicity. But I had no idea of escaping Hollywood 'pressure.' I hope to stay on in the movies for many years to come. I like Hollywood.

I don't know how long I'll stay on my farm, but for now, anyhow, I like it, I've discovered I can plan my life as I thought I could; I can only aim in a certain direction. Probably the next thing I shall do is to go on a tour against was that budget I'd rashly decided I was to follow, or else. I see I'm going to have to back down on that statement. I just expected the budget to be concerned. I do stay within bounds as a whole; but to me there's nothing more useless than a budget for every penny. I made a desperate stab at one, that's all, and I think I did tackle the actual cost of every expense allotments on the wall of my dressing-room at the studio, so it would seem to me rudely in the face whenever they observed I might be skipping toward forbidden indulgences. I began to feel more and more like a pauper. I couldn't help feeling doomed to dolefulness. For my own personal case I simply became aware that thing in the waste basket and swore to trust to common sense discretion and let it go at that.

I've not been able to see this theory of spending money on anything and everything just to keep it in circulation, though. I've heard so many tales of misery I want to be prepared whenever my knapsack gets, at least as much as possible. So I may have been impulsive, but I proceeded to be practical, too. I had been tremendously impressed with what I had read in industrious properties is—when you can see expansion's bound to go a particular way that seems a safer play to your savings than putting them in extravagant and vulgar spurgues.

By the time Spring came along I had learned to smile off headline accusations of conceit, and also I'd reached the conclusion that I'd go to no more parties. I'm very social, or was; but when you're in pictures it gets you so can't go out and have fun as you used to without letting yourself go for all sorts of nuts gossip. After considerable debate with myself on this aspect of Hollywood I decided it was going to be better to stick to the companionship of a few close friends. I like to attend to all of my own affairs. I have a memory that is dependable, I'm not helpless. One experimental day or two, and many little details began to creep up on me that I found my only answer to them was to hire a secretary. I found a college graduate who had majored in psychology and I installed her at the studio. There she is working regular hours for me. It's still hard for me to remember I can always rely on her, but I'm getting accustomed to it.

Radio was my next puzzle for this strange year. I'd acted as master-of-ceremonies on Metro's weekly air show. I'd been glad to try that. But when it was time to sign for more radio work I didn't sign, because I didn't see how one could develop in two lines simultaneously. The extra money was tempting enough, but I want to establish myself on the screen and I see this means conscientious work. That being the case, I feel I can enter into these two lines as a simple thing. But not for long! To my own astonishment, I became aware of a new perspective. I had an ideal pattern for my life—my conscience would aid me in reaching certain goals—become a star, earn good money, own certain comforts. I realized I'd been lucky—I'd attained these things, whatever they were. But I wondered if I'd gotten to where you want to be then everything's different from what you supposed and you have to figure and work for something, though I'd hit my mark. I found complications and circumstances I'd never known about. And if I were going to hold onto what I had obtained, I'd have to fight for it.

When you are working in a picture you are so wrapt up in it that you don't have time to stop and analyze yourself. I had a chance to do that when I took a trip to Honolulu and to Alaska. I don't think I'm capable of anything by running away from it; people are the same everywhere. Something inside was like a mirage in the distance, we find ourselves, in that sounds like I'm the grand-daddy of philosophers, doesn't it? I'm not! What I'm trying to explain is that when I had breathing spells got away from Hollywood, I realized I was in the territory, but not a people had had. I realized it was their bland walls, and how they managed to climb over them, that had made them strong characters. I thought of the men and women who were the backbone of the film business; they had become a very real factor in American life, values. They'd had to hard workers no matter how disappointed they were; some of them had shot up fast, but they'd had to hold every inch of Hollywood. And it was how they handled their circumstances that distinguished them.

I was in contact with exciting and un-conventional people, and the most of opportunities. I began to see Hollywood in a new light. The glamour that is so much talked of was superficial. That was the scene so far.

I hate to quarrel. Instinctively I try to please everyone. And I believed the world was quite a fixed, obvious matter. But it isn't, and generous as you want to be, you have to make yourself able to help others by building for yourself. The boy from Nebraska was recognizing the competition and realities of life! So pretty soon I was no longer making such arbitrary decisions. I'm told I still take myself too seriously—I can't laugh at my ambitions. I can be good unless everyone else is as I want them to be. I want to become a really good actor, for instance. Picture critics like to dismiss players of my type with witty re-mark, but particularly we don't chalantly depend upon personality to put us across. Well, I don't!

I have tried to develop my personality, stand out of the crowd, and I think I have. You have to be a little bit of a tackle. But that's not a movie career in a nutshell. I've deliberately worked to gain an acting technique. To be explicit, here is how I went about this past year. When I know what picture I am to be in next I read my script thoroughly, I've no say on the story I'm to be in, but I want to get the relationship of my character, and know how my own scenes tie in with the ultimate climax—whether it climaxes in dramatic or comic. Then I go in to the studio and talk things over with the director, so I'll know exactly what they're aiming at. And I make it clear I want all the help I can possibly have. I don't think I can be good unless everyone else is as I want them to be. I want to be. I don't think I am playing ball. I welcome all the sugges tions I can get.

The night before we shoot a particular scene everybody knows the lines for it at home. I arrive on the set ahead of time, having figured out my man as well as I know how to. I took some psychology in college and I figured out why they characters react in stories as they do. I'd say: I get more pointers from studying the performances of fine performers than from playing ball. I welcome all the suggestions I can get.

Three steps to a kiss!

Throw away your old greasy "red paint" lipstick! Put on Tangee. Its "orange magic" changes to your very own shade of blush rose—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead.
is an excellent actor and I always see everything he does. I think that during 1938 I improved my timing, and that now I'm less inclined to over-act.

I'm not airy about "my work." I never figure I'll play this thus-and-so because that's the way it must be played, artistically speaking. I consider pictures purely from a box-office angle. I think the audience is supposed to be pleased, not me. Popular, money-making pictures are the best ones in my estimation. So I think that unless I can reach the audience convincingly I've failed. I don't "live" my parts. I'm not buoyant or depressed because I'm doing gray or sad episodes. I don't need closed sets, or silence while I "get into my mood." I work on my character ahead of time, know him; I turn him on, concentrate on him when I'm before the camera.

I did three pictures last year. I don't think I did my best acting in any one of them; I still feel I was at my best with Garbo in "Camille." I think I've learned more about acting from Garbo and Barbara Stanwyck than from any other actresses with whom I've teamed. I don't feel I was especially suited to the role of the unconventional mechanic in "Three Comrades." The regenerated wastrel in "Stand Up and Fight" was more to my liking. But my favorite for the year was "The Crowd Roars," and the prizefighter role in it.

I know how limited my own experiences have been. I know I lack that wisdom which can come only from years of overcoming serious difficulties. So I try to observe and listen to those who have stubbornly made the most of their chances. I greatly admire tolerance and I'm trying to think, always, how I might have behaved myself under similar circumstances. I wonder if I could have been as courageous.

When interviewers ask me questions about too personal subjects I say I'm not analytical about myself. That's a lie, for one of my faults is that I look for an absolute reason for everything! I pretend to accept what comes to me, as though I believed in destiny; but I've a hunch that cause and effect exists. I'm proud Metro thinks I'm never upset, because I usually am. But my faults will out without further confession, I suspect. Meanwhile, the complications I've tackled have taught me that nothing in Hollywood or in life anywhere is certain but change. To hang onto success or love I'll have to change and grow, also!

Brushing up on some of the tricks they do for "The Wizard of Oz," in which Judy Garland has the role of oxzoner and little Toto, the trick-dog, is her pet.
Inside the Stars' Homes  Continued from page 17

Okra or Gumbo
Add every kind of vegetable except beets, cabbage or turnips
Put all the ingredients in a large kettle without a lid and bring it to a slow boil and let it simmer for two or three hours. Never stir. When it is strong enough, strain and set aside to cool; then put it in the icebox until ready to use.

SHERRY WHIP
1 pint heavy cream
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 cup white wine
Stir the cream and sugar until the sugar is dissolved and add the wine and stir again. Then beat until it is stiff and set on ice to chill. Serve with fresh strawberries or maraschino cherries.

THIN STEAKS WITH MUSTARD SAUCE
Steaks must be wafer thin. Broil or fry on a red hot skillet without fat, turning quickly and serve with

Mustard Sauce
1 teaspoon Glazoid mustard
5 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon chives
1 teaspoon Worcestershire
Salt and pepper to taste

"I know a delicious luncheon dish that may appeal to SCREENLAND readers. You take good solid tomatoes—as many as you have guests—and scoop out some of the meat from the stem end, crack an egg in each one and set in a baking dish. Put these in the oven and bake slowly just to set the eggs, then pour a cheese sauce, made with American cheese and cream, quite thin, over the egg and bake a little longer. Serve with crisp fried bacon.

"Kedgeree is another excellent luncheon dish. After a day in the open on Tzarzan' I found this reached the spot!"

KEDGEREE
1 cup rice
2 quarts boiling water
2 tablespoons salt
2 cups flaked smoked haddock
4 hard-boiled eggs seasoned with cayenne pepper
Cook the rice, water and salt without a lid rapidly. When the rice is done, drain in a colander and set it in the oven to dry. Put 2 tablespoons butter in a skillet and fry the haddock with two of the eggs chopped fine and cook together in the butter. Keep on the fire and mix in the rice. Garnish with the remaining two eggs chopped fine.

Over the Irish bread and tea Nellie served us, Maureen remarked that the kind of party she enjoys most giving is the informal one. "I love it when people drop in on Sunday afternoon," she said, "then everyone is congenial and they stay on, having a good time, and we get up an informal supper. We keep things like macaroni and spaghetti and eggs on hand and make some hot dish, and have this Irish bread and some of Nellie's coconut cake. I think impromptu parties are delightful!"

IRISH BREAD
4 cups flour
Enough buttermilk to make a stiff dough (You must be able to cut it with a spoon)
½ teaspoon baking soda (Arm & Hammer)
3 heaping teaspoons Calumet baking powder
1 level teaspoon salt
Mix the buttermilk with the baking soda and add the baking powder and salt to the flour. Bake in a slow oven for ½ hours.

COCONUT CAKE
1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
3 cups Swansdown flour
2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder
1 cup milk
4 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
"I just call that my 1-2-3-4 cake," said Nellie, "and it's simple to make. Cream the butter and sugar and the flour must be sifted four times. The egg yolks beaten separately, of course. Then I use a soft white icing and sprinkle on fresh coconut."

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A HOME BODY happy at the thought of hubby's new success...

...OR A FAIR MENACE with handsomely swains at your beck and call...

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I am enclosing $ to cover cost of mailing GLAZO SAMPler, a genuine leather compact containing Glazo Nail-Cote, cotton, and my choice of Glazo Nail Polish. (Check shade desired.)
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Name
Address
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To blue-eyed girls like Vera Zorina
Starring in the Broadway Success
"I Married an Angel"

Marvelous Matched Makeup brings new allure!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, keyed to the color of your eyes!

MARY: What! Choose my powder by the color of my eyes, Claire?
CLAIRE: Yes, and your rouge and lipstick, too, Mary! Really, until you try Marvelous Matched Makeup, you don't know how flattering a harmonized makeup can be!

MARY: It's wonderful on you, Claire! But your eyes are blue! Mine are brown!
CLAIRE: Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—

MARY: And they found eye color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?
CLAIRE: Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. It's the color of your eyes!

CLaire: And Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you've ever dreamed of! You'll adore the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!

CLaire: And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splochy," artificial look... just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective... yet its color lasts and lasts!

MARY: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty instantly! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for perfect color harmony, get them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

Marvelous Matched Makeup
KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue  Brown  Gray  Hazel  Name  

Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP}

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RICHARD HUDNUT
little desert city with more bubbling night life than Hollywood has itself—there are traffic signals on the Main Street, a theatre with first-run pictures and occasional previews, bowling alleys (a movie star who doesn't bowl these days is practically as obsolete as the dodo bird), shooting jernts and ping-pong jernts and archery jernts, and just jernts. But the most important spot in Palm Springs of a Saturday night is the Racquet Club, smart desert club conducted by Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli. Here you can see all the familiar faces that you saw the night before at the Victor Hugo in Hollywood. Palm Springs, as you have doubtlessly gathered by now, is where you find the movie stars who want to hide out and still be seen.

Among those who want to "get away from it all" but not any farther than the Racquet Club are Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Alice Faye, Edgar Bergen, Gilbert Roland, Hedy Lamarr, the Don Ameches and dozens of others. They say and do all the things they said and did back home in Hollywood. Louis Sobol, New York columnist, on a recent Saturday night visit there says that an entertainer sang, "A-Tisket, A-Tasket" with gestures, the master of ceremonies gave out with such humor as "Who was that cowboy I see with you last night?"—to which he replied, "That was no cowboy, that was my mother-in-law," and Gilbert Roland plied him all evening with word games, such as, "Mention fifteen famous people whose last names have three letters only." (I.oy, Mix, Dix, and you can go on from there.) Outside the coyotes yowl, and the Indians prowl, but inside it's as gay as El Morocco. And if you happen to be the type who likes a little publicity with your "breakdown," or your "hiding-out," you can be sure that you will get it—there are always photographers at the Racquet Club.

The movie stars who honestly want to hide out in the desert and not be seen are found at the exclusive resort called La Quinta, twenty miles from Palm Springs, and the B-Bar-H Ranch ten miles from Palm Springs and three thousand miles from New York. The B-Bar-H is quite homespun and chummy and encourages its guests to mingle around a huge fire of an evening, wear blue jeans, chaps, fairy cowboy shirts and sombreros, and eat at one big table just like one big happy family. They are quite a horsey bunch at the B-Bar-H and spend most of the day down at the corrals or riding the range with the local cowboys. During the "season" (and a desert season lasts only from December to the middle of April at best—it gets to be 110 in the shade of the cactus after that) you can find Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymow'd, Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin, 3y Wray, Anita Louise, the Jimmy Ellisons, the Harvey Marons, and Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor almost any week-end letting their hair down and reveling in the lazy comfort of ranch life. After dinner they gather around the fire in the lodge and reminisce and talk actors' talk. Wherever you find a bunch of actors gathered together—on land or sea—you can be sure they are going to talk actors' talk.

La Quinta is neither homespun nor chummy—and here you find the movie stars who honest-to-goodness meant it when they said they wanted to "get away from it all." Here one really can "hide out." There are no photographers at La Quinta, except by invitation. A bungalow at this smart desert resort, which is in its eighteenth month anniversary, is just as isolated as a desert island—you can live there for days without anyone but a maid and waiter seeing you if you are of a mind to. You can take sun baths, read, relax, and watch the glorious sunsets without any interruption from the outside world. La Quinta has never had but one movie star guest, however, wanted to be quite that hermit—and her name, as you may have guessed, is Greta Garbo. But even Greta must have gotten bored with talking to herself for during the Garbo-Brent romance, he proceeded Skowaki, you know, the charming Mr. Brent was a far less dropper-inner.

As far as Hollywood is concerned it was Garbo who discovered this fascinating place which has all the fascinating mystery and beauty of the desert as well as the appointments of a modern hotel; but it was proved that Marie Dressler who made it a popular rendezvous of the Hollywood folk who wanted a place in which they might vacation in peace. (The guests at La Quinta arrive at night, and the most part, and wouldn't stoop to snooping on even a Garbo taking her sun bath.) Marie lived there for months at a time when she was "between" engagements, and the pride and joy of the La Quinta staff of employees. Second in popularity to the beloved Dressler, it seems, is Bette Davis who left for La Quinta last winter when she finished "Juarez" and stayed there until production started recently on "The Old Maid." Bette rested and read in the mornings, played tennis or went bike riding in the afternoons, and always appeared for dinner in the main dining room at nights. Once she went on an evening steak fry, and once on a sunrise breakfast ride (they ride horseback into the nearby desert canyons) with the Eastern socialites and was pronounced a great success. "She, the Long Islanders said in some surprise, "is intelligent. Not like a movie star at all."

Others who love the peace and beauty of La Quinta, and who like to relax without benefit of camera, are Ronnie Colman and Benita Hume, Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins, Brian Aherne, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, the Spencer Tracys, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, Una Merkel and Ronnie Burlin, Leslie Howard, and George Brent—(here's

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**Why Movie Stars Hide Out in the Desert**

Continued from page 31
that man again. Is it Bette this time?)
And it is here Eddie Cantor often whips
into shape his radio program, and Irving Berlin the songs for his next picture.
A typical week-end at La Quinta was the one I spent there recently and which I
would have written up in my diary this day if I had a diary, and if I liked to write,
which I haven't, and don't.
"Arrived at La Quinta at two-thirty with
the worst cold in history. I look like some-
thing that crawled out from under a rock
and feel worse, I shall not speak to a soul
this entire week-end. I only want to rest
in the sun, forget double crossing movie
stars, and read 'Memory of Love.'
"Later. The manager, a Mr. L. B. Nel-
son, persuaded me to drive down to the
stables and see the La Quinta annual rodeo,
and although I am allergic to horses and
simply sneeze my head off when I see one,
I went. I tried to persuade Una Merkel
who is here to go with me but she can't
bear to see big men roping little calves and
won't believe it when I tell her the calf
doesn't really mind. I told her she could
look at Spencer Tracy during the calf-
roping, but as it turned out it was I who
looked at Spencer Tracy during the calf-
roping. What a swell guy he is.
"Cocktails with Bette Davis before dinner
with the Merkels, and she and I thumbed
out the movie business. There are a lot of
things wrong with it which we are going
to have righted. After dinner I meant to
read but fell right off to sleep. It's the
desert air.
"Sunday morning. Everybody seems to
be at the pool or taking a horse-back ride
into the canyon. Spencer and his wife, Tim
Durant and Bette Davis are playing tennis.
Guess I'll wander over to the court and
watch them.
"Later, I had every intention in the
world of getting my sunbath but when
Miriam Hopkins suggested driving to Deep
Well for the rodeo over there I went along,
though I don't know why when I hate
horses so. Back to La Quinta in time for
cocktails with the Dick Powells—Joan and
Dick had been bowling all afternoon and
felt all set up about it, they're that good.
Bette dropped by for a cup of tea with us,
and we all told her we didn't mind at all if
she copped off the Academy Award this
year. Bette said she didn't mind either.
"Good heavens, it's time to drive back to
Hollywood. And I haven't read a line of
'Memory of Love.' If only I was as allergic
to stars as I am to horses I might get some
reading done some time, or something.
we had a different member of New York’s ‘400’ pouring every afternoon. In our Castle House program, we made this announcement:

“Our aim is to uplift and purify dancing, place it before the public in its proper light. When this has been done, we feel convinced that no possible objection can be urged against it on the ground of impropriety, but rather that social reformers will join with the medical profession in the view that dancing is not only a rejuvenator of good health and spirits, but a means of preserving youth, prolonging life, and acquiring grace, elegance, beauty.”

“I don’t think success is due to any one thing. Our success wasn’t due entirely to our footwork. We were young and married, we lent romance to the dance. We were chic. We had an individuality and perhaps a drawing-room quality which cabaret performers did not have at that time. We danced at the tea hour at Castle House, after the theatre at Castles-in-the-Air, and also matinées and nights in the shows we were featured in on Broadway. Danced from January to June. Then we went on a whirlwind tour of thirty cities. It was a hard grind but exciting. People who had heard about us wanted to see us. On all the billboards appeared: ‘The Castles Are Coming, Hooray, Hooray!’ We devoted half of our program to dancing by the public when they arrived. We’d seen them hear us do. The winners in every city were invited to New York for final contest at Madison Square Garden.”

Asked which of the Castles dances was the most popular, she replied: “The Castle Walk, perhaps because that was the easiest. They also took to the Maxixe, the Castle Polka, and the one-step—all graceful and simple.

“We introduced the fox trot. Jim Europe and Ford Dahney, two colored musicians, brought the tempo to us down at our Long Island sanitarium and played for hours. We were so fascinated with the new rhythm that we created some new steps for it. The public immediately took bold. It was a number of things before it finally became known as the ‘fox trot.’”

Kill the Jitterbug

Continued from page 27

At the height of their dance career, the World War was declared. British-born Vernon Castle enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. A few months later he was killed in action, bringing an end to his life. There on the wall of the RKO Radio office where we talked was his photograph in uniform—framed in wood taken from the propeller of his ship. Vernon’s actual uniforms, together with his Wellington boots, hung on racks in Irene’s office. On a chair lay her wedding gown—a duplicate of which Ginger Rogers wears in the picture. The story of what happened between Irene and Vernon Castle’s wedding day, and the day of his death fighting for his country, was then nearing completion on the RKO-Radio sound stage. The story was based on the book, published by Scribner’s, which Irene wrote under the title, ‘My Husband—by Irene Castle.’ Hollywood negotiations for screen rights began sometime ago. “When RKO asked if I would sell the story for Fred Astaire,” she told me, “my reply was I wouldn’t consider it for anyone else! If he hadn’t been available, and willing, to do it, the picture wouldn’t have been made at all. I wasn’t interested in it, if Fred Astaire couldn’t do it.

“The matter was in option state for about a year, when finally Oscar Hammerstein, the second, came to Chicago with a script to show me. I liked it so much that I was spellbound while listening—wasn’t conscious that it was something about myself. We went seriously into details. I made two or three trips to Hollywood, was packed for a vacation in Europe when, Hollywood-like, the summons came to be there in three days! I was signed for the triple job of technical adviser, researcher, costume designer. There were many weeks of preliminary work before a camera turned, but there would have been many more weeks’ work had it not been for the voluminous scrap books my mother kept of all our clippings and photographs. For the sentiment attached, I saved and put in storage many of our dance costumes, as well as those uniforms of Vernon’s I could get from England. There you’ll see his dress uniform, also his famous day-time Tux and pea-green jacket, minus tails which were too apt to sweep glasses off tables as we twirled by. My costumes still look far from old-fashioned, don’t you think? In fact, some are in the height of style.”

I should say so! Skirts accordion-pleated—skirts bountiful and with circular cut. Blouses full and soft, and blouses tailored; one with a pleated shirt bosom which Irene Castle wore with a navy blue tailored suit. Buster Brown collars. Black velvet bolero, worn with tomato-colored whipcord pleated skirt, and full blouse of cream silk. Dutch lace caps which Irene Castle created and launched for evening.

Women everywhere copied her clothes. She was a fashion leader because, as she says: “I never followed the fashions. The more extreme a fashion, the less becoming. A woman is never smartly or even well-dressed if she is unbecomingly dressed. I have favorites I have to go back to.”

Ginger Rogers, in Irene Castle’s clothes, looks so alluring in them she may revive their style—as well as the Castle steps. There have been rumors that Ginger couldn’t get along too well with the woman she portrays. But Hollywood is a rumor-ridden town. According to Irene Castle’s statement to me: “I’m charmed to have young America see Irene Castle through Ginger Rogers! She is lovely to look at. She is a beautiful dancer, an exceptionally fine actress.”

There was talk of Irene Castle portraying...
ing Ginger Roger's mother—her own mother, oddly enough, in the film. Asked why she did not do this she said: "I wouldn't mind playing Ginger's mother in some other film, but to play my own mother in a picture presenting Irene Castle as I was then would spoil the whole idea. The rumor started by a kidding remark I made when somebody asked me if I were not going to appear in the film, and I replied—"Yes, I'll play the mother!"

"You may have forgotten I had a brief screen career. I made the serial 'Patria' with Milton Sills playing opposite. About all I had to do was to ride horses, drive a racing car in front of trains, and dive fifty feet from rocks into the sea," she laughed. "I'd like to stay in Hollywood in some capacity," she continued. "I'm fascinated by all these people who are doing things. I get a great thrill out of it. I love to grab my little dinner pail and go to work. I don't play bridge, I was never a woman to be idle. I have to be doing something worth while."

We talked of her famous dog refuge at Lake Forest, Ill. Of her children by her second marriage to Frederick McLaughlin, wealthy Chicagoan, from whom she now is seeking divorce. Her daughter Barbara is at school in Washington, D.C. The boy, William Foote McLaughlin, came to California with her and entered school. (Later, he became the subject of controversy between the separated parents, and had to be returned to his father in Chicago). It doesn't often occur that a woman so completely can re-live her youth, and immortalize it on the screen, as Irene Castle has done. But Hollywood magic has nothing to do with her charm and beauty and youthful spirit of enthusiasm. The Castle bob she introduced to women of America has touched the neck now in soft curls, brushed out, and built up to becoming contour. She still has that grace of the Castle walk—and I'm not talking about the dance step of that name, either. Irene Castle is no back number, participating in the revival of something old. She could give Young America cards and spades if she cared to compete with them in the shag or Suzy-Q. "When anyone my age criticizes something it takes youth to do, it is put down as sour grapes," she remarked. "But I soon could get in shape to do these dreadful dances if I really cared to.

But how much more thrilling for the woman who, with her young husband, took America out of its seat and put it on its feet, to be able through the artistry of the Astaire-Rogers dancing be able to take rhythm out of America's SEAT (frankly called fanny) and put it back in the feet and that portion of the body where it belongs!

---

Sally Eilers, left, visits son Harry Joe Brown, age four, who makes his début in "They Made Her A Spy." Seated with him: Lenita Lane, Director Jack Hively.
Yours For Loveliness

Six Revelations in New Charm and Chic
And All Attuned to the Month of May

BEAUTIFUL hair! Lustrous, sparkling with life, soft and silky to look at and to touch. A dream of many and a possibility for all. For this is the hair that a Drene shampoo will reveal. Drene is an excellent cleanser, but that is not all. In Drene there are ingredients that rinse readily from the hair, and therein lies a part of its secret. Because Drene is so very easy to use in warm or cool water, because it cleanses so thoroughly and rinses so quickly, shampooing ceases to be an irksome chore. If you would like to rediscover your forgotten hair beauty, plan that next shampoo with Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily or normal; use Special Drene if your hair is dry. Under that new Suzy sailor or baby bonnet, show your curls at their best. Silky, shining and manageable with Drene!

NOT what you say, but how you say it," a thought that applies to the written word as well as to the spoken. Let tone and expression guide you in speaking; let choice of stationery guide you in writing. And no better guide in this respect is there than Eaton’s fine letter papers. Each is designed, produced and presented with unfaltering good taste. Illustrated, is a portfolio of Eaton’s Randomweave, in white or tints, with an interesting fabricked surface smoothed down for easy writing. Randomweave comes in a new size, Stockbridge, beautifully proportioned, adequate for the newsy letter yet one that also receives the short note graciously. A sheet folds twice into a longish, narrow envelope, adding extra interest and expectancy. Modestly priced wherever fine stationery is sold.

TARA, Ember, and Rumba are the new trio in tones in Glazo Cream Polish. And how they are attuned to modern fashion colors and approved by style authorities. A slightly heavier polish that is extremely easy to apply and keeps its high luster. Warm and tawny is Ember. Tara is a fragrant flower tone, and Rumba is a deeper, winy jewel. Rumba-toned fingertips write these words for you, and many compliments this tone has received. This polish lasts beauti-
fully, and retains the full loveliness of its beautiful color.

NEW to this country from Paris, Worth’s exquisite floral perfumes in Gardenia, Carnation, and Lilac. Emotional lift of these flowers, themselves, captivated in a floral designed flacon, beautifully boxed. Gardenia is suggested for those who believe that Beauty is its own reason for being: Carnation is for those who would be brilliant yet quiet, and Lilac is for the wis-
ful and tender. Stirring and lovely, these perfumes, and not too costly. In department stores. World Fair visitors and travelers! A special creation for you by DeVilbiss! Insurance for your precious perfume in this smart travel atomizer. Cut crystal in leather-covered metal case; equipped with leak-proof closure.

STRAIGHTENED to beauty and comfort are the girdles and pantie girdles, the “Girdles of Grace," by Real-Form. And a dramatic note has just been added to these very good garments—tow tones in pastel shades. No longer need your little bust-one-tight be plain, rose, or white. Real-Forms have ingeniously combined soft harmonies, for example a baby-blue diagonal check on tea rose adds a style filip. Wonderful, these garments, under trim suits, sports clothes and evening gowns. Knitted of lastex and Bemberg rayen: 100% two-way stretch. Fleecy soft, and fashioned to fit perfectly at top and bottom to eliminate chafing and wrinkling. They will not slip, twist, or hike up, says this enthusiastic wearer. If you think you can’t wear a pantie girdle, you may change your mind in a Real-Form.  C. M.

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Two-tone pantie girdle by Real-Form

Worth's perfume, DeVilbiss' travel atomizer
the start. That's when I found out what a statement when they said it wasn't the "arriving" that was tough, it was the fight to stay on top that was heart-breaking."

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle, head of the Universal Company, is one of the finest gentlemen the industry has ever known. But his heart has always ruled his head. I doubt there has ever been anyone with as large a family and he tried to find jobs for all his relatives and in-laws. Most of them had no particular qualifications for the positions they were holding—and they were all drawing big salaries. Result, the studio was not run efficiently and there was seldom enough money to buy good stories or pay for the best writers and directors. Lew went from one dreadful picture into another. The success he had made in his first three hits carried him for a while. People still went to see him on the strength of the reputation he had made in those films, but he had started losing ground.

He has always been cagey about money. He was getting about $150 a week at the time and he saw his success was to be short-lived if that was the way to carve out a career at all it would have to be quick, so he went on strike for more dough. He asked for a forty-week contract at a certain figure. The studio was so determined not to accede to his demands that, in the end, they out-witted themselves and finished up by signing him to a fifty-two week contract at more money than he had asked.

Warner Brothers has always been known as "a man's studio." They remembered "Doorway" and tried to buy Lew's contract. Universal refused to sell. It was about this time Lew developed a reputation for being temperamental. Naturally he was squawking about the second-rate stories he was getting and the third-rate directors who were making his pictures. Bad as the stories were, the films were even worse than they need have been if they had been made by directors who knew what they were doing.

"I didn't care whether people thought I was temperamental or not," Lew explained. "I was fighting for cinematic life. As I told you, it was a losing fight. As I look back now, part of it was my own fault. I had always had a profound admiration for John Gilbert. When they asked if I would like to do one of his old stories I jumped at the chance, never taking into considera-
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Geraldine Fitzgerald dressed for her role in "Wuthering Heights."
tured they would let me direct one. I made the three as an actor but there was nothing for me as a director. They offered to sign me for another year on the same contract—if I would forget the picture I was sup- posed to direct that first year. As I had signed at that figure only to get to direct, I refused. Then Paramount signed me on the same sort of contract—and the same thing happened.

"Ginger and I were not getting along. People have insisted our troubles were due entirely to the fact that she was going up—getting bigger and bigger—and I was going down—that I was jealous. Believe me, that had nothing to do with it. Our troubles were of an entirely different nature."

I do believe Lew. I know him well enough to know that, far from envying her her success, he would have gloried in it, been proud of her. Eventually, however, they separated. Then Lew left Paramount, and more idleness followed.

"Through a lucky fluke," Lew recounted, "I got the part of the drunken brother in 'Holiday.' It was a character part that gave me a chance to do a little acting. It was the kind of part I have always wanted to do if I have to act."

That part turned the trick. Then M-G-M gave him another character part in "Rich Man, Poor Girl" and he started on that long, tortuous road back. "Calling Dr. Kil- dare" pushed him another step forward on the comeback trail. He has built big hopes on his part in the new Jeanette MacDonald picture—"Broadway Serenade."

"I don't know that I'll ever be as big as I was," he speculated. "It isn't import- tant. The important thing is that I've found myself—that I've vindicated my judgment—that I'm doing the sort of thing I know I can do best. And, best of all, I'm working.

"Someone once wrote, 'The man who hasn't been over the rocky road doesn't know how to appreciate the easy going.' Here I've been ten years in pictures, I've been at the top, plummeted from there to the depths, and I'm not yet thirty!

"About six years ago, when I thought I was all washed up, I suddenly realized I had achieved all my ambitions, reached the top of my profession—that my career had come and gone and I hadn't ever really enjoyed stardom. I wondered what the future could possibly hold for me. Imagine what it feels like to be in your middle twenties and wonder if life is behind you. "I've been over the rocky road, all right! It's been plenty rocky but I don't regret it nor resent it. I've learned from it!"

Gole Sandergaard strikes on alluring pose in her quilted satin bathing suit, with plain satin bodice and smocking at base of straps. It's morocon colored.

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MEDITERRANEAN, on the corridor of San Michele, in this one, and on the street in Pompeii, but each shot also was interesting of itself. I don't think the walk of Garbo's villa terrace of the village of Amalfi. This one of Martini's at Capri is interesting, and this one of my balcony at Sorrento is beautiful. Each shot recalls something I like to remember. That's the fun of owning cameras!

LONG STORY ON HAIR

Continued from page 72

DO YOU WANT A NEW LIPSTICK?

Our May beauty bulletin offers you a sweet gift—a gorgeous new tone in a fine miniaturist. This is the tone for your summer pastels. There's also news on general good looks, fashion and some of the little points that make living more fun. The bulletin is yours for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

In fact, hair styles have never been so versatile. You can choose just about what you want. But if it suits you, it can be smart. It's smart, that is, if you have good hair. Good hair need not mean brilliant or exotic coloring. But it does mean hair so clean and fresh that there's an inviting to the touch, as is a child's. Hair that has a normal sparkle and sheen because it is brushed daily. Hair—and this is so important—arranged neatly according to its design. This, particularly an attack that gives "just from the hairdresser" look. Yet it is surprising how many neglect to arrange a curl smoothly, so that little frowny ends do not show; how many neglect a little sweep or two from a pursy comb when the hair is removed to restore that coolness.

Hair grooming, like manicuring, can take plenty of time and money, if you can't help yourself. You can, however, train yourself to do a beautiful home job between beauty shop visits, and time again in this ability will save a situation. A shampoo, for instance, can be very quick and successful if you have a good preparation. A liquid is generally used for this. However, there are still some "specials" in soaps with their own particular virtues. There is one that encourages the curl in hair. Mothers find that a few more curl into little sister's or brother's pate. There is another, too, that leaves grey or white with a pearly tone, correcting the tendency toward yellowish streaks. This soap is ideal for the over-bleached, too, since it tones down the color. There is a special shampoo for blondes, also, while the liquid cream for red heads is a particularly welcome one. A tip for blondes who are darkening too rapidly.

Then, there is a fairly new one, neither a soap nor an oil, says the makers, in liquid form, that is sweeping the country. It works equally well in cool or warm water, something to remember at all times. It is an advanced step in cleansing ingredients, and it needs no special rinse. One special virtue is that it leaves hair so manageable, as well as soft, shining and silky. Many perfectly good shampoos of the soap order need an extra rinse to completely remove any soap residue. Two of the home standbys of Hollywood are the lemon and the vinegar rinse. Both of these are particularly good for the oily hair and...
Whenever you see Rudy Vallee, he is always sure to have a beautiful girl (usually brunette) with him. This time it's Adrienne Ames who's enjoying Hollywood night life with popular Rudy as her escort for the evening.

Let us now concern ourselves purely with hair. A hair which always rides on a cloud, like flower petals, to you, and never, ever, leaves you. And a hair, which is always and always is clean and pure, like a flower, which always rides on a cloud, like flower petals, to you, and never, ever, leaves you.

Brushing and massage are two priceless secrets of hair beauty. Especially the brushing, because it cleanses, polishes and stimulates all at once. It means a little work but you can make it as much as a daily routine as toothbrushing. It is surprising how rapidly one hundred strokes will go, if you apply that brush with vigor. A good brush is necessary, one with reasonably long, flexible bristles. The professional method of brushing is to take a strand and brush it up and away in one long stroke, ten or twelve times, slightly turning the brush so that the hair slides over its entire surface. Let that strand fall back and take up another. Very stimulating, very cleansing and polishing. Wipe the brush frequently to remove dust and oil. With this kind of brushing, you can impart a sheen like a satin ribbon. Keep brush and comb immaculate. Cleanse them at least twice a week. Soap flakes dissolved in warm water, a good washing of the brush, a washing of the comb with a nail brush do the trick in a few minutes.

If you can bring yourself to massage, do it this way. Place your elbows on a table, your head in your hands. This saves arm strain. Then spreading fingers over the scalp to cover it as nearly as possible, make your scalp rotate under your fingers, as if you wished to get it away from the skull. Cover your entire scalp until it feels warm and glowing. Don't just rub the surface. That does no good.

Give your hair an air and sun bath whenever possible. Comb it loose and expose it. The hot, burning sun of summer, however, is to be avoided, as you probably know. Hot sun will burn and dry your hair.

For your gayer moments, a flower or bow in your curls by all means! In the chain stores, you will find some precious bows attached to little combs that go readily among your curls. There are just about a dozen or more ways to wear these bows. If you choose flowers, have them fresh. With the exception of combs, the jeweled hair ornament seems on the way out. And spray on some perfume. Nowhere is perfume more effective than on shining, clean hair. By all means use a hair net over that just so-and-so coiffure, especially the up styles. Affairs that you can hardly detect come for general wear, while a thicker mesh is splendid protection for putting your hair to bed. In the chain stores, you will also find grand little curling gadgets, if your permanent is growing out; fine shampoos in smaller versions; tonics and a dozen and one things to make that hair, long or short, what it always was and ever will be—woman's crowning glory.

Madame Suzy's little sailors sit higher than ever; Bretons rest at a perilous angle. A nosegay is dangerously perched over one eyebrow. The rest of your head is hair. That's how important hair is this season.
4 Frightened Fathers

Page from 55

fore him. When a figure appeared in the doorway, George leaped to his feet. He was sure it was the nurse, and yet she looked strange. Suddenly, George had to admit to himself that it was Ann Sothern. Being an old friend of the Murphys, when she heard that Julie had gone to the hospital, she felt that she just had to be there in case she needed her.

Standing by the delivery-room door, Ann finally heard the baby cry. Rushing into the room, Ann inspected the baby. "Is it a boy?" George mechanically got up and walked out. No, he wasn't going to faint. Fathers only did that in moving pictures. But he still didn't feel what Ann was saying. Finally, when George heard the baby cry, it was a different story. Just as brave as a man walking up those thirteen steps, George pushed open the doors and went in to see young Dennis Michael Murphy.

Eventually, later, George got to a phone booth. He could barely read the names on a frayed list he had been carrying around for weeks. Everyone must know that Dennis Michael (the Michael is after George's father, a famous actor) is his name. Still not sure that he had phoned everyone, George went down the list again, this time sending telegrams. Looking back on it, George says it didn't matter what Ann was saying. What he did was that he looked a little like Bert Lahr! Dennis Michael's first visitor was Joan Crawford. A baby in the maternity ward was no novelty Joan Crawford as every nurse and doctor in the building. Just as Joan had seen, beautifully in stilettos, George suddenly felt very strange. Then he turned white. Nurses ran to his side. George knew he was going. Everything seemed to be slipping away. A hurried examination of the baby, George felt sure, was going to be a last chance. If the baby lived, George was in perfect condition. Then he suddenly remembered. In all the excitement, he had forgotten to eat. Since his son's arrival he had only had four hot dogs and a glass of beer.

Back at home, George accepted his new role of father with the greatest of ease. Every day was a triumph, a baseball, a football. The third week Mrs. Murphy caught him trying to teach the baby to walk. When he works, George comes to think of it, George saw his son, who is asleep when he gets home at night.

"I used to be the guy they couldn't awaken with a cannon," beams George. "Now I do a broad jump into the nursery every time I hear the least sound. I've promised my son that he can take swimming lessons from Johnny Weissmuller and singing lessons from Nelson Eddy. And not because he's my son, but you know, I think he understands everything I say!"

Since his son's arrival, George Murphy is a changed man. Before, he was inclined to brood and worry over his work. Now George has so much self-confidence, he believes he would have been an excellent father as a cure for everything.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Anthony Quinn and John Garfield called me from the Bronx. Tony, I have known way back before I was best man at his wedding to Katherine DeMille. John, I have known since the first day I met him on the set of "Youngblood Hawke." Neither of them knew that the other knew me. And neither of them had ever met before until they started pitching pennies outside the delivery-room. But then, they were both fathers, their babies being born just an hour apart. At the Derby both had asked for phones and both had called me at the same time. Then it was, on a three-way conversation we discovered we all knew each other. Nothing would do, I must come over and have a glass of champagne. I did and get up and get dressed again. "You gotta go come over," pleaded John pleasantly. "I'm the proud daughter of a new father!"

Having been through an experience or two in his turbulent young life, John Garfield accepted the prospect of fatherhood like a man. Hero. So he gave another brilliant performance and didn't waste his anxiety beautifully. One day he called home from location and there was no answer. John had sent his location. He went out these days. Still he said nothing.

Later on John sat between shots and listened to the radio in a company car. A Hollywood news commentator who would scoop his own mother (not you, Henry) suddenly announced that Mrs. John Garfield was in the hospital having her baby. John frantically called the doctor. They both checked with the hospital. John, who was then new enough in Hollywood to believe all he heard, was beside himself with worry. Eventually, John Garfield greeted him at the door. She had been to a neighborhood movie to see Shirley Temple. Katherine Anushka Garfield's first guest (the name was John, for John's mother) was Luise Rainer. She was there bright and early and remained all day. John was right there too, but not a bit interested in pitching pennies now. He didn't feel so good. But his heart felt wonderful. Right then and there John decided that fatherhood was the greatest role of his life.

When he isn't at the studio, John can always be found watching his new daughter. With that great interest he has in all things related to her, living John never ceases to be amazed at the progress she makes in eating and noticing things. One day he was introduced to a real fan of his named Barbara Stanwyck. When she asked about the baby, John exclaimed. "She's wonderful! You must come and see her. She learned to make this kind of a face, isn't it, John? You know, I'm glad I'm her father."

After he finished in "Juez," John was so exhausted he decided to go to San Francisco for a week. Later Mrs. Garfield was awakened by the front door slamming at five o'clock in the morning. Slipping into a robe, she greeted John in the hall. "Is anything wrong?" she inquired. "I got lonesome for the baby," answered John simply.

When little Christopher Quinn grows up he should inherit more talent and beauty. Mama Katherine is a Canadian of French-Irish extraction. Papa Tony is a smouldering Aziec with enough Irish thrown in to make him a "fair" looking fellow. Both parents are artists, musicians, and dancers of rare ability. They are modern in their viewpoints on life and insist that Christopher should be trained to do the work he likes best. They'll stick to this even if he wants to be a plumber—but you can bet your last peso that he won't.

Since the birth of her son, Katherine (who is changing her name to Deborah because Katherine has always depressed her) is quite slimmer, more exciting and bubbling over with impatience to go on with her creative work. She and her two "men" live in a tiny home with hot water, gas in oil and Tony has already started a portrait of his son. When the studio called him to work in "Union Pacific," Tony reluctantly had to turn himself away. After the
picture was finished, Tony and Katherine (Deborah to you) wanted to take a trip up to see Boulder Dam. But they couldn’t bear the thought of leaving Christopher at home. So they took him along. He evidently approved of the gigantic project. Not once did he act bored or yell to be taken home. Tony Quinn leaves it up to you. Is he not an unusual son?

When the Boris Karloff baby came into the world, I happened to be visiting Ray Milland, who was in the hospital from an injury received while making “Hotel Imperial.” Ray will tell me out that Boris Karloff was not wearing his “monster” make-up, as the papers recorded. He paced up and down the hall in much the same manner as any other normal man. No self-respecting movie monster would haunt the sacred portals of a hospital maternity ward. Boris had every right to be sore at the erroneous report.

Boris had just donned his seventy-five pounds of make-up at the studio, when he was summoned to the hospital. It takes four hours to get into it, but Boris got out of it in one hour flat. On her father’s fifty-first birthday and one day before Thanksgiving, little Sara Jane Karloff came into the world. After twelve years of married life, needless to say, the proud parents welcomed their first child. Two days later everything calmed down and Boris went back to being a monster again. The “Son of Frankenstein” company surprised him with a combination baby shower and birthday party. It took place in the laboratory where the monster is brought back to life again. Slowly, Boris was raised from a steaming pit. When he reached the top, Basil Rathbone led the entire company in singing “Happy Birthday To You.” Boris was monster-only pleased.

The Karloffs couldn’t quite make up their minds where to build the nursery. So Sara Jane is still living in the guest room of the Karloff house at Briarcrest. Jimmy Gleason presented Boris with one of those folding leather pocket frames. Boris carries his daughter’s picture everywhere he goes. And to make sure that anyone who wanted a picture would have one, Boris ordered six hundred prints of Sara Jane’s first sitting.

Boris used to entertain a lot. Now every spare moment is saved for his daughter. When someone asked Boris if he was upset while awaiting the stork’s arrival, your favorite boogie man replied: “I guess I was pretty frightened until it was all over!”
"I Have No Regrets" Continued from page 51

You know the Westmore genius for make-up. You've marvelled at it on the million-dollar faces of the screen stars—on the set and off! Now the thrilling Westmore "secret" can be yours! Most startling make-up discovery in years—color filtered cosmetics to give you the illusion of glowing young beauty instantly—even under un flattering lights! Because color filtered cosmetics are free of gray "aging" skin toned! Start right now with Westmore filtered Foundation Cream (four shades; powder to match). See it transform your complexion beautifully, right before your eyes! At good drug, department and ten-cent stores.

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On the screen and off—Olivia de Havilland stars her loveliness with Westmore Color-filtered Cosmetics.

Make Your Dreams Come True


The Glamour Girl SWEETSTAKES!

Read how Hollywood Beauties use allure in the race for fame! ONLY IN THE MAY SILVER SCREEN 10c NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10c

Unsightly Hair

Don’t suffer another minute from the universal shame and embarrassment of unsightly hair. You can remove it quickly, easily, painlessly in the privacy of your own home—never go out again. There’s a special liquid for that, all of it on the market now. Successfully used by thousands of people who have found satisfaction. Osmosea Electrica, Dept. 85, 19 W. 44th St., N.Y. C.

Electrolysis

Judy Garland’s escort at one of the previews was Johnny Downs.
Club and had a wonderful time. In fact he seemed to be having a wonderful time, most of the time. He kept a horse at the Bolan stables and often went riding with its proprietors, Bob Young and Alan Jones. He went hunting and fishing with Bob Davis, his stand-in, who became Bob Montgomery's stand-in when Franchot went to New York. (Franchot fixed this up with Montgomery).

As a definite example of how much the man has changed, I won’t forget in a hurry the dinner Franchot gave to celebrate the completion of his role in his last picture for M-G-M. Bob Montgomery and Burgess Meredith were there to help Franchot make it an occasion. Champagne was on the table. Tonic couldn’t have been in better form. Taking the champagne cork he held it over a lighted candle. Then, using the blackened end, he proceeded to paint on his face—a Hitler moustache. Next, he did Charlie Chaplin. And once upon a time the reserved Franchot Tone had condemned himself as a poor mimic.

Many have wondered just how deeply Franchot was affected by the separation. I doubt if there is anyone who actually knows. Franchot is always interested in hearing about Joan. He’s always happy to hear of her progress and often found lost by her set for a visit. One day he happened by just as they started to take a scene. “Pupchen,” his own dog that he had left with Joan, spied him first. Yelping like mad, Pupchen went tearing down the sound stage. Several hundred dollars worth of Metro’s time and talent meant nothing in Pupchen’s view. Just a short time before, Margaret Sullivan had been visited by her daughter, Brook Hayward. This young lady too had spoiled a scene by gulping and gulping at the wrong time. Director Frank Borzage announced that he would interview actresses in the future and find out first if they were the proud possessors of dogs or babies.

October the eleventh was Joan and Franchot’s third anniversary. Early in the morning before he left for work, Joan sent many bunches of flowers to Franchot’s apartment to start his day. That afternoon Joan received a huge flower basket that completely covered one wall of her sitting room. On the handle alone were tied a dozen orchids. That they have remained friends is apparent. What their plans are, whether they will include divorce or reconciliation, only the future can tell. Rest assured that all those rumors pro and con are to be discounted one hundred percent.

Just what goes on in the hearts of Joan and Franchot, only those two fine people know. In the meantime a changed Franchot Tone optimistically looks forward to the good things that are sure to come.

**HERE’S A CHANCE FOR MANY SKINNY FOLKS TO GAIN FIRM FLESH**

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 to 25 LBS. NEW PEP, BETTER LOOKS — with Ironized Yeast Tablets

NOW thousands of thin, rundown people can say goodbye to skinny bones, tired feeling and nervous crankiness. For with these scientific, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets, great numbers who never could gain before have put on 10 to 25 solid pounds, gained new pep and strength—in just a few weeks! The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that many folks are skinny and jittery—can hardly eat, sleep or work—only because they don’t get enough vitamins B and iron from their daily foods. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But you can now get these exact missing substances in these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets. So with them thousands of men and women have easily put on just the pounds they needed, gained new pep and natural attractiveness they hardly ever hoped to have.

Walter Wanger, Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland and Joan Bennett made up this happy foursome attending one of Hollywood’s gay night-clubs.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don’t eat better and FEEL better, with much more pep and energy if you’re not convinced that ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute, which does not give the same results. Look for the letters “IY” stamped on each tablet.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the note on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, “New Facts About Your Body.” Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At drugstores, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 26, Atlanta, Ga.

Gains 8 lbs., new nerves, new pep

“I became terribly run-down. I lost weight and my nerves were simply on edge. Then I bought Ironized Yeast, from I felt less peppered and in 2 months I gained 8 lbs. With my new pep and new nerve I’ve gained more new friends.”

— Annie Johnson, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Gains 14 lbs., new strength and energy

“I had been tapering off and had no pep or energy. I looked so bad I was ashamed to go out and see anybody. Then I tried Ironized Yeast. In 3 months I gained 11 lbs. My new backache and hay nails brought me lots of new friends.”

— Don Russo, Phila., Pa.

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“YOUR HAIR SPARKLES LIKE CHAMPAGNE!”

he said. Let Nestlé Colorine give you rich color and glamour, gleaming lustre...to your hair.

COLORINSE IS SO EASY TO USE. It takes just a few moments to have hair that shines with lovely highlights...and it costs only a few pennies.

Complete every shampoo with your own special shade of Nestlé Colorine! It rinses away dull shampoo film; glorifies your hair with natural looking color; and brings out sparkle.

Colorine leaves hair fluffy, easy to wave. Not an ordinary dye or bleach. Thousands of women find Colorine safe, dependable.

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NEURITIS Relieve Pain in Few Minutes
To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatoid Arthritis or Lumbago in a few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No ointment, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back! Druggist. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

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You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 12¢, 50¢ and 60¢.

when they practice. It’s loads of fun.”

Grand fun in her own grandstand. But I hadn’t seen anything yet, as Al Jolson used to say. Jane’s double-decker phlyhouse turned out to be the real eye-opener. Just beyond a huge swimming pool, it revealed a Wonderland which even Alice might have envied. Aside from a long playroom for Jane and her little friends, it included a room with games for grown-ups, a guest room with a bed and everything, shower and dressing rooms, and servants’ quarters. But that playroom—where? In it were more than 900 dolls. Jane had no end of them picturequely grouped in what she called “cases.” But these were really scenes, historical and otherwise, complete in detail as elaborate stage productions. Producer, Jane Withers. She had put on the whole show. Then there were other dolls who just sat around making themselves at home. One, fondly shown me, was the old rag doll Jane had brought with her to Hollywood. Now and then she would speak of this or that one by name. It seemed incredible she could remember more than 800 names. “Oh, yes,” she said simply, “I know all their names.”

Here, there and everywhere, her mental and physical activities ran neck-and-neck. We brought up at one end of the room before an awfully good framed caricature of Charlie Chaplin. “You did this!” I inquired. She nodded and smiled, “Just for fun.”

Presently, with a little curtsey, she excused herself and bustled out. “Surprise,” she mysteriously whispered her mother, with a twinkle in her eye.

There was no guessing what it might be till we got back to the ranch house.

Then Jane popped out of a door and said, “Will you come in here, please?” And there was a table all set for tea! Jane did the honors, pouring and passing the sandwiches and cake. She was trying, her mother explained, for a hostess badge in the Girl Scouts. Well, that badge was already as good as pinned on her deserving chest.

All the time there was lively, interesting talk. It went back to days in Hollywood when there wasn’t any afternoon tea and even the brave young men of strangers from atlanta. Ga, “It was seven months before we even got through a studio gate,” recalled Mrs. Withers. “Jane and I had done so much talking in the studio that there must have been a great many pictures and we didn’t get inside there didn’t seem to be any excuse for her. All she had was two or three little print dresses plain as herself, and

with her straight hair she couldn’t hope to compete with fluffy-haired little girls all dressed up. The casting director would go down the line picking pretty blonde children and pass right over Jane without giving her a second look.”

“I wasn’t much to look at,” grinned Jane. We had agreed to go back home at the end of three months,” her mother was saying, “if by that time Jane hadn’t found something. Mr. Withers, who was an automobile supplies company in Atlanta, sent Jane bundles of dollars a month. Even so, we found it hard to make both ends meet. Thirty-five dollars went for rent of a single apartment at first, but later we moved into a house with no automobile, so each time we went to an outlying studio by bus or streetcar the trip would cost us a dollar. Often when we got back without a thing to show that I’d sit down and have a big cry. It all seemed so hopeless.”

“I always felt sure things would turn out right, and would tell mumsey so,” said Jane.

“We stuck,” resumed Mrs. Withers, “and seven months had nearly gone by when Jane got her big break in a picture called 'Handle With Care,' at seven-fifty a day. We thought that wonderful, and bought a box of candy.”

“A bigger picture was shown,” related Jane, “mumsey and I went to see it and couldn’t find me in it. We were so disappointed! Then daddy wrote that he and ma were going to Atlanta so he could hunt for me in the picture and that the third time he saw the lack of my head.

Jane could laugh at that now. But that early struggle was still no laughing matter to her mother. “Our first handlady introduced us to another of her tenants who had been a chorus girl and might be able to help in getting Jane started. I remember his exact words: ‘Madam, you have a cute, bright little girl, but the town is full of them. I advise you to take her right back to Atlanta. There isn’t a chance for her here.’ What a blow that was! We didn’t quite get over it till Jane was given her first real part in 'Bright Eyes,' with Shirley Temple.

“I got it by giving an imitation of a machine gun,” laughed Jane, then popping out of her seat and leaning forward.

“Do George Arliss and one or two of your others,” suggested her mother. Magnificently, the austere British actor, monocle and all, was getting there of a Saturday afternoon tea with us in the true English manner. Next, Zasu Pitts fluttered tremulously into the party. Then Greta Garbo in melancholy tone and face to match, let us know she wanted to be alone. Finally, Charles Laughton, of all people, pulled a mug calculated to sour the cream in the small pitcher beside the silver teapot. What a free show it was! Watching it delightedly, I marveled at that childishness, and the one and only Miss Temple.

That being the case, it was assumed Jane would continue to be an actress when she grew up. “Yes,” she agreed. “But I want to be a child actress, not the kind that sobs all the time. And in between I want to solve mysteries. How? By being a lady detective. Yes, a real one, not the screen kind.”

Full as she was of surprises, I wasn’t prepared for that one. But Mrs. Withers

Leota, fourth Lone sister, makes her film debut in a Vitaphone short.
"Bradna Drive" was named for pretty Olympe, And is she proud!

took it very calmly, merely remarking: "Jane has had this sleuth idea in her head for some time. If it isn't one thing it's another."

"And I want to write biographies," added Jane for the other thing.

"She has written the act she does on the stage, and it's all in rhyme," her mother informed me. "She is allowed to have four weeks away from the studio each year for her stage appearances. Last week she was in San Francisco, and next week it's Detroit. Of course, I go with her. And I'm with her all the time at the studio. It pays me a salary, of course, for my work. Then Mr. Withers has his own wholesale business here, so we're all doing something. Jane's up at seven, and after breakfast we run through her dialogue for that day. We're off to the studio at eight-thirty and back home again by six. It has been like that ever since she was given her first starring picture, 'Ginger,' on her ninth birthday."

And now, in three short years, Jane Withers had built not only fame as one of the ten biggest box-office stars in the world but a home almost as big as her drawing-power. That meant a lot of money. Quite frankly, her mother told me Jane was paid $2,500 a week by Twentieth Century-Fox and $5,000 a week for her stage performances.

"Best of all," was her mother's opinion, "she is doing what both of us have always wanted her to do."

"When," I was curious to know, "did you decide to have Jane become an actress?"

"Before she was born," was the astounding reply. "The fact of her being one is, I suppose, the result of pre-natal influence. You see, I myself wanted to be an actress, but my parents wouldn't let me. So I was determined my child should be one. Not only that, but before her birth I was so sure I'd be the mother of a girl that I'd already named her Jane because it was a short name and would take up only a little room in lights on the marquee of a theater. That's the way I felt about it, and that's the way it has been."

Taking time out to draw a long breath, I asked Jane how she felt about everything she had done.

"W-well," she considered, "I always wanted a house with a white fence around it and lots of room for pets. But mother has done everything. All I've done is act and things."

"That's all!"

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two great Hollywood stars. They are happily married and have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this particular, fashionable hair-do. It ties in a small curlly cluster at back of neck.

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**DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM**

In Hollywood chewing delicious DOUBLEMINT GUM is a popular pastime. You, too, are sure to enjoy its long-lasting, refreshing flavor. And, ladies, note the lovely facial contours of attractive JOAN BLONDELL, shown here with her famous husband, DICK POWELL... Many Beauty Specialists find that the exercise of chewing Doublemint Gum vigorously several times a day while gently lowering and raising your head helps keep that youthful chin line admired by all. So chew Doublemint Gum for beauty and for pleasure — Get several packages today.

Chewing DOUBLEMINT Gum aids digestion... helps sweeten breath
Building Up to an Awful Let Down

Continued from page 33

her boudoir mirror—and really the effect was pretty nitty. I felt very Crawfordish. Over at Bette Davis’ studio apartment for tea, we discussed acting. Really I’d never thought of its technical side. Bette told me to throw myself right into a part and to both think and feel a role. She said never to look at the camera without thinking exactly what the director tells you—or you’ll appear slightly vacuous. After leaving Bette, I hopped into Bill Haade and Mushi Callahan. They said that any girl going into pictures should at least reduce a few pounds, because the camera always makes you look at least ten pounds heavier. They took me over to the Warner gym and cut out a wide belt from the inner tube of an automobile tire. They told me to wear it tight around my waist and hips and walk two miles every day. Warner stars do this and lose as much as ten pounds in one week. They also gave me their stars’ diet schedule. It featured lettuce, string beans, grape juice, tomato juice, grapefruit, raw apples, spinach and an occasional bit of broiled lamb chop. Incidentally it only prescribes lunch and dinner—and if you insist on gorging yourself with breakfast it permits you to feast on one cup of black, sugarless, creamless coffee or a glass of unsweetened grapefruit juice.

On the way home, I stopped off at Max Factor’s and acquired a beautiful movie-star make-up box. Max Junior spent an hour with me showing me how to make up my mouth like Hedy Lamarr. I was simply speechless when he pasted some glamorous strip eyelashes on my lids. I hied myself right out to Ray Jones at Universal Studios. He takes portraits of Deanna Durbin, Danielle Darrieux, Connie Bennett and other glamour girls. I asked him to please snap me before my strip lashes came off—and he did, and what the strip-lashes and glamour-lighting can do for a girl! I’d never have recognized myself. The next two days I stayed home and practiced walking like Crawford before my mirror and making up my mouth a la Lamarr. The night before we left for the Utah location, I discovered my picture in the paper—well, about post-stamp size, saying that I had baring some two hundred people from Hollywood stayed in the Union Pacific Hotel. The best accommodations not to mention food, were ours. I never realized before just how much effort is put forth by the studios for the comfort of the actors and actresses. The first day I arose leisurely about nine o’clock and drove my own car out to the location some five miles to the west of the town. There was desert, sagebrush, and cedar as far as I could see. It was also bitter cold and I was amazed to see the camera crew and location director Art Rosson wearing earmuffs and two overcoats and even scarfs tied around their heads. Being late November zero weather had set in, but the company was determined to make the scenes realistic and out-of-doors. I wandered around, hither and thither, visiting with everyone, and enjoying myself. We had chicken for lunch served under a great tent and in the afternoon I sat in my car with the heater going full blast and music from the radio—and thought what a lark it was on location watching them make movies. That night we had a wonderful dinner with the entire troupe in a special dining room. Later we gathered around the big log fireplace in the hotel lobby and told stories and danced to the radio. Some fun, these locations, and being in pictures! Everyone seemed inter-

The possibilities of a coat hanger are demonstrated by Frank McHugh. First he made a hot rest and next the contraption to hold his telephone receiver.

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94

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1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
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ARRID 39c a jar
AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS (Also in 10 cent and 59 cent sizes)

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Remove superfluous hair permanently at home before shaving with Arrid’s New New Zealand Root Remover. This hair destroys underarm hair. For the root hair. The delighted relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater morale, both for yourself and those whom you love. It acts upon the root hair everywhere. See to it today! Use No. 3 for Sensitive Hair. Marmol Co., Dept. 206, Providence, R. I.

A... AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS

Screenland
set forth for the location. Since I was now working for the company, I was not allowed any special privileges, or to drive my own car out on the set. You have to work up to stardom for those luxuries, I learned.

Barbara Stanwyck’s hairdresser was my seat partner on the bus, and between valets, I asked her if she could possibly like a business that gets you up so early. She replied, “After eight hours of bed at four thirty to reach the studio to do some elaborate hairdress at five thirty a.m. The star’s tresses would be dry by ten thirty and combed by a fresh brush to the location call. But she said Barbara Stanwyck or Carole Lombard or whoever was starring in the picture had to be up at the same hour as herself. That was just a film star’s life.

We arrived out in the desert long before the sun and were ushered into the costume tent. I delved into my bag and pulled forth my gorgeous dress and box of Factor’s glamour. I knew it would be cold outside, but Marlene Dietrich once told me that to achieve slim curves she scarcely wore anything under her dresses; in fact, nothing more than a slip. So for the safety of slimness, I donned just one thin petticoat. With great care I pulled on Joan Crawford’s exquisite hose. I placed some dainty slippers on my feet. Taking a tube of Factor’s No. 2A for female juveniles’ make-up, I blended it into my skin. Carefully I drew a Holy Lammor mouth. Then the eyebrows, a bit of shadowing as I’d seen Virginia Bruce do many times, and then those perfectly gorgeous long strip-lashes. They weren’t so easy, but I had patience and finally the glue and they cemented a friendship. I took out my Ray Jones glamour picture—and I looked pretty much the same. I donned my dress and sallied forth, ready to become a glamorous girl!

“Hey! Hold on!” the costume manager yelled. He came over and swung me around, and gasped. “With pride and satisfaction, I smiled, happy because I had achieved enough glamour to make even a seasoned Paramount Studio costume man gasp. Secretly I thought I must look pretty good.

“But that isn’t the costume you’re supposed to wear!” he said catching his breath.

“Well, probably not—I brought it with me. Don’t you think it’s pretty?” I asked.

Then he got to work on this smoke-while-you-shave device and the book holder. The genius thought them all up himself between scenes of “Dodge City.”

Thousands of women are changing to WINX— and no wonder! WINX Mascara is amazingly fine in texture... goes on evenly... looks more natural... makes lashes appear long and silky. WINX accentuates your eyes with exotic beauty. Try WINX Mascara today!

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take that make-up off. Absolutely no make-up is being used by the pioneer women." I stumbled back to the inner tent and got rid of all my glamour. Off came the strip lashes, and next my Crawford hose and my fancy dress. I was handed heavy woolen stockings, black sturdy leather slippers, five petticoats and a full woolen skirt, a heavy basque waist, a torn apron, a blanket shawl and a gingham sunbonnet. By the time I put on my dress over all of my underskirts, I had no visible waistline, let alone hips. I looked like something comfortably over stuffed.

All that morning I sat in a warm box car on a siding with other actors waiting to be called for a scene. After lunch our call came. Up to this time, I had no idea what I was to do. The next surprise came when an assistant director began explaining my part to me. They were going to use me in a wash-day sequence. Of all things! Together with the six other women, I was to wash clothes in the pioneer construction camp, while some two hundred men close by, laid ties and rail for a new track. "But," the assistant director assured me, "you are getting a big break. You will work directly in front of the camera."

Looking the way I did, I wasn't so sure that that was a break, but I managed a weak smile just the same. There were three washtubs around a fire, over which two huge iron cauldrons held boiling water. It developed that I was to walk over to the cauldrons and fill my deer-skin and wooden bucket with water and pour it into one of the washtubs where a woman was rubbing men's wooden underwear on a board.

Now I had supposed that "extras" and "bit players" didn't need to know much about acting—that they were mostly just atmosphere. But here I was due for a surprise. They actually earn their money by acting.

"When the bell on the locomotive begins changing, you must look surprised, scan the horizon and see hundreds of Indians in war paint headed straight for your camp. You must look terrified, drop your buckets, and run up that ladder of steps into the bunk car."

It was a good thing I was to register terror, for I became so suddenly struck with stage-fright that I just naturally looked my part. We rehearsed the scene a dozen times. I never was any good at running up steep stairs, let alone twenty steps on a wooden ladder, and I can assure you those voluminous skirts dragging behind were no help. Each time I made the run, I felt like Paul Revere as I breathlessly reached the safety of the car. A man, who may or may not have been my movie pioneer husband, was right behind me with his shot-gun, and always on the tenth step he would give me a push that would boost me to the top one.

With each rehearsal, I'd hope to goodness it was the last, I had such a fear of tripping on those skirts and being the cause of spoiling a perfectly good scene. I only wished that I could have been 'way in the background. And especially so, since at regular intervals the assistant cameraman would call out, "That girl in front, her face is too white." And I who had been drinking glasses full of orange juice for weeks to achieve a Virginia Bruce cameo com-

Buddy Westmore, make-up artist, assures us it's a pleasure to do little make-up repair jobs on beautiful girls, especially when they're as lovely as Alice Faye.
Buddy Dutton is surprised at Sandy's table manners. The party was for Sandy's fifth birthday and given by Ann Gillis, who plays Annie in "Little Orphan Annie."

pleased to be daubed up with hideous brown make-up, so's to look more weather beaten! I can assure you it was a terrible let-down for a girl making her first movie debut, and who'd been practicing glamour all these years.

After sixteen "takes," wherein I so threw myself "Bette-Davis-style" into my role that in my terror of the Indians I wildly hung the bucket of boiling water onto the make-up man's toes, director Cecil B. DeMille said it was okay. I was worn to a frazzle with all of the running away from the Indians, and was ready to call it a day. But no, we'd only earned about them dollars' worth of our five dollar pay check, so we must repeat the scene from two more camera angles. I never learned, but I think the Indians raided our camp and scalped us all. I do know that my movie husband, or perhaps he was my sweetheart, with the shotgun. (I never did learn just what our status was), fell under a flying arrow from

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Jeanette Packs Her Bag  Continued from page 61

Metropolitan—it was an American concert tour. While in France several years ago she went on a tour that took her from Paris to Siberia. She was a well-known jazz singer, and her love for music has remained constant through the years.

Jeanette's concerts began in New York City and moved to Chicago, where she performed at the State Theater. From there, she headed to Los Angeles and appeared at the Pantages Theatre. Her tour took her to many cities across the country, including Chicago, St. Louis, and Detroit. She also performed in Canada, making stops in Toronto and Montreal.

Jeanette was known for her ability to engage the audience and create a memorable experience. Her concerts were filled with music, stories, and personal anecdotes, making each performance unique.

Jeanette continued to perform throughout the decade, establishing herself as a prominent figure in the music industry. Her concerts were eagerly anticipated by fans and critics alike, and she remained a beloved performer until her retirement in the late 1940s.

The story of Jeanette MacDonald's life and career is a testament to her dedication and passion for music. Her concerts were not just performances, but experiences that brought joy and entertainment to people across the nation.
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in

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

with

William Frawley • Joyce Compton
Hobart Cavanaugh

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production
Associate Producer and Screen
Executive Producer and Screen
Directed by Gregory Ratoff

Look into the Heart of the Girl Love Couldn't Crush...No Matter How it Trick...Her!

"Listen...I love this man from here to breakfast! Want to make something of it? He's tricky! So all right, he's tricky! He's hurt me? So what?...I love him! He's my man!"

And in the swing of today...Gordon & Revel's latest hit 'I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak'!
A stunning gown first caught his eye but what held him was a lovely smile

Your smile is YOU! It's precious—guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Lovely dress of crisp organdy, deep Victorian bow, fitted bodice, tiny puffed sleeves.

A STUNNING gown is a sure-fire attraction to make a girl a standout, but after that it's up to her smile!

For nothing is more pitiful than the girl with the breath-taking gown—and the dull and dingy smile. She's the one, of all people, who shouldn't ignore "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf from her book, yourself, and do something about it. For no gown—not even a French import from the last boat in—can do much for the girl with the sad little smile. Let other things go if you must, but don't neglect your teeth and gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. It may mean nothing serious. Very likely, he'll tell you that your gums have simply grown weak from lack of exercise—and you can charge that up to our modern, soft foods. Then, like so many dentists, he may suggest "more work—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

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Don't court trouble by waiting for that telltale tinge of "pink." Instead, get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of attractive men and women, to brighter teeth...healthier gums...and the smile you'd like to have.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND
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THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

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Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper & William Ludwig — Directed by George B. Seitz — An M-G-M Picture
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Big New Serial of Hollywood by Achmed Abdullah

Great new serial of Hollywood life from the inside begins in the next, the July issue, of The Smart Screen Magazine. You know Achmed Abdullah's colorful fiction—now watch for the first installment of his new SCREENLAND serial, a love drama in the glamorous setting of the movie capital.

Don't miss this fiction treat by ACHMED ABDULLAH—beginning in the July issue, on sale June 2nd.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

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Cover Portrait of Joan Blondell by Ed Estabrook, Universal
SCREENLAND salutes all too few directors on this Honor Page because there are all too few great directors. We wish Leo McCarey, guiding genius of the season’s best screenplay, “Love Affair,” were at least quintuplets; then we would have more occasions for hat-tossing and welkin-ringing. McCarey is proof that making great movies is a one-man show—he is producer, director, and writer of all his films; an artist who is also a keen craftsman and a shrewd showman, he makes brilliant motion pictures as intelligent as they are stimulating. The pictures on this page give you some idea of the way he works. As photogenic as any star, McCarey’s wise, witty, resourceful—if there is such a thing as a cinema Shakespeare he’s the man.

The director makes the picture! Leo McCarey, right, with Marie Ouspenskaya, as he explains her next scene. Left below, McCarey as he directed that fine scene in which Ouspenskaya, as Boyer’s grandmother, plays for him for the last time. Below, the director, Irene Dunne, and assistants listen to a “play-back.”

A great director and his picture win our award. Cheers for Leo McCarey and "Love Affair"
The story of Juarez, Mexican flame of freedom... moulding a fiery-hearted people into a nation that toppled a throne!... The story of Carlota, empress to Maximilian... turning her fateful romance into the pages of history!... All in a glorious human drama sweeping through scenes never matched in action, splendor and power! See "Juarez" at your theatre soon! The picture that shows how great the screen can be!

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in

"J U A R E Z"

with

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

Directed by William Dieterle

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt • Based on a Play by Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertha Harding • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
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IRENE SALTERN
Designer
REPUBLIC PICTURES
producers of
"MAN OF CONQUEST"

TAGGING
the
TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

An outdoor thriller with action and suspense starring Singing Cowboy Gene Autry who learns that the oil well promoters sponsoring his radio programs are fakers. He quits and gathers evidence against them aided by his horse, Champ, Frog (Smiley Burnette) and a bandit. In addition to Gene's pleasant singing, good laughs are provided by Frog and Noah Beery makes Valdez a very colorful bandit.

Emotional father and son melodrama which glorifies "New York's Finest" and pays tribute to the methods, codes and principles of the police department. As Sergeant Madden Wallace Beery gives a good sound performance, but his role of the honest copper whose rookie son turns criminal, is a serious one. Alan Curtis does a noteworthy job as the son and Tom Brown, Laraine Johnson are in supporting cast.

A glorified western which proves that James Cagney can act tough in wide open spaces, too. The typical Cagney manner of talking out of the side of his mouth doesn't detract from his two-gun man rôle. The film's theme is the opening up of Oklahoma territory with all its lawlessness. Cagney's fine acting style as the outlaw son and Humphrey Bogart outshining his past villainy make it one you must see.

John Wayne back with the Mesquiteers after his Ringo Kid rôle in "Stagecoach," which won for him the unanimous praise of the critics. The youngsters will stand up and cheer Los Capaquivos in this newest of The Three Mesquiteers series of outdoor action films. It's the name given them when they don masked robes on their mysterious rides to help ranchers win back their property, taken by a fake land grant.

Sergeant Madden
M-G-M

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SCREENLAND

The Oklahoma Kid
Warner

The Hound of the Baskervilles
20th Century-Fox

I'm from Missouri
Para-mount

The Night Riders
Republic

The Flying Irishman
RKO-Radio

This dramatization of Douglas Corrigan's life and historic flight, with the "wrong-way" flyer playing the title rôle, is made to order for hero-worshipping youth. It relates Doug's early struggles and hardships endured to achieve his goal—a pilot's license and own his own plane (now known as a crate). Doug's naturalness and winning smile make up for lack of screen technique. Paul Kelly heads fine supporting cast.
SHE OPENED
AN UNSIGNED LETTER!

AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need special care!

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WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG

You Can’t Get Away With Murder Withers

I ALWAYS USE MUM AFTER I’VE BATHED. A BATH CAN’T PREVENT ODOR—MUM CAN.

For Sanitary Napkins First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it’s so gentle and safe.

TO HERSELF: THANK GOODNESS FOR MUM. EVEN ON THIS WARM NIGHT JIM FINDS ME SWEET!

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Screenland

**INSIDE the Stars’ Homes**

One of Hollywood’s most distinguished hostesses, Sally Eilers (Mrs. Harry Joe Brown) entertains us this month.

**Salute to Summer! Sally Eilers advises you on your warm-weather entertaining, with tempting recipes**

By Betty Boone

**WHEN** Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown were married they wanted to build a lovely home. “But we knew that everyone makes mistakes with a house,” confided Sally, “so at first we lived in a smaller house we owned and remodeled it while we lived in it, so as to try out our pet ideas, experiment with dreams, and see what could and what couldn’t be done. We did a really nice job with the little house, we thought, so we bought the land here in Beverly Hills, talked over how many rooms we wanted and about how we’d like them, and then called in an architect. After we had approved his plans, we went to Europe to buy things for the house while it was being built.”

Paul Williams, famous young architect, did the house, and it is a credit to him: built of white painted brick and frame, with twin pillars, red brick trim to the front terrace, wide wings spreading gracefully so that the back view is as lovely as the front, and every room well shaped and well lighted. There is a circular staircase rising from the hall and carpets of Williamsburg blue on ball, stairs, and in the Empire Room, where the walls are the same shade. Sally, red-gold hair piled high, trailed her flowered housecoat into that room “Harry Joe and I both like old English furniture and we each had a number of pieces,” she told me. “When we were married we both had lovely old silver—an Georgian silver at that! We’ve had such fun wandering around together getting things for the house; we used to spot holiday mornings or any time we were both away from studios at once at antique shops on Los Feliz Boulevard or downtown Long Beach, picking up bargains. When ever we traveled, we looked for pieces that might add something. As a matter of fact”—she smiled so that her brown eyes became laughing slits—“I gave Harry Joe this globe desk before we were married. He bought it while I was in England, when he was just good friends, and gave it to him. But I liked it so much I simply had to marry him to get it back!”

The globe desk is a delicately made affair of polished wood, with a section that slides open to reveal a completely equipped cabinet desk. There are quilted silk-covered chairs facing one another across the fireplace, the entire mantel being one of the Brown prized treasures from that English home. There is a collection of miniature on the blue walls, fruit of several journeys. “Every time I’ve traveled, I’ve bought something else—cook books!” said Sally “I’m mad about cooking and I can’t see a new dish without wanting to make it myself. Not that I have much time the days, but at least the cookbooks give me feeling that when I want to try those dishes I’ll know how. When I was in Mexico a few months ago, I got a book called ‘Mexi Through My Kitchen Window.’ Have you ever eaten Turkey Mole? It’s sensations...
We made some the other day—a grand success. I shall serve it at my next informal party. Summer or winter, it would be good for the hot dish at a buffet or late supper.”

TURKEY MOLE

1 young turkey
6 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons flour
1 minced onion
1 clove garlic
12 toasted almonds
1 tablespoon sesame seeds
1 slice stale bread
12 raisins
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon (Burnett’s)
½ teaspoon aniseed
3 cups tomato sauce
3 to 6 teaspoons red chili powder

Right above, Sally’s beautiful estate in Beverly Hills; left, Sally and a “spread” fit for kings—and even for Hollywood stars and their lucky guests! When Sally isn’t working in RKO-Radio’s “They Made Her A Spy,” she is the happy hostess in her well-appointed home.

1 tablespoon (optional) ground chocolate (Baker’s)
Salt to taste

Cut turkey up as if for fricassee and boil until tender. Pass through food chopper and pour into a saucer 2 cups of hot stock. Stir in heavy cream, add onion and garlic. When transparent, add flour and when brown add the ground ingredients. Cook until well mixed and smooth and then add tomato sauce. Cook 5 minutes. Add stock in which turkey was boiled—3 or 4 cups—and salt. Cook a few minutes and then add turkey. Cook gently until thick. Serve with a sprinkling of toasted sesame seeds.

The grounds back of the house are ideal for summer entertaining. A great sweep of green lawn sweeps up from the patio to the swimming pool, where dressing-rooms, and playroom front on a brick ed terrace.

“Guests usually want to swim or sun themselves,” observed Sally, “so we sit around in bathing suits or shorts and consume summer drinks. We have some delicious ones, and usually there are bowls and bottles of things so people can mix their own, if they like. Cranberry Fizz and Cinnamon Coffee of course are two favorite beverages here. I think they are a little different.

(Please turn to page 88)

NO matter, if your hair is discouragingly dingy and messy-looking or dull and drab, a miracle is seemingly performed before your eyes. The radiant beauty in your hair—you thought had disappeared forever, at 20, 30 or 40 will be back again, in a new form of loveliness—after a single washing and rinsing with the amazing new Golden Glint.

Dull, lusterless hair or hair that tangles and snarls badly is usually coated with a grayish film (‘Bath-tub-Scum’) that all shampoo deposit in the hair. The new Golden Glint removes this film in two short minutes of rinsing, at a cost of only a few cents.

DOUBLE ACTION

First, it dissolves the dulling shampoo film (which is the same substance as the ring around the bathtub) revealing all of the hair’s natural gloss and multi-colored highlights, without leaving the hair dry and brittle (caused by removing too much oil) because the new Golden Glint contains an amazing new ingredient never before used in a hair rinse.

Second, during this rinsing operation the new Golden Glint replaces those tiny golden glints that seem to disappear when women leave their adolescent period—their hair then becomes drab and mousey-looking. Correcting this condition is also part of the amazing service of the new Golden Glint; for the new Golden Glint is now out in six shades—for Brunettes, for Blondes, for Auburn shades, for Silver glints, and for Luster glints: one just suited for your color type. Remember, dull hair like pale cheeks needs a tiny touch of color to reflect the full bloom of youthful loveliness.

No other shampoo or rinse can give the new Golden Glint revolutionary results. It does not dry out the hair or cause other injuries. There are two kinds of Golden Glint, the shampoo with rinse—out, and the rinse package without the shampoo if you prefer your own shampoo. The new Golden Glint doesn’t run off. These sensation new Golden Glint packages are approved by Good Housekeeping. The new Golden Glint packages contain twice as much as the old Golden Glint. They are available now in a glittering gold package, in drug, department and 10c stores. Ask your professional operator for a new Golden Glint Rinse. Thill to the beauty that is so easily revealed in your hair.

Golden Glint Company, Inc.
Stead, Washington

B E A U T Y + P l u s = W i t h o u t ' B . S .

S C R E E N L A N D
For Romantic Eyes get WINX mascara!

Eyes of mystery and allure... eyes that look larger, brighter...years with WINX! This finer mascara evil deeply, makes lashes seem naturally longer... dark and silky. Be sure to ask for WINX mascara... today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

For Beauty's Sake USE SOLO CURLERS

RED TOP CURLER—5¢ EACH
EASY TO USE—TANGLEPROOF
Recommended by Beauty Experts
AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES

Take a good, long look at this picture, for it's the last you may ever see of Tone and Joan together. Franchot and his erstwhile wife had a supper-club rendezvous in Manhattan on Crawford's vacation in the big city.

HOT from HOLLYWOOD

WHAT'S happening to Marion Davies? Will she ever make another picture? Marion still presides hospitably at her gorgeous Santa Monica beach house, but no one in Hollywood knows the answer to the second question. It's been almost two years now since her last film, a two years filled with climactic events in her own life. Marion has many loyal friends, however, and they hope she will resume the career she always thoroughly loved. There's one sure bet. If she works again, it will be under Darrell Zanuck's shrewd guidance. Cosmopolitan Productions, Marion's movie corporation, has left the Warner lot and allied with 20th Century-Fox. This means, primarily, that all of the old Davies film plots are available to Zanuck for remakes. He leads off with a modern version of "Little Old New York," starring Alice Faye in the role that—sixteen years ago—made Marion Davies the talk of the show world.

WAYNE MORRIS is one picture star who can't sing those honeymoon blues. You know how a poor celebrity has to fly away to Yuma and snatch a week-end to celebrate? None of that stuff for him! He not only married a nineteen-year-old millionthress, not only enjoyed a leisurely boat trip through the Panama Canal, and a lengthy New York whirl, but when he returned to Hollywood he had a whole month's vacation to recover from it all. He spent this time putting the finishing touches on the mansion he has bought near Joan Crawford's. The young lady who captured Wayne when he sailed forth on a personal appearance (if an eligible star appears on your horizon don't be a wallflower!) is as dark as Priscilla Lane, the actress Wayne once thought he was going to marry, is blonde. Mrs. Wayne is small, vivacious, and outspoken. She had one edge on all the picture gals—her only ambition was to be a devoted wife, and she can allot all her time to this one job.

ONE of those beautiful understandings exists between Gale Page and her absent husband. He's a broker in Chicago and when her radio success there led to Hollywood, they agreed that distance couldn't destroy their love. So far it hasn't; they exchange visits. Gale's mother lives with her. Also an eighteen-year-old niece. And her own six-year-old son. She attends pre-views and parties with escorts she's sure her husband would okay.

DOROTHY LAMOUR wants to sell the new home she built, while Maritza Raye has just bought a home—which is the latest on the marital state of these two ladies of the cinema. Jimmy Stewart was going to fly his new airplane cross-country to Florida when he got another chance to be in a Capra picture, so he stayed grounded. Glenda Farrell returns to the stage, in Boston, the first of next month—and she's a "natural" instead of a golden blonde now. Clark Gable has joined the rifle and pistol club in his ranch neighborhood, and is proud of his marksmanship with a 22 gun. He ought to invite Joan Bennett out some Sunday, because she orders all the tops saved from the canned goods her household consumes—for her aiming purposes! Virginia Fields' unfortunate friends cost her a hundred dollars the other morning—being tied up on a picture. Virginia sent off wires of condolences to a flock of pals in blue moods and the bill was big.

GRACIE ALLEN tells it on her little girl. Sandra, she figured, was too tiny to wonder why mother was acting at M-G-M for a while instead of at Paramount, the regular stamping ground. Imagine Gracie's astonishment when, finishing her prayers the other night, cute little Sandra put this important question up to her: "Now that you have gone back to your old studio to make pictures, who should I ask be blessed—Mr. Mayer or Mr. LeBaron?"
WO "exes" turned up this past month to make two of our top stars conscious the old days. Jack Pepper, vaudevillian, is considered news when he dined in a glamorous cafe on the Sunset Strip—because he was Ginger Rogers' first husband. Virginia Cherrill blew in from London to her mama. When she went away she was Cary Grant. Now she is the Countess of Jersey, and m'lord has money. Still a majority of the girls who know what they would have been satisfied with. She continues to rush Phyllis Brooks everywhere, except to a preacher.

M Brown wanted his youthful wife to be a poised, scintillating woman of the world, and that's why they have gone through with their divorce action. She isn't even graduated from high school when she met Tom, and was rushed off her feet by him. Daughter of a newspaper editor, Natalie Draper is sweet and sophisticated. She tried to live up to her own vision for him, but it was too much. He wasn't too patient, it seems.

DE E BROWN has had a rather sad time trying to hold onto his movie poppy; but now that he's teaming with Martha Raye it looks as though he'll really be another good crack at the spotlight, so such mouths ought to be something to see and hear, together! The Brown kroll is still fat, thanks to Joe's previous salary, and his radio returns; he's just added his family to a five-acre estate. There's a possibility his older son Don Jr. has been elected student body president by seven thousand collegians there. Tall handsome, he would like to try acting.

Since Brown is a senior at U. C. L. A., and has been elected student body president by seven thousand collegians there, he's no longer young. And that's why he's teaming up with Martha Raye, who is just what he needs. She's sweet and sophisticated, and she can hold her own with the best of them. Now he's got a chance to be seen and heard, and he's not letting it slip away. The Brown kroll is still fat, and his radio returns are good. He's added his family to a five-acre estate, and he's not going to let it go to waste. There's a possibility his older son Don Jr. has been elected student body president by seven thousand collegians there. Tall handsome, he would like to try acting.

One of Hollywood's most popular couples, above; Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson step out for a gala evening. Mrs. R. is a distinguished hostess to social, political, and artistic celebrities sojourning in the motion picture colony.

This month's most glamorous party was thrown, as usual, by the Basil Rathbones. Only this time the guests paid for their evening's superb dining and dancing, and the "take" went to a pet Hollywood charity. Ouida Rathbone not only utilized the empty lot next to the Rathbone mansion in Bel Air, $essing up a huge tent for an extra dance floor and an extra orchestra there, but she provided a super-extra appeal. She had a line-up of assistant hostesses, and who could have stayed away when her party was also being run by the Misses Lamarr, Loy, Shearer, Colbert, Davis, Dietrich, Lombard, Gaynor, Joan Bennett, and Kay Francis? Speaking of Kay, it's a safe bet she'll never marry her baron, and it's not because her last husband, Kenneth McKenna, is back in town as Metro's story editor. He didn't click as a movie actor, but now he's got a job with a real future. Suppose he wonders if Kay's the type when he mulls over the plots for the Culver City plant's schedule?

That jinx still pursues Marjorie Weaver. She has one narrow escape after another, and this last month it was the rabbies that practically got her! She'd been resting in San Diego so she could give all to her best role to date, and when she returned home her cooker spaniel, Duchess, greeted her with a fancy face licking. Next day Duchess died suddenly, and the veterinarian called it rabbies. Marjorie was slated for the Pasteur treatment and the big part opposite Henry Fonda was fast slipping away from her. However, the Los Angeles Board of Health saved her from misery when it had the dog's autopsy done over; the examination showed there were no active germs at the time the dog died and she'd had no cuts or bruises on her face, so she reported for work as scheduled.

PEGGY, IS DON NEGLECTING YOU?

OH DAD—HE'S JUST AWFUL BUSY THESE DAYS—I GUESS

bid undie odor easy Lux way

undies after every wearing with perspiration odor, keeps new looking longer. Avoid soap rubbing, soaps with harsh suds. Lux has no harmful alkali. Use the big box.

A little goes so far—Lux is thrifty

PEG DEAR—JUST A HINT, PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS KILLS CHARM, DO USE LUX EACH DAY

NEX\ AT PEG'S HOUSE

NEXT DAY AND SOON

Mother darling, you're an angel for jockling me up about Lux. Everything perfect. Don's move in love than ever! Come over for dinner next week and you'll see Peg.

RITA—WHEN PEG WAS HERE THIS EVENING, SHE SEEMED UNHAPPY

SHE AND DON AREN'T AS HAPPY AS THEY USED TO BE— BUT I CAN HELP! I THINK
"I was pleasantly surprised at the convenience and comfort of B-ettes"

Internal Sanitary Protection
No Odor, Belts, Pads or Pins

A friend told Miss M—about B-ettes. She tried them. Now she's enthusiastic about this dairy-plant method of sanitary protection. She praises the utter freedom from belts, pads and pins—no bulge, no chafing. She is especially grateful that B-ettes eliminate all worry about odor.

Try B-ettes this month—they cost no more than older ways. Get a package now and have it handy when you need it—25c for 12, a month's supply—10c for purse package of 4— at drug and department stores. Say "Be-ettes." Mail coupon below today for trial package.

*Based on letters in our files.

B-ettes

Average Month's Supply
95c

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of American Medical Association

THE B-ETTES CORPORATION
135 East 42nd Street, New York

Enclosed is 10c for which please send me
trial package of 4 B-ettes, with full information.

NAME

ADDRESS

Yours For Loveliness

The ways to a man's heart are many,
but here are six good beginners!

IF YOU know your Hollywood, you know that the
four Westmore brothers are make-up wizards. Say
the Messrs. Westmore, "Beauty is a build-up. Com-
xplexion is everything, not natural skin tone. And
complexion is a matter of make-up!" Good news for
the sallow and tone-lacking skins. Born of color movies
and their brains, the Westmores now give you the new
House of Westmore's beauty aids, color-filtered, clear,
true shades with no dull or aging under-tones. Founda-
tion sets skin tone, and the Westmores have a super-
averse Foundation Cream Easy spreading and blend-
ing; delicate colors, no oozing later on. Here is your
build-up! It will transform your face. Also delightful
powder, rouge, lipstick and cleansing cream.

Beauty patches by Dr. Scholl for marred toes.

BEAUTY patches for hurting feet! That's just about
what the restyled Dr. Scholl foot aids look like.
Dainty pads of delicate pink with cushioning scalloped
edges that you won't hesitate to have adorn a bare or
sandalled foot. What an improvement in first aid for
corns, soft corns, callouses and bunions. These
Super-Soft Zino Pads are soft as a powder puff, light as
a feather, to cushion that sensitive foot spot. They give
no bulk in the shoe, won't creep or stick to stockings
and won't come off in the bath. Corrective medicated
discs come for use under the pads. Your druggist has
them. Big helps, too, when breaking-in new shoes, for
toe, instep and heel protection.

SHORT skirts! Sheerer than sheer hos-

diery or legs bared to wind and sun in
swim or play suit! Practically one-fourth
of the body is thus on parade. Soft and
smooth legs must be, free of hair growth
as a child's. That's quick, and easy, too,
with Neet cream depilatory. Simply spread
on, let remain a few minutes and wash away.
A beauty "must" for legs, arms and under
arms. This is a very reliable preparation
for sale in drug and department stores.

COMPLIMENTARY words come to this
department for Arrid, under-arm cream
dehodorant that also stops perspiration. And
Arrid deserves every one. It is a quick and
efficient answer to personal daintiness and
to the preservation of clothes. The Insti-
tute of Laundering approves this mild cream
effect on fabrics. And we approve it
because it is a pleasant, vanishing type of
cream, easy and quick to use, dependable
and easy to carry. For sale everywhere.

PRETTINESS while you primp—and more. Playtex
Make-Up Cape is as practical as pretty. For when
you make-up, comb your hair, shampoo or set your
curls, here is dainty protection. And if there is any-
thing the male abhors, I know it is the stray hair or
two glinting on your dark dress, a careless fleck of
powder, or worse, the smudge left when you try to
brush it away. This cape assures that groomed look
and helps save cleaners' bills. You will use it a dozen
times a day, at home and in the office. It's so dainty
and pretty. Of soft, satiny latex, with pocket for your
gadgets. In ga- denia white, heavenly blue or
shell pink. It makes a
sweet gift, and is for
sale in department stores.
Modestly priced.

"A PERFUME after a man's heart," is Hudnut's
new romance perfume, R. S. V. P. And you can
take that two ways. His ideal is embodying in this
heady fragrance, and it is definitely a challenge to his
resistance. Indeed, this challenge is aptly conveyed in
the abbreviation of the French, "Rendez-vous, s'il vous
plait!" (respond if you please), and respond he will!
R. S. V. P. is French-inspired, of course, of the bouquet
variety. A little on your skin tells you that here is the
perfume accent for your soft, young fashions. From
dram package up, in drug and department stores. C. M.

"Perfume after a man's heart"—Hudnut's R. S. V. P.
GIRLS grow restless about their hair at this season. But there are plenty who hang onto their long bob for dear life. So Helen Mack comes to their rescue and shows a smart but easy-to-do idea that gives a new, fresh accent, but does not mean parting with one single precious strand, unless it be the shortening of hair for those forehead curls.

Many younger girls with a permanent or natural curl can sit right down at their dressing-table and try this, though better results will be had by setting the hair for the arrangement when it is clean and damp from a shampoo. This style is young, sweet, refreshing and becoming, with or without a bow, and very good under the new hats.

Helen Mack helps solve the long bob problem.

Deep wave up from forehead, topped by curls.

Back from sides, but the long bob intact!

Miss 1939 Hair-Do

You’ll like my Brand and I “dude” mean You!

Here’s a straight steer
On that O.G. branding iron
Betty Petty is toting.
It’s reserved for
Double-Mellow
Old Gold . . . the cigarette
That wins its spurs
With finer, smoother
Tobaccos, aged extra long
For added flavor.
Double wrapped to keep
Extra fresh their extra
Goodness. Corral the
Extra delights of a
Truly fresh cigarette.
Say “O.G.” . . . the brand
That holds its
Friends for life!

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.

For Finer, FRESHER Flavor,
Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

TUNE IN on Old Gold’s “Melody and Madness” with
ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW’S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

STARLETS FIND LOVE A HANDICAP!
A thrilling expose of the real price of love in Hollywood! By Gladys Hall, famous screen writer.
ONLY IN THE JUNE SILVER SCREEN! NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE—10¢

Wash Your Dog With

GLOVER’S
KENNEL
and
FLEA
SOAP

DOES MANY THINGS FOR HIM!
Cleanses thoroughly; removes Doggy Odor; kills Fleas and Lice; deodorizes; adds lustre to coat. Economical! Try it!

Screenland
Everybody’s talking about the extra care, brilliance that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" gives the teeth!

BETTY: That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous...my mouth feels so fresh.

BETHE: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?

1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It’s the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It’s swell!

JSfi/3: Even if I am your husband, I’ve got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

JOAN: Honey, it’s that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don’t be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You’ll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn’t believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25c and big double-size at 40c, containing more than ¼ of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

THE NEW FORMULA

Supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM

P. S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40c
Regular size tube 25c

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Screenland
An Open Letter to the Ritz Brothers

DEAR BROTHERS—especially Harry:

Sorry, but I don’t love you any more.

You may recall I wrote you an Open Love Letter under the guise of a review of “Kentucky Moonshine.” Came right out in print with the shameful admission that you-all, and especially Harry, were my dream princes. Well, I was not alone. Others loved the Ritz Brothers too, it turned out. I had letters from fans in almost every one of our forty-eight states confessing that they, too, were madly, deeply enamoured. I had notes from England raving about the Ritzes in flawless style on impeccable stationery. I even had a wire from the Ritz Brothers themselves. It began to look as though to know the Ritz Brothers was to love them.

Then what happened? Well, then you boys made a picture called “Straight, Place and Show.” And you appeared also in “The Three Musketeers” with Don Ameche, who has more teeth than all of you, or maybe it only seems so. Anyway, it all marked the death of a grand passion with me. I turned allergic to Ritzes. Where my theme song for you had been I Cried For You it curdled to I Can Get Along Without You Very Well. Ah, fickle me. And ah, fickle Mr. and Mrs. and Miss General Public, too. For where there was a deluge of mail about the Ritz Brothers into this department, now there is a dearth. I have missed those letters, I can tell you—because while raves about Lamarr or Crosby or Gable have a certain similarity, the Ritz raves ran the gamut in appreciation from an old manor house in Sussex to a flatlet in Flatbush. They had a common taste in common, that’s all.

Now why can’t you recapture that fine old careless Ritz Brothers rapture? We still really care, you know, in spite of our seeming indifference. It was bad news when you boys “walked out” on “The Gorilla.” But you walked back again, and so the world is looking brighter for me and, I hope, for Sussex and Flatbush. “The Gorilla” seems ideally suited to your terrific talents, if you can tell from the stills—that’s one on this page—and you usually can tell. Master muggers—I mean mummers that you are, you have every chance to glare, grimace, and look cross-eyed. It all looks fine. How I hope it really is—because with W. C. Fields depending upon elephants and wooden dummies for laughs, and Charlie Chaplin taking so long to film “The Dictator,” we need you, you adorable old Ritz Brothers, you. With love from us all, especially—

Delight Evans
"Don't shoot!" screams Loretta Young, in merry mood on 20th Century-Fox star jaunt to San Francisco Fair.

Ty Power is trying his hand at taking pictures with Len Weissman's camera, only to be thwarted by the hand of girl-friend Annabella looming up before him, and Loretta's wicked wink.

Hollywood Whirl

SCREENLAND'S demon camera reporter, Len Weissman, has real whirl with off-guard stars at Frisco Fair

It was a gay crew in the dining-car on the way to San Francisco. Loretta and Don, co-stars of "Alexander Graham Bell," share a table with Sonja Henie. Like Sonja's lapel and sweater clips?

Another group en route—Loretta and Don again, this time with Tyrone Power and—surprise, surprise!—Miss Annabella, of all people, and they make a very gay and handsome dining-car foursome.

All aboard! The 20th Century-Fox Special leaves Los Angeles for San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition. In this group: Nancy Kelly, Annabella, Ty Power, Anita Louise.
Ty is still trying to get that picture of Loretta! This time Don Ameche tries to co-operate, but doesn’t seem to be having much luck. My, my, that Young girl is camera-shy. Oh, yes?

Finally Loretta faces it. Only now it is Don Ameche behind the borrowed camera. Cute picture, anyway.

Triumphant ride through San Francisco street brings delighted grins to famous faces of Sonja, Loretta and Ameche. Stars really get a big boost out of personal appearances.

Signing the guest register of San Francisco’s Treasure Island, above, are Nancy Kelly, that Ameche mon again, and Anito Louise, starlet in stripes.

Don Ameche finds a live turtle swimming in his water glass and shows it to Sonja and to Mayor Rossi of San Francisco at lunch. That prankish Power put over the gag.

Studio boss Darryl Zanuck is seen at right end of row at big doings in honor of movie visitors. Reading left: Cesar Romero, Connie Bennett, Sonja, Anita, Tyrone, and Annabella.
Big doings in Dodge City, Kansas, when Hollywood stars moved in for movie premiere. Of course the name of the picture is a deep, dark secret—but you can see it was fun.

Screenland's photographer, Len Weissman, left, went Western on the Dodge City Special and is here shown giving Humphrey Bogart, no mean photographer himself, a few pointers on camera technique. These pictures are all by Weissman.

Special star of the occasion was Errol Flynn, above, who wears his wild Western costume and a broad smile as he greets the crowds upon his arrival in the Kansas town. Mr. Flynn is featured in the mysterious picture which was world-premiered.

A little harmony in the club car of the train which carried the Hollywood stars to Dodge City. Maxie Rosenbloom, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Jean Parker, and Buck Jones get together. The Lanes are wearing cowgirl hats to get in character.

The premiere itself occurred at three, count 'em, three movie theatres simultaneously. Above, Alan Hale, Patsy Lane, and Hoot Gibson are thrilled at the wild welcome from the Dodge City fans. Priscilla looks cute tricked up as a Westernette.
Any chance for a little extra celebrating was grabbed with joy by the visiting Hollywoodites. Below, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Patsy Lane and Gloria Dickson sing Happy Birthday to Rosemary Lane.

Just a small section, above, of the crowds that thronged Dodge City, Kansas, when a certain motion picture had its "world premiere" there. Folks came from four states to get a glimpse of the dozen or so stars from Hollywood. The town will never be the same—nor will world premieres, for the event in Dodge City started something in the way of movie openings.

Watch the expressions on the upturned faces of the fans as the littlest Lane sister delivers her "Glad to be here" speech. The Dodge City jaunt proved to picture producers that the movie stars are really loved.

Afraid this picture, right, gives the show away. Yes, there was a mighty good reason the Warner Bros. chose Dodge City, Kansas, for the scene of their big premiere. Group at right includes Frank McHugh, Marie Rosenberg, Priscilla Lane, Errol Flynn, Jack Warner, Rosemary Lane, John Garfield, Humphrey Bogart.

"Yipee!" yells Wayne Morris as, togged out in cowboy regalia, he faces the fans gathered in the town square to greet visiting screen stars. Players learned fans' memories are not so brief after all, as the two old-timers, Hoot Gibson and Buck Jones, received tremendous ovations.
Attention
SCREENLAND READERS!

NORVELL Will Send You Your 1939 Horoscope Free

NOW you, too, may consult Norvell, just as many famous Hollywood stars do. If you are interested to know what the future holds from the positions of the heavenly bodies. Want to know what the planets may predict for you? Of course you do—it's a human failing to try to peer into the mysterious future; and whether or not you are as convinced as Norvell and many others that astrology is an exact science, you will be interested and entertained. Take advantage of this free SCREENLAND offer. Norvell will send every SCREENLAND reader who requests it, absolutely free, a 1939 Horoscope. Simply fill out the coupon below and mail, but be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: Norvell, Box 989, Hollywood, California.

Please send me Norvell's Horoscope. I enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

My Name is ........................................

My Address is ............................................State.

My Birthdate is ...........................................

ANGER of a marital separation for Jeanette MacDonald. . . ." So warn the heavenly stars for this singing star. Born in the Sign of Gemini, between May 21 and June 20, Miss MacDonald comes into a disturbing cycle of romantic activity in the Fall months of 1939. In her marriage to Gene Raymond, she listened to her heart rather than her head, for Gene was born in the fire Sign of Leo and that sign is not compatible to the air Sign of Gemini.

If Gemini happens to be YOUR own birth Sign then you too must be cautious in matters concerning romance and marriage. You may feel the disquieting rays of the planets at this time, and you may want to change the present romantic condition in your own life. Do not act in haste, however, but let the advice of your ruling star be your guide in such important matters.

Just what are the characteristics and traits of the dual Sign of Gemini? In astrology this Sign is symbolized by the twins—one pulling in one direction, and the other pulling in the opposite direction. You are constantly torn between two desires mentally. When you are in love with someone, you are usually miserable, and you wonder if that person loves you; if you should end your romance, then you are equally miserable and feel that you probably did the wrong thing. It is this duality of mind that makes it so difficult for this Sign to find the supreme happiness in love and marriage that should be your lot in life.

Your ruling star, Mercury, makes you romantic, idealistic, and inclined to be somewhat fickle. You have been blessed with a dynamic and impetuous nature, and this gives you a very attractive personality. You attract the attention of members of the opposite sex easily, and can win the love of anyone you set your mind on.

Besides Jeanette MacDonald, the following screen stars were born in the Sign of Gemini: Priscilla Lane, Rosalind Russell, Gail Patrick, Jimmy Stewart, Johnny Weissmuller, and Olivia de Havilland. This is one of the most talented Signs in the Zodiac, and when it comes to success in the artistic world, they generally attract more than their share of it in life.

This year brought Priscilla Lane her great success. For Gail Patrick her ruling star brought a change in her studio. Johnny Weissmuller attracted a divorce from fiery Lupe Velez, and Jimmy Stewart has found several romances in the past year or so. You can easily see how changeable is this Sign of Gemini, and what a strange variety of experiences you may attract if this is your ruling Sign.

For happiness and success in romance and marriage Gemini-born should attract someone born in one of the following birth Signs: Aquarius, January 20 to February 18. (Clark Gable and Judith Barrett are typical of this Sign.) Libra, September 23 to October 22. (Janet Gaynor and Paul Muni are Libra-born.) Or Virgo, August 23 to September 22. (Fredric March and Garbo are Virgo types.)

FORECAST FOR MONTH OF MAY FOR ALL SIGNS

Because this month holds such changing conditions for all Signs of the Zodiac, it is important that you consult the following forecast for YOUR own particular birth-
Now Norvell is a feature of SCREENLAND! Hollywood's pet astrologer will discuss the future not only of the famous film stars but of readers who are interested in astrology.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

Those born in the Sign of Aries face great activity in business and romance at this time. Your ruler Mars forms an aspect that brings many unusual opportunities into your life. Be alert for chances to progress in all departments of your life. Avoid all extravagances this month. The following days are favorable: 4th, 8th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 22nd, 25th, and 28th. The other days are not as favorable, so use caution in all affairs, and watch the health and diet. Romance is uncertain this month, so do not make important decisions.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

Good aspects rule this month for Taurus born. The month is favorable for travel, literary efforts, publishing, advertising or promoting business interests. Any efforts you make now may well be rewarded in the coming months. Romance is unsettled. Be conservative in your affairs and do not make radical changes. The following days are favorable this month: the 3rd, 6th, 10th, 12th, 17th, 20th, 21st, 25th, and 29th. On those days follow all routine affairs with full confidence. Social events are favored, also financial transactions of a permanent nature. On the 4th, 13th, and 19th, events of interest may materialize in the home. Your worries will be mostly mental so do not allow minor disturbances to interfere with your plans.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

Your ruling planet brings about a fascinating acquaintance with a member of the opposite sex. This might lead to a thrilling love affair in the near future. You must be quite sure in your mind that you love before promising your affections. In business you will face better conditions this month. Promote your interests, ask favors, and seek advancement. The 1st, 4th, 9th, 13th, 17th, 21st, 22nd, 26th, and 30th are favorable for all routine affairs. On the other days watch the health, avoid risky ventures, and relax.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

You are now coming out of slight afflictions by your ruler, which is the Moon. You may have to make a change in the home, and this upsets you at this time. Money should be forthcoming, and the venture you are planning comes under good aspects; it stands every chance of meeting with success. Travel is favored this month. Visits to relatives, or business trips prove successful. On the 12th of the month an event of importance may take place. The lucky days are the 2nd, 5th, 8th, 14th, 22nd, 27th, 29th, and 30th. The month ends on an optimistic note in romance and business.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

You have been under a terrific cycle of romantic agitation and confusion. Mars, the planet causing all the trouble, will be kinder this month and relieve your mind of needless worry. This is an
SEVERAL months ago Hollywood's Number One Glamor Girl (and I don't have to tell you who she is if you have eyes to see with) was voted by the college boys of America as the girl with whom they'd like to be marooned on a desert island. But Hedy, it seems, wasn't so keen for that desert stuff. When she and handsome Gene Markey became engaged during the last days of the ill-fated "I Take This Woman" Gene asked the raven-haired Hedy where she would like to live when they married.

"I would like a small house," said Hedy, "on the top of a mountain. Miles away from studios and people. Where I can see trees and sunsets."

So Gene phoned a renting agent and the agent said he would see what he could find. Several weeks later he phoned back that he had the very house that Hedy had described. Gene called for Hedy and they drove out at once to take a look. "I love it, it's just what I want," said Hedy. So Gene paid the first month's rent, signed a contract for six months with an option to buy, and told the renting agent that they would move in soon. Neither Hedy nor Gene had any idea that it would be as soon as it was. But you know how love is about such things.

And so here I was, this March afternoon, sitting in the Markeys' living room, waiting for Hedy to decide whether she wanted a narrow "HLM" or a squatty "hlm" on her new stationery. What with wedding presents piling in she certainly needed some stationery—had I seen what Frank Morgan sent her? And Myrna Loy? And, oh, I must see at once her new wedding ring—a slender band of small square-cut diamonds, with "Hedl from Gene" engraved inside. "Hedl" is what Gene calls her. It is a nickname for Hedwig, her real name. And by the way, Hedy does wish that people would stop calling her Heady, as in wine, or Hedda, as in Hopper—it's spelled Hedy, but it's pronounced Hady. I told her I'd tell you.

The Markeys' honeymoon house is quite the loveliest thing I've seen in years—small, unpretentious, and as un-movie-starish as gingham. There is no playroom, or rumpus room as they call them now, no bar, no swimming pool or tennis court—all of the things that go into these stately homes of Hollywood. It's a house just like you or I might live in. An interior decorator hasn't been within miles of the place. There are two bedrooms, not completely furnished yet, a homely living-room with a fireplace, a dining-room and a kitchen. All the rooms are quite small. With cozy chintzes and charming wall-paper. The only photograph in the entire house is one of precious little Melinda Markey (Gene's and Joan Bennett's five-year-old daughter) (Please turn to page 80)
Lamarr's Own Story
of her Romantic Elopement

Scoop! Hollywood's most glamorous bride tells us—and only us—of her new happiness, in her own words.

Hedy and her new husband, Gene Markey, at right, in their first photograph together after their marriage. Above, two close-ups of Hedy.
Sex-Appeal KID
Why do some of screen's loveliest women name Jimmy Cagney as "the man with most sex-appeal in Hollywood"? Better read this for a real surprise!

By
Gladys Hall

It is a mere five feet nine inches tall, weighs a piping 155 pounds, has pink hair, white eyelashes, freckles, and a whispering voice. And if these "points" add up to Sex-Appeal then my girlish dreams were certainly on the wrong track. Well, they certainly were. For if you select any four women in Hollywood at random, ask them to name the star with the most sex appeal, three out of the four will answer, "Jimmy Cagney."

Now, why? Gable is six feet one inch tall, weighs 195 pounds, has a voice like the boom of the main jib and a' that. The sum total of the Gable attractions is patent to the most astigmatic observer. Taylor is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, that hair, them eyes, those teeth give a better definition for sex appeal than the late Mr. Webster ever wotted of. Put Jimmy next to Tyrone Power in a beauty contest and even Jimmy's mother might burst into tears. Nelson Eddy can sing, too. If you check your maiden reveries and believe what you read in books, Boyer is the other word for sex-appeal. And no one is trying to skimp them on their lion's share of the potent magnet called "physical chemistry," either. Yet I have talked "girl-talk" with such connoisseurs of masculine untruth as Joan Crawford, Joan Bennet, Madeleine Carroll, Claudette Colbert and many others, and in each and every case they give me Jimmy Cagney as their idea of sex-appeal—and they mean sex-appeal. Mae West, in her brash, bold fashion, came right out in meeting and stated that Jimmy is the one for her money where the old S. A. is concerned. Mae, who never leaves nothing to the imagination, amplified her statement by explaining, "It's because he always looks as though he's just about to spring." True, come to think of it. And graphic. And tigerish. But Mae and her experienced eye notwithstanding, we feel that the subject bears further investigation. For just on the face of it, certainly, Jimmy is not the one to cause maids and matrons to toss and turn in their sleep. On the face of it, Clark Gable would reduce Cagney to the stature of a polyp and Robert Taylor would place him among the comic valentines. Nevertheless, maids and matrons do toss and turn in their sleep, having agonies over Jim Cagney—we resolved to find out why and wherefore.

We decided to make a serious if not scientific, gal-to-gal Cagney canvas. We figured that we would ask the girls who have worked in pictures with Jimmy to give us definitions of the Cagney sex-appeal. For the ladies who have worked with Cagney have felt the hard tug and pull of Cagney competition as well as the softer tug and pull of the Cagney charm. Their opinions, therefore, while not jaundiced, would certainly not be too prejudiced in his favor. And so, notebook and pencil in hand, we went to Bette Davis, famed for her frankness; to Ann Sheridan, Rosemary Lane, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, and of each in turn we asked, simply, "Why has Jimmy Cagney got sex-appeal? Not Tall, not Dark, not Handsome; short, with pink hair, white eyelashes, freckles and a voice like a purr, what makes him so devastating to women? Can you define his attraction for us?" And then we sat back and took down what they said, word for word, without interruption, without any attempt at embellishing or editing their statements.

Bette was our first Port of Call. We posed our question, "Why has Jimmy Cagney got sex-appeal?"—and poised our pencil. Said Bette, "I don't know why—but he and Spencer Tracy both have it. It's a question well taken because Jimmy certainly has sex-appeal and I mean he HAS He and Tracy, both. Probably most of it has to do with sincerity, a great sincerity. Probably because of this sincerity, which is in both of these men, you believe in them as lovers as you believe in them as priests, gangsters, men-about-to-die or whatever roles they are playing. You believe them so completely that when you are watching them on the screen, you forget that they are acting even when you yourself are acting with them. I should say here that I have never in my entire life liked a good-looking man and never will. I have watched one of our handsomest handsome men doing his stuff on the screen—and off—and my mental reservation has been, 'Silliest-looking thing I ever saw in my life!' Handsome men make me physically ill. Cagney isn't handsome, give him what you will. Tracy isn't handsome. Yet they are far away the most attractive men on the screen to me."

"Then, too, Cagney has a terrific voice, but terrific. Oh, I know it's soft, low-pitched, (Please turn to page 82)
Every girl dreams about "changing her type." But as a rule only Hollywood stars dare to do it. Here Joan Bennett demonstrates with charm and conviction how she made herself over from blonde to brunette with accompanying changes of costume. Joan has always wanted to wear yellow—maybe that is one reason she has dyed her hair dark, as above. Now she can wear the smart spectator sports outfit at left, with jacket of canary yellow blocked in shades of grey. Her knitted turban and large purse ore of bright yellow. Across the page, the brunette Joan proves she can wear white at last, with this knitted sweater suit edged in red, white, and blue, and all-white accessories. For contrast, consider Joan the Blonde—remember when she wore fussier, printed silk suits, as at top right opposite page.

It TOOK just four minutes and cost exactly $15.00—but it has changed the entire tenor of Joan Bennett’s life. In a great many ways it has changed the girl herself. I’m speaking of the new color of her hair. She dyed it recently, you know, from its former corn silk blonde to a lovely dark shade, not quite brown and not quite dark ash but rather in between the two and with highlights of gold like your grandmother’s wedding ring.

Mugsy was the first omen of what was happening. Mugsy is a cat of uncertain parentage whose name was Mitzi until Joan discovered his correct status in life. Joan has never liked cats and cats have never liked Joan. Hence they were conspicuous by their absence around the Bennett household. Her prize cocker spaniels romped all over the place but the welcome mat and the feline world had nothing in common. Cats, stray or otherwise, seemed to sense this unfriendly situation for they gave the place a wide berth. Thus it came as something of a shock to Joan to hear a faint mewing at the front door the night after her hair had undergone its darkening bath. It was more than a shock to find herself cuddling the furry little waif and liking it! Now Mugsy is the king pin of the household, archly wandering from room to room and curling himself up on the best silk furniture in snooty disdain.

After Mugsy’s advent, Joan found herself changing in many ways. Colors she formerly had liked now definitely antagonize her. The same is true of materials, jewelry, perfumes and furs. It’s even true of part of her house itself which a few months ago represented perfection to her. But most important, she has discovered strange changes in her own personality and thoughts.
The true story of the amazing transformation of Joan Bennett from Blonde to Brunette, with clothes to match!

By Kay Proctor

in her reactions to other people and their reactions to her. Joan Bennett is a new person, and all because of a pot of dye!

Before I tell you about those changes it is just as well, perhaps, to explain how the whole thing came about. Up until ten years ago Joan was satisfied with the hair God gave her. It was soft, silky, and that particular shade of ash blonde commonly known as "mousy." But what pleased God and Joan did not please Sam Goldwyn when he gave Joan her first movie role with Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond."

"Very nice hair, no doubt," said Sam, "but not what I want. Cut and bleach it!"

Nineteen-year-old movie aspirants don't talk back to Sam Goldwyn if they know what's good for them, and so another baby-faced blonde was born and the Joan Bennett appearance and personality the fans were to know for the next nine years was established. But that did not mean that Joan liked it.

"I always felt like the front row of the chorus," she succinctly described it. "What's more, it was a terrific
How Joan Bennett personality as well as when she dyed her

Here, on this page, is Joan posing for you in the gems from her new "Brunette" wardrobe. Far left, afternoon dress in clever crepe print; background is Copenhagen blue, diagonal stripes are purple, and the flower design is in cyclamen. Joan's hat is turban-shaped, made of shirred blue chiffon, with fabulous veil. Left, all in green is Brunette Joan; olive green sheer wool dress topped by woven wool jacket in very pale Nile green. Below, a peasant dress which would never have been chosen by Joan the Blonde, but is gay for the new Brunette. It is of a multi-colored paisley print and white linen combination.

As long as I had to be a blonde blonde, I was determined I'd do a good job of it. That meant I was at the beauty shop on an average of five times a week for shampoos, bleaches and so forth. Anyone who has been through the routine knows what that means. Now I never go more than twice a week, and lots of times I shampoo it myself at home!

Occasionally, too, remarks would be made that got under her skin like the time a man whose opinion she respected looked at her and shook his head. "Joan, you are one of the most honest girls in Hollywood," he said. "Your hair is the only dishonest thing about you!"

A few months ago Walter Wanger cast her in the leading rôle opposite Fredric March in "Trade Winds." In the story, in case you have not yet seen the picture, the girl believes herself a murderer and flees the country in disguise. To effect the startling change necessary to the character in the story, Joan suggested a black wig. Her suggestion was adopted—and then all hell broke loose! For in a black wig, Joan looked enough like Hedy Lamarr to be her twin sister. Publicity about the unexpected turn of events mushroomed into headlines and Joan Bennett caustically was accused of trying to steal Hedy Lamarr's thunder; of making every effort to capitalize on another girl's sudden ascent to fame and popularity; and a few other little barbs not quite so dainty.
changed her whole her entire wardrobe blonde hair dark!

Joan kept her head. Such answer as she made to the accusations was one of polite appreciation. She was flattered, she said, to be thought as lovely as Hedy. "But to be honest, I resented it slightly at first," Joan told me. "After all, I've been around Hollywood for ten years with the same face."

Apparently it never occurred to anyone that Hedy, the import, was a brunette edition of the home-town Joan!

When "Trade Winds" was completed, Joan dyed her hair to its present color and she firmly intends to keep it in the present shade henceforth. There are two reasons for this: in the first place she always had promised herself she would forswear the way of all bleach when she reached the ripe old age of 30. She is 29 now, so she only jumped the gun by one year. And in the second place, she found her reactions to life infinitely more exciting, stimulating and satisfying while wearing the black wig and decided to keep them that way.

"That is not as far-fetched as it may sound," Joan explained. "Almost every woman has experienced a strange change in her spirit and morale, for example, merely by wearing a certain color. Perhaps it makes her feel younger, or more alluring, or gayer, or imbued with an unexpected self confidence for no particular reason. I found wearing darker hair did unexpected things to me, and things I liked."

Most striking of the outward changes is her new reaction to color. Naturally this has meant a complete revision of her wardrobe. As a blonde she liked turquois blue, pink, pale green, powder blue, brown and dubonnet. Her favorite costume was black from head to toe without a single touch of relief.

Now she likes the various shades of violet and purple, cyclamen, bright reds, Kelly green and steel blue. A passion for black has given way to white and her entire summer wardrobe will emphasize it in suits, sweaters, coats, evening dresses and furs. She even has a white satin bathing suit.

In fabrics she used to prefer chiffons, velvets and knitted things. Now she likes crepes and brocades. Her former love of sleek furs such as ermine, mink, caracul, beaver and sable has been succeeded by a desire for the fluffier types such as foxes, lynx and wolf.

"Not that I'm discarding the furs I had for new ones," she laughed. "That would be carrying things too far. But I like the fluffy ones better." (Which reminds me. Lest any fans get ambitious ideas about asking Joan for some of her discarded dresses, it's too late! She already has given the majority of them to a former star who now is having a tough time of it and who needed them in her work. The rest of them have been made over into frocks for Melinda and Diana, her two young daughters. There's no nonsense about hand-me-downs in that family!)

She has noted an interesting change in her preference for perfumes and scents. Formerly the light fragrances such as Rock Garden, jasmine, From Frou and Blue Grass enthralled her. Now she uses the heavier, spicy scents like Arpege and Vague Souvenir.

Even the house itself has not escaped the dictates of her new personality. The dining-room, in particular, is all wrong! Once she loved the daintiness of its muralled walls, beige drapes, sage green rug and French period furniture in hand-rubbed walnut. The room was her pet joy in the stately white home with its wide sweep of lawns, formal rose gardens, and Bennelli kennels. (Ben for Bennett, Mel for Melinda, (Please turn to page 84)
SEPTEMBER 4, 1937 was a scorcher in Hollywood, 114 degrees in the shade. The lovely orchids Tony Martin had given Alice Faye to wear as her bridal corsage withered en route to Yuma, where they flew to be married. And when they emerged at the plane landing, they discovered that Alice’s powder blue suit had been faded by the sun.

“I had been so excited about our elopement I had forgotten that we’d need a car to get to the minister’s house,” Tony Martin, dark, straight, and very handsome, told me, as we chatted in his dressing-room at the Paramount Theatre in New York where he was packing them in with his songs on his personal appearance tour. “So we began to hitch hike in the blazing sun.” After a few blocks they met a young Indian lad in an old model-T Ford, and he took Tony, Alice, her stand-in Helene Holmes, and Helene’s boy friend, Claude Smith, who were to be the witnesses, to the minister’s. “Later, when Helene and Claude were married, we stood up for them, returning the courtesy,” Tony went on.

But I wasn’t thinking of what Tony was saying. To me, the story of the Faye-Martin marriage, delayed six months by Alice’s work in a film; their honeymoon in Honolulu delayed eight months by more film work, seemed symbolic of their entire wedding life. To me, it seems a union that Hollywood will down. Perhaps not this year or next, but eventually. Were Alice and Tony Martin the boy and girl next door, starting out from scratch, I have no doubt that they’d make a go of their marriage and be happy. But since they are Alice Faye, top-notch movie star, and Tony Martin, radio star and not so top-notch movie player, the picture is changed.

If you ask Tony Martin, as I did, pointblank, whether he believes their marriage will last, his answer comes quick and assured: “I got just what I expected out of my marriage to Alice. And Alice lives for me. Of course our marriage will last! As soon as I have finished my personal appearance tour, and get things straightened out, Alice intends to drop her picture work, and begin to raise a family. We have been looking at ranches in the Encino Valley, near Al Jolson’s place, and we’re all set. Both Alice and I want children, and neither of us wants to wait too long.

“Is Alice willing to give up her career for a family?” I asked.

“Yes,” Tony answered. “I expect to earn the living for my family. If she wants to retire permanently, that’s O.K. with me. Personally, I wouldn’t want her to do that, for I feel her acting means too much to her. And five years hence I wouldn’t want her to feel she had given up her work for me.”

“But what about separation rumors?”

“You tell me, what about ’em?” Tony answered bitterly. “They are a lot of bunk. You know Alice and I had a stormy courtship, full of separations and quarrels. We got all over with that before we married, and I believe that makes for the happiest marriages. Today, we get along well, considering everything. I’m not trying to say we never disagree; that would be silly. For how would it be possible for two individuals, raised with different backgrounds, to agree on everything? It takes more than a year or two of marriage to adjust one’s differences. Sure,
Faye Last?

They hope so, and we're for them—but read what they have to fight to hold their happiness together

Mary Jacobs

we have had disagreements, but they are all trivial.”

Frankly, I was surprised at Tony’s breaking down and admitting even this much. Heretofore, whenever his marriage has been mentioned, he has insisted “I married an angel,” and that ended it. But be it said for him that though he squirmed at many of my queries, he did answer everything I put to him. And while my interpretation of events may not agree with his, and I may not share his firm conviction that he and Alice will be man and wife till death do them part, I feel quite sure he was sincere in his statements.

“Alice has a temper. I have a temper. Alice is a stickler for her ideas. I’m pretty stubborn once I get something fixed in my mind. Alice is the soul of neatness. Every night when she comes home from work she goes from room to room inspecting the ash trays. I fill ’em up and forget to empty them. In fact, before I had to pay for the rugs, I left my ashes all over ’em. Of course we have minor run-ins because of these facts. Now I have a habit of leaving my clothes around, that Alice just hates. At the beginning, she’d refuse to go out with me till I hung up every stitch of clothing.”

And when that didn’t work, the undaunted Miss Faye hit upon another scheme. When she returns home and finds Tony’s clothes scattered around, she throws them upon the floor, in a heap. And then there’s the matter of dogs. Now get me straight. Alice is an animal lover, and adores the three pekes, the Doberman, the bulldog and terrier that Tony brought home. And that, incidentally, he insists upon feeding himself every day. But when he came home with a Welsh terrier the other night, that proved too much, and the Faye temper rose. “What are you starting here,” Alice demanded, “a kennel?” And all evening long she fumed about that dog.

“Sure, we’ve disagreed,” Tony said again. “There was the time when I forgot we were going out to dinner and then to a preview with friends, and stayed late at my golf club. When I came home I found the men and women in dinner clothes, and Alice furious. ‘We’d really like to take you along with us,’ she said. ‘And we’re half an hour late for dinner already.’ To add to my discomfiture,” Tony laughed, “I found that my dinner clothes were at the tailor’s, and I had to wear an ordinary blue suit.

“As for what I object to in Alice, well, I hate her coming late for appointments. But she is always late, so now if we make an appointment for 7:30 p.m., we both arrive at 8 o’clock, so we’re both on time. And I wish she’d pay more attention to her health. Recently she collapsed on the set, and had to be taken home. The night before she was terribly sick and ran a temperature of 102 degrees. But Alice had made up her mind to go to work, and I couldn’t keep her at home. Alice is a stickler when she makes up her (Please turn to page 78)
In THE Hollywood Primer any bright child will tell you that B stands for Barrymore, brash, brilliant, bawdy, bold, bursting with bravura, bounce, and beans.

For better than a brace of decades John Barrymore has done his best, which at times has been very good indeed, to establish himself as a legend in the American scene. He has symbolized the romantic concept of the Actor, a swashbuckling, light-hearted cavalier striding through nightclubs, bars, taverns and grills, strewing largesse and broken hearts in his wake, running up magnificent bills (and eventually paying them), marrying on page one and divorcing in the five star final, and playing to standing room only at all performances. This was Barrymore in the twinkling twenties, when the bulls were tweaking the bears’ noses and drinking Mumm’s at the close of market each day. John was the unchallenged star of Broadway, the greatest Hamlet of his time, the Crown Prince of the “Royal Family” that capered in the play of that name.

“I have looked upon the wine while it was red,” he will tell you today, smacking his lips in memory. “But I discovered forsooth that no one man could drink it all. A les-

son that it was costly to learn, in more ways than one. But make no mistake, my friend,” and at this point the famous eyebrow will be elevated, “think not that I shall stooge for any temperance advocate! Avaunt such an idea!”

When Hollywood threw out its green bait Barrymore forsook the theatre for the cinema with its fleshpot annex. He was an unqualified success in pictures, illustrating all the classics with handsome gestures. Every small town and whistle-stop joined the cities in acclaiming him. Then the great transformation began to take place. The California climate was too languorous, the hours were too easy, the pay was too high, and an era of soft living set in, causing the great man to stagnate and stultify. He divorced his Manhattan wife number two, who dabbled in writing under the curious name of Michael Strange, and took unto himself with a deal of melodrama his third, or Hollywood wife, the beautiful Dolores Costello. He built a castle on a cliff with three times as many swimming pools and five times as many rumpus rooms as any other celluloid celebrity had managed. He rode in cars of costly make and brilliant colors. He bought a yacht more (Please turn to page 90)
Screenland Salutes
Beauty of the Month:
ELLEN DREW
GENE KRUPA

Dream-Prince Drummer of the Jitterbugs
On the Screen in "Some Like It Hot"

Paramount Pictures
DOROTHY LAMOUR
Queen of the Sarong in New Costume for "Man About Town"
Ann Sheridan, according to her hopeful Hollywood impresarios, has modern equivalent of old-fashioned “It.” So she’ll be starred. So we’ll soon see!
Andrea Leeds is more of a moonlight-and-roses model, with haunting and frankly romantic appeal. But there's a place for her, too, in shadowland.
Miss Dunne's new picture is Paramount's "Invitation to Happiness," with Fred MacMurray.
See and hear Bing in Universal's "East Side of Heaven," with Joan Blondell co-starring.
Admirable Englishman

Ian Hunter is one of Great Britain's most popular contributors to Hollywood. He is currently appearing in the latest "Tarzan."
Little American

Almost lovable as screen stars can be seen in family American and you will like her in "Susan of the Mounties."
Exciting new team will be the lovely Irish girl above, and the handsome Irishman on opposite page. They will soon be co-starring in "The Sea Hawk." Meanwhile you may see Geraldine Fitzgerald in a fine performance with Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," and Errol Flynn in his own film, "Dodge City," with Olivia de Havilland.
Here is Louis Hayward—left, in modern dress; below, costume for the greatest role of his career in "The Man with the Iron Mask."

GALLANTRY WITH A GRIN!
Wyman is a striking study in simplicities in this specially posed photograph, and "The Kid from Okomo," her new film with Wayne Morris.
HERE'S TO JUNE!
Big new American epic movie is Republic’s “Man of Conquest,” which presents Richard Dix in the colorful character of Sam Houston, giving Dix, still one of our screen stalwarts, his best acting opportunity since “Cimarron.” Gail Patrick appears with the star in the scenes on this page. Below, a close-up of Dix in his rugged new role.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Richard Dix and Gail Patrick in “Man of Conquest”
Nancy Kelly, youngest and most talented Hollywood newcomer, tells her own story

By Charles Darnton

It ALL began with a bedtime story!
Every night in a small red-brick house in the little town of Astoria, across the melancholy waters of the East River from towering Manhattan, a baby girl would be tucked into her bed only to lie there wide-eyed and expectantly lisp, "Pleathe, mummy, tell me a story." That mother would earnestly ponder the matter, thoughtfully remarking, "Now let me see," as she smoothed back her ash-blonde hair, then loosed her imagination into a wondrous fairy tale—often she just made it up herself—peopled with a beautiful princess, a brave knight, a bad queen, a good fairy, and oh, yes, a ragged, barefooted woodcutter's daughter, all of whom rode or roamed through a vast forest echoing the growls and howls of ever so many wild yet delightfully talkative beasts. Dozing off in this exciting and fascinating company, the tiny listener would wake with the birds and herself tell the whole story over again in her own way, changing her voice to suit the varied two-legged characters and even managing to do pretty well, with her cute lisp, by those awfully difficult animals, poor things!
This, if you please, was the first training of that child of yesterday as the actress of today. And what an actress! None quite like her, at least in my recollection, had ever come to Hollywood. None with the face of a girl and the heart of a woman. None so young and yet so gifted. In her could be seen the triumph of youth. Indeed, now leathered and helmeted in flying togs as she sat rather than soared there before my blinking eyes, Nancy Kelly seemed irresistibly to typify Youth Over Hollywood. My amazement was all the greater when I remembered "Jesse James" in which this girl of seventeen had played truthfully and poignantly a mother with a newborn babe, a piece of work, if you ask me, to try the skill and delicacy and tenderness of the most experienced actress. But when I said as much she laughed it off with: "Oh, I've played so many mothers on the radio that I can do it now without even having labor pains!"
Hers was a merry face to go with a lively, not to say daring, sense of humor. It had, (Please turn to page 92)
THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE—RKO-Radio
WEAR a sprig of nostalgic evergreen to this one, if your heart still belongs back in the dear old days before the war. If the years 1911-1918 mean nothing to you, then consult paw and maw and find out what makes them choke up a bit when they hear *Too Much Mustard* or *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* and other classics of the period. Better still, see and hear for yourself by trotting to "The Castles." It is excellent entertainment most of the time, though totally different from previous Astaire-Rogers films. In fact, it seems to me to give the immortal team their first real opportunity at characterization, and they make a valiant effort to portray the agile Vernon and the diaphanous Irene as the noted couple cavorted in those days when they were the dancing toast of every town in America. They were an influence, Vernon and Irene Castle, and they left their graceful imprint on customs and costumes, curiously enough something their just-as-able successors, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, have never quite achieved in contemporary entertainment. Can you remember the steps, or even the name of an Astaire-Rogers dance creation? Oh, excuse me, I see you can. All that matters, though, is that "The Castles" is continuously charming, a grand show.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal
IF THIS isn't my favorite of all the Durbin pictures it is probably only because it lives up to its title. Deanna is growing up, and so are the other two girls. For the first time, it seems to me, there are definite signs of sophistication in the enchanting Deanna—and also for the first time indications that the amazing producer of her pictures, Mr. Pasternak, and his directorial wizard Henry Koster, are not keeping young in heart as they have miraculously managed up to now. There is an awareness, a deliberate striving for smartness in this new film which I deplore. It has charm, it has sparkle, it has humor; but they seem manufactured qualities in place of the heartwarming spontaneity hitherto achieved by the great combination. Deanna, the girl herself, can't help growing up, I know; and she is certainly doing it with marvellous grace. But surrounding her with such assured youngsters as brittle Nan Grey and wise little Helen Parrish somehow robs her of some of the glorious glow, the beautiful naturalness. Of course I enjoyed the gay scenes in which Deanna wooed nice Robert Cummings for her sister's sake; and the touching moments when she persuades her father (Charles Winninger) to pay some attention to his family.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Goldwyn-United Artists
DEEPLY impressive picture reflecting great credit on its producer Samuel Goldwyn and adding immeasurably to the glory of its stars, Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier, nevertheless "Wuthering Heights" hardly adds up to an amusing evening at the neighborhood theatre. Stark and sombre, brooding and forbidding, beautifully and artistically produced and directed and acted as it is, it still does not spell entertainment in my dictionary. Mr. Goldwyn knows his own business better than I do, and it may be that people positively enjoy watching screen shadows who suffer for thwarted love, even in these parlous times. All right, so I'm wrong. I can appreciate the wonders of "Wuthering Heights" without wallowing in them, can't I? Certainly the Emily Bronte tale of twisted passion provides wonderful acting opportunities, with Olivier dominant as the tormented *Heathcliff* whose love for *Cathy* can only be called grim, and Oberon very slightly second in importance as the ill-fated heroine, with fine supporting performances by David Niven as *Cathy's* helless husband, and Geraldine Fitzgerald as *Heathcliff's* unhappy pawn. Oh, they're all unhappy—but fortunately "Wuthering Heights" has moments of great beauty, too.
THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE PICTURES:
"Love Affair"—it wins our Honor Page, it should win the next Academy Award, and everything else in sight. Boy, strike off a couple of extra gold medals, please!

BETTER NOT MISS:
"Alexander Graham Bell"
"Vernon and Irene Castle"
"Three Smart Girls Grow Up"

THE BEST PERFORMANCES:
Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Mme. Ouspenskaya in "Love Affair"
Astaire and Rogers in "Vernon and Irene Castle"
Deanna Durbin, Charles Winninger, Robert Cummings in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier in "Wuthering Heights"
Lew Ayres in "Ice Follies of 1939"

I wonder if this picture appeals to any but devout Joan Crawford and rabid ice show fans? I am still trying to decide if it appealed to me. I liked some of it, especially the grand ice ballets—the best, if I do say it as shouldn't who likes Sonja Henie herself best of all figure skaters—you or I will ever see anywhere, with the gorgeous Indian number performed so blithely by Roy Shipstad and Bess Erhardt; and the eccentric skating of the incomparably comic Shipstad and Johnson; and—if you gather I am pretty much of a rabid ice show follower myself you won't be wrong. I am not exactly a worshipper at the Crawford shrine but I do think Joan worked hard to give a credible performance. I wish she hadn't worn a Hedy Lamarr hair-do, though. Not very subtle, seemed to me. But then, neither is the heavy story of "Ice Follies"—and a good thing Jimmy Stewart and Lew Ayres, to say nothing of the unique and only Lionel Stander, were around to lend a pleasant lightness to the proceedings. Mr. Stewart had better watch out, though, that he doesn't overdo the flossy touch. No, I don't want him to do a Charles Boyer, but I do think that at times his darned simplicity touches dangerously on the moronic. Lew Ayres is fine.

ICE FOLLIES OF 1939—M-G-M

LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

SHEER magic, that's what this picture is! It has me bewitched, I can tell you—and I've seen it only twice. I know people who have seen it four times and they go around with a bemused look to this day, drooling over precious pet scenes or scraps of dialogue or the way Irene Dunne smiled at Charles Boyer or the look in Boyer's eyes when he realized her sacrifice—oh, it gets you. "Love Affair" does. It got me and it still has me; the only trouble with it is it makes every other picture, even the epic, seem merely dull. I wish you could have seen it as I did at the Radio City Music Hall in New York. Because there is a tough showcase for any picture—I mean that vast difficult audience with one eye on the handsome decorations or the ushers and the other eye delaying the screen, a million or so miles away, to show it something, and it had better be good. This time the show on the screen eclipsed all the other displays, and that difficult audience approved; for it cried, it gurgled, it simply fell for "Love Affair." You could hear a diamond clip drop in those long silent scenes; you could hear hearts beat; you could—well, you could see it again and again. The story?—simply two people falling in love and liking it; told with charm, wit, and tenderness.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL—20th Century-Fox

SUPER-SUCCESS story told in stirring cinematic terms, here is another screen biography in the great tradition. Necessarily lacking the terrific dramatic impact of a "Zola" or the sweeping power of a "Pasteur," still "Alexander Graham Bell" is a picture to command interest and respect, and worthy of your attention if only because it provides Don Ameche with his finest role which he portrays with surprising depth and reassuring lack of that unfortunate flamboyance which has marred so much of his work. For once Ameche drops his master-of-ceremonies flourish for a sincere effort at characterization; and he definitely succeeds in making the tireless inventor of the telephone a noble and even inspiring figure. Bell's unflagging devotion to his task, his adherence to principle, and his very warm and human love for his wife provide the background for the absorbing story. The atmosphere of the 1870's has been cleverly realized without seeming intrusion of period "props," and in the graceful costumes of the time Miss Loretta Young is appealing to the eye and, more important, to the intelligence as well; she gives a truly tender and poignant performance as the loyal Grace Bell. Henry Fonda—excellent.
Cold grey mists hang mournfully over Denham Studios when a little green car drives up along the frozen country road. A man jumps out with brown eyes that sparkle gaily as he calls a greeting to the sleepy gateman and waves a salute to the M-G-M lion over the porch. Then he swings down the long corridor to a plain cream door decorated only with a single silver star.

"Good morning, Mr. Donat," says Forsyth the valet. "It's a hot summer afternoon in 1910 today and you are nearly sixty. You can't walk very quickly because of rheumatism and your hair has almost gone."

So handsome Robert Donat sits down before the mirror and spends the next two hours getting ready for another day's work as the lovable schoolmaster hero of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." In this sweeping screenplay of English public school life, a cycle is covered and Mr. Chipping, affectionately known as Chips, goes to Brookfield as an impulsive youngster of twenty-two and stays there until he dies a decrepit old man of eighty-three.

All round Donat's dressing-room are carefully numbered wigs and moustaches and wrinkle-plasters, each accompanied by the clothes that belong to a certain year of Chips' long life. But on the crowded bureau there is still room for the photograph of a vivid young girl in a little silver frame signed simply "Ella." Bob's red-haired wife gave him that picture for luck six years ago when he played his first film rôle in "Men of Tomorrow" and not for a fortune would the star part with it now.

Pouring sunshine over the grey old stone buildings of Brookfield School, all the peaceful tranquility and the ancient tradition of English education has been faithfully captured in the largest setting ever erected in this country. Director Sam Wood is tremendously proud of it. "It cost nearly twenty thousand dollars, and it was cheap at the price!" he says happily as he strolls round watching the workmen plant the last June roses beside the chapel and trim the ivy that twines round the vaulted arch and the secluded cloisters.

Red lamps glow warmingly and Bob gathers his flowing black academic robes round him as he walks slowly into "school" across the courtyard with his pupils in their quaint straw hats. These boys are not professional players but have come from real public schools, many from famous Repton where the location scenes were all shot last fall. They began by describing the director as "that awfully pleasant American" (Please turn to page 68)
A Day with DONAT

Spend dawn to dusk in England with Robert Donat as he makes "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." A SCREENLAND Exclusive

By Hettie Grimstead
INTERVIEWING movie stars is sometimes a stimulating experience, sometimes a routine necessity, sometimes a pain in the neck. So are interviewers. Mary Jones may spend two hours with Sylvia Superb and go home to shed salt tears over her typewriter because she didn't get a story. John Doe may bump into Sylvia on the lot and dig up enough ore from a cursory chat to pay two months' rent. The difference lies in the personal equation.

By and large, however, the interviewing regulars know their business. They have to, because their living depends upon it. Those who don't drop out. Yet even an expert wordage rustler receives an assignment with emotions ranging from despair through relief to glee, depending on the subject.

Players may be reluctant to face a barrage of questions for a variety of reasons. Some are inarticulate. Some are so sincerely reticent that they find it painful to discuss themselves with the press. Some are haunted by the bogies of misquotation and misinterpretation, pretty thoroughly exorcised nowadays from the screen magazines. Some feel that the mildest adverse comment, however honestly broached, constitutes an affront. Some turn snooty, once they've achieved prominence. Hollywood has a

Why are Cary Grant, top, Myrna Loy, and Fred MacMurray hard to interview? Read our story and you'll see why these picture pets and others haunt the reporter's dreams.
another girl, who knew about acting, was given the part. My very ‘naturalness’ was my undoing. I had to learn that to appear natural on the screen requires a vast amount of training, that it is the test of an actor’s art. It would be more spectacular,” laughed Jean, “could I say that out of the hurt and humiliation of that first failure was born the determination to success, to prove I had the makings of an actress. But it wouldn’t be true. That urge came later.

“I spent a few bitter days trying to convince myself all this didn’t matter, then I went back to the studio because I was still under contract. Rushing through comedies, and jumping from one saddle to another as the ‘feminine interest’ in wild, woolly westerns, I was too busy putting on greasepaint and taking it off, to find out what this acting business was all about. Then came a few good roles at Paramount, and an association with men and women who loved acting, who were willing to work and sacrifice for it. I caught this inspiration and found myself thrilling with an all-absorbing ambition to become an actress, a good actress. With it came a fierce determination to succeed, to let nothing stand in my way. If I could have my own niche in the world of acting, I’d ask nothing more of life. After all, I had been pushed into this, I hadn’t sought it, and now I was willing to fight the world to win. (Please turn to page 95)
New! Both the Girl—very latest Hollywood hit—and the clothes

Edited by

Patricia Morison

Patricia Morison from the stage, who skyrocketed to screen success with her first picture, poses in the highlights of her personal wardrobe. Opposite page: romantic evening gown combining wine-colored summer velvet and fuchsia taffeta in a billowing silhouette. See Miss Morison’s original Lilly Daché snood of red net covered with tiny bows of red leather. On this page, Patricia wears a bisque-colored tweed suit with tracunto embroidery scroll on the jacket. Her hat is a shiny black straw sailor with high crown and veil.
GLAMOR HIGHLIGHTS:

- Pirate Hats
- Bright Plaids
- Snoods and Scarfs

Patricia Morison shows us, on this page, her favorite topcoat of bright blue and yellow plaid, left below; her pirate hat of bright colored woven straw with peaked high crown, below; and, at left, a romantic hat of burnt toast straw with shallow crown and brim bound with blue chiffon which also forms a scarf.
Here's Your Hat!

At least, it's Patricia Morison's pet, and probably will be yours, too, if you can wear silly-but-smart toppers. Maddest hatter of them all is Patricia as she wears this tiny topper of black milan straw with high crown and rolled brim. It sits at a saucy angle on her head and stays on because it is tied by a black net snood which covers her back hair and becomes a chin scarf. This topper and Patricia's other hats are originals from John-Frederics, Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles.
You Can Take These With You!

Vacation time will soon be here. Knowing what to take, what to leave behind and how to pack spells a good time, whether for a week-end or 'round the world.

By Courtenay Marvin

For my first tropical cruise, some years ago, I bought special clothes. I packed in a hurried, haphazard manner. At the pier, I realized the special clothes were still hanging in my closet. Too late to do anything about them—and just as well. We ran into a hurricane and the last thing we thought of was clothes. But I learned a lesson for future trips. To pack well in advance with paper and pencil and to follow this plan later in actual packing, as if building a house.

A Big Travel Year is 1939! The East beckons with a big fair and the West beckons with a big fair. Sea, shore and mountains offer romance and adventure, and happy, unexpected week-end invitations pop up at this season. For a day or for months, to go compactly and completely outfitted takes much concern off your mind and leaves it free for the utmost in pleasure. "Getting away from it all" is a wonderful thing, when you actually do get away from it, and not find yourself wondering if your hair needs to be done, how in the world you can manage a manicure, when there's not a beauty shop in sight, or worrying about the undue wrinkles and woes of your clothes. (Please turn to page 84)
New—these fashions for you!
Yes, you can buy them. See store directory of where to buy, Page 91

By Marina

Beauty beneath, in a Miss Swank slip of famous fit, that special, patented camisole model for show under sheer blouses and frocks, of Satin Supreme and sabrewby Valenciennes-type lace. Miss Swank comes in other designs, also. Figure accent, fit with comfort and durability belted by its fragile appearance in every Miss Swank you buy! About $3.

Flower prints for Summer! Here are partners in prettiness, frock and coat. Over the crepe frock goes a matching coat of chiffon, each designed with similar details—soft basam, tiny waist, forward skirt fullness through suave fitting and pleats. The scattered flower motif is caught in a large basam corsage. Exquisite colors—gray, navy, open and japonica. You can live in this many-occasion outfit through the warm months in comfort and beauty and if you travel from coast to coast, it's easy to pack. Priced about $15.

Ennio Jettick shed feet will go places this Summer in comfort and beauty. Here is "Netz," open-toed sandal, smartly stitched and perforated, with a just right daytime heel, Broken-in, ready for wear, by hand-flexing to remove new-shoe stiffness. In black with wine, all blue, all brown, and white. Cool, comfortable and chic! This model is priced at about $6.
"I want to chew scenery!" sighs grand comedienne Colbert. Want to see her do it?

SEVERAL months ago, though it seems only yesterday, I told you about the day I discovered that Joan Blondell was a frustrated author. Not content with her grand husband, her two lovely children, and her perfectly elegant acting ability Joan would give her eyeteeth if she could write something that somebody would print. Shortly after that I discovered another thwarted pen pusher—the glamorous Hedy Lamarr, of all people. Hedy doesn’t give a snap of her fingers for all this glamor stuff, what she secretly wants to do is to write. Imagine wanting to be a Dorothy Parker when you could be a Hedy Lamarr with raven hair and long lashes and men swooning at the very sight of you! You imagine it, I can’t.

Sometimes I think there aren’t any happy people in Hollywood, except me and the dopes and morons who don’t know any better. “Is everybody happy?” Ted Lewis used to say at the old Palace in New York. Well, no. Not in Hollywood. The other day while I was wandering around with friends and influences people with the power of the Press, I came face to face with another interesting case. The Case of the Repressed Tragedienne, I am sure you will find it interesting. Especially all you miserable and unhappy folks who think that life didn’t do right by you because you never had a crack at “Hamlet.”

Every Monday night, as you know, Lux Soap puts on a broadcast of an old picture or play in Hollywood with several of the upper bracket stars. Well, it seems, that Lux was losing its Crossley or something, I don’t understand about those things, so they wanted to put on the Best. And they don’t come any better in Hollywood than Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert and “It Happened One Night.” Clark and Claudette and that picture have broken records in every language. Wherever people gather together for a bit of cinema chitchat sooner or later somebody starts a rave about Clark and Claudette and “It Happened One Night.” And right here and now I want to take time out to say that I have lost all my respect for the producers of Hollywood because they never followed through with that sensational money-making team of Gable and Colbert. Why, it would have been worth, and still is for that matter, millions at the box office. That’s what’s wrong with Hollywood. (Get off your soapbox, toots, before somebody slaps you down.)

“It Happened One Night” has never been done on the air before. Clark won’t do it without Claudette, and Claudette won’t do it without Clark, and Columbia has something to say about it too. I sat there that afternoon perfectly entranced, and so did the audience. When Clark and Claudette came to the (Please turn to page 76)
ICK POWELL, no longer under long-term contract, sat in the den of his new Hollywood house, looking at me with serious eyes. The bright morning sun drew attention to how fit and alive he was, such an alive, completely fit man with that vitality and courage you meet only in those who have finally conquered the confusion that plagued them.

We had just begun to dip into what went wrong with him. Very honestly, Dick said, “Now, I know, I have discovered sanity. I know that this is the sure track. I love Joan and the children and they love me. We have time for one another and we have a real home at last. And for my work, I am responsible once more for whether I make the grade or fail. I have been in a fog. I nearly made a mess of my life. But, thank God, I woke up to what I was doing!”

What he was doing and how he has sacrificed to change the pattern of his recent days is untold news. It is difficult to believe right off that he has gone through serious stages of depression. He rose spectacularly enough to film, to radio fame. He obtained wealth. He won Joan Blondell. But behind all this achieving the Dick who has always appeared constantly cheerful has too often been very unhappy. You realized that his career, that success he attained so emphatically, had somehow slowed up. You realized that he had become routine and was slowly, but surely slipping, below the other stars who were progressing, below the other stars who were making better pictures and becoming more popular.

Today Dick Powell is not rated among the “first 10” at the movie box offices, as he was for four years straight. Today, besides, he is a free-lance actor. Which means that he is without the comforting knowledge of a big pay-check rolling in automatically every week. The helpful publicity notes are no longer being shot out from busy Hollywood desks. Now, as a result, he is at his crossroads, professionally. Now he has to be good, and more than good, or else he fades. I think Dick will be good. Particularly after what he disclosed. It seems to me he chose the one way to climb to the top again. Certainly he chose the incentive and companionship his new family promised him. What severely dented his success program? What jeopardized all he had struggled for?

The trouble with Dick was that he got mixed up in his sense of values. A singer, a movie actor, a fellow popular with every co-worker, every prop boy on the studio payroll, a fellow who had been idle only four weeks out of the six years he worked before coming to Hollywood and rising so fast, a fellow who had tried young love impetuously, disappointingly, and who resolved to concentrate on becoming rich before he bothered with love a second time, he almost spoiled his chance for genuine happiness (Please turn to page 86)

**Frank appraisal of popular Powell's present and future**

By

Ben Maddox

Doesn't look like a man facing anything but a pleasant prospect, does he? Let Dick tell you his troubles—may help you to solve yours. Center, with Mrs. Powell, who's Joan Blondell.

**DOES DICK FACE DISASTER?**
Pet Parade!

Here are the winning pictures in the fourth, and final contest in our Pet Picture Contest series. It's been fun for all pet lovers, and fun for us—for we admit we find these pictures more appealing than the most beautiful portraits of Hollywood stars!

"Smile, Please!" (above) wins $5.00 for B. J. Lane, Regina, Sask., Canada.

"Where's the Fire?" (above) is a $5.00 prize winner for Robert S. Holzman, New York City. The noble fire dog is one of the few still "working."

Wistful watcher above brings $5.00 prize to Albin Y. Carlson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Another $5.00 prize winner, right: "Getting Acquainted," submitted by Frank C. Howell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Silver Boy" beauty at left gets $5.00 prize for Dorothy Rivers, Jacksonville, Florida.
RENE DUNNE never talks over her roles with her husband, figuring it’s a task for herself and her manager and one less strain on married life in Hollywood. Joan Blondell, however, figures exactly the opposite way. She wants Dick Powell to read every script submitted to her, and she won’t accept a part unless Dick agrees that the story, the director, and the cameraman are right for her. In turn, she goes over every business proposition presented to him. Both systems work—so far!

WHAT’S true about Rudy Vallee’s present romantic triangle? He has been courting two girls since coming back to Hollywood to make a film with Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie. One of them is sophisticated Barbara Brewster, a member of 20th Century-Fox’s stock company. The other gal is Mary Healy, who’s eighteen and as a woman on the lot describes her—“Clara Bowish, but too innocent to know it!” The Healy rise should be encouraging to every would-be, for only a short while ago she was merely a clerk in the 20th Century-Fox exchange in New Orleans. When she applied for the job she had to promise she wouldn’t maneuver for a movie contract, because they wanted their typing done and no nonsense. One day the company’s Hollywood talent scout hit New Orleans. That night Mary’s boy-friend invited her out. She wore a new dress and pinned a magnolia in her hair, and who should seek her for a film test at night spot she was enjoying but the aforesaid scout! Since she was “off duty,” Mary felt she could go ahead with her opportunity. So now she has sung Irving Berlin’s most sentimental new song, in a big picture, and Rudy, no less, is giving her lavish compliments and plenty of his valuable time.

The Gables at home. Carole and Clark have been living in the Lombard Bel Air house since their marriage and will remain there until the decorators have finished working on the Gable place.

COMEBACKS of the month have been staged by Gertrude Michael, Douglass Montgomery, Isabel Jewell, Simone Simon (in her new French film), Rochelle Hudson, Marian Marsh, El Brendel, Richard Cromwell, Eddie Quillan, Lyle Talbot, Donald Woods, Lupe Velez, and Jack Mulhall. All are working in major studios once again, after bad luck, and Jack Mulhall—once a great hit as a Warner star—has a long-term contract at M-G-M. Stars who would like to be acting, and are only awaiting the right break, include Ramon Novarro, Ann Harding, John Boles, Mae West, and Jon Hall. Mae is cleaning up on her present personal appearance tour, making $15,000 a week. Jon’s been waiting for Sam Goldwyn to make up his mind, being still on the payroll there. John Boles has been doing personal appearances, profitably. Ann’s been wintering inconspicuously in Baltimore, where her husband has been conducting the symphony. Ramon has been enjoying personal life after a 13-year steady diet of stardom. The other day he decided to learn to ice skate, and you can now see him at the Westwood rink.

WHEN Nancy Kelly went to a play in downtown Los Angeles the other night, one of those informal shows where they serve beer between acts and celebrities are introduced, she was given a big send-off as “Patsy.” Kelly, Nancy arose and said—she was charmed, she was sure. Her twelve-year-old kid brother having landed a contract as a movie actor, her small sister is now being tested by the studios. Nancy’s girl-friend is Arleen Whalen, and when the two step out the sight is sensational. Because Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and Mr. and Mrs. Whalen go along. That’s not all. Nancy has a yen for Tommy Wonder, young dancer, and Mr. and Mrs. Wonder are also among those present. Arleen’s admirer (since Richard Greene was boosted to stardom and out of her life) is Alexander D’Arcy, who’s bought an interest in La Conga, the popular rhumba cafe. The gang gathers there. But there is one thing missing in the happy picture—D’Arcy’s parents who are, for some reason not known to the writer, not along. It’s Hollywood hey-ho, 1939 style.

MOST interested women in Vivien Leigh’s Scarlett O’Hara are the gals who tried for the coveted rôle, and failed to get it. Did you know that Frances Dee, for instance, was the actress George Cukor considered best for the part? Cukor quit directing on “Got With the Wind” when he disapproved of the way the production was going. Leslie Howard has been giving Victo Fleming, who inherited the helm, many directorial hints. Right on the set, too. Leslie’s suggestions have been followed out even by Clark Gable. Others who were at one time or another almost Scarlett: Norma Shearer, Paulette Goddard, Jean Arthur, Joan Bennett, and Miriam Hopkins.

Take them off, Jimmy, we know you! It’s Jimmy Stewart dressed for his rôle in “It’s A Wonderful World,” with Claudette Colbert. Maybe you feel he got a bad fit, but Jimmy likes plenty of room.
KATHARINE HEPBURN claims she's through with Hollywood, but is she? Howard Hughes, they say, financed the plan to get her back on the screen. Her present commitments are to two discriminating Eastern theatre groups, and he has decided to get back into the Hollywood production game. So watch for Katie's return in the fall, and remember, as we told you. Her last picture, even though she had Cary Grant to help, was a box-office flop, but with a couple of super-Hughes' efforts she may score again. It's been five years since she made her memorable flop on the New York stage, and you must give her credit for studying acting. She's a long way from this, as she humph come true. We also predict that when she tries the Coast again she'll be a far more pleasant gal to the press.

INSIDERS know that Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson are real rivals on the Warner lot. Muni is winning out, for he now has a contract which gives him absolute choice on everything connected with the pictures in which he appears. Robinson was to have done "Beethoven," and being Hollywood's foremost lover of fine music he would have done a whole of a job of it. But Muni gets it. Paul moved from the seaside villa he adored for a season and now lives within walking distance of his studio. He got so far away from it all that he has plunged to the other extreme. There is no competition between these two actors and their wives, socially. The Munis have a horror of Hollywood society; the Robinsons, thoroughly congenial, are perfect hosts.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is going stag to pre-views these spring nights; he was amazed when Zorina produced a secret husband, and he and Marlene Dietrich are no longer a sympatich pair. Bill Boyd won't use a double, but Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea will—Dennis O'Keefe, now a star himself, once did dangerous stunts for both of 'em. Doug, Sr., is back in Hollywood, again on the verge of producing pictures; he's just had to return a refund granted him seven years ago in an income tax dispute—a sum of $72,186, no less! Frank Morgan has just ridden horseback for the first time since he was a youth, and now he's starting a dude ranch near Palm Springs; he's beaming these days because someone's finally organized a fan club in his honor. Did you know that Mary Boland (the optimist!) is doing Christmas shopping?

Frank McHugh tries to hold the attention of Mrs. Cogney (center) and Mrs. O'Brien, but no luck. Reason: Jimmy and Pat are seated opposite them. Right, Jone Bryan steps out with producer David Lewis. Wonder if those romance rumors about them are true?

YOU won't be seeing Warner Baxter for the rest of 1939. He has completed his long contract at 20th Century-Fox, where he has been the studio's highest-paid star, and he hasn't been doing so well. He's decided to travel until 1940. Baxter fans need not be too alarmed—he's not through with movies, by any means. But the psychological moment has arrived when a clean sweep seems best, and so he and Winifred Baxter will close their mansion—they really have one that qualifies!—and they'll fare forth to learn what the other half of the world is doing these very hectic days.

NOW Robert Cummings is enjoying that old Hollywood feeling called "rediscovery." After Paramount let him go Bob felt terribly discouraged. He'd gotten into pictures when everyone said he couldn't by going to England and then returning as a self-described renowned British actor. He stuck out his recent full and his click in the Durbin picture, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," has won him a shiny new contract with Universal. Consequently, he's finding himself rating as a great guy once again. Bob is still aviation nut number one: he has a four-seater and his wife flies, too. He's been teaching Bill Lundigan, his rival at Universal, what to do with the control sticks. Bill, incidentally, is the newest type of juvenile. He's not worrying about women; he worries about the fate of the world—he has the walls of his bedroom covered with maps of Europe, rather than maps of pretty gals. His desk top is a map of America.

BILL POWELL has regained the thirty pounds he lost, is quite well, and after a thorough rest will team anew with Myrna Loy. . . . You can see the San Francisco World's Fair in the next "Charlie Chan," for Charlie's currently detecting on Treasure Island. . . . Dietrich may be dead at the box office in some people's estimation, but the other night in Hollywood she got more attention from the street crowd than any other star. . . . Now that Elsa Maxwell, society's famed party-thrower, is starring in a movie it won't be long until you'll be watching author Sinclair Lewis act, too! He's putting some of his own cash into putting himself over as an actor. . . . Gloria Stuart's first free-lancerole was back at 20th Century-Fox, amazing because no one else who's concluded a contract there has been asked back. . . . Robert Taylor is the best risk of any movie star, in the opinion of a leading New York life insurance company—they compared private health. . . . and did you know that Bob's last name was picked out of a telephone book? . . . Claire Trevor, Ida Lupino are sad because they wanted the lead in "Golden Boy," which Barbara Stanwyck gets. But then Barbara was pretty sad herself a year ago, for she did "Dark Victory" on the air and tried her best to get it produced pictorially; when Warners saw the light they saw Bette Davis in it, not Barbara.

VIRGINIA BRUCE sometimes dresses her six-year-old daughter, Susan Ann, in miniatures of her own clothes. But so far no movie plans are on the fire for the girl. What Hollywood wants to know is if Leatrice Joy will further coach her fourteen-year-old daughter, Leatrice Joy Gilbert? (John Gilbert, once reigning star, was the boy.) At that time Leatrice senior, popular in silent, was with her every minute, giving her constant advice. But in spite of a good performance, John's first child has slipped back into oblivion.
ANY GIRL WHO REALLY WANTS TO CAN WIN ROMANCE

MADELEINE CARROLL
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "AIR RAID"

"Lovely skin wins hearts, so be careful about Cosmetic Skin — use Lux Toilet Soap as I do"

CLEVER girls take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics all you wish, but use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather to remove them thoroughly. That's what lovely screen stars do! This gentle white soap helps keep skin smooth, appealing.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
excellent time to finish old business, and straighten out the distracting things that have piled up in your life. It is coincidental that Norma Shearer and William Powell were both born in your Sign. You will note that in the past two years they have each had grievous afflictions. That cycle is about over at present, and you come under excellent aspects for 1939. If you feel you should make a romantic change, do so, for you may not have attracted the happiness that should rightfully be yours. The 1st, 4th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 22nd, 27th and 29th are all favorable dates to carry out any plans you may have.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

Try not to be suspicious or jealous of the one you love at this time. Your stars reveal unsettled romantic conditions for this month. Disappointments may have existed throughout the first part of 1939 for you, and your planets are now preparing to bring you fulfillment in romance or marriage. Garbo was born in your Sign, and her much publicized romance with Stokowski failed to end satisfactorily. However, 1940 holds more happiness for this Sign, and you should begin to shape your destiny this month for the future. Money problems will be solved and business ventures may meet with pronounced success in the next six months of your life.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

This month opens under very fortunate aspects for you. Prepare for surprising changes in all departments of your life. Favorable for real estate, financial adjustments, promotion, dealing with the public, and for romantic decisions. If you have not yet settled on the marriage partner, this month may bring that chance. Janet Gaynor and Carole Lombard are both Libra-born, and you will note how the romantic destiny of each seems to be nearing complete fulfillment. This month is confusing for you. Be alert to unusual changes to promote your affairs. The 3rd, 6th, 10th, and 11th are good for changes and travel. The 1st, 4th, 15th, and 19th are good for business interests, and the rest of the month is fair for usual routine affairs.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

You may find more happiness this month than you have known for some time. Your Sign is now ascending to a very high position in the world, and it is time for you to cash in on this change. You will make business changes, and profit from them. Money will be easier to get than it has been for the past two years. Hedy Lamarr was born in this Sign, and her recent good luck is a true indication of what is happening to this Sign, Prepare for business changes, and watch the romantic affairs of your life. If you are not yet settled to romance this month holds promise of something definite happening. The good days are the 1st, 5th, 8th, 14th, 20th, 26th, and 29th.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

A vital romantic decision may await you this month. You stand on the threshold of destiny changes. This month marks the inception of that new cycle in all your affairs. Good days for changes in position, or location, are the 3rd, 6th, 10th and 15th. Adverse days in which you must use caution, are the 9th, 9th, 18th, and 27th. The other days are excellent for all routine matters. News may come of important events at a distance, also travel is favored for you this month. Deanna Durbin and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. were born in this Sign.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

The obstacles that have stood in your way for some time are removed at this time, and you should be able to progress in your chosen work. Finances will be much better this month. Use caution in all business dealings, however, for you are apt to act in haste or with anxiety. Romantic interests thrive this month, and definite plans may be made. Two screen stars born in this Sign are Ray Milland and Anita Louise. They have been sharing the good fortune that should come to Capricorn people at this time.

January 20 to February 18—Aquarius

This month starts out favorably for you in all matters relating to finances, the home, romance and travel. Your ruler, Neptune, gives you an unusual chance this month to promote your business interests. Ask for a raise, or seek promotion this month. In romance choose wisely, and make no immediate decisions for you are under an excellent love affair. If married, there may be some doubt as to the marriage lasting. The 3rd, 6th, 9th, 15th, 21st, 24th and 26th are favorable for all activities. Ronald Colman, Adolphe Menjou and Edgar Bergen were born in the Sign of Aquarius.

February 19 to March 20—Pisces

This month begins with very active romantic aspects for the first half of the month. Venus and Neptune form desirable aspects that may bring into your life unusual romantic conditions, and the fulfillment of your love dreams. If discontented with your lot in life, seek to make changes in this favorable period, for you will be attended by excellent luck. The 3rd, 5th, 8th, 13th, 15th, and 27th are red letter days, marked by some unusual occurrence. The other days are fair for routine matters, and for pursuing home interests. Good for travel, visits to relatives, signing papers, real estate investments, or buying stocks and bonds. The latter part of the month brings some business change that is good for future development and it is a good time to press all business ventures, and seek promotion and change. Joan Bennett was born in the Sign of Pisces.

Despite the fact that this month's forecast is given here for each Sign of the Zodiac, there is a definite reading for every Sign.

Norvell Foretells The Future

Continued from page 23

Though Jeffrey Lynn is teamed regularly in films with Priscilla Lane, above, it’s her sister Rosemary who gets the off-screen dates.
Hazel-eyed girls, like Jean Parker

Find thrilling new Beauty in

Marvelous Matched Makeup!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, keyed to the color of your eyes!

ELS: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your eyes?

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing new way, and the only true guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll love it!

JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!

ELS: You're proof that it's perfect for hazel eyes, Joan! But my eyes are blue!

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

ELS: And they discovered that eye color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! It's the color of your eyes!

JOAN: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look... just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so smoothly—gives your lips lovely, long-lasting color!

ELS: And with Marvelous, you look lovelier instantly! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for perfect color harmony, use them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55c each!

(65c in Canada)

MARVELOUS Matched MAKEUP
By Richard Hudnut
KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

My eyes are Blue [ ] Brown [ ] Gray [ ] Hazel [ ]

Name__________________________

Address______________________

Street________________________

City__________________________

State________________________

Send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metallic containers. I enclose 10c to help cover mailing costs.

S C R E E N L A N D

75
Lips that invite love must be soft lips...swetly smooth, blissfully 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—it 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. 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.

New—an exciting fashion-setting shade, "Dahlia." Available in Lipstick and Rouge.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

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

Claudette Confesses

Continued from page 66

hitch-hiking scene they acted it out before the "Mike," and I'm telling you we were rolling in the aisles. That Colbert, I mean, is really funny. She's the grandest comedienne in the world! She doesn't do any of the old comedy tricks—she doesn't mug or take falls (mercy, did you see Ethel Barrymore ever mugging like Mickey Rooney in "White-oaks? What is the Royal Family coming to?). She isn't corny, and she definitely isn't screwball. She has chic and beauty to burn, but she certainly isn't one of those camera-hogs. What she is—and you know it as well as I do—is a darned good actress. She gives comedy that certain something. Finesse, I guess I'll call it until I can play some more word games. And she gives out with this finesse better than any star in Hollywood.

When some of those babes get all coy and girly-girly up there on the screen, or start screaming and ranting around (that seems to be the idea now), I get so downright embarrassed for them that I start wriggling in my seat and snapping the chase on my bag. "Lucky you," I say to myself, "that the audience doesn't see if you right off the screen." I have never had an uncomfortable moment at a Colbert comedy. Of course there was the time when Gary Cooper spanked her in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and I laughed so hard I popped the zipper on my black crepe and stopped a draught and caught a cold—yes, I admit I was a bit uncomfortable then.

Well, when the broadcast was over I picked myself up out of the aisle and hurried backstage to drool over Colbert. It seems that several hundred other fans had the same idea. When I pushed myself in at last I gave out with a gay, "You were wonderful, Claudette! Simply wonderful! How does it feel to be the greatest comedienne in Hollywood?"

Miss Colbert gave me a look. Which I might describe as the most refined dirty look I have ever received. "Don't give me that," she said, "You know me. You can't be natural." Some day I'm going to haul off and hit her.

"Listen, you kid, already seeing the headlines—Fan Writer Pops Star—I don't make pretty talk. I meant every word I said. You were wonderful, Claudette. I nearly died laughing. You're the greatest."

"Look," Claudette interrupted shaking out the folds of her dress, "just exactly two seconds before I had to go out there and face that audience I spilled a glass of orange juice down the front of my dress. Wouldn't you know I'd do something like that! Did it show very much?"

"No, it didn't show at all," I snapped.

"And if I live to be a hundred I'll never bother to tell you again that you're a swell actress. You're—you're in the bag!"

"No," said Claudette, "I'm not an ingrate. I'm just a comedienne. A slapstick artist. A laugh-getter. I take falls, and I stand on my head, and I screw my face out of shape, and I get thrown around like a bag of potatoes just so people will laugh. I started out as an actress—but look at me now!"

She pulled up her sleeves and showed me two big bruises on her forearm, nice luscious blue bruises that were well on their way to becoming nice luscious purple bruises. Her knee was skinned beautifully and wrapped up in adhesive tape. On her legs were scratches painted with mercurochrome, and on her head was a bump, neat but not gandy.

"Why you have been in an automobile accident!" I shouted. "Claudette, how horrible! When and how did it happen?"

Well, I was gently informed by Miss Colbert, who was patiently trying to put her coat, that an automobile had nothing to do with it. Neither had she been playing with the Hound of the Baskervilles. She had simply been making a picture. A comedy called, "It's a Wonderful World." And the director was Van Dyke directing. That virile soul, Ben Hecht, wrote it—and he didn't pull his punches. And from the looks of things Colly was taking a terrific punch. "Jimmy's a mess too," she mourned.

"He had to fall off the side of a boat today. I only had to fall out of a tree. I didn't even have to bother to think my mother raised me to play Electra."

"But, Claudette," I insisted, "you're the grandest comedienne in Hollywood. Everybody laughs, you make them laugh. You're right up there among the first dozen in the country's popularity poll. You're an Academy Award winner. Why, you're in a wonderful spot. You don't even have to bother to look like Heddy Lamarr. If you are not content with being Hollywood's most glamorous comedienne "Why don't you do some pictures. I want to act. I want to get my teeth into something. But no one will give me a chance."

"Yes. Go ahead and say it. I want to chew scenery."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather. Here I thought Claudette Colbert was deliberately happy way up there on the top of the pile—a spot envied by practically every woman in America—but it seems she was astonished, surprised at first, and a little horrified. But I got to thinking it over later and now I am thoroughly torn between two viewpoints. Being one of those people who had no fairy godmothers fluttering around her cradle when she was born I, personally, don't have to worry about any gifts of any kind. But I do wonder how many people who have no fairy godmothers might not think which says: Toosie-pee, if there is anything you can do well, for Pete's sake do it. Do what you can do and don't worry about doing what you can't do. A pretty good motto. "Surely it is not entirely fit the case of Miss Colbert exactly. Of course I feel that she should be awfully happy, and glad, and full of life, and making people laugh. Why make people cry, when you can make them laugh? But then, on the other hand, an actress has to show what she's got. She's an actress. And the best way in the world to show off on stage or screen is to play a great dramatic role. The Marilyn Millers of the stage are quickly forgotten—the Bernhardts, Duses, and Katharine Cornells will be remembered a long, long time. Bernhardt, I bet, was awfully hammy at times, and Cornell I have seen stoop to the corny, but they are great dramatic actresses, so that makes everything all right. Every real actress would give ten years of her life to go into "Phedre," "Medea," "Camille," "Joan, Lady Macketh," "Mona Vanna," "Hedda Gabler" and dozens of other so-called "meaty" roles. And after all, Claudette is a real actress. Before coming to Hollywood she was a star on the New York stage with the Theatre Guild, and with Walter Huston in "The Covered Wagon." And she won the talk of the town for several seasons, and all the critics did nip-ups and predicted that Claudette would in no time at all become the grandest comedienne. But knowing what she was told—that producers know best—Claudette did what she was told to do when she came to Hollywood, and what she was told to do was to play "streamlined." Anybody can play "streamlined." It doesn't take any talent to do that. Only a pretty face, a good figure, and enough sense to re-
When Director W. S. Van Dyke welcomed Claudette Colbert to Metro—Goldwyn, where he’s directing her in “It’s a Wonderful World,” and where the lion is the studio trademark, he presented her with this seven-months-old cub. It’s a comedy murder mystery and her first co-starring picture with James Stewart.

BUCK UP, BOSS! I’M STILL FOR YOU!

STOP MOONING AROUND, BILL—PATCH THINGS UP WITH SUE! YOU CAN—IF—WELL—WHY DON’T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AIN’T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. IT’S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT’S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

Colgate’s special penetrating foam gets to 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 Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it.

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S....

TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY—but you'll have to stay with JEPF until I get back from our honeymoon!
Three Steps to The Altar!

Can the Martin-Faye Marriage Last? Continued from page 33

mind; her own mother can’t sway her an inch.”

“But what about the separation rumors?” I repeated. “Since you’ve been married you’ve separated several times. Last year you came East without Alice, and this year, too.”

“Alice is joining me next week,” Tony said quietly. “The separations are only because of business. We have not separated because of disagree- ments since our marriage. Though if you believed the newspapers, you’d think we were constantly on the outs. You know Alice and I gave up reading papers seven months ago because of the Hollywood rumor facto- ry. One Sunday morning Alice and I were lying in bed, very happy. Alice had her arm around me and we were discussing our next trip to the desert for a vacation together. Zella, the maid, brought in the morning papers. In a gossip column was an item: ‘Too bad the Fay-Martin mar- riage has hit a snag. The kids have sepa- rated, Alice going to her mother’s, and Tony to a hotel.’ Naturally, it upset us terribly!”

On another occasion when Tony and Alice were dining at a friend’s house—they love to eat out—a movie gossiper’s pro- gram was on. It is rumored that Alice Faye and Tony Martin have split up,” he said. “Practically every columnist has been urging us on to a break.” And there is such a thing, you know, as having some- thing drummed into you so often you almost get to believe it! “Certainly we are not staying married to fool the papers, but because we enjoy being together. Later we would break up, there will be no rumors or denials. You will be the first one to know it.”

“But where do they get the basis for such rumors?” I persisted.

Tony thought a while. “Unconsciously, we’ve given them meat for their mill be- cause we aren’t together every minute. Alice sometimes dines alone; so do I.”

In the first two months of their mar- riage, the young couple had dinner together just four times. “That’s no, because we don’t want to go out together,” Tony ex- plained. “It’s because one of us is usually working. And when you work at a film studio, you don’t go home till fairly late, then you’re tired and want to rest.

When you broadcast, your entire evening is taken up. When we married, we expected all of each other’s attention. Never once has Alice given me any cause for jealousy, though she must be alone often. We both wanted peace of mind when we married. And we have it!”

I doubted this statement. And I told Tony so. But he insisted that they both had peace of mind.

“You know,” I told him, “shortly before Alice married you she said, ‘I want a hus- band. I’m pretty well convinced that I shall not find one in Hollywood. I want some nice man whose career is outside of films. Above all, I think I want someone who will be the boss. Some women seem to be happy running the whole show and their husbands. But mine will run the show in our house.' How do you fit the bill?”

“I’m not a Hollywood star, I’m a radio performer,” he answered quickly. “When we married we had already established our- selves, and we knew what we were doing. In our home, there is no question of who’s the boss. If we had to live on a forty dollar a week income, problems would arise about what we could afford and couldn’t; as it is, each of us does as he wants. We never see the bills; our business manager pays them. And Zella, Alice’s maid, runs our home. Since neither of us is extravagant, our income is ample for whatever we want. That’s one of the things I like about Alice, Tony continued. “Though she could spend all kinds of money on clothes, she usually buys the dresses that have been made for her to appear in a film. They fit her per- fectly, and she can get them reasonably, so why not, is her viewpoint. I buy her jewelry, gifts, and occasionally, a dress.”

“But what about the bills?” I persisted.

“That’s a touchy subject, let’s skip it.

Blonde, brunette or redhead...start your “Wed- ding March” today by using Tangee Make-Up...for its sweet “young” lattery...and its proved popularity with men!

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let some smart salesperson swindle you.

TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for a evening wear, ask for Tangee Thumeral.

D随lel in the newest beach styles, Helen Ericson (left) and Alice Armond join hands "in support" of Lillian Porter, making a cute trio.

But when I persisted, he said, “I pay the bills, except for little things Alice want to get. She claims her only bit of inde- pendence is in buying dresses and little trinkets and gifts. She keeps buying thing for me. Last Christmas when, incidentally the rumor factories were working overtime and forecasting our break-up, we had a big Christmas tree. Alice got me a camel hair overcoat, binoculars, gold clips for my shirt; I gave her a diamond wrist watch.”

“Sometimes her taste is awful, though it doesn’t tell her. Recently she came home with green shirts for me. I wore ‘em for fear I would order not to hurt her feelings, and the phone the laundry to be sure to lose them in the wash.”

“I make as much, if not more, the Alice,” Tony volunteered. I doubted the statement very much, for Alice is one of Fox’s highest paid stars. While it is true that Tony is a big success in radio, Alice is equally successful in this field. In fact, she was so popular on the air that recently she was asked off her program for the ex- hibitors claimed when fans could hear her every week, why they should spend money to see her pictures?

To me, in their careers lies the crux of their marriage difficulty. Though Tony an Alice love each other dearly, and are try- ing desperately to make a go of their mar-riage. Tangee Lipstick’s “orange blossom magic” will give your lips sweet-natural appeal...as it changes to your very own shade of adorable blush rose, and helps preserve velvet softness.

Tangee Rouge, Creme or Compact, echoes the lure of your lips...Tangee Powder clings without coating...to give you the fresh, lovely com- plexion that leads to a bridal veil!

Tangee 3-Face Miracle Make-Up Set


Name [ ]
Street [ ]
City [ ] State [ ]

Sreenland
I feel that unless Tony succeeds as an actor, their marriage will fail. Already it is a moot question between them.

"At home," Tony admitted, "we never discuss business. We have found the best way is to interfere with each other's work. We don't try to help each other. One night I tried to help Alice learn her lines, and the next day she blew up in them.

"At the beginning, we'd visit each other's sets frequently. But it created a nervous tension, and now we never watch each other work. In fact, we never express an opinion of the other's work unless it is definitely requested. I wanted to know how I sounded on my last broadcast, so Alice told me frankly, 'You sounded quite well in the song you chose. But I think another type of song would be more suitable for your voice.'"

"We've learned to mind our own business since we were married," Tony admitted. At the beginning they felt differently. In their first picture together after their marriage, "Sally, Irene and Mary," Tony played opposite Alice. And try as he did, he knew he was pretty bad as an actor. Throughout the film, Alice encouraged him and patted him on the back, trying to build up his self-confidence. And though he was decidedly not a hit in this picture, he would have been worse, he feels, if not for Alice's aid. But a man has pride, and as his moving picture career went down, and Alice's went sky high, I imagine Tony grew self-conscious about the whole business. Now he does as he or she wants, without interference from the mate.

Recently, Tony got his release from Twentieth Century-Fox, though his contract had a year to run. They were willing to make a settlement; he only wanted to be free, for he felt that being cast in grade B pictures did him no good. When Twentieth Century-Fox suggested that he could wait till he was built up, that he needed further experience, Tony, who felt he was ready for a big part, asked for his release. And the next day he was offered contracts by three motion picture companies. But upon the advice of his manager, he agreed instead to make a personal appearance tour, to build up his popularity, and collect the checks which are rolling in very quickly. For he was a tremendous success at the Paramount Theatre in New York, where he was held over for three weeks.

When Alice and Tony married, they were both game kids. Both had come to pictures via the radio, where they had been successful. Suddenly, Alice was catapulted to fame in the movies, reaching stardom with amazing rapidity. Today she is one of the ten most popular stars in pictures. And, as we know, Tony, who began his moving picture career with equal promise, has had another experience.

Now Alice wants a man who is the boss; someone whom she can look up to and admire. She doesn't want a Mr. Alice Faye-Tony, just as desperately doesn't want to be Mr. Alice Faye. He'll break his neck to make a name for himself in films, to forge ahead in radio. If he succeeds in making the grade in pictures, or possibly in becoming the outstanding radio singer, as important in this field as Alice is in the movies, I think the Faye-Martin marriage will last. If he fails, I feel Alice will lose her faith in him and there will be no ranch in Encino, no retirement to bind them together. They may have their ranch, as he prophesies; Alice may retire to have children, as she hopes. But on the other hand, she may lose patience and their marriage end suddenly. Personally, I feel he's a nice boy and I hope things turn out right. But I've never heard of a marriage being truly successful where the woman was more famous, unless the husband was a wealthy. Which Tony certainly is not.
Hedy Lamarr's Own Story  Continued from page 25

and her cocker spaniel in a leather frame on the living-room table.

The house, low and white, with a porch that runs across one entire side, is on the top of a mountain, nestled in a whole bevy of mountains, and the view is almost as breathtakingly beautiful as Hedy is herself. The private road up the mountain side is pretty frightening if you're a nervous driver (which Hedy isn't, and how she takes those curves!) and you get in second and stay there, and just hope to heaven that Hedy doesn't decide to come down the mountain while you are going up. Hedy has been very busy planting flowers—roses and camellias and hycmists—much to the delight of Donder.

Donder is a Great Dane with a sweet disposition and is the first present that Gene gave his bride. "I call him Ferdinand," said Hedy, "because he likes to smell the flowers." (I noticed that he also likes to dig them up.) Her other present from her bridegroom, to date, is a sapphire surrounded by a cluster of small diamonds. Jewels are no novelty to Hedy—her first husband, the munitions manufacturer, Fritz Mandl, fairly smothered her in them—but if you could see the pride and love with which she shows you her wedding ring and her engagement ring you can well understand that Gene's two rather simple rings mean much more to her than all the most expensive bangles from Cartier and Tiffany.

Hedy decided on a slender "HLM." "I sped up, Blanche brought tea to. And Hedy was ready to talk. Blanche was with Jean Harlow for six years. She is one of the nicest maids in Hollywood and I was delighted to see her again.

"You want to know when I first met Gene?" Hedy in a red and gray dirndl made herself quite comfortable across from me. "It was before I even started 'Aligiers.' I saw him at the Clover Club one night and I said to Edie Goetz, 'Who is that charming man?' I met him that night but he seemed gloomy and pre-occupied. When we were alone at the table for a few minutes and started to talk someone came over and insisted that I dance. It seems that every time we met at parties for months after that someone was always snatching me away before we could talk." (That someone, I happen to know, was Reggie Gardner who was terribly jealous of the beautiful Miss Lamarr.)

Well, Joan Bennett, who was still very friendly with Gene though they had been divorced several years, heard that Hedy thought her former husband a most fascinating man. So Joan told Gene, "You have made a conquest. Hedy Lamarr thinks you are the most charming man she has ever met." Well, and hell, when Gene heard that he decided to do a bit of cutting-in.

"I was so unhappy while I was making 'Take This Woman.' I worked so hard." Hedy continued, "Every night I would go straight home from the studio and go to bed. I never go out when I am working. Then one afternoon Gene Markey called me and invited me to his home to a dinner party. It was the first time he had called me. But I told him that I could not go to parties when I was working—that shows how determined I was to work hard on that picture, that wonderful picture"—(Ed. note: Hedy can be as sarcastic as the next one at times—at times when she thinks of "I Take This Woman")—"because the thing I most wanted to do was to see Gene Markey. Then Gene said, 'Couldn't you see me sometime?' Yes, I said. 'When?' said Gene. 'Saturday night,' I said. And I have seen him every day and every night since!

I'm afraid, young men of America, and all you college boys who want to get married on a desert island with Hedy Lamarr, that it was love at first sight. They dined together. They danced together. They read together. They wrote together. (Hedy has a secret ambition.) And Gene became the most envied man in Hollywood. You can well imagine. Why, every man in town had been trying to get a date with the glamorous Lamarr. But before Mr. Markey's entrance, Hedy the Beautiful hadn't paid much attention to famous. Reggie Gardner she liked a lot, but she only considered him a very close and amusing friend. Her disinterest in men is rather well illustrated by a joke they used to tell about her on the studio lot. "Hedy Lamarr on the 'I Take This Woman' set, so the joke went, 'is like a WPA Project. The men stand around watching but they don't get any place." "Gene and I were coming home from a party about two months ago," said Hedy continued. "When we drove up to my house in Beverly Hills I said, Please, Gene, drive me around the block. There was so much smoke at the party I want to get it out of my lungs before I go in. We drove around again—and again—it was such a beautiful night. Then Gene suddenly stopped the car,
let's get married. And then the weirdest thing happened. It was wonderful. Just as he said let's get married I saw a comet—is it a comet you call it—a dazzlingly brilliant comet flashed across the skies. 'Wish, Gene,' I said, so excited, 'Quick! Make a wish,' I wish for you,' said Gene.

Hedy feels that the comet was a good omen, and means that she and Gene will find great happiness in their marriage. Hedy is thoroughly in sympathy with the theory of astrology. Born on November 9 under the sign of Scorpio she tells you that seven is her lucky number. Her address on Benedict Canyon has two sevens in it. Her telephone number adds up to seven. And she moved in her new home on the 7th of the month. Why, it's a circle.

Hedy and Gene don't believe in long engagements so they decided to marry in the late spring or early summer, in hopes they could get away from Hollywood at that time on a honeymoon. But one night Hedy arrived at Gene's house for dinner, and the usually very ebullient Hedy was quite dejected. 'They want to put me into The Woman,' she said, 'and they are talking of re-making I Take This Woman' when Spencer Tracy gets back. I suppose we'll have to postpone our marriage indefinitely. We'll never get to move into our sweet little home.'

'No,' said Gene, 'we won't postpone it. We'll get married tonight. We'llelope.'

He phoned the Mexican consul to make arrangements for him. Hedy rushed home and packed a bag. Gene picked her up at ten-thirty and without calling anyone in Hollywood they were off for the border—laughing and giggling like a couple of children. They arrived in San Diego about two in the morning and went to a hotel there to spend the rest of the night. By that time the Press was hot on their heels. Early the next morning they drove to Mexico, and were married there at the Court House with Gustavo Padres, Mexican consul at Calexico, and Jimmy Alvarez, Mexicani tavern manager, as their witnesses. The ceremony was in Spanish and both Gene and Hedy, an American and an Austrian, did all right with their 'Si.'

'I was so excited,' Hedy continued, 'my head was in a whirl. Reporters and photographers seemed to pop up out of the ground. And so many Mexicans crowded around. A woman reporter gave me three flowers for my bridal bouquet. Wasn't that sweet of her? I hadn't thought of a bridal bouquet, why, I couldn't even think of my name. The flowers were—they were like this—(Ed. note: Whenever Hedy can't think of the English word she wants to use she draws you a picture. And so good is her drawing that you catch on immediately.)'

'Phlox,' I said. And Hedy continued, 'we didn't have a ring, of course, so Gene slipped his seal ring on my finger and I almost dropped it in the excitement. After the ceremony we had lunch—I celebrated we drank red wine for we drove on to Cortedano, that beautiful hotel by the ocean. We sent funny wires to our friends from there.

They moved into their honeymoon house on the mountaintop a few days later. Gene had to return to the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, where he both writes and produces, and they went to Metro for those never-ending tests. Out of these days they'll get that honeymoon. 'We shall be very happy, Gene and I,' said Hedy. 'I was getting ready to leave, because we want each other to have perfect freedom.'

I don't think the Markleys are going to wear all those lucky sevens because it looks like a perfect set-up without them.

A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

If there is any doubt in your mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and wives, are...

1. Non-Caustic. "Lysol" in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. Effectiveness. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter. 3. Spreading. "Lysol" solutions spread due to low surface tension; virtually search out germs. 4. Economy. "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about 1½ an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. 5. Odor. The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. Stability. "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it is uncorked.

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Sex-Appeal Kid
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almost purring—that’s it. He has a very strong voice. The man’s voice can be so much. Both he and Spencer have funny voices. And I don’t mean funny in the comic sense, I mean that they are voices that stir the senses.

“There’s never a man in the world who’s attractive to women who isn’t a man’s man, too. Jimmy is a man’s man. On the other hand, he has a terrifically soft, sweet side to him. There is probably nothing so obvious as the man who is 100 per cent male, the Big Bruiser type; nothing more revolting than the poxy-cat woman who is 100 per cent female. Jimmy is the Male—with undercurrents. It’s in the way he looks at you, too, for when he looks at you, you know that he is taking a terrific interest in you. But no sooner do you feel all soft and flattery because of this then you realize that he also takes a terrific interest in everyone and in everything. Immediately you are piqued. The hurriness in you is aroused, wings and talons, tooth and nail. You would like to snare that interest for yourself, narrow it down to you. But you can’t. Why? When you say, you know that you never can. There is a quizzical something about Jimmy, a terrific sense of humor, a humor touched with a woman’s compassion for suffering, too, with the Satanic. Fiendishly provocative, this. You know that he is thinking, always, 30,000 more things than he is saying, or ever will say. And when he says something to you, you have an idea that he may be meaning anything but what he is saying. Jimmy doesn’t pay compliments. If he does, it’s never ordinary, usual compliment. You know that he could be cruel, but wouldn’t be. You know that he’s a very tender, considerate guy, that no hands would be more gentle picking up the pieces of a heart; as a lover, you sense, he would be divine.

“His so un-obvious,” concluded Bette, “this is my definition of the Cagney sex-appeal, if you can make anything of it. I can’t. That’s why he has it.”

Ann Sheridan, looking like a portrait which would put the boys in the Hays Office on the spot, torn between being Men and being Mentors, answered my question as follows: “Most of Jimmy’s is in his voice. It’s so intimate, his voice. It’s seldom, if ever, says the things you’d like to imagine it saying, but you keep on imagining. A woman always feels that he is talking to her, to her and to nobody else, even though there may be seven other people present. There’s implication in Jimmy’s voice, and in his eyes. “Jimmy has a pair of very wicked eyes, ever notice that? Well, I have. That’s part of the appeal, I think, and part, it’s the way he smiles, it’s because he can’t be still. Even his eyes are always going, to right, to left, looking behind him to see who’s there, in the way he has of making you feel that he knows a lot more about you than you ever told him, than he could possibly know, it’s in his shy, shy smile, it’s in the different way his cheeks when he smiles, it’s an animal magnetism which is the definition, an animal magnetism with which a person is born and which cannot be acquired. That is, it’s instinctual, not acquired. He had it, I am sure, when he danced on the sidewalks of New York, when he wrapped packages in Wanamaker’s basement. But it wasn’t there when he was born in him, it’s in his blood, in his bones. He can’t escape it—and neither can you.

“He’s always so darn sweet, so very polite. One of the most courteous men I’ve ever met. You don’t expect this courtesy from him, before you meet him, and when you meet up with it, you are fascinated.

He isn’t the too-familiar type, either. He doesn’t call you ‘Toots’ the first day he meets you. He takes his time getting himself and expects other people to take the same. The first day I met him he called me ‘Miss Sheridan,’ The second day he was there he called me ‘Baby.’ The third day he called me ‘Baby.’ He calls every girl Baby sooner or later. And you know that he does. And yet he has a way of saying ‘Baby’ that no other man under the sun ever had.” Ann gave a slight, delightful shudder, she said, “It gets you!

“Then the compliments he pays you, so rarely, he’d never say ‘you look gorgeous,’ or ‘gawd, but you’re beautiful!’—nothing so run-of-the-mill as that. He’d say, ‘swell thing you’ve got on there, Kid’—and you’d get a thrill. “I would say, ‘well, compliments of other men could ever give you. He said to me one day, ‘you’ve got a damn nice hair-line, Annie. First thing I notice about you was your hair—I mean who but Jimmy Cagney would ever think of saying just that?”

In ‘Angels With Dirty Faces’ I had a scene with Jimmy, with no trouble with that scene. Maybe he’d roused the Mother in me—whatever it was, I couldn’t get that slap so it satisfied the camera. My heart is always that if Ann could be made a Big Swooner in Tennessee, that Ann would be living there again, really. Jimmy took me off the set and rehearsed me, showing me how to walk up to him, showing me how to slap him and I mean slap him: and we got the scene and he wore blisters for five days. When you’re working with Jimmy, and if you have lines to say, and you aren’t right, he’ll work to change your lines as much as ever he’d work to change his own. He may be little in stature, as men go, but he’s big in spirit, as few men go! That’s Jimmy.”

“Before I met Jimmy,” Rosemary Lane told me, “I didn’t think I’d like him very much. I imagined he would be really sort of tough, nose-cracking, hard-boiled, as he is in pictures. Jimmy is so sweet and so very sort of shy and yet not shy, at all, you know what I mean, and so intellectual and all. He can talk about anything. He can talk about politics, books, the sea, humanity and its wrongs, economics, all sorts of huge things. And women, I think, stand in awe of a man who knows so much. And to feel awe for a man is to feel a very strong attraction, too. Of course, I think small men are more appealing to women than Tall, Dark and Handsome cues ever are. I don’t know why they just are.

“Jimmy and I started to work together in ‘The Oklahomans Kid.’ He teased the littlesteves of his lines, just like, and we chatted and glanced together, and I’d catch him staring at me, just staring and staring. I finally said to him, ‘What in heaven’s name is the matter, Jimmy? Why do you keep staring at me like this?’ And he answered, ‘Don’t you every blink your eyes?’ He’d say something like that, I know now, something no one else would think of. But then I thought that maybe he was a touch strange and I said, soothily, ‘Why, don’t you blink?’ No, he told me, ‘and I think you look so cute, you know, to see a girl’s lashes sweeping her cheeks occasionally.’ I went around for days blinking like mad.

“Jimmy is the type of man who never runs after women. He is not the type who would ever run after women. He never misses a trick but he takes all the tricks, sitting back there and just watching. He’s so very quiet a times that he does something to your imagination, you wonder and wonder what he’s thinking; his very quietness is strange.
"You just feel all sorts of potentialities in Jimmy. He could be kind, he could be cruel, he could be hard, he could be as sentimental as a lace paper valentine. I know that I would have to have him mad at me, the look in his eyes if he hated you or felt contempt for you would probably kill you. He is so utterly unlike the things he does on the screen and yet, is he? You ask yourself questions about Jimmy Cagney. The more you get to know him, the more questions you ask, and they are never quite answered—and so you never leave off thinking about him!"

Said Glenda Farrell, in her best political platform manner, "James Cagney, Esquire, is the most vital man I've ever known. Physically vital, mentally vital, emotionally vital. That says it all, really. And his is a special kind of vitality. Great, rough-bewn men who have bolder minds like so many marbles are one thing, that's not Jimmy's brand. Jimmy moves with grace. His walk is cat-like. He's smooth. He's suave. Characteristics which do not go, ordinarily, with such a terrible vitality as his. Because for all his grace and smoothness and suavity there's a terrific suspense behind every movement and gesture. He speaks more quietly, more gently, than any man I know, and yet there is a quality of force and magnetism behind every word he utters. I believe that I could be in a group of silver-tongued orators, thundering and haranguing away, and Jimmy could whisper something and it would be Jimmy I'd hear, Jimmy I'd pay attention to. I can only say that if Cagney were lined up with ten men, all ten wearing Arrow collar profiles and great god torsos, I'd see only Cagney. Need I go on? Indeed, should I?"

"It's this way with Jimmy," Joan Blondell told me, "even when he bats you around, throws a grapefruit in your face—my face, if you remember—you know that he'll make up for it. You know that in Jimmy is the power and the strength to make you suffer, physically, emotionally, in any way he might choose to inflict suffering. You are afraid of him. And whether he be perverse or not, women are always attracted to the men they fear. On the other hand, you also know that he holds his strength in check. You know he can dominate you but that he can, also, dominate himself. And I don't believe there's any way for a man to be more attractive than this way, which is Jimmy's way. It's the strength you feel in him, strength to meet any situation, anywhere, any time. If you were lost at sea with Jimmy, stranded on a desert island, come the Revolution, in a moonlit garden making love, Jimmy would Take Care of Everything. Jimmy would be the Master, the dominant factor, the Leader, and with the strength there is the tenderness. Jimmy would never hurt anyone's feelings; even if he broke your heart he'd make it all right, somehow, in some way. He gives to women the thrilling sense of danger, yet the danger is tempered by a sense of confidence, too, a sense of comfort. If he hurt, he'd help; if he caused suffering, he'd salvage the wreck. It's the excitement of the opposing forces within him, the danger and the tenderness, yes, I think my definition of Jimmy's appeal is the word 'excitement.' He is exciting!"

So, I was right after all. My girlish dreams were not off the track, the pink hair, white eyelashes, freckles are NOT the "points" which add up to the Cagney sex-appeal. His walk, his parrying voice, his wicked eyes, the things he doesn't say, well, the girls who know him best have given us the real points. I'll leave it to you to tabulate them, see what you get; see whether you agree or disagree with Bette and Ann, Rosemary, Glenda and Joan.

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**Glamorize Begins with Beautiful Eyes**

It was reported in New York newspaper headlines: "Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes"? But do they always look twice? Just try this and see —

Blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids to give your eyes exciting depth and brilliance. Use the perfectly painted Maybelline Eyelash Pencil to form graceful brows. Now Maybelline Mascara for the thrilling appearance of longer, darker startling lashes. No fear of unbecoming smudges. Maybelline stays on perfectly—is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

"Glamorize" today with genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.
Brunette vs. Blonde?

Continued from page 31

and Di for Diana.) Now it depresses her and in a few weeks will be done over in warm gray and daffodil yellow.

So much for the physical aspects of the change in her. They are interesting but relatively unimportant. What counts is what has happened to Joan herself. The inner changes are the ones which have given a new Joan to her friends and associates and will, I think, give a new star to the movie fans. Watch for her in "The Man In the Iron Mask" which she will make soon with Louis Hayward and see if you don't agree. Anent that, Joan has a neat little triumph to crow about were she the crowing type; darned few blondes I know could come through a de-bleaching process with more character in their faces than before. Inevitably when you take away their spectacular crowns of golden glory you end up with a nice big zero.

Chief among the facets of her new personality as others see her is her new quiet posture of a gentlewoman. Not only does she belong behind the tea table in a gracious drawing-room, but she looks as if she belonged there. There is an intimate, feminine quality of softness about her now which is the prime attribute of all great ladies. She is friendlier, too, and easier to approach. She was friendly before, yes, but somehow you felt it was an indifferent, casual thing that didn't really matter much one way or the other. She sensed that too, and fought against it, for by instinct her heart is as big as all outdoors. It was just that people couldn't seem to get through to her or crack the brittle shell which warned you away in some strange fashion from trying to encroach upon her own private little world. She has become an excellent conversationalist, capable of expressing in full and honest words the thoughts that so long were locked behind the gates of a self-consciousness that bordered closely on a fear complex. As one fan pointed out, she always has had a "brunette voice" (a perfect description, isn't it, of that surprising low quality of hers?) and now it is in keeping with her personality.

"Perhaps that was why a roomful of people suddenly would look startled beyond words when I would rise to the courage to 'speak up in meeting,'" Joan chuckled. "A calm brunette voice coming from a dasy blonde would be some-

thing of a shock. Or maybe it was the incredible idea of a dasy blonde having a thought!"

Most satisfying to herself of the changes she has noted is her new assurance, Joan said. "And I think I know where I got it. I went on. 'I always felt so conspicuous with that mop of blonde hair that it looked me of a good deal of self-respect I might otherwise have had. You cannot have assurance without a nominal amount of self-respect. Now I'm no longer conscious of hair any more than any other part of my body. At least when I look in the mirror nowadays I don't feel so much like saying 'I think you're a fright.'"

She is conscious of a new adventurous spirit. Where before she was content placidly to obey the dictates of custom and usage, she now is driven by sly urges to take chances, gamble on things, try her wings a little beyond the horizon of yesterday. Once it was enough to meet life; now she challenges it. And finally, there is her new "umph", that all-important quality in a woman be she blonde, brunette, or redhead.

If darkening her hair hasn't increased Joan's sex attraction, a lot of men have been dialing her number for the sheer fun of playing with a telephone. Joan admits to feeling this new power within. She doesn't claim it as her, but she does say she feels more "aware" of herself as a woman and has noticed an exciting response from men as result. "As well as I can describe it, it is as if a high wall around me suddenly has crumbled and I was free of all the little artificailities that were keeping me imprisoned in a self I neither liked nor admired.

All this and more because of four minutes' time and a $15.00 pot of dye! It's darned near black magic!

"Only one thing hasn't changed about me," Joan said. "Melinda and Diana, my daughters, still bound the meaning of my life." She might add one other constant. She's still as late as ever for appointments and we go on forgiving her!

You Can Take These With You

Continued from page 64

Where you go and what you intend to do, of course, dictates what kind of a nightgown you wear, but pictured are two outfits that serve many needs. Jean Rogers steps blithely onto these pages in an outfit that goes many places, a dark sheer wool or crepe dress, with a pastel wool jacket. Especially for car or boat this is good. A casual felt hat, puffy bag, open-toe pumps and gay ban- dana complete this outfit. Lucille Ball is shown, dressed for tea at the Ambassador in Hollywood, but for tea any place, for dinner, luncheon or anything except dress-up occasion, here is a versatile outfit. Her frock is a Paisley print in bright colors which means you can wear a variety of accessories, such as colored gloves or bag with it. The top coat is sheer black wool with sleeve and neck facing of white pique. Worn with white gloves and bag, it has a smart, crisp look. For more practical oc-
casions, such as travel, you can remove the white bindings, substitute a dark bag and gloves, and also look chic. Lucille's hat is black straw and her pumps are open-toed. Janice Logan is wearing the type of robe essential to trips. It is white, tailored, real garment. You may admit a waiter in this robe, if you want breakfast served in your room. You may scampers down the hall to the bath, if you are week-ending knowing you are well "dressed"; you may wear this to the dressing-room of you
Pullman, or receive the girls in a hotel room, looking smart, pretty, yet informal. This type of robe, well-made in terry cloth, is also smart and practical for beach wear.

A few fashion thoughts are: Fishnet scarfs. Blend two dashing colors. Use as neck scarfs or draped into a turban for your hair. The turbans will be very popular. Wonderful in a car, on deck, or the pastels make you look romantic in a cotton dinner frock. Also the knit turbans and saucy little affairs that fold and pack like a handkerchief. A bright, waist-length loose jacket, for wear over day frocks or evening gowns, interchangeable strands of beads. You can adjust these to the color accent you want. When buying new clothes, you had just as well ask for wrinkle-proof, crush-proof fabrics. There are plenty of these, and they help you keep that crisp look. By all means put in your bag a box of soap flakes and a gum eraser. You will want to keep those stockings fresh nightly, and for travel you may find that light, mesh underwear ideal. You can wash it like a stocking, dry and don! The eraser is marvelous for spots on light gloves, bag, or hat headbands. A rubber sponge makes a wonderful cleaner for suede shoes, bag or for dusting off your coat. Queen companions, these, but very useful.

For your personal beauty here are tips. If you like to bathe in a billow of sud, carry a full size cake of soap with you. The hotel soap slivers are not very generous. Or there are those wonderful bath mits, impregnated with soap. Slip them on the hands, rub yourself in a sud. Powder mits come, too, if you like the softness of dusting powder but don't want to carry your big box. The mitt contains a quantity of fine powder. Simply slip it over your body. Very flat and easy to carry. If you want your big box, however there's one in which powder and puff are separated. This powder is skin-tone, not white. In the way of deodorants, saturated pads, cream or the deodorant powder compacts prevent danger of spilling liquids. For keeping your curls in good order, there's a cunning net cap, shaped like an aviator's flying helmet. Press your hair in order, slip on the cap, and you look sweet and neat as you say good-night. If you have a fitted travel bag, listen to Rosemary Lane, who has spent half of her young life making sleeper jumps: "For protection against spilled liquids, I fasten oil paper and rubber band cajps over all bottles." You will find, however, that many of your favorite creams and lotions are packaged for travel, from every manufacturer but complete kits for week-ends to luxurious affairs. There are some smart kits that substitute for handbags, and there is a manicure kit from which you remove the center and have a lovely bag, also. Saturated skin cleansing pads are a boon. Rapidly you can remove old make-up, replace new. They are wonderful quick cleansers and leave the skin with a slight make-up base. In compact form to fit your purse. Coordinate your make-up. Either buy a complete ensemble or collect your aids in one of those silk kits for your purse. Use a protective powder base to ward off burn and protect skin against the grime of travel. And don't forget suntan. For eye beauty, there is also a sweet silk kit, complete with beautifiers, including that gadget that curls lashes. Nice to have everything in its place, and this also slips into your handbag. Not forgetting a collapsible toothbrush. In a short tube is the brush, which when attached to the tube end, makes a full length brush. These are but a handful of the ideas that let you travel with ease. The stores are full of others. It will pay you to make a "just looking" store tour, before you decide what to take, what to leave behind.

**DO YOU LIKE SURPRISES?**

Every month our beauty bulletin goes seriously into some point of good looks—and gives you tips on ways to look smart, a fashion idea or two and means to more popularity. Also, it offers you the chance to try some new or extra good beauty product—the surprise! The bulletin, telling all, is yours for a threecent stamp for mailing to Courtenay Marvin, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

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**HERE'S A GOOD TIP FOR SKINNY, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE!**

**10 to 25 lbs. gained by thousands this quick, easy way.**

*This is no good reason today for thousands of men and women to be unattractive or often tired and nervous—hardly able to eat, sleep or work. Great numbers have put on forty to fifty pounds in a few years—gained new health, energy and life—with these scientific, easy-to-take Little Ironed Yeast tablets. You see, scientists have discovered that a great many people are skinny, rundown and irritable simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron in their foods. Without enough of these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get that helpful, make good or body what you eat. Now you get these exact missing substances in these effective little Ironed Yeast tablets. No wonder, then, that with them thousands of men and women have gained visibly in a few months. They found—found new pep and a naturally attractive appearance. That's why thousands of men and women are putting on weight every day.*

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Get Ironed 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 Ironed Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have so boasted for, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

**Special offer!**

To start thousands finding up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironed Yeast in the store, eat out the end on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, winner of the first package—or our refund. At all druggists. Ironed Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 260, Atlanta, Ga.

**TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday evening.** See local paper for time and station.

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**I WAS A SKINNY, TIRED, NERVOUS WRECK UNTIL...**

**A FEW WEEKS LATER...**

**I FEEL LIKE JUMPING THE RIVER, I'M SO HAPPY AND LONELY**

**LISTEN GRACE, YOU JUST TRY THE IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS, THEY MIGHT ME UP**

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Proved by thousands of models
Does Dick Face Disaster? Continued from page 67

in spite of outward gains. In spite of money. And Joan.

Maybe Dick Powell was simply another one of those temporary personality flashes all too common in Hollywood. Unable to learn how to hang onto his breaks. Maybe he had put across all there was in him, and had been more than lucky anyway. But I don't think Dick talked as he talked on, candidly, firmly, away from the pretense and caution of the studios where so much is hidden, it was plain he is no fool, and why to me, it was obvious that he felt and now understands thoroughly the situations he ran into. The facts are revealing. Surprise Number One is: he isn't a house hired "fired." He could have remained at the studio where he was a familiar fixture. Surprise Number Two: instead, he not only threw aside the guarantee of his regular check each week, but he, on his side, paid over a sizeable lump sum from his own savings to the studio to be released from his contract. Surprise Three: since he bought his freedom he has refused glittering offers for long-term contracts at other major studios. Surprise Four: Dick admits that he has not acted so boldly his marriage to Joan would have suffered.

Some people I know, who don't know Dick personally, condemn him as a show-off. They identify the real man with his breezy gayety. If he had been considered he would have grabbed a new set-up quickly, if for no other reason than to dumbfound the cynics. In declining, as you will find, he took a stand which lands him squarely on the spot. "But a man must stand on his own two feet," Dick declared, carefully explaining his behavior. "And making big money isn't everything. After all, I guess I get the idea that it was run away with me for too long."

To unravel his problems we must go away from Dick. We must remember what it was like before he came to Hollywood. Until he was eighteen he had an ordinary enough existence. Folks weren't so complex in his small town in Arkansas. They stuck very close to black-and-white rules and there was nothing to astonish him. When he finished high school Dick got a job in the local telephone office where he was popular enough. For awhile he was content, but being young and ambitious he soon wanted more for himself. His singing in a choir had been praised frequently. So one day he went to Louisville to sell his voice, and he learned he could. He was in the acts in the leading picture theatre there, quite the most energetic employee ever seen. When he was he would have to move to where they were paying more money for voices, if he were to get more money, he maneuvered a better job in Pittsburgh. Attractive, and a hard worker if there ever was one, he stepped into the post of permanent master of ceremonies in the main theatre there.

But when he reached his twenty-two, he made his first mistake. He didn't know what to do about it. After the first exciting glow had worn off, the girl had little sympathy for his show schedules. So little that gradually, she had little for Dick, either. She wished an everyday life. His hours were awful and they meant no evenings for bridge, and no opportunity to meet, to talk, to suppers. None of the friendly, pleasant things most brides and grooms have after their honeymoon. The two learned they didn't much to offer one another. And so they separated.

Hollywood imagined Dick was a bachelor when studio executives imported him after favorable reports on his vogue at one of their theatres. The studio supposed that best. He was urged to date the glamour girl, but the only preference he ever showed was for Mary Brian. After his first year's work in the movies he arranged for a divorce, quietly, but he and Mary didn't marry. It was then he became definite about what the woman he would marry would be like. He wanted a real home. This time he was far enough up the ladder so he could enjoy home life. But financial independence was his first goal, and he was bent on saving a specified sum before considering another marriage.

He has been in Hollywood just seven years this spring. "After my second year I could see the warning on the wall. It shouted, 'Better Roles Or This Way Out.' I wasn't ever deceived by the build-up I got. I was well aware that I was clicking because I was being given opportunities to be entertaining."

As time passed he was more than ever aware of how dependent he was on his roles, of how every lasting movie star protected himself by variety. But he got no variety. When he could have been compliant, proud of receiving the most fan mail on the lot—which he did for five years in a row, when he could have spent lavishly he was miserable because he foresaw what was coming to pass. He began to save for the inevitable. In his dilemma he first assumed that colossal co-operation would turn the trick, persuade the high moguls that he deserved more than stock crowning assignments. He spent half his evenings performing free at benefits he was asked to go to. He was more than what the directors wished in his scenes. So he was told that he was a lucky guy, which he knew, and to quit worrying. He couldn't.

"I have had no say on my pictures to date, and it got so the next one was always worse. I'd already done that job. I went off the air when I figured I'd done all I could in my first radio set-up." It was Dick, you recall, who was master of ceremonies on the first popular radio program to come out of the west, "Hollywood Hotel." After
three sock seasons as host in the Orchid Room he deliberately quit it. He didn't want to resume on radio until he had a new program. But he did. He hopes you've forgotten this. His studio attempted an air show and he was drafted as the host on it. For sixteen weeks he was on perpetual edge because he knew it wasn't good enough. Again, he had absolutely no say. He performed as he was instructed.

"I don't mind making a flop if it's my fault," he emphasized. "You have some consolation then, you got yourself into it. I was in a daze when I realized I was in for a short career as well as a snappy one. Money ceased being enough compensation. I'd reached the financial goal I'd marked out, but here I was young, and I liked to work. So what? So I got mad and hollered! I'm different from Joan. When they gave her one more of the same old part she'd just walk through, bored. I used to scream in protest. I'm more stubborn." Neither method worked for either of them, nor were they allowed to play opposite one another after their marriage.

"We wanted to. But the public, we were told, wouldn't accept us together any more. We were told, in fact, to play down our home, our children. This, with Shirley Temple and Sonja Henie and the Hardys and the Joneses proving the country doesn't want its actors to be silly dopes."

When Dick began to notice Joan, as a woman, she was as unhappy as he was. She was in an acting run, and she was even then recovering from her first plunge into marriage. He was all wrap up in do's and don'ts and he was tense every minute because he couldn't uncover the logic or future to the way his career was going. The rules in Hollywood business weren't like any others. His past co-operation was forgotten. He was typed and now it was his fault, when he pleaded to escape from indulging fans, his boat was superbly indifferent to her own casting when she found she could do nothing about it. "You shouldn't be!" he'd exclaim. "I think you're making too much fuss over nothing," she'd retort. Just like a woman, he muttered as he ignored her and went on arguing and searching for sound reasons for deliberately wearing out his welcome with the intelligence fans.

They married, and made a long boat trip through the Panama Canal for their honeymoon. At Havana a publicity man from the studio joined them. He gave no hinting of what was to burst upon them when they arrived to see New York. They had planned on the new shows, and on dancing in the new night spots. They rated a premiere blaze of so-called glory that nearly broke their hearts. When they sailed into New York harbor they were greeted by tug boats plastered with signs, "Welcome Joan and Dick!" Airplanes actually flew overhead, streaming the same banners. Their fellow passengers, lillietro congenial, began staring. At first amazed, the two were embarrassingly and then humiliated at the publicity stunt attached to their devotion. The city papers reported this Hollywood circus, thus plainly that the whole episode is still a nightmare. They saw but one play, incidentally.

Such an inauspicious start for their marriage didn't turn them into publicity puppets, however. Second marriage turned Dick from a business man into a man who now sees living as an art. Her zest has shifted his focus from too much account the material. She didn't want money: she wanted to live. He didn't know how to relax, to have honest fun spontaneously, until he became acquainted with her. When she made lightning decisions, and they turned out correct, he credited it at first to her luck. Now he is relying on his own intuition, and finding it as sensible as his former slow, ponderous debating with...
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 11

CRANBERRY FIZZ
1 quart canned cranberry juice
3/4 cup sugar
1 pint grapefruit juice
1 quart water

Bring cranberry juice and sugar to the boiling point, add grapefruit juice and chill in refrigerator. Add ginger ale and pour over ice cubes in tall glasses.

CINNAMON COFFEE
6 cups strong coffee
3 1/2 cup sugar
4 sticks of cinnamon

Heat coffee, add cinnamon sticks and let stand for an hour. Remove cinnamon, add sugar and 1/2 cup cream. Chill in refrigerator. Pour into 6 tall glasses and fill with ice cubes. Whip remaining cream and dot each serving with spoonful of whipped cream.

“There’s another drink we call Pineapple Cup—I think it’s more fun than drink and sometimes when it’s very hot it’s all you want for lunch.”

PINEAPPLE CUP
1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk (Borden’s)
2 1/2 cups water
4 eggs, well beaten
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 Dole pineapple spears

Blend milk, water, eggs and salt. Chill until very cold. Pour into tall glasses and add one peeled pineapple spear to each glass. Serves four.

“Mint Chocolate is refreshing, too. For this we freeze mint leaves in ice cubes, and add fresh mint leaves to the drink when it’s ready to serve.

4 cups chilled milk
4 tablespoons thick chocolate syrup
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract (Burnett’s)

“Beat milk, syrup and vanilla together and pour over ice cubes. You can flavor whipped cream with oil of peppermint instead of using the mint leaves, if you wish.”

A combination of ginger and ice cream with whatever fruits are in season or at hand, makes a delightful drink, according to Sally. You can use a scoop of French vanilla ice cream, fill up with ginger ale and float freshly sliced peaches or halved strawberries on top.

“In nice weather, I always have a swim before breakfast, unless I have an early call to the studio. Then I have coffee and cold water—scheenken on a little table by the pool, while I dry my hair and sun myself. I love that scheenken dish of one of my foreign cookbooks and we make it all the time. In fact, it’s one of our ‘dishes of the house.”

COLD WATER SCHNECKEN
5 yolks of eggs
1 cup butter
1 cup lukewarm cream
1 cake yeast (Fleischmann’s)
3 cups flour (Gold Medal)
3/4 cup sugar
1 cup chopped almonds

Dissolve yeast in cream. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks gradually, then cream with yeast and flour. Beat all together until dough leaves bowl. Set bowl with dough into a bowl of warm water. Let rise in a warm place.

Toss dough on board, roll out very thin. Sprinkle with chopped almonds, roll up like a jelly roll and cut in 1/2 inch slices. Place in pan, cut side down. Set in warm place.
SCR EENLAND'S
Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 65 will be found in the following stores and others in principal cities throughout the country.

Miss Swank slip by Miss Swank, Inc., New York City.

R. H. Stearns, Boston, Mass.
Titch-Goettering & Co., Dallas, Tex.
Elder & Johnston, Dayton, Ohio.
B. Siegel Co., Detroit, Mich.
H. P. Wesson & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
J. J. Haagery, Los Angeles, Cal.
B. Altman & Co., New York City.
Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Ore.
Thalheimer Bros., Richmond, Va.
White House, San Francisco, Cal.

Ensemble by Backer & Schachter, Inc., New York City.

The May Co., Baltimore, Md.
Crowley Milner, Detroit, Mich.
Kaufmann's Dept. Store, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Fair Travel hat by Brae-Burn Hat Co., New York City.

Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Burdine's, Miami, Fla.
Gimbels Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Frost Bros., San Antonio, Tex.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.

Ena Jettick shoes by Dunn & McCarthy, Inc., Auburn, N. Y.
The Hub, Baltimore, Md.
R. H. White Company, Boston, Mass.
Frederick Loeser & Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
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SCR EENLAND
Youth Over Hollywood

Continued from page 51

too, fine lines, bringing to it a keen vividness shining, like her brown eyes under browner hair, with the clear light of intelligence. This spelled beauty, not mere prettiness common to newcomers to Hollywood. Galvanizing it all was the vitality of a human charged battery. But what struck me as even more significant in one of her brief, By then her face had grown in complete and unaffected poise. Plainly she was taking her new place in the entertainment world with all the ease of a veteran.

And to prove it easily, for in her four months in Hollywood she already had played in three pictures. "Submarine Patrol," I could see after seeing it, must have been the most popular in than a workout, "Tail Spin" now had this high-flight star-in-the-making up in the air. But Jesse James' brought her down to earth so convincingly as to make her real as the soil. I could only credit it to the Irish in her.

Gay evening backstage at George Abbott’s Manhattan musical hit, "The Boys from Syracuse," when Dan Amiche, Dorothy Lamour, and Edgar Bergen visited the cast. Stars of the show include Muriel Angelus, Eddie Albert, Wynn Murray, and comics Jimmy Savo and Teddy Hart.

"But I’m really more English and Scottish than Irish," she explained. "or that’s what my mother’s people were. My father’s parents were merely of Irish descent. Anyway, I do not think any combination of nationalities could have helped me had it not been for my mother. She has taught me everything I know about acting, little as it may be. It began with her telling me fairy stories as a little child when she put me to bed at night, then having me tell them over and again the next day. Today I am simply what my mother herself wanted to be, but her family forbade it—youd know how parents felt about that."

Mother seriously started teaching me when I was four, so that I might learn expression. I did learn to register fear and to cry. It was at that age I was Nancey Kelly’s silent picture at the Paramount Studio in Astoria, playing a little part in ‘Untamed Lady’ with Gloria Swanson. But I never say myself on the screen till I was ten. Mother was afraid it would make me self-conscious. Another objection was that pictures then were forever showing close-ups of women in men’s arms, and she thought pictures that would not be good for me. So about the only thing I remember of those days was that someone in Miss Swanson’s picture took my doll away from me and I cried so that they couldn’t stop me crying.”

Miss Kelly shook her dainty head deploringly over her first appearance, then went on with an indulgent smile: "The next thing I learned was how to faint. That was in a picture with Warner Baxter, who was so afraid I’d never come to—I loved fainting—so he went down and whispered, "Lunch!' Nothing could ever keep me from eating," she admitted. "Maybe that’s why, at ten, I began to get fat, bumpy, and awk-ward—because perhaps he stopped me from eating."

Now you may be wondering, as I was, how in the world that busy young girl ever found time to go to school. But somehow she managed to get through the Milne play, ‘Give Me Yesterday,’ and mother decided it was time to give me a change. So I went into radio and stayed there for five years.

Now you may be wondering, as I was, how in the world that busy young girl ever found time to go to school. But somehow she managed to get through the Milne play, ‘Give Me Yesterday,’ and mother decided it was time to give me a change. So I went into radio and stayed there for five years.

Mother made that unnecessary. “Even now,” she said, “mother is with me on the set all the time. After each scene I sneak over to her and ask: ‘Did you like that?’ If she says, ‘Yes,’ I’m happy as a lark.”

With due appreciation of everything she owed to Mrs. Kelly, I was curious to know what her radio training had meant to her. “It was of greatest value, perhaps, in giving me a sense of immortality,” she said. “I was to make her sound bored, worldly, but nice. Heaven only knows how she may have felt about it, but I got a lot of fun out of ‘doing’ her. It was different. Very saddening, to play Jean Harlow the day after her death. That was the most uncanny, weird thing I’d ever done, yet it had a strong personal appeal, for I’d always been a great admirer of Miss Harlow and the news of her sudden end came as a terrible shock to me. We dramatized an episode of Miss Harlow’s life, and some-
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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

94 Sreenland

"So You Won't Talk, Eh?"
Continued from page 57

colony's purest example of British reserve. Yet he has an advantage over others where, though it may not be pronounced, it is uncontested. It lies in his great personal charm, in his exquisite courtesy. Once you've exchanged however few words with him, you'll be on his side though he'd committed the seven cardinal sins. A writer who had trailed him for days and finally run him down on the set of "The Marks of Quality" that afternoon, and the minutes of conversation with him, "I knew he'd been leading me a monkey's chase," she groaned, "and he knew it. But for those minutes I was the acorn! As if I'd rather be talking to me than to the Duchess of Windsor. And me, I say that, am I believed it?"

Collett's countryman, Basil Rathbone, is something else again. Willing as the other is reluctant, he analyzes the difference between them thus: "Ronnie's a typical Englishman. I'm a real American, go-getter. He doesn't do love to talk, but he talks wittily and well. Writers cry for assignments on them. They know there will be something new and fresh. And he has the chance to overcome. He doesn't act as if he expected to have pins stuck in him. Which is maybe one reason why he doesn't get pins stuck in him. Give him a pin and what you want, and he does the rest. His mind is nimble, ingenious and full of humorous quirks. You don't have to prod or plead or talk into him to know. The sparkling current of his speech cascades over you and you relax, you bask. You have a good time and get a good story. Moreover, Collett has one more duality now that he's in great demand as when he'd just finished "David Copperfield" and didn't quite know where he was going from there. You must, of course, allow personal touch to affect professional objectivity. But you're only human, so you can't help liking the guy."

When Alice Playten first came to Hollywood, she was a miserable, homesick and heart sick for New York. Pining for the east, she was persuaded by her business advisers that she would stick around. Her career would come. Publicity was doing a tremendous job at that stage and she was grateful for whatever came her way. Indeed, so prettily did she express her appreciation that she was more than one writer moved over for the forlorn little girl from New York. It's some time now since they put her handkerchiefs away. Alice still needs their tears. Nor their publicity. When they come knocking, Alice doesn't live there any more. If you've got to have a story, you can see her brother or her agent or her friend. But you can't see Alice. In fact Alice has difficulty in seeing you at a distance of one foot.

Of course there are excellent reasons for all this. She works hard, she's subject to a thousand demands, she takes her job very seriously, a scene gone wrong spells trouble to one who is in your ear. And being a good dramatic actress. It's only right that her path should be cleared of minor worries.

There's another actress who works even harder, who's subject to more demands, who takes her job, we should say, at least as seriously. High at the top of every writer's list is Ethel Barrymore. She's also been gone, of course. Her name has become a byword for considerateness. She has the courtesy of kings. She has never been known to forget or be late for anything. She's broken one except for compelling cause. Desperately tired one day after a series of difficult scenes for "Jezebel," she was urged to cancel an interview date. "Suppose they cancelled my picture, wouldn't I feel ele-
gant? No, there isn't any difference except that this man probably needs his job worse than I need mine."

She is set apart too by her candor. Most women—and more especially, actresses, re-

tend to look the part in a less ideal light than the has-pubescent stars as plaster saints. "I've got too much respect both for myself and the people who support my pictures to ask them to believe that," she says. She sees herself subjectively more than most, and analyzes herself with a crisp view. She has an active brain and a definite viewpoint which she's not afraid to express. As if she were a Duchess of Windsor.

"How is it Bette Davis can get away with things forbidden to the rest of us?"

She is unwilling to say (but didn't). "It's the rest of you, not Bette, who try to get away with things." Honest, courageous, intelligent, she faces realities with a "Pooh! The truth never hurt anyone.

Merna Loy and Fred MacMurray represent the group who are difficult to interview in spite of themselves. Public self-revelation violates a law of their natures. Yet because they both have the strength of the game, they steel themselves to give as best they can. You respect their viewpoint, appreciate their good will and try to extraneous mistakes.

Myrna, gracious and lovely as you know her on the screen, disarms you at once. "I know I'm poor copy. How? There's hardly a medium to work for. I don't care so!" It's not an accurate charge. I've heard few stories more poignant than her account of her father's death. In two or three swift sentences she showed how grief-stricken, bewildered by a blow so stunning that the woman still carries its scar. But that happened long ago, and she told it as if it had happened to someone else. She says she opened yesterday that she reserves the right to keep to herself. One brash reporter tries to get from her the story of her marriage. She eyed him serenely and asked if he thought it would rain tomorrow.

MacMurray comes to an interview like lamb to slaughter. He squirms, contemplates his along. He says: "Yes, I guess so" or "I wouldn't know. He's so acutely miserable that you have a room for anything but pity. You feel the man who is the image of the actress projects himself to such anguish deserves a medal. Can he help it if he's inarticulate? He isn't, though, a Paramount publicist man cannot discuss his performance pictures. Happily, when MacMurray was at picture, he finally gave the star up in disgust "The guy can't talk," he told his chief. No longer, he was assigned to accompany Grant in his personal appearance trip to San Francisco. To his amazement, the actor talked his head off, revealing himself as well-informed, stimulating and highly agreeable companion. Reporters began to regard the other as a publicity man, psychological barrier had collapsed.

No one seems to be able to explain that come over Grant. "Hollywood, oh Hollywood" seems too simple for those who knew him when. They would have sworn he had too much sense. Yet there's no denying that Grant's a changed man. I remember the time, and it's not so long ago, when you'd meet him on the set and be refreshed by a stream of such gay, goodhumored, volatility. After a day of letters that same afternoon, all designed to in assignments on Cary Grant. It change has been gradual—from Cary the affable actor to Cary the man not bothered, to Cary who seems to take delight in rudeness for its own sake. His defection has caused some irritation but more gen-


dignity, one hopes—of a likeable personality.
Norma Shearer, left, sees Merle Oberon off as she leaves Hollywood for that trip to London.

Give Her a Break

Continued from page 59

"Aflame with enthusiasm, I bumped into every kind of disappointment, and was frustrated at every turn. Roles promised me were given to other players, pictures that offered a chance were shelved, no one was particularly interested in me, and I had not developed a strength of personality to make anyone believe I had special talents. I wanted so desperately to succeed, I drove myself relentlessly, taking day off for pleasures, or for friendships—yet, aiming at the stars, I was still floundering."

There, like a story book, when she was at the lowest ebb, she met Frank Ross. Recently out of college, but already launched in the real estate business in New York, he was a friend of Jean's. On the same block where Jean and her parents lived. With a contagious humor and rare understanding, Frank broke through her excessiveness and awakened within her a glorious new sense of freedom and confidence. He taught her to play, to laugh, and to find fun in every hour, and before long, they were in love. A few beautiful months they had to build their romance, then Frank returned to New York.

The months dragged after he left and Jean's disappointments seemed to double. Then, in a flash, it came to her that she must know more about the technique of acting. She must learn how to give expression to the emotional spark within her. The stage was the place for that, and then and there she made a momentous decision: she'd go to New York, take any role in any play she could, and she'd learn to act.

Said Jean, "It was on the train going east that I made the startling discovery that a career could never fill my life, that there was something more than merely an ambition. For the first time I saw it in its true perspective, and never again did it dominate my life. I realized I had been searching for something too easy, and I let it go. Now, while still burning with ambition to become a skillful actress, I was hungry for other interests and a broader viewpoint; I was ready, I was prepared, someone to share my life and my work..."

Meeting Frank in New York, Jean found she was even more in love than she thought she was, and he urged her enthusiasm for the theatre. Her first professional role was with an uptown company playing "Lysiistrata" and she began her study of acting by following every work of every stage player. During the next two and a half years, she appeared in eleven plays, several on Broadway, and feels she learned something from every director and actor she met.

Frank had carried a marriage license in his pocket for more than a month and just before she started the Theatre Guild play, "The Man Who Had His Head," he pulled a bit of caveman stuff by announcing that tomorrow would be their wedding day. The ceremony took place in a picturesque setting on Long Island, which they discovered while motoring, and the next day Jean left for Philadelphia, where the play opened. Two weeks later, while it reached Broadway, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross took an apartment and life really began.

"Following several Broadway plays and needing a rest," said Jean, "I came out to Beverly Hills to visit my parents and remained to make two films. It was during this separation from my husband that I realized for the first time how unimportant I was to me, I wanted to live my emotions, and I realized that a woman's highest goal is marriage and a home. Before long, Frank and I agreed that our happiness lay out here—and together. We wanted no more separations..."

"An acting career is stimulating, a perfect outlet for a woman's restlessness and for her desire for recognition... But if she has the urge, she should follow it, but she should take it as a man does his profession, share it with her personal life, not let it absorb her. A marriage is sometimes difficult because the freedom of expression is still so new to her that she becomes hypnotized with the glamour..."

"Naturally, when I'm making a picture I sit aside every distraction and give all I have to my work. The hours are long for I leave home at six-thirty in the morning and return again at eight. I go to bed. Dinner is served to us on tray tables beside my bed while we talk over the events of the day..."

"Between pictures," Jean laughed, "I'm afraid it went rather dull, for I do nothing exciting. I enjoy my home and gardens, and I take long walks over the hills, and Frank and I see as many people as we can. I've never had time to make intimate friends so we go out very little socially, I live quietly, yet I feel I have a very full, rich life..."

Jean still goes to battle for her career. Not so long ago, after making six pictures in twelve months and being unhappy over two of them, she disagreed with the studio regarding a role she appeared in at the studio for a whole year. Never once did she doubt that when the right time came she'd return to the screen in..."
just the right rôle. And she did. She loved playing the daughter of the mad, merry Vanderwolf family in Frank Capra’s film “You Can’t Take It With You.” She’s just completed the rôle of the frivolous heroine in Columbia’s “Only Angels Have Wings,” and is elated that Mr. Capra has chosen her for the leading part in his next production, “Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.” This will be her third picture with this magic director, a record no one else holds, for she already has more than twenty rôles in films and is rapidly rising on the star ladder. In an earlier Capra hit, “Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,”

During the next half hour I picked up many interesting hints that illumine Jean both as the woman and the actress. She is as she is with people, the minute she goes before the cameras she is self-possessed and can hold her own in any situation. Mr. Capra respects her as an actress and her directors, she never hesitates to argue over something she believes is right. And she’s a scene! She rarely admits herself to give up the right to have her way; she’s meeting for the first time and feel no embarrassment. Yet, should she see them ten feet outside the studio, she’d tongue-tie. She doesn’t care about clothes or jewels, but loves beautiful furniture and rare books, and she has flowers in every corner of her home. She doesn’t plan ahead or work out a rôle. She believes her part is to live each day fully as it comes. Anyway, life is too thrilling to waste it in idle day-dreaming.

Frank Ross, who persistently keeps in the background of his wife’s fame, finally contributed a few sage bits. He is confident that belonging to the same profession, though in different capacities, brings happiness because each has a complete understanding of all the problems the other must meet. Yet their interests never overlap, or conflict. He’s a business head and her independent spirit which guide their decisions. Then, with a grin, he admitted he is very proud of her success—she feels she won against such terrific odds.

Barrymore Man or Myth?

Continued from page 34

regal than that of any tycoon. He went Hollywood in a manner that put Hollywood to shame.

Only the other day my agents were turned down to forty-five thousand dollars for my Chinese tenement, he confesses. “Furnished!” he hisses. “Before letting it go to you for fifteen dollars a month! I shall turn the blooming pile into a home for indigent juveniles, topsees and all!”

You remember how the Barrymore celluloid product began to slip, after all these extravagant profits. How he was joshed in the prints as a profile who had played Hamlet, an artist who had flickered away his great reputation by the critics, by the public. It was too bad, but the myth had exploded: the great Barrymore was but a shadow of his former self. He appeared as Lucifer, mad as a March hare.

It was during this phase of his career that he went berserk in quest of laughter, setting up an unwholesome dance of vulgarity, acting unsteadily, becoming a fixture of New York’s lobster belt with circles under his eyes and blondes under his arm. At this juncture, our friend, Mr. Capra, met him and fell completely in love with him, pursuing him publicly from coast to coast. Now more a myth than ever, Caliban leaps, roars, and goes to the public. His aquiline nose at press and pursuer, emitting roars of laughter, striking attitudes worthy of Mr. Durante, and keeping on from page to page amidst the thunder of applause. The public eyed all this with amusement, followed by a jaundiced sort of enmity. It was too bad that a great actor should so demean himself, winding up in a tabloid satin-jacket. He was barbecued for his excesses.

Following his marriage to the hero-worshipping Elaine Barrie (re-christened so that an admiring biographer might make note of that idol) Barrymore disappeared from the front pages, shunned the midnight sun, faded into seclusion of a sort. Shortly thereafter, Cooper’s grand bedrooms of baths followed matrimony; training took the place of tippling. In another six months a new, rejuvenated John emerged from his retreat in Beverly Hills to look around the world with a clear eye, firm, confident, reborn. This all sounds like a bad novel, but it is the truth incarnate, born of morbid detestations of the world of the Great.

The new Barrymore started back in supporting roles for Paramount, counterfeiting himself more hilariously than ever Mencken tried. He is a fellow of amiable, sadomic, profane, incisive in his wit, fertile of anecdote. He looks well, save for a tendency toward paunchiness. His profile is a roll call of his arrogance superb. Miss Barrie sat at his side, silent for the most part, but obviously admiring. She is young, possessed of a tidy figure.

The famous blackboard that is held out of camera range with Barrymore’s lines chalked on it is simply a lazy man’s device. He never missed a line as long as it was there, his mind as clear as his eyes, but why learn lines if you can avoid this drudgery by having a hinky hold a board for you? As to coming from burning under oil? “My mind is filled with more important things,” smiling maliciously. This habit of seasoning his remarks with snarks and grimaces makes it all more complex and arresting—it’s good theatre, and Barrymore is dedicated to giving a good performance in shower bath or café, club or barber shop. He does things on the spur of the moment, to indulge a whim, satisfy an urge or starle an onlooker. He is a thorough-going exhibitionist at heart.

He has come to be the currently popular school of repressed acting, although he did admire Raymond Massey’s reticent performance of Lincoln. “There, of course, the character was much too good as it was ever, his mind as clear, he says, but why learn lines if you can avoid this drudgery by having a hinky hold a board for you? As to coming from burning under oil? “My mind is filled with more important things,” smiling maliciously. This habit of seasoning his remarks with snarks and grimaces makes it all more complex and arresting—it’s good theatre, and Barrymore is dedicated to giving a good performance in shower bath or café, club or barber shop. He does things on the spur of the moment, to indulge a whim, satisfy an urge or starle an onlooker. He is a thorough-going exhibitionist at heart.

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He talks soorously, declaiming now and again, enjoying each syllable as it rolls off his tongue. He has a fine disdain for Hollywood and its producers with few exceptions, but he holds this in check under the firm rein of Elaine's disapproving nod. He likes New York and its tempo and the theatre that he was born to. But wherever he is, he is acting.

Asked what he thought of Maurice Evans' Hamlet, he frowned fiercely and said that it was an interesting performance; then added: "But nobody can give a bad performance in that play. It's a play that acts itself, and Hamlet is such a lovely guy. I'm very fond of him. He was no moe, as he is sometimes played. He was regular, you know. He liked the gale—Ophelia was simply cuckoo over him—he was literate, and God knows he must have been tough, from all that fencing he did. It kept me in condition when I played the part.

He rubbed a tentative chin, poked his midriff, speculatively. "I'd like to play it again. Youth isn't so relevant when it comes to men. It amazes me to see how many of the leading men strap their middles into a corset, toss on a toupee and emerge to play Hedy Lamarr's suitors or Shirley Temple's boy friend. Of course the Lord made men more resilient. They last longer and can fool the public longer. When the great Russian Art Theatre came here they had forty-year-old women playing ingenues and it was rather disillusioning to hear a mature woman asking her mother if she could stay out until nine o'clock. Their men, on the other hand, were ageless. I was mad about the Russian Ballet, too. I saw Mordkin one night, a faunlike creature with a perfect body and a boyish shock of curls. I was taken backstage to meet him after the performance. I waited around until finally a chunky short man with a bald head came over to me smiling, 'Mr. Barrymore?' he asked. I admitted as much. I wondered what this squat little fellow wanted. 'Yes?' I asked. He grinned. He beamed. He bowed, clicking his heels. 'I am Mordkin,' he said. I was amazed. But it bears out my theory about men getting away with it longer than women. A great woman actress soon finds herself playing the Nurse to Juliet.'

He pursued the subject from a fresh angle. "You know how common it is for a person to say, 'I don't see what she sees in him. Male appeal is a little bit of mysterious compound. In woman it is usually obvious what man sees. But by the same token, woman's appeal is more perishable, man's more durable.'

He looked at Elaine with a Mephistophelian grin. "Am I not right, my little cabbage?"

She crossed her shapely legs and lighted a cigarette. "Now, dear," she admonished gently.

While he was answering a phone call Elaine confided that she had trouble with the greatest Hamlet of his time on one score. He won't buy clothes, and when his wife buys them for him, he refuses to wear the new regalia. He's an old-suit lover, his hats look like Anthony Eden's after a hard night in the park, and his trousers rarely match his coat.

"He throws his things on the floor when he undresses," said Elaine sadly. "It's hard to train him. But he is such a brilliant, exciting person that I mustn't register anything even resembling a complaint. He's amazing!"

Is Barrymore man or myth? The answer is a combination of both. He revels in the burly of premières, rehearsals, admiring throngs, and the magic of the Barrymore name. "It's the ham in me," he will say, raising that famous eyebrow mockingly.
A Day with Donat

Continued from page 54

but now the veteran discoverer of Mickey Rooney and Terry Kilburn is known as "Uncle Sam," a book-entitled kindness, he pays for their tea every afternoon. But the star drinks the most tea on the set! Immediately this first shot of the day is over and Starwalts chair for Donat is waiting with a tea tray. (Six "tea-times" in a single day's work is quite usual for Bob, who never drinks anything stronger than water.) While he waves hand to the slim girl with flaming Florene-ride curls piled high on her little head.

"How's my charming wife this morning," he tells, for it's Greer Garson of the provocative nose and singing green eyes who plays Mrs. Chips. She comes over and between the shots they talk about Hollywo. Green calls it sixty suburbs in search of a film.

Nobody interrupts Bob's off-set conversations. His expressive eyes have warm to the folks he knows but he is still exceedingly reserved and reticent with strangers. "Donat the Dreamer" they call him in the studio. He wraps his private life in strict seclusion and no reporter has ever been able to reach the isolated country house where he lives with Elia and their three children, Joan and Joanna and baby Brian. So now Bob doesn't discuss London's haute monde either. He doesn't know them—the executives have to bring tremendous persuasion to bear before he will even attend the gala premiere of one of his pictures. Happiest sitting in the deep brocaded armchair beside his own red brick fireplace, his eyes closed as he listens to Ella playing Chopin or his favorite Schubert and Beethoven. She was studying music professionally when she first met Bob and that was the bond which fastened them together so securely.

Bob is the coltish in the dimly knoledgeably about operas and orchestras and classic composers himself, describing his latest phonograph records of which he owns thousands. He has had made for him several large wall cupboards built to hold them all round his long cream-panelled music-room. He buys them to celebrate the start of a new film and continues to add to his collection. He insists that the result he often refers to "my six Citadell Metropolitan Operaas", or "the Ghost Goes West negro spirituals."

Love is about the things of life, painting and poetry, he likes. In this he is very much interested in Bob's interests. His idea of a party is to share his Sunday evening with half a dozen congeal friends, reading good verse and prose aloud, singing and playing and reciting Shakespeare. Occasionally they all will read a famous play, maybe something by Eugene Oneil or Bernard Shaw. On for James Bridee. The children sit on their stools and listen. They have their nursery, but share the whole house with their parents. They eat round tin-topped table and play railroad all over the beige carpet in the sunny lounge with its antique rose-wood and its flower-printed chintzes. There is only one room that is off grove, the tiny padded attic where Bob learns and rears all his parts alone.

Seven-year-old Joanna is Bob's constant companion at home—none of the children have ever left home. Days and evenings Bob never enters one either for Bob says he prefers to keep his home life as a precious thing entirely apart. Joanna has her beloved stuffed "raccoon" which is Baby's." Bob tells how delighted she is with the new pony he has just given her and all the time his attractive voice is still that of the old man he is made up to represent as Sam Wood declares the lunch interval. Bob walks gently along the corridors to the green and crossed restaurant and he even eats with the slow care appropriate to his screen age. People greet him admiringly as those in and out, but smiles at tall Conrad Veidts and pretty Dorothy Lamour, working in another section of the studio, and at mischievous Sabu who has a deep salutation for his "friend." Bob may not be easily accessible to the writers but his quiet and ever courteous charm are always appreciated by his fellow players.

Back to Brookfield School again to lead his after-school classes into a game of glass angels dimly down and then to shoot a dramatic scene beside the venerable sundial arguing with the bearded Headmaster. Some fresh clothes and Producer Victor Saville brings the script across to Bob to learn. Bob looks at it for a few minutes in silence and then he goes before the cameras again word perfect. The years he has passed as a small-part boy actor in cheap stock theatres have made him easy to the quickest study at Denham. When work stops for a quarter of an hour for official tea-time, Bob chats about the tricks he used to improve his original memory as a youngster. He was born in a North of England town, where he had to take the street-car to and from school, so during the twenty minutes' journey he made a point of learning all the names of the shops on the shorter places he passed. At home he would wander round the kitchen memorising the name of everything he saw, a habit which worried his Musical Institute Teacher, but so much she took him to the doctor's office!

But Bob cannot talk all the time he isn't acting. His elaborate make-up needs constant attention and the parts he wears are carelessly smeared with plain honest dirt on the backs that looks exactly like aged wrinkles under the lights. He must sign photos too and read and answer his mail. The hundreds of fan-letters that reach him every morning now come from all over the world. Bob's dreamy poetical nature makes it so easy for him to understand why people should be so intensely interested in him but he is too pleased by it and too instinctively polite to give the busy answers he desires.

Six o'clock comes and the lamps begin to go out. It takes Forsyth another hour to remove the star's make-up and change the clothes he is to wear the next day—suit and camelhair coat. Sam Wood and Victor Saville are looking over the day's rushes but Bob does not join them in the pre-junction room. "I'm not coming," he says. "I'm too old to judge the finished film," he explains. "I'm only an actor and I accept the producer's opinions as to the quality of my work."

So Bob drives his little car out into the chilly night, towards the wooded Chilterns in the distant west. Presently he leaves the road and bumps his way along a narrow lane, leading behind banks unswept by the gardener with its loggia and its shaded lawns, the peaceful agricultural valley lies far below in the silver winter moonlight. Ella is waiting the old journalist's husband and take him to the nursery to say "Good night" to the children before they go to bed. Then at last Bob is free to relax in his bedroom. He reads his newspaper, puts out his fire and eat the scrambled eggs and sand- whiches which Ella brings him on a tray. Bob drinks his final pot of tea with her and whistles softly, and while she gets up and softly plays Chopin to him because she knows that will soothe away all the strain and stress of long days as nothing else in the world can.
TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

CARY GRANT
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1939's GREATEST SCREEN ADVENTURE

EACH DAY A RENDEZVOUS WITH PERIL!
EACH NIGHT A MEETING WITH ROMANCE!
Set against the mighty tapestry of the fog-shrouded Andes...

"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"

THOMAS MITCHELL * RITA HAYWORTH
RICHARD BARThELMESS

Screen play by Jules Furthman
A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

"STAY UP there "til it clears, kid!"

MISTAKES all wiped out ... in the end

FIGHT? They live and die fighting...

LIGHT fading ... from the eagle's eyes

A Columbia Picture
ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN!
HE'S "SIZED UP" 21 TOBACCO CROPS

"Crops are better than ever—and Luckies always buy the Cream," says John L. Pinnix, independent tobacco expert, a Lucky Strike smoker since 1918.

Have you tried a Lucky lately? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in the last few years. And Luckies, as always, have bought the cream of the crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. And remember: sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined . . . WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
ILLING FICTION! “Hollywood Pavement” by Achmed Abdullah
REAL LIFE! What Loretta Young Tells Her Kid Sister
"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* ... things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people ... go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Jean revamped her bath technique and her popularity hit a brand new high

Bill met Jean and things happened! “You’re the only girl for me,” said his eyes. “And you’re the only boy for me,” flashed her smile! And of course, they dated!

This was to be the night of Jean’s dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how fragrant and sweet—how radiantly sure of her charm! Poor, poor Jean.

Before the first dance was over, Bill’s smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose, not to know never to trust a bath alone.

“Your own fault,” scolded Peg. “A bath removes only past perspiration—it can’t prevent odor to come! But Mum prevents odor—guards freshness all evening long.”

Bill’s my man—and I want him back! I’ll never again trust a bath alone to keep me sweet and fresh. From now on I play safe—I’ll never forget Mum!

And Jean wins! Bill’s back in her life and back to stay. Life’s more fun for the girl who decides, “A bath alone is never enough—underarms always need Mum!”

**HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!**

No matter how fresh you feel after your bath, don’t forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odor yet to come.

Wise girls use Mum after every bath, before every date. Mum is so fragrant, so pleasant to use, so dependable. Mum is quick...it takes just half a minute to use, yet you’re protected for a full day or evening. Mum is Safe...completely harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin.

Mum is sure...without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure you never offend. Get Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily for lasting charm!

Another use for Mum—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. They know it’s gentle and safe.

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HONEST CONFESSIONS
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EXTRA GIRL!

Reall Poignant! Half-tragic, half-
tender self-told story of an actual
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great studios. In her own words she
tells you the truth about a girl's
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leads once she has crashed the
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By Elizabeth Wilson—popular
Hollywood writer and closest
friend of Carole Lombard Gable
among movie reporters—only au-
thentic feature about the home
life of the movies’ most cele-
brated couple. Watch for it!

SCREENLAND’S AUGUST ISSUE ON
SALE JUNE 30 WILL BE A MIDSUM-
MER DREAM OF HOLLYWOOD’S
FASCINATING FEATURES!

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

July, 1939

Vol. XXXIX, No. 3

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COVER PORTRAIT OF DEANNA DURBIN BY ED ESTABROOK, UNIVERSAL
A Prediction by Leo of M-G-M

I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."
I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.
I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.
I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.
I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen...rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos...to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come...
I am proud of "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.

ROBERT DONAT

Goodbye Mr. Chips

with GREER GARSON

A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SCREENLAND
All Honor to the Great

SCREENLAND Honor Page salutes the finest motion picture since "The Birth of a Nation," the mighty "Juarez"—its theme the theme of the world today: "Shall democracy live, or shall it be allowed to vanish from the face of this weary earth?" Now, read the story, here, of the making of this super cinema.

If one day in the fall of last year, 1938, four illustrious film makers of Mexico City had departed their homes to visit the United States, there to visit those places where Abraham Lincoln left the indelible record of his life as woodsman, storekeeper, ferry-boat operator, tavern-keeper, lawyer, and legislator, they would have been on a mission identical, but in reverse, to that of four Hollywood men traveling at the same time. These men were Hal Wallis, executive assistant to Jack L. Warner; Henry Blanke, producer; William Dieterle, director; and Paul Muni, actor. They were after intimate knowledge of little-known facts in the life of a dark-skinned Zapotec Indian, born in a squalid adobe hut near Ixtlan, State of Oaxaca, on March 21, 1806, and who died July 18, 1872. An Indian named Benito Pablo Juarez. It was Juarez, "an ugly little man," who was to be the subject of Paul Muni's next film portrait. Warner Bros. Studios had set aside two million dollars with which to make this picture based on the life of a man little known north of the Rio Grande, hero and idol in his own country. Juarez, one of the greatest liberal statesmen of his time, the man who fought for the democratic liberty of his people.

When Muni and the three executives left Hollywood...

Picture, "Juarez"

for their tour of those places in Mexico where records of Juarez might best be found, the screen play of the projected film already was well in hand. Three writers, Aeneas MacKenzie, research expert; Wolfgang Reinhardt, Max Reinhardt's son; and John Huston, son of Walter Huston, had been working on it for almost a year. That's a long time to devote to the writing of one motion picture, but this was to be an unusual film and no detail must be left to chance or conjecture.

"Before we left for Mexico I had already devoted months to the study of Juarez," Paul Muni explains. "When I first knew that he was to be my next screen subject and started to look for material on his life, I found very little available. The reason was apparent. He was contemporary with Abraham Lincoln and the stirring events in the history of the United States that occurred during Lincoln's time. Plus that, Mexico itself has had no great historians and we of the Americas know very little about our neighbors and that record of their country. Yet here was a man much like Lincoln, a man born in abject poverty, self-educated, who rose by the brilliant powers of his own mind to save the nation that had borne him. Juarez not only re-kindled the great flame of democracy in Mexico, he kept it alive during the time the powers of Europe established a dictator-monarch, Maximilian, on its throne and it was Juarez who ultimately ousted Maximilian and Carlota, regained the seat of liberal government. It was this man we sought to know."

Leaving Hollywood in August, 1938, the film men visited some fifteen towns and cities in Mexico: San Pablo, Guelatao, Ixtlan, capital city of Oaxaca, San Luis Potosi, Vera Cruz, Puebla, Paseo del Norte, Texca, Acapulco and Mexico City itself. It was there, in the archives of the National Museum, and from papers and records in private hands and memories, that they found their source of material. They spent many evenings in the home of the two Prida brothers, grandsons of Juarez, now men of wealth and influence in Mexican government circles. They even found an ancient, 116 years old, who fought in Juarez's army during (Please turn to page 93)
THERE is no mystery about Tampax. It is simply a kind of monthly sanitary protection worn internally. Each individual Tampax is sealed in a hygienic container which allows you to insert the Tampax neatly and daintily.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and more than 133,000,000 have already been sold. It brings new comfort and freedom to club women, office workers, athletes, students, housewives. It goes away with chafing, odor and "bulking," providing a smooth costume-profile even in swim suits or shear evening gowns. No belts or pins. You really forget you are wearing Tampax!


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TAGGING the TALKIES
Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 54-55

Gay and giddy and completely incredible fare, but fun all the way for those who crave "escape" cinema and Claudette Colbert in frivolous mood. The star is swell in her fantastic role of an American beauty stranded in Paris, and her supporting cast of Don Ameche as a smitten taxi driver, John Barrymore as a benevolent billionaire, and Francis Lederer as an ardent suitor is positively brilliant. Despite the lucid story, there are good crisp comedy scenes.

This is the first of a new series of films designed for family audiences. Hugh (yello-who) Herbert beads the cast of this domestic comedy as One-trip Plumber Pierce, who is harassed by his socially, financially ambitious family. The gags, induced by the misfortunes and errors of others, while not new, will hang you some good laughs. Ruth Donnelly, Joy Hodges. Eddie Quillan, Juanita Quigley, Bennie Bartlett are members of the goody family.

A grim melodrama which tends to preach a sermon. The story of a poor boy, victim of circumstances, who's sent to reform school for stealing a harmonica, later sent to the penitentiary as a felon, the film has a prologue with child actors in roles later played by grown-ups. Wallace Ford's portrayal of Jimmy is sincere and Aline MacMahon, who can always be counted on for a splendid performance, is the teacher. Stuart Erwin and Patricia Ellis in the cast.

Romantic drama of the race track. George Raft fine as Marty Black, inveterate gambler and half owner of a thoroughbred. Ellen Drew, Kentucky lady, owner of the other half, falls in love with Marty, but doesn't agree with his ideas on horses. Fine racing picture with different plot, two thrilling races, and lots of suspense. Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts are romantically paired off and, combined, their inimitable variety of comedy will delight everybody.

The regeneration of a gangster is the tale brought to the screen by well-known character actors: Charles Bickford, Harry Carey, Ralph Graves, Regis Toomey. When released a convicted gangster seeks vengeance on publisher whose editorials helped convict him, but emerges a hero by sacrificing his own life. Powerful performance by Bickford. It has its good moments, comedy, but no romantic interest. Tom Ryan appealing as new boss the gangster befriens.
This interesting film, made in France, with English titles for the benefit of our audiences, is a genuine mystery thriller—with a difference. The action takes place inside and around one of the underground fortifications of the famous Maginot Line, giving a timely touch of authenticity. It is not concerned with international politics, except for general patriotic appeal—it's really a good, well-acted murder story, with excellent cast including Victor Francen.

Sorority House

A pleasant little drama of college life which is a slap at snooty college sororities. It reveals the political intrigue in sorority ranks, adolescent thrills and heartaches experienced by girls when the all-important bids go out. All of which may bore older sophisticates, but teen-agers will love it. Anne Shirley and James Ellison are the girl and boy of a youthful campus romance. Barbara Read, Adele Pearce, two of the co-eds in the picture, play roles with feeling.

The plot reveals that the bid of the year is popular with all the girls except one. A new sorority is formed that is popular with the other girls because of its attractiveness and the personal charm of its leader. The old sorority becomes envious of the new one, but the new sorority becomes suspicious of the old one. The plot thickens from there on.

Inspector Hornleigh

Cleverly contrived murder mystery which introduces a new screen character—Inspector Hornleigh, amazing Scotland Yard sleuth who's well-known to British radio audiences, Gordon Harker skilfully enacts the role. Several murders are committed in a plot to rifle the budget bag; Hornleigh ferrets out the murderer, but doesn’t name him until the very end. A thriller you’ll enjoy and one which defies you to pick the killer before he’s identified by the Inspector.

B. V. D.

Swim Suits

True daughters of Neptune, the lovely young girls who star in "Billy Rose’s Aquacade—New York World’s Fair 1939." And every one of them wears *B. V. D. Suits exclusively! The reasons—form-fitting glamour and figure control...flexible, buoyant fabrics and sparkling aquatic colors. Wear them—and see for yourself!

Upfift Control—There’s silhouette sorcery in the bustline control of B. V. D. suits. It’s done with clever cut and exclusive elastic design that raises and slenders the bust.

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B. V. D.

Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City
Having won award for acting, Fay Bainter now takes a bow for being "canapé queen" of Hollywood! Here are grand recipes for warm-weather entertaining

By Betty Boone

FAY BANTER was wearing a gay red and white peasant dress, with short skirt, when she greeted us at the door of her ocean-front home. She had a new short haircut, too. Her naturally curly hair was swirled in waves across the back with soft curls in front.

"It's a fascinating thing to be right at the ocean's front door, and able to step out in a bathing suit, or lie in the sand and sun with no trouble to get there. Last summer neither my husband nor my son ever thought of dressing till evening. Guests would come down for breakfast and stay till midnight. So easy to entertain, when they can swim or sunbathe or play ping-pong or darts out there in the sand patio. And then at cocktail time and all evening, we have the playroom!"

"I had the playroom decorated as a surprise for Reg—for my husband. He's navy, you know—Commander Reginald Venable—so everything is red, white and blue."

On the tiled floor, rugs in one, two or all three of the colors are scattered; the walls are blue with red and white cord arranged in designs on it; there is a big blue chesterfield, some deep-seated chairs in blue with white anchors, red ones with blue nautical designs, a card table in red with blue canvas-backed chairs. Over the fireplace is an amusing painting of King Neptune accompanied by a small merman and a small mermaid, both apparently having a very snappy time.

"See the lamps!" urged my hostess.

"Original with me. I saw the red and white coral in a window, one piece in one corner and another in the other, and I bought them and arranged them together inside the crystal bowl and had a lamp made of it. And here's one with shells I collected and combined. And there are some shells I picked up at Carmel last week—and intend to use in something here.

"I'm the world's natural collector of recipes, especially for hors d'oeuvres."

The butler brought in a great wooden platter of hors d'oeuvres and a small wooden figure of Popeye, dressed in sailor togs, holding up a delectable assortment of tiny sausages, stuffed olives, shrimp canapes.

"Let's take their pictures and then eat them," suggested Fay, slipping behind them into a blue chair. "The very sight of them makes me hungry! We have a craze for hors d'oeuvres in this family. I have a very special one that I've never tasted anywhere else. You take baby beets and cook them, then hollow them out and fill them with caviar. My dear, you've never imagined anything like it.

"These are peanut butter mixed with honey and spread on Rit crackers. Reg, junior, adores them. So does Bonita Granville. Those two seem to get along beautifully. When Bonita comes to dinner, she and Reg are really something. Such delightful conversations! She plays the piano and he turns the pages and they sing French songs. And then they relax and play games."

"Returning to this platter—these are hardboiled eggs, chopped up and mixed with cream sauce and colored with vegetable coloring—green or pink—and rimmed with Kraft's Philadelphia Cream Cheese."

"The celery is stuffed with a special spread the cook makes—chopped olives, pickles, combined with pimiento cheese. Sometimes we use anchovy paste."

The Commander, joining us, observed that Fay is his favorite cook. "A real cook,
"Finest actress" is also "best hostess" when Fay Bainter entertains. "We have a craze for hors d'oeuvres in my family!" she says—see opposite page. Above, Miss Bainter (Mrs. Reg Venable in private) with her son Reg, Jr. Right, in the playroom of her ocean-front home.

no fake about it. When we were living in the east, the servants never had just one day off, or half a day, but all of them went together for several days, and then it was up to Fay," he explained. "Those were the happy days Reggie and I used to wait for."

"I adore cooking," said Fay, "not going in to my cook's kitchen and getting in her way, but having it my kitchen, when she isn't there. Believe it or not, our favorite all-year-round dish is stew! I break all the rules making it. I take a lot of vegetables—onions, Heinz canned tomatoes, carrots, potatoes, meat—and put them, layer by layer in a stewpan with a little water—first a layer of carrots, with a little flour, then a layer of potatoes, with a little flour, and so on—the canned tomatoes make enough

(Continued on page 94)

WHO MAKES LOVE BEST...
SINGLE OR MARRIED STARS?

Was Tyrone Power the best screen lover before he married and will he be now? What about the newly married Clark Gable? Why is Don Ameche still a pulse-flutterer? See and read July SCREEN GUIDE. It tells and shows "Who Makes Love Best."

SCREEN GUIDE shows all—tells all. Edited in Hollywood—the only picture movie magazine. Frank, fearless, revealing.

July Screen Guide Also Publishes These Scoops:
Everybody  
LOOKS AT YOUR LEGS!

RINSE OFF  
UNSIGHTLY HAIR  
This Quick, Easy Way!

Well-groomed legs are hair-free legs... 
dainty, smooth and feminine! Keep your 
legs and arms always lovely. Remove ugly 
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are free from hair. Get NEET 
today! At drug and depart-
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size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off  
Unsightly Hair

ACROSS
1. The screen's latest glamour girl
   ("Algies")
2. The ice-skating star
3. Size of Kd from Kokomo
4. He's featured in "The Gorilla"
5. The ice-skating star
6. Another kind of tree
7. One time only
8. Kind of cheese
9. Standing room only (theatre
   slang abbrev.)
10. Dance star of "Hollywood"
11. Greek letter
12. Co-star of "Rose of Washing-
    ton Square"
13. Sailor
14. For use in case of mistakes in 
    this puzzle
15. Food
16. Attack
17. She plays Mrs. Leeds in "On 
    Trial!"
18. Of a sail boat
19. Either
20. Thomas Sanders in "The Story 
    of Alexander Graham Bell"
21. Stake in a poker game
22. Ma's husband
23. In Texas
24. Formerly
25. Sea
26. She's featured in "Boy Slaves"
27. Evergreen shrubs
28. Author of "Adventures of Huckle-
    berry Finn"
29. At time
delighted
30. She's featured in "The Lady 
    and the Mob"
31. Goal of master
32. English peas
33. Findline to a prayer
34. "St. Louis Blues"
35. Ocean
36. He plays Judge Hardy
37. Attempt
38. Famous Thomas Hardy heroine 
    played in films
39. "... Tides", a movie
40. She plays Mrs. Alexander 
    Graham Bell
41. "The Gorilla"
42. Army
43. Period of time
44. Male drinks
45. "If I Were 
    King"
46. Growing out
47. To separate
48. A state in the U. S.
49. At time
50. He plays Alexander 
    Graham Bell
51. A decorative knot
52. Period of time
53. Estimate
54. Health spring
55. A color
56. What you sew with
57. Carried (colloquial) 
58. Co-star of "Late Night"
59. Co-star of "Idiot's Delight"
60. Race native to arctic regions
61. To hate
62. Inimitable
63. Famous Chinese film star
64. Motor cars (colloquial)
65. The smallest quantity
66. Paradise
67. A Scandinavian
68. To kill
69. Buxom star of "Gay Nineties"
70. Dined
71. Compass points (abbrv.)
72. A thoroughfare (abbrv.)

DOWN
1. He's the star of "Young Mr. 
    Lincoln"
2. Repeat performances
3. "Never Say ...", with Bob 
    Hope and Martha Raye
4. Biblical pronoun
5. Section of window
6. He plays Verdam Castle
7. Dilates
8. Exist
9. "... Tides", a movie
10. He plays Mrs. Alexander 
    Graham Bell

Answer to 
Last Month's Puzzle

ALAN DON FRED
AROMA OPE MEU
BABA RAM EN
EBBS HENRY RAY
ASPLEN SETON
MARK ARCH SOD
ASTE NOE MERL
US DEER EWER L
CLAIRS ELSE TR
HERON ALAS SNIP
MELLE AMI
IAN ASIA RIGOR
GRANT GNU DEI
SLOE NAP ADDS

SCREENLAND'S  
Crossword Puzzle  
By Alma Talley

Screenland's  
Puzzle  
By Alma Talley
The Winners of the Screen's Topmost Honors

PAUL MUNI
BETTE DAVIS

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JUAREZ
(WAR-EEZ)

The most distinguished production in a year memorable for the outstanding offerings of WARNER BROS.

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BRIAN AHERNE  CLAUDE RAINS  JOHN GARFIELD  DONALD CRISP
JOSEPH CALLEIA  GALE SONDERGAARD
GILBERT ROLAND  HENRY O'NEILL
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM DIETERLE


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*Based on letter in our files.

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NAME
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HOT from HOLLYWOOD

He's "Golden Boy"

Most coveted film rôle awarded to Bill Holden, unknown screen aspirant, ending the year-long quest for a youth to play Columbia Pictures' "Golden Boy." Holden was not among the 3,000 candidates who applied for prize part, and when asked why he hadn't tried for it, Bill's answer was: "Afraid I couldn't make the grade."

Ronal Colman was the center of all eyes when he and Benita H. walked into Earl Carroll's night club. Sunset Boulevard the other night, crowd of Rotarians and Lions, their wives, stared endlessly and some consolation in the fact that R. has a few gray hairs. He and B. brought another couple with them, all being informally dressed, and just sat and watched the dancers. He was such a role until he married that it was proof that Garbo drop in. incident. Greta's been conspicuous by her absence from all Hollywood gatherings—ass

IF YOU don't think being the most a family series affects one's private life, you haven't talked to Fay Holden, a member of the high-riding Hardys. It seems one took his little candid camera, caught Fay gardening in slacks. She received hundreds of letters' proof against her wearing such a "wild" garment. "Honestly! So Fay wears 'em only when she's sure no one's going to get the betting on her. She gave her screen daughter Cecilia Parker a birthday party at her home the other night. Lewis Stone at the Hardys attended, and all played pool as the piece de resistance.及 happily married to a technical director

This is the first house she has ever owned, and she plans on this being her last marriage. You would suppose the town would be filled with tea parties and lawn parties. Joan is mistress instead of an aggregation of farm-yard animals—boasts of twelve hens, cows, turkeys, chickens, and mules. And did you read the announcement of their marriage closely enough to realize that the only guests at the wedding in Kingman, Arizona, were minister’s wife and the principal of high school?

ENNIS O’KEEFE pays with his ex-wife’s ex-husband. . . . Mickey Rooney’s orotic occupation has been dancing the tango with a certain hula dancer hired for a new picture. . . . Joan Crawford’s new picture, Charley Martini, has been written for that Sunday evening radio show she’s joined. . . . Del Casino, who used to stick his head in nightclubs, will become a movie star this fall when he’ll portray Rudolph Valentino in the picture version of the movie star’s real life. . . . Frances Farmer is staying away from Hollywood: she’s in her Paramount contract for more pictures during the summer months. . . .

RICHARD ARLEN began his new Universal contract by selling the yacht he and Joby Arlen used to have such fun on. But getting rid of the expensive boat was only a temporary sea-desertion. Now he and the man who captained it for him are buying a schooner. They will fix it up while they take a trip on it, and when they return they will sell it at a profit. Dick is living in the San Fernando Valley, in a ranch house, and from the way he reads farmers’ data he’s liable to be an old cowhand any minute. He’s still romancing with that luscious, twenty-one-year-old Virginia Gray, of M-G-M. She’ll be his third wife—if they’d decide on getting married.

THERE’S no doubt what Olivia de Havilland is becoming more domestic. Not that she drives the cook away from the stove, or anything rash like that, but she is entertaining at dinner parties with rare aplomb. Her mother has been up in Northern California with Olivia’s stepfather, who has been ill, and mama would be proud of her famous daughter if she could drop in and see the social graces being displayed.

LEXY fade and re-shine in fiddle Hollywood. Current come-backs are being edged by Ann Sothern, Una Merkel, Kay Francis, Marjorie Rambeau, Eric Linden, at Taylor, Helen Vinson, Marsha Hunt, Jan Hopkins, Louise Fazenda, Jack Logan, John Beal, Dorothy Lee—and non Novarro could have been a buddy Gary Cooper’s in Sam Goldwyn’s new film he’d wanted the role. What the town most curious about is: can Hedy Lamarr be back? Certainly the astute guidance the experienced Gene Markey, her producer-husband, should help her live down pictures they had to shelve. Some of the scoundrels think that Hedy’s image is white, her party make-up, has her look too doll-like. Naturally, they would!

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AT 5¢ & 10¢ STORES

VIVIEN LEIGH:
Britain claims Dixie; allure with a broad a.

BOBBY BREEN:
toothache in rompers; prop angel cake.

PRISCILLA LANE:
a grin with lots of sex appeal.

JOHN GARFIELD:
Hell's Kitchen Hamlet; Street-Scene painter.

ANNABELLA:
Dresden china vixen; midnight swim.

LLOYD NOLAN:
sneer and snort school; stock company manners.

Stars on the Half Shell

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

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LLOYD NOLAN:
sneer and snort school; stock company manners.
ALAN MOWBRAY: old man ribber; dead pan intellectual  

JOHN BARRYMORE: Macbeth takes laughing gas; hail, Blythe spirit!  

MARY ASTOR: Dark Lady of Sonnets truckin' to charm school.  

DANIELLE DARIEUX: hold that pose! Gallic Drama Leaguer.  

ANN SHERIDAN: gamine glamour; Tenth Avenue meets Elizabeth Arden  

HEDY LAMARR: fire in Heaven; cupid's top sergeant.  

MICKEY ROONEY: wise guy in embryo; Peter Panic.  

CHARLIE McCARTHY: pine Pinocchio; His Master's voice.  

ANN SHERIDAN: gamine glamour; Tenth Avenue meets Elizabeth Arden  

HEDY LAMARR: fire in Heaven; cupid's top sergeant.  

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Protect daintiness—Lux dresses the way you do your undies  

Dresses—like undies—absorb perspiration odor all day long. Especially in warm weather Lux dresses often. Lux takes away odor—keeps dresses new looking longer! Avoid harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.  

"Oh, Tom, I'm so happy!" Engaged ... and she used to think romance would pass her by. She learned she was offending—began using Lux. It leaves dresses so dainty! Helps protect popularity, romance.  

Figure what Lux saves: For less than a penny, unless the water is hard, you can Lux a dress or a sweater. In hard water, just a bit more Lux softens the water, gives you an abundance of suds.  

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A little goes so far, it's thrifty
THE STORY OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THAT HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD!

His thrilling, exciting, romantic youth... wrestling, fighting, telling funny stories, falling in love! A picture stirring with its drama, romance, action, emotion!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN

with
HENRY ALICE MARJORIE ARLEEN
FONDA • BRADY • WEAVER • WHELAN

EDDIE COLLINS • PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL • DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS • EDDIE QUILLAN

A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
DEAR MISS L.:
So it's so long sarong, is it?

So you can't stand the sight of a sarong any more, it makes you scream? Well, if you're exchanging sultriness for snootiness I think you'll be pretty bored. I know you are going to bore us. I've had letters about you already, complaining that you are throwing away the costume that's covered you so well since "Hurricane." Now don't you really think you're going to miss those old South Sea Islands, and those songs about moonlight through the palm trees and Ray Milland's eyelashes?

Swathed in satin, and with your long hair in queenly coronet braids, you don't seem like Our Dottie any more, or Charlie McCarthy's Dottie, either. You're just another beautiful statue, walking, and we have lots of those. It might be different if you planned to take up Acting; but so far you have shown no sign of sneaking up on Bette Davis' next Academy Award. In your picture with Jack Benny, "Man About Town," you're a pretty leading lady that's all. It seems to me sometimes you don't even try. I take that back—just once, you did try, in "Spawn of the North," and you gave a good show. You were sincere and convincing, and the jump from sarong to sweater was not too sudden to chase the Lamour fans out of the theatre. But since then you've been chiefly celebrated for adorning the news and party pictures in the papers and magazines—no mean ornament, either—and that's just my point. Why go grand on us, anyway? Haven't we enough to bear with Garbo going into comedy? A frank, unabashed Sarong Queen has a unique place on the screen, and as such you're supreme. What's sarong, then?

We liked you first because you are the modern version of the beloved Hollywood Cinderella legend: girl of the people like Bow and Crawford, working as an elevator operator and riding right up from there. And you kept your down-to-earth quality until lately—and now all this silliness about presenting your sarong to a museum, and going in for stately poses like the one at top left on this page. If it's all publicity, then I call it bad publicity. If it's your own idea, then it's my painful duty to remind you that your Public is hopping mad, that it likes its sarongs stuffed, not as museum pieces; and that you'd better get yourself measured for a nice new one soon—and let your hair down, will you?

Delight Evans
Charlie Chaplin congratulates May Robson on the occasion of her grand trouper’s seventy-fifth birthday. May’s studio gave a big luncheon party in her honor, and she celebrated by signing a brand new contract. What a girl!

What’s this, what’s this? Mrs. Gary Cooper, with Erol Flynn? Sorry to disappoint the gossips, but “Rocky” Cooper, Gary owns the hand at left in picture above, and Mrs. Flynn was there, too. Occasion: the Basil Rothbone’s big charity party.

Three top comedy stars talking pretty seriously about something at the Rothbome party, night: Bob Hope, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. The Rothbones’ beautiful Bal-Air home was the setting for the festivities; the Hollywood Guild the charity.
Sneak up on your favorite filmers and see them be themselves at the important parties and previews, with our special camera reporter.

We caught up with Kay this time, below, as she and George Murphy were consulting the wine list. You'll be seeing the glamorous Kay on the screen in a really good picture soon: "Memory of Love," in which she co-stars with Carole Lombard. The two should make a fine team.

Gary and his wife go into their dance at the Basil Rothbone party while Kay Francis tries to duck, but our cameraman was too quick for her. How'd you like Mrs. Cooper's quaint costume and coiffure? And you mustn't miss that ring.

Jack Benny stops at Clau- dette Colbert's table to say bowdy. Mr. Benny is Miss Colbert's favorite radio comedian, in case you're interested. Claudette's camera-shy husband, Dr. Jack Pess- man, almost managed to dodge our camera—but not quite. That's his dignified dome at right in picture.
Those blissfully happy honeymooners, Tyrone and Annabella Power, join their good friends the Charles Boyers at the preview of "Confessions of a Nazi Spy." Mrs. Boyer—Pat Paterson—was matron of honor at the Powers' wedding, and it's interesting to note that Annabella once played a "bit" in a French picture which starred Charles Boyer. Be sure to read Annabella's Romantic Life Story, Page 32 in this issue.

Elsa Maxwell, soon to be seen on the screen in all her buxom glory in "Hotel for Women," goes to the "Juarez" preview with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Sylvia Fairbanks, the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and young Doug. (Below).

It always gives us a very special glow when we see a picture of the Fred MacMurrays together. Seems to us they are among Hollywood's real romancers, even though they rate as just an "old married couple." Below, on cook's night out, at Marcel's.

All the Hollywood celebrities turned out for the "Juarez" premier. Warner's big new epic has caused more comment than any other recent film among Hollywood's own picture-makers. Left, still in the hand-holding stage are Gene Markey and his beautiful wife, Hady Lamarr.
The Powers and the Boyers are joined for a chat at the "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" preview by Claudette Colbert. Maybe she is discussing the party she later gave in honor of the new Mrs. Tyrone Power. It turned out to be one of Hollywood's better social events with a huge tent, an orchestra, and little tables for fifty of the screen colony's most famous. Incidentally, no bombs or ripe tomatoes were tossed at "Nazi Spy" screening.

Francis Lederer, who scores a real acting success in the "Nazi Spy" film, attended the preview with Mr. and Mrs. John Garfield. John was taking bows on his own excellent performance in the other Warner picture, "Juarez." (Below).

Another blissful Mister and Missus, still walking right into the camera hand in hand, are the John Paynes, below. Would you know little Anne Shirley in her grown-up get-up? We're still trying to decide if we like it. Wonder what John thinks of her hair-do?

When a Hollywood actor was seen in public with his wife, it used to be news. Now that practically all our best stars are happily married, it would be news if we could show you Wayne Morris with some other girl besides Bubbles—but we can't, and we're not sorry!
WHEN Loretta Young's fourteen-year-old sister Georgianna decided to get into the movies, too, the secret campaign waged was terrible—on the kid sister's part!

Of course, Loretta tells her young sister a lot. But among the pointers was this major one Georgie chose to overlook. "I don't want you to try to get into pictures. At least, not for years yet!" Loretta was quite definite about it. She had her reasons.

So now that Georgianna Young is a fair blossom under long-term contract to the discriminating Mr. David Selznick's company, the entire story of how Loretta discovered there was to be another career in the family, and the truth about what she intends to do about it, can be divulged. Loretta didn't just regally pick up a phone—which would have been a snap, heaven knows, says Georgie—and ask for a good rôle for her. "If she only had!" exclaims the new actress in the Young household, employing a dramatic tone suspiciously akin to Loretta's best air in a big scene. "Life really could be so simple if Loretta would only break down about some matters and make it that way!"

That is a moot question. There is no doubt but what Georgie certainly could be stepping out arrayed like no other young lady her age in all Hollywood. After all, with the successful Loretta, no less, as her mentor, to guide and gown her, what sensation couldn't the youngster stir up?

Today anyone can see that Georgie is pretty. She has very blue eyes that are almost as large as Loretta's, and with mascara and eye-shadow, skillfully applied by a sister who has been taught glamour by the cleverest make-up experts in the world, they'd be so Effective On Upperclassmen. She has a straight little nose, denoting a sufficient degree of dignity and properly suggesting that she hails from an exquisite place with Colonial pillars. Her smile is sweet and generous. She is as tall as Loretta now, her figure is keen, and every time she tries on the beautiful clothes belonging to the star of their home Georgie delicately observes how marvelously...
**HERE'S THE HUMAN INTEREST STORY-OF-THE-MONTH FROM HOLLYWOOD!**

This is not just another interview with a famous movie Glorifier Girl. It is real life revealed by one older girl to her younger sister. Across the page, Loretta and 14-year-old Georgia. Right, close-up of the kid sister; below, the star.

Big Sisters are always telling Little Sisters what not to do! But when Big Sister is a glamorous screen star like Loretta Young, her advice is listened to and followed—sometimes. It's good advice for 'teen-age girls everywhere, too.

They fit. She dives into each new box that comes from a fashionable modiste's, if she can beat Chrystabel, the secretary, to it. She pulls on Loretta's most fatal hats, airmailed special from Fifth Avenue shops, and Loretta may be forever fussing, forever dissatisfied with her hair, but Georgie needs only a milliner's maddest dream and the coiffure can shift for itself. She parades in Loretta's mink before the huge mirrors in Loretta's dressing-room, stands dripping with silver foxes until Loretta sighs, "Honey, you're a sight, but not the right kind of a sight." She borrows a touch of the most expensive perfume from Paris before Loretta can cry, "Slow down, darling!"

It seems that is what Loretta keeps telling her most. That was why she didn't let Loretta know a thing about her picture career until she had secured a role and was actually at work acting in a studio. Considering that Georgie is even now enrolled in a convent in Santa Monica, and is supposed to be smitten with the joy of being a high-school freshie, it was probably as well that she was so discreet. She had long wanted to start in the movies, and when she was nine Georgie did rate a brief role, thanks to Loretta being sentimental. There had to be a few shots of the star as a child, and so Loretta allowed her to impersonate her in the sequence. But since then Georgie had only been for a visit on a set once. Loretta's idea, not hers, I might add.

When they were casting that film Deanna Durbin made last fall the delayed Opportunity knocked. Loretta's young sister was the type to play one of Deanna's schoolmates. Loretta's agent mentioned this to Georgie while at the house one day, and that was the match for the fire of ambition banked within her. She persuaded their mother it would be all right, there were only a couple of lines, anyway, and working with Deanna would be such fun. Besides, Loretta herself was playing grown-up leading ladies at thirteen! (Loretta remembers when she was like Georgie. That was why she let them cast Georgie as herself at nine; when Loretta was four she was so cute she did one role in a picture. Then she went to school like Georgie, and hated the everyday routine, also. At thirteen, Opportunity rang. There was a call to work for elder sister Polly Ann. I'll being out of town, Loretta hied herself over to Mervyn LeRoy and said she could substitute. She not only did, but within a year—at fourteen—she was playing heroines, literally.)

At dinner, after her first exuberant day at a studio strictly on her own, Georgie calmly announced the news. Loretta was stunned for a minute. Georgie, acting instead of going to the convent! Why, she couldn't! But fortunately she withheld that thought, for like a flash she realized she herself had been precisely as determined to get into the movies. She managed a grin. The joke was on her, "Well," she admitted, "you fooled me!" Georgie glanced triumphantly at their mother. All three smiled. "Come on," said Loretta, "what happened? How did you get the job? How did the day go? I wish I'd been there to see you! Is Deanna as grand as she seems to be in her pictures? I'll bet she is. Come on, tell me all about it!"

The other afternoon, comfortable in a white slacksuit, Loretta ignored the beckoning sunshine and the handsome, tanned man waiting for her beside her garden swimming pool. She said to me: "You know, I'm in a strange spot because I know just what Georgie is going through, and more—what she will have to face if she does become an actress. Playing several roles doesn't qualify you as an actress, naturally. That's why I didn't want her to start so soon. Today all she sees is the excitement involved. She has visions (Please turn to page 75)
PART I.

IT WAS—she reflected—like a picture some artist of an old-fashioned and rather ingenuous school might have painted, using every single shamelessly gaudy color on his palette. Quite obviously he would have called it Hollywood on a Spring Afternoon; and that's just what it was—with the sunshine, yellow as a lamp, pouring across the pavement in a great, warm flood, the vaulted sky as blue as flax, the vivid life coiling and surging everywhere.

A gay Sunset Boulevard hodgepodge. People from all the United States—even, if rarely, a Californian. White-collar clerks were there, wondering if the climate made up for the lack of Chicago pep or Gotham gall. A sprinkling of the
Most colorful romance of the movie colony by one of America's most popular writers! Warmly human fiction real as life itself

She sighed; walked along. Her dress was sleeky, her hat faded. Yet her shadiness could not conceal that her hair was gloriously ruddy-golden, her eyes pansy-blue, her mouth red, her small nose exquisitely tilted. Women glanced at her—and envied. Men frankly stared—and desired. For instance, a paunchy Iowa tourist who, serene in the knowledge that his wife was safely ensconced between manicurist and permanent-wavist, fell into step by her side and whispered a raucous: "H'yah, baby!"

Her answer—it had been the tag-line in a comedy in which she had played the lead—was scornful and haughty: "Do we know each other?"

I do hope we don't."

He wilted, turned South—while she turned North. For the seventh time she opened her pocketbook—to discover, for the seventh time, that her one thin dime had not miraculously multiplied. A cup of coffee and a doughnut—that's all it was good for; unless—she considered, passing a news-stand—she bought herself a home paper.

Home meant New York. It meant, specifically, Broadway and Seventh Avenue between Columbus Circle and Thirty-Fourth. She picked up a paper, put down her dime. The man at the stand pushed it back. "Blow you to it, Gwen," he told her.

She looked up, startled, she saw—had not seen him in a couple of years—a lean, tall, swarthy man in shirt-sleeves and baggy, spotted corduroy trousers. "Why—she gasped weakly—"Lester!"

They were both silent for a second or two. Then, rather brutally, he remarked: "Gee—but you looked-and-out."

"That so?"—brilliant. "What about yourself?"

"At least I've got a job, Have you?"

"No," she admitted. "I—I'm broke."

"Started on your own—and you've flopped on your own—eh?"

"Don't rub it in! I—" suddenly on the verge of tears—"I haven't even a place to sleep." (Continued on page 70)
WILL DEANNA MARRY AN OLDER MAN?
Deanna Durbin is growing up from a lovely child to a lovelier young woman. Here we face the possibility of future romance for her.

By Ida Zeitlin

Deanna is seventeen. She has reached the age which the poet describes as "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." She is about to step across the imaginary line that separates girlhood from womanhood. And the possibility of romance will have to be faced.

At seventeen she represents the popular idea of adolescence. She's the kind of daughter all daughterless parents would like to have. Those who have daughters identify her with their own. Because they sigh at the thought of their own seventeen-year-olds growing older, making boy friends, having dates, flitting beyond the confines of the homes they have brightened, they cling the more tenaciously to Deanna as the symbol of the lovely young teens, averting their minds from the knowledge that it can't last forever. As they have made Shirley the child of their hearts, so they have made Deanna the adolescent of their hearts. She has the springlike freshness of a peachtree in bloom. They know the blossoms must fall if the fruit is to ripen, yet they can't suppress a pang when the process begins. "Nuts to the fruit," they're likely to mutter mutinuously, "We'll take the flowers!"

In a recent Screenland contest, you readers were asked whether you wanted Deanna to grow up in the films, to play more mature roles, to fall in love. The answer was an overwhelming, almost an agonized, no.

One woman summed it up: "If we're in the mood for love, there's Shearer and Lombard and Colbert and Loy and a dozen others we can see. But there's nobody else who can give us what we get from Deanna."

As she is on the screen, so they would like to believe her off it. For your true fan is a romantic, who refuses to distinguish between the film ideal and the flesh-and-blood reality. They love to be told, for instance, that Deanna doesn't go out with boys. Bonita Granville, who's about the same age, Judy Garland who's younger can step out as often as they please without hurting the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Public. But Deanna must be kept apart, inviolate, untouched by even the shadow of adult emotion. So it must have been with something of a shock that the world read a recent news report from Hollywood, which stated that Deanna might elope with a twenty-three-year-old assistant director named Vaughn Paul. The report continued: "All that is holding them back, intimates declared, is Deanna's age. She will not be eighteen till December and not until then, under California law, will she be free to decide for herself on marriage. But after that, friends said, 'Don't be surprised if they pull a fast one and elope.'"

It would be interesting, if perhaps unbelievable, to try to track down the unnamed "friends" and "intimates" allegedly responsible for this report. Deanna's only intimates are her family, who remain unquoted. Anything is possible, of course, especially in Hollywood. Six months or so ago Deanna was a grave, innocent-eyed child, with no thought beyond her books and music, her home and work. When Jackie Moran took her to lunch one day, in payment of a bet, Mrs. Durbin and Mrs. Moran were both present. Love may have transformed her abruptly into a wildhearted woman who can hardly wait till she's eighteen to elope. There's also another possibility. Her scheduled picture with Charles Boyer will be called "Young Love." It's a pretty and provocative title, which the public shouldn't be allowed to lose sight of before the film hits the screens. What surer way of reminding them than by planting the rumor, however well or ill-founded, that Deanna's in love? If she is, we'll hazard a guess that Mr. Vaughn Paul is a very mature twenty-three. For we have a theory—which, like most theories, can be blasted full of holes—that she'll marry a man considerably older than herself. It is based on her background, her temperament, and her experience past and to come.

Her life has been spent among older people. Before she became a movie star, she had her school chums. But she became a movie star at thirteen, and the normal association with children of her own age came to an abrupt end. Deanna regrets the loss of that companionship, as do her parents for her. Yet the choice had to be made, and which of us would have chosen differently?

You may ask: why doesn't the same condition prevail in the same degree for other movie children? Mickey Rooney appears at the Cocoanut Grove every Saturday night and goes about otherwise, fairly unannounced. Freddie Bartholomew plays football and roughhouses with the kids on his street. Shirley Temple and Jane Withers have no dearth of friends of their own age to play with. Well—Mickey and Freddie are boys. Though we're modern as 1939, we (Continued on page 84)
IT WAS several years ago when I first predicted the future for Barbara Stanwyck, even before Barbara’s name had been romantically linked with that of Robert Taylor, and at that time her chart showed clearly that Barbara would marry during the year 1939. “Marriage will take place to one of the screen’s most popular young stars,” I predicted, “and that marriage will be a great success.”

Born in the Sign of Cancer, June 21 to July 22, Barbara Stanwyck has known the disquieting experience that often comes to these idealistic and day-dreaming children of the Zodiac. She did not find romantic happiness in her first marriage, but this year in common with others born in the Sign of Cancer, Barbara stands on the threshold of amazing revelations in romance. Her chart is fortunately aspected and she should go on to greater success in her screen career than ever before. Marriage is shown for Barbara this year, and there is every chance of it bringing her the love-happiness she has always sought.

Ginger Rogers is another charming star born in the lucky Sign of Cancer. Her birthdate is July 16th, and if you will recall, she has also lived true to her Sign in the past. Her marriage to Lew Ayres ended in a separation of long standing. Recently I met Ginger Rogers again at David Selzwick’s home, and predicted a new romance for her in the very near future. Marriage is shown for Ginger by the end of 1940, and it will be to a man prominently connected with the motion picture industry in Hollywood.

The bad luck that has followed both Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers in romance and marriage is no indication that all Cancer people inherit the same fate, but it is definite proof that they are too idealistic in love, to easily led to believe in romance that has no permanen foundation for future happiness. Cancer people must be careful not to let their hearts rule them completely and as a word of warning, it might even be good for the average person born in this Sign to check with the list of compatible Signs given below before choosing a sweet heart or mate.

Here is really convincing proof that the heavenly stars do influence our actions on this earth. Both Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers were born on July 16th.
and they have both gone through the same cycles of romance and broken marriages in the past. This is only one of the thousands of such coincidences that exist in the science of astrology, which makes it impossible to not believe in astrology. If these things work in the lives of others, then they are bound to work in our own lives, too.

For the benefit of those whose birthdates also come in the Sign of Cancer, it might be interesting to know a few other stars who were born in your Sign. First there is beautiful Olivia de Havilland, whose birthdate is July 1st. Olivia comes into the most amazing part of her screen career in the coming months and, having already won the coveted role of Melanie in "Gone With the Wind," she is on her way to becoming one of the screen's most outstanding dramatic stars. According to her chart, Miss de Havilland will not only have great screen success, but within the next three years, there are romantic developments in her life which (Please turn to page 78)
"I HAVE such a memory of that garden!"

This is the way Annabella begins her romantic life story. For even as with the earth’s First Woman, so Annabella’s life rooted and grew in a garden, a garden of France, one hour from Paris, near Chantilly. And thanks to the garden, perhaps, there is a first freshness about Annabella, too, something springing and sweet and sharp as the spiky iris ... a garden, it was, with a high, rosy wall surrounding it, espalier trees foaming white blossoms against the wall when it was Spring in France, heavy with golden globules of fruit when it was ripe Summer. A silver river threaded through the garden, in the middle of the river there was a little island, crowned with poplar trees—and four children played there, four quaint children born of the new world out of the old. Suzanne Charpentier, called Zette, and later to re-christen herself Annabella, her brother Pierre, eight years

Annabella tells SCREENLAND her Life Story with enchanting frankness, and gives us these pictures from her family album. Looking from top down: her father, Paul Charpentier; Annabella with her younger brother; a childhood closeup; with her cousin Claude in the garden; sweet little Suzanne—which is Annabella’s real name—as a baby gardener; and, right, when she became Annabella, the film favorite of France.
younger than she, her brother Jean, two years older, and her girl-cousin, Claude, also two years her senior, who made her home with the Charpentiers. They played “like mad” in that garden, those children, and fantasies and fairies, Indians and elves, companions who, without visible bodies, laughed and talked.

“We were all the time in that garden,” Annabella reminisces, “because my mother was afraid of everything. My mother was the kind of a mother who wants her children always in her arms. So that we did not go to school, we had always tutors. We did not often go at all out of that garden. And in a garden, alone, you wonder what is back of the world, what is real and what is not real and, secretly, you do not want to know or even care.

“I have such a memory of that garden that now, more than anything, a garden is necessary to me. Now, like then, the house is not important, only the garden. I cannot live too long in cities. I cannot breathe in them. I could not live in an apartment, with people over me and people underneath me. I could not bear that. But then, in that garden, Claude and I and a ‘friend’ named Lucy. I would say to Claude, ‘you know, I met Lucy today and, my goodness, her hair is now short like a boy’s— and Claude would say, ‘come, now, that is not true! I saw Lucy today, also, and her hair is still long to her knees!’ I would say to my mother, ‘Maman, Lucy is coming to lunch today. Please have her a place set.’ The place would be set. The servants would pass the food to the place. Lucy would be sitting there. No one but Claude and I could see her. Because there was no such person as Lucy. But all the time, at lunch, Claude and I would laugh and frown at what she said. My mother thought we were mad.

“One day, I would not be Zette at all. I would be Jacques, a boy. I would wear my brother’s clothes. I would tell my mother, ‘Please, do not call me Zette. I am not a girl, I am a boy. My name is Jacques. I am very dark and dangerous.’ So that my mother would say to us, an déjeuner, ‘what are you today, my children? What kind of children have I today?’ Poor mother, she was such a quiet person, so old-fashioned, so still in all her ways, to have such devils for (Please turn to page 90)
WHY Florence Rice Never Married Until Now!

Never before told, this bitter-sweet story behind a Hollywood Beauty’s romance

By Jerry Asher

They arrived in Honolulu on Wednesday. On Thursday he asked her to marry him. On Friday Florence Rice and Robert Wilcox became man and wife!

When Florence and Bob suddenly decided to accompany the Jimmy Ellisons and their party on a trip to the paradise isle, romance was the last thing they had in mind. Up to the moment she discovered she was in love with Bob, Florence never believed there could be another man to measure up to her ideal of Phillips Holmes. Of that romance, only ashes of memory remain.

Many have wondered why Florence remained single for so long. What was the reason for her refusal to take romance seriously, when she rated such popularity with all the eligible bachelors in town? Even today Florence finds it difficult to talk about that interlude in her life so treasured and almost sacred. It's taken years for her to realize that she and Phil Holmes were destined to go their separate ways alone. In Robert Wilcox, Florence has found all she ever hoped for. And more. The two of them are gloriously, gratefully happy.

"It seems," says Florence reflectively, "it was our fate that Phil and I should not marry. Perhaps we met at the wrong time of our lives. Perhaps we should have been older and wiser. But it seemed so right at the time. We are both grown-ups now. I shall always be grateful for Phil’s friendship."

The first meeting of Florence and Phil Holmes took place one Christmas. Florence, a struggling young actress in a Philadelphia stock company, had seen Phil on the screen and developed a crush. At that budding of her career, Florence was more thrilled at herself a good actress, than working to become The prospect of a two-week holiday in New York thrilling. On her first night in the big city, Florence invited to a typical New York party. Celebrities every walk of life were gathered under her host. It was all festive and gay with Christmas cheer. Flo walked in and was introduced to Phil Holmes. Love at first sight, Phil, with his gentle breeding, charming manner, his tender consideration, swept Flo off her feet. There was an aura of loneliness about that touched Florence deeply. She had heard a lot those conceited Hollywood movie stars. Was she wonder that she fell for Phil, who was one of the the simplest among the handsome young actors Hollywood?

Now the stage ceased to interest Florence. She too much in love. Promise of a career meant less nothing. So soon she left for Hollywood, where work had called him back. There followed weeks days of companionship. Nights of dancing at the nut Grove, driving along by the sea, happy, enchanting moments of being (Please turn to p
Screenland
Salutes
BEAUTY
of the Month:
BETTY GRABLE
Come Out and Play!

CLAIRE TREVOI
The Magic Hands of Heifetz!

Bigger box-office attraction than most movie stars, Jascha Heifetz, great violinist, has a vast loyal public which crowds concert halls whenever he appears, buys his phonograph records and cheers him as few other performers have ever been cheered. Now Heifetz, himself, will be heard and seen from motion picture screens, in Samuel Goldwyn's forthcoming "Music School." Above, the artist works in the new world of cameras and sound tracks. He plays eight of his most popular selections, including compositions by Tschaikovsky, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Rimsky-Korsakof.
A Lovely Lady, Listening

Virginia Field, British beauty whose latest screen appearance is in "Captain Fury," with Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen, might be listening to the magic melodies of Heifetz' violin in this dreamy portrait, above. Miss Field has her best role in a long time in the new adventure picture dealing with the colonization of Australia—a new locale for Hollywood film fiction.
HEY, SONJA!
DONT YOU KNOW
IT'S SUMMER?

But Henie films are always in
season: latest, "Second Fiddle."
JUST A PRETTY PICTURE!

But Jean Rogers had better not go near the water, with those high heels! "Winner Take All" also exhibits Miss Rogers to advantage.
George Brent is Hollywood's most-in-demand and gallant now that Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Fairbanks, Jr., have become benedicts. Ah, there, Bette Davis!
Some connoisseurs of feminine prefer the smouldering Lamarr. The lovely Hedy luck in “Lady Tropics,” co-starring with Robert...
SHE'S LOOKING
IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

News is Robert Preston, young man at left in picture above. Pretty Susan Hayward is looking at him instead of up at Gary Cooper or over her other shoulder at Ray Milland—maybe Susan knows this Preston boy is the new threat to Hollywood male stars since his hit in "Union Pacific." You'll see the above quartette in "Beau Geste" soon.
the Summer swimming season are the pretty girls on this page, all enhanced by their grand new, B.V.D. swim-suits. Above, RKO-Radio beauty wears the new strapless suit in colorful Paisley "Sea Satin"—there are supplementary straps for active swimming. At right, Jane Woodworth ull-fashioned wool maillot with "Latex" through the waist and legs to give a perfect fit. The Shocking" pink. Below, Dorothy Lovetz in her flared skirt suit of wool in the new "Little Girl" style, in marine blue trimmed with red.

—photographs by A. Bachrach. Inte by B.V.D.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From "Wolf Call," Monogram's picture based on the Jack London story, showing Grey Shadow and his mate
That Andy! He clowns, right, as he mimics yawn of his very new son, Danny Patrick Devine. Center below, with Martha Raye in film. Lower, Andy the outdoor man, with his pretty wife.

Here he is—most lovable guy in Hollywood, in candid close-up

The

Devine

Andy

Here probably isn't another featured player in Hollywood as important as Andy Devine, about whom as little is known. That he is important is attested by his salary (which hogs $1500 a week, exclusive of his radio income) and the fact that he goes from one picture to another with scarcely a day's interim between them. There probably aren't six people in Hollywood who could tell you some of the anecdotes I am about to relate concerning Andy Devine. For, although Andy is hail-fellow-well-met—a regular Good-time-Charlie—a guy who slaps you on the back when he's introduced or who says, "So long, pal," as he leaves you after your first meeting (and means all of it), that's only half of Andy. You might see him every day for a year and, unless the circumstances were propitious, that's all of Andy you would ever know.

We had been fairly close friends for over a year before I discovered he was good for anything more than laughs. We were out at the Arlen's' house waiting for Dick and Joby to come home. Ricky hadn't been born. It was about dusk. The purple shadows were lengthening over the mountains and that quiet that comes between daylight and dark had fallen over everything. I don't remember what was eating me—but I began spilling over. I stopped suddenly as I realized to whom I was speaking. A comic! I tried to laugh off my confidences but, for once, there was no answering grin on Andy's face as he answered quietly. "We all have our (Please turn to page 88)
Hollywood stars and their money are protected from chiselers by astute business men like those above: top, Everett Crosby, business and financial manager for brother Bing; Vernon D. Wood, business and financial agent for Bette Davis; and Ted Rogers, who handles the business affairs of top directors including Lloyd Bacon. On opposite page, some of the smart stars: Carole Lombard, Pat O'Brien, William Powell, Merle Oberon, Bing Crosby, Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy.

AST Fall Bette Davis telephoned the Wood brothers. "C. J.," she said to the younger brother, "I need a coat."

"What kind of a coat?"

"A fur coat. The fur sales are on, so please have some coats sent out for me to look at."

What, a man shopping for Bette Davis’ fur coats? Yes; and for her shoes, and furniture, and life insurance, and cars, and securities, and real estate, and anything else she buys! That is the Wood brothers’ job. They are members of that clan of young fellows that has recently sprung to importance in the film colony—a clan you’ll have to deal with sooner or later if you plan to do any business in Hollywood.

Bette leaves her shopping to them because she is one of the hundreds of Hollywood stars and players who have heeded the object lesson of the old-timers that haunt the casting offices in search of bit parts or extra work. She knows that though some of these oldsters may have earned a million dollars in pictures in their day they have been penniless for years. Bette, like the others of the younger generation in Hollywood, has heard the dire prophesy: "You’ll be like the old stars, if you don’t watch out," and, also like the others, Miss Davis has grown very weary of hearing motion picture stars referred to as suckers, soft-touch-Charlies, and spendthrifts.
Practical Bette, being too smart to fail to be dollar wise, reserves her efforts and her brains for use in her own work, letting her business manager do her worrying.

"I haven't the training or the time to tune my piano, repair my car, or handle my finances," explains this star. So she passes those responsibilities to advisers and then co-operates. When Vernon D. Wood suggested it was a needless expense to drive her twenty-five cent a mile Packard twelve on errands around town, Bette gave heed, and bought a light station wagon to knock about in. Not long ago she drove some friends up to Monterey in this light car, reporting oodles of fun for all.

But it isn't only the spectre of the follies of former stars that worries film players today and causes them to gather up their old check stubs, past-due bills, interest payments and what-not and make a dash for a business manager. Neither is it merely the desire not to be a soft-touch and a sucker that induces stars to put themselves on a budget that allows only twenty-five dollars a week spending money. Their sudden need of a financial crutch is also inspired by a present-day complication which—though it never woke the old stars in a cold sweat—has been known to turn a profitable year of film work into practically a net loss and to drive sane (Please turn to page 95)
Reviews of the best Pictures

by Delight Evans

JUAREZ—WarnerS

IN A word, magnificent! When Screenland turns its Honor Page into a double feature, as we do for "Juarez," you know that here is one motion picture you must not miss. Hollywood is doubtless wishing it had reserved the adjective "great" to trot out for "Juarez" instead of squandering it so carelessly on every other "big" picture. For here is genuine greatness if it has ever been achieved on the screen. From first to last, the pageantry, the pomp, the vital message and, most of all, the great human drama of "Juarez" should hold you enthralled. Here is no "star" picture. Here are many stars submerging themselves and their "box-office" appeal in their roles, for once greater than they are. Paul Muni plays the Mexican Indian patriot Juarez with such selfless perfection that it will probably prove his last applauded performance. Bette Davis is not Bette Davis at all but the ill-fated Empress Carlota. You will not recognize Brian Aherne as the Emperor Maximilian—not because his curled wig makes him unfamiliar, but because he is, incredibly, the Emperor—and he will move you to tears. A great performance! But "Juarez" is more than a showcase for brilliant actors. It is a clarion call to those who love democracy that they must prove it.

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A GENIAL, rambling show with the good-natured Bing Crosby obligingly dividing honors with Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, and a newcomer named Sandy. It may be sheer laziness as much as good humor that makes Bing practically give away his picture to his supporting players; but whatever it is, the result is just dandy. This isn't the best Crosby but it's better than "Paris Honeymoon" and it had better be. Sandy? Oh, Sandy is just the baby who steals every scene he's in. I say "he" because Sandy plays a baby boy in the picture. Literally, Sandy is a girl. All that matters really is Sandy's grin and Sandy's gurgle and the way Sandy listens when Bing is singing Featherbed Lane. It's terribly cute, all right, but it does get you. Crosby plays a crooning taxi-cab driver who has this baby wished on him to hide for a while, until the mother and father kiss and make up and take the baby back. It all sounds pretty silly, and is; but it is also very funny to watch Bing and Mischa as amateur fathers, with Joan Blondell around for decoration and a good song ringing clear from the Crosby tonsils. Why didn't Bing sing Melancholy Baby, though? Maybe he thought Sandy wouldn't like it. Audiences, you're going to cry for more of Sandy.

MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic

IT IS a pleasure to report that "Man of Conquest" is a fine and exciting show, that Richard Dix "comes back" to cinema glory in the great role of Sam Houston, and that Republic Pictures, rather than one of the companies more familiarly associated with "big" pictures, produced it. Not since his Fancy Free in "Cimarron" has Dix been handed a part with the breadth and brawn of the avenger of the Alamo; and he convinces us he has lost none of his old power and persuasion as he strides through the filmed adventures of Houston's colorful career, from Tennessee to Texas. The remarkable Sam lived a rich life made to order for a movie; his marriage to a pretty 17-year-old girl, ending in her desertion of him; his service with the Indians; his later, lasting romance with Margaret Lea; his most thrilling adventure, the battle of Jacinto, when he lead his force with the stirring cry, "Remember the Alamo!"—it is all lustily told in terms of true cinema. Historically accurate, intelligently directed, excellently enacted, "Man of Conquest" should be seen by every American—and what a feast for schoolboys. Dix is surrounded by splendid players, but it is Edward Ellis as Andrew Jackson who shares honors with the star if anyone does.
UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

SAY, this one's FUN! It's a super-super Western. You never saw such a picture. It has everything—tripped. It's "The Covered Wagon" plus "Stage Coach" plus "Dodge City." Some may say it's too long—but not me. At the end of two hours and a half I was yelling for more Indians, more train, and more Robert Preston. "Union Pacific" boasts the best performance that Joel McCrea has ever given, and the most lovable acting job that Barbara Stanwyck has done in a long time; but ironically the effect is lost because in the cast there is a newcomer who grabs every scene he's in. This Preston will be new Number One Boy of the outdoor action dramas unless the ladies have lost interest in rugged individuality—and I don't think we have. The building of the great transcontinental railroad against terrific odds is told with all director Cecil B. DeMille's fine old gusto and prodigality and all his new regard for humor and human interest. Stanwyck as the daughter of a fine old Irish engineer, McCrea as a heroic trouble-shooter on the side of law and order, and Preston representing the bad boys who try to stop the good work are no better than Akin Tamiroff and Lynne Overman as two hellions of the Old West you like to believe in.

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

SUCH a sappy title for such a swell picture! Don't stay away from this one thinking that it's a wisp of lavender and old lace. Anything but. It's a heartwarming and perfectly human love story with Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray giving grand performances as a rich girl and a prizefighter whom she falls for and marries. Apparently whenever Hollywood gets hold of a good love story they think of Irene Dunne, which is all right with everybody. This Dunne girl is just about the most thoroughly feminine person in pictures, just as MacMurray is the most manly; as a team they are perfect. After a slow start "Invitation to Happiness" is an utterly absorbing picture as it traces the romance of the heiress and the fighter through their ten years of marriage and parenthood until his ambition to become heavyweight champion of the world leads them to divorce. Wesley Ruggles tells their story with charm and compassion; he has directed the scenes between bewildered father and hostile son with rare understanding and sympathy; and he has not neglected the leaven of humor. Women will cry at this picture, for it has truth and tenderness in it. Men will cheer it—because of the big prizefight which the hero does NOT win.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warner

A BOLD gesture against unAmericanism, and an engrossing spy drama for anybody's money, here is screen reporting at its most provocative. You may expect a more sensational picture than you actually get, for "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" contains nothing that is news to any intelligent follower of the dailies and the newsreels. However, it is a well-knit, well-authenticated and often exciting account of the propagandistic attacks on our democratic form of government. With Leon G. Turrou acting as technical adviser, the film records the machinations of the foreign spy ring which Turrou himself helped to unmask. The plot to steal military secrets, the recent unsavory spy trial, the methods of espionage are strikingly revealed, with "clips" from actual newsreels to carry additional weight. Here is one picture, at any rate, which scorns that fine old foreword, "All incidents and characters are entirely fictitious, and no reference is intended to any actual person, living or dead." Quite the contrary, for which cheers. Edward G. Robinson is forthright and impressive as chief investigator of the spy gang. You will be interested, too, in Francis Lederer's clever performance as a spy, so different from the Lederer of "Midnight."

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

FEELING a little light-headed? Then look up the nearest theatre playing "Lucky Night." It will be just your picture. You'll come out completely sobered up, "Lucky Night" would make a playboy take the pledge. It is dedicated to the ideal of excitement and to the piquant idea of mating Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor in co-starring roles. The luscious Loy and the smouldering Robert make a very handsome couple, but they don't make sense, due to the fact that their picture refutes to. It all begins on a park bench where Myrna, a broke rich girl, meets Bob, a well-pressed poor boy. One thing leads to another, far into the mad, mad night: and they wake up to find themselves married—and with beautiful hangovers if there's any justice. How Myrna goes home to her father, and how father and Bob get together in search of that excitement thing, and how it all comes out takes a lighter head than mine to understand. Of course a picture like this is made to be appreciated and not understood, anyway; and you may love it if you're in the mood. I wouldn't take the kiddies, though; it might make them reach for the pop bottle. For such an obviously fastidious lady Myrna Loy certainly does get into the damnest cinema situations, doesn't she?
Hollywood's handsomest blonde believes that clothes, especially for the current season, should first of all be fun! She likes gay costumes for daytime, and poses here in her favorites from her own personal collection.

Edited by

Virginia Bruce

Screenland Glamor School photographs especially posed by Miss Bruce, wearing clothes by I. Magnin, Los Angeles, at M-G-M Studios.

Gold polka dots on navy for a golden girl! Left, Virginia Bruce wears her pet costume suit of surah, with circular skirt, Peter Pan collar and cuffs with ruffled edges, and short jacket of gold wool. Her high-crowned sailor is navy, with medium brim. At right, Virginia's "second favorite" two-piece costume, composed of black summer-weight woolen dress with gathered skirt, close-fitting waist band and high fitted bodice with short sleeves and black button fastening—and short, square jacket of black and white wool checks with red dahlia at left shoulder. Her hat of black straw has a large brim.
Three gorgeous gowns, worn by one gorgeous girl, Miss Virginia Bruce. Above, the gypsy influence is still with us—in taffeta this time, in Virginia's favorite blue with stripes of every color in the rainbow. She wears bangle necklace and bracelets. Opposite page, far left, the loveliest dinner dress from the Bruce collection: fuchsia chiffon with voluminous sleeves and trailing skirt. The third gem from Virginia's wardrobe is a dream evening dress of green chiffon with belt of green and silver beads. Her evening bag is a chiffon basket filled with Spring flowers.
Summer Time is Beauty Time

Summer beauty problems are really very temporary. It is the season to build beauty for the year ahead by getting out and doing things. So up on your toes—and action!

By Courtenay Marvin

Summer is the season to improve your appearance! Perhaps these words make some eyebrows lift with surprise. For Summer is too often associated with sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy and excessive body dampness. Hot weather problems are really very temporary ones, most of which have a quick and easy solution.

The results of a Summer well spent, spell beauty insurance. For this is the time that you can build up body reserve, the source of a sparkling, animated personality, the greatest personal lure in the world. What you can do with your figure, too, is pleasantly surprising. In this case I don’t mean just reducing fat, though you can do that, too. Outdoor sports and play will do wonders for the under-developed figure. Especially can the too slim girls with too flat chests and too straight legs attain some contours through muscular development, and good muscles last, though flesh may go up or down, for muscles are the very foundation of a figure. Summer also brings mental relaxation to many, which in the end may contribute to one’s life span. None can deny that Summer brings romance, and many a time it has been known to bring a very nice husband. All in all, it’s a good season if you know how to get over the bad spots. Summer is definitely the time for getting out and doing things, so more action, please!

The stars are a great crowd for outdoor activity. They love sports and games and they work hard at them, for more reasons than mere pleasure, though they get this, too. Margaret Lindsay, Bette Davis, and Kay Francis are reputed to have the most beautiful backs in Hollywood. Now a beautiful back is something to possess, and it not only looks like a gift of the gods when displayed in your most frivolous evening gown or beach suit, but a beautiful back does a permanent favor to you when chastely concealed by a sweater, frock or housecoat. It’s giving you a style, a dash and that certain something. Because you wouldn’t have a beautiful back with careless, slumping posture. We all know girls who dress on practically nothing a year. Often it is these girls we honestly envy. Some aren’t beautiful or even pretty; but they have a dash and flavor that means style. They have an expensive look. Often the reason is a beautiful figure beneath a little $1.98 number, or the way they have learned to hold and move a just moderately good figure that does this million dollar trick.

Perc Westmore thinks that much of figure beauty lies in fine shoulder development. Well, the greatest stylists thought so too, when they launched the padded shoulder vogue, for this excellent reason. More women have narrow shoulders than wide. This (Please turn to page 81)
Glamor bag of the month—washable white alligator grain that adds "esprit" to your entire wardrobe. New, big and beautifully tailored, with long double handle to sling smartly over your shoulder or gather in hand. In shiny black patent, also. A Morris White bag, priced at about $3.

Cocktails for your Summer wardrobe!
Mid-season fashions that you can buy in your own city. For complete store directory, turn to Page 83

By Marina

Walk-Over's Lido sandal, scantiest of footwear, for Summer loafing or very casual wear. Strips of colored pigskin on a sole of special wedge construction that supports the arch, and a slight heel. A real sandal in spite of its appearance of nothingness. In blue, wine, brown or white, and comfortably priced at about $4.95.

An extreme uplift brassiere for the average figure by Fay-Miss, of pure satin, that beautifully moulds the bust. Separation, under support and diaphragm control are points for comfort and beauty. In satin, as shown, or lace and satin, $2.50. In broadcloth, $1.50. Designed for beauty, comfort and excellent wear. This is a year-around garment.
PERSONALLY, I never cared whether Errol Flynn was the world’s greatest traveler, or the world’s greatest liar. But it has been quite a topic of conversation out in Hollywood, where the townsfolk gather of an evening to pan the living daylights out of the cinema celebs. I think a bit of lying is very colorful (you won’t catch me calling the kettle black), and besides there are too many people out here who have never traveled further than Burbank and Glendale. It’s rather a relief to find someone who has discovered lost islands, sailed unknown seas, and been awfully chummy with head-hunters, real head-hunters, not the type you find on Park Avenue. Where truth ends with Mr. Flynn, and fiction takes over (or does it?) never really bothered me. But it has bothered my friends in the Press. So much so, in fact, that at the preview of “Dodge City,” when Alan Hale says to Sheriff Flynn, “Boy, you’re either the greatest traveler who ever lived, or the greatest liar,” I received two nudges, a poke, and a kick on the shins.

No, what I had against Errol Flynn was something else entirely. I simply could not forgive him for being a stuffed shirt. With studs by Cartier. I do like to have my movie heroes real guys—you know, of the earthy, who look awkward with a tea cup and think canapés are something you run up over a store when the sun shines. Who know and love the common people.

Months and months went on, and every time I saw that Flynn man with the gleaming teeth he was doing the right thing, with, how depressing, the right people. All done up in white tie and tails he was escorting Lili Damita to an opening, or dancing at the Trocadero with a Bennett, or gallantly handing a champagne cocktail to a producer’s wife. He skied at Sun Valley with Hollywood’s creme de la creme, and he sailed his yacht to
If you've been thinking that Errol is too elegant and "broad-A" to be one of the gang, better read this—it may make you change your mind about him

By Elizabeth Wilson

Catalina with Hollywood's Grade A. Flawless and elegant was Mr. Flynn.

I met him one evening at a Rathbone party where all the right people (except for a few like myself who were "in trade") were gathered at little tables and doing and saying the right things. For a few moments there I had him all to myself and I did my best to engage him in pretty talk—why I would have been most grateful for an old undiscovered river or a pigmy with a hatchet in its ear—but all I got was a monosyllable. The conversation dropped to the prop department grass with a dull sickening thud.

How can he be such a great traveler, or such a great liar, or both, I groaned, and be so damned social?

So naturally when I heard that he was going on the Dodge City junket I said that isn't any treat. He'll probably sit in his drawing-room every day with his valet and send wires back at every station to the Hollywood social leaders.

I said thank heavens there'll be somebody human along like Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield, and Johnny Payne. I said—but it doesn't matter, I always do too much talking.

Dodge City, as you must know after the biggest publicity splurge in history, is a town in Kansas, where Warner Brothers recently held the gala premiere of Flynn's latest picture, "Dodge City." In the old days (and it's those colorful days that the picture's about) Dodge City was a lawless frontier town where shootin's and killin's were all a part of the daily monotony. But Dodge City today is a peaceful and thriving western city of some ten thousand movie-going people. All the two-gun outlaws, fortunately for the Hollywood drug store cowboys in their pretty scarfs, were dead these many years out yonder in Boot Hill Cemetery, with their boots on.

For the premiere, which was attended by three governors and most of the State of Kansas, Warner Brothers sent a special train called the Dodge City Special, full-of actors, cowboys, newspaper boys and girls, and photographers. And that's how Mr. Flynn and I happened to meet in Dodge City—which was the last place I ever expected to meet Mr. Flynn. There wasn't a ski slope, a white sail, or a broad "a" for thousands of miles.

Now a movie star has got to have stamina—oh, let's get down to earth and call it guts—to face personal appearances in a fan-jammed place like Dodge City, and I thought that Errol Flynn would probably take one look at those thousands of eager faces at the railroad station and refuse to risk his precious neck out on the platform. But I am delighted to report that I had Errol Flynn down all wrong. Not once during the whole trip did he hide away in his drawing-room like a spoiled temperamental star. Not once did he run out on a fan. If any man, woman, or child in Dodge City who wanted to see Errol Flynn, talk to Errol Flynn, or get an autograph from Errol Flynn during the twenty-four hours he was there missed out on it, I can assure you it was not Errol's fault. He was all over the place, like a dust storm. Stuffed shirt, my eye! Social snob, both my eyes! In a leather shirt and tight.
Let Me Take Jack clowns as he takes Lucille Ball’s picture, top. Above, Mrs. Jack Haley. Left, Haley and heir when a baby. Below, "before and after" views of the Haley’s lakeside country home, on beautiful Lake Makopee.

Jack Haley hates to be separated from his miniature camera.

"Whenever you haven’t a camera with you that’s the time the best shots appear," he insists. So he carries his in his pocket, unless he is in a picture when it usually lies around the set waiting for him.

"People pick it up and try it out, of course," he admitted. "I ought to appoint a guardian for it, but forget, and it’s surprising how much film gets use up with other people’s experiments."

"We have more shots of total strangers than any one else in Hollywood," laughed Mrs. Haley, who was busily going through yards of negative looking for her husband’s best efforts. "Look, on this roll there aren’t more than eight out of thirty-six take by Jack!"

Jack grinned. Oh well, he thought it was probably good business for the Eastman Company. "I’m the biggest builder-upper of their business you ever met," he boasted. "All my friends have cameras—why
Your Picture!

By Ruth Tildesley

Because I taught them to like them and how to use them."

"Jack got the camera bug when Jackie was born," put in Mrs. Haley. "Jackie's five and a half now, so that's how long he's been clicking shutters. When I told him the news, he rushed right out and bought a home movie outfit, and when we came out of the hospital, there was Jack standing on the hospital steps, grinding away like a newsreel expert!"

"I take the kid's picture with that outfit every three months," said Jack. "It's fun to watch him grow. I take other kids' pictures, too. I like kids! I just walk around in the park where the kids play, or in our garden or our friends' gardens. Kids don't notice what older people do. They're too busy about their own business."

"The other fathers and mothers didn't notice what he was doing, either," beamed Mrs. Haley. "They just thought Jack was a little cracked on the subject, maybe, but they'd overlook it. Then one night Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen and George Burns were over here for dinner. After we had eaten, Jack said: 'How about showing you folks some home movies?'

"They all cried: 'No! I should say not! We work in pictures all day, why should we look at some amateur's efforts in the evening?'

"That was that. But a little later on, Jack said: 'Look, I've got some horse races on this reel and I'd like to show them to you so you can tell me if you think I've got something. It won't take long.'

"They gave in and prepared to be bored. Instead of horse races, he showed them pictures of their own kids—swell pictures, doing all sorts of natural things, fussing at their nurses, getting their three-cornered pants fixed, standing on their heads, bumping their noses, running away—all the cute baby tricks parents love. They couldn't get enough of the show. They didn't want to see our kid, of course, but they were all over the place when it came to seeing their own!"

Jack grinned again and popped his enormous eyes. "And the next day," he related, solemnly, "Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen, hand in hand, went out and bought themselves complete movie outfits so they could take pictures themselves. That's the way it is with all our friends—once they see what I can do with a lens and a shutter, they are sure they can do much better if they only try!"

After Jack had had his movie outfit for a while, he began to realize that something was missing.

"He got such cute shots of Jackie, but he couldn't carry them around with him and he couldn't show people unless he set up the projector and (Please turn to page 80)
THAT very charming secretary who presides over Irene Dunne's professional and personal details is no ordinary person. She is none other than Ann Harding's sister, and she possesses a great deal of Ann's beauty and poise. She reports that Ann is genuinely happy with her second husband (He's a symphony orchestra conductor). The Harding career isn't over, incidentally, it's just temporarily stymied. And Ann doesn't care. She can always return to the stage, if the movies are ornery.

MELVYN DOUGLAS' birthday was a big event, for everyone but Melvyn Douglas. Joan Blondell staged a party for him on the set, but he'd eaten so much lunch he couldn't eat any of the birthday cake she'd brought. He bought himself a new car, but when he thought he'd take a two-minute spin in it between shots he discovered his wife was hi-ho and away in it. His director, Al Hall, gave him a bicycle, but his son was riding it when Melvyn decided to settle on less impressive transportation. To top it off, his wife gave a surprise dinner party for him and all the guests were there and had a wonderful time. Melvyn had to work out on location that night, and stepped into his own home on the stroke of midnight. That's a stellar birthday for you, that's Hollywood.

Who can blame 20th Century-Fox Studios for making big plans for Mary Healy? They have hopes of building her up into a brunette Alice Faye. Right: Mary putting over one of her numbers in "Second Fiddle." Below, Sonja Henie and Ty Power romancing again, but only for a scene in "Second Fiddle." Lower right, Rudy Vallee, who's also one of the stars of the film, with Miss Healy.
TYRONE POWER paid $75,000 for the house he bought for himself and Anna, and this little inside fact is one more proof of his love for the blondes who out-distanced all the other would-be Mrs. T. P.'s. Claudette Colbert was one of the first to entertain for the newlyweds. Tyrone says he's lost all interest in going to night clubs now that he's found what he was stepping out looking for.

NOTHING is so strange as a movie career, and Ann Sothern is the illustration for this month. She decided she needed better roles, so she turned down another contract which would have carried her along in comedies with Gene Raymond. Then she didn't work for a good long spell. Now she's got a lead at 20th Century-Fox, and she didn't have one day off when she skipped over there from M-G-M. The other example to make you wonder—on second thought two cases speak louder than one—is the equally weird fate of John Beal. A year ago under long-term contract to M-G-M, and wanted simultaneously by Paramount and Columbia, John was fulfilling the promise evident when he made his movie bow with Helen Hayes. All of a sudden his luck switched. So he decided to return to the theatre. He found the perfect play, in his opinion. Opening night on Broadway the sound track, which was the unique device high-spotting his drama, went appallingly blooey. "This can't happen to me, not on the first night, not here in the Empire Theatre!" John groaned. But it did happen, and his plot flopped. He did another unfortunate stage show. Recently he was back in Hollywood for a couple of parts, and he was discouraged. An accomplished, earnest young actor, why wouldn't he be? Ann Sothern and her band-leader husband Roger Pryor have finally bought themselves a home, in Beverly, though Roger will still be away a great deal of the time. The Beals look forward to that—Helen Craig (Mrs. Beal) is an exotic actress who is making a place for herself on the stage. Some day both couples won't have to be separated so much; being apart as much as they are together hasn't dimmed their love.

WHAT do you think of that streamlining job Binnie Barnes has done on herself? She effected a come-back by being her own witty self on the screen, and she was so amusing her impersonation was acceptable. But once re-established, Binnie dictated away twenty pounds and now she is really a sight for bored eyes. Her whole life has taken on a new lift since her first career (she began in England and fiddled at Universal) and her first marriage (to Samuel Josephs, London bookseller) have become memories. Zamuck is co-starring her with Warner Baxter next. Moss Hart, the clever playwright, rushes her madly whenever she tears East for a frolic. Binnie swears, however, that she won't marry him. Nor will she re-marry her good friend Samuel Josephs, who has come all the way from London to visit her once more.

IT was a real fight Glenda Farrell put up before leaving Hollywood. They wanted her to re-sign for more "Torchy Blanes." She felt the success of the series proved they deserved more time and money spent on them, and a change of directors occasionally. Further, she believed she'd been working long enough to get a raise. When it was maintaining the status quo or else, Glenda chose the or else. She's touring in "Stage Door" in the East, and romancing with a radio executive whenever she gets into New York. It's the first time she's been on the stage in seven years.

JOAN BENNETT just can't decide whether to go on being brunette and Hedy Lamarrish or whether she should preserve the blondeness that built her up. Connie Bennett, who always has opinions, and whose opinion in this instance is really worth something since she has studied skin tones for her cosmetic business, says Joan should remain fair. "Black hair is incongruous with her blonde complexion!" But Walter Wanger, Joan's boss, fancies her as a second Hedy; and so far he's had the last word. Joan's romance with Wanger has apparently simmered into a less flaming attachment for she has been dating that good-looking actor, Lee Bowman, besides Walter.

JOAN CRAWFORD believes a brand new color can give a disappointed woman new inspiration. Everything's mauve with her today, unless it's lipstick red. Her new ensembles, her living-room, and her brand-new set dressing-room. There's a story to her new portable dressing-room, by the way. Until this last month she had clung to the one Doug Jr., gave her years ago when they were first married; she steadfastly declined to accept one of the streamlined affairs Metro dealt out to its other stars. But the other day she decided to sweep a little wider, so she gave the old faithful to Bennett, her chauffeur, to give to his Boy Scout troupe. Always partial to blue heretofore, Joan ordered the new room she got from the studio decorated in mauve.

MADELEINE CARROLL has rented Bebe Daniels' beach house on the ocean front at Santa Monica, and redecorated it in nautical fashion. But the more interesting news about Madeleine's home life is the fact that she now owns a beautiful chateau twenty-three miles from Paris. Add this to a digested estate in England, a villa in Northern Italy, a flat in Mayfair, and a castle (literally) in Spain and it's no wonder she rents while in Hollywood working. She's having some improvements made on her chateau, gets photographic reports. She's told the Little Sisters of the Poor, a charitable organization, that they can use her chateau for emergency purposes while she isn't there.

ALL that chizzy-chazzying about Alice Faye and Tony Martin can subside, because it may be a matter of adjustment but it's still love. Tony sacrificed $5,000, no less, to spend a week with Alice when she went East on that recent vacation of hers. He was supposed to be doing his act in a Buffalo theatre the one week she had free to be with him. He cancelled it and they hit for a quiet mountain resort to be together again, away from it all. Alice's sea voyage through the Panama Canal toned her up—she was all tired out when she finished her last picture.

As soon as Alice Faye completed her rôle in "Rose of Washington Square," she rushed East to join husband Tony Martin. That ought to prove something and put a stop to the separation rumors. They're shown attending one of the sporting events.
WHEN Dorothy Lamour's husband sued her for divorce a Hollywood newshog screamed the extra on the boulevard to the tune of: "Dot's in the doghouse! Dot's in the doghouse!" The fines to this love affair has left Dorothy pretty stern on the subject of men. She adores Herbie Kay. It was her success that separated them; yet it was Herbie who insisted on her accepting the opportunity Hollywood offered her. She hoped until the very end that they could make a go of it. And as if this crack-up wasn't enough, she's had to further pay for her success by going about accompanied by husky bodyguards. She received threatening letters and she has been scared to death.

DOES Nancy Kelly feel like a fool? She installed herself in a Beverly Hills home suitable to a new star. She had herself one of those charity romances, and her coyness about her New York admirer was beating Hollywood glamour on her. Then came the rude awakening. She was the last one to know that she was making some extra money by taking in washing! This strange chapter in her life leaked out when her mother became a little bored with the incessant phone calls for the maid they'd dismissed some six weeks past. Nancy had an unlisted number, and finally Mrs. K. asked a particularly demanding voice what went on. The Kellys learned that their former maid had been doing outside laundry on the side; in fact, Nancy's private number had been given to the customers, who called it whenever they wanted clothes picked up or delivered. It could only happen in Hollywood!

SHES the girl nobody knows, but a glamorous, always assured, she has been the sweetheart, sister, and fiancée to many of Hollywood's greatest stars. Millions of people have heard her in films and still no one on the Columbia lot even knows her name. She is — a girl in a silver frame, who, as a portrait, has so far been a significant face in fifty-six successive movies. The sentiment prop boys keep her in a special niche in the prop department!

JITTERBUGS may be passé in your circle, but among Hollywood's smart younger set they're still the ultimate. When Jane Withers stepped into adolescence by throwing her first dancing party the guests came in weird costumes but they ended up in a jam session that Benny Goodman would gasp at. Number One Jitterbug—honestly!—was none other than Freddie Bartholomew. He also won the prize for wearing the funniest get-up; he arrived as a football hero, very much the worse for a big game. Jane has lost twelve pounds and is practically a streamlined siren now. Jackie Searle, her childhood admirer, showed up—all six feet of him. Mickey Rooney had to perform at a benefit, so he sent Jane a beautiful box of long-stemmed red roses. It was the first time any young man ever displayed such a grand touch. Jane confessed. When the gang was too exhausted to "jit" any longer, Jane introduced a balloon dance. Not a World's Fair brand, but the kind where each couple pulls a balloon around delicately until the surviving balloon-dancers get a prize. Next morning a number of the dainty little knick-knacks in the Withers' living-room were broken. Jane's ma charged it up to wear and tear, in a new column in her expense book.

YOU think Hollywood folk would be pretty fed up on love, what with the mortal mortality rate, but love can't be downed here so long as it's going strong. While Cary Grant was working on the Columbia lot studio employees were treated to the sight of Phyllis Brooks patiently parking in their entrance lobby, waiting for Cary. (Now she's returning from England where she went to do her first picture since she left the 20th Century-Fox contract expired.)

Same setting, different principals at Columbia this past month. Stanwyck and Taylor starring, in the flesh. Robert called every night to take Barbara home in his station-wagon. He fared better than Phyllis, however; he only waited in the lobby, with the public, a few times. As soon as Barbara heard he was there she insisted on his coming right in to her set. Columbia's feminine contingent watched him closely, and the general consensus was: "Just darling!" Taylor-allergies, take that!
Those dating fathers—Edgar Bergen and Walt Disney—discuss their "offsprings," Charlie McCarthy and Mickey Mouse.

THOSE movie wives who mourn their difficulties might well profit by the behavior of Fred MacMurray's missus. Lillian MacMurray is a beautiful brunette who could shed plenty of screen glamour if Fred would let her. Instead she enjoys Hollywood tremendously; because, first, Fred can be trusted, and, secondly, she's not dumb. She started to study the piano a year ago, and now she plays Chopin. She designs most of her clothes, superbly. She not only runs the MacMurray home with super-smoothness, but she is currently taking both tennis and swimming lessons. They bought an acre adjoining their lot and she's planted it in flowers and built a conservatory and she will enter her best blooms in the Los Angeles flower show. Lillian is an ideal companion. She has sense enough to let him go fishing with the boys when he wants to rough it.

REMEMBER Elisa Landi? One of the most cultured women to ever attain stardom, she is now about to try her luck on Broadway again in a play she has written herself. Those insiders who say the trouble with Hedy is that she can't read her dialog as well as she can look it will find Hedy speaking Chinese when Taylor begins taming her in their new picture. Lupe Velez got up from an interrupted siesta the other afternoon to chase away the kids who were roller skating in front of her house, but instead of driving them away she joined them when she noticed one had a pair of skates that fit her. Martha Raye got that glamorous notion when she inherited Marlene Dietrich's mirrored dressing-room at Paramount. Robert Cummings has celebrated his revival with a bright yellow car and a monkey, worn on his shoulder when he goes shopping. Adrienne Ames, who once was news when she was the glamorous wife of a millionaire, got into print to the extent of two lines when she confessed she was reducing by cutting the lawn in her yard. Jon Hall, who's been a star without a picture for too long, has been fighting a suit in his spare time—the dramatic teacher who was hired by his father to give him pointers claims he was promised $100 a week after Jon began to earn $300 a week or more. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are cooking up a drive through Canada next month, and Jennifer deserves a rest after her strenuous three months' tour even if she vows it was so exhilarating she doesn't feel tired at all. The reason Gail Patrick made personal appearances when the Hollywood Baseball Club went north to play is simple; her husband Bob Cobb is one of the principal owners of the club. Basil Rathbone now takes his movie camera to his own parties and gets you as you enter his front door—so every one's on his or her best angle when the butler receives. Anita Louise is full of infinite variety—she has Spartan nerve enough to dive into a cold swimming pool for a healthy dip before breakfast, and then she turned up at one of the recent Hollywood parties in an evening gown that had twenty yards of tulle in the skirt!

LONG ranked among the exceedingly difficult because she couldn't be bothered with interviews, Miriam Hopkins has returned noticeably. Today she is actually paying out her own money for a private press agent, whose duty it is to rustle up Those Who Were Sublimely Snubbed. The snubees point out that the gal hadn't worked for more than a year and during that time the clamar for tid-bits slid appallingly. However, the temperamental Hopkins has hardly been idle while maneuvering to revive her career. Her marriage to director Anatole Litvak has been a stormy one. They're still together, though. It's typical, this inside item on Miriam, in these last two years she's had three different houses, and her first act in each was to install expensive new drapes throughout. She no sooner got the drapes she wanted up in the first two homes than she was anxious to move because she couldn't stand 'em! She's stayed quite a spell in the former John Gilbert-Virginia Bruce mansion. The hand-loomed surrealistique hangings she selected may be one of the reasons. They bring out the best in her, it seems.

DID you ever think of Jane Bryan as a sophisticate? Well, Bette Davis, no less, is the authority for this cataloging. She confides, "Jane is not only a true sophisticate, but she could be glamorous in pictures if they'd give her the clothes and the photography that makes you that way." Would-be boy-friends who have been brushing up on excessively obvious chatter can profit by this clue and be intelligent and informed when they get an opportunity to date Jane!

HEDY LAMARR does not sleep with a pistol on the nightstand beside her bed, as a columnist reported. But she does have the biggest Great Dane in Hollywood as her home bodyguard, and it is a present from her new husband, Gene Markey. The house where Gene took his gorgeous bride is not one of those elegant affairs. There is no swimming pool, no tennis court. In fact, there isn't even a playroom—which is something Hedy had when she was renting her own home. There isn't even a gossroom—Mr. M. doesn't see much point in company hanging around, and do you blame him?
Hollywood Pavement
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"Sure you have. I will see to that."
"Oh?"
"But I—I divorced you."
"Tell me something new. Still," tossing her a key, "you needn't get the jitters. I significantly, "have two rooms—and a couch in each—see?" He gave her the address: "You'll have to hoof it. Haven't enough to buy you a taxi, and the street cars don't run that way. There's stuff in the pantry—in case you're hungry."
"Hungry? I haven't had a bite since last night."
"Help yourself to what you find." He turned to attend to a customer; added over his shoulder: "Be seeing you, kid."

She walked away; the customer winked at Lester Donnelly, "That dame," he announced, "packs a whole lot of it. What about slipping me her telephone number?"

"What about a soak in the hose, punk?"

She had supper ready when he got home. He ate; made grumbling comment: "You never could cook."

"And you always kicked!"

"Mighty seldom. After all—and thank God—you didn't cook often. Didn't have to. In those days I had a chef. Could have had half a dozen if I'd felt like it." He lit a cigarette. "Say—remember Ito, my Jap skillet-juggler? And that swell supper he fixed for us over at my Long Island place? First supper you and I had, fried turtle soup—and chicken with an elegant gravy—and buckets of champagne. Remember?"

"I'd prefer not to think of it," she replied bitterly. But she did think of it. Indeed, she thought of it frequently; recalled that August evening when she had faced him in his office on Forty-Fourth Street—and he had pulled at his limp collar, had said to her: "It's nice and cool over to my place at Bayside. What about it, kid?"

The scene came back to her as if it had happened yesterday—no!—were happening today. She saw herself as the Gwen Maple- son of those days. So young. Dreaming of fame, the stage, in terms of high romance. And she saw Lester Donnelly of those days. Young, too, Tough East-side Irish. Not much education. But already the wonderboy of Broadway who had battled his way to the front, as playwright, director, producer. Taking New York as his theme. Always New York. He'd tackle it. His broad comedy. Its stark drama. A realist—that's what he was—a realist, straight through. A realist too, in life. He knew what he wanted of life. Took it with the power of his two hands. Hands that were large, hairy, muscular, intensely masculine—the finger of his left playing with the top of the gold fountain pen that protruded from his breast pocket.

Lester Donnelly—she considered, looking at him, then looking beyond him, through the window, at the shimmering lights of Broadway—had signed many a theatrical contract with that pen. And she thought of Mignon Lafarge—and of the spiced, gliding little-tail around the stage doors, the property rooms, the white-tiled dairy lunches about Forty-second.

Well—what of it? Mignon Lafarge had stepped with seven-league boots, from a tiny speaking bit to a stellar role. Over yonder, at the corner of Thirty-Ninth, her name jutted out from the pinkish Venetian stucco of the Coliseum Theatre in a huge, electric signboard, blue, green, scarlet, hiccoughing through the sooty dusk, leering, rather tragic—and successful. Mignon had talent. True. But her own talent was greater. Mignon was pretty. But she herself was prettier. And there was still this same Lester Donnelly who—she smiled wryly at her own pun—could make an actress in more ways than one: who repeated now: "What about it, kid?"

She did not reply. He opened the door. They left the office; went out on the street where his roadster was parked at the curb. There was not a breath of air. Even now, close to midnight, heat waves were still surging up from the spongy asphalt.

"Cool over on Long Island."

"Here as he slid behind the wheel of the car. "Coming, kid?"

She hesitated; he continued, insistently:

"You phoned me?"

"I know."

Half an hour earlier, she had called him up. "Vanderbilt 7-7339? May I speak to Mr. Donnelly?"

"This is Donnelly, Oh," she had recognized her voice immediately—"hullo, Miss Maple son! Thought over what I told you this morning? That's the baby doll! Come around to my office."

Rapidly she had changed her dress; then, on the upper landing, had stopped for a second, leaning over the baluster. There had been a little draft rising from below, a faint whir of air. But it had been thick with the gluey odors of the cheap theatrical boardinghouse drifting from the basement kitchen: sour milk, greasy coffee, mushy berries. Too, voices had brushed up—querulous, petulant. Rose O'Halloran,

Swing drummer Gene Krupa gives Una Merkel "six easy lessons" on how it's done. Left, first he shows her pizzicato how to hold the brushes, above; next step is to bang away, in rhythm of course, while tapping the bass drum with feet.

The swing maestro tells Una to go to it, and try letting her hands fly over traps and drums. She proceeds to get sticks and brushes mixed up, "You're strictly off the color," cries Gene, pulling out his hair, "Why you couldn't even ring doorsills that way."

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"It isn't ingénue bilge. It's emotional, Honest-to-God passion—see?"

"Even so—I know I can do it!"

Almost arrogantly she had said it. For, at the root of her brain, was the conviction that she had supreme ability; that sooner or later, given the right entering wedge, she could make theatrical history. There was about her—and, for a season or two, Broadway came to acknowledge it—a sort of vibrant vivacity, a deep response to everything that was going on about her, which, translated into stage technique, meant acting, real acting. And, underlying this vivacity, was there a selfishness that, though at times curiously passive, was none the less poignant, was destined to be both her triumph and her cross, since, for the sake of her ambition, she was willing to sacrifice everything, everybody, including herself?

She had stared at Lester Donnelly with shining eyes; had repeated: "I know I can do it! I'm sure of it."

"I'm not."

"Try me out—please—and—"

"I'm wise to the theatrical game," he had interrupted. "It's hoke—most of it. But there's one thing where hoke doesn't go. Know what it is?"

"Well?"

"Passion. To put passion across, you've got to feel it."

"Naturally. And, as an actress, I can—"

"Bunk! Feel it yourself, I mean. Away from the stage. In your own soul and body. You can't fake it. You've got to know what it is."

He had smiled a lop-sided smile. "Get the idea?"

She had not replied; and, after a while, he had added: "That's off my chest, kid."

And now—I've a raft of work to do. Thank it over. I'll heere till midnight. Give me a ring—if you want that part."

He knew he was a daze, yet perhaps already subconsciously resolved, she had left, had gone down into Broadway—gaunt and glaring in the August sun—showing a sort of tawdry face through the gossamer veil of heat and dust.

So, that night, she had telephoned to him; and he had just reminded her of it: "You phoned me?"

All at once she acted as if she had known straight along she would. She stepped into the car. He drove swiftly; and, presently, they were across the bridge. Steadily it became cooler. Over her shoulder she could see the lights of the city winking and threatening. Heat back yonder—despair—failure. And what she was after was success and fame. For this she was ready to—what were the tripe, melodramatic old words?—oh yes—to pay the price. She sobbed; a little in shame, a little in self-pity, and a little—perhaps—theatrically.

"What's biting you?" he inquired, without looking up.

She sobbed more loudly—and he stopped the car. He put an arm about her waist, fondled her throat. She edged away from him; and he exclaimed: "Say—you carry on as if this was the first time you—"

"It... in a shuffled, wiped-over contralto—"it is."

"For cryin' out loud—you mean you're—?"

Her tears were an affirmative answer; and he whistled softly.

"Okay," he announced suddenly. "I'll go the whole hog. I'll marry you—if that's how it is! He stepped on the gas; he urged the car away from the main road. "I know a Holy John the other side of Douglaston who'll marry us."

An hour later, man and wife, they were off again toward Bayside. Another fifteen minutes—and a glitter of silver and white and pale-gold, the ocean rising to the moon's beckoning finger; then a shadowy outline pierced with lemon, where lights gleamed behind windows.

"That's one on me," he remarked with a laugh.

"What is?"

"I thought, back at the office, I'd picked me a swell little week-end dame—and here I'm coming home with a wife." He paused; demanded rather severely: "Why, if you're so straight, were you willing to—?"

"Above, he goes into one of his "sending" spasms. New Gene's in the groove! "Must I wear that expression, too?" asks Una. Right, he puts his arms around her (oh, oh, at last a break for Krupe) and shows her how to hold the dramatics.
"I'm ambitious." Her voice was hard.

"You mean—no other reason?"

"What other reason can there be?"

"Perhaps—oh—you kind of liked me—"

She was silent. He swung the machine to the left. The shadowy outline sharpened to the silhouette of a house.

"Here's your new home, Mrs. D." He brought the car to a stop. "Listen!" as he helped her down. "I guess you're sore at me, the way I—well—tried to take advantage of you. And yet—you know—I tell you, like a ton of bricks, the second I saw you. And—say—you won't be sorry. I'll have you the greatest little actress on Broadway!" He ran up the porch steps.

The door was opened by a smiling, diminutive Japanese. "I've got me a wife, Ito. Fix us a wedding supper—and put plenty of champagne on ice." It was. And, over the rim of her glass, Gwen glanced at Lester and considered how she had detested him before: detested him more now that he had made her his wife. "Getting late," he suggested.

She followed him upstairs. And, at that moment, as she thought of him, of herself, instinctively the artist in her rose to the surface. Passion—Lester had told her—could not be faked. Already she was beginning to feel it: a searing passion of hatred against this man who was opening the bedroom door. Already—always the actress—she was beginning to dissect her own emotions as they surged through her soul. And out of this hate, using it to help her with the portrayal of a like hate on the stage, she succeeded phenomenally two months later, when she played the part of Annie Wilson in Lester's drama "New York Pavement," Chiefly in that famous scene where Annie Wilson comes face to face with the woman she loves—then hidden behind a quizzical, staccato curtain—and, to use Walter Winchell's glowing tribute in the morning paper: "Certainly, this new Godess of romance who has come amongst the Saints of Broadway.

The play could have run a year, but Lester closed it shortly after Christmas. "You've made a hit in a melodrama," he explained to her. "Now, before the public makes up its fool mind that all you can do is comedy stuff, I'll launch you in a comedy. It'll be a wodd. And so'll you be a wodd—if you mind me. Otherwise—"

"Oh, yes, I suppose."

"You'll flop! I'm not saying you aren't gifted. But you've a hell of a lot to learn—and I'm the boy to teach you."

"And I've been admitted to herself that he was right. But—she thought—after a while she would know everything he had to give. And then—"

"Something else?" he went on, as if reading her thoughts. "You'll never be able to stand on your own."

"Oh?"

"Not quite on your own. Because you're an actress. And every actress has to strut her stuff—for somebody."

"Of course. For the public."

"No, for the one you belong to. I happen to be that one human being in your case—see?"

She hid a smile. He said: "I've finished the first act of my new play. I'll start rehearsing you in it tomorrow."

He was not an easy taskmaster. He would rehearse her till three or four in the morning, on the empty stage in the town apartment which he had taken, making her go over the same scene, the same phrase for weeks. He was "business" in the hundredth time, until she could have screamed with rage and fatigue. When she objected, protested, cried, he would tell her, "No, I want to make you a star. I'll keep my promise. Now then—cue! "George, let me tell you—Cue! Snap into it!"

"Family Reunion" offers chance to see them together again, if you liked them in "Four Daughters." Lola and Rosemary Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Gale Page, Priscilla Lane.

She was furious. She clenched her fists—and obeyed. She thought of the time when he would have taught her all that she had to teach; when she would be able to stand on her own two feet; would leave him flat. Revenge! But—she reflected, almost in the same breadth—would it be revenge? Why, he wouldn't give a damn if she walked out of his life. She meant nothing to him—nothing, at least, that any other pretty young girl couldn't supply. And he'd find such another quickly enough. Some little actress. He was a realist, hard-boiled, with no sentimental fringes. There was not a single chink in his armor which a shaft could penetrate.

And then, suddenly, one evening, she discovered that there was a chink. It happened while they were in the apartment, rehearsing a scene in the second act of his new play, "The Approximate Spinster," he had called it.

"You're a lousy actress," he yelled at her. "You aren't supposed to be the sort of dried-up New England maiden-lady who suffers from moral chilblains and conspiatuated desires. This dame—the way I wrote her—is a mighty funny proposition. She's got to have enthusiasm and strength and passion. But enthusiasm without warmth—strength without energy—passion without love. See what I mean?"

Her lips curled. "Passion without love," she echoed. "You know all about that, don't you?"

He had been sitting in the shadow-blotched corner of the room. Now he rose; loomed up in the yellow circle of the ceiling-lamp—tall, swarthy, saturnine. He stared at her for a long time, without speaking, a frown wrinkling his forehead.

"Thank so!" he retorted finally.

"Know so!"

"Well—there's one hell of a lot you don't know—about me."

He crossed over and came nearer to her.

"Listen, Gwen—"

"Yes!"

"Remember last August? when we . . . ?"

"Of course I remember. How," ironically, "can I forget our wedding night?"

"Will you let me finish? Told you last August—didn't I?—that I'd fallen for you like a ton of bricks?"

"You were always so romantic, Lester! It's your chief charm."

"Romantic—my foot! The truth is never romantic. The truth is that I—" He slurred; was silent. She smiled triumphantly. For, right then, straight through his clumsy words, his clumsy pauses, she had perceived how it was with him; had looked deep down into his twisted, dark-smouldering soul: had discovered that—oh yes!—he loved her, really loved her.

Had he fallen in love with her on that sultry August night in his office? Or had love come to him later, gradually, in the months of their marriage? It did not matter. Nothing mattered except the fact of his love—the fact, too, that, at this moment, she was tasting the first sweet rapture of revolt. "Let's go on with the rehearsal," she droned.

"Forget the rehearsal! There's a couple of things I want to tell you."

"About?"

"You—and me—and life."

"Life," she announced, picking up the typewritten play sheets, "is for the stage, for acting—not for living."

"That's a damned good line," he explained. "Maybe I'll use it in the third act—just before the curtain. Thanks a million, kid."

He laughed. But she noticed the expression of pain that flitted across his face. Again she tasted the sweet fruit of revenge; and, before the year was out, tasted it to the full. By this time she was positive that he loved her—madly. By this time she was positive, furthermore, that he had nothing else to teach her. "The Approximate Spinster" had been launched and achieved a great success, the lion's share of the acclaim being not to Lester, the writer and producer, but to her; and Alexander Woollcott had said of her: "There has been no such acting on the American stage since the days of the immortal Mrs. Fiske. Acting, it is, conceived and executed with a perfect sense
of dramatic effect and perfect mastery over human emotion, Miss Mapleston, at moments, 'tis to Olympian heights.

At the end of the Broadway season, the play had been booked for a long Chicago run. She was there now, while Lester had remained in New York, busy on a new drama for her; and, one night, she sent him a telegram. It was short and pithy: "Am bringing sail for divorce hope you won't mind (signed) Gwen."

His reply was just as pithy: "That's fake by me to go it kid, (signed) Lester."

But, on that evening, he walked over to the Shepherds' Club on Forty-Fourth Street. He went to the small upstairs room, called to the steward: "Rye straight! Get a move on!"

It was after Lester's tenth rye straight that an actor, who had looked in on him a few seconds earlier, gave a start as he heard a sound of crashing glass followed by a terrible, shattering bowl like a caged tiger's. He sighed; turned to an English colleague and remarked: "Lester Donnelly's back at the stuff."

"What?"

"Booze, Liquor, The flowing bowl."

"Oh—did he ever?"

"Didn't he, though! Used to have the prettiest thirst in Christendom. Swore off. Wonder what got him going on the stuff again."

The end, drab, prosy, came early the next season. It had been discounted beforehand and did not cause more than a passing ripple of sensation. There were just a few lines in the morning papers that Lester Donnelly had been declared bankrupt; a columnist's ghoulish, malicious and quite truthful comment anent his rise and fall and disappearance from New York; and, about four weeks later, the philosophic musings of the grizzled old doorman at Donnelly's Theatre, recently rechristened The Athenaeum.

"Sure," he said to a reporter, "Donnelly never could stand the hard stuff. No, sir! He was never the one to stand it. They come and go—on Broadway, Hey? Miss Mapleston? I'll find out if she can see you."

So, the next day, there was in an interview with Miss Gwen Mapleston: "Who, in the future, is going to produce her own plays and, doubtless, will brilliantly make the grade."

A wrong prophecy, as it turned out. Her first play failed—at least financially. She had chosen it herself and wrongly chosen. It was one of those wire-drawn, social dramas which, the backwash of an attenuated Etonism and top-heavy with a mass of coiling, involution psychology, appealed only to the class that is referred to on Broadway as the "carriage trade" and to the apostles of Washington Square culture.

Though it was not box office, it had a certain artistic success, while her second venture had not even that. It closed within a week; and, to show the reason, we might quote what Clara Bultlit, the famous retired stage beauty, said to Norman Grier, thirty years earlier, had been her leading man. "The play wasn't bad," she told him. "But there's an unfathomable—something missing in the Mapleston girl. Something—oh—"

"You mean clear enunciation—that sort of thing."

"No. Something negative. May I be illogical?"

"Rather, old dear. You're a woman—aren't you?"

"Thank God! You see—I mean—Gwen Mapleston isn't sure of herself. And, knowing that she isn't, she's too sure behind the footlights. She—oh—acts for herself, for her own applause. Not for people. What she needs is—somebody," Clara Bultlit smiled. "As I've always needed you, darling!"

That's what, if much more brutally, Sid Wolsky, the old-time producer, said to Gwen when she came to him, asking for a loan, since she had spent all her own money.

"I've a new play, Mr. Wolsky," she began. "I need twenty thousand dollars to put it on."

"Nothing doing, sweetheart."

"It's a peach of a play." She gave him the title. "It ran for a year in London."

"I know."

"They why won't you?"

"Don't feel like it."

"I'll give you a fair cut, Forty percent."

"Wouldn't do it for nifty. Not with your thing this."

"What's that?" She jumped up.

"Somebody had to tell you—and I guess I'm elected, sweetheart. He hit a fat, scared golfer, and an act can't act for nuts—leastways not without Lester Donnelly showing you how, pulling the strings."

With a lisp with rage, she left Sid Wolsky's office. She called on other producers—to be told the same thing; politely and roundabout by some, crudely to the point by others.

Could they be right? Could it be true that Lester? No, no! It was just that she had had a couple of hops, that luck was dead against her. Could happen to anybody.

What she did not realize was that, while she had this golden vivacity, this deep response to everything which was going on about her, her selfishness stood in her way; forced her to take in without giving out, so that she was unable to project the result of her observations across the footlights. For she studied people with her brain, not with her emotional impulse. Now, she knew that it was Lester who had supplied the emotional impulse—though it had been one of hate.

This hate grew, in retrospect, as she recognized her inability to raise the money. Of course parts were offered her. Ingenue parts—since she was young and exerted power; but she turned them down. She would not play second fiddle. She was a star; had tasted the heady wine of adulation.

She sold her jewels—jewels that Lester had given her—to pay for her living expenses; and, finally, at her rope's end, she thought of Hollywood. Thought of it with a certain decision. Hollywood—Sidney! Wooden posturings! Jerking, uninspired marionettes!

Still—Hollywood it would have to be. She signed a fat contract. She'd live simply and save like mad. Presently she'd return to New York—with a wad. She'd go straight back on the legitimate stage. And then she'd show Sid Wolsky! She'd show the carping critics! She'd show all Broadway—and Flatbush and Brooklyn, too!

So, with her last few hundred dollars, she went to the Coast, put up at a small Vine Street hotel. And she discovered, in the course of six months, that, though Hollywood did remember—and extravagantly pay for—the successes of the Great White Way, it also remembered—and most deci.eulently paid for—its failures. That's what she was—one of the failures—in spite of her youth, her beauty, her former triumphs. And Hollywood demonstrated its contempt for those who had fallen by the wayside with a chilly, sadistic cruelty that was alien to the sloppy, kindly, live-and-let-live philosophy of Broadway.

Broadway—loyal to those who had once amused it—would not have let her starve; had, at least, offered her garbage parts. Hollywood offered her nothing; did not give a tinker's curse whether she lived or died. She was not even permitted to present her case in person to producer or director; was turned over to youthful assistants, recently promoted from the rank of office-boy, who would yawn in her face and tell her: "Place the Central Casting people. Them are the guys who do all the hiring of the extras."

Only once was she granted an interview with a producer: Sam Kerkovitz of the
Colossal-O'Shea Corporation. She wrote him a letter in which she explained what she was after, and he made a date with her by return mail. A few years earlier, he had been the assistant stage manager at the first play which Lester had written for her. She recalled him as young, thin, shy and so terribly serious and so esthetic, always poring over high-

brow books behind the wings. She found him in a cigar-flavored office when he got his break—more than anything that had ever come out of Spain. Spanish, also, was his latest discovered ancestry—indeed, he dropped hints here and there that this revelation was due to Manuel de Cervovic. He was still thin and bespectacled. But he was no longer either shy or esthetic. Gross he seemed to her, physically. Spiritually, however, with success. He did not get up when she entered, nor did he invite her to take a seat.

"What?" he inquired, "can I do for you, Miss Mapleson?"

"I—why—I wrote you at length. I am anxious to get into the motion picture business and—"

"That's so," he interrupted, "You did write me. Well—not a chance for you with this outfit. Mind closing the door as you go in." She slammed the door—"why did you ask me to come here?"

"I'll tell you." He smiled. "Remember once, during the New Year's Eve parade when you blew me up because I'd forgotten some stage prop or other? Called me—" he flushed at the recollection—"a dumb little kid."

"I—oh—I'd forgotten!"

"I haven't. Still, I feel sorry for you. You look sort of seedy. Here—catch!"

And she was even more seared than before. A hundred-dollar bill and tossed it on the desk. She left it there. And, almost, half an hour later, she wished that she had pocketed both her pride and his money. For, when she returned to her hotel and demanded her key, the desk clerk shook his head.

"Two weeks' credit," he informed her, "is our maximum. Rule of the house."

"But—my things—all my clothes—"

"Will I be safe here—until you've settled your little bill?"

That's what had happened to her earlier in the day. She had gone for an aimless stroll down Sunset Boulevard. She had been hungry, in despair, not knowing where to turn or what to do next. And then she had run across Lester Donnelly. She had given him, in the last half-hour, a sketchy resume of her life since their divorce; and he commented, as he had his afternoon in front of his new pastime—"Started on your way for—stepped on your own—eh?"

She did not reply: exclaimed after a while, "That Sid Wolsky! The nerve of him! Telling me I can't act—no force—"not for nuts!"

I guess the old bozo exaggerated a little.

"A—little?"

"Okay, kid. A whole lot. You've got ability. Sure. Only—mentioned it once, didn't I?—every actress has to strut her stuff—for somebody."

"I know!" she cut in impatiently, angrily. "For you! That's just what Sid told me—and Max Gordon—and George Cohan—and—"

"Must be something to—it since all Broadway agrees."

"Oh—shut up!"

He grinned. He went to the kitchenette and busied himself over the gas stove.

"Got to brew me some fresh java. That stuff you perpetrated tasted like hog-wash. I like decent coffee. That's one thing I could make to perfection."

"I don't want to be reminded of ito."

"Nor, for that matter, do I."

The coffee came to a boil. He had a cupful—and she. He offered cigarettes.

"Smoke?"

"Thanks."

He fumbled about for matches; found none. He handed her her purse and took out a lighter. He looked at it closely. It was a beautiful platinum one, exquisitely chiseled and set with three small, perfect emeralds.

"That's Tiffany's window—the day before you went to Chicago?"

"Yes—rather grumpily."

"I suppose you gave me—eh?"

He paused. "I thought you'd sold all your jewels.""

"No. This one. You see—clumsily, searching for words—'lighters come in handy. One forgets matches. Can't find them—as you did just now. You—you know, how it is."

"Sure—slowly. Of course I know how it is."

She looked away from him. "Stuffy in here," she remarked. "Go for a little walk? There's a park not far off."

They found it; found a bench; sat down. He was very daring. "Life," he said suddenly, "is a lousy mess."

"Don't I know it!"

"Not speaking of your life, I was speaking of mine. Here, these last six months or so, I've been quite happy and contented—selling newspapers—bein' a nobody—gettin' my nose full whenever I had the dough. And now you've got to come hustin' it."

"I didn't look for you."

"And you won't. Same thing. And now it's up to me to get back into harness. I've got to swear off liquor and start to write plays—produce them—star you in."

"Got to?" She flared up, "I don't see why."

"You were my wife once, weren't you? Can't afford to have a failure for—former wife."

He took out a cigarette; borrowed her lighter. He flicked the little wheel. "Well, that's that—out of your mind. You agree?"

"I—oh—I—I'm sorry, Errol."

"Don't you?"

"Sorry!"

"That's that. You'll change your mind."

"You've changed yours."

"No. I didn't."

"I—oh—I—"

"For me!"

"For me!"

"For you!"

"For you."

"You're a failure yourself—and Holly-

wood's no place for you. Won't give me that second chance. So how are you going to—"

"I know how."

"Again he laughed, not wildly, but truly. "I've figured it all out. Listen, kid—"

[TOTO BE CONTINUED IN AUGUST]

pants of the period (the clothes he wore in the picture) Errol chummed with the fans from morning to night, just as if they were all old buddies of his—and loved it. Where I ever got the idea that he isn't one of the people, I don't know. Why, he gabbled and chatted with the Press, made pretty talk to the Kansas girls, swapped yarns with the Governors, and was the Man of the Hour in Dodge City. I wonder if the Gables, the Taylors, the Eddys, the Montgomerys, the Cagney, and the Boyers could have put up with Errol's routine and come out of it a gay and chipper as he did?

Look it over, boys. He was up that morn-

ing at 6:30 so he could take a canter on his new black horse, which is his most treasured possession, and which was brought along for him to ride in the parade and rodeo. But if he was up early, the fans had made it even earlier. So instead of a canter across

the plains he posed for candid camera pic-

tures, signed autographs, and told the kids about Hollywood. At ten o'clock he was "officially" received by the mayor of the town and had to make three different speeches. More autographs, more hand-

shakes, more candid cameras. At noon he walked over to the leading hotel where he had luncheon with the Governor of Kansas and five hundred guests. Then for an hour he rode his horse in the parade that wound round the streets of Dodge City, out to Boot Hill Cemetery, back to notorious Front Street, from there on to the Fair Grounds where he took part in the rodeo by giving an exhibition ride, and made a Kansas bridle the most thrilled girl in the world by acting as her husband's best man in the wed-

ding ceremony. After he kissed the bride he wouldn't forget that, he had to dash to the local radio station to take part in a national broadcast which described the gay doings.

Was Mr. Flynn beginning to get a bit-
tired? Was he kind of hoping for a cold shower and a glass of beer? Was he getting a little surly? After all he is one of the leading stars in Hollywood, and doesn't have to put up with any of that pushing around! But not Errol Flynn. From the broadcast, with kids scrambling all over him, he went to the chuckwagon dinner and made a speech that had the Kansans cheer-

ing. By then it was time for the premiere so with every moment off to wash up and comb back his hair, Errol was once more out in the mobs on his way to make three personal appearances at the three theatres which were playing "Dodge City." At midnight he begged one of the public-

ity men with him to take him to some quiet

[Errol Flynn Continued from page 63]
What Loretta Young Tells Her Kid Sister

Continued from page 25

of gorgeous clothes, and a big car, and boy-friends being bowled over by the dozens. She doesn't see that it sums differently. I have all the clothes I want. Yes, I've even had my own romantic moments, but it isn't long after you've been working in pictures until you understand that, mostly, it's the work that is responsible for the holdings you will bring you permanently. The fame part is flattering, but as soon as you look about you understand how temporary your successes in Hollywood is. But if she really loves to act, as I do, she'll not regret her step.

I said, recalling how hectic Loretta's own life had become when she walked so confidently into the dangers and complications that make up a Hollywood life, recalling how genuinely devoted to Georgie she has always been, "Then what are you advising her to, and not to? Surely you can profit by your experience." And I warned her not to rush into things. The spotlight prematurely, had fallen in love with a good-looking actor, when they were cast opposite one another. She was seven years lighter by the experience. The advice seemed the only answer. Her mother's heart very nearly broke at that impulsiveness. And I thought of how, after a year of desperately attempting to patch romance with stern realities, Loretta had gotten her divorce and had rejoined her family and built this home for them. I remembered how modest she was when she was ill from overwork, from overstrain.

"But she can't profit very much from my experience," replied Loretta. That is true, Georgie. I can't. You see, you want to make mistakes, and I have. You can pay attention to good and bad examples, but every girl has to learn for herself—from her own choice. I don't want her to make the mistakes I made, so I'll tell her about them as she matures and is apt to meet the same situations. If I'd listened to the excellent advice I received I'd have saved myself so many unhappy times. But I didn't. I was headstrong, and I won't forget that.

"So how often have you said to Loretta, "Can I honestly expect her to follow any system I could map out for her? Why, she's so much like I was! I try to be as sympathetic of her as I would of myself, I've acquired some logic through the growing-up process: but I still don't like to be bossed. I still have to be influenced subtilely. I try to remember this is true of Georgie, too. But first, she is not my child and I have no real jurisdiction over her. She's mama's child, and mama is a very wise and kind woman and the one to decide when she will have dates with whom, among many more. I was the one to decide what pictures she could try to

I can only tell her this, I've found out, things which may benefit her. I don't give her speeches on how to distinguish the glitter from the phony, I'll do it, but for she would be bored, at her age. She'll discover what is sincerely worthwhile as soon as she begins to work steadily. She'll discover what pictures bring her luck counts in Hollywood, a pretty frightening discovery. She'll learn that being an actress means having your heart hammered, your soul battered, your glamour, her big salary. Everybody shall touch will be front page, which isn't at all what you want when the pictures begin to fail. And she'll not meet all the people. It's too hard a fight for what you get out of it, for most girls.

I happened to stand it, and find the work and the money worth the drawbacks. Because I have a family I adore, and enough friends.

Mistilge will have to learn for herself that the only way to rise above bad pictures is to just weather them. She'll be typed, maybe. She'll have to do fourteen pictures a year. She'll have to battle through confusion and doubt and learn to trust her intuition, as I did. And none of us are here at home, even though we're married, and therefore are able to bring a tremendous gold star pasted on the door to my bedroom. Each member of my family, great and small, "Welcome home, Star! Yes," she laughed. When I worked! You don't grow spoiled when you have a family with a sense of humor, so I don't believe Georgie will go snob on us.

"I felt I wasn't beginning to live until I was working, standing on my own. Evidently Georgie feels this way, too. I didn't encourage her to; I had three sound reasons why I didn't want her to go into pictures at her age, even though I did believe, every young girl who has the opportunity, should have a year or two of experience. First, I foresaw the criticism she'll have to take, and it's tougher when you are young and so terribly sensitive. By choosing Hollywood, I'd lose some of the common sense jobs. She's already had a faint taste; she asked me not to send the big car to school for her. They make wisecracks because I am her sister! If she climbs in Hollywood, she'll be envied, and this will be far worse than bridge-table chatter. This kind of gossip we get here can menace both our reputations as women, and it is so unfair because an actress cannot strike back at either the vague scandalmongers or the professional gossips. Then there's the work, I'm not suited to work yet. I planned to send to college. I'd promised her a trip to Europe afterwards. If she were older when she began here she would have had years of fun without any extraordinary responsibilities, without any of the disillusionments you rate when you jump into competition with adults who suppose you can watch out for yourself. She would have had an easier adjustment to the way life is. I don't mean to be absolute, but I feel absolutely, that we all eventually get just what we deserve. But we have to protect ourselves in certain environments, against certain members and forms of our friends, when we come up against competition as fierce as it is in Hollywood. And then," added Loretta. "I don't think pictures are as easy for you as they are. I think you things stage training; too many of us got along without it. But today, Hollywood not a lark. Today, it is big business, and you have to know exactly how to play her role. Georgie will have to study extra hard.

"She'll have to learn how to be a star. But I wasn't surprised. The excitement in a contract comes from the acting they let you do, not from the money you receive. Anyway, money doesn't mean a thing to her. She's been raised in the lap of luxury. I wasn't, though. Still, money has only meant comfort and security to me. I've never been able to buy it. I've always handled our expenses and investments. One of mama's favorite tales is about how, after I'd been working for six months, she explained to me, 'You've made some money.' I cried, 'but you mustn't ask me why, I just have to have it.' She replied, 'Why, all right; how much money?' I exclaimed, 'Three dollars!' I guess I'd borrowed some change and had to repay

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it." Georgie spent her first week's salary on three imported handkerchiefs for Loretta on a fine dress for Judy. Loretta's adopted baby daughter, and then shot $25 on perfume for their mother.

After Georgie completed her bit with the Durbin troupe, astute David Selznick approached Loretta. "I think she is a bet," he declared. "I want to put her under long-term contract. I probably won't cast her in anything until she's older, but I want to have her tied up for them.

Knowing Georgie could be under no fairer employer, Loretta acceded to his offer. Georgie had romantically whipped up the name 'Ann Royal' while she was in Deanna, but when she saw Loretta relenting and gladly resumed her sister's well-known last name. As a fan, Georgie had singled out Selznick, even idolized Mrs. Selznick, because of his carefully produced movies. And now, she addressed Loretta "Lotta," what an effect he could have on her, how she worshipped his ability." Selznick since has loaned Georgie out to various girls. So far it's working on Loretta's young sister in "Alexander Graham Bell." Then came the first career crisis! He considered her for the rôle of Scarlett O'Hara's young sister in "Gone With The Wind."

A week elapsed after Loretta heard the rôle had gone to someone else. "But I didn't hear it from Georgie; she hadn't said a word to me about it. I sensed how disappointed she must be. It must be very severe to her. Then something perfectly wonderful happened, something that has never happened to me all the time I've been in pictures. David Selznick wrote her a most kind and complimentary letter saying why she hadn't gotten that coveted rôle. He said it was from no disability on her part, but simply because she was taller than Vivian Leigh, 'But your height is no handicap for you,' he wrote. 'It only makes you lovelier to look at.' That was fine of him! I always had to read that someone else got the rôle I wanted in the papers, and no one ever softened the blow.

"I saw Georgie attempting to write a letter soon after. I oversaw that she had begun: 'Dear Mr. Selznick! I asked David if he received any reply from her; he said no. When I questioned her, she said she'd started a thank-you letter, but had torn it up because she was such a busy man she'd think her silly. I told her that everyone, no matter how busy, likes to be thanked. So she sat down and wrote an

"Georgie is unsure of herself, as you'd imagine. But how unsure I was. I remember when I'd come within three blocks of the studio and have such a sinking feeling. I was doing my best, but it wasn't good enough. Now I realize fright is always due to a fear of appearing dull.

"I've told Georgie always to be consid-

people, to the cameramen and the elek-

tricians and the prop boys. It is so bad to
ever be rude. I had the same crew for the

past five years at 20th, worked with them
constantly. They knew what I could do as
well as I did, if I was up to par in each
scene. I relied on them. And when I
walked onto a set in the morning there
was a warm, friendly feeling; I knew they
were all my friends. When I decided to
free-lance there was considerable in the
dressing-room and it was knowing I
wouldn't be working with them that made me sad. My, how I'll miss that sort of
good feeling. They like you or they don't, and they make no bones about it. I have to begin over again, with new crews now, and there is always anxiety towards an actress they
don't know, as I've told Georgie. They
watch everything you do, and you can't
turn on a routine cheerfulness because
they don't want to be disappointed.
I've told her of that episode.

"You see," vowed Loretta, "you have to
treat people differently. I don't like to
fight, but there are those whom you have
to squelch first or they'll have no respect
for you at all. With others you look for the
cause of their dislike for you. You may
annoy them because you are not doing a job
correctly, or perhaps they don't like the
way you do your hair. When I made my
first talkie I not only was worried stiff
about my voice, but I was afraid to have
an experience with a director. He just
plain didn't like me, for no reason, He
showed his displeasure by doing things
barrassingly. Whatever I did was wrong.
"Do it again!" he'd shout at me. I'd grow
completely flustered, and ask, 'But what's
wrong? What do you want me to do in
 stead?' You could hear pins drop on that
set. 'I don't know what's the matter with
you!' he'd roar. 'You're an actress. Do it
right!' Everyone else on the set said not to
mind him, but I'd come home and cry
every night. Finally they reached my big
scene in the picture. I had to cry hysteri-
cally. I had worked like a 'Stooge,' but
nothing was right. How I dreaded that
day! And just as I suspected, he hit a new
high in meanness. He made me do that
hysterical scene over and over, sixteen
times! He had a cane and at last he threw it
down in a rage and yelled, 'Whoever
told you you could cry? You can't even
pick up your feet!'

"Well," said Loretta, "at that I broke.
For the only time I flew off the handle on a
set. He never told you Georgie, is the
irector?" I shouted back at him. 'If you
know how to direct a mouse you wouldn't
treat me this way! I never want to see
you again, and I'm going to my
dressing-room and fell apart. I cried for
hours. Then I came home, resolved that

was the end. Production did stop for three
days. Then the producers, who were al-
ways kind to me, came to the house to
inquire why I'd walked out. I told them
In my stupidity I announced I wouldn't
and might have. The director wrote me a letter of apology. It
was stupid, you see, for I should never
have anyone on a set a spot. You
have to be able to take a punch.
"I went back to work next day, I was
so gracious, because he had penned me
the note of apology, beginning it "And
day, day..." Three magazines, incidentally, gave
me their award for the prize performance
of the year on that picture. After the final
shot he invited me to to 'let me have the
prize he had won him! 'I don't know why I wrote you
such a letter,' he began to say, for 'I ad-
more, and I'm sorry for my behavior. I didn't
realize it, but I had been sarcastic in his letter. In my
sheer ignorance all I'd seen in his glowing
words had been humility! But he would
have killed my spirit if I hadn't reacted as I did, and Georgie may encounter just such
problems. I was so emotionally disturbed
I didn't care if I never appeared in an-
other picture, and I might have run my
future by my anger, too. So I wrote
Georgie, 'When you feel you are not re-
sponding in the right direction, go to the
director, discuss the problems with your
self. Don't get into a fight on the set. You
have the privilege of some temperament, or
smarts to keep your temper until you can
make all those faces for a camera; but
is diplomatie. When you have to make
stand, do so calmly. It will be just as ef-
fective, and far saner.

"I won't let Georgie wear my clothes even if they do fit,' said Loretta. 'She looks absurd in them, I won't loan her any

interrupted with, 'What about makeup advice?'

"I've kept her from plucking her eye
brows, and say, 'Well, you know, Like at young girls, she wants to wear more
make-up than she should. I certainly am
not 'gliding' her. I tell her she doesn't see
any make-up in the daytime, except li-

stick if she's away from school, and if
ever catch her made up ridiculously, be-
lieve me I'll be sure to make her wash her

"I was going dancing at her age, wear-
ing high heels, and I was positive a man
would have to have a steady hand to be a
smooth dancer. I grew up with Georgie

now. She has dates, but not major-
chaperoned. Either there are three or for
six, and they're all girls. And I can go
along. She has ten or twelve girls and bo-
up here on week-end nights; they
dance over at the bath house.

The other night, smiled Loretta,
had a date myself. We were going to
a last show and it was about 10:15. To
ten boys, about eighteen, rang the doorbell.

When "Where's Georgie?" was
quired. 'We ran out of gas, and we were
just passing by, and we thought she
help us." This was a week night, at
least. "There's nothing for you to do,
nother to do, get up and push you to a
station," I said. 'This is no time to be
calling on a young lady! "We found the
house was closer to the nearest gas sta-
tion than it was to the house." Loretta is
ready beginning to put Georgie's too
well-known admirers in their place.

"I made a mistake when I married
Loretta added seriously. 'I wouldn't dare
of attempting to use my influence with
strangers, for my sense of humor is logical and a reasoning woman as
Georgie is her child. If she listens to me
now's good judgment she'll never have
an experience, the weakness which has
stumbled upon the fact that romance a
lasting love were two different things,"
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Let the Stars Reveal Your Destiny

Continued from page 31

will attract the greatest happiness in love and marriage. Olivia further lives up to the Cancer character by being creative and artistic. The chart also shows she will have a chance to either study music or to sing on the screen in the future.

Charles Laughton, that delightful rogue of the screen, is another Cancer-born star. Mr. Laughton's chart reveals that he will make several more pictures in England, and that he will have an opportunity to come to America again. His two years' time may play a part in other pictures. Lupe Velez, born on July 18th, is another Cancer-type whose chart reflects the turbulence in love that has caused her to see so many people. She is born in this Sign. Her marriage to Johnny Weissmuller ended because they were born under incompatible Signs. In reading Lupe several years ago, I was able to predict that separation. Then, last of all, there is Irene Dunne, born on July 14th, who has been able to avoid the heartaches that often come to this Sign, for Irene's marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin has been a notable success. Her chart reveals that she will continue on the screen for some time to come.

By peering into the future for these screen favorites born in the Sign of Cancer, that there are really many startling changes in the coming months. If YOU were born in Cancer, get ready for immediate action, for you will have changes in the home, in business, and even in finances. If you are planning a romantic change, now is the time, it may not be too helpful to know which Signs in the Zodiac are considered the most compatible for Cancer-born. These are the Signs that are suitable for love and marriage: Pisces, February 19 to March 20. (Francho Tonic is typical of this Sign.) Scorpio, October 23 to November 22, with John Barrymore and John杨幂 (Without naming individuals. Libra, September 23 to October 22, (Carole Lombard and Janet Gaynor are Libra-born.) Or Capricorn, December 22 to January 19. (Ray Milland and Kay Francis are Capricorn types.)

WHAT DOES THIS MONTH HOLD FOR YOU?

Naturally, for each and every person, no matter when the birthdate, there is a different fortune indicated by the planets for this month. December stars show a change in YOUR romantic destiny? Will you have good luck in your affairs? Will finances be better, and what about matters of health, travel, and business? The indications in the stars point out the mile-stones of life and we need but tune our ears to the higher cosmic radiations of the planets to learn how to chart our future destinies. Consult the section below that contains your birthdate, and let the information there help guide you to happiness and fulfillment.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

Be cautious during the first week of this month. Do not make changes in business without first being certain of another position. Finances will be better in the latter part of the month. A new romance may develop with someone you have just met and may possibly come to fruit in the coming months. If married, do not act in haste if disturbances exist, as Mars is somewhat afflicted, and may cause you to act impulsively and may result in unhappy travel, health: the 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 28th and 30th. Most of this month is favorable, but on adverse days there are so many chances for financial betterment are vastly improved over what they were last month. Business may pick up, too.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

Venus, the planet ruling love brings you a decision that you may have to make in the near future. The month of long-standing may end in marriage for the planets favor home and romantic activities for the Taurus-born this month. Outstanding opportunities are present for you to do the things you enjoy. The month is excellent for promotion, advertising, dealings with publishers, printers, authors and creative individuals. You have an attractive nature, and attend to business, for the month may reveal hidden opportunities that could bring you a step closer to fame and fortune. The aspects are good for short or long journeys by land, also for changes in residence. The good days for promoting all personal affairs and business ventures are: 3rd, 6th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 16th, 19th, 23rd and 27th. The other days are not adverse, but merely neutral.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

Domestic upheavals may exist for many married Gemini-born this month unless extreme caution is used in the domestic relationships. The month break and tense condition is being created this month by the ruling planet Mercury. However, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, so avoid all arguments and controversies that result from the Moon in this sign. The Moon is the ruling planet of these days. The other days are not especially active, so seek relaxation and rest, and avoid overdoing or worrying this month.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

To what we have already said about Cancer for the past month, we shall add that the various changes shown by your ruling planet the Moon, are in the nature of starting and radical departure from the ordinary routine of your life. You may start to move from one place to another location, in another city. A new position may be sought out with profit to yourself and your future. The aspects this month favor new romance, or the culmination of a long-standing romance. Good for marriage but not for separations. Those Cancer-born who have not found happiness in marriage should wait a little longer before taking steps to correct this condition.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

This romantic Sign of Leo, ruling the entertainment world and the public, comes into high favor at this time. The cosmic radiations are favorable for any and all financial ventures, the bigger the better, for nothing can hold you back if you act in union with your planetary indications. This is Robert Taylor's birth Sign; also Norma Shearer born in Leo. The planets are favorable for plans to go away, travel, health: the 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 28th and 30th. Most of this month is favorable, but on adverse days there are so many chances for financial betterment are vastly improved over what they were last month. Business may pick up, too.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

This month may tend to tear up or long-standing conditions in your life will really all be for the best. Prepare to make mental adjustments to the situation and your ruler, Mercury, may play a big part in the mind and a changing scene in departments of your life. Good for new ideas, real estate, literary or musical work, as also sales. Opportunities may come from some unexpected sources. A romance or promotion is favored in business. Prepare for a change in the home, the job, the residence, etc., depending on the other Houses. Romantically you are in line for change and an opportunity may come to this time to make that change possible.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

This month is excellent for most Libra born. It is Janet Gaynor's birth Sign, for which only a few months ago is evidence most Libra-born will have ample room opportunity this year to find happiness love. You may settle down more than have in the past year, for your planet, Venus, also rules love, and you the dynamic energy and attractive of this year will be more directed to or interested parties. Finances may be unsettled, but they are improving step by step. This month favors activities in social events, offers, interior decorating. Also rules over activity of teachers and actors, or those in the entertainment world. The adverse days are: 1st, 4th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 23rd and 27th. The days favor business, romance, travel, health.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

The activity of Mars during this month may cause you to act without first thinking it over. You may be restless, and anxious to make vigorous moves in your life, and the month is one that holds promise of unusual conditions for proving your own interests. It favors selling, promoting products, also publications, writing, or other contacts those in the literary world. A good time to step out into business for yourself, you have saved enough money. You may take a definite step toward independ and freedom, for financial worries and complications are on the way. Rota on no change is advised unless a condition becomes intolerable. The best day seeking advancement are: 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 23rd, 27th, and 31st.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

The ruling planet for your Sign is Jupiter, ruler of money and business, and this month you are under benefic rays should bring you close to the attainment your goal in money matters. A sudden unexpected source may be wealthy which will profit you financially. Good for investments in stocks and bonds, real estate, safe business venture, but avoid partnerships. Splendid months for men, especially for predictions come to this Sign this month. Romantically you are not under pressures and have plenty of time to seek happiness love and a good decision regarding any present romantic marriage that may exist in your life this month does not favor radical changes, but instead calls for more adjustments in the usually adverse days this month.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

The slightly elevated position of Saturn that you may have been experiencing due to pass over your life this month. Look for a change in business that may bring you a new responsibility. The sudden upswing in the career of Capricorn-born screen stars, is an in
ALL WOMEN WANT LOVE, DON'T THEY?

THEN WHY DO SO MANY OF THEM RISK LOSING THE CHARM OF CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN?

YOU CAN'T BE ATTRACTIVE WITHOUT IT_

SCREEN STARS DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN

I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER

IT'S THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD TO REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX SOAP

HERE'S MY BEAUTY ADVICE, USE COSMETICS BUT USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!

DON'T RISK THE CHOKE PORES THAT CAUSE COSMETIC SKIN—THIS ACTIVE LATHER HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH

Clever girls follow Hollywood's tip—they use all the cosmetics they wish, but they use the soap with ACTIVE lather to remove thoroughly stale cosmetics, dust and dirt. It's foolish to let pores become choked—cause the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
tion of the good things the planets hold this year for this Sign. Those two stars are Anita Louise and Lew Ayres. This month may mark your transition from hardship and worry to a cycle of financial betterment and romantic happiness and the following days are excellent for you: the 1st, 5th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 22nd, 25th, 28th and 31st. The adverse days must be watched closely, so as to avoid haste, excitement, or overwork.

January 20 to February 18—Aquarius

Your ruling planet now favors new ventures, radical departures from the old order. Make the most of the co-operation you will have from your stars at this time so you will succeed in inventions, musical or creative activities, also for all matters pertaining to real estate or investments. Social contacts are favored, and one or more people may come into your life who may radically influence your future. Romantically you may be somewhat unsettled and not quite sure of your affections for the one you love. After the 15th of the month you may safely seek new romance if you so wish, or make changes in the home. The adverse days are: 1st, 5th, 8th, 16th, 18th, and 26th. The other days are excellent for all departments of life.

February 19 to March 20—Pisces

This month starts under some rather restless vibrations released by the planets. There may be some uncertainty in finances, and a debt may be cast up on a rather little thing to make a change in your business do so, for the stars favor it at the present time. There may be travel in connection with business this month, or shore trips by land. Do not plan on investments that take a long time to mature, for at present the stars demand quick action that will bring prompt return. What you plan to do will work out as the love planet Venus may bring temptations in romance that could alter your entire destiny. The chances are that you have come under some negative influence in love during the past few months. If you are anxious to change that unfortunate situation, now is the time to take action. A good month for signing a lease, or contract for services also for carrying through any plans for insurance, wills, or other public or legal transactions. The following days are adverse: the 3rd, 7th, 14th, 17th, 19th, and 27th. The rest of the days in the month are all favorable, and you may act with confidence and courage in everything you do.

Different Astrology Reading for Each Sign

In the condensed advice given here for each Sign of the Zodiac, it is impossible to give a thorough and complete character analysis of each and every Sign, and as there is a different reading for each Sign, it is necessary for YOU to consult your particular astrology reading for your Sign.

Let Me Take Your Picture

Continued from page 65

ran a lot of other film to get to the stuff he wanted,” explained Jack’s better-half.

The answer to that was a still camera. Jack’s a fool American and we know, live in this country, work in this country, why not buy it? He hunted everywhere for a good American camera and finally bought two—an Argus and a Contax.

“Nice little cameras,” commented Jack, who seems to like to have his wife do his talking.

“Jack’s theory,” went on that pretty blonde, “is that no really good picture can be made when the subject gets posed up for it. If he can’t get out of it, he people pose but if he seems to click, shutter, there’s no film in the camera. Yes, he just puts the camera down and says: ‘All over!’ and the subject really shoots. Or else he’ll say: ‘I want a grab a comb and get some of that fuzz off your face and shot while the sun is anxious fussing with her hair. So, times, he stops a girl who is trying to pretty for her picture and says: ‘We get working with your look today? It looks too the seam is around to the front.’ Then when she steeops down to fix it, he snaps...”

If it’s a man, he may pretend there’s a queer little thing he wants to see it, too, or maybe ask what that’s hanging down behind, and snap picture while the poor fellow is squirming around there.

On the set, he loves to creep up on low actors and shoot when they fall as or yawn or something.

Here’s a shot of director Mal St. C. rubbing his nose—and here’s one of Eug Pallette asleep.

“Kids are the best subjects, though,” in Jack. “They are so unwise-comed Here’s Jack in a towel, just out of swimming pool, and here he is playin a deck chair. This is Hal Wallis’ Louise Fazenda Wallis’ son, Brent, get acquainted with Jackie. And this is Jack done up in his nightie putting on a gag a little girl friend, taken back east.

We may find the pictures that their dolls was an experiment against sun. And this is Jackie when he was little. Such fun to have old shots of kids said Haver, and remember, that when we used to think baby Jackie perfectly beautiful? We could hardly ours eyes off him when he was a baby when he thought radiation. But when we throw the old pictures on screen or look at these snaps we see quite often he was really plain and not the slightest bit ugly. But always ador of course.

“What do you mean ‘ugly’? How you say that?” demanded Jack. "The is quaint!"

“Here’s a picture where he’s really lovely,” said Mrs. Halsey, ignoring the question. “Jackie in his little costume, believe that picture came coincidence, personality, balance—all the cameras use! Jackie looks shadows— all cameramen! Here’s a shot of Jack his cowboy outfit, complete with all shadows!"

“And here’s one of Mrs. Halsey, on the Twenty-Third Century-Fox lot, her hair blowing,” added Halsey. "That’s all right, darling. Look at one I took of you, fast asleep on the bed and the other one of you getting grim at radio broadcast." she beamed.

"This is a shot taken through the six box of our radio program in rehearsal. Jack’s Puppets taken through glass, hence the spots."

Jack’s other hobby is fixing up houses. “We bought a house back east for a wreck and I don’t mean our. Jack extended a shot showing a run-down house set amid wintry trees, here it is after we renovated it. You hardly tell the difference. Of course it is, we haven’t had a chance too it in more than a few days since got it fixed over.”

If we were asked for advice to am cameramen, Jack believes he’ll tell the get human interest into their pictures possible. "The house hobby is different than the one that has something of what it because it shows what can be done, here’s a shot of the first time our were in lights—Halsey and McFadden.

Look for the "FINGERNAIL" bottle cap! DURA-GLOSS Nail Polish

This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You’ll Get

Select your nail polish this way—and get the exact color you want! Just look at the "fingernail" (patented) on the Dura-Gloss bottle-cap—it’s coated with the actual polish that’s in that bottle—the color is the same as it will look on your own fingernails when dry and glossy! Don’t be misled by the low price—compare Dura-Gloss with polishes costing up to $1. See how long it stays lustrous on your nails, how easily it "goes on," how fashion-right the colors are! Hundreds of thousands of women have switched to Dura-Gloss. Try it! At cosmetic counters, 10c. Also a 25c Professional package.

DURA-GLOSS LABORATORIES PATRICK, N. J.
Summer Time Is
Beauty Time

Continued from page 60

It brings up a disturbing hip situation in many, whereby the hips look too wide in comparison with the narrow shoulders. Extending shoulder width, hips naturally all in better proportion, or if they're normal, slimmer and more willowy—something out of us pray for. Wide shoulders, narrow hips—a fashion silhouette you can use to fine advantage—and the marks also the good manly physique, in case you've need.

Pt. thinks that archery and rope skipping are good shoulder developers. Archery definitely good sport, recognized in many college curriculum, A tip for popularity: Set up an archery target if you have yard or lawn, and all the desirables will be tripping to your steps. Not an excessive venture, either. Rope skipping is exactly good sport, but it's good fun and very good for your figure. Swimming increases and lengths muscles, and is especially recommended for the slim-of-chest leg girls, and is a splendid conditioner. The games you play with your hands and arms bring up a problem, and he says that if you play constantly from one side, that side gets fuller development, that your figure is not symmetrical. Gale age has schooled herself so well, to avoid this, that she can play tennis equally well on either side. I don't know what to suggest for you golfers, but for the clothed bag carriers and eternal shoppers, shift that aren whenever you think of it, if you want one drooping shoulder. Sun, as you know, is nature's great medium for many things, and now is your chance to store up on Vitamin D, though science has come to the aid of many for a good year-around supply in the vitamin concentrates now available to all. However, there is a disarming and most painful penalty for too much sun, in the form of sunburn. Sunburn preventives are constantly improving in their efficacy to screen out the actinic or burning rays and give you all the good effects, minus burn. There are many excellent creams and oils for this purpose. With the advent of every new style, comes a new beauty problem, it seems, as exemplified by the extremely high-on-head hair of last season. The two-piece swim or play suits—bra and shorts—are great favorites. So don't forget to anoint well with sunburn preventive that newly exposed area of diaphragm or midriff, if you don't want a fine burn. This tender, usually protected skin will be super-sensitive, as well as thighs, which, generally speaking, are not

on parade. You can get a terrific burn here, which means you may not even be able to don your clothes. If you do get burned, then treat this burn as you would one from usual heat or fire. In case no other remedy is at hand, equal portions of water and vinegar make a good soothing.

Perspiration gets many girls down, yet this is a function of every normal human, from queen to duch-digger. As you know, it's a form of body elimination and nature's way of regulating body temperature. The solution is to use a good deodorant or non-perspirant, according to need. There are too many excellent products to mention, but you'll find a good one in your favorite form, liquid, cream, powder, or saturated pads. The use of such a preparation should be as routine as brushing your teeth. If your feet perspire excessively, put your preparation on soles and between toes, to keep a damp, stamed stocking from showing in your cut-out sandals.

For sanitary protection, let me suggest some of the tampon-type products. They have the approval of physicians, and many will find them the new answer to an old problem, especially in warm weather. They are small and neat enough to be carried unobtrusively in your hand-bag, too.

NEW BEAUTY FOR LEGS!

Do you like to try the new? Then send for our beauty bulletin. It tells you how to get our gift-of-the-month, a liquid make-up for legs—or face. For sports, vacation, dancing, or stockingless but make your legs glamorous. Bulletin contains general beauty, fashion and etiquette tips, also, Yours, for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

I WANT A MAN!

WHY LIEB? WHAT'S THE THING TO SAY?

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

"You're a boy after my own heart, Tom—and I'm mighty glad that Libbie's made up her mind to marry you!"

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

"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, HONEY, MAYBE I KNOW THE REASON FOR THAT AND IF YOU'LL TAKE YOUR GRANNIE'S ADVICE, YOU'LL—WELL—you'll go 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. And that's why...

Colgate's Combats Bad Breath... Makes Teeth Sparkle!

Screenland
Put Yourself in this Picture

WONDER WHAT TAMPON I SHOULD USE THIS SUMMER?

FIBS—IT'S THE KOTEX TAMPON—SO IT MUST BE GOOD!

Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

BUT HOW ARE FIBS BETTER?

ONLY FIBS ARE "QUILTED" HERE'S WHY...

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rolled top makes Fibs easy to insert, so an artificial method of insertion is unnecessary.

WHAT ABOUT FIBS ABSORBENCY?

IT'S MADE OF CELLUCOTTON (HOT COTTON) BECAUSE IT'S MORE ABSORBENT

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a full dose. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

THE KOTEX TAMPON
ONLY 25c FOR 12

Accredited for Advertisement by
The Council of Medical Annalists

FIBS—Room 1436, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FIBS—Room 1436, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A challenge to romance is Bourjois' very new Mais Oui.

A Tanguee lipstick for your "little girl" or "gypsy" mood.

OPPOSITE, you see a prize-winning bottle, unique for convenience and accuracy in choosing your correct shade of nail polish. This is Dura-Gloss, a fine, easy-to-apply and enduring polish, with superb lustre, hence its name. A new way to choose polish, for that nail on the top, colored with contents of the bottle, permits no error in judgment. Merely place that nail cap next to your finger for true life effect. Dura-Gloss comes in a wide variety of colors, one for every skin, costume, make-up, mood—however you like to choose your finger embellishment. The very modest price of Dura-Gloss permits a number of tones for all. For sale in many of the chain stores.

HERE'S a note for your next shopping tour—"Try Tel." Tel is a very new liquid dentifrice, and you will love what it does for your smile. A few drops on your toothbrush, a pleasant taste, a rich foam from a new patented dental cleaning ingredient, very penetrating for crevices. Then a sweet, refreshed mouth; clean, bright, sparkling teeth!

The Dura-Gloss nail cap bottle—a sure test for color.

THE new perfumed deodorant by Pa Tilverd has a glamorous note. Aside completely preventing any odor, yet mitting normal perspiration, it leaves lovely perfume clinging to your skin and delicate, not strong enough to conflict with your own perfume. Out prication gives a full day’s protection. Gentle. In drug and chain stores.

Words for the Summer Girls, who would make this the season of Romance and Glamour in their lives!

TANGEE Natural and Tangee Theatrical lip give you a complete lipstick "wardrobe," in perfect harmony with Summer's high fashions. For "little girl" moods, when you would look so young, and pretty, use Tangee Natural, that we favorite. This, as you know, magically blends to own coloring, leaving your shade in rose pink flattery with pastels, romantic hats, and frills. Artific for your "gypsy" moments, a real red shade, dazzling with brilliant colors and vivid matt Both lipsticks are waterproof, permanent, and has base to keep lips soft and young-looking. Each lipstick has companions in matching to Tangee face powder, in five shades, also posture that rare quality of blending indistingutilly to your skin, leaving a soft and radiant under-glow.

Mais Oui perfume by Bourjois (pronounced "Mai We") and meaning "But Yes" is Mais Oui is heady and flirtatious in the Contin mander. Mais Oui is slightly naughty, but with c wit and style. It is as glamorous as Paris, with a on the light touch, ideal for Summer. It is par larly gay, feminine and appealing, both in frag and that masterpiece of a bottle, collared with a blue, and cerise ribbon. Mais Oui comes in four in department and drug stores, and more good no that the price does not hurt. Mais Oui perfume equally gay and beguiling companions in cu mace, talcum, bath powder, face pow der, rouge and lipstick. Here are beauty cocktails for you and your lovely Summer costumes.

HOBIGANT'S Honeysuckle toiletries have made history! And honeysuckle is fast becoming a great favorite in this country. You will understand, when you test this haunting reminder moonlight and soft Summer nights. Shown, are lovely aids to daytime perfuming—Noro fiorale for the skin, to be used after bath or at any time for refreshment and fragrance, a dusting powder and a tale. For the more important occasions in your life, there is also a honeysuckle perfume, C. M.
SCREENLAND'S Glamar Guides

Fashions featured on Page 61 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.


Wm. Filene Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.
Bonwit Teller, New York City.
Saks–5th Street, New York City.
Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Ore.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.
Famous Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.


Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Conrad's, Boston, Mass.
Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago, Ill.
The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Daniels & Fisher, Denver, Colo.

J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Ind.
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee, Wis.
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
Lansburgh & Bro., Washington, D.C.


Walk-Over Shoe Store, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Harrisburg, Pa.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Indianapolis, Ind.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Madison, Wis.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Memphis, Tenn.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Milwaukee, Wis.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, New York City.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Oshkosh, Wis.
Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas.
W. C. Stripling Co., Fort Worth, Texas.
Ralph Rupley, Houston, Texas.
Goeauay's, New Orleans, La.
Peyton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Fay-Miss Brassiere by Fay-Miss Brassiere Co., New York City.

Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore, Md.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Worth, Hartford, Conn.
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Arnold Constable & Co., New York City.
Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Kaufmann's Dept. Store, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lansburgh & Bro., Washington, D.C.
still grant our sons greater latitude than our daughters. Jane and Shirley grew up in the movies, their social life conditioned by that fact. Shirley found herself thrust among the children of her mother's friends, Jane among those in her Sunday school class and those she worked with. Neither has ever known that sharp break between one set of circumstances and another that Deanna had to adjust herself to. At thirteen she was cut off from her school world and plunged into a new life that claimed all her energies. She had young people at the house now and then, she attended an occasional boy-and-girl party. But the natural fellowship of the ice-cream parlor and the skating rink, when she was just one of a crowd, disappeared, never to return. According to the news story aforementioned, studio executives denied any romantic attachment between Deanna and young Mr. Paul. He takes her about, it was said, because her parents and guardians believe she should be properly escorted. If it is so that Deanna has taken to frequenting the haunts of the sophisticated, then we can only note that Mrs. Durbin's ideas as to what is right for a seventeen-year-old must have undergone a violent reversal.

Your own daughter is a busy enough person with just her school routine. Deanna must go to school, make movies, take singing lessons, practice, and sleep nine hours a night. There hasn't been much time left for cultivating young friends. And even at the parties she did attend, she was regarded with a certain sense of awe. Her voice sets her apart, as any special gift sets people apart in any walk of life. Even at Mrs. Astorhill's, guests will nudge each other and murmur when a person of repute enters the room. Young people are still much more susceptible to the form of hero-worship. A boy who might grab another girl and whirl her blithely round the room would approach Deanna timidly, with an air of deference. She's been too much of a child to feel any exaltation in her power. She felt only comfort in being stuck on top of a pedestal. It worked the other way, too. Deanna has inherited the British reserve of her parents. Except with people whom she knows well, she doesn't do much talking. The din of voices currently for conversation among Hollywood's younger set is so much Greek to Deanna. Even if she understands it, she wouldn't use it, because it doesn't come naturally to her and she's much too ingenuous to play a part. She has no gift for the casual banter, half-derisory, half-affectionate, adopted by the modern youth in his relation to the opposite sex. This makes for a lack of ease on both sides. She may be conscious of the element of pose inseparable from the nature of the parts. If she were older, she'd smile at it. Lacking the perspective which the years bring, she can only turn with disgust on others whose ways are her ways, who understand her, who aren't dazzled by her.

Most of her leisure has been spent with her father and mother. Her adopted sister, Edith, is her senior by thirteen years. She has always been Deanna's idol and confidant. Pouring her heart out to Edith, benefitting by her older sister's experience, she has naturally absorbed something of her maturity of outlook. Edith's husband, Clarence Heckman, is a man of humor and charm. No one can ever forget the quiet girl of the studios in the Deanna who likes to engage in verbal sparring with her brother-in-law. She sharpens her tongue while hunting after them. She talks his language much more readily than she does that of her masculine contemporaries. She asks no greater treat than to spend a holiday with "Deedee and Clarence." He can, during such a party of her own any day to be with them. In many respects a child, she is in other ways more mature than most girls of her age. Her father's reflected, she has more dignity. It seems unlikely that the average boy, with his callowness and inexperience, could easily win a rugs of a woman who has learned to be wooed gently and with comprehension. A well-meaning boy might unwittingly offend the sensibilities of which a man's finesse would know how to deal with. A boy's half-formed mind—still seeking its own answers to life—might leave unsatisfied the intellectual strivings which a man's cultivation could turn into fruitful channels. A boy's bungling and stammering way with love, however endearing, might be less likely than a man's tenderness to stir the emotions that run quietly but deep.

Deanna's own hopes for the future form another element in the picture. When she first began to study singing, a career in the movies never entered her head. Though she was too young and too modest for more than childish dreaming, those dreams wove themselves around opera and a place among the songbirds of the Metropolitan Opera. Now she is more reluctant than ever, nevertheless to the proposition. She thinks it would be presumptuous even to mention them. Her very reluctance, however, indicates how deeply she still cherish singing as a possible occupation in the study of music proves it.

André de Segurola, her teacher, sees no reason why she shouldn't reach the proud goal of all American singers. We have it from no less an authority than Lily Pons that, if a singer marries and the marriage is to be successful, her husband must be a man who understands and can identify with her music. She made the statement after she had married Kostelanetz, the ideal husband from that point of view. Singers can't all marry famous orchestra leaders. But imagine Deanna a singer with all that a singer's life entails—the demands on her time, the hard work, the social to professional interests, the necessity for constant travel. Imagine her married to a boy, with his own way in the world still to make. Imagine the interpretable parts, the brief reunions, the few points of contact, the absence of that camaraderie in great things and small which alone makes for growth of understanding and welds two people together through memories and emotions shared. It would be a marriage on the surface only, and surface marriage is not for Deanna. More than most girls of her age, Deanna has been exposed to the charm of older men. She's worked with them and oppressed them. She wouldn't be the pioneering seventeen-year-old if she is, if—consciously or otherwise—she hadn't become aware of them. Henry Koster, who dressed three of the older girl's costumes, Joe Pasternak, who has produced them all, are both Europeans—witty, original, sophisticated. They have made her laugh, they've not, they've sent her from her little-girl world into the wider, more glittering world of the artist. To them she's a child. Schmitz, Koster calls her "the little Dutch girl," content in delight at sight of a Bohemian costume in Pasternak's office, he buys her one.
But she's a person as well, whose intelligence they respect. While she has been their pupil, she has also been their companion. She has listened to brilliant discussions on the technique of acting, till at last she's jumped up and cried in despair: "How can I learn to be that kind of actress?" They've pulled her down, chuckling, "You're not so bad, Schmuck!" She has listened to stories of their work abroad, glimpsing horizons the more alluring because so different from anything she has known. They stimulate her mind and her imagination. She may still be interested in discussing football scores with Johnny Doakes, but the two interests lie on different planes, and there's no question as to which is the more engrossing.

In a sense, all her films have been love stories—with older men as the objects of her love. In the first, she wound herself busily round Charlie Winninger's heartstrings, till nothing else much mattered to that gentleman. The second was another father-and-daughter romance, she and Menjou all in all to each other. The scene where she sang in the boarding house parlor—her eyes pleading with him to be happy, his striving to mask his despair and answer her plea—was as affecting as any romantic episode we've ever witnessed. In the third she courted and won Herbert Marshall—in perfect innocence, to be sure, yet through her innocence she all but got him to sit up and wag his tail. In the fourth, it was she who fell in love—got a crush, if you prefer. But a comment of Melvyn Douglas's on that picture may prove illuminating. He thought it ended on a sour note. He thought the child should have been allowed to keep her illusions. "It didn't ring either true or sweet to me," he said, "having the kid think the guy was a heel. I'd have cured her some other way. And I'd have left the man wondering whether the story might not have ended differently, if she'd been just five years older."

In other words, Douglas reckoned with the possibility that the girl portrayed by Deanna might have felt for a man much older than herself the stirring of something that could have flowered into love. Yet surely Alice in the story had less provocation than Deanna herself. Alice was the center of a large circle of young friends, she had the devotion of their leader, youthful interests in common with them, nothing to distract her from those interests. She wasn't a movie star with a job that involved playing opposite such men as Marshall and Douglas and Boyer, who have set older and wiser feminine heads twittering. Now we're not hinting at any such nonsense as that Deanna has fallen or is likely to fall in love with one of her leading men! Other stars might profit by her attitude of professional impersonality. But she does come into daily contact with them. She does have the opportunity of contrasting their urbanity and poise with the burbling of green youth. She can't help noting their quality, even if it doesn't make her heart beat any faster. Will the time come when the sum of all those observations will weigh down the balance against the more obvious and less polished charm of some younger? We're not issuing a statement. We're propounding a theory. If we're wrong, if Deanna walks up the aisle some day in shimmering glory on the arm of a lucky college mate (or elope with Vaughn Paul), we'll eat our speculations and be happy to drink a toast to the bride and the man she has chosen.
Why Florence Rice Never Married Until Now

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young. And being in love, Hollywood naturally supposed their marriage was in the offing.

Typical of young love, neither stopped to consider if there were obstacles to their marriage. One of the first to present itself was the difference in religion. Phil's meant everything to him. Florence was equally profound, but in a better position to transfer her beliefs. As long as she was sincere in the sacredness of religious faith, Florence felt she was doing the right thing. So she took Phil's religion.

No one person or one particular thing is to blame for the eventual failure of their romance to survive. Being of an extremely sensitive nature, Phil was bothered with everyone close to him. He had certain family obligations. Florence admired him for doing his duty. Phil wanted to travel. He wanted to try the stage. He had worked hard to deserve his career. Now he wanted to get something out of it. Being ambitious and intelligent, he felt he could become a better actor with the additional stage experience. At times it seemed to Florence as if there were some invisible force keeping them apart. Something was always happening to postpone their plans. It was just a series of personal demands on Phil's time. Phil wanted to please everyone around him. In trying to do it, somehow he and Florence never quite seemed to get together. When she was at last forced to admit that the odds were against them, Florence went back to New York. There were no hard feelings. Their goodbye was painful to both, "That break made me go to work," Florence reminisces. "I could think of only one thing. Work must come first. Phil and I would continue to be good friends. But each work I would find a new and lasting happiness. I knew it would be a long time—if ever—that I could feel the same way again. So that's why it's been hard for me to become too seriously interested in anyone. I decided that once hurt, I never wanted to be hurt that way again. Or hurt anyone else. My career began to show signs of life again. I didn't want anything to spoil it." Florence kept her promise to herself. After her hit in the New York production of "She Loves Me Not," Hollywood offered a tempting contract. Much time had elapsed. Letters had flown back and forth. Phil seemed as attentive as ever. Florence felt perhaps it had all been her fault. Perhaps if Phil still wanted it, they should give it another chance. Florence decided to try. But back in Hollywood Florence discovered the breach was wider than ever. Naturally, Phil expected to continue where they left off. Before, she had devoted all her time, thoughts, emotions to their romance. Hence, that self-protective instinct crept in. Florence didn't want to be hurt again. Phil remained as sweet and attentive, as only he could be. But he stopped inviting her to parties with others. It seemed that Florence always had to be at the studio, when she wanted to be with Phil. Interference poured in from both sides.

Phil's contract came up for renewal. The studio pleaded with him to re-sign. But he was determined to leave Hollywood behind. He wanted to go back to the theatre. Thus, the time I was working in the same studio. Phil stopped in to say goodbye. I hated to see him go. I knew I was going to miss his impromptu visits. Phil was the most appreciative of any actor on the lot. His conversations were intelligent, amusing, witty. Yet there was a certain sadness in his gaity too. Those who knew Phil were constantly impressed by his tolerance and understanding of people and their problems.

Long after Phil went to Europe, I met Florence Rice at John Belushi's party. The occasion was to celebrate the renewal of a deep friendship that started when they played in "She Loves Me Not." Hollywood was full of the glory of the great film that brought them together again. John introduced me to Florence. When she discovered I shared her admiration for Phil, we sat in the corner and talked for hours. She was happy for Phil, that he was getting a change. She hoped with all her heart, that he was leaving behind him any heartaches of the past.

They continued to exchange letters. They poured out their future plans, their hopes, their fears. Then one day Phil's letter signed by someone else, was very busy, continued to write just the same. Her letters were returned unopened. Finally, it seemed that Phil had completely gone out of her life.

Several months later I met Phil Holmes while driving down Sunset Boulevard. We pulled over to the curb and talked. His appearance was enthusiastic. I had never seen him looking better in his life. When I told him about Florence's letters, he was amazed. Through some error they had never been delivered to him, as they should have been. He was deeply sorry, but there was nothing to be done now. Too much time had elapsed. Too many things had happened.

Last summer Phil came again to Hollywood. His first date was with Florence. I happened to be at the Trocadero and saw them there dancing. As I watched them it seemed so right that it should be together. They seemed so happy. As if they had never been apart. Phil whispered in the orchestra leader's ear, "Phil was with Weiderson, their original theme song and favorite.

Phil has never married. He seems to prefer doing radio and stage work in the east, pictures in Europe and visiting Hollywood occasionally. Recently he completed an exciting tour in "Golden Boy," Hollywood producers claim it to remain. There is much demand for his talents. But for once Phil is being selfish and doing what makes him happiest. Hollywood has nourished Florence blossom in her career. In romance too they have seen changes. But none of them ever serious. For a while it was Michael Bartlett. There was Baron Recklowe (now seen as Kay Francis), handsome Tom Ruthford, a young New York actor, Tom Neal who hails from radio, and then—Robert Wilcox.

Newlyweds-at-home. Settled down to the serious business of being Mr. and Mrs., are Robert Wilcox and Florence Rice, in their Venice, California home.

Screenland
"I'm the little woman who used to take a soap box and expound on marriage," says the happy bride. "I've believed that two people must know each other for at least two years, before they should even think about anything as serious as marriage. I've believed, too, that it can't be real love, unless that thing hits hard the very first time two people set eyes on each other. Is my face red?"

"My friend, Sylvan Simon, who directed 'Kid From Texas,' used to sort of sponsor my dates. Each time he'd say, 'Just wait, you haven't met Robert Wilcox.' When Bob came over to work on that picture, Sylvan introduced us. We started going together. But I went with others too. Even when I began to want Bob along on other dates, it didn't occur to me that I was falling in love with him. The others had made plans for that trip to Honolulu. I had to make retakes at the last moment. I had my bags packed and my ticket purchased. Fifteen minutes before I had to leave my house to catch the boat, the studio gave me their okay. The rest just seemed to happen. Actually I had known Bob Wilcox six weeks. We both seemed to laugh at the same things, like the same books, the same people, and feel generally the same way about life. It seemed as if I had always known I was going to say yes—when Bob asked me."

As a matter of record, there was a youthful marriage for Florence. It happened when she was still in her early teens, one of those rushed-into-things that ended abruptly and uneventfully. Her marriage to Robert Wilcox is the real thing. They took the boat over to Kanehoe Bay to buy their license. Both being slightly old-fashioned about marriage, they purchased two plain gold wedding bands. It was a double-ring ceremony. Judge P. Kellert, who has been marrying people for years, was so touched by the beauty of their romance he cried throughout the ceremony. Against an altar of purple orchids Florence and Bob became man and wife. The bride wore a simple sport dress and flat-heeled shoes. Her last pair of stockings "went" on the boat. There wasn't even time to buy a new pair for her wedding. The Honolulu-legendary Duke Kahanamoku gave away the bride. The guests included the Jimmy Ellisons, Bill Henry's delightful "Ma" Henry (who adopted Duke as their foster son), Grandma Henry and their hosts. The entire thing had all been planned and arranged the night before.

A maritime strike gave the young couple an extra honeymoon week in Honolulu. Then they returned to Hollywood and the serious business of being Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox. Florence is all set at M-G-M. Bob has exciting things ahead. Originally he was seen in Buffalo stock. He went there after working at the Pasadena Community Theatre and trying to crash the movies. He was seen by a talent scout and sent to Universal. Now he is free of that contract, after playing fifteen leads in their Class B product. Once upon a time he was in love and engaged to Joy Hodges. She went east and after ten months' absence, their love cooled. M-G-M wanted to borrow him once for a lead with Joan Crawford, Universal refused to let him go. Three years later he got to M-G-M. He didn't play a lead with Joan. But he did meet the girl of his heart, who is content to play leads with him for the rest of their lives. Hollywood wishes them much happiness.

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Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart

Smart young society favorite, always seen in fashionable places. She goes hatless throughout the active outdoor season—winters in Palm Beach.

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troubles, Dick." And then he showed me a side of himself I had never dreamed existed. Dick and I had come in finally. Instantly Andy was back in character while I was trying in a flustered way to collect myself.

It wasn't until long after that I discovered other important things about Andy. His greatest terror: he's afraid of being laughed at. And, because of this, he'll never become confidential if there is more than one person present. No matter how well he may know the both of you, although he may become serious he doesn't become confidential. And no matter how well he knows you, even though there may be no one within miles of the two of you, it's only on rare occasions he speaks of the things that are close to him. Chaplin may yearn to do Hamlet. Lloyd may long to don the make-up of Cyrano. Friends may sympathize with their ambitions. Andy takes no chances. He is a comic and he knows it. He's grateful that he can make people laugh and collect for it. He realizes that people, meeting him casually, expect him to be the same off screen as on and he tries to live up to their expectations.

There is an old saying, "Nobody loves a fat man." Andy paraphrases it and says, "Noboby loves a comic." People expect him to be funny. He knows you can't unburden yourself with strangers—it would only bewilder them. If he was funny with them and, later, they started comparing notes with someone who knows him well—someone with whom he had once become confidential and let his hair down—it would confuse them. So he remains a comic. But the same problems confront a comic—the same longings for adventure and romance stir within his breast as in the breasts of the Gables, Taylors, and Powers.

Andy couldn't have been more than sixteen when he left home one summer and ended up in Ketchikan, Alaska, with no money but plenty of self-assurance and a healthy appetite. He postponed a few meals and then, when there seemed no end to his period of fasting, he heard of a Swedish fishing smack anchored off the coast. "I put some snuff under my lip as I had heard Sweedes do," Andy chucked, "adopted a Swedish accent—or, if at least that's what I thought it was—and went out there to get work. It took them about half a minute to find out this pan of mine is Irish and not Swedish, and so they pushed me off the boat, I ate—how—finally got back home. I went back to school and played football. If Northwestern had heard of us they'd have broke the bank for Gaylon Smith. Then my father died and I left school."

I prompted him to head for California even he doesn't remember—but presently he found himself in Hollywood. "I was sailing down Hollywood Boulevard one day and heard all sorts, "all dolled up in my football jersey when some guy pointed his finger at me and said, 'You're the guy. Come on!' I hadn't anything better to do so I went and next thing I knew I was playing in 'The Collegians' out at Universal, I made about $100 or $150 a month while it lasted. That was plenty because I'm not the romantic type and I didn't need any clothes. Then talkies came in and they quit making 'The Collegians' and that old problem of eating cropped up again." He stopped again. "I started doing extra work when I could find any—but there wasn't much. After starring intermittently for a year, Universal gave me a couple of small roles and I managed to eke out an existence. But the serials ran only a few weeks and my shirt was sticking out again."

It was during this period that Andy told me one of the things I have since learned is more revealing of his character than a year's acquaintance with him—one of the things that has made me respect him even more. One day he had covered every studio—major and minor. As he trudged his weary way homeward that night—still jobless—he determined that when he returned home he would remember a little gas stove in his apartment. The tube that connected it with the gas jet was always slipping off. Andy thought if he undressed himself, got into bed, pulled the tube off and turned on the gas people would think it had slipped off while he was asleep and he had accidentally burned away his body.

He reached home so tired he could hardly drag one foot after the other. The electricity had long since been cut off. As he opened the door he saw a slip of paper lying in the darkness on the floor. He picked it up and struck a match. It was a polite note from the gas company to the effect that they had just kicked off the gas jet until such time as he could pay his bill! "I finally came to the conclusion," he went on, "that the good Lord hadn't intended me to be an actor so I started turning an honest penny wherever I could. I became manager of a miniature gasoline station and worked on the gas and with wrestling." He smiled wryly. "I never lost my amateur standing but I remember wrestling at a couple of bouts for the benefit of the poor. Then I bought a car and every day I could hardly stand up on the mat."

It was after that that Andy became a lifeguard. One day he pulled seven or eight guys out of the water while he undoubtedly have drowned if he hadn't reached them. I kidded him about it when I heard of it. "Have you got a Carnegie medal to prove it?" I asked him. He retorted disdainfully, "You can't buy beans with those things!"

Then he received a call to test for 'The

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**The Devine Andy**

Continued from page 51

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**How Attractive Are You on the Beach?**

**How attractive are you at the beach?**

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**Skinny? Here's How Thousands Gain Naturally Alluring Curves**

**Thin, Tired, Nervous People Often Gain 10 to 25 Pounds, New Pep—Quick**

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**Screenland**

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S C R E E N L A N D

The Romantic Life of Annabella

Continued from page 33

children. My parents are not what you call 'modern' people. They are gentlefOL, my parents, with gentle ideas and gallant old ideas, their feet still very much in fairy ways. ... But anyway, I think that this is why I like so much to be in the films now. I can still make-believe! I like the make-believe much better than the real. I do not like people I am always sure where the one leaves off and the other begins. When I do know, I am a little sad.

"I had a won-der-ful childhood, won-der-ful! It was a happiness like heaven, my childhood, with laughter all day as light as feathers flying. There were so many things that my father was head of the Boy Scouts in France. Sometimes he took the boys on camping trips and sometimes, when he did not have his usual work, he took me with him. So that I was a little bit of a sport, liking boy-things, wild like a boy, untamed. When I was with my father, I was like that. But when I was with my mother, I tried to be a little lady."

It was this young divergence, I am sure, that today makes Annabella sometimes like a boy, untamed, girlishly as a little lady. That split in her so-very-young personality is responsible, I am sure, for the happy hoyden who curties, so to speak, with the quaintly mis-matched girl of today. So that Annabella always runs, never walks. She runs across a room with quick strides, with little leaps and bounds. She comes to rest and stays still, with quiet grace and spirited dignity.

"Well, then, sometimes in the garden, we were in a mood to play with dolls, Claude and I." Annabella related. "And we were in the river, we were sea- nymphs. I learned to swim there the same time I learned to walk. When I am now the water, I am in another element. We played to be Indians. We had a little hut and we were pirates... we slept in that garden, under a canopy of little white flowers.

"My father was the director of a newspaper for boys, Le Journal des Voyages, I would always read those papers. I would read the stories about Africa and India, jungles and fjords. And they gave me my taste for wanting to see the world. Sometimes we would place a ladder against the wall and arrange to jump from the gardens. I would think, then, of all the gardens of the world, how some of them are jungles and some of them are the sea, and I would think that I must play in the gardens of the world one day, yes, all of them!"

Annabella relates how that small Zett was very, specially proud of two things: she was as proud as a small Punch because she was born, not at home, in the usual way, at all—no, she was born, unexpectedly, during a visit her mother made to Paris. So that she would boast, inflating her small chest, 'I was born during a visit of my mother to Paris!' She was proud, too, because she was born on the 4th of July, Bastille Day, a date corresponding in the historical significance of France to our own Independence Day, July 4th. And there is that about Annabella which is as independent as the date of her birth; an independence which was, soon now, to take her out of the sanctified garden, into places where there were no gardens at all and, certainly, no happiness.

There came the day when Munnn and Poore asked Annabella what she was then. "A princess," replied Annabella. "Princess, yes, but where the little garden must come out of the garden, must go to school. With a pain which was like their childish fingers squeezing her heart, all the children watched them bicycling off to the little neighboring school-house, Annabella in the lead, dreadfully excited, dreadfully exultant. She knew, the mother, oh, well she knew, that they were going much farther away than the little school-house. Zett didn't like school. For in school reality would make it put down, and measurable. In literature, history and geography, Zette Charpentie was 'excellent.' For in these subjects she still felt 'the other subject' was 'very, very bad.'

And in school, too, the formless desire for a life-time of make-believe took short and spectacles. No longer were those glasses attainable thing. For—'all the girls in school,' says Annabella, 'said how the glasses were too small. To some girl, once talked about that and nothing else. Now Lucy was gone for Claude and me. Now Mary Pickford took her place, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge. They were named without bodies, too, you see, realer the flesh and blood people we knew. The talked all the time how they would be film stars, and the girls we knew felt they must speak. I was afraid to speak. I had learned that only when you say in words, there 'no fairy in that flower,' did it happen the same thing—only the fairy thought that if I should speak out loud, will be a film star, I would not be a film star, she would not be there."

"Every Sunday afternoon, when the girls that would be taken to the cinema in Chantilly I bought all the cinema magazines. I had hard time doing that. My mother did not give me all the money she thought I had all the time in the garden and in the gardens there is no such thing as money. So, I sold some of my books to the girls in the school. I bought a scrap-book and cut out pictures of Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess and they were great artists and passed them in. One we of Mae Murray, the other of Norma Talmadge. One day in school, while I was doing my physical culture exercises, a locket fell from my blouse and opened at there were revealed, of all things, the pictures of movie actresses! The professor seeing this, in the di- cipline of the French schools and I knew what my horror would be—and then I asked me, sepulchrally and with a kind of inhuman terror, 'Who all these—er—ladies, Mademoiselle?'"

"They are my cousins, Monsieur,' I answered him. He was content. His suspicion they rested. He had not been fully of the cinema and so he did not recognize its stars. Now we played always at making the movies. We labelled the ten-house to laboratory; the chicken coop we cover with my mother's fine linen sheets as called that the stage. We acted out in the garden and all the little heroes. My brother was the director, we ing my father's puttees, like we had seen pictures of Mr. Cecil B. deMille. He-grandish a megaphone and tell us what do.

"In that garden, in more ways than on the soon-to-be career of Annabella was ta- ing form. For her father had a hobby, to The hobby of taking kodak pictures. Al- ways he was asking the children to po for him—that posing and those piano le- soom! They were very awful things! If they had been the movie pictures—but to stop the games, not move, to be motionless and patient, that would have been.

But it was, none the less, this hobby his father's which gave the child her in- opportunity to be "in the picture." For Pa
Bridal, were. was when nearly ran got. The wanted ran was 91 my finished what be making tures. writers hen, the his she, ville. rector she lunched only long stop older spent girl. But play "W at her such your those kers. Annabella? such your day, to make this my poplar film, wants in the garden, that little bit of being in a film. My mother and I were not friends now. We did not talk any more. I did not like my parents, I did not think they liked me. I had never before met with lack of understanding. It was like a poison in me. I was so very depressed, so very sad. I wanted to die. I wanted to die...

There are some parts of your life which you like to forget because you didn't like yourself at that period. That part of my life I like to forget, never to think of it any more. Well, I did not die. I am now happy to say! This is what I did instead—I ran away. I ran away to Paris. Those were the black hours of my life, two years of black hours.

Now Annabella, gay child, was gay no longer. Now she was morose. She was sullen. Now she was saying, "This will never end, this pain..." She was knowing the long, long pain of Youth. She would not go back to school. What had she to do with school now, with school-girls and their chatter? She was alone, set apart, different. She wanted only to go back to Paris, to try again for the films. This her parents' sophisticated and wear long, black gloves and long, black lace stockings. I, who had not ever cared for my clothes!

"But when I start to work, I love it! It was my world again, the world of make-believe. We went to Corsica, while we made that picture. It was my first time away from home, without my parents. A friend of my mother's went with me, for the chaparron. But still I was, in a way, alone. I was, now, in another garden...

"So I finished in that picture. And then—and then they patted my shoulder, very sweetly, the kind of being kind that is stabbing like a knife—and they said to me, and their voices were like my funeral knells—'all right, now, petite Mademoiselle, you can go home.' I went home like I was going to Siberia, like going into exile. When I got home I was a stranger in the house. They did not understand. My father thought it was another game for me, like playing in the garden, that little bit of being in a film. My mother and I were not friends now. We did not talk any more. I did not like my parents, I did not think they liked me. I had never before met with lack of understanding. It was like a poison in me. I was so very depressed, so very sad. I wanted to die... I wanted to die..."

"And—"

Charpentier, being a publisher, numbered among his friends many editors, artists, writers who, if not actually engaged in the writing of films, were intimately associated with those that were. And on the occasions when he visited his friends in Paris, M. Charpentier would show his friends his pictures. Now and again he would explain, paradoxically proud, "And this is my little girl, Suzanne—she wants to be in the films, what do you make of that, ha, ha, for my little girl to be in the films is like a dream for her!" and then he would go on showing his pictures, the one of the poplar tree with the cloud nesting in its hair, the one of the ben, defiant, and the current bush. But on one such day, the man who looked at the picture of the little girl who wanted to be in the films, passed right there. He looked up at last, and said, "Why not let this child try, Monsieur Charpentier? I know a director at the Ballcourt Studio in Joinville. He is now casting a picture. Why not send your little girl to see him? How old is she, your little girl?"

"She is sixteen," said the father of the soon-to-be Annabella, "yes, maybe you are right. Maybe she should try. Maybe then she will be quiet."

"When my father told me," sighs Annabella, "I knew such happiness then as I knew when I was Janes ... when Lucy hunged with me ... it was just like that, only more .... So here was my opportunity and—I nearly spoiled it! I did not look sixteen and I was afraid for that. Norma Talmadge did not look like me, long hair, face without paint, little-girl dresses on me. So on my way to Paris I stop at the house of a school-friend who is older than I and I borrow her clothes. I spent all my money on all the make-up in the world. When the director looked at me, his eyebrows rose up in a pleased fashion. But I think, he must have seen the little girl under the feathers and the paint. Anyways, he told me about the part. I was to play a little girl of fifteen, he said. I was disappointed that I was not to be so-

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would not permit her to do. She took no interest in the activities of young people of her age. She was much too young and much too old. And because of this, Life made a catspaw of her, grinning at her struggles and contortions, her little yelps and yowls of pain and fury. She refused to go to the movies, and Capek, who always wrote of "everything sad." She waited only for letters to come, for one letter which would say, "Come back to Paris, there is a part for you in a film." The postman would come at eight o’clock in the morning. At six o’clock Annabella would be waiting for him by the stove, when the clock struck. The postman would have nothing for her. Nothing save pity in his shrewd, old eyes which had seen so many young eyes darken at his empty hands. Then, as the face took on its youth, she would go to her island and stay there, the day long, finding grim comfort only in the books of those writers who had saved the mud, never to come back. And she thought, then, of suicide. She thought of taking poison. She thought of drowning herself in the silvery waters of the river. She thought of jumping out of her bedroom window at night. And then—she ran away, once more. And the two bad years went on. She ran away to Paris. A small studio from which a patient wife would be forced to keep her housed and fed. She took a little apartment and began to look for work. But there was no work for Annabella. She had been for films then, neither a child nor an adult. She had no "pull," no influence, and little experience. She gained, in that time, only the knowledge that she had been trying to run away from herself.

"I had no happy girlhood at all," Annabella told me; "at twenty-five, deplores, "because..."

Little boys and girls who were having good times because I did not know how to be good. Little boys and girls. The people I ran around with at that time were not the right kind of people, they had a bad influence on me. I had no happiness, no young love because it was well concealed in my heart. I was being the Tragedy Queen. Everything, for me, was for Life or for Death. Oh, it was very bad, that time of my life, very, very bad, in every way.

"I had only one little piece of work—I got the job to play the part of the sister of Charles Reade, the old lady. I was twenty-five. We went to Berlin to make that film. The stars rode in the crack train. I rode behind in the 'milk-train.' I had to buy my own从前, I was going to the station. It worked, and I worked only two days. When I was finished there and was ready to go back to Paris I had only five francs left, which is not fifty cents in American money. The unimportance of me in that film did not help me. I returned with my little store of hope lower than my little store of francs, and with the realization that it is better to dream, however hungrily, than to have a dream come true—shabbily.

And then one day, luscinia, a youth, went to the office of Rene Clair. He spoke to her: "I am Rene Clair's assistant. Mr. Clair would like to see you, now, at once." Annabella thought, "to be in any of the dream." Annabella didn't want to go to the office of Rene Clair. She floated, so she says. But I think she must have run, as she runs now, with the air and wind, toward something, never away from something. Rene Clair received her with enthusiasm, with interest. "Like was Same," one says Annabella. He gave her a script. The title bore the illuminated words, "Le Million." He discussed the script with her, a part in it which was, "likewise," to be a part, and, never like any other. Annabella heard his voice as one hears voices when under an anesthetic. She had read of the delusions which plague the frustrated. It couldn't be true... It couldn't be happening... Rene Clair, he said, greatest of them all... it couldn't be... because the girls in the office, my goodness, they were all typing, they all were behind normally, one girl fussed with her hair, another chewed gum... "while the moment blacked out, I was thinking to me... it was like a pain!"

Rene Clair was asking, "Can you look up the past?"

"Yes."

"Oh, yes, yes, I can!" "Can you ride a horse?"

"But yes, I am an equestrienne!"

"And you dance?

"But of course, of course, like a win..."

Rene Clair was saying, "For this picture I should like your hair to be dark."

"Yes."

Ten minutes after she left that office, her hair was dyed dark. Within the day she was arranging for ballet lessons, ridingstructure, and at once that began that period of her life which was working-like-mad. And then began—the pushiness again. Claude came to Paris and was like a rushing together again for two cousins, after that long “absence.” Not they talked as they had talked in the garden. Now Annabella had her make-beau again, her true name, her mother, with her father. The hard, dirty things within her dissolved like crystals.

"Le Million" was the beginning for Annabella. She, Annabella, would be the name of Annabella. "I took that name because I have so loved the Annabelle Lee Edgar Allen Poe. How many times I re... that poem, loving it, and so I would not dare to be 'Annabelle Lee.' I could be Annabella so that the syllab... name in Europe. Here in America it My 8th of July."


Twentieth-Century Fox sent for her, asked her to come to Hollywood to make the French version of "Caravan." I was asked to do, just as I want especially to go. I had not even thought about Hollywood for it. I was not happy for me, here. I did not want to go, but I was not happy for me, here. But then I go back to Europe and I'm pictures everywhere. In Budapest I make pictures, in Vienna, in England... Then and this is the most important thing in my whole life... Mr. Bob Kane sent for me and asked me to star in "Wings of Morning," in England. I read the script, and I said yes. I think, I think, I think about Hollywood for it. It was not happy for me, here. I did not want to go, but I was not happy for me, here. But then I go back to Europe and I'm pictures everywhere. In Budapest I make pictures, in Vienna, in England... Then and this is the most important thing in my whole life... Mr. Bob Kane sent for me and asked me to star in "Wings of Morning," in England. I read the script, and I said yes. I think, I am like that, I am that girl. But I could not speak English. But tell them I will learn, right so. So I went to Philadelphia, got a good doctor and his wife and two daut... who were near my age. I lived there, attended the Bryn Mawr School Language. And what I had never had before, I had then, I was always with you girls and young boys. In that time, only... And playing soccer and tennis and riding on the Themes and to cricket and match and it was very nice. For about three months I forget that I am in pictures, I am just a girl playing in an English garde...
The Maximilian campaign. "He was an in-
r^eautiful athlete," Muni reports.
His name is Luis Flores Lopez and he
was in a military barrack, on government
service. He told us how Juarez's soldiers
were under command of a young fire-
fighter named Porfirio Diaz, who later was
to become President of Mexico. Old Lopez,
for his part, went through the entire
episode without a gun. A
valiant man (actually a cowboy) his lariat
as his only weapon. It was his custom to
drop in the face of the enemy's artillery
shells and then, with a quick dart, he
would come back to his own lines. His story was
proborated by records. It's a little touch
authenticity that you will see in the film;
the many records that resulted from our
search for facts.

Hal Wallis, this year's winner of the
halberg award for the most consistent
quality production achievement among
Hollywood studio heads, gained much
Muni from the pre-production trip, but
a way slightly different. Muni was
studying. Wallis, responsible for
the entire picture in the final analysis, was
in charge and he knew.

This study we built a foundation of fact and feeling that
enabled us to get a solid, life-and-blood
whole and a picture that is one of the best
of the year, according to Hal Wallis. "We could not have made as fine
picture had we not the cooperation
given us in Mexico. We talked with
Muni's descendants, their families. We had
access to all records. That our research
might be thorough and without interruption,
officials of the National Museum
cooperated with us almost every day for a year. But we did not confine our-
seeks to talking with relatives, historians,
and museum custodians. We tried to absorb
the whole living of the period as it
must have been just those comparatively
few years ago. I believe we have captured
that feeling and spirit in our production.
the very heart of a people who have
struggled up through oppression for cen-
turies and free themselves only
last the last century."

It was the Muni of his youth's time while in Mexico
was given to a study of Juarez, the man, his
narcissism, his habit of thought, of action,
very fact about his appearance and pos-
eness. Before the reshooting of his old
suit, photographs and busts were copied
turned over to Perce Westmore of War-
er's make-up department. After weeks of
work, a special formula of make-up was
so that Paul Muni, from physical appearance alone, actually WAS DON
Lino Juarez. Claude Raines as Napoleon III; Gale Son-
lergaard as Eugenie; Donald Crisp as
Mirebal Bazaine; John Garfield as Por-
firio Diaz—through the list of players is
more than fifty important speaking
parts.

In assembling the cast, director Dietler
drew more than one hundred make-up and
wardrobe tests, with camera, seeking the
perfect types. Tests of thirty-five-year-old
Muni were made before Dietler found
Muni himself. However, the produc-
Maximilian and Carlotta adopt.
Muni himself made eight tests before he
was upon the precise make-up and costume
for Muni. People are de-lished by his
gorgeous gowns to wear, made eighteen
tests to please designer Orry-Kelly. "Some
of those gowns are breathtaking. And the
jewels," exclaims Miss Davis. "Orry-Kelly
searched the best looms of Europe for the
brooches and taffetas he used. The jewelry—
necklaces, rings, brooches, tiaras, everything—
came mostly from the great exporting
and manufacturing firms of New York and
Paris. Some, once owned and worn by
Carlota, came from Mexico originally. Never
have I felt so regal."

Forty-gun sets were built to film
the principal scenes of the production,
which was before the cameras from No-
ember 17, 1938, to February of this year.
Large adobe houses, inspired by pictures
of some ten acres of the Warner Bros' ranch
near Calabasas, twenty miles from Hollywood,
and resembling the Mexican city of homes, stores, government
buildings, and a cathedral. This, as William Dieterle,
cameraman Tony Gaudio, and art director
Anton Grab, selected hundreds of different
camera angles, became in turn Vera Cruz,
Matamores, Saltillo, Paseo del Norte, Cha-
puttepec, Verde and La Cruz as the drama-
atic story followed Juarez's campaign and
his exile from the capital during Maxi-

milian's occupancy of the country.
Juarez' called also for three separate
palaces. Maximilian's idyllic castle at Mira-
mar on the Adriatic; Napoleon's regal resi-
dence and state chambers in the Tuileries
in Paris; the Mexican palace at Chau-
pettepec overlooking Mexico City as
it appeared in 1864 to 1867, period of Maxi-

milian's reign. For this view of Mexico
City, with Popocatpetl dominating the
Sierra range in the backdrop, Warner's
scenic artists painted one of the greatest
cycloramas ever done in Hollywood or
elsewhere; a vast expanse of canvas curving
170 degrees and standing 30 feet high.
Furnishings for these three huge sets were
a problem in themselves. George Hopkins,
head dress-setter, went far afield for some
of the consoles, council tables, Napoleon's
chairs, draperies, and art objects with which
the scores of formal rooms are filled. He
found a console once owned by Betsy Pat-
terson, who married a Bonaparte, in Phila-
delphia. A royal coach once owned and
ridden in on state occasions by Franz Josef,
Emperor of Austria, was saved for Maximilian,
provided Brian Aherne and Bette Davis
with royal transportation.

Accuracy by no means stopped with sets,
costumes, make-up and set furnishings. Pat
Patterson, at Warner Bros. test lab, was on
"Juarez" some three months before the pic-
ture went into production, assembling the
gloves and shoes that were required
in its filming. Many state papers from
Juarez, Abraham Lincoln, Maximilian,
Napoleon, Bazaine and others had to be
written, donated exacting work by a hand-
writing expert, Leather dispatch cases, with
royal crests, had to be tooled and made.
Patterson tells of his amusing experience
with one of the wheels of unskilled peanuts
which he helped "dress" a big street market
scene in which 500 Mexican peons, buyers
and sellers, appeared. He made the error
of using fresh roasted and tasy goobers.
They disappeared within two hours. Next
day unroasted nuts appeared on the set.
Juarez" was completed in 22 reels, twice
as many as being shown in theatres now.
It represents an investment of not
quite two million dollars and into it has
gone nearly two years of work. Many in
Hollywood believe it was as the greatest picture ever made, for its theme
is greater than its cost, greater than the story
from history which went into its filming. For
this reason, the theme of the world's problem. "Shall
Democracy live, or shall it be allowed to
vanish from the face of this weary earth?"
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 11

moisture with just a little water. Cook for
hours, and serve with only a green salad.
Nothing else.”

While Schuyler Crail brought his cameras
into focus and shot stills of the actress, her
admirable husband and son reconnoitered other
canapés served in the Venable household.

Slice spiced meat thin, and roll in corm-
copias, pierce with a toothpick and stuff
the center with Blue Moon American
Cheese.

Broil sausages and slice off in circles.
Place circle on pick between thin cubes
of cheese or pickles.

Fry 3/4 cup of finely chopped bacon until
brown and crisp. Pour off one-half the
drippings and add 3/4 cup raw oysters
chopped and cook over hot flame for five
minutes. Add 1/2 teaspoon horseradish.
Spread mixture over crackers—Crais-
Butter Wafers are good for, and toast
lightly before serving.

Mix 3/4 cup browned and chopped bacon
with 3/4 cup peanut butter softened with
Hellman’s mayonnaise, spread on crackers
or rounds of bread and heat in 400 degrees
oven.

“See those lovely old ship’s lanterns?”
This to me, as we sat sampling canapés
under King Neptune. “That’s romantic, that
is. When I met Reg, he was in the navy,
commanding a destroyer. We had such
marvelous times on board—moonlight on
dock, or mist coming up over the rail-
dancing, walking—oh, I’ll never forget it!
So when I was doing this room, I thought
the climax would be some ship’s lanterns,
and I poked around until I found those two
in a little shop. Well, one day, one of
Reg’s shipmates was here.

“Where did you get those lanterns?” he
cried. “I’ve been looking everywhere for
something like that. Do you know they
came from the old destroyer Reg used to
command? I want a souvenir of that ship,
too!”

“Now, isn’t that romantic—the old ship’s
lanterns that looked down on our courtship
looking down on our home?”

“Come upstairs, Reggie, and be photo-
graphed with Miss Bainter, like a lamb.”

We all trailed upstairs to the living room,
where Fay and Marjorie sly triumphantly on
the mantelpiece, next to an autographed
photograph of the President of the United
States. On another wall is “Miss Bainter,
a large portrait painted by Robert Henri
when the actress was playing in “The Wil-
loe Tree.”

“When I first saw this portrait, after I’d
posed every day for three months, I was
terribly disappointed,” she confessed, “I
called her ‘a cold fish,’ but now I think

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It seems strange that a small piece of cork could make such a difference to our lives and bring us such admiration. We have written many of our friends about your wonderful tree."—C. L. Hamilton, London.

A friend of mine told me what extraordinary luck she has had since she sent her piece of lucky cork and I wondered whether you could spare me a piece too for which I enclose one dollar.—Mrs. E. E. McD., Greenwich, Connecticut.

and she tells me that things have gone much better for her since she had the Lucky Cork from you."—M. M. D., Rochester, N. Y.

"I got the piece of Lucky Cork on Tuesday and on Friday received a letter that has given me a wonderful opportunity. I am still amazed at my luck and never thought the Legend would come true in my case."—J. K., New York.

"It is well with you and the cork. You will be interested to hear that we have had astonishing good fortune since."—Mrs. V. L. K., Seattle, Wash.

"The tree looks splendid now that it has been planted in the yard. We are sending a photograph of the tree and the Legend for another dollar and GIVE you a piece of Lucky Cork to Write to:


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**“Million Dollar Legs” is Betty Grable’s new picture. In skating tags, Betty proves that the casting office made no mistake in choosing her for rôle.**

thing they couldn't see. Easy marks for the whole world to shoot at, they were a bull's-eye for grifters and spongers. Pan-handlers and confidence men rode into film-dom on the rods and rode back east in special cars—successful promoters.

The origin of this industry (for it is an industry, handling more than twenty million dollars in cold cash a year) can be traced to the good Samarians who took charge of the wallets that hilarious stars were emptying in drunken fervor, and who financed irresponsible players "between pictures" and took care of their money when they had any. Soon the sanner-minded of the older stars began acting in this capacity for their less responsible brothers. Producers, business friends, and studio managers also took on part of this burden. Certain stars would, in their sober moments, beg friends to take care of their money for them, and then, when they had a couple too many under their belts would grow abusive when cash was refused them. These good friends also made enemies of people who had things to sell and charlatans to support. Some of these fund-seekers were well-intentioned, but most of them were plain embezzlers and get-rich-quick promoters.

The good Samaritans finally appealed to the stars' and players' agents to take over this responsibility. At first the agents, being practical business men, refused to have any part of the screwy idea—but finally agreed to help keep their clients from squandering and losing their money. Provided the whole business was put down in black and white. But they didn't enjoy the complications and battles that followed. It was a thankless task—and when one bright young man proposed to become financial adviser to stars, and submitted a practical method of handling their business, he was received with open arms.

A flat price of $150 a month per client he charged, and the agents rushed their worst cases to him. They would almost be willing to pay his fee themselves to be rid of the headache. But if the stars they sent this young man were the hardest to "sell" they were also the most desperately needed of help. Some of them earned as much as eight thousand dollars a week, at the end of the year would have not one penny left. Their malady assumed many forms. With some there was litigation and utter disregard for money while intoxicated. With a number it was gambling with others the inability to handle a penny. For a while it was a hard luck story. Having experienced it in their old theatrical days, peddling days, or whatever they happened to have been doing before they were claimed, they would turn the pockets inside out for a man with holes in his shoes or a woman with a cough.

One occasion, during the making of "The Big Parade," Rene Adorée and Jack C. bert beat the panhandler to the punch with a picked up fifteen hundred dills from the table where a star had dumped the contents of his purse and pockets.

For years there was a constant bat on between two of the firm's friends pictures—with Spencer Tracy trying to sign Pat O'Brien from giving away everything he possessed. Spencer told the writer that there wasn't a contract in Hollywood big enough to afford Pat's heart. And they were a score more stars in town like F. Term of the financial adviser took over, they were also those who had Napoleon's complexes and wanted to do great things with their money—and those who couldn't re a business proposition at all. Very few, because they wanted to prove they were not as impractical as the public thought.

But periodically these stars would be awakened to the idea that every draft of their checks by some go out of their banks, by warning in their studios, by humorous squibs in trade papers or by law suits for settlement when they found they had ended up in the poorhouse.

At such times they would look up the young fellow who handled so-and-so's finances, and help him build a bank that would be the pride and financial adviser would drive the only of a bargain acceptable to him: that he would complete the contract that starts expenditure and that all checks must be counter-signed by him.

They signed up, some of them strange circuits, the story of one of well-known star who was not in a fortune a picture, but who was also a spender and gambler of wide repute. Had a period of three months between tures and set about to spend it in his peculiar manner. And the period wasn't be spent. With a month of his unemploy time still ahead of him, he was out of cash. So, when another star dropped in him, he asked, casually, "Let me have ten thousand dollars for a couple months, will you, Bill?"

"Sure," replied the other, reaching his check book.

The next day the borrower appeared at the office of the financial adviser, "I do think there's any need going in," he formed the secretary, "Just get Mr. Bl countersign this check and bring it to me."

In a minute the secretary was back: "Mr. Blake wants you to step in, please, impatiently the star said, burst through the door, and advanced toward the young man behind the desk, hand outstretched to cly the check. "Got it signed? he queried.

"What is it for?" countered Blake.

"What'dda mean, 'What's it for? It's me, of course."

"As a loan?"

"Yes. It's Bill's money, isn't it? And I get more than ten times that for my picture. So hurry up and sign the check."

"I'm sorry, but you're wrong, Bill. I and agreed that personal loans must be paid and would receive last attention. And business there are other things we want to do with his available cash."

"You mean you won't let him loan his own money?"

"That's what I mean, I'm sorry about"
"Yeah," returned the star, suspiciously, "what's that?"

"That I can hand you this check. It's for only $100, but there will be another for next week, and another the week after that."

"What's the idea?"

"Dean York borrowed three hundred dollars from you one night about six months ago. He had no intention of returning it. But there are several things to be paid, and I have to pay the instalments."

"He said he kept putting it off because he didn't need the money. But when he came to me I had him list all his assets and liabilities. I'm cleaning him up, one at a time. He gave me this check, I wanted to talk to you."

"About what?" His indignation was not appeased.

"About some of the hundred odd loans you have out. I know I could pick up a thousand dollars of those for you, maybe more than that. Anyhow enough to carry you through. Will you get your first check in the new picture."

When that star left the financial office he was signed up, and for the first time in his life he had a check, without the counter-signature that had been refused him an hour before.

"Of course," laughed the financial advisor. "I'm sure you'll find in his books, that was a frame-up. My client knew this star would be looking for a loan shortly after the opening of his picture. He mentioned to his creditors, all of those who had to have a 'wet nurse,' was eager to turn the tables on him. We framed the whole thing, including the slides which I had planned a mill for another mouth. But I claim it was legitimate, as that star needed my services desperately. During the past six years I've salted away half a million dollars for him, and he hasn't made a bad investment in a long while."

As a matter of fact, bad loans are almost the only thing of the past in Hollywood, because financial advisors and advisers have their fingers in the affairs of almost every star, director, featured player and younger in pictures. Some of these agents operate independently, and some are affiliated with the artists' agencies.

The star's spending money or personal budget has become one of the standing jokes of Hollywood, recognized as a panacea for every trouble, ache, and pain that the star may know. It is, in other words, his champion "out." After great deliberation the star and the financial agent decide what his pocket money shall be. And, shades of old, what is, sometimes! There is one well-known and long-established woman star who allows herself the stupendous sum of fifteen dollars a week, and her main occupation is going shopping with her, or to dinner at Victor Hugo's at her invitation. Not that anybody in Hollywood does any more. Or imagine starting life with a small weekly allowance of one hundred dollars a week, an allowance that would permit only two of the more popular male stars who have an allowance of twenty-five dollars a week to squander it upon themselves and their friends, any way they want.

And here is the cause of one of those strange, yet typical, Hollywood situations. If you want to understand the moucher's paradise, with anyone privileged to crash a star's party—as the star's guest. Joining the gang was the greatest thing to do in those days. But not any more! Today the wise fellow in Hollywood is careful about accompanying the big stars and featured players to places where expenses might be incurred, and also cautious about having them casually join his party. For one never knows the fiscal term of their personal budgets, and on what day they may have about eighty-five cents in their jeans. No doubt the reflected glory of such a luminaries presence is worth the price, but there are those who can't afford it. However, we mustn't forget that for a long period these very stars paid all the hills, and were ridiculed for doing it. Usually the stars with the shiniest pocket allowances are those who formerly were the softest touches in the colony and who simply had to have their finances taken out of their hands for their own protection.

Every one knows, of course, that such personal budgets do not apply to all the stars of the there are still high-penders in the city. But the days when the stars stood all the freight are gone forever. The personal budget and the counter-signed check are the modern star's greatest defensive weapons, saving him from endless petty shakedowns and from borrowing friends. There was a time when stars couldn't say "No" because of soft-hearts and the fear of creating resentment. Now they merely stall the sponger, the panhandler, and the petty borrower with the laughing remark, that the pocket money their "wet nurse" gave them is all gone, and send the friend or business acquaintance who wants to borrow to their agent. Sometimes they write checks and tell the borrowers to take them over and have them counter-signed. Then the financial agent has to be the meanie and take the rap. Of course, there is always a secret code between star and financial agent by which the star can advise whether or not he wants a loan or a favor granted. Information whether the agent is to accept a proposition, veto it or use his own judgment is contained, in the letter or in what the star instructs the applicant to say to his agent.

"As a matter of fact," explains one of these financial agents, "that's where the famous Hollywood expression "But I didn't say positively' originated. One of my clients, a Jewish director, told me that no matter how much he argued with me about letting his friends or relatives have money, looking like the man of the title, "Man About Town," in which he appeared with Dotty Lamour and Jack Benny, Edward Arnold enjoys a chuckle with Eleanor Troy, one of showgirls.
Melvyn Douglas is Joan Blandell's leading man in "Good Girls Go to Paris," in which Joan plays an adventurous ultra-modern girl who seeks romance and luxury.

I was refused positively, unless he said positively. Consequently, when his sister-law came to see me with a note from him requesting a check for fifty dollars for her, I said, "No." Using my phone, she told my client that I had cold-bloodedly refused her. He got on the wire and, with tears in his voice, told me to give it over. He said that it was a shame and an outrage for me to deny his wife's own sister the use of his money, and that he would never forgive me if I didn't hand it over immediately. He also added a lot of other strong talk.

"I surrendered the fifty, and that very night he was at my house with blood in his eye. He told me I was a bungler and was trying to send him to the poor house. When I reminded him that he had threatened to take his business away from me and sue me if I didn't give the fifty, he shook his finger in my face, and cried: 'But I didn't say "positively," I watched for that word, and I would choke myself first.'"

Relatives are a serious drain on stars. As soon as distant relations hear that a writer, a director or a star is in the money they start for Hollywood. "Finding jobs for relatives and getting them out of the star's home is one of our most urgent problems," says one financial shock-absorber. "Discouraging in-laws is also important, as one able-bodied-in-law can find more wild-cat ideas for a star to finance than half a dozen blue-sky promoters."

That relatives don't always approve of the supervision of stars' finances is indicated by an experience of Ted Rogers, one of Hollywood's younger financial agents. One of Rogers' clients sent him his uncle in to see the agent. This uncle had a basic patent and wanted ten thousand dollars to start manufacturing. While he was still standing, waiting for the check, Rogers asked him: "What are you going to do with the ten thousand?"

"Going to purchase a factory and my machinery," the uncle replied, very business-like.

"Then what?" the agent asked.

"Then I'm going to start manufacturing my product."

"How much of the ten thousand will the factory and machinery take?" persisted Rogers.

"Not all of it," said the relative. "I'll have a thousand left for raw materials."

"Do you know there is a market for your item?"

"Why, sure it's good! I can sell it."

"Have you made any research? Do you know your exact cost of manufacture? Have you shown a model to any buyers? Do you know what your net profit will be? Have you figured costs of establishing agents? Have you figured your office overhead? Have you arranged for taking out other patents, if they are necessary?"

"Oh, I'll get around to all those things once I get under way."

"Then you want the ten thousand dollars to start experimenting with?"

"I didn't come here to be insulted!" the uncle shouted. "My nephew told me to come in and get the money, I'm going to take it up with him, and I'll show you."

The next day the client's wife asked: "What did you say to insult our uncle?"

Rogers told her he didn't intend to insult him, and then repeated the conversation, adding that he said the uncle would surely lose the ten thousand.

"Well," she replied, "you can insult any of our relatives you want to, if you can save us ten thousand dollars by doing it!"

But while the experts were teaching the stars how to avoid the financial woes of the old-timers, income tax was brewing up a new batch of grief for them. Well-known players are now finding it cheaper to turn down work than to take it, as stepping up into a higher income tax bracket sometimes carries a penalty too great to justify the increased earnings. When they do take the work their net returns are apt to be ridiculous, as in the case of Carole Lombard. According to the newspapers, Carole last year earned $465,000 from pictures and radio and paid $597,537 in state and national taxes. Out of the $62,425 she had left her agent's commission, her fan mail secretary, her publicity expenses and other business items had to be paid, leaving her a net of $20,000 as her share of the almost half a million dollars she made. Carole says she is satisfied to pay fifteen times as much in income taxes as she gets out of her earnings.

Another example of a star who was willing to do the work and pay the tax was Bing Crosby. Bing is making four pictures a year and paying 75% income tax, if he could follow Mae West's example a make only one—getting him just much money. Why doesn't he do this? "It's cause," according to Bing's friends, "he's a sucker. Bing makes four pictures a year because he wants to give to work to so people, even though he is penalized doing it. Bing knows," these friends plain, "that if he makes only one picture there will be only six or eight we work for those who are dependent on him for their jobs. He has song write musicians, office employees—from forty fifty of them. If he makes four pictures and does his recording and broadcast they have jobs the year round. If he limit himself to one picture they work less than one-fourth their time. But it is the edge and the little fellows Bing is thinks about most. If he makes one $1,000 picture it means just one million studio spends employing these little workers—extras, stage hands, electricians others $5.00 to $8.50 a day. It makes four pictures and some millions spent employing them."

Recently, income tax prevented Bing from giving employment to several music and entertainers. Bing Crosby's office received an offer of $100,000 his appearance at carnivals in Kans City, Atlantic City, and St. Louis with a band he cared to bring the agency would permit Bing to furnish good pay work to several musicians and entertain who needed employment badly. A chap from the interest paid by financial agent showed that if Bing only $25,000 of this for himself, turned all the rest over to the music and entertain he would "save into a bracket where he would have to a total of eighty percent income tax, would cost him money. So the bank is working.

The income tax works many ways Hollywood. Not long ago a certain auto mobile manufacturer offered Bing a $1 million. Bing could have sold it for $2 million but he decided not to pay the income tax on the difference would give his old car to a fellow "I couldn't afford to buy one. "O. K. "Bing said, "how much do you want to pay for this worker things."

"So I have all the things with the offer. Then he learned that Uncle Sam would 30 that automobile as much services rendered and would charge income tax on the full price of ab $1350, or $850. That meant Bing would have to tax $500 for the privilege of saying one worker money on a car and get another worker a car nothing. So Bing grunted: "Aw, nuts," and gave the car right back to the manufacturer.

Although Hollywood stars are constantly turning down pictures and broadcast in order to keep out of the bracket that cut them as soon as they often weaken in order to help a friend's fellow worker. Bill Powell is one of the softies. In a deal that meant a fine e-"movie deal" that to the radio and a re-herald required considerable stitting while he was still in the hospital, he hesitatingly made a check for $5000 for his first appearance on that program was handed him, he says, "Why give that to me? Just make it to the Intern and I'll put actual cash take in this, after endanger his health to go on the air, was $700.
"Follow These Steps"—a thrilling drama in three acts—and you are the leading lady. It's easy the modern Maybelline way. And just see the difference! A few minutes and you're a fascinating new personality.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids. Notice how it makes your eyes look much larger—wider set and more luminous.

Then with your Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, make short strokes that follow the natural line of the eyebrow. This smooth-marking pencil tapers your brows gracefully, and accentuates them to definite beauty.

Next, darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara. Either Solid-form, or popular Cream-form easily applied without water—"it's a joy to use"—harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Dramatize your beauty with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids today. Generous introductory sizes now available at all 10c stores.

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...the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos

Day after day there's added proof that for more smoking pleasure Chesterfield is America's choice. When a man or a woman turns to Chesterfield, he finds out and she finds out what real mildness means in a cigarette.

And Chesterfields have a taste and pleasing aroma that smokers like. They really Satisfy.
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND
August

THE CLARK GABLES AT HOME
ANN SHERIDAN

What Hollywood Insiders Know About Shirley Temple!
YOUR ROMANTIC FUTURE BY NORVELL
You didn’t believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERS?

Hear the People!

Day after day they come... a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country... unsolicited corroboration of a fact demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff can be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a germ disease!... caused by the stubborn bacillus Pityrosporum ovale.

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to germicidal treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, does master dandruff... does kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against reinfestation. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. A few months ago one of the children's hair showed signs of dandruff for the first time. Listerine Antiseptic cleared that case up within ten days! Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month 'just in case,' and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since!"

Mrs. Erwin Carlstedt, Box 307, Boynton, Fla.

"I have been a dandruff victim for years. Lately it became very bad and I could shampoo my hair every day and have just as much dandruff at night. As a last resort I tried Listerine and after four days it was entirely gone. Now I have not the slightest trace of it!"

Richard Schmackenberg
New York, N. Y.

"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

Henry W. Schleter
Oshkosh, Wis.

"I was comparatively a young woman when I turned grey. This was some twenty years ago. My scalp was in bad condition, and my hair was falling out badly.

"I had the idea of trying Listerine, and after the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone.

"Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp. And at 65 my hair is snow white and I have a perfectly healthy and normal scalp."

Mrs. Paul Nesbitt
Chama, New Mexico

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.
Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink toothbrush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

NEVER IGNORE "Pink Tooth Brush"
If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your toothbrush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once! It may mean nothing serious.

Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!

IPANNA TOOTH PASTE
SCREENLAND
WATCH FOR THESE EXCITING FEATURES!

This issue of Screenland which you are holding in your hands right now is a sample of the scoops you may always expect from The Smart Screen Magazine! For example, here you have "George's Women," the very first glimpse of Hollywood's sensational all-woman film in action, with first scene stills of "The Women." You have the only interview with "The Clark Gables At Home." The exclusive story of why Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., soft-pedaled his marriage publicity. And many more.

Now, we want you to look forward, to watch for the September issue, and forthcoming issues, for SCOOP features and pictures, You'll get:

THE TYRONE POWERS AT HOME

First visit by any magazine to Tyrone and Annabelle in their new honeymoon house.

HAS HOLLYWOOD LOST THE COMMON TOUCH?

Highly controversial article discussing frankly the problems of movie producers, directors, and stars in endeavoring to live normal, sane lives and produce fine pictures to appeal to all audiences—while they are smothered in luxury and glamor, swamped with thrill.

WHO'S WHO ON ELSA MAXWELL'S PARTY LIST!

Once again, the inimitable Elsa, international society's pit hostess and now a Hollywood star herself, shocks the world with her daring and originality. Every woman will want to read this!

SEPTEMBER SCREENLAND IS ON SALE AUGUST 2nd.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher
Lady Esther asks—

"Where's the girl who wants to be LUCKY in LOVE?"

If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You!

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely thinks the powder she is using is really right—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to know! For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them right on your own skin you may never find the one shade that makes you a lovelier and a luckier you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older...that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked close.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you most.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you free. Try all ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really right shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger...and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty...always...help you win more luck in life and love.

"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

Lady Esther,
706 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________ State ________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
Most satisfying cinema session you can treat yourself to is the wonderfully heartwarming "Goodbye Mr. Chips," M-G-M's fine picture from James Hilton's story. You'll take Mr. Chips, gentle English schoolmaster, straight to your hearts. You'll come from the theater cheered and inspired as well as heartily entertained—for Mr. Chips, in his quiet way, brings a bit of encouragement to those who prefer to believe that a life well lived and work well done are important after all.

Robert Donat gives a great performance in the rôle of Mr. Chips, the idealistic schoolmaster who never had a child of his own and yet "had thousands of 'em—all boys," as he says at end of his career. Greer Garson, enchanting English newcomer, is perfection as Mrs. Chips, and Terry Kilburn matches their splendid performances with his own as no less than four generations of boys who benefit by Mr. Chips' teaching. Scenes on this page are highlights of picture.
We gave you Hedy Lamarr. Now we give you America's New No. 1 Glamour Girl (voted "first in allure" by jury of motion picture critics) in her first big starring role... An exciting story of romance and front-page headlines against the background of Dartmouth College's colorful Winter Carnival.

Ann Sheridan in the Season's Gayest Picture

"WINTER CARNIVAL"

with Richard Carlson

Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong, Virginia Gilmore, Alan Baldwin

Original screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole... Music by Werner Janssen

A WALTER WANGER Production • Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Released thru United Artists
YOU'LL laugh yourself silly at the loony situations in this clever mystery comedy. It has two of the screen's best comedy stars, Claudette Colbert and James Stewart, who caper through the scenes as though they enjoyed the fun too. Claudette's a zany, romantic poetess who attaches herself to Jimmy, much to his annoyance, while he's tracking down a murderer. There's a side-splitting episode in which Stewart disguises himself in scout's uniform and thick glasses. Good laugh show!

The forceful portrayals of Basil Rathbone as Clive Randolph and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as his young brother John, who rebels at going into 'the service' just to carry on family tradition, puts this picture way up top on list of films you must see. It's a powerful story of the British Empire and the conflict of two brothers in the diplomatic service. The African Gold Coast is the setting and there are some fine bombing scenes. Lionel Atwill, Virginia Field and Barbara O'Neill are in the cast.

The second of the Kildare pictures is even more entertaining than the first. If you liked the original of series, be sure to see this one. It has mystery, comedy, romance, suspense, and the dialogue is quite clever. The plot has to do with a murder and the medical ethics of a young doctor who becomes involved and turns detective to clear himself. Lew Ayres' performance makes Dr. Kildare believable and Lionel Barrymore plays shrewd Dr. Gillespie with gusto. Lana Turner, Laraine Day in cast.

Better sit up front for this uproarious comedy so you'll be sure to catch all the dialogue because the audience will laugh long and loud at some of its insanity and you might miss some of the fun. It's a burlesque on murder mysteries that really gets across. Gracie Allen, who glorifies the dumb dame, tries to help Philo (Gracie pronounces it Fido) Vance (Warren William) solve a murder mystery, jumbles the clues as only Gracie can do it, but succeeds in solving the mystery.

Here's hilarious comedy! Although it has Joan Blondell, Wayne Morris, Pat O'Brien in it, it's May Robson's picture. Her clowning as a liquor-loving kleptomaniac trying to talk herself out of a jail sentence, is a riot. This scene alone is worth admission price. Pat's good as the promoter who lures Wayne, country lad with a mother complex, to farm and makes him a fighter. (Remember Kid Galahad?) Joan hasn't much of a role, but makes the most of it and its clever lines.
Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!

No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A gay party—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be her evening, her night to win romance! But when it came, it was the other girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn’t it come to Jane?

Romance can’t come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can’t stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It’s a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only past perspiration, that Mum prevents odor... then you’ll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need special care—not occasionally, but every day! You’ll like this pleasant cream!

Mum is quick! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it after you’re dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

Mum is sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, any girl can lose romance if she’s guilty of odor! Make sure of your charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

Avoid this embarrassment! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe... frees you from worry of offending.

More movie stars, more nurses, more women, use mum!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Screenland
Crying Won't Help You If You're Skinny, Rundown, Nervous

The title of this comedy was changed from "Maiden Voyage" after its star, Annabella, married Tyrone Power—perhaps to capitalize on the wedding's publicity and Ty's popularity—but all the efforts of charming Annabella, as a Swiss inn proprietor, and Robert Young in role of an American playboy, seem wasted on this mediocre film. Even a fine supporting cast—Billie Burke, Walter Connolly, Reginald Owen—fails to lift it out of the so-so class.

A modernized adaptation of Jack London's "Wolf Call," tale of the north country, in which John Carroll is a millionaire playboy whose father sends him to a Canadian radium mine to learn its real value, and to keep him away from night clubs. Thrills are provided by a plane crash, fast fights, and the canine actor's (Gray Shadow) encounters with packs of wolves. Movita charming as Indian girl and John's warm baritone voice is heard. Picturesque.

With Gene Krupa, his drums and his orchestra in it, this comedy is a feast for the jitters. However, if you're not a rug-cutter, you may not find it very entertaining unless you're particularly fond of Bob Hope's type of comedy. Bob plays a fast-talking amusement park promoter who stops at nothing to get his entertainers a big break. Shirley Ross, one of the performers, sings The Lady's In Love, a catchy tune you'll be humming for days.

If it's thrills and suspense you're seeking, here's your picture. Melvyn Douglas, editor of a newspaper that's about to fold, accidentally comes into possession of a ransom bill, solves kidnapping, gets scoop for his paper, and saves it from oblivion. It's a novel film, made up at a series of episodes, the experiences of the editor-sleuth as he pursues the trail of the ransom bill. Louise Platt deserves praise for her role as the school-teacher and eye-witness.

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. NEW STRENGTH THIS SCIENTIFIC WAY

YOU may think your case is hopeless—that you're just naturally skinny, rundown—often tired and nervous. But as a result of recent scientific discoveries thousands of men and women who never could seem to gain before have put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh. They've gained normal health, normal nerves, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring—by simply taking these scientifically prepared Vitamin B and iron tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets, for a few short weeks.

Why this builds up so quickly

You see, it has now been scientifically proved that thousands of people are thin, wornout and cranky—hardly able to eat, sleep or work—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two 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 easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So by simply using their aid for a short time, great numbers of formerly rundown men and women have easily put on just the pounds they needed—gained new pep and much greater attractiveness of appearance—and won new friends and new joy in life.

Make this money-back test

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 naturally good health that you're looking for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga. Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't take one of the many defrauding counterfeit substances which do not give the same results. Look for the letters "TY" stamped on each tablet. That assures the genuine.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at any drug store and you will be sent a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 26b, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

As Nadine, Anna Sten tries hard to make this a good picture, but the story is so muddled her efforts are wasted. Too bad, because Anna is really beautiful and she does need a break in the way of good direction and story material. Anna works in the laboratory of Dr. Hite, who's murdered by foreign agents. Suspicion points to Nadine, who's been deported, meets Alan Marshall on train. They prove her innocence and he gets story for his paper.

If you've missed Lupe Velez during her absence from the screen, you'll be happy she's back as Cornella, fiery Mexican singer, in this farce because the rôle fits her perfectly. In fact, Lupe who's Mexican by birth, IS Cornella. The plot concerns a search for radio talent and the bolero takes place at big league ball games and wrestling matches. The antics of Leon (rubberlegs) Errol and some hair-pulling between Lupe and Linda Hayes make it slapstick.

Jack Randall, cowboy star of this outdoor drama, and Dennis Moore play two brothers, parted when renegade whites kill their parents and run off with one of the boys. Dennis, who becomes the Kansas Kid, Indians adopt the other, Randall, who's named Cherokee. It pictures the old west of wagon trails of the 1850's and spans twenty years in lives of the brothers, bitter enemies, not knowing relationship. Has exciting battle between outlaws and Indians.

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Twice in a Lifetime
A Motion Picture Like This...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became your world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became your feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"Daughters Courageous"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN
FAY BAINTER • DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON • FRANK MCHUGH • DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY
WALTER WINCHELL:
"Daughters Courageous" is superior to 'Four Daughters'!"
How ONE star was made

"Central casting office calling, Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."

"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"

"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."

"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture."

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the invisible, internal protection of Holly-Pax.

Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through every day of the month with her secret her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts, Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swing suit! Its comfort is amazing. No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

holly-Pax
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

20c for package of ten

HOLLY-PAX
Palma Station, Hollywood, California
For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.
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Address...........................
City.............................. State..............

INSIDE THE STARS’ HOMES

Keep calm, cool, and charming with Rosalind Russell, your hostess this month in her gracious home. Clip her good hot-weather recipes

By Betty Boone

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S house is of mottled brick, with tripclicate chimneys in groups, and three poplars guarding the corner. The last time I was in it, the day was wet and a chilly wind was blowing. The effect inside was of warmth and comfort — a grand place to be on such a day. This time, the thermometer was flirt- ing with eighty, and the house seemed cool and delightful.

"No, I haven't redecorated," considered my hostess, thoughtfully, "except for the den. And last time it was in lime yellow and now it's lipstick red! I think it must be flowers, and the emphasis in color, that make it look new to you."

The living-room is in cool blues and greens. Crimson flowers, a fire on the hearth, the warm red of a hostess coat and steam rising from a teapot had made all the difference before. "I may change the entire thing next year," my hostess went on. "I adore playing around with a house! This wall-paper in the dining-room, for example: I like pink, and I love roses. I searched everywhere before I found exactly what I wanted." The wall-paper is a solid mass of pink roses, most effective.

"But the best place in the house for summer is the patio! I almost live out here in warm weather. I dream of doing it over all in glass so I can use it in winter, too. Have you seen the new glass roofs that roll back so you can see the stars? Terribly, terribly expensive, but fascinating! I may persuade myself I can afford one some time."

The patio is tiled and sheltered on two sides by the walls of the house. A green awning makes a roof, and the high brick wall around the garden prevents any eyes looking by passersby. The furniture is of metal painted white and upholstered in turquoise canvas, glass tables for luncheons.
"I eat out here on warm evenings," said Rosalind, sinking into a chair. "It's usually light enough without candles, but I'm late. I'm glad of the excuse to use them. Something so glamorous about candlelight! Eating outdoors is best when you aren't worried about food getting cold, and I don't eat hot food in this weather. For luncheon today we're having frozen fruit salad, muffins, and ice tea with ginger ale."

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD
Orange Jello
Diced pineapple (Dole)
Queen Ann cherries
Berries in season

Mould and serve on nests of watercress with slices of fresh pineapple and berries.

MUFFINS
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder (Royal)
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1/4 cup Crisco
Beat eggs until creamy. Sift dry ingredients and add to eggs alternately with (Continued on page 98)
The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!

Sonja HENIE
... radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone
... gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in
Irving Berlin's
SECOND FIDDL

with
RUDY VALLEE

EDNA MAY

Irving Berlin's six new song hits..."the best he's ever written!"
"I'm Sorry For Myself"
"An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"
"Song of the Metronome"
"When Winter Comes"
"I Poured My Heart Into A Song"
and the new ballroom dance craze...
"Back To Back"

Mary Healy

LYLE TALBOT

ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!
Dear TROOPER:

That's what you are. I wish there were more like you.

This is not boloney. I have not joined the Jeanette MacDonald Fan Club—ask them, they know me. And eat me. Whenever I don't come right out and call you goddess in every issue they give me an argument. Your Voice is Glorious, your Acting is Glamorous, our Pictures are Perfect. And whoever denies it is nothing short of a fiend in human form. That's me.

So when I cheer you here you, and that Fan Club, an believe I mean it. What I'm cheering you for is our concert tour. Not only because it has been so successful, but because you made it at all. It took courage and it took stamina; it took a sense of humor and a lot of tolerance. Other stars less far-sighted than you wouldn't have bothered. I'm doing all right, you might have said. I have a swell contract, a beautiful home, a nice husband. Why go on a wearing, tearing aunt around the country? Why not an elaborate, expensive South American vacation, a la Henry Fonda? Or a swank trip with London acclaim like Spencer Tracy's? You chose, instead, a series of one-night stands—very high-class one-night stands, in the very best auditoriums, but trouping nevertheless—with long sleeper jumps, crowds at stations, insistent autograph hounds—to all of which and whom you smiled that lovely, gracious smile, extended a friendly hand, exposed yourself to pummeling and writer's cramp.

Of course, it was good business. Of course, you made money. But you could have done that staying in Hollywood. Instead, you stepped down from your movie star's throne and mingled. It's being done these days by all smart royalty. You did a grand and gracious job, as the thrilling pictures on this page prove. Salt Lake City wasn't the only place where crowds cheered you, and where you greeted them as friend to friend. Whether you meant it or not, it was heartwarming and wonderful. I choose to think you meant it. That you haven't lost the human touch and that you won't, if you can help it.

Delight Evans
Opening Day at the Races! The Stars Watch 'Em Run—with Mingled Emotions!

Hollywood couples attracting most attention at opening day of races: right, Randolph Scott and Dorothy Lamour, looking not too romantic here, but handsome subjects of movie gossip speculation, since Dotty is now Miss Lamour again. Top right opposite page, those happy newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor. Now, below, beauties Dolores Del Rio and Marlene Dietrich squired by author Eric Remarque of "All Quiet on the Western Front." At right below, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan picking the winners—we hope.
CUTEST COUPLE AT OPENING OF RACES MAY BE SEEN ABOVE: DEANNA DURBIN, GROWING UP FAST INTO A REAL HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY, WITH HER CONSTANT SWAIN, NICE VAUGHN PAUL. NOTE DEANNA'S SMART HAT, MORE SOPHISTICATED MAKE-UP—WE THINK SHE'S ONE OF THE PRETTIEST GIRLS IN TOWN. SO DOES VAUGHN.

Hollywood Whirl photographs
by Len Weissman
BOWLING SEASON OPENS

Stars Throng Opening Of New Sunset Bowling Center

Opening night of new bowling center, biggest in the world, brought out movie celebs who are real fans of the sport. Above, Joe E. Brown and John Garfield. Left, Bob Hope and Betty Grable; top left, Betty and hubby Jackie Coogan. Below, Harold Lloyd explains technique to Anita Louise; left below, Jackie Cooper criticizes Judy Garland’s scorekeeping.
Scoop of scoops! Visit Clark and Carole in their new home with SCREENLAND's famous "Liza." You'll have the time of your life

The Gables aren't snooty, just exclusive! We don't mind, since SCREENLAND is the only magazine privileged to publish the story of their settling-down days. Yep, here's the Gable homestead; opposite page, Carole and Clark.

When two of my favorite people, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, got themselves married some weeks back I was thousands of miles away on the wrong side of the Rockies. I just happened to stumble on to it one afternoon when I was flat on my back in my hotel room having a little trouble with my ethmoid sinuses which were leaking like mad. As I reached for the Kleenex I turned on the radio and heard something dreary about 45,000 Texaco dealers from Coast to Coast quickly followed by a "Flash! Clark Gable and Carole Lombard were married in Kingman, Arizona today!" And now U. S. Rubber Co. presents Raymond Paige.

Well, I must say that's a fine way to find out about the marriage of two of your best friends, tucked in there with 45,000 Texaco dealers and Raymond Paige. It was humiliating. It was belittling. "Who do they think they are?" I said with my customary originality, "They can't do this to me! No more, no scoop, no nothing. They can't do this to me." But they did. As Carole casually explained to me later, "Liza, you couldn't possibly have been further from my thoughts that day." My friends!

It seems that she was just fooling around the house that morning—the earliest riser in Hollywood, that's Lombard—when Rhett Butler called up from the studio and told that he had the day off unexpectedly and why didn't they get married. So Carole became all coy and flusterly like something from the Junior League. She called up her mother to come over and look after the house for the day, tried on all her new hats with a few "I haven't a thing to wear," and before anyone was wise—except her mother, Mrs. Peters—they were off in Clark's car for the State Line. (Arizona doesn't have the inconvenience of a three-day license law that California has.)

Now I have a forgiving nature, mercy, you have to have it in this business, so I wired Clark and Carole, night rates, "Well thank goodness that's over." To which they replied, "Don't forget to buy wedding present in New York." Quelle belle sentiment! That's what I like about the Gables. They are so full of lovely romance and moonlight that you just want to wrap them up in lavender and stick them away in a drawer.

Eventually I returned to Hollywood, fresh from my Eastern triumphs; and fairly reeking of chic I drove out to the Valley to pop in on the Gables. Now I knew that Carole and Clark had gone back to the soil in a big way—hadn't I lived through Carole's correspondence course last summer in poultry feeding, can washing for dairies, olive thinning and vegetable weevils? Not to mention several of Clark's tractor salesmen? But knowing movie folk as I do, and I do know movie folk, I naturally assumed that it was just a phase, and now that they had actually settled down on a ranch they would be landed gentry with plenty of finger bowls. I fully expected a Jeeves who would tell me that the Marster and the Madam were having their tea in the Rose Garden. I was all set to tear into a couple of buttered scones.

Instead I tore into a bevy of animals. Right there, in the middle of the driveway, and with no intention of moving, were more dogs and cats than I've seen since France. I recognized Tuffy, Clark's bulldog, and his bird dog, and his favorite cat (Clark adores cats) and Fritz, Carole's horribly mannered dachshund, and Simon, and Topper, and Josephine who has a washing-her-face complex and sleeps only on the top of cars. And there was a new grey cat of sorts, who, I learned later, had moved into the house the same day that Carole and Clark did; she didn't seem to mind about (Please turn to page 82)
At Home!

By Liza
IT'S no easy task, even for George Cukor, directing an all-women picture, but so far all on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot is so calm that people are only hoping it's not the calm before the storm. "The Women" should be called "The Females" really, because besides the galaxy of stars such as Shearer, Crawford, Boland, Russell, and 85 other women with speaking parts, even the animals, the horses, and the dogs are all ladies! It was two of the dogs, by name Queenie and Sheba, that had the first and so far only row on the picture. They flew at each other on the first morning of shooting and then, as if that wasn't enough, they turned jealous on Miss Shearer because she was talking with her movie "daughter," little Virginia Weidler, and barked so much that no one could hear a word of dialogue. Perhaps they'd seen the hunting snapshots that the mother and daughter were looking at, because there's a shadow in one of those pictures, and it's the shadow of... a man! But they were wasting their breath barking because after a lot of conferences and consultations among high studio executives even the one little shadow of a man has been cut out of the picture.

Seriously for a minute, though, can you think of many places these days where men are definitely barred? Clare Boothe, who wrote the play, and Jane Murfin, who did the film adaptation, had the hardest time trying to think of places sacred to women. It means there can be no street scenes, of course, no hotel lobbies, no big cars that might be chauffeur-driven—in fact, the main topic of conversation in the picture never appears once.

George Cukor, as always, has insisted that every small detail be correct. He went to Reno just to see for himself what goes on there, he visited a huge deluxe beauty
Listen and look in on "The Women" at work! Advance news and views of the most sensational movie Hollywood is making right now, with Director Cukor half-coaxing, half-insulting best performances of their careers from all-feminine cast including Shearer, Crawford, Russell!

By Michael Pearman

Screenland scoops again with first stills from "The Women" and intimate story of George Cukor (above) directing his famous cast. Advance scene stills show Joan Crawford in her rôle of siren perfume salesgirl with Rosalind Russell and Phyllis Povah her customers (left): Norma Shearer and Miss Russell, opposite page, as Rosalind purrs over her nail polish: "Isn't it divine, dear? 'Jungle Red'!" For left, Crawford in close-up — see her new coiffure. Left below, Rosalind Russell wearing one of Adirondack's wildest creations, purrs her way through a scene with Shearer, Joan Fontaine, Miss Povah and Mary Nash.

Salon and had an expert from Elizabeth Arden’s, Dorothy Blanchard, come out to supervise the gigantic 24-booth set that’s being built out on the M-G-M lot. At long last mere man will be able to get a view of just what goes on behind the scenes in those mysterious beauty salons where women spend so much time and money. It’s all there, diet kitchens, mud baths, sunlamp rooms, exercise rooms, and of course all the continual chatter and gossip that goes with such an establishment.

Poor Rosalind Russell certainly goes through the mill in this picture, for not only does she fall headlong into a moving push bin and land upside down showing off a pair of very shapely waving legs, but the studio sent her to an internationally famous beauty salon to learn correctly the slimming exercises you will see her performing. The instructress reported Miss Russell a most quick-learning and thorough pupil and everything was okay until next morning when she woke up so stiff that she couldn’t move a muscle! So that’s no bit player you’ll see working on Miss Russell in the massage room but a fully qualified expert masseur trying to loosen up those aching limbs. I’m only glad the fans can’t hear the wails and shrieks of agony that are let out the moment Mr. Cukor shouts “O.K., cut, print that.” The first day the women were let onto the perfume department set you would have thought an insane asylum had been set loose so much pushing and shoving and exclamations went on as they darted amongst the tables and shelves littered with huge bottles of all the best and most expensive imported perfumes. All the bottles were firmly sealed and cellophane-wrapped though except one bottle, one exciting bottle of “Summer Rain,” a perfume made expressly for “The Women.” Its bottle (Please turn to page 73).
MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND

Suppressed until now, this true inside story behind the curt news of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s second marriage

By Dickson Morley

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., has married again. You know that. But hidden behind that curt news lies a suppressed story you have never heard—until now.

It is the secret drama of a man who once more has found a reason for his life. Of a woman who believed until a short time ago that she was destined to remain unhappy. Of a victory by two lovers over a situation that kept them apart. And it is the climax to one star's long and difficult struggle to beat an inferiority complex and stand triumphantly on his own feet.

How secret this romance has been amazes me. It could have been worth headlines, only no word of its serious-

ness leaked out. Douglas saw to that. As he has grown older he has winced every time he has remembered the wholesale publicity accorded those closest to him; he has acquired a passionate desire for dignified privacy. He had the guest list for his wedding handed to the newspapers, with a brief description of the bride's wedding dress. That, by his order, was all there was to be to it. He didn't have one photograph of his new wife for publication.

Douglas still refuses to give even one interview about the woman who has succeeded Joan Crawford to his name. He still carefully protects her from the questions of reporters. He still declines to discuss any of the details of when and where they fell in love.

Nor can I blame him. His marriage is not a blatant, casual, ordinary thing. It is exactly the opposite, and it has revolutionized him and his future just as he has excitingly changed everything for Mary. Who is she, this thoroughly unpublicized second wife of his? What is her background? How did he court her? Why has Douglas deliberately attempted to evade all comment on the most significant step he has yet taken?

I know! I have known him for ten years now, ever since a week-end when he and Joan went to San Francisco on a house party. That was six months before he eloped with Joan. I know what he has been going through. At last he has discovered another woman to give point to the work that pride has forced him to do well, another woman to give meaning to a career he has had to save entirely by himself. But when he finally wanted to marry again he couldn't simply ask Mary to be Mrs. Fairbanks. For he was free, but she wasn't. This was his other reason for avoiding the barrage of the interviewers. He has been difficult because he has wanted to be dignified, and discreet.

Now to understand fully his whole new situation, and to appreciate what Mary has brought to him, I think you must turn back with me to what the newlyweds were before they met. It was their past that made them ready for each other. It is the past they are trying to forget that will make this marriage of theirs a sound success.

When they met both of them had explored and experimented and failed at love. Consider Douglas' emotional conditioning first. Douglas was, I think, the most incomplete actor I have ever known. Outwardly he had so much beneath that fine reputation he was astonishingly bewildered, anything but self-confident.

It is ironical that his second (Please turn to page 74)
Ever since she moved her beautiful red hair, her stream-lined figure, and her best bathing suits over to the Warner Brothers Studio in 1935 Ann Sheridan's telephone has been ringing constantly, and I don't mean what you think I mean. Any time of day or night Ann picked up the receiver she would hear an excited voice saying, "Miss Sheridan, you're to make a test for such-and-such a picture at nine in the morning."

"For three years," says Ann. "I tested for every big picture on the lot. But I usually wound up, if I wound up at all, in a quickie. Why, I've tested for everything except the Red Shadow in 'The Desert Song,' and it still isn't too late to take a test for that! If one of the stars decided a part wasn't important enough for her, or threw a temperamental fit and walked off the lot, I always got a call to come at once. One of the stock sayings around the lot was—"Well, we can always get Ann Sheridan to do it."

"Get Sheridan!" soon became a favorite byword at the studio. Not only was poor Annie stuck in a lot of "B" pictures, where she stood out as the (Please turn to page 92)
Read what Norvell, noted astrologer to Hollywood stars, forecasts for YOU this month

"CONTINUED success ahead for Myrna Loy. Marriage for Andrea Leeds within two years. Better health for William Powell. Good luck in career and marriage for Robert Taylor. Another happy marriage by 1941 for Norma Shearer." So speak the heavenly stars to these lucky Leo-born Hollywood stars! And if your birthdate happens to come between July 23 and August 22, then you too may look forward to some of the most amazing changes of your entire life during the coming months!

If Leo happens to be your birth Sign, it might be interesting to examine the qualities possessed by these famous stars born in the months of July and August, and to compare your life with theirs. By doing this you may learn some valuable hints for living a happier and more successful life.

First there is charming and talented Andrea Leeds, whose birthdate is August 18th. What qualities does Miss Leeds possess, and will her screen career continue to be as successful as it has been in the past? Recently, when I read Andrea Leeds' chart, according to her birthdate, I found that she lives up to the Sign of Leo in every respect. She is idealistic, talented, and eager to distinguish herself on the screen. According to her chart, Andrea Leeds is definitely on the road to some of the greatest things in her career, which will continue indefinitely in the future. Although the stars indicate a possible romance in 1939, it is not advisable for her to marry until the end of 1941. After that time she will be very happy in marriage, and will also continue in her screen career.

Next in our analysis of Leo-born screen stars is one of the most talked-of male stars ever to grace the Hollywood motion picture firmament. His name is Robert Taylor, and he was born on August 5th. Because Taylor was born in the "royal" Sign of the Zodiac it is natural that he should lead in his particular sphere. His spectacular rise in pictures, and the success of almost every film in which he appears, tells eloquently of the popularity so often enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be
"Happiness ahead for Leo-born!" predicts Norvell. Famous movie stars whose birth Sign is Leo include Norma Shearer, above; William Powell, Myrna Loy. Below, Norvell himself, pictured as he met another Leo-born star, Andrea Leeds, at the Samuel Goldwyn Studio, where he read the interesting young actress' chart recently.

born between July 23 and August 22, in the Sign of Leo.

Will Robert Taylor be happy in marriage? Will his career continue successfully? These are questions that everyone is asking since his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck on May 14. And, if you recall, I predicted marriage for Barbara in 1939 in a previous issue. To the first question, I will say that Robert Taylor's chart shows he will be happy in marriage, and that it should not in any way hurt his screen career. His chart indicates that he is in reality a home type and that his interests in the future will be equally divided between a home and his film work. As to continued success on the screen, the stars show that Taylor will hold his present popularity for several years to come.

Myrna Loy, whose birthdate is August 2, is another outstanding example of how Leo people can create a great destiny, even when the odds against them seem to be overpowering. At a time when many careers were finished in Hollywood, when talking pictures first had their inception, Miss Loy completely transformed her entire personality and the type of portrayals she had been doing, and emerged as the sophisticated, typical American girl we know on the screen to-day. Myrna Loy is one of the screen's reigning favorites, and because she was born in the lucky Sign of Leo, she will continue to be. Charming and talented Dolores Del Rio, who was also born in the Sign of Leo, is typical of the fire and dynamic energy that these people often possess. Miss Del Rio comes into the cycle of activity that all Leo-born will experience in the coming months, and the plans being made for her future career, are evidence of the pleasant surprises ahead for Leo people. The unusual success of Dolores' marriage to Cedric Gibbons is also typical of the good luck that often (Please turn to page 94)
Poor Shirley Temple? Is that so!

She can't turn around without the whirl being broadcast to twenty million dialers, without a whisper about her reverse stance spreading to the furthest sheep post in far-off Australia. When she lost her last baby tooth the incident caused gossip on the Ganges. Everybody knows everything about her as fast as it happens. This is what they say about Shirley.

But—cheer up! You haven't heard the whole truth about her. They say she is an adorable little girl. They say she is unspoiled. They say she is perfect. Well, fortunately, she isn't. In Los Angeles the very air is permeated with an uncontrollable desire to paint in superlatives. When they paint Shirley as perfect, they go too far.

I think it's about time to come out with some facts that add considerably to what you have already read and heard about Shirley Temple, some behind-the-scenes stories worth repeating. She's extraordinary, but she isn't too good to be real. Her life is not a constant exhibition; she enjoys a surprising amount of privacy. And sometimes she is—I hope you will rejoice to learn this—a "caution." Yep!

We Hollywood insiders know a few things about our foremost star that you will be interested to know, too. First I may as well tell you that Shirley isn't tracked down and grabbed at by wild-eyed fans every time she sets foot out of her home or off the 20th Century-Fox lot. She has just returned from a six weeks' vacation in Hawaii, and she wasn't pestered to distraction. They were true, all those newspaper accounts of the crowds who gathered when she made that combined vacation and good-will trip East last summer. But that pressure doesn't keep up continuously. Shirley has no pretensions to grandeur, and the Temples do not advertise her every move.

You probably suppose a crowd collects whenever Shirley appears in person. That could be, certainly. But Mrs. Temple is wise enough to avoid such tributes to her daughter's popularity; that is, as a regular thing. Gertrude Temple can foresee where that would lead, how perpetual flattery would affect Shirley's sense of values no matter how her parents attempted to maintain a balanced attitude for her.

Here, I'll bet, is news for you. Mrs. Temple frequently goes shopping in the biggest downtown stores in Los Angeles, and she takes Shirley along with her and they aren't mobbed! Mrs. Temple has brains enough to go in the morning when there are, comparatively, no jams. She never dresses Shirley conspicuously, and Shirley never pauses to pose, to make an entrance. Since neither mother or daughter are self-conscious, since there is no blaring of trumpets or tossing of mink or showing off, by the time a couple of people have recognized Shirley the shopping is done and the starlet and her mother are on their way.

Here is another example of how sane Shirley's life is, regardless of the demands made upon her because of her prominence. She had never seen one of her own films more than once until "The Little Princess." Naturally, anyone who acts must learn what effect is being obtained. But Shirley is discerning enough to catch onto how she's done with one unreeing; her mother believes lengthier self-study might give an arti... (Please turn to page 89)
It's so silly to pretend a child of ten is perfect! That's why SCREENLAND gives you this unexpected story which explodes a lot of mawkish myths about her.

By Ben Maddox

Know Shirley!

- SHIRLEY SNEAKS A BITE (Right).
- SHIRLEY DOESN'T MIND BEING KISSED BY BIG BROTHER JACK (Below).
- SHIRLEY SUBMITS TO MOTHERING (Left below).
- SHIRLEY TOTES HER OWN LUGGAGE RETURNING FROM HONOLULU VACATION (Far left).
Two-time Academy Award Winner Davis has another juicy role in "The Old Maid," in which she runs the dramatic gamut from emotional girlhood through old age—see closeups here. Left, Bette, in costume clowns with a pair of mid-Victorian panties.

"The Old Maid" GOES TO TOWN
George Brent is the male romantic interest in Bette's picture—and they do say in real life as well. Below, Bette, right, goes over her dialogue with director Edmund Goulding and co-star Miriam Hopkins.

When there's excitement on the set, you know a great picture is being made! Watch the wheels go round in this intimate glimpse of the new Bette Davis-Edmund Goulding film in production

By Stiles Dickenson

The first time Bette Davis has ever worn a wedding dress and veil on the screen, or off the screen for that matter, is in her present film, the title of which certainly doesn't suggest orange blossoms and a wedding march. It's called "The Old Maid." Its stars, Bette and Miriam Hopkins, with the romantic masculine interest in the very capable hands of George Brent.

And, romantically speaking, the interest George is showing in Bette isn't entirely confined to the working hours in front of the camera. It was a good idea to team the Hopkins and Davis gals, for no greater study in contrasting personalities and acting methods could be found in Hollywood. So you can imagine the treat it was to sit on the side lines and watch them do their stuff under the clever and understanding guidance of Edmund Goulding. As Goulding had already directed "Dark Victory," it was only natural that he should continue to work with the brilliantly responsive Davis. The first day I went on the set I found Bette all decked out in her wedding finery, with Miriam in swishing silks of mauve and pale blue—quaint costumes of the 70's, the period in which the film is laid. Bridesmaids were hovering about the scene. Bette and Miriam were acting at the time. They did an intensely dramatic scene and then retired while the lights were re-arranged for another shot.

At the same time the two stars daintily lifted their glistening skirts to step off the set and I was highly amused to see that their feet were encased in big comfortable bedroom slippers instead of high-heeled satin ones. They gave in to the tight waists of the epoch but remained serenely comfortable in their hidden footwear.

Once off the set, the contrast of the two stars' personalities is just as marked as their screen methods. La Hopkins quietly goes to her corner where she takes up her knitting, either glancing at the script or just sittin' knittin'. The Davis one grabs a cigarette and wanders about the stage, chatting with anyone near her, and never seems to want to be still. She laughs and smiles constantly. One can see that the electricians and property men adore her. It was characteristic of her that when she was called to do the next scene, which was a very sad one, she turned to some of the cameramen and said gaily, "Be prepared, boys, this scene is going to kill you!" She was right, for from my own tear-dimmed eyes I noticed the boys had a suspicious moisture in theirs. All the time Miriam, from her knitting corner, would look up and smile sweetly but say nary a word. Don't get the impression of a haughty lady, for she is not. She is merely very much wrapped up in her work and keeps concentrated on the mood when not actually acting. She loves to get in a huddle with director Goulding and Bette and talk over the scenes, but for real visiting and chattering she will invite you to her home for a quiet little dinner, where she is a perfect hostess with her director-husband Anatole Litvak the genial host. Once away from the studio Miriam will talk a mile a minute—mostly about politics, national and international. Because of having a foreign husband her sympathies and interests are in the politics of Europe as well as America. Small chatter of Hollywood finds no place in the Hopkins conversation, which is a great relief, I assure you, to those living in this great whirlpool of gossip. Her film roles and film plans she will gladly talk about, however. Recently she sprained her back in a too strenuous game of tennis and that too explains why she quietly rests in (Please turn to page 93)
At last, fiction as fascinating as the movie colony it mirrors! Here are Hollywood and famous author Abdullah at their glittering best.

ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGIA WARREN

WHAT HAPPENED
IN PART I:

ONCE the hit of Broadway, still a young and pretty woman, the actress Gwen Mapleson finds herself a failure in Hollywood, reduced to her last penny, but holding on to her pride and her hopes of repeating the success she had made on the stage under the direction of Lester Donnelly, her discoverer and Svengali, the man whose genius and ambition had made them the most talked-of team of producer and star in New York—and incidentally, the man who was her husband. Now, after a long separation, Gwen encounters Lester again—she, the once-famous stage producer, selling newspapers! But Lester's ambitions are rekindled and, on a park bench, with a jeweled cigarette lighter he had once given her the sole souvenir of their prosperous past, they plot the future. Lester is saying: "I've figured it all out. I'll show 'em! 'Lester Donnelly presents Gwen Mapleson'—again!" Now read what happened next . . .

Gwen gave a frightened cry. She jumped up. But the voice advised: "Quiet—both of you! I HAVE got a gun."
ESTER did not speak for a moment or two. Nor did Gwen. She sat there by his side on the bench of the little park that covered a hill-top. Quiet, the little park. Hushed. Deserted. But, below, at their feet, life coiled, fretted, pulsed. Hollywood—the part of Los Angeles called Hollywood for no better reason than that the climate is too hot and too dry for any holly to grow there—heat and thumped its feverish rhythm; curved its braggart, magnificent, rather tawdry electric gestures. Supercilious and patronizing gestures—thought Gwen—of the modern movie Babylon in the direction of Chicago, New York, Baltimore, Milwauk ee—and London—and Paris—and Calcutta and Shanghai and Huckleberry Corners, Vt. Gestures, in celluloid, of love and hate, of joy and sadness, of gangster lawlessness and trite sweetness-and-light. Gestures printed on narrow film strips, rolled into metal containers and captioned Greta Garbo, Bing Crosby, Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor—Canned emotions? Oh yes, she reflected—sure enough. Yet canned emotions that, triumphantly and profitably, circled the globe. 

Mere photographs? Static, brittle, mechanical things without a soul? Again—sure enough. Yet enough soul in these photographs to hoist a million and ten million people by their placid little heels night after night. To swing them round and round and round. To send them spinning up ecstatically toward the whirling, glittering heavens of gaiety and laughter or down into the black pit of grief and tears. To cause them to behold, in the flow of drama and comedy on the screen, the one element their own drab lives lacked. To persuade some clumsy, clodhopping peasant that he could dance as delightfully as Fred Astaire; some lumpy housewife that she was as seductive as Hedy Lamarr; some thick-ankled factory wench that she was as graceful as Ginger Rogers; some pale, pimply-faced clerk that he was as great a lover as Clark Gable; some hearty, perspiring cook that her curves rivalled those of Mae West.

To cause them to shell out their hard-earned dollars so as to enrich this same Hollywood—and to acclaim and cheer and damned near deify men and women who, a year or a month or a week earlier, had been unknown to the public. Former Broadway second-raters, considered Gwen enviously. That's what they had been until, somehow, they had got the breaks; while she, herself, had once been a Broadway star—at least as long as Lester—yes, she admitted with bitter self-honesty, as long as Lester had pulled the strings.

And for a reason! Because, in those days, she had portrayed emotion on the stage. The utter, sweeping, searing emotion of hate. Hate? She picked up the word; pinned it out for examination as she might a butterfly. The next moment, furious at herself for what she judged to be her weakness, yet chillily resolved to probe her feelings to the depths. she asked herself the question: "Had it really been hate? And, suppose it had been, was it still hate?"

Why, coming to think of it, she had missed this—this hate, subconsciously, ever since she had left Lester. Had missed, also, his lean, swarthy, saturnine face, his twisted smile, his hairy, intensely masculine hands. Instinctively, hardly realizing what she was doing, she reached out. Her fingers closed about his. His fingers clasped, pressed vigorously; then, suddenly, tossed hers away.

"Cut it out!" His voice was raucous.

"Oh—"

"None of that lovey-dovey bilge! You don’t have to pay for what I’m going to do for you. We’re no longer married."

She flared up then. "Thank God!"

"Thank God is right." He laughed disagreeably. "Let’s get back to what I was telling you—how to get you started here."

"And—" ironically, "how to get yourself started."

"Sure thing. You can’t get started unless I do—can you?" He pointed at the electric rug that stretched and shimmered below their feet. "Hollywood—" he said—"which is in the State of California—"

"Tell me something new."

"I shall—if you’ll shut up for a moment. Hollywood."

"Tell me about it."

"Yes, which is in the State of California—which, in its turn, is a state of mind. And I know all about this state of mind. I’ve studied it from my vantage point at the corner of Sunset Boulevard, selling papers to the local, silk-bearing animals. I’ve learned how to handle them."

"By bluff?"

"Bluff—with reverse English. Bluff them not out of a pot, out of calling your hand which contains less than a pair of tray spots. But bluff them into a pot, into calling your hand—mine, rather—and me holding four aces and the (Please turn to page 78)"
In Hollywood they pray for "just one break!"

A break, the most necessary step to fame, is a combination of opportunity and luck—luck in being in the right picture, at the right time, with the right star and the right director, and then—turning in an outstanding performance.

Robert Cummings is the newest star to capture this prize. You'll remember him as the young musician in Deanna Durbin's "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." All the "right" ingredients were rolled up together for him in this picture and on the night of the preview by the time he had straightened out his romance, which forms the keynote of the drama, critics were approving, audiences applauding, and producers kicking themselves because they didn't have this dynamic young actor under contract. It was a minor triumph—a typical Hollywood triumph, and no one appreciated it more than Bob Cummings himself.

"It's all a big laugh," he grinned, as we talked it over in his living-room. "I've been out here four years, have played in some good films—'So Red the Rose,' 'Wells Fargo,' 'Souls at Sea,' and others. Yet, when the studio failed to take up my option, I sat around idle for six whole months, praying for a break. I became as near discouraged as I've ever been and began to think maybe I didn't belong to the screen, maybe I'd better be looking up a good pick and shovel. Suddenly, one night—and might add, it was during a wakful hour in the middle of the night, I decided to return to the New York stage where a studio scout might 'discover' me for the screen. I planned it all to the last detail, giving myself just two more days to make a Hollywood contact. Then, as often happens, the very next morning I had a call from Universal to make a test for 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' and within twenty minutes, producer Joe Pasternak and director Koster decided I was exactly what they were looking for.

"No," Bob answered my question, "I didn't have the faintest hunch this film would give me such a boost. I enjoyed being with Deanna Durbin, and everybody in the production was exceptionally congenial, but I had no griefs. For one thing, I had to wear my hair long, let it fall into my eyes, and this bothered me no end. Too: I not only had to play the piano but the flute as well and it couldn't be faked. So, I spent eight long weeks mastering that one little tune—(Please turn to page 36
HISTORIC HOLLYWOOD Kiss!

Movies' two most publicized passion-purveyors meet! Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr, at crucial moment in their careers, are co-starred in "Lady of the Tropics." Will Lamarr at last repeat her sensational "Algiers" success? Can Taylor's heady appeal for femme fans survive his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck? SCREENLAND says answer is "Yes!" if this kiss is a sample.
LOOK SHOREWARD, Sailor!

William Lundigan, likely lad of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," shares our seagoing pictorial spread with Nan Grey, pretty heroine of opposite page.
AND HERE'S WHAT YOU'LL SEE!
GOOD LOSER!

Paulette Goddard didn't win Scarlett O'Hara role, but she's gay anyway in "The Cat and the Canary"
GOING UP!

Judith Barrett is climbing nearer stardom in "Disputed Passage" based on the best-seller by Lloyd C. Douglas.
Our merry midsummer montage of outdoor Hollywood features, on this page, Susan Hayward (left), Robert Cummings (right), Robert Preston (top left), and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones. Page opposite: Bob Montgomery jumps in, Ellen Drew swings, Ralph Byrd and Mary Carlisle go fishing—and Betty Grable just looks so very beautiful, as usual!
TO THE BRITISH, BLESS 'EM!

For lending us this lovely red-haired, green-eyed actress, Greer Garson, who shares honors with Robert Donat in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and will soon be seen in Hollywood-made movies
THE IRISH, LORD LOVE 'EM!

Genial son of Erin, Pat O'Brien, is sentimental as shamrocks, well-wearing as the Blarney Stone. Planned for him is picture based on the life of Knute Rockne of Notre Dame.
Southern—and Sothern
MIRIAM
GEORGIA"
KINS. (Left)
her soon in
the Old Maid"

ANN SOTHERN
her with Robert Young in "Maisie"

Charm!

Willinger, M-G-M
She's Mary Healy, and she can sing, too. Makes her movie début with Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, and Rudy Vallee in "Second Fiddle." But if you think she plays the title role, you're wrong. She's a girl to watch.
Picture Stealer No. 1!

Adolphe Menjou is back to his old trick as screen's premier grabber in "Golden..."
Joan Blondell has been much too busy making “Good Girls Go To Paris” to go anywhere except to the studio; but she can dream, can't she!
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Henry Fonda and Pauline Moore in "Young Mr. Lincoln"
Cheers For:
"GOODBYE MR. CHIPS"
Loud Applause For:
"YOUNG MR. LINCOLN"
"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"
Whistles and Yells For:
"TARZAN FINDS A SON"
"THE GORILLA" (for those who like the Ritz Bros.)

Best Performances:
Robert Donat, Greer Garson in "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
Henry Fonda in "Young Mr. Lincoln"
Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Thomas Mitchell in "Only Angels Have Wings"

Welcome Back:
Al Jolson
Richard Barthelmess

TARZAN FINDS A SON—M-G-M
TARZAN yells again! Mothers of America, arise. You thought “Hi-yo Silver!” echoing through the neighborhood was bad enough; but you don’t know how lucky you were. That ear-piercing “Ee-oi-yow” (well, you spell it, then) call of Tarzan Weissmuller will soon be splitting the welkin and to make it all worse, your small sons will have to be forcibly restrained from imitating not only the great Johnny himself, but a new, little Tarzan—a youngster who in this latest jungle adventure swims under water, plays with elephants, and is chased by hyenas, lions, and alligators. That’s all. But let your little darlings lure you to the neighborhood theatres to see “Tarzan Finds A Son” and you’ll come out doing the yell yourself. It’s all so much fun you won’t be able to resist it: Tarzan and his wife “adopting” a baby saved from a jungle plane wreck and raising him to be a miniature Tarzan able to cope with animal perils and wicked villains just as capably as Old Man Tarzan himself. Of course Johnny Weissmuller does some magnificent swimming and manages to make his audience forget he is no Robert Donat when it comes to acting. Maureen O’Sullivan is a charming Mrs. Tarzan, John Sheffield a cute Tarzan Jr.

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox
GOOD to see Al Jolson back on the screen! It’s Al, rather than Tyrone Power and Alice Faye, who gives this film musical what authority it has; without the Jolson gusto and vocal vigor it would be just another big slice of celluloid bathos. When Al sings “Mammy” or “Rockabye My Baby with a Dixie Lullaby,” with all his old-time Broadway bounce, the veterans in the audience will have a hard time swallowing that nostalgic lump in the throat. For Jolson, with his uncanny combination of hardboiled theatricality and honest credibility, invests his character of softhearted showman and sponsor of Rose (Alice Faye) with surprising sincerity. The plot-heavy picture follows their rise in fame and fortune until both are Broadway hits, although Rose’s private affections are lavished on the unworthy Bart Clinton, a heel of a movie hero if there ever was one, and an unfortunate role for Tyrone Power. Try as he will, Power can’t make this fellow anything but a thoroughly wrong guy, so that even Miss Faye’s throaty warbling of My Man fails to arouse much sentimental sympathy for their tawdry “romance.” In a movie month offering “Goodbye Mr. Chips” and “Young Mr. Lincoln” somehow “Rose” seems cheap, silly, dated.
Sophistication with a sense of humor sums up Binnie Barnes' clothes creed. This charming actress, currently appearing with Warner Baxter in "He Married His Wife," selected her favorites from her personal wardrobe and posed in them for us in her own home and garden.

Gay and gracious lady in her own garden, below, wears a cool frock of soft silk with field flowers blooming colorfully on the white background. Opposite page, Miss Barnes wears a white jersey dinner gown, girdled in scarlet and topped with a scarlet wool bolero embroidered in white.
Glamor with gaiety is expressed in the quaintly piquant gown Binnie Barnes is wearing at left below, on opposite page. The black organza of the billowing skirt is lightened by the crisp white surplice collar. Far left across page, Binnie's pet black dinner dress with colorful print sash and panels with pockets. Left, dramatic evening coat with finely beaded medieval collar and wide sleeves.

As one Hollywood actress who has successfully evaded being "typed," Binnie Barnes consults her own clothes preferences in assembling her personal wardrobe, steadfastly refusing to follow high fashion if it is not becoming or amusing to her. She likes the Regina-blue and white printed dinner frock below because of its soft and feminine lines, and its convenient scarf-into-hood.
TODAY, a vast school throws open its doors, with no restrictions as to age, qualifications, color or creed of its pupils. This school is the screen. You pay a small fee—small in comparison with the entertainment, thrills, inspiration, thought and the possibilities within yourself it often awakens. You can use this school and you can use its teachers—the stars—to develop more beauty, more style, and more personality. You need to look, to listen, and then put into action some of the ideas you absorb. For Hollywood is contributing more to the good looks of the world today than any other one source.

So, in a season when British Royalty, George VI, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, and his lovely Queen have visited this continent, it seemed timely that I met for the first time Virginia Field.

Virginia Field is English, though she has done fourteen pictures in Hollywood, among them her latest, "The Sun Never Sets." You catch this quickly in her clear voice, beautiful diction and radiant freshness of person. Two strong points in favor of appeal. Now and then—only now and then—we meet that person whose voice and enunciation are so beautiful that we listen avidly, perhaps not hearing what is really said, but how. Miss Field is a golden blonde with blue eyes and deep golden hair. She is blessed with a skin that tans to a honey tone, but she uses a well known sun tan oil for a good reason. It keeps her skin soft and silky. When sun bathing, she places pads of cotton soaked in a gentle astringent over her eyes. A good idea for you who can take your sun in strong, heady quaffs; for you who must take it in carefully timed and measured sips, let me urge sun goggles of a reputable make, not just any glasses you happen to pick up. Laboratory tested goggles are perfected for clear vision without distortion, and thus protect both beauty and eyes. To Hollywood, we give a bow for having literally put sun glasses on the map and your map!

One result of summer that Miss Field deplores—and rightly—is the definitely sun-touched face atop a body that has remained au naturel in skin tone. Either turn as much of you as possible toward the sun for an outdoor tint, or else learn one of the greatest beauty lessons that Hollywood offers—the correct, artistic use of foundation.

In this phase of make-up—and this alone—we seem not quite up to the mark. Some avoid foundation because they think they do not know how to use it. With every lotion, cream or stick type you buy come accurate directions. Foundation can change your skin tone, give a lift to a dull, sallow shade or lighten it, or subdue the too florid skin. A little art with foundation and powder will create a face tone in harmony with body skin, especially important in an evening gown. Foundation can also appear to change the shape of your face.

A frank self-critic is Virginia Field. She knows her own face, and volunteers, "The greatest problem of my face is a square jaw. The camera sees it more clearly than you, perhaps. I can (Please turn to page 83)
Cool fashions to freshen up that end-of-Summer wardrobe. You can buy these in your stores. For where to buy, please turn to Store Directory on Page 95

By Marina

Vacationists or stay-at-homes, please note these sprightly Sally Togs for Play. Left, is a slacks and shirt set, for about $2. The blouse has a natural cotton ground imprinted with amusing and gay Ripley Believe-it-or-not motif, while the slacks are in Gabardine copen or rayon. At right, is a suspender shorts set or rayon. This set is in the same fabric combination. This set is about $1. Just right for play, roughing it and the general outdoors are these colorful, durable and comfortable sets. Sizes, 12 to 20.

Your bag is an important accessory. Here are two from the collection of Leading Lady Handbags. In fine and beautiful cotton, meticulously tailored, these bags belle their modest price of $1.75 each. The pouch bag is of multi-colored India print with a polished wood frame, very right with prints, pastels and white. The envelope bag of Peter Pan print has a double life. Use the stripes one day, reverse the cover, removeable and washable, and appear with a spotly white bag of pure Belgian linen the next. Bag magic.

For Summer afternoons and evenings, have flowers at hand, literally. Fowles presents this dainty glove and bag set, in floral embroidery. Shapely, with apron weave fabric, glove palms, open weave fabric, glove palms, open weave fabric. Bag cover (removable). In white, black, navy, pink, noregay blue and sunstraw. Gloves are priced at $1.00; the bag, $2.00.

Kleinert's Corsages—of rubber. Very new and different are these power-texture accents of luscious pastels or bright gay tones. Wear one in your hair, lapel, with beach ensemble or cot- ton dance frock, fragile, lasting but lasting, and washable. They cost from about $0.50 to $1.25.
ON LOCATION

with GARY COOPER

By S. R. Mook

At 6:00 one morning not long ago my phone rang. It was someone from the Paramount Publicity Department. "Would you like to fly down to Yuma today to the 'Beau Geste' location?" the voice asked. "No!" I yelled sleepily and hung up the phone. A minute later it rang again. "Gary Cooper, the star, and Bill Wellman, the director, told us if we were going to send anyone to send you because they know you better than any other writer," the voice insisted. "You'd better go because they'll level off with you as they won't for anyone else. You'll get a good story and

Cream of "Beau Geste"—Mook's fine close-up of a great picture in the works, with personal sidelights on star Gary Cooper, left; the location camp—see map, below; Ray Milland and Robert Preston, shown with Cooper at top left across page; the sweep and spectacle of battle scenes in the desert; the technical marvels presided over by director Bill Wellman—pictured with Gary at lower right.
the location camp is a sight that's really worth seeing."

Two hours later I was in a plane on route to Yuma, tossing and bumping, about 5,000 ft in the air, like a toy balloon on a stormy sea. Howard Batt, the pilot, leaned over and yelled in my ear: "I think I'll drop down to about fifteen hundred. It's a little smoother sailing, only if anything _should_ happen we won't be able to make a long glide." I nodded and cursed the wanderlust that imbues me and makes me eager to go anywhere at the drop of a hat, even if it's only for a day or so.

An hour after that, the treacherous Gregorio Pass safely behind us, we rose to 7,000 ft. Howard leaned toward me again. "I'm going off our course. That's a snow-storm we're heading into. We'll go around it. We have a sixty-mile tail wind so we'll get there almost as soon."

I nodded again. The snow-storm faded into the distance. The sun was shining but the air was murky. Batt glanced at me. "Sand!" he yelled above the roar of the motor. "They must be having quite a blow down there when it drifts up this high."

An hour and a half after leaving Los Angeles, Batt put the plane down on the landing field at Yuma, 250 miles away—as the crow flies. A car met us and whisked us out to the camp Paramount has built for the three weeks' location work. Now, a pretentious set is nothing new to a person accustomed to Hollywood. Neither is a location site. But the magnitude (Please turn to page 96)
JUDY GARLAND'S got me remembering when I was just newly turned sixteen and fell in love with my piano teacher who was thirty-five-ish. I knew just how Judy felt about Gable, because one day my piano teacher (who was no Gable, but had a dimple in his chin) patted my hand in a grown-up way, and I suddenly discovered he was Prince Charming! I knew that if he'd wait a couple of years for me to grow up a bit more, a great love would be ours. I pictured myself as the woman he adored, inspiring him to greater things—that is, until he introduced me to his real inspiration who was twenty-five-ish and proudly announced she was his new bride. You've no idea how tragic it was. Judy felt much the same way when Clark introduced her to Carole Lombard, and she suddenly realized how hopeless were their plans of their future together, Judy's and Clark's I mean.

"I meant every word of that song I sang to Clark Gable in my first picture," Judy seriously confided to me as she slipped off a little blue wool dress with the white lace petticoat trim showing two inches below the hem. And in the next breath, "Look at this note. It's from a boy who saw the afternoon show. He thinks that I should know that my petticoat is showing. Isn't that funny? He doesn't know that's the fashion."

Judy was in New York on personal appearance tour and I was on a holiday. We'd decided to see Times Square and Forty-Second Street and Broadway together—but the most we saw was the inside of taxicabs and crowds of people as we dashed about keeping Judy's numerous engagements. We'd just come from Judy's broadcast and were in her dressing-room, banked with baskets of flowers, when Judy and I began to wax confidential in true feminine fashion. The telephone was ringing when we entered. It was Los Angeles calling, with Judy's next-door-neighbor-boy-friend on the wire. Ten minutes later a new boy friend acquired on the New York holiday called for a date, and before a half hour had passed a couple more had called—one, being as Judy described him, "just perfectly wonderful—he's going to Yale and he's so distinguished and everything!" That's how we got on to the subject of boy friends and then romance in general.

"Clark Gable was really the first man I ever thought seriously of," said Judy, brushing her gold-brown hair prior to getting ready for the evening show. "The first time I met him, I thought I'd faint, he was so wonderful! He was just exactly the way I'd always imagined he would be. He smiled and took my hand and held it just like he really meant it. He was so clean-looking and had such cute dimples. And the shaving lotion he used smelled so masculine and nice!"

"After I sang that little song that I wrote to him in my first picture, I was invited to his birthday party. Judy and Carole Lombard was there—and I soon realized that I didn't have much chance when he already had such a glamorous woman in love with him. She's so beautiful and so witty and keeps everyone laughing at the clever things she says. While me, I felt awkward and self-conscious, and I sat and twiddled my thumbs, which didn't get me very far. I didn't know what to say. All I could do was look at Clark and think how much I liked him and wish that there were two of him, one for Carole and one for me. I couldn't help noticing all of the time the way he looked at her—like she was something awfully precious. He just grinned when he looked at me."

"Soon after that Clark sent me a charm bracelet and I wore it right up to the day he married. It was awfully
The little Garland girl is a famous movie star but that doesn't stop her from having the same cute romantic crushes as any sweet-sixteen schoolgirl

By May Mann

cute with a little gold book in which was inscribed, 'To My Best Girl, Judy—From Clark Gable.' And then when I was in that automobile accident he sent me a pair of love birds. But after meeting Miss Lombard I knew that Clark would never really be serious with me.” And Judy began brushing the curls around her finger. She's very pretty and sweet-sixteenish. Her large brown eyes are girlishly innocent and have a way of widening when she's serious. There's none of the coquette about Judy — not even when she's talking about her boy friends.

"Isn't that the Gable charm bracelet you are wearing now?" I asked, noting a clever one on her wrist.

"This is the one the boy who lives next door gave me," Judy explained. "He's a very nice boy who takes me to movies and occasionally to parties, and we go bicycling together. But he's very young—just sixteen. Well, I mean sixteen's.

"The Wizard of Oz," M-G-M's big new picture, gives Judy her greatest chance to score. She is shown above, as Dorothy, with Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow.
From Bogart’s private picture album: above, his wife, Mayo, with Peter the cat; then, reading down from upper left: a friend’s baby son, Johnny Weissmuller; the daughter of Gloria Stuart, playing mother; Mrs. Bogart’s hand and Peter again; then pet Peter with the “suicide cat”—read about him in our story.

Pictures by BOGART

An artist in the family is an asset to any candid cameraman. Ask Humphrey Bogart. His mother, Maude Humphrey, was a well-known artist in the early 1900’s, and his sister studied for years at famous art academies.

“When you are brought up in an atmosphere of paint and palette, you automatically absorb ideas about composition, contrast, the value of color, perspective, and so on,” said the young actor, over a noontime breakfast of eggs and bacon. “I never really did anything about art, but I used to play around with my sister’s materials, and once I made quite a decent sketch of my father, shortly before he died. It was all so much effort, though, that I wasn’t seriously interested. It occurred to me, now and then, that a camera could take better pictures than I could draw or paint, but I thought I couldn’t take fine pictures unless I had a fine camera. Cameras cost money, and it’s not the first cost that matters—it’s the upkeep.
"A fine camera costs between $150 and $200. Then there's film, paper to print your pictures on, chemicals, dark room equipment, including an enlarger, new gadgets as they come along, and the time the hobby will eat up. It wasn't until I found myself working in motion pictures that I dared buy myself a camera—a Speed Graphic.

"The Speed Graphic uses a larger film than the Leica, so it's easier to work with in the dark room. The real work of a picture is done in the dark room, of course. Mine is a converted bathroom, but it answers the purpose. The tiny negative used in the Leica means a lot of concentration—my camera film is easier to handle when I want to black out something or tone down a highlight. Take this picture of Mayo,"—(Humphrey's wife, Mayo Methot)—"with Peter, the cat. Next time I do this, I'll tone down her dress a little and bring out her face. After all, it is a picture of a girl, not a gown. This would be all right for a fashion picture, though, focusing so that the light brings out the dress. When I do it again, I'll hold my hand over the rest of the picture and let the dress get darker before I finish printing."

Humphrey doesn't go in for (Please turn to page 72)

Bad boy on the screen, Humphrey Bogart is a good cameraman in private life, as his pictures here prove

By

Ruth Tildesley
SO ANNABELLA fell in love, as has been told. She fell in love with Jean Murat, an actor, and in 1934 they were married. From the beginning this marriage was destined for failure. Now, five years later, Annabella knows the questions she should have asked herself during that tempestuous wooing. She knows the answers to those unasked questions too. She knows, now, what she did not realize, then: that the handsome worldly man touched her vanity, not her heart. She knows that she was, then, dangerously ready for romance. Vulnerable, so vulnerable that when that imperious, experienced hand came knocking at her heart, he found it already opened.

And there were other reasons for that first unreason. Youth can dream just so long, and then the dream, a garment woven and ready, must be fitted to a form, a figure of flesh and blood. Annabella had been dreaming too long — Jean Murat kissed her hand and lo, the dreams fitted to a "perfection"! And besides, on the Champs Elysees lovers strolled, arm in arm, soft flames to catch the flimsy fabric of a girl's awakening heart.

He was a man of the world, this Jean Murat. A man of the tangible, textured world where Annabella was a girl from the other world, of dreams and make-believe. He knew the most beautiful women in Paris, the most chic, the best-dressed, "with jewels up to here." He had told that he would never marry, but

nonaire. But he did marry and chose the young Annabella!

Small wonder that the girl thrilled, at first, to the life Jean Murat opened for her amazement. He knew everybody in Paris. His mother was of the noblesse. He was at home and he made Annabella at home in the best hotels, aboard the most deluxe yachts, in the purlieus of the most aristocratic chateaux. There were always first night tickets for the theatres, operas, concerts. The best box at the races. This was a satin-lined jewel-box of a world, a hot-house where orchids grew for the little girl from a country garden. But it soon became for her, this way of life, a little depressing, a little tiresome. She tried, at first, to adapt herself to this fragrant, slightly faded way of life. She tried, rather pathetically, to look a little bored herself. Annabella, bored! She failed, because

The Romantic Life Story of

ANNABELLA

By Gladys Hall

Now, for the first time anywhere, you may read the thrilling intimate account of Annabella's romance with Tyrone, which provides the proverbial happy ending to her life story
where they were satiated she was insatiable. It did not suit the blade-like spirit of Annabella, this hot-house atmosphere.

And then, just as her marriage was becoming a problem, a question mark to which she was, baffled, troubled, trying to find the answer—then "Wings of the Morning"—and then Annabella took wing from Paris and from her problem, as, soon, she was to take wing from her marriage, from France itself.

Now Annabella was in England. Now she was making "Wings of the Morning." Now such twinges of doubt and unhappiness as she had been experiencing in her personal life did, for that winged time, take wing and fly away. Annabella says, "I loved my part. I loved speaking English. It gave me back the pep I had been losing. It was such a first freshness, that picture. It was Harold Shuster’s first picture as a director. It was Henry ford’s first picture away from America. It was my first picture, speaking English. Yes, so many ‘firsts!’ It was like a picnic. I was, again, outdoors, under the sky, happy. "I wore my brother’s clothes in that picture," Annabella relates, gleefully. "I had, first, the boy-costumes made for me. They did not do. I knew too well how a boy’s clothes fit on his body. So I borrow the clothes of my younger brother, Pierre. And they are right, they fit a boy’s body. He was fourteen then and we are, exactly, the same size. And he is so proud because I wear his clothes! I am a boy in them. They are right."

"Wings of the Morning" completed, Annabella returned to Paris and took a holiday with her husband, travelling in India, Egypt, Italy. Trying, perhaps, to find the answer to that troubled question. Back again, she made "Under the Red Robe" with Conrad Veidt; "Dinner at the Ritz," with David Niven. "Wings of the Morning" was previewed abroad and, by press and public, Annabella was acclaimed. Then America saw it. The press of America rang out the praises of Annabella and Hollywood lost no time putting in a call for Annabella.

There were those of us who thought it might be a pity for Annabella to come to Hollywood. Would Hollywood, we wondered, blur that stern, young beauty? try to "glamorize" that salty, clean-sweet quality, the sharp, bright edges of something young, fresh-minted? But to fear for the tarnishing of Annabella is to reckon without Annabella. There is a fundamental honesty in the very bones of the little French girl. Fundamental honesty does not blur. She will tell you, "I cannot be beautiful. I do not try for that. I do as little to myself as possible, even for the camera. I make up myself and it takes me 15 minutes. I will not wear the false eyelashes, no! One time they pasted them on me and I pulled them off because they tickled me, like mosquitoes!" This is Annabella—she doesn’t bother with beauty shops. She is inclined to be casual about clothes. She says, "I want only that my clothes be comfortable." She hates new dresses, new hats.

Which is all very well—for Annabella! For the long, jet-black lashes framing eyes as brilliantly brown as dark jewels do not need the addenda of false lashes; her golden-brown hair does excellently well as the good God made it; her figure, slim as a boy’s, is also the figure of a girl—and this is sufficiently provocative. "I do not try for the beauty, the glamor," says Annabella, "these things are not for me."

But because of these very qualities, because when she made "Wings of the Morning," she felt blowing upon her the fresher winds of the new world, Annabella was beginning to turn her eyes toward Hollywood; was beginning to realize, definitely now, that her marriage was a mistake. Like all equations between a man and a woman, there were assets as well as liabilities to be considered, of course. For if Jean Murat did not take his own career too seriously, he did take Annabella’s career quite seriously. If his interest was tinged, a little, with the slightly patronizing attitude of the man in love toward a pretty, playing child, that was his natural attitude and he did not allow it to show through too plainly. He had a sure, artistic instinct. He gave her advice and it was always good advice, and sound. (Please turn to page 84)
[F. YOU envy Bette Grable her million-dollar legs, here's your lift for today—Bette swears that beautiful hands are a woman's most important asset. . . . Dorothy Parker, who hasn't tossed off much cynicism since she married a handsome actor and converted him into a writer, has taken time out from scenarioing to script her first play—and you can credit Hollywood life with her new ambition. . . . Jimmy Stewart is currently the most-wanted actor; by the producers, anyway. . . . M-G-M is going to make one Eddie Cantor picture, but it won't star him in the story of his life, as originally planned. . . . Sigrid Gurie, after a year's inaction, has a new contract (at Universal) and a new husband. . . . Ann Shirley is desperately trying to keep up in the laming race with her husband, John Payne, by parking between shots in the RKO solarium. . . . Joy Hodges, who's always engaged but never a bride, is now dating Charlie Grayson, a good-looking scenarist who was married to a U. C. L. A. girl when he began scribbling. . . . Mickey Rooney has graduated from gardenias to orchids, so far as corsages go. . . . Janet Gaynor and Adrian continue to be so much in love, but is it chic, Adrian, for Janet to dine at the Trocadero in a sports outfit? . . . Bruce Cabot is Errol Flynn's buddy and no fooling; he even tried to calm Lili Damita the other evening when Errol was supposed to join her at a night club, and forgot to. . . . The Hollywood Stars, the professional baseball team in Hollywood, is really a home-town organization, for if you peek at the stockholders' list you'll find such names as Robert Taylor, Bing Crosby, and Gary Cooper; the reason Call Patrick attends every game is because her husband, Bob Cobb, is vice-president of that ball club.

Gay Gossip
And Latest News About Your Film Favorites

Since Ona Munson has played Belle Watling, the professional siren in "Gone With the Wind," she is a changed woman. Ona is still modest and soft-spoken, but she is no longer quite so retiring. She had to pad herself fore and aft to acquire the curvaciousness the character had, and she wore a red wig. Now she has dyed her own hair red and she has ordered modified, modernized versions of her picture costumes for her personal wardrobe. She walks with a new oomph. Once married to director Eddie Buzzell, Ona had no husband when she returned from the stage for this role. It won't be long now, however!

When Adolph Menjou was provoked into listing the seven most perfectly attired men he couldn't think of a single actor who'd make the grade. . . . Since Penny Singleton bleached for "Blondie" role she's revived her career to where she made thirty-two personal appearances in one day in that many different theatres. . . . Bing Crosby turned down the contract offered his oldest son Gary, replying that there were too many kids who needed the money more—Gary, aged six, is an awfully cute-looking towhead, who can sing, too. . . . William Powell is no longer an object of sorrow—he never looked better, and he's been charming with his high-school-age son. . . . It isn't at all unusual for Chester Morris to start doing magic stunts, and fancy ones, right out in public—whenever and wherever the mood hits him. . . . Virginia Bruce has never been back to New York since she was a Ziegfeld girl there and what's surprising is that now that she's rich and could do the town in style she has no desire to give it a magnificent whirl.

The unusual love triangle in "Memory of Love" is created by Carole Lombard, Cary Grant and Kay Francis (above). A new romantic team—Ginger Rogers and David Niven (left) appearing together on the screen for the first time in "Little Mother."
CONSEQUENCES to date on all those new Hollywood unions: Hedy, Carole, and Annabella are having wonderful time! Hedy and wealthy producer Gene Markey have such a tiny hilltop house, only two bedrooms, and no guests, play, or projection room. But, to compensate, they're the couple with a yacht! And the other day Gene gave Hedy a star sapphire ring; the sapphire's set in fifty-two perfect little diamonds. Carole continues to be Pappy Gable's farmer wife and she nearly blew up with pride when he brought home a brand new tractor. Another example of her devotion: she dismissed her high-priced press agent. As for Annabella, she's the only one to rate a honeymoon. It was delayed six weeks, but finally Tyrone drove her to one of the national parks. Now they're planning a trip to Italy unless something gams up Tyrone's plans. It's astonishing how livable Annabella has made the mansion Tyrone bought for the two of them; she did the place over in excellent taste—even if they did have to camp out for the first few weeks. When they moved in the only rooms that were furnished were the kitchen and one bedroom. Tyrone gave his bride a special outdoor stairway from her upstairs dressing-room, so that Annabella could run down directly to the swimming pool in the garden.

Myrna Loy has been loaned to 20th Century-Fox by M-G-M for "The Rains Came," based on Louis Bromfield's best-seller. Above, Myrna in a scene with George Brent and, right, Tyrone Power dressed up or turban for his role of MAJOR SAFE in the same film.

APPEARLY Elsa Maxwell is fated to be a movie hit because she is already concerned over her second film. Café society's most popular party giver, the woman who made herself a somebody in Paris and then in New York because of her entertaining flair, is responsible for the new fashion of individual cocktail shakers at cocktail parties. She doesn't think much of afternoon invitations, maintaining if you like anyone you'll make it dinner. But if you're bound to have drop-ins the very least you can do is to scatter individual shakers about, with individual liquors. Guests then mix their own. It was at one of Elsa's parties that Charlie McCarthy was discovered. Noel Coward adores her. Now, having entertained in novelty style at Constance Bennett's home, Elsa has Hollywood begging for more. A short, round, plain-looking woman, her originality and wit put her cross. Wonder if she'll supplant Mrs. Basil Rathbone as our movie colony's social queen?

BETTE DAVIS and George Brent are now dining tête-a-tête in public and both of them only grin when accused of being in love. George has fascinated many woman, including Garbo, you may recall, and he is pretty discontent in his bachelor home in Coldwater Canyon. Bette is just as discontented living alone, but she confesses she can't act and be a wife simultaneously and acting's in her blood. When she went out of town for a brief visit George took Tibbie, her Scotch terrier, to work with him every day, so Tibbie wouldn't get too lonesome. Now if that isn't love it's a very nice friendship.

By Weston East
THE Robert Taylors can eliminate their corner-meeting gag as soon as they get settled in a town house. Whenever they've come in from the country for show dates they've said, "Meet you at the corner of Hollywood and Ivar!" Neither Bob's nor Barbara's ranch home was big enough for the other to move in, but Barbara finally shifted things around in her household and redecorated a bedroom for the bridegroom. They've had no honeymoon, by the way—both of 'em have been completely tied up on new pictures. One of their pet tales on themselves is about when they secretly called upon the San Diego justice of the peace who was going to marry them. There was a rich scene of high school kids, so the stellar lovers made a wild dash for the good justice's parlor. Inquiring how fans had scented their arrival they were informed that the crowd had no idea of their materializing. The high school kid next door was merely entertaining and the celebrities could rest assured no one would recognize them! Most revealing untold anecdote about the Taylors is this one, however. Bob gets his hair cut in a barber shop a quarter-of-a-block off Hollywood Boulevard, and who do you suppose comes in with him and sits quiet as a mouse while he's being trimmed with the shears? None other than Barbara herself. If that isn't devotion, what is?

L'AMOUR, always L'amour: Dottie of the sarongs is not selling her house, the one she and Herbie Kay built. Instead, Miss Lamour is adding quite a few niceties. She's also dating John Howard consistently. Lee Bowman will be extremely tan next month because Sonja Henie will return then, and he wants to make a smashing impression. Arleen Wieland and Alexander D'Arcy, night-club owner, have made up their quarrel but they say there's no marriage on their horizons. Edgar Bergen is rushing Mary Healy, and let's hope he has better luck this time; just as soon as he decides he's found his dream girl some other guy beats his time. Loretta Young and Olivia de Havilland, two of the most sought-after beauties, are not going steady with anyone anymore; perhaps love, for them, is just around that well-known corner.

"Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" is the title of film which co-stars James Stewart and Jean Arthur, but Jimmy's passing up on opportunity to "go to town" with (top) Frances Gifford, Linda Winters; (bottom) Astrid Allwyn, Lorna Grey, in above scene from the picture. Below, Joel McCrea and Andrea Andra engage in a little fun in this cute scene from "Music School," the Goldwyn film which stars Joscho Haefitz.

CALLING all you who've concluded Sonja Henie's heart is a cash register! Here are two inside stories on Sonja axis. Just before departing on her current vacation in Norway she went into the studio coffee shop for a quick java. She noticed the extraordinary prettiness of the cashier. "Have you had a screen test?" she asked. "You should photograph marvelously!" The girl admitted she'd tried to get into pictures, but had had no luck, Sonja was so impressed with her possibilities that she went to the casting director personally and suggested a test. The head man was allergic. So Sonja declared, "I'll pay for her test myself—if she's worth signing the studio can reimburse me. But I'll gamble on her!" You can imagine how excited one Bobbie Swain is, waiting for the expensive try-out Sonja's kindness had made possible. The other Henie tale is this: the girl who's accompanied Sonja on this grand vacation jaunt isn't a famous star. She's Belle Mitchell, who skates in the Henie troupe. Sonja and Belle became friends in spite of the vast difference in their salaries, and when Sonja invited Belle to accompany her the reply was a grateful but firm no. Belle was resolved to some day save enough to make a trip abroad. But one day a round-trip train and boat ticket to Norway arrived for Belle, with a check for spending money so she would be completely independent.
IF YOU'RE glad to see Allan Jones back in pictures, and think his acting has improved after his nine months' absence, you'll be interested to know that he spared no effort to make good use of the slump he hit so unexpectedly. When Metro kept him idle he resolutely hired a dramatic coach and began paying out of his savings for special training. He kept on with her after he was released from his contract. Eventually his study was rewarded by a two-picture deal at Paramount. He's busily preparing to sing the Victor Herbert melodies in the title role of the beloved composer's life story. Curiously, Allan was stymied at Metro because Nelson Eddy was awarded the musical plums. Yet Nelson is his biggest booster, and tells everyone how much Allan deserves major recognition. With Irene Hervey (Mrs. Jones) working steadily after also getting the gate at Metro, the Joneses are enjoying happy days once more.

WAYNE MORRIS is the latest to learn no one can have everything. He suddenly fell in love and married an heiress. He got a better contract. He rated a lengthy honeymoon, something that's rare indeed for a Hollywood hero. He was in the pink after three months of leisurely settling down in his new mansion. Then when the studio called him he caught a severe case of influenza. "Bubbles," the new Mrs. M., had just become involved learning to cook when she had to switch to nursing which meant long vigils at his bedside.

JIMMY CAGNEY figured he'd outwitted Warners when he inserted that vacation clause in his reconciliation contract; it guarantees him a number of weeks in unbroken sequence. But now the studio is laughing. Jimmy can't get away from now on, for he can be called to work on three days' notice. His consolation is that his new home is done; it took eight months to build because he kept thinking of more improvements. He didn't sell his Martha's Vineyard farm, as reported; but a lot of good it's doing him under the circumstances. His sister Jeanne is still training to debut as a movie actress; he didn't try to get her in on his reputation.

Sandy, the one-year-old milkman's baby who became an overnight sensation because of her excellent performance in Bing Crosby's "East Side of Heaven," is rewarded with a long term contract. Above, with Sandy are: seated, Milton Feld and standing, her parents, the Roy Henvilles. Below, Bing Crosby rehearsing with the new boys who appear with him in his latest picture, "The Star Maker."

If there isn't a slip in the neat dovetailing, Jimmy Stewart will have a whole week off in November. No time off until then for this year is part of the price he's paying for stardom. You know he now is officially a top-caliber star at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and the front office has sent forth word to bill him in the same fashion as Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. Seeing that he's now a big shot, it's pleasant to discover he is genuinely interested in his old school friends. Whenever any of them come to California the hang-out is the Stewart residence in Beverly, and whenever Jimmy encounters an ex-buddy he wants to know just exactly what's happened to so-and-so of the old gang. It is no act.

THE Victor Hugo, a deluxe dine-and-dance spot in Beverly, ought to pay Joan Crawford because she makes personal appearances there practically every other night. Joan alternates violently between the simple home life and stepping out where the music's tantalizing to her toes, and currently she's in the dancing groove once more. Charlie Martin, the young scenario writer who is her escort since she determined to be friendly-though-divorced with Franchot Tone, is as smitten as any Crawford admirer ever was. He deluges her with attention. Which, naturally, cheers la belle Crawford up no end.
Pictures by Bogart
Continued from page 65

full equipment. He likes to get his effects with whatever happens to be at hand. He uses an ordinary bulb with a newspaper back of it as a reflector. "If it's daytime, I let the light come into the room naturally. If not, I use whatever lamps there are around. I'm not gadget-crazy," he grinned. "One of my friends has a number of expensive cameras, and an array of every new gadget that he hears of, but so far he has never finished up one print. He takes pictures all the time, but when he's taken them, he says: 'Oh, that's terrible! and won't even develop them. Once he spent a whole day down in Mexico filming a bullfight, shooting it from all angles, taking shots of the spectators, the officials, and so on, going to all sorts of trouble, only to discover when the day was over that he had left the cap on his lens all the time!"

Taking pictures is relaxation, according to Humphrey, "I wouldn't do anything difficult," he asserted. He insists it's a very lazy man. "Alaia Aner is a real camera friend. He can do anything with lens. He even has a sound track for his home movies, and almost kills himself getting the right effects. His stuff is excellent. But he works! The two of us have a friend, Melville Baker, who thought he'd like to go in for taking pictures, too. But when he saw what he had done, he said he was sure the competition would be stiff, and decided to go in for making miniature furniture. Now he's ordered a lot of machinery and is making a start. I wasn't so against effort, I'd begin sticking a few chairs together and try to discourage him again." Other camera artists may sigh when asked to take pictures of children, but Humphrey enjoys it. "Children are fun," he declared, "When they are very little, like Melville Baker's baby in this shot, they don't pose. You just catch them on the fly. When I do that picture again, I'll black out the hand that's holding him, and that light spot near his ear. When they get a little older, they're still more fun, because they love playing games with you while you shoot, Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman have the ideal little girl when it comes to this sort of posing. She loves it. Here she is, smiling, with her smiling doll, and here she is again wearing glasses. She doesn't wear them really, but her mother does, so she has to have a pair of prop glasses to pose for me. She'd do anything, that child."

The most satisfactory pictures of people are taken when they don't know you are shooting, according to the actor. "These shots of Frances Langford and Jon Hall at the player's party, and of Johnny Weismuller with the flashlights, were made without their knowledge," he pointed out. "Frances and Jon were picking holes in a record so it would play discord. We were all so sick of that record! Johnny was watching them from across the room. He had been under the piano with his flash-lights a minute before. On the other hand, this is a posed portrait of Eric Hatch, the writer. Well posed, too, I tell him he must be a ham at heart."

"I took my camera with me on the trip to Dodge City. This shot of Ann Sheridan and Schuyler Crail, cameraman, is proof of it. It was a good one. We got a good show and me making the pictures was much more fun than being in the show."

That trip taught me something about entertainment. I remember seeing a little girl of twelve sitting up on a canopy where she could get a good view of things. I got down at them with rare delight. She was actually seeing Priscilla Lane and Errol Flynn in the flesh and she was simply radiant. It was like seeing Santa Claus at last! When you think of that place, in the dust bowl, where people have had a really bad time for years, stone broke, breathing black dust, watching their homes go to pieces, all but hopeless, suddenly being visited by Hollywood glamour and being transformed—but I mean transformed! I couldn't believe it. Just getting a chance to look at people in pictures, who, after all, have a pretty nice time doing what they do. Will knows what influence that sight of Hollywood may have on that little girl on the canopy? Will she be so overcome with it that she'll battle every obstacle and go to Hollywood? Or will her mind turn another way and she become an instrument to bring better conditions to her own home town? Or may she merely cherish that one glimpse of glamor and that will be all."

"When I was a kid, I lived next door to William Brady, husband of Grace George, and father of Alice Brady and young Bill. Young Bill and I played together and I'd be over at Brady's for lunch or dinner or to play with Bill in the evening, and I saw the glamorous people who came in and heard some of the exciting conversations that were carried on. Brady was a great admirer of Woodrow Wilson and seemed very happy. Various statements of that day were entertained at Brady's, as well as theatre celebrities. I suppose while we were played, I must have taken in that anything was possible in the stage or the tops in politics was bound to be pretty dull stuff."

"I hadn't occurred to me to be an actor then. By the time I was sixteen, I was in the war, and I lied about my age and got into the navy. Nothing would do but that I must get something being war to, and seen for myself that war not only for anybody, but harms a great many people everywhere. I'm the greatest pacifist in Hollywood. I'm sure I wouldn't get into another uniform for anyone. I know I that a dictator tried to take over this country. I'd fight again, I think we all would. We'd hate it. We'd go into it with no illusions about glory, but we'd go."

Mickey Rooney, followed by four gentle- men in golfing clothes, passed through the church dining-room.

"We're having a tournament today," re- membered Humphrey, "I'm playing for Lakeside. No, Mickey isn't in the tourna- ment. He's just had a lesson in play golf as an expert. I play for exercise. No body walks out here, and golf seems the easiest way to keep fit. I never do anything harder than that once a week by this time! Now, let's see, what were we talking about? Cameras, wasn't it? Look out of that window. See that tall doador with the wall hanging behind it. I'm looking out from here, showing that tree and the flag flying on a line with it would be good."

"I like scenic shots. Wish I could find some man-made, an odd animal, or animals, though—animals are always good for pictures. That Peter cat I shot with Mayo is splendid. He's the boss of our house. If I don't have him, I don't want it as well not come in. He knows everything, all the talk. This little cat was a smart little thing, too. I had Mayo's face bending down over it at first, but it didn't look well, so I blacked it out. Later on, this poor little fellow developed a suicide complex. It used to try to leap out of an upper balcony so dastardly. I shot him out below, and we finally had to have it put away. Cats do sometimes, I suppose they think life isn't worth living.

A actor who works on the Paramount in pictures and is no longer in demand hurried through on his way to the links. "That's a tragedy," commented Humphrey, "I was out here once before to make pictures, right after talksies came in, about the same time Paul Muni came out. They thought Muni wasn't any good, so he went back. Then probably he was good and I was too. Anyway, I went back, too. It was at the time no one knew what to do about talksies. All the silent picture actors were terrified and going to show photographs who came out to take their places. We all resented each other. It was a mess. I think a lot of splendid actors were thrown out then—I still think Jack Gilbert could have been a terrific success if he'd been handled right. He'd been on the stage before. There was no reason why he should be have been defeated. I think if he hadn't been, his financial crash and his domestic crash happening at the same time as the picture was cut, he'd have had a good shot. I think he must have felt like my little cat, he was worth while.

"Television shouldn't cause any such commotion as talksies caused. But who knows? How did we get to be talking about television, anyway? This is supposed to be a story on the subject of candid cameras!"
as a little figure as a stopper holding up transparent umbrella, and when it was wound not to be sealed tight there was a great rush in its direction and before you could say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the hole enormous bottle was empty! It was tossed around so quickly and splashed on so many handkerchiefs and lapels that by the time the poor prop man had fought his way through the crowd of excited women they themselves had found out that he wanted to tell them, that "Summer Rain" was nothing but the thinning potion for Spirit Gum put into this excessive looking bottle. For the rest of that day the whole set smelt strongly of cleansing fluid.

Naturally, in a picture crammed with alcoholic play a very important part, and here's where you'll get your dose of surprises and eyebrow lifts, for Adrian as designed some real honeys. Some are going to be stars, but to fit exactly the type of woman the star is playing. You know how often really smart women look absurd in new fashions; well, I can only say that till you see Rosalind Russell wearing the dress adorned with sequin eyes complete with luscious lashes and eyebrows. That's going to startle the natives of London, Paris, and New York, all right! The hair styles, too, aren't done to look pretty in close-ups, but again to be in keeping with each character. Crawford does look well though with her new short hair and propensity that very soon, when girls see how good it looks, barbers will be kept working over-time chopping off to directions of "Cut it like Joan Crawford has hers, please." As a matter of fact it all happened through an accident, through a permanent that didn't work out and spoiled three inches of glamorous Crawford hair. "Well," she thought after shedding a few tears, "better make the best of a bad job, I suppose. Go on, then, comb it out!" and presto there it was, so attractive, so practical, and so entirely new. Some people have all the luck.

I think it speaks very well for Rosalind and shows how completely her trust is in George Cukor by letting him drown her own personality and become exactly the type of woman he wishes her to be. They aren't taking any risks on this picture, there isn't going to be any "Well, if she can wear ostrich feathers, why can't I?" because the director (I was just about to say dictator) has absolutely forbidden any of the stars to see what the others are going to wear until they actually get right on the set, so they won't be acting surprised when they get an eyeful of each other strutting around like peacocks.

The corner of M-G-M's stage 25 was beginning to look like a trailer camp the other day with the stars' portable dressing rooms all set up in line, except that I suppose we'd drive right off the road if we ever came face to face with anything painted orchid and yellow like Crawford's little changing room. Incidentally, it's done in the same colors as her home.

Back in the Cukor house the telephone rings incessantly, and a never-ending stream of female voices fire questions at him, complain to him, sell advice, wall at him, tell him secrets and confessions. He never loses his temper for one second, but lets them talk themselves silly if they want to, never saying much more than "yes, darling" and "but of course, darling," making everyone happy and content and feeding they've got exactly their own way when really the only way they are getting is Mr. George Cukor, who will be no nonsense on this set, no pulling of temperaments, and they'll all be there on time.

I overheard George talking with Joan Crawford and saying something only too true. The reason big stars are apt to be so late and hold up the production isn't their fault a lot of times, but the fault of the assistants who are far too polite with them and don't come right out and say "Miss Crawford, you're wanted on the set now, please." They amble up and when they get near the daily decorated dressing rooms, they murmur in a quiet unfurled voice. "Please Miss Crawford, when you're ready, will you come along please?" and "My, that's a pretty dress you're wearing, Miss Crawford." So it's only natural she thinks there is all the time in the world and is surprised when she gets on the set to find they've been waiting half an hour for her. That's one of Hollywood's great troubles, too much yessing and bowing down to stars, and that's why M-G-M knew Cukor was the man to handle the women. He's not afraid to say exactly what he means and thinks, and very often it's far from complimentary, yet they admire and respect him so much they not only take the insults and do what he says, but love him for it too.

Every one of the actresses in the picture is excited about it, all Hollywood and most of the New York stage tried by every means known to women, and that's saying something, to get into this important picture. Another reason why this picture is definitely so important is because of the New Joan Crawford. This time she really is New. It's goodbye to the old Crawford of glamorous days, of gigantic close-ups with parted lips and batting long eyelashes; it's Crawford the actress, and a very good actress too, who is going to be grateful to Cukor for putting her onto a different plane, a plane among the screen's great performers. From now on she's an actress first with all that Crawford appeal still there, and in my opinion showing up much more, because its owner is no longer a glamorous gal but an actress with glamour. There's a difference.

You card players are going to die when you see the bridge game. Even now I can almost hear the snickering going on in your theatre when you see it, and feel the nudgings and under-breath "isn't that just like ... !" It's so true to life. I only wish you could have seen them taking it, though; it was one of those hold-ups on the set and there sat those four sophisticated smart women, wearing hats that would make a Dietrich first night creation look conservative, there they sat laughing and playing, what do you think? Slapjack? Yes, so far, all is well with the women,
Mysterious Husband

Continued from page 24

wife's name is Mary and that they are
fated to assume a leading place in Holly-
wood. In Hollywood we recall, as though
it were yesterday, when their father and
Mary Pickford, now but names to
the new generation of theatre-goers,
were the top stories. We recall it was
a Mary who married up Doug-
las' childhood and adolescence.

To realize his attitude when he proposed
to Mary Lee Hartford you must realize
that Douglas had a problem, a prob-
lem in his batile life. There is his mother,
Beth Fairbanks, always admiring and encour-
gaging. A woman of family and breeding. This
Beth, the extreme mother who overshadowed
her. Since Joan has linked with Gertrude Lawrence
and Marlene Dietrich, accomplished sophisti-
cates, he was, they say, down by Zorina.
More of that chapter later. But it was
Mary Pickford who influenced him at his
most impressionable age, Mary who made him
resolve to be somebody, too. The
domineering, brilliant Pickford, who was
the greatest feminine favorite the movies have
ever had, dismissed him as merely the clever
child of the dynamic man she desired to
build her own life around. Beth had elected
to keep the boy and so all Mary Pickford
had to do about him was be pleasant on
the rare occasions when he came within
herself of the boy. But Mary was
When a home breaks up and leaves
a sensitive child puzzled and hurt the child
suffers. Douglas was different. He was
loving, and so too he was amusing with all
the resentment a boy who has lost his
father in such a manner can muster up. All
he could wish was that his famous, idolized
dad had been no hero to them at
home. When the alimony dwindled through
bad investments, young Douglas and Beth
were reduced to living in Soot Sets. The
contrast, striking contrast to the royal air of Pick-
fair, and then he was all the more bitter.
Beth agreed to let the boy try acting when
he was twelve, against his father's strenuous
opposition. He flopped dismally.
But at sixteen, furious at his inadequacy,
he stubbornly began to climb in Hollywood
again. What few fans know is that there
was absolutely no help from Pickfair. People
expected him to be a boisterous athlete, a
chip off the illustrious old block. He wasn't
likely to die. An introverted, silent, shy
rather than genial, he had to
start in bits and prove he had a personality
of his own. He filled music, painting, sculpt-
ing, writing. He had the soul of a poet,
and it was Joan Crawford who accidentally
found out what only his mother had known.
Don't ever think that Joan didn't love
him. She did. In him she found all the
superior qualities the assured men she had
dealt with had lacked. It was an all-con-
suming flame, that love of theirs. She had
domineering, and his own hand had
held back nothing. She told him how she
had been embittered in her fight to rise
above her unhappy, sordid years. The
fine sense she saw in him taught her what
real love was.

When Douglas learned how she had made
herself over he never ceased marveling. He
was nineteen when they married. He
had been reckless, magnificently, and his own
failures and fears seemed ridiculous in com-
parison. She was certain in her aim; he
needed time to ripen. She was prepared for
any emergency; he was appalled at the idea
of emergencies. She was energy itself; nat-
urally talented, he was a dreamer who was
inclined to stall. He had little money sense;
she showed him how to invest his earnings
—she'd made her own security. So, mutually
absorbed and stimulated, they both became
stars.

It was only because he loved too soon
that he failed to hold Joan. He couldn't
keep up with her personal progress. She
had to excel. No such burning ambition
was in him. Today he is different. Today
he is twenty-nine and he has painstakingly
gone through the growing-up process Joan
had experienced before he married her.
He has had to shift for himself, and he has
been strong enough to plug on to success
when he was judged a false alarm.

After his flaming marriage with Joan
burster itself out Douglas' premature star-
dom fell out from under him. He fortunately
made a wise choice in going to England
and to re-establish himself where he could
begin practically anew. In London he got
a fresh perspective on himself. He had to
keep up with the young think the old and
be aware of how hard big opportunities are
and when he buckled down, concentrated,
his ability slowly demonstrated that he had
something to offer besides juvenile looks.
He didn't really love Gertrude Lawrence,
the distinguished, worldly stage star with
whom he teamed in the theatre for awhile.
But she talked to him as an equal, threw
him in contact with Noel Coward and
the brightest brains of the British stage, and
gradually he was no longer the boy every-
one could boss. He had a mind of his own,
as Joan had always predicted. He didn't
return to Hollywood until he was sought after.

The Dietrich thing was only a good
friendship. It was Douglas' belated fun
phase. With no strings attached. He was
not in love with Zorina last fall, either.
The columnists said she surprised him by
dating him and loving the dance maestro
she married. The truth is that Douglas' yen for Zorina was the product of her
press agent's imagination. She apostolized
him for the ribbing that misguided in-
dividual caused him. But he wasn't much
disturbed. He was rushing Mary Lee Hart-
ford.

Now let me tell you about her. The sec-
ond Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., isn't like the first
one, except in her enthusiasm for Douglas.
She drives into the studio every afternoon
to pick him up. She hangs upon his every
sentence. She, too, thinks he is wonderful.
But this Mary has never had a career, nor
waited or needed one. She is society. She
has never had to worry about where her
next meal was coming from. She has never
been humiliated by snobs. There have been
too horrific hardships for her to overcome.
She doesn't look like an actress. There
is a rather striking resemblance, true.
Well-bred, intelligent, she is a model young woman, younger than Douglas, who
is content to live gracefully. She isn't dra-
ing of the way that Douglas did. She
and Hollywood to sit up and mutter with envy.
She believes Douglas is perfect as he is.

They met last summer at Merle Oberon's.
Mary Lee Hartford, now a Douglas,
was a well-to-do young couple who
divided their time between Palm Beach
and New York City. Daughter of a prom-
est lady and an attorney, the girl had
suspected she would wind up in Hollywood
married to a star. When she and her hus-
band, who is also society, had an apartment
in the Astor House. The two youngsters,
John Jacob Astors and other millionaires,
Frank Shields, the tennis ace, introduce
them to Merle, while Merle was holidaying
in the East. They accepted Merle's invita-
tion for a month on the beach at Sant
Monica.

Douglas and Mary were not bowled over
by each other. It was not until they spent
a couple of months in New York his new
island this past winter that he found he loved her.
She met them again through mutual friends
at a party given by Mrs. Harrison. Douglas
saw at a glance that the girl was有了
divorce. Douglas was sympathetic, an
acquaintance. Acquainted to actresses, he
relaxed by her indifference to the every-day
world, and the glamour that come
in the studios. And so he telephoned
her, and she came to him.

There was no announcement of the en-
gagement because Mary was not yet free
Douglas came back and did "The St
Red-Headed League," a week before he had
sent out a statement. Mary Lee Hart-
ford and her mother had arrived at
Beverly hotel and on the following Sun-
day Mary was to marry at a church in
Wood, only twenty guests were invited
the ceremony, which a Methodist minist-
ner. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., act-
ated in the role of the man and people
his boisterous personality with a
brilliantly colored jacket. Sylvia Fairbanks,
who played Mrs. Douglas, was
of Douglas who played the bride. When
the Whiting, who played Mrs. Douglas,
was married ten years ago, and Beth's mother—Dou-
las' grandmother, came West to add the
blessings.

When Douglas placed the gold weddi-
ing ring on Mary's finger, beside the rudi-
solitaire set with diamonds which was the
former Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., the crowd sur-
rounding his honeycomb because in a couple of
days he was due to star in "Ruler of the Sea
at Paramount. The troupe went on locati-
ment in Spain, at the suggestion of Jack
Catalina, and it was there Mary had her
first view of movies in the making. Par-
mount shaved his mustache for the part
for his surprise.

She and Douglas have taken a house
the Pacific Palisades, a fashionable nigh-
towrth above Santa Monica, and his
was Mary Lee Hartford. She hopes to take her to Europe in another
month. He has maintained a flat in Ma-
fair. He fancied he would be a debon-
air fellow in years more. But since he
is a film star, he has signed more contracts
Hollywood, guarantees of steady stardom
and most likely he will be working steady
and settling down from now on. He
appearance in modern versions of some of
Douglas' most popular pictures: he is now d
bathing a starring deal proffered him by his father, who would star him for United Artists. Douglas wasn't say yes unless the old hand put him to the test, and professionally, they are at a standstill. Douglas proved he could become a screen hero on his own merit, and if his father could have played a little florist shop in Hollywood each morning and sent it to him, a man appreciates little things like that. Besides, it keeps him thinking of a person.

I readily agreed and pursued the subject, 'Were you romantic about Mr. Fleming—momentarily,' I asked, remembering my piano teacher and all.

'Well, I might have been if I'd been older,' Judy sighed. 'It's such a wonderful man!' And the way Judy said that I knew distinctly how she'd felt—for I could detect a bit of 'It might have been' in her voice, in a way that only a girl in her very early teens can express. Then the telephone rang.

Judy spoke in very low guarded tones. It was a local call from a New York swain. 'It's the one who sent me those flowers,' Judy explained after the call, pointing to an enormous basket—such as prima donnas receive on first nights at the opera. It really takes a more mature man to do things for a girl. Why, back in Hollywood, no one would ever think of sending me such a large basket of flowers. The boys back home usually send me a corsage of we're sisters under the skin with my memory of my piano teacher and Judy's crush on Gable, so Judy revealed to me how they were going. "Oh, these are for Douglas. She has every advantage, every chance to demonstrate that she is. Hollywood is a mystic maze to her, but Douglas knows everybody—and everyone—spares Douglas. He introduced her to Joan, with whom he has always stayed friends. Their mutual adoration didn't die when they called it a day. The Fairbanks, the two Douglases and Mary and Sylvia, were attending a premiere the other night and of course it could have happened only in Hollywood. Joan's gleaming black town car rolled up right after the Fairbanks' limousine, and so beneath the glare of spotlights and before a thousand wide-eyed fans Douglas did the honors.

This marriage is the culmination of a series of romantic disappointments, the top- per to targeted deviations that did not last. A few days later we found him earning a living as a vaudeville pianist. But it is the one more beginning, the earnest and sincere sweethearts maneuvered for themselves.

Judy’s Crushes

Continued from page 63

young for a boy. Of course we’re not a bit romantic—we’re just friends," she added.

"How about Freddie Bartholomew?" I asked.

"Oh, that was one of those studio publicity romances," Judy said. "They were so glamorous and small-vogue at the time. Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, and Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane. It really didn’t mean a thing. We just posed for pictures and he took me to a premiere or two."

"Well," I asked, undaunted, "about Mickey Rooney—is he your big moment like the papers say?"

Judy smiled. "We’ve really never been a bit serious about each other. In fact, he pesters me with his practical jokes all of my professional life. Every time I have a serious scene he stands off somewhere and tries to make me laugh at something and spoil it. Really, it’s just like Mickey can be a terrible tease, but he’s so sweet at other times. In our next picture together, ‘Babes in Arms,’ I win him for a change. In our last picture I lost him to Ann Rutherford.

"He wore a white dress and seemed to be debuting with herself before he spoke again. ‘If you really want to know a perfectly wonderful man, you should see the picture he’s in today.’ He was wearing a white dress with a dreamy-eyed smile. ‘He directed my last picture, ‘Wizard of Oz’—and he’s perfectly marvelous! He has the nicest way of talking about things. He realizes that a girl who is sixteen is practically grown up. He shows me all of his courtesies he would to Hedy Lamarr. This is why Douglas did the home. I rise when I enter the room and places a chair for me. He notices my clothes and the way I look for him and remains with me. After our first film, the says we had been in production a week, I felt that I wanted to do something nice for him. He baked him a cake—and he was so particular. I asked Mother if she thought it would be all right for me to give him a white carnation for his lapel. She couldn’t see any harm in it—so I picked out the loveliest one in my shop. Judy’s pink roses or lily of the valley. Now that I’m sixteen I’d like gardenias at least. And I’ve always wanted an orchid. But if they ever bring me gifts it’s usually candy—which they sit and eat!"

You’ve no idea how perfectly miserable I’ve been waiting to grow up," Judy said wistfully. "And now I don’t how long it’ll be before people will recognize the fact that I’m a young woman, and not a little girl anymore. ‘Babes’ and ‘Mokey’ and no one takes me very seriously," she lamented. "While I’m really as serious as can be. I’m practically six. I’ve had a couple of years I should be playing romantic leads in grown-up parts."

"I’d like to tell you ambition in life— that is, if you’ll promise not to laugh— because it isn’t a bit funny," Judy warned. I promised and she continued. "I want to play my first grown-up leading role opposite Clark Gable. I personally think this is a wonderful idea. Ever since I sang my song to Gable in my first picture our eyes have been linked together. I think the public would really like to see us together on the screen, don’t you?"

I assured Judy that it sounded like a good idea—and in tune with my sympathetic understanding—because after all Judy’s mother visits her daughter on the set of ‘Listen, Darling,’ which features Judy and Fred Bartholomew.
songs and then told the audience how she'd broken into the movies. A talent scout heard her sing on a lodge program at Lake Tahoe and sent for her. Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M heard her audition and promptly signed her on the dotted line.

On the way back to the dressing-room her mother continued: "Judy's an unselshick child. She wants to do so much for her family. Though both of her sisters are married, she insists that they stay home and live with us. She wants us all to be together always. We have a new eleven-room house and there's plenty of room. Judy adores her two older sisters—her mother that's really ought to see the writers and greet them since they were so nice to write back and ask to see her. At the stage door there were hundreds of them milling about—all waiting to get a glimpse of her. A high-school youth was carrying a florist's box and another had a box of candy—Judy's suitors! Judy returned home the other day and so I dashed right over to her house in Beverly Hills to check up on her, as it were. And darned if the telephone didn't ring, right while I was there—and it was New York calling. Judy talked sweetly for five full minutes and then with sudden concern, "Oh, we've talked five minutes—just think how much that will cost! I guess we'd better hang up." And after she'd placed the receiver on the hook, I asked her point-blank, "Well, which one was that?" And Judy replied, "He's a boy I met in New York. He took mother and me out to dinner and to see Katherine Hepburn in 'The Philadelphia Story.' Really he's a wonderful boy. So thoughtful." Meaning probably that he's another one of Judy Garland's romantic crushes!

Dark Star

Continued from page 51

Clark's career, her own, and the dog's. Sometimes Jean dressed in the height of sophistication. Her dresses were cut too low. She had to try and succeeded in giving a bad impersonation of her ideal, Jean Harlow. Just when the studio was ready to pounce on her, in she'd float looking as demure as a little wren. Her clothes were simple, her voice was low. She walked in regal splendor.

With Gary Cooper teaching her the fine points in operating a motor, it won't be long before Andrea Leeds will be hitting the screen. Andrea has the rôle of Linda opposite Gary's Arizona Jim Canavan in "The Real Glory."
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Screenland 77
Hollywood Pavement

Continued from page 33

joker—leastways when it comes to the theatre—" He explained at length. She listened—thrilled, amused, carried away. "Get the idea, don’t you?" he wound up. "The moment the story breaks, I'll move into a swell Beverly Hills home and throw a party for the suckers. Offers’ll come pouring in, and—told you before, didn’t I?—I’ll take no chicken feed. I’ll sign for you as a star and me as producer, with the biggest outfit of the lot—the Colossal-O’Shea Corporation—on my own terms."

"Only one fly in the ointment."

"Yeah?"

"The original stake. I also know a little about Hollywood. They won’t let you play joker here on credit. Can’t rent a dozen Hills home—and get clothes, servants, liquor, a Rolls-Royce—without money."

"All I need for a starter is five thousand bucks."

"Have you got that much?"

"No, not five thousand cents."

"Then?"

"I’ll get it."

"How?"

"As easy as rolling off a log. I, calmly, "am going to hold up a guy—maybe two."

"You—burr-ret—what?"

"Hold up a guy."

"But—Lester—"

"I’ve done it before."

"Done—oh?"

"It before. Don’t make me repeat everything."

And then, in answer to her amazed question, he told her.

He had been—through this she knew already—an orphan since his seventeenth year; had, after leaving school, obtained meager employment in a downtown wholesale concern; had earned just about enough to keep body and soul together; had slaved away all day over his desk and, at night, in his bare little room, had tired to write a play. A play—he told her—about New York. The big city, the big city; in those days, was his in blood. It was all around him, vital, stirring, triumphant—echoing its symphony in the clash and clatter of the pavements when he went for an evening stroll; in the wind sighing across the rooftops; in the belching, rumbling overtone of the Elevated, soaring thing to a spider’s web; in the sardonic hooting of the four-ton drays; in the snarling whine of Russian Jews bartering over infinitesimal values; in the old Pat O’Shea, tenor voice of Sicilians and Calabrians arguing melodramatically about the price of garlic and olive oil; in the County Armagh brogue of the women gossiping from window to window; in the ineffectual tinkle-tinkle of a popcorn-vendor’s pushcart bell.

A thousand hectic noises, a thousand conflicting emotions. And he listened to them. Listening, by the same token, to the lives and conflicts that they expressed. Listening with breath caught and ears straining, and putting what he heard on paper. At last he finished his first play. He sent it here and there—to George Cohan, Al Woods, the Theatre Guild, Sam Harris; and, always, the same reply. Oh yes, the various managers assured him, didn’t have to, since he was well aware of it—he had talent. Yet, from a box office angle, and a critic’s standpoint, he needed rehearsal. Then he would be glad to read his future efforts and beg to remain yours sincerely. . .

So, finally, turned down everywhere, he determined bleakly to become his own producer. Wouldn’t cost much. Only one stage set—quite cheap—a shabby room in a tenement. And there was a rickety little theatre somewhere in the wilds of Brook-lyn to be had for about three hundred dollars a week. The whole venture—he figured—wouldn’t set him back more than three thousand. But—how get hold of such a sum? Borrow? No dice. All his friends and acquaintances were as poor as he. Steal from his boss? The idea—and it was odd, considering what occurred afterwards—shocked him to the core. Yet there was his hard, pagan resolve: he was going to produce his play, himself!

And then—he related to Gwen—there came a December evening, shortly before the holidays. A cold evening. Glittering snow crystals whirling in gusts down the Bowery. A black wind booming from the East River. Men and women hurrying along, shivering, collars uptilted, freezing fingers clutching gaudily wrapped Christmas packages. Some of them decided to thaw out their fingers, and quench their thirst, in neighborhood speakeasies. Well, he would do likewise. A slug of good whiskey was good for what ailed you. So he turned the corner of Mulberry Street where his favorite speakeasy was located. He saw its lights glow warm and yellow and friendly through the dim snow veil; was on the point of crossing the threshold—when, all at once, a mad idea popped into his head. In a moment he realized that the proprietor was well-to-do, had always plenty cash in the till to grease the itching palms of cops and ward politicians.

"Okay, I’m philosophy-minded, but let him, for a change, do something for an honest guy—meaning myself!" he declared mugging the man across the lower part of his face. He tilted his hat. He couldn’t get a deal. He entered, his right hand in his overcoat pocket with thumb and two knuckles bulging threateningly as if he were grabbing a gun. The proprietor—sighed—and crying: "Reach straight up towards the ceiling, gents—unless you want to get hurt!"

He paused now in his recital; smiled at the recollection as he went on: "I got away with it! The old bird behind the bar— I didn’t rob his customers—shelled out quick and mighty handsome. A little over three thousand I counted when I got home. Just what I needed. And nobody ever suspected me. Well, I put on the play. It wasn’t exactly a world-bender. Earned expenses. No more. But the critic tribe gave me a break. My name got to be known. I sold my next to George Cohan; but I was sorry, my involuntary angel—in cash, anonymously, and with interest. Pat O’Shea—"" he added—that was the Mick who owned the theatre. "Old Pat O’Shea—oh, the poet of Jimmy O’Shea—isn’t it a funny coincidence—who’s president of Colossal-O’Shea and who, though he doesn’t know it, is going to launch you as a brand-new movie star and me as a brand-new ace producer."

Gwen laughed. "In other words," she demanded, "you’re going to hold up as you did dad?"

"Something like it, kid. Too—for my theatrical bean still works, purportedly, and with interest, pay back son as I did dad." He borrowed her platinum lighter and lit a cigarette. "But first—about to rise—that rise—when?"

"No, no, no!" She put a hand on his arm. "I—I won’t let you do it!"

"Nor," a voice cut in, "shall I!"

"Oh, Gwen, you foolish girl!/ She jumped up. So did Lester. But the voice advised: "Quiet—both of you! I have got a gun."

"The hell I haven’t!" exclaimed Lester, taking a step forward.

"The hell I haven’t!" was the retort—and, a moment later, was a spurt of flame followed immediately by the full thud of a bullet striking a distant rock.

Lester dropped back on the bench.
Okay," he remarked. "You have got aGem. So what? What do you want?"
He stared into the darkness. He saw
lightly etched in deeper black against a
lee's opaque black, a man's bulky out-
tire. This man replied: "I want nothing
it's a promise."
"What promise?"—wonderingly.
"That you'll behave."
"Behave—how?"
"No hold-up nonsense—at least tonight."
"All right," wonderingly. "I promise."
A silence. Then: "Lester Donnelly and
en Mapleson—eh?"
"You—you heard?"
"Everything you said. You were sort of
aut and dramatic. Just like in a play
not you think."
A chuckle. "The wonder-
of Broadway—weren't you, Lester?—
as long as you kept off the booze. And
you, young Gwen, were all to the mustard
—until New York decided your head was
ning too swollen and gave your pretty
ile fanny the airing it so richly
deserved."
Lester leaped to his feet. "Look here!"
shouted angrily. "For two cents I'll—"
"Remember my pop-gun—and keep your
art on."
Lester subsided promptly; and the other
continued: "I used to admire you two—
ed to think you were the cat's Sunday
ants. Maybe you still are—after you get
straightened out. Anyway, I'm going to
ive you a chance."
"A—a chance?"
"Didn't you tell Gwen you need five
ousand dollars for a stake to sit in the
al Hollywood poker game? All right, you'll have the five thousand in the morn-

"You're nuts, brother!"
"Nor are you the first to say so."
The vague, bulky form detached itself
rom the tree against which it had been
leaning. It moved toward the deeper
shadows; then—a moon ray, at this in-
stant, bringing the platinum lighter into
sharp relief—swiftly retracted its steps,
approached the bench; and, suddenly, a
hand reached out and took the little trinket
out of Lester's nerveless grip.
"Holding this as security!"
Rapidly the stranger turned to the left.
A patter of feet. The darkness swallowed
him—while Lester cursed, heartily and
with a complete lack of logic: "The lousy
bum! The dirty, low-down, misbegotten
skunk of a stick up artist! Can you beat it?"
Spilling all that hoosy—and then swiping
your lighter.
"And weren't you going to hold up
somebody?"
"Oh—weakly—that's different."
"You bet that's different. You see—that
man isn't a robber. He meant what he
said. He's going to—"
"If you believe that, you believe in Santa
Claus."
"I have believed in Santa Claus—her
voice was very low—ever since this after-
noon, when I walked down Sunset Boule-
vard and, in a yet lower voice, a mere
slurred whisper, 'met you. You—you see
what I mean, Lester?"
"No!" he said gruffly.
And he said: "No!" again, just as
gruelly, half an hour later, when they had
returned to his apartment and she called to
him from the inner room: "Won't you
kiss me good-night?"
He overslept on the next morning. The
sun was already glaring high and hot and
golden and the streets hectic with life that
seethed in frothy, brutal streaks, when the
jangle of the door bell awakened him. He
went to open it; saw a Western Union
message.
"Telegram for Mr. Lester Donnelly?"
"I'm Donnelly. Quick, give me that."
A thick, heavily sealed envelope changed
hands. So did a tip. "Thank you." The boy
left; and, a minute later, Lester yelled:
"Gwen! Gwen!"
"What is it?"—sleepily.
"You were right!"
"What?—"
"Santa Claus!" He rushed into her room
and up to her bed, waving a wad of money.
"Five thousand smackos, kid! Count 'em! Kiss 'em!" He laughed. She did not. She
wept. "Oh God—" she sobbed—"oh God!"
"A nice God—eh? A swell God."
"So nice! So swell!" She dried her eyes.
"Get out, Lester. I'll dress—make yourself
breakfast."
"Not if I know it, kid! Today, of all
days. I need coffee that's coffee—and not
something the cat dragged in. Have to be
wide awake, keep all my wits about me—
see—for the second part of our program,
I told you all about it last night, re-
member?"
Again he laughed. This time she did, too.
They laughed like children. She jumped
out of bed—looking ridiculously small and
slight in a pair of his pajamas—and threw
her arms about him. They stepped an
impromptu, whirlwind dance; stopped, out
of breath, still laughing.
"Got to get steamed up and under way," he
said. "Beard the savage newspaper lions
in their ink-smelly dens. He consulted his
watch. "Close to noon. Well, I'll catch the
evening editions with my story."
"Think the editors will fall for it?"
"Hope so. And even if they don't, news-
paper gags are square-shooters. They
won't let on—and they'll give me a
chance.
Again the jangle of the bell. "Wonder
who that can be?" He closed Gwen's door
behind him and opened the outer one. A
man stood on the threshold. He was young,
hook-nosed, serious-faced, wearing his
Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

"You never see me without correct eye make-up!"

Says Lovely LOLA LANE

You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply, it's harmless, tear-proof, non-staining. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.

braid cutaway—rather an unreasonable, unseasonable cutaway, with the thermometer hovering around eighty—as if it were the sacramental habiliment of some pompous, pagan creed. Pompous, too, was his announcement: "I, Mr. Donnelly, am J. W. Wilcox."

Lester blinked. "You've got me there," he replied.

"Surely you've heard of J. W. Wilcox?"

"To tell you the honest truth—"

"J. W. Wilcox," impressively, "of Wilcox and Wilcox, Incorporated. Why—firing the words against the blank expression on Lester's face—you cannot be ignorant of our advertisements, our posters, our radio talks! North Beverly Hills Super-Development! The Pearl City of the Pacific—"

"Sure, I recall now."

"Elite Homes! the other was not to be silenced so easily, "for the Elite! Ah—"
as, right then, a new slogan came to him; jotting it down immediately on a scrap of paper—"Aristocratic Homes for American Aristocrates!" He tapped Lester on the chest with a highly manicured fingernail.

"For you, Mr. Donnelly!"

"Me?"

"I have precisely what you are looking for, A Queen Anne mansion—with a swimming pool—"

"I bet Queen Anne never swam."

"And"—waving the interruption away, "seven bedrooms. Library already stocked with handsomely bound books. Antique Spanish furniture."

"Spanish, a Queen Anne mansion?"

"Billiard room. Modernistic bar. Garage for five cars. Electrically regulated oil heater—not that you need it, with our climate—"

"I knew you'd ring in the climate. But —say!—what's all about?"

"The home—"

"I know I want one. Only how—for the love of the Board of Health!—do you happen to know?"

"The power," ceremoniously, "of the press."

"Come again!"

"The morning papers are full of it. All about your phenomenal plans. The play which you are writing."

"But—"

"Haven't you seen the papers?"

"Not yet."

"Permit me."

The real estate man put a newspaper on the table. Lester glanced at the headlines; then, unceremoniously, pushed his callier towards the other man.

"Can't talk business now," he said.

"But—the house—for sale or rent—a bargain—"

"See you this afternoon."

"Four o'clock?"

"Prompt."

When Wilcox had gone, Lester, returned Gwen's room. "Kid," he told her, "the story broke already. Listen."

He read aloud snatches from the front page:

"Lester Donnelly—famous New York producer-playwright—disappeared for a while—in Los Angeles for over a year—inconspicuous—on Sunset Boulevard—living close to the throbbing heart of the people. . . ."

He interrupted himself. "Close to the throbbing heart of the people," he repeated, "I've never been writing movie scenarios on the side."

He continued reading aloud: "Here gathering material for a screen play—powerful—chain of sensational news—Los Angeles pavement—expected to rival his earlier tremendous Broadway success New York pavement—brilliany is already finished—will buy brilliant Beverly Hills residence and give party in celebration this coming Saturday. . . ."

He laughed. "Can you beat that?"

"Who do you imagine put it on?"

"Don't be a goof! The guy last night in the park, who overheard us. Who else?"

"Of course."

"I wonder who he is."

"Him?"

"Anyway, must be an all-fired important citizen—to get my story on the front page, right smack between Hitler's latest threats and Father Goose."

"Why don't you ask the editor?"

"Wouldn't do a bit of good. If the guy's that important, the editor's got his orders. Would let me out of the game."

A pause. She said: "I know who he is."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell me."

"An angel unawares." She smiled. "And a peach of an angel—to lead you a helping hand with your bluff."

Lester thought. "Not altogether a bluff. I'm going to prove to this angel unawares that he hasn't backed the wrong horse. 'Hollywood Pavement' is going to be a wow, take it from me. I'll make a million dollars. For—"

suddenly, right then and there, with his amazing pouncing intelligence, he began to develop the plot of "Hollywood Pavement" and some of the dozen new ideas to sketch in brilliant bits of dialogue—and let it be mentioned in parenthesis that, in some of his slang and occasional outbursts of speech still redolent of his native Eastside heath, Lester Donnelly was an artist deep in the soul of him. He was, too, a thoroughgoing face forwarder; and the public's reactions to the stage; who knew the possibilities as well as the limitations of both stage and public; knew instinc- tively new, and a maximum of effect, to blend these possibilities and these limitations into a soul-stirring, soul-satisfying theatrical whole. He showed it now; showed, also, that he had not lived "close to the throbbing heart of the people" in vain.

"Hollywood pavement!" he exclaimed. "It didn't put up much of a fight. New York. Pavement of the West, of Cali- fornia. Much stucco here than marble. More tin than bronze. More painted brick than granite. They called it the Miami Superbale ed stone. And yet—if you have eyes to see—somehow real. And—" throwing out the words like one inspired—"new! So gloriously new! A new world! A new sky! New stars! New flowers! New trees! And—a new destiny! Destiny no longer, as back home on Broadway, in the night—doesn't make you go on a lonely road! But destiny gallowing along a sunny path—a fair, golden path."

Gwen looked at him with shining eyes. He walked up and down the room, gesticulating; then stopped in front of her.

"About the girl in the play—" he said—"the artist's star—"

"Me?"

"Sure—since I'm writing it for you. This girl—I'm going to make her an actress. Not like—oh—the girl in 'A Star is Born.' But—"

"She comes here from New York—this dame does. Falls, see? And d'you know why she falls?"

"Doesn't get the breaks?"

"The breaks—in a pig's eye! Falls through her own fault, her selfishness—through being a parasite."

"Lester!"

"A parasite," paying no heed to her exclamation, "who's on the make. Always feeding on other people's emotions. Reiter-
His many neglects were due to her ONE NEGLECT*

He never remembers anniversaries...

Why?

He never pays her compliments...

Why?

He praises other women...

Why?

She was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene

This one neglect may be the real cause of many divorces... Use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene.

Let "LYSOL" help YOU to avoid this ONE NEGLECT!

There is any doubt in your mind about this important subject of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "LYSOL". Let him tell you why, for a full half-century, "LYSOL" has earned the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals...and wives. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Three sizes of "LYSOL" are sold at all drug stores.

Screnland
The Clark Gables at Home

Continued from page 20

lack of furniture at all, and promptly gave birth to six kittens. When you bunch the Lombard pets with the Gable pets you can really understand that old wheeze about it raining cats and dogs.

After pushing my way through much pawing and licking and yelping and purring—my dress and slippers will never be the same—I made the front door and the useless determined yowl that I ever met another tailwagger I would smash him down then and there. I have heard that it is very hard to "crash" the Gables and Pete. "Look at it in they feel that they have a right to a private life—but all I had to do to get through the front door was to duck under a ladder. The place seemed fairly alive with men in overalls who were putting around with paint brushes and screw drivers. Not a sign of any Gables. Or of any tea, worse luck. But if you had blindfolded me, driven me around in circles for hours, and suddenly dumped me into this living-room I would have known it was Carole’s. The rugs were rolled up, the furniture, and not much of it, was under wraps, but on the mantelpiece was a large vase of flowers, on a canvas-covered table three white flowers; in fact, there seemed to be flowers all over the room. Near the windows, waiting to be hung, were gay chintzes. Flowers and pretty chintzes—practically the whole trademark. Clark told me later that for days after they moved in they didn’t have a stove or a dining-room table—but they had plenty of flowers. Carole saw to it.

The Gable ranch—which is the house that Clark and Carole have always wanted—is certainly not a mansion in any sense of the word. It is a typical ranch house with lots of knotty pine and with huge fireplaces in the living-room and dining-room. Besides the living-room and dining-room there are only two other rooms, a kitchen and a gun room, downstairs. The stairway goes up out of the living-room and upstairs there are two bedrooms and baths. Definitely no guest rooms. It is being furnished, gradually, in the Early American manner and is going to be about the most homely place in this neck of the woods. You can spill ashes and put your shoes on the chair, and even knock over a drink without having your hostess’ eyebrows go up. I mistook the dining-room for the kitchen the first time I was there as there was a small stove in the middle of the floor, but with Carole’s flair for decorating homes I don’t think it will remain quite that informal. What Carole can do with chintz and flowers is really sensational.

Far enough away from the house, so you won’t ever have to scrub your nose when the wind blows, are the stables, all white and green, and quite beautiful, if you are one to admire stables. One of its occupants is a cow given to the Gables as a wedding present by John Cromwell who is directing Mrs. Gable at present in “Memory of Love.” There will be horses later. The house is surrounded by fourteen acres of good old California soil and there are trees galore. Walnut, lemon, orange, olive, grapefruit, avocado, to mention a few I recognized. The property was formerly owned and cultivated by Director Raoul Walsh, and outside of the trees there are big bushes, and lots of strawberry and blackberry bushes. Carole has done over the flower gardens and has planted peonies, zinnias, and roses. And what Clark doesn’t know about citrus fruit isn’t worth knowing. He’ll talk about the care of citrus fruit for hours, but it’s much too technical for me. If he must be rural I’d rather he tell me about the farm-

er’s daughter and the traveling salesman.

Well, I soon got tired of painters and carpenters and Pete, the caretaker, who pointed out a fine old walnut tree and said that they used to ui and seemed rather hurt when I merely said, “Really?” I should enthuse about a four-hundred-year-old tree with dirt poured through it. Then I said, “Mr. and Mrs. Gable,” I mourned, “the must be somewhere around here. I call the studios and they aren’t working today. So I went to St. Andrews to get the goats and donkeys. I dunno why every body wants to send pesky animals here. Telly was gone to the store for the new feed pans.”

I went straight ahead, mired under couple of times where there was a let in the piling system, dodged a few evil-looking goats, and reembarked so much as warmed over death, I finally managed to trip over a fence and land in Mrs. Gable’s chicken run. Carole in tailor slacks and gloves (even on a ranch she is still the best dressed actress in Hollywood) was quite busy counting the hun dred chickens there. That is a sight.

“Liza, pass me that pan of feed,” she said as casually as if she was asking to a cigarette. “Aren’t they cute? A hun dred and fifty fit right over the tray and look at my new chicken houses. The have sash covered openings and hen boxes. Remember that correspondence school course I took in poultry raising? It’s no good. Everything has changed.”

“I don’t like chicken houses,” I said, thinking you might use them—honest, what there’s left of it. I’ve been away, don’t you remember.”

“Don’t shout, said Carole. There’s broody hen in there. I took her off this morning and put her in the brood coop. And I don’t want you exciting her.”

“I see a lot of plays in New York,” said Carole, rather grandly. “You could love Tallulah’s play. It’s all about—”

“l got two dozen eggs this morning murmured the glamorous Miss Lombard. Then she added. “Say,” she shrieked, “are you here as press or a friend? I think I see a writing tool in your eye.”

“You wouldn’t deprive a poor old broken down fan writer of making an honest penny, would you now?” I whimpered.

“I certainly would,” said Carole. “Am if you hadn’t tried to cross that field in high heels—don’t you know how to dress on a ranch?—you wouldn’t be broken down. My house is a ranch and I don’t want anything written about our house or our private life. W aren’t giving any stories to the press.”

“It’s no way to talk to the press,” said. “I’ll make you laugh,” shrieked Carole.

“They are talking about me.” said Carole. “This morning they brought our perfect new and beautiful ice-box. We’ve been waiting for it for weeks. So what hap pens. So they drop it as they lift it out of the truck and my lovely new ice-box is now the most disfigured in Hollywood. So that I asked the painters to do me one of my room in white yesterday morning and when they came back from the studio it’s in great shape. So that I asked the men to get Clark’s trailer in it, and the whole thing has to be done over. So I’m sending my hair for weeks and weeks is a wonderful hair stylist. My hair’s getting so bad I’m nearly dying of painters’ colic—and you want me to give trouble!”

“Well, I was going anyway,” I said.
As I stumbled past the stables I found myself covered with a white spray and there was Clark spraying the fences and singing at the top of his voice.

"Liza," he said, "come right over here and see my new tractor. See, it has a new primary air cleaner in the center at the high point just ahead of the steering wheel which protects the motor from dust. The air for the carburetor gets a second cleaning by passing through the wattery type cleaner.

Isn't it a beauty? Say, what are you doing here, anyway? Carole and I—"

"Aren't giving out any stories to the press," I finished. "Well, if you and Carole think I can get a story out of a broody hen, a second cleaning tractor, and a pile of paintings you must think I'm good."

"Well, if you aren't being professional," said Clark, "why don't you stay for dinner? Ham and grits tonight."

But I was on my way to the opening of the Trocadero, though I must admit that the grits did tempt me. I can remember the time when Carole and Clark would have been right there for a swanky opening too. Carole looking too breathlessly glamorous for words, all smothered in white fox and star sapphires. And Clark, sleek and handsome, in white tie and tails. But those days, it seems, are gone forever. I think I'm kinda glad.

The Fashion School of the Screen

Continued from page 58

BLEMISHED SKINS!

Our August bulletin concentrates on skin ailments and introduces you to a preparation that has had high praise for its clearing of surface skin disorders—blackheads, eruptions, etc. The bulletin tells you how to get a gift bottle, plus the usual news on fashion, popularity, and other success angles. Yours for a three-cent stamp to the Marlyn Martin, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

remodel my face for camera or the human eye by using two shades of foundation and powder. Over my forehead, I use a lighter tone to make that part of my face more prominent. This light attracts, while over my lower face I used a darker tone to detract from my jawline. The optical illusion is to throw my whole face into better proportion." Here is the principle in moulding with foundation that you might well apply to any face.

"Girls with my type of face will find large hats very becoming. In spite of the tiny hats being very chic, above many full faces they look rather ridiculous, when there is just too much face and not enough hat. Large hats are both smart and beautiful this summer and they flatter.

Miss Field has a keen fashion sense. To prove her theory on large hats, she posed, without special make-up, in that confection of delight white rough straw with a pastoral effect of flowers climbing up the tall crown. Her frock is a soft, powder blue crepe. Regina blue, Queen Elizabeth's favorite blue. Her jewels, clip and bracelet, are real. "Either wear real jewels or frankly costume jewelry, like the smart gadgets created by Martha Sleeper. Don't wear imitation precious stones or diamonds, though all forms of reasonably good pearls are beautiful and flattering." Martha Sleeper, by the way, has very original ideas in lapel gadgets, bracelets, clips, etc., of leather, wood and metal.

My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, "This dinner's delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!"

"Teeth were made to chew! Soft modern foods don't demand enough chewing! I'm constantly recommending a real workout on a good, firm chewing gum. It's a real tonic to the whole chewing apparatus. Vitalizes gums and tissues— aids prophylaxis. Dentyne is the gum I'm thinking of—extra-firm, chewy—and it is a fine aid to healthier, brighter teeth!"

First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!
"One trial won me over to B-ettes for good!"

**Internal Sanitary Protection**

No Odor, Belts, Pads or Pins

Mrs. K.—tried B-ettes on her sister’s physician’s recommendation. Now she’s delighted with this dainty, modern method. She’s glad to be free from belts, pads and pins—no chafing, no bulk to show. Above all, she’s relieved because B-ettes eliminate the odor problem completely.

Buy a package of B-ettes now so you’ll have them handy to try when you need them! They cost no more than older ways—12 for 25¢—a purse size of 4 only 10¢ at drug and department stores. Say ‘B-ettes’ Mail coupon below today for trial package.

*Based on letter in our files.*

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Very, very smart, and you’ll see them in many department stores with her name on them.

Now here is a hair slant from Miss Field that many girls, especially wives, would do well to follow. When I saw her, a soft bob curled under that white hat. But Miss Field is both an up and down girl, depending upon her escort, who sees no reason for any girl to skin her hair up high, if she happens to know that her escort likes its softly low, just as she thinks a girl might have her up high if her escort’s taste travels upward. This one slant illustrates the gentle art of pleasing others. After all, why not please others also in your intimate act as they who must look at you a whole evening through, not you at yourself—so I hope!

Out of the picture that Miss Field has just finished, you thinks may come some—fashion trends. She spoke particularly of the tropical hat, style. Watch these yourself, if you see the picture, or if you have any idea how it might act as they who must look at you a whole evening through, not you at yourself—or so I hope!

These qualities in him Annabella acknowledged and appreciated. Perhaps if he had been a poor, young man; perhaps if necessity or some inner compulsion had given to his spirit—no sharp spurs worn by Annabella; perhaps if he had not been bred to the pattern of the dilettante—but there is nothing so idle as to play with "perhapses" where a man and a woman are concerned.

It was in October, 1937, that Annabella came, again, to Hollywood, to 20th Century-Fox; this time under long-term contracts. In the contract was the marriage of the "Baroness and the Butler," with William Powell. And this time, too, to an "initiation" of confusion and unhappiness.

"I arrived here," Annabella relates, "and in four days I was in working. The Baroness and the Butler. That was too dark. I did not have time to catch my breath. I did not make friends with the character I played. And I was feeling too many excitments, too many awes, Because I had the opportunity to play with Mr. William Powell, that awe, that is such a big star in Paris, like everywhere, that I was a little afraid of him."

Those were distressful days for Annabella. She only distanced, "dreadful of a stranger" to her part in the picture but there was also, a "sort of sadness" hanging over everything. A lowness of spirit, a decorated the cast. Powell was waiting far from well. His destiney over the death of Jean Harlow, the fact that he was facing the first of his operations, created him tall and physically, below par. So that in the studio Annabella knew strain and anxiety, and when she went home from the studio, more anxiety awaited her. For her mother, who had come to Hollywood with her, was dangerously ill. So ill that a major operation became immediately imperative.

"When my mother was taken so ill, we were living in a house in Stone Canyon, in Beverly Hills," explains Annabella. "I liked the place, but suddenly, when my mother was taken to the hospital, I couldn’t stand the house any more. Because always I could see that ambulance was there, waiting, waiting, and mother away. I was so anxious for my mother, so alone responsible for what happened to her. I must make the grave decisions alone. My husband had not come with me. My father was not here, either. So, at that time, I looked around me, up and down, and I could not see anything like a sun shining. But I believe there is always a reason for everything. Because soon the sun was to shine for me, more brilliant than it had ever shone before, and I could realize that things had turned out just as that blackness. So much more brilliant than it could have been without that blackness. I think life is like this, I have such faith in life!"

And in that blackness, the blackest hour of all was the grim morning of the operation when Annabella, alone, went to the hospital. She had to go to the operating room. She had to face this ordeal because her mother spoke no word of English and it was necessary for Annabella to talk to the surgeon. It was necessary for the surgeon; it was necessary that Annabella translate for her mother the instructions that would send her to sleep; "the doctor signed the paper, chérie, like this—so—I am here—do not be afraid—" and then, as her mother slipped

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The Romantic Life
Story of Annabella

Continued from page 67

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Screendland

84
And when sadness was not think, they would the very Tyrone, friendship with they again, "the shining blade of her spirit" is no mere literary phrase.

And then—"Suez"? And then Tyrone! And now it can be told—how, in that very first meeting, with the first clasp of their hands, the first meeting of their eyes, there was a certainty. Now they will tell you that in that first meeting, each knew they had found something for which they had been seeking. They called it friendship because they could not call it love; they called it friendship because it was friendship—"true love," Jeremy Taylor once said—"is friendship set on fire." Such was the love it was touch and go with Annabella.

So for Annabella that meeting with Tyrone, that picture, meant peace of mind again, happiness in her work, happiness in her heart such as she had never known. "I was so crazy about my part in 'Suez,'" she tells you, "I was so crazy-happy about everything—my mother was getting well again, my father had come over to help her with her convalescence—so there was not for me, now, so much responsibility.

Now, too, Annabella made up her mind, not that she would get her divorce from Jean Murat, she had already decided that, but when she would get it; she would get it when she finished "Suez," when she returned to Paris. Whatever sadness this final decision brought her, since in all goodbyes, however destined, however right for all parties concerned, there is a sadness—at least it was no longer indecision.

Annabella is, still a little delirious about those days of the making of "Suez," for she was not only making a new picture, and one she loved; she was, also, making a new life, and one she loved. "They were so excitingly happy days," she repeats. "My heart, it had wings." She began to feel, now, at home in Hollywood. Tyrone opened so many doors to her, shared so many things with her, dream opened into dream as they discovered how miraculously uncommon were the things they held in common. Annabella renewed her acquaintance with Charles Boyer, met Pat Patterson Boyer and the girl became "best friends"—it was Pat Boyer, I think, that Annabella first spoke of what was happening to her, to her and to Tyrone—"it was Pat Boyer who was to be Annabella's matron of honor—yes, those were excitingly happy days, those first days of friendship with Tyrone, those days of the making of "Suez"—"It was not hard to play," Annabella will tell you, "that scene where I lose my life to save his!"

"Suez" completed, Annabella returned to Paris, with her parents. And in Paris, she obtained her divorce. She knew, now, beyond any doubt where she belonged, where was "the home of my heart." Annabella says, happily, "My parents, now, have another house, another garden, not near Chantilly but in St. Cloud, also about an hour from Paris. I am glad that I do not go home now, to the home of my childhood, to that garden. I would not even want to take Tyrone back to that garden—because it is not there. I mean, I do not believe there is any such thing as 'going back' except in memory. Only in memory do things remain as they were when they were beautiful.

And in the new garden, Annabella left her little girl, her little Arny, child of that first marriage of which she does not talk because, just as she believes that we should leave beautiful things as they were, so she believes we should leave painful things as
I LOVE TO KISS YOU!

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warm, soft and fragrant...are every man’s ideal. But “painted lips”—never! Use Tangee Lipstick because it isn’t paint because it gives your lips “natural,” alluring loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes to your most becoming shade—ranging from delicate rose to glamorous red...and its special cream base helps keep lips smoothly tempting.

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Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let some shabby person switch you.

One Smart Boy Grows Up

Continued from page 34

but when you hear the flute solo in the picture, just know that I actually played it. Another thing, Koster never lets anyone beat me at checkers. He’s Deanna, see the day’s rushes, and this kept me a little uncertain as to how I was doing. While Koster became one of my very best friends during the picture, he’s a mercurial type and kept telling me how terrible I was until honestly, I didn’t know just how much of it he meant. But it was all a lot of fun—and after all, it turned out pretty swell.

Nothing succeeds like success. The ap-
I have a second-hand saw which I recently acquired. It is the first of its kind in the neighborhood. It is a very good tool, and I am sure it will be of great value to me in my work.

I have always been interested in the history of the saw. It seems that it was first used in the Middle Ages, and was later improved upon by various inventors. It is a very useful tool, and I am glad to have it.

I have been experimenting with the saw in my garden, and I have found that it is very effective in cutting wood. I am looking forward to using it in other areas of my work as well.

I believe that the saw is a very important tool, and I am glad to have it. It is a reflection of the ingenuity and skill of the inventors who developed it, and it is a testament to the progress of human civilization.

I hope that I can continue to use the saw in my work, and that it will continue to be a valuable tool for me.
Six ways of combating heat and humidity and looking, oh so crisp and cool!

**BEAUTY in the Making** is the name of this convenient, compact and inexpensive kit by Helena Rubinstein, that contains the basic and essential preparations for daily care and make-up that Madame Rubinstein considers vital to beautiful skin. The kit is hazardous in fabric in black, brown or red, and snaps shut to form a pocketbook. Contents are individually packed for dry, or normal or oily skin, the latter differing slightly from the dry combination, sketched. Here, we have a tube of Pasteurized Face Cream Special, Skin Toning Lotion Special, Town & Country Make-Up Film, Flower Petal Novena Face Powder and Red Coral Lipstick. Rare opportunity for a surprising value in beauty.

**Balm** & **Beauty** for a real beauty blessing on your head. Designed primarily as a night cap to keep your hair-do intact, it also makes a charming sports snood. Balm is made of Lasteex yarn, is cut to fit perfectly, washes easily and permits you to sleep in peace and awake with daintiness in order. Now, when you get a new hair-do, you can depend upon Balm to help keep it in order. For black, brown, blonde, blue and teardrop, in department store everywhere, and modestly priced. Especially recommended for vacationists and summer travelers.

**Gypsy** trends, exotic colors and designs help spell Summer of 1939. And so does Revlon's "Tringar" nail enamel. For "Tringar" is named after a famous gypsy queen and inspired by the rose which the Magyar dancer puts behind her ear. In Revlon tradition, "Tringar" comes in three graduated tones of a gypsy-red-rose, from a soft, blushing rose to a deep, velvety flash of color found in the heart of the flower. All three tones flatter. They have a basic tone to make hands look fragile and lovely and to blend beautifully with the costume color spectrum.

A cool breeze from heaven come two aids, to help us beat the rising temperatures. You can tell them by their names, Hot Weather Cleansing Cream and Hot Weather Cologne, both by Dorothy Gray. The cream is light textured, cleanses thoroughly, actually feels cool on skin and is divinely scented. You will enjoy using it. Love yourself in the Cologne and forget heat and humidity. You can afford it too, because the big bottle is so pleasantly priced. In Rose Geranium, Jasmin Bouquet or Natural. It has a welcome cooling, smoothing action on skin, gives you a lift of spirits and leaves you fragrant and sweet, to delight yourself and your public. The Cologne is a grand hostess gift.

**OFten** I am asked, what perfume does this or that star use. So, glad am I to tell you of a special blend, bearing the name of Franciska Gaal, versatile actress, sportswoman and importation from Hungary. This perfume has a sparkle, a lift. Apply a drop to your under-wrist. A minute or two later, notice how the bottle scent has changed and tempered on your skin, how lovely and flower-garden-y it makes you. A little bottle is yours for a song; sweet, seductive and lasting. You will love it.

**C. M.**
of Shirley's instinctive feeling for scenes. However, Shirley
has been completely
comprehended. She
enjoyed the film, and in the
tiny house, she
felt too tiny. She
is a very tall girl
and her figure is
quite unusual. She
is not a slender
figure, and yet
she is very
delicately proportioned.
She has a very
tall, straight
figure, and her
shoulders are
very broad.

She is a very
dignified and
majestic girl,
and she has a
fascinating
beauty. She
is very
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dressed.

She has a
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Mr. and Mrs. George Temple are proud of their famous daughter and to them goes the credit for Shirley's unaffected manner. They see to it that she leads a normal ten-year-old's existence, and at home she's not the big star, but their little girl.

into pictures, and told the studio she would have to talk over the proposition with her husband.

But even Shirley has not been absolutely irresistible. For after a series of two-reel comedies, a musician told Gertrude of a role at Fox which Shirley could do to a T. Whereupon mother and daughter went out and got a run-of-the-mill role from the casting office. They asked to see the casting director, and couldn't. He was too busy! The lesser fry were as indifferent as they generally are to hundreds of aspirants. But luckily the musician had also telephoned out about Shirley, so when she was invited to take a singing test, aspirants who mean for just one chance to sing a song will be intrigued by the fact that Shirley registered in pretty impromptu style, for no one bothered to give Mrs. Temple the words the child was to sing, and when she finished the casting director, who requested that Shirley repeat the song before his very eyes. She did, and a long-term contract was immediately offered. Gertrude said she would have to talk it over with George.

The Coogan case stirred up a lot of conversation about the vast earnings of poor little movie stars who never get their earnings after all. All the money Shirley has earned has been invested for her. The Temples live on George's and Gertrude's salaries. So don't think Shirley is being taken advantage of, financially. She isn't. The studio pays Gertrude an excellent weekly stipend for her guidance of Shirley. It amounted to $50,000 for this past year, to be specific, as we insiders can be. But unlike the other stars, Shirley has no agent. Instead, the Temples hire Lloyd Wright, a leading Los Angeles attorney, on retainer to represent and for a flat fee he handles all negotiations involving money or legal factors. We know, for instance, that Shirley's name on recommendations is worth a lot to her acting. So there are tie-ups with various companies manu-

ufacturing certain types of clothes, foods and dolls. But Gertrude is resolved not to hurt Shirley in any way by these recommendations. We know that literally fifteen thousand different projects have been proposed to Mrs. Temple, and but fifteen have received her okay. We know that Gertrude Temple has rejected all the personal appearance offers that have been made because she feels that Shirley owes it to her fans to appear free, occasionally, but should not be put on exhibit, should not be exploited. You cannot doubt her sincerity when you know that Gertrude has turned down a cool million dollars for Shirley's services on the radio and for personal appearances. The top offer to date was $25,000 for a few minutes on a Christmas radio program; this was declined because Christmas is not a money-making thing for Shirley. Mrs. Temple herself was offered $15,000 for the use of her name on a syndicated newspaper column. It was to be called Shirley Temple's Mother's Advice To Mothers. Gertrude will tell mothers whatever she can—free.

Your curiosity about whether letters to Shirley reach her can be satisfied by this insight into the disposition of all mail addressed to her. The studio opens none of it. It is sent right on over to the Temple house, where it receives careful consideration. Mrs. Temple's secretarial assistant is a married woman friend of hers, who comes in three days a week to help with the mail.

Now when Shirley is filming a picture and she does only three a year with long vacations in between, she and her mother don't swoop forth in a limousine. The Temples haven't one. They own a popular make sedan. Arrived at the studio, Shirley never goes near the make-up department. She wears no make-up. She never utilizes the hairdresser on the set, for Mrs. Temple personally curls Shirley's hair with a bobby pin the night before. They pay for make-up on Shirley once—when she had to look haggard in Technicolor, and it was tough making her appear half-starved because she is so healthy.
Shirley goes over each day's script the night before, when she's climbed into bed, and goes over it several times thorough preparing, which cures her ability. Gertrude does not tell Shirley how she is to interpret a role. She enacts the characters with whom Shirley is unfamiliar and conveys these notions and positions the crosses and conter with the other players and then shoot. While the budgets on a Temple are big, the scheduling is always wind up at least a week under the wire because of the quickness with which she grasps her roles.

But Gertrude Temple is not one to let her daughter depend upon talent alone. Shirley goes over each day's script the night before, when she's climbed into bed, and goes over it several times thorough preparing, which cures her ability. Gertrude does not tell Shirley how she is to interpret a role. She enacts the characters with whom Shirley is unfamiliar and conveys these notions and positions the crosses and conter with the other players and then shoot. While the budgets on a Temple are big, the scheduling is always wind up at least a week under the wire because of the quickness with which she grasps her roles.

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Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day," Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

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Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw or cracked— it may be Athlete's Foot! Relieves it almost at once with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX Relieves Athlete's Foot and kills fungi of this disease upon contact. Helps restore skin to normal. Liquid or Ointment. 5c at all Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.

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Get Sheridan
Continued from page 25

only bright moment in a lot of dull footage, but the boys and girls in the publicity department, always on the prowl for "gay" and "wacky" washer women with a penchant for purple and a strong affection for plastic pants, could have run a very long extract list and finally shout, "Get Sheridan." Ann has posed on sky-rockets, pumpkins, and turkeys (live, too); she has snow-shoed across the burning sands of San Tropez, Monaco, and she has posed in more bathing suits than any actress, with the possible exception of the late Jean Harlow. Well you can't blame the studio, but I wonder if we would have all the glamour curves like Sheridan's? She should hide them under a bustle.

"Get Sheridan" is still a familiar sound around Hollywood, because it has taken on terrific importance. During the past few months practically every producer in the industry has suddenly found a picture he wants Ann Sheridan to do. At the moment she is the most-in-demand actress in Hollywood. It isn't Garbo, or Dietrich, or Kay Francis, or any of those highly glamorized stars that the studios are yapping for—it's just little Clara Lou Sheridan from Denton, Texas, who was told six years ago by a Paramount executive that she would never become an actress because the studio was too lazy. In exchange for Ann Sheridan today the producers are willing to loan their best box-office names to the few Glamor Girls and Boys who think the studio couldn't get along without them would be quite surprised if they knew they had been offered everything. Big bundles of money for the loan of one Ann Sheridan.

And the Hollywood hostesses haven't been caught napping, either, "Get Sheridan," they say to their secretaries when they are planning gay parties for visiting Dukes and Duchesses. I had it explained to me by one of Hollywood's most famous, and exclusive, hostesses, Kosta Hauk. The man who she said, "need new faces at our parties." Well, I could fully appreciate that, after seeing some of the poor tired faces that had been drummed into "In Society" for a long, long time. And I must say the "men," all clustered in a corner around Ann, were certainly making the most of a new face—and figure. They had to keep looking towards that Hollywood hostesses aren't that big-hearted. A "new face" in Hollywood hasn't had the chance of a snowball in hell. Unless, of course, the "new face" is destined to be a Celebrity.

A few years ago, before she signed the Warner contract, Ann, down to her last balled coin, more or less would call up a friend and, trying hard to keep her voice casual, would suggest, "How's about you buying me a hamburger tonight? I love drive-ins, don't you?" Those were the days when she was not invited to partake of caviar with Dukes and Duchesses and Elsa Maxwell. Yes, indeed, you could "get Sheridan" for her then.

And strangely enough, you can get "Sheridan" for a hamburger today. I may be talking too soon—I'm knocking on wood like mad—but let's face it, and I have no idea of success so completely in stride as Annie. If they want to make her a star (Warner Brothers is starting her for the first time in "Naughty But Nice* and "Waxworks," the latter is starring her in "Winter Carnival") that certainly is all right by Ann, but she certainly is not getting "grand" about it, either. She and her mother still have the little house in the Valley with a colored maid, and she sees no reason why she should move into Beverly Hills and get an English butler. And I don't see how she can help being as who stood by her when she was a nobody simply because the creme de la creme of Hollywood wants to take her up socially. I rather like the way she acted when the studio informed her she was now a star. "I must get my hair done this afternoon," she said. "I can't afford to look frowzy now, can I?"

I first met Ann Sheridan six years ago at the Press Table in the Paramount commissary. She had just won a "Search for Beauty" contest along with some other girls over a matter of weeks at the age of 16. Nobody seemed to have any idea of this but no matter, they never amounted to anything (Miss Gail Patrick and Miss Ann Sheridan can now sue me) so why should I bother? You only want to take shots of me on the Paramount lot in those days (Whatever became of Mae West?)

The next time I met Ann was on the set of "Angels With Dirty Faces" where I watched her work for hours, fascinated by her resemblance both in body and voice to Jean Harlow. I discovered later that not only did she have Jean's looks and voice, but also all Jean's characteristics which so endeared her to the Hollywood Press—independence, frankness, naturalness, and so on. Those stars get more darned fun out of living than Jean Harlow and Ann Sheridan.

"Get Sheridan," with Dirty Faces" was supposed to be Ann's big opportunity on the Warners lot, but the next time I met her she was back in another quickie, but not at all sour about it. (One of the "names" from the Warners lot a couple of days before it wasn't big enough and the "front office" had yelled, "Get Sheridan.") Over a couple of glasses at "Green Room" Ann and I got to talking about Spanish and Cuban music, tangos and rhumbas and rhythm, and when she was called back to the set of the movie for the Irish Sunday to hear her rare collection of Spanish records. It turned out to be the strangest luncheon I had ever attended in Hollywood, and the most fun. Along with the cubra libras, and good too, arrived a whole Cuban orchestra from one of the smaller night clubs in downtown Los Angeles, to liven up the party. And mind you, but as guests of honor, and it was Ann and her guitar who did the entertaining. But you can't keep a Cuban down, so they got those whole bunches of them were playing and singing and dancing and having the time of their lives. It seems that my rhumba wasn't as good as I thought, but Ann's Spanish guitar and Havana, polished it off good. (I'm going to ask for him for Christmas.)

The "lunch," which got itself served along about five o'clock, consisted of hoppin' platters of chicken and corn on cob, which the maid had cooked up, and a whole lot of Mexican dishes, hot enough to blister your tongue, and when Ann had finished which Annie had whipped up. Ann eats enough food to put any other woman into a reducing hospital. Next to Mexican food she loves Swiss, and she always has thick slices of fried ham. (You can take a Texas girl to Hollywood, but you can't take the Texas out of her.) She's a chain smoker and a drinker. And she was glad men as a day.

Though one of the most amiable movie girls I have ever met you can make Ann laugh by calling her Francis, and isn't, you know, but just because she is good-natured and thoroughly un-complex. When you see people get the idea that she's lazy, it makes her good-natured even longer as the insult rankles she ceases to be good-natured. It is a very unfair accusation because Ann has worked like a saint to improve herself ever since she has been in Hollywood. She has a big burning desire...
The Old Maid Goes to Town

Continued from page 31

her corner between scenes. It's quite a long time since Miriam has appeared on the screen and she is fortunate in reappearing in such a grand film as The Old Maid. Miriam was given a big screen for her performance and Bette Davis has twice won the Academy Award for the best performance of the year. Pleased as Pusche she is, naturally, but says that it makes each new performance harder for the glories and responsibilities one has to live up to. We are all thinking that the Academy will have a hard time next year to find a better performance than Bette's in "Dark Victory." She was so funny when she told me about seeing the preview of that. When it was over one of the studio heads asked her how she liked it. Bette, with a broad grin, told him she thought it was wonderful. "I felt so ashamed afterward," said she, "for I was thinking of the character and not myself. Anyway, I think it's still a grand film." In "The Old Maid" she says the part is very good and it's interesting to play a woman of forty. Many of our Holly- wode admirers ask me if I thought that interesting? I mean those still far from the forty-year-old mark, as Bette is.

It's a one-man show to watch Ed- mund Goulding direct a film. With such fine trouper as Bette and Miriam he merely discusses quietly the scene to be done and rarely asks to get up himself to show how he wants it acted. With the small-part people he generally acts out the part himself first. One day he was explaining a scene to a young girl for six years—she who plays Bette's little girl in the film. To show her how he wanted her to enter a door and look around the room he went up to the actor's and hands and knees, so as to appear nearer her height, and crawled in through the door with an eager look on his face. He then took his position,-{toilet}-a and by the time Bette had run the scene six times—he who plays Bette's little girl in the film. To show her how she wanted her to enter a door and look around the room he went up to the actor's and hands and knees, so as to appear nearer her height, and crawled in through the door with an eager look on his face. He then took his position,-{toilet}-a and by the time Bette had run the scene six times—

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CONTAINS NO BARIUM SULPHIDE!

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THE HUBINGER CO., No. 758, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please.
That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch.
Follows Leo-born in love and marriage. (In passing, it may be interesting to note that most of the famous screen stars who were born in July and August, in the Sign of Leo, the Lion, are under contract to the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studio, whose trade-mark happens to be Leo, the Lion! Myrna Loy, Robert Taylor, Norma Shearer, and William Powell, all M-G-M stars, come to mind.)

What does this month hold for those of you whose birthdates come in the other Signs of the Zodiac? For every Sign there is a different forecast every month, even in the month in which you were born, and read below what the stars reveal for YOU this month.

**March 21 to April 20—Aries**

This month is good for new plans and ideas. Especially favors those in office work, or connected with printing, publicity, writing, or secretarial activities. The stars countenance asking for advancement or raise in salary at this time. Make friends and attend to social activities. The financial outlook is somewhat better than it has been. Romance uncertain, with changes impending. Some quarrels and misunderstandings may arise, but not lasting. Dates will be: the 4th, 7th, 12th, 15th, 19th, 21st, 24th, 28th, and 29th.

**April 21 to May 20—Taurus**

This is the house in the Zodiac ruling wealth, and all things that have to do with the earth. This month favors financial deals and extensions of current campaigns to raise money or to make changes in business. Jupiter favors the home, and any investments in real estate. Good for signing papers or legal affairs. Be cautious in romance; do not make any change unless you have given it serious thought. Some afflictions to Venus may make you restless and unsettled in love. Dates will be: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 26th, 29th.

**May 21 to June 20—Gemini**

This is the Sign of the twins, one pulling in opposite direction from the other, and this month may find your interests in romantic or marriage divided. You will have firm and immovable want in life. Good month to make radical changes in love or business. Set a goal and then get to work toward it. This is the way to make success yours. Travel is favored for pleasure. New romance may be on the threshold of your life, so be alert and friendly, lest you frighten it away! Dates will be: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 20th, 24th, 27th, and 30th.

**June 21 to July 22—Cancer**

As the Moon is your ruler, you come under some very idealistic vibrations this month. This may affect the present romance in your life, and cause you to be somewhat restless and unhappy. After the 15th, you come under steadier vibrations and may carry out any plans you may have been considering. A given in respect to financial matters may allow you to make a big purchase or to sell something. You will be interested in the part you play in your group, and may be able to make a lot of money this month.

**July 23 to August 22—Leo**

To what we have already said about Leo-born, we might add that this month presents several opportunities in business to make money. To climb a ladder takes time, but the latter is a shorter way to go. The vibrations this month favor all public work, acting, dancing, singing, and music especially. Rudy Vallée and Buddy Rogers are two musicians born in Leo. Also favors romance for this month. Good days for Lion are 1st, 4th, 6th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, and 29th.

**August 23 to September 22—Virgo**

Better conditions for love this month than formerly. You have real love and nothing to disturb, and must still watch your health. However, you have the planets working with you this time, and may venture courageously into new ventures in business and even in romance. A good month for social activities, and for proposals, engagements, and marriage. Mars may bring some danger from vehicles, so watch your step. Travel this month, or change residence, if you so wish, for the stars show satisfactory conditions about these last. Legal affairs, real estate, oil deals, gold mines, etc., are favored. There are no decidedly adverse days.

**September 23 to October 22—Libra**

Venus, the planet that rules romance, comes under excellent aspects this month, and brings you good romance, if you wish to take advantage of them. Do not be hasty in making decisions or changes, and if married, this may be a month to put off your, say, moves for one of all to settle disturbances through amicable means, but if they fail your stars reveal this month that you will still find happiness in love. Money may not be plentiful, but there is a gradual improvement, and an opportunity to seek a new business contact that should prove profitable for you in the months to come.

**October 23 to November 22—Scorpio**

This is the Sign of Scorpio, ruled by Mars, and brings you ideal disturbances and pleasing vibrations that have been issuing from this war planet for the past few months. It has brought about world unrest and war agitation for some time, and in your personal life there may be conflict in the romantic or business affairs of your life. By using diplomacy and caution you may overcome any such radical disturbances and profit from the stimulating rays of the planetary emanations. There will be an active interest in your money-making schemes. You may consider going it alone for yourself, or seek advancement in your present position, but whichever you are more interested in, you are wholeheartedly for you will have a splendid chance to win success in the coming months.

**November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius**

The month starts rather slowly, and you may have some disturbing vibrations from Saturn or Mars at this time. Be conservative in your business, and avoid too aggressive a month. It favors starting new ventures where you need not invest too heavily, or leaving an old place of business for a new. Also good for vacation interests, travel for pleasure, and new romances. If you have not yet found happiness in love or marriage, this month may hold the answer to your prayers. You may meet someone socially who may influence your life for the entire future. The latter half of the month, relax, rest, and conserve your energy for the new year. Good for good or bad days, as they are all fairly favorable.

**December 22 to January 19—Capricorn**

The influence of Saturn this month may bring about some startling and revolutionary
SCREENDAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 59 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Leading Lady Handbags by Elanbee, Inc., 17 East 22nd Street, New York City.
- Star Store, Bangor, Maine.
- Russell & O'Brien, Binghamton, N. Y.
- Arbuckle, King, Boise, Idaho.
- Dennison's, Boston, Mass.
- Bullock's, Columbus, Ohio.
- Morton's Shoe Store, Hartford, Conn.
- Darmstaetter's, Lancaster, Pa.
- Brownbilt Shoe Store, Muscatine, Iowa.
- Morton's Shoe Store, New Haven, Conn.
- Morton's Shoe Store, Providence, R. I.
- Arbuckle, King, Salem, Ore.
- Arbuckle, King, Yakima, Wash.

Glove and bag set by Fawness Bros. & Co., 1401 2nd Avenue, New York City.
- Deluxe O. S. Slady Co., Baltimore, Md.
- Frederick Loesser, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
- Madigan Bros., Chicago, Ill.
- Walker's, Long Branch, N. J.
- Fifth Street Store, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Blackbat-Tifth Avenue, New York City.
- Cammeyer's, New York City.
- Franklin Simon's, New York City.
- Stern Bros., New York City.
- Capwell, Sullivan & Furth, Oakland, Cal.
- S. W. Anderson & Co., Oswego, Ky.
- Rosenberg & Son, Santa Rosa, Cal.
- The French Shop, Winston Salem, N. C.
- H. E. Draper, Yakima, Wash.

Sally Tags by Robert L. Schwart & Bros., Inc., 11 East 26th Street, New York City.
- Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
- Frederick Loesser, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
- The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
- A. Harris, Dallas, Texas.
- D. G. Denver, Denver, Colo.
- Yonker Bros., Des Moines, Iowa.
- J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
- The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
- D. G. Powers, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Gimbel Bros., New York City.
- J. L. Brandeis & Co., Omaha, Neb.
- Famous Barr, St. Louis, Mo.
- Woodward & Lotroth, Washington, D. C.

Kleinert's Cosmetics by I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- The Vogue, Chattanooga, Tenn.
- A. Harris Co., Dallas, Texas.
- Tuttle & Clark, Detroit, Mich.
- Lord & Taylor, New York City.
- Frost Bros., San Antonio, Texas.
of this one struck me speechless. A plank road, held together by strips of iron, winds for a mile and a half across the sand from the main highway to the camp. This was built at a cost of $50,000 and took six weeks to construct. It had to be laid before the materials could be brought in to the camp itself. Ninety-six tents were erected to house the cast and crew of 700 men. All of them have wood floors and half way up the walls are wooden, too. The principals, production heads and executives sleep two to a tent, each of these tents equipped with its own bathroom, hot and cold running water. The rest of the men sleep four, six, or eight to a tent, according to their importance. There is a huge recreation tent where movies are shown nightly, a giant mess tent—large enough to accommodate the whole company at one sitting—and a bath tent equipped with showers, lavatories, etc. A sparkling cart runs all night wetting down the sand streets of the camp to keep them packed solid.

As we turned off the main highway, a man with a team was dragging the road to keep it free of sand, which the wind was whipping up into a cloud of fury, so thick it was hard to see fifty feet ahead. We made for the tent of William Wellman, the director. "Wild Bill" his friends call him. His language, away from the refining influence of women, is more picturesque than polite. His wit borders on the Rabelaisian and for sharpness his tongue would make a razor seem dull in comparison. He glanced up as I entered, and turned to his assistant. "That camel—troubles enough already," he muttered audibly. "This (meaning yours truly) has to happen."

But I was determined to let nothing—not even the warmth of my host's greeting—mar my visit. "How's it, Billy, old boy, old boy?" I beamed.

"It's awful," he retorted, "and good humor at a time like this is even worse."

"Why, what's the matter?" I queried in well-simulated surprise. "The sun is shining."

"Yeah," he snapped me off, "when you can see it. Listen to that wind! Look at that sand blowing! We can't work. But the Yuma Valley, they say, this place is going to be in."

He continued sourly. "When we were looking for a location the natives told us the wind never blows around here. Gary Cooper's sick, Ray Milland's sick, and I'm here and I'm sick." He held his head in mock distress.

"Listen, you big walrus," I barked, "you're no panacea for my ailments, either."

He came down here because I wanted him to turn an honest dollar and thought I might give you a little free publicity doing it. The hell with you."\n
Bill grumbled and returned to his corps of assistants sitting around. "Boys," he invited, "meet the press. Mr. Mook is a shining example—even-tempered, shy, retiring. There are no winks—notably when he's asleep—that you have to blast to get a word out of him."

I grinned sheepishly. He can get my goat quicker than anyone I know. I've known him for years and yet I have never learned to refuse the bait he throws at me; gary wandered into the tent. "Hi, Dick," he exclaimed. "Well, I have a miniature of you picked for a visit."

"Hi, son," I offered, "how're you doin'?"

He shook his head. "Not so good. Sore throat. I think I'll lie down now for a while and try to catch a few winks."

Well, that's nothing new for Gary. He's been catching a few winks as long as I've known him and that's nine years. He can sleep anywhere and at any time, and when he's lying down—and does. Go ahead," I encouraged him. "You gotta conserve your strength." Mr. Wellman eyed me morosely. "You forget that Milland is across the street—bridge when he should be in bed, so he can work tomorrow. Maybe you can take his place and persuade him to lie down and 'sleep off his strength,'" he suggested. I moaned over to Harold Huber's tent and there were Harold, Ray, Romb Ronder and George Chandler up to their hips in Illinois mud. "Get down and take the tent. You should take your place and you should go to bed so you can work tomorrow."

"Tell Bill to go to hell," he exploded. "And if there's a sub-hell that's where you can go." Mr. Milland explodes easily—but so do I. "Why, you—I screeched, "I knew you when—not another writer in Hollywood would even acknowledge an introduction to you."

"Yeah," he shouted back, "and I knew you when—no, no, it's so long ago I can hardly remember." Brian Donlevy, who plays Sergi Marko, (the old Noah Beery role) rushed into the tent. "Tell me, Bill, you're off to your tent this afternoon?"

Gary opened his eyes—briefly. "Has it Will it?" he grunted and rolled over to go back to sleep. All at once he sat up: "Say, Dick, you going to town to stay tonight?"

I nodded. Even inside the tent the sand was sitting inside my collar and shoes. "Think I'll go with you. I can see a doctor in town and get something for the cold."

He hoisted himself out of bed. "Let see if Bill wants anything," he suggested. Gary, Bill, and I seized a pencil and wrote rapidly. "Send this wire to my wife. The wire consists largely of a request for various medicines (sand) in the IV bottle. I've some of his cook's date sticks and ended up with: "We have hot and cold running water in our tents but the water has struck oil and, as the two don't mix, we have given up bathing!"

I was appalled at the length of the telegram. And, knowing his wife was expecting a baby very shortly, I shuddered at the amount of shopping and cooking we would have to do to get off all the junk he was ordering. "I can get most of those things in Yuma," I protested, "and Gary can bring 'em out in the morning."

Bill shook his head stubbornly. "She likes to get long wires from me and, besides, if you fellows bought these things there would be no romance to it. This way, I know my wife is sending me a package. I'll have something to look forward to."

In Yuma, Mr. Cooper engaged a room, summoned a doctor and retired. I retired too—to the bar.

Next morning I called him on the phone: "Are you receiving this morning?"

"Come on up," said Gary. His room looked like a miniature apothecary. "The doc sent this stuff up," he
The vastnessesId 250,000, but that’s almost three times what it was. Look at the investment in this camp alone. It took another six weeks to build after the plank road was completed. We had to ship equipment out here two weeks before the company started shooting. When you stop and think that you and I, alone, will be held responsible for the returns on this investment—it's enough to make you’ll.

On top of all that, I'm here and Dottie (my wife) is 250 miles away, expecting a baby almost any minute. This is a hell of a business.” He paused, swelled, “I guess they’re about ready for the next shot.

Come on, this is one of the best scenes.

It is the scene, near the end of the picture, where the Arabs are attacking the Fort, Donley, an excellent soldier despite his despotism, doesn’t want the Arabs to know he is short of men. So, as a man rides out to gather the men, a shot puts up into the parapet, with his rifle sticking through the remaining soldiers rush from one opening to another, firing at the enemy. At the end, all are dead, including Donley, and Gary (who has been mortally wounded) and Robert Preston (Gary’s youngest brother), Donley, thinking Gary is dead, twice mentally promises to the spirit that he thinks Gary has. Preston rushes at him in a frenzy. “Keep your filthy hands off my brother or I'll kill you!” he shouts.

Brian's eye blinks. Has that been the only shot in Donley’s leg and throws him off balance. Preston runs a bayonet through Brian and kills him.

Brian Donley is wearing a wooden jacket to protect him from the bayonet. They release the scene once and then shoot it. But, in the shooting, Donley loses his balance and instead of falling where he is supposed to fall, he falls a little to the right of the scene. ‘Preston’s bayonet actually pierces his body and goes within two inches of his heart. There is a horrified gasp from the assemblage as Donley sinks to the ground, to the one shot from the wound. But the cameras keep grinding.

Such an air of tenseness pervades the set no one can speak. When Howard Batt nudges me and whispers, “We’ve got to go,” I merely nod. But, before leaving, I exact a promise from Bill to have someone phone and let me know how Donley is. He is in great pain, but, though painful, is, fortunately, not serious, and four days later the plucky Mr. Donley is back at work.

That’s how movies are made—on location.

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

deep Pat Bera
Hennie Ash-Ebony
Sissy Sherwood
Tyrone Sillar
Baby Vera Marshall
Cossers Ocean
One Head
Can Idle Pecked
Please Me
Nolan Sea Stone
Slew Try Tuss

S. O. S.
You'll forgive Virginia Gilmore's pensive mood when she tells us that she's still up in the clouds, deliciously happy because she's the new film "find," transplanted overnight from radio shows to movie-making. Watch her in "Winter Carnival."

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

milk. Add Crisco and mix lightly. Put in muffin tins well oiled and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes.

"Another salad I like very much and often serve is this one: A slice of pineapple and a slice of tomato, set in shredded lettuce, and dotted with hearts of artichoke. My special summer drink is lemonade, but what a lemonade! I use seltzer water, which gives it a sparkle, put mint leaves on top and serve half a fresh peach in each glass.

"I like plain food, and never care for sauces and dressings, but while I was abroad I got some delectable recipes for sauces and dressings—you know how they specialize in these in France. I usually have two or three kinds of sauces on the table so my guests can choose which they please. One that my guests like is called Italian Sauce.

ITALIAN SAUCE

Cover one-third of a cupful of dried mushrooms with one cup of boiling water and let stand one hour; drain, save the water and chop fine. Heat four tablespoonspoons olive oil in a saucepan, add one finely minced onion and one tablespoon chopped parsley; cook until the onion is clear, add the mushrooms, one cup and a half of canned tomato purée, (Gerber Products Co.), one cup beef stock, seasoning of salt and pepper and the mushroom water. Simmer for thirty minutes and serve.

"Speaking of unusual dishes, Cauliflower Soup served cold is delicious. It gives you the same cool feeling that raw cauliflower does—you've served raw cauliflower in tiny pieces on toast picks dipped in mayonnaise!"

COLD CAULIFLOWER SOUP

Chicken stock
¼ cup cauliflower
2 cups milk
½ cup cream
1 onion
2 stalks celery
Dash white pepper and salt to taste
Cook cauliflower in stock until very soft.

Mash and put through sieve. Simmer in milk, strain and mix with other ingredients. Again let simmer, then chill. Serve with hot muffins.

"Cauliflower Bouquet makes a nice salad, too. This can be very pretty."

CAULIFLOWER BOUQUET

Select 1 large perfect cauliflower and boil until tender but not soft enough to break; drain it and set it to cool. Arrange in the salad bowl a lining of well washed red and green beet leaves; place the cauliflower in the center; cover with remoulade dressing made of 1 raw beaten egg, tablespoon vinegar (Heinz) 3 tablespoons olive oil and 1 teaspoon chutney syrup. Garnish with a wedge of cheese that has been marinated in lemon juice and sugar for half an hour, and put in the center of each a little bit of chopped red pepper.

"Fresh fruits are my usual dessert in summer time. I don't think you can use enough of them. I like my fruit plain, but if you have guests you can dress up your fruit in different ways, Strawberry Coupe—or any other berry—is an example."

STRAWBERRY COUPE

Crush with a silver fork a quart of washed and hulled berries. Leave in a sieve to drip for an hour. To the pulp remaining (which should measure ¼ cup), add 1 cup powdered sugar, drain again. When quite dry, fold into ¾ cups heavy cream, beaten stiff. Serve in glasses.

"Oh yes, there's a special dish served here that we call Eggs a la Golden Rod, but guests call it Eggs Russell. You powder the yolks and put them on top of the whites, which you have creamed with white sauce. Serve it on toast, with a sprinkle of paprika. I don't know why my guests are so fond of it. But often they call me and say: 'T'll come over, if you'll have Eggs Russell!'

Rosalind has always been interested in houses. "At home we had an immense house—hold—you can imagine, with seven children and my father and mother! Almost always we had guests, too, in fact I can scarcely remember sitting down to dinner unless there was at least one guest. My mother had to run her home as if it were a small hotel. She's one of those women who have never eaten anything in her own home that she didn't select herself. She can pick out melons, grapefruit, steaks, avocados, anything, and she's never wrong.

"I didn't consciously learn anything about decorating houses or the difference in furnishing and so on. I must have picked up painfully, simply because I was interested. When I went on my own, I always had a small place to myself, even if it was only an apartment, and I always did the room over myself. Once when I was in New York and not very well off, I had a tiny place with a garden. A garden is very run in New York. I concentrated on that—had Dutch doors opening out into it, and did the place as a Dutch house, plenty of color, tulip shades and lots of yellow. Used crisp white curtains, expensive materials but the best of its kind. I never had cheap damask or cheap chintzes. I believe in having the best in life, if you can afford it, not cheap imitations. I've never cared much for modern furniture. I'll admit there is some beautiful modern furniture being designed, and if you can afford to wear it, I suppose you have some. It's beautiful, but I like to live with good old pieces, lovely old things. A house is an investment, if it's properly made, like to decorate a house nicely; then if I want to go abroad I can rent it and have a sun income."

When Rosalind was abroad last year, she bought some things for her house, as she doesn't. "I collect glass and got some gorgeous pieces in Venice. I found some china in Czechoslovakia as well. I happen to have liked the glass and china so I've read enough about the to know hall-marks and be able to judge whether I'm buying wisely. I bought porcelain, too. I'm a tool for Michael Angelo, so I loaded myself with pictures of him. Things. Then there were other picture from the Sistine Chapel. I know a peals to me in pictures; I don't claim might not pass by the most valuable oil painting in the world if I didn't happen to like that sort of thing."

Every home Rosalind's house you for flowers. "I think we need gay flowers the days," she observed. "I used to think liked white flowers best and when I couldn't have them, I would use such colors that colors do more for you. I plan't every kind of gay bloom I know. I glanced at the long garden, where California summer flowers bloomed in coloriful array. "I use every flower I can get hold of, if it gay enough to pick up an otherwise dr room, but I'm actually old-fashioned enough to think roses are the best."

"Don't know where I got that streak old-timeyness! My mother is terribly mo ern about life. She believes in large fast and spacious, but she also believes ch is entitled to his own life. She thinks I laws or parents often break up what may have been happy marriages. She would be a good wife in any room with her. Ander all, she says, she has had her own in why mix into her children's lives? S won't even stay overnight with her to married children, she will go to dinner with them, if invited, but at ten-thirty she goes; no weather short of a cyclone a cloudburst would keep her later, and far newspaper is not so bad that it any more."

"She uses good psychology, I grant yo If she isn't always barging into our home well all want her the more. All of us beg our her to come to our homes. S makes it an occasion and we appreciate Do you know, she has only been to a house once since I've seen it. I believe the hope I can be as wise as she is, if I mar and become a parent. We all bless her.
SMOOTH FRAGRANT SKIN WINS HEARTS

MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET—IT'S THE MOST APPEALING CHARM OF ALL

DOROTHY LAMOUR

Lux Soap's active lather leaves skin really SWEET, DELICATELY FRAGRANT

YOU'LL LOVE THIS LUXURIOUS BEAUTY BATH. TRY IT!

A Lux Toilet Soap Beauty Bath is the best way I know to protect this charm

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

THIS lovely star tells you a beauty secret! When you make fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're sure of daintiness. The ACTIVE lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that clings.
"Crops in the last few years have been outstanding," says Connor Aycock, famous in the South as a judge of tobacco. "And Luckies buy the finest, so I've smoked them since 1927." Most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

Have you tried a lucky lately?

Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Have you tried a Lucky lately?
HONEST CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL
Who’s Who on Elsa Maxwell’s Hollywood Party List
We Can Tell — True Story of Robert Taylor’s Romance

HOLLYWOOD CHANGES OVER-NIGHT!
SAYS VICKI BAUM

September

The Smart Screen Magazine
SCREENLAND

In England

Now 0¢

IRLEY TEMPLE
MEETS A RAFT OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by WARNER BROS.

with

JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Presented by WARNER BROS.
Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odum • A First National Picture
"Flower-fresh" she emerges from the tub and she'll stay that way with Mum

Smart girls know that a bath alone can't prevent underarm odor

Your bath is over—how gloriously fresh and sweet you feel! How easy to think tonight will be your night—tonight you'll win romance! But will you? Not if you foolishly trust that bath alone for lasting charm.

For no matter how fresh you feel when you start on your date, no bath can keep you sweet. A bath removes only past perspiration, it can't prevent odor to come. Mum can! That's why underarms need necessary, daily care—with Mum—after every bath, before every date. More women use Mum than any other deodorant...it's so pleasant, so easy to use—so utterly dependable! You know underarm odor is impossible, when you use Mum every day!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch of Mum smoothed under this arm, under that, takes only 30 seconds. How convenient!

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can use Mum after you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, you will find Mum soothing to your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today. Remember, if you neglect your Mum just once you may be the loser. Play safe with your charm! After your bath, and before your date, make a habit of Mum!

MUM HELPS YOU THIS WAY, TOO! Thousands of women prefer Mum for sanitary napkins because it's gentle, safe. Avoid embarrassment—always use Mum this way!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Screenland
ARE MOVIE STARS GOOD SPORTS?

READ ALICE MARBLE'S ANSWER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

Can screen celebrities really "play the game"?

Are they good losers?

What does Claudette Colbert say when she drops a close match?

How does Groucho Marx behave when facing defeat?

How about Carole Lombard, Charlie Chaplin?

DON'T MISS THIS ENTIRELY FRESH SLANT ON HOLLYWOOD STARS BY THE AMERICAN NATIONAL WOMEN'S TENNIS CHAMPIONS

IN OCTOBER SCREENLAND—ON SALE SEPTEMBER 1st.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

September, 1939

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The Smart Screen Magazine

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Lady Esther says—

"The wrong shade of powder can turn the RIGHT MAN away!"

Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—the right shade that is Lucky For You!

You know how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you look years older. Others flatter you. Until you do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—that makes you most alluring—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may inno-

Lady Esther Powder

Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade that flatters you! Cently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is all wrong for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my ten thrilling new shades of face powder, one that is right for you—one that will bring you luck.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to try all my shades which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—your mirror will tell you. Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings your full hours! If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find your luckiest shade. Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.

There's a "4 leaf clover" in life for every girl who finds her lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(46) (You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of Face Powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name
Address
City State

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

SCREENLAND
IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!

Don magic red slippers
(presented by the beloved Good Witch),
whirl from the Everyday with Dorothy and Toto, the wonder dog
—first exciting stop...
Munchkinland!

Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow
— in his hunt for a brain—dodge
self-picking apple trees that pelt you with their fruit—

Meet the Tin Man—oil
his rusty joints—hear
him creak out—his sad
tale—he's minus a heart
—and doesn't know
where to find one—

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (as Dorothy),
FRANK MORGAN (as the Wizard), RAY BOLGER (as the Scarecrow),
BERT LAHR (as the Cowardly Lion), JACK HALEY (as the Tin Woodman),
BILLIE BURKE (as the Good Witch), MARGARET HAMILTON (as the Bad Witch),
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (as Uncle Henry) and the Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming
"Over the Rainbow"
"If I Only Had a Brain"
"We're Off to See the Wizard"
"The Merry Old Land of Oz"
"Ding Dong"
"If I Were King of the Forest"

Coax along the Cowardly Lion — so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end —

Don’t let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off — keep going — marvel at the Emerald City — hail the Wizard of Oz himself.

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man — given wings to monkeys — trained trees to dance — made a tin man walk — a scarecrow live — created a jitterbug — photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts — built 65 separate sets — gathered together hundreds of midgets — built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects — built a haunted forest — made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before — used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up — created 212,150 separate sound effects — introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors — rehearsed for months — solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered — took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!
The Pied Piper of Show Business leading a thousand kids up from the city streets to Stardom! . . . .

KIDS . . . skinny kids . . . plump kids . . . boys and girls from the sidewalks of old New York . . . singing their way, dancing their way, clowning their way to stardom under the magical direction of a tin pan alley song-writer, a small-time hoofer . . . That is the story Paramount tells, throbbingly, gloriously, in this singing cavalcade of show business . . . "The Star Maker," based on famed showman Gus Edwards' amazing life history. You'll thrill to the lilting, heart-stirring music! You'll thrill to the new star discovery, Linda Ware, as she sings to the accompaniment of a great Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Damrosch. You'll thrill to Bing Crosby, as "The Star Maker," the strongest, most human part Bing has ever played . . . but, most of all, you'll thrill to the kids themselves, dozens and dozens of 'em—as they sing and dance their way into your heart!

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by CHARLES R. ROGERS • Screen Play by Frank Butler, Don
In the land of loveliness this new, luster-giving tooth paste gets its warmest welcome

Energizing agent in New Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth dazzling brilliance

Look where smiles are loveliest, and what’s the dentifrice that you hear everybody raving about?

It’s the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with amazing Luster-Foam detergent. The dainty, foaming, aromatic “bubble bath” that Luster-Foam creates gives super-cleansing and dazzling luster in a new, different, delightful way.

You simply must try it; must see for yourself how Luster-Foam acts. How it goes to work on the danger zones where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts.

How Luster-Foam Acts

At the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into a safe, foaming “bubble bath” (20,000 cleansing bubbles to the square inch). Your only sensation is that of mouth invigoration; yet that “bubble bath” has unbelievable penetrating power and hence super-cleansing effect.

It surges over the teeth, around them, even goes to work on those remote and hard-to-reach areas where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

These danger zones lie between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks, fissures, and enamel defects, which harbor decay-fostering foods, acids, and bacteria.

Meanwhile, it attacks dull, greasy films which dim the enamel . . . Its continued use brings new brilliance, flash and luster.

No wonder the New Listerine Tooth Paste is so popular with glamour girls of business and society, stage, screen, and studio. Get a tube of the New Formula Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter now. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube, containing more than ¼ lb., 40¢.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW FORMULA

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam

Miss Hillary Brooke, cinema actress and artists’ model, says: "My work demands the sparkle of lustrous teeth. Luster-Foam keeps them always looking their best.”

“I’ve never known anything like Luster-Foam for making teeth bright, clean and sparkling,” says Miss Elise Knox, charming Greenwich, Connecticut, society girl.
WOMEN all around you—some of them your best friends—are using Tampax regularly. Clubwomen, socialites, business women, housewives, actresses are enjoying the new freedom that goes with the use of Tampax. Over 150,000,000 have been sold in 63 countries. Don't let another month pass without discovering this modern, civilized sanitary protection for women!

Wear sheer formals any day of the month; no belts or pads to "make a line," because Tampax is worn internally. Perfected by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax acts gently as an absorbent. It is very neat and efficient. The wearer is not conscious of its presence! Best of all, odor cannot form. And there is no disposal problem after use.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notions counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

Tampax comes in patented individual container. Your hands never even touch the Tampax.
Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

( ) REGULAR TAMPAX ( ) JUNIOR TAMPAX

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City___________________________ State________

Tampax takes care of a problem that's often
increasing in modern, well-kept homes.

A young wife in the movie colony (Anne Shirley Payne) has the same hostess problems as Mrs. Brown of Everytown. Read how she plans and prepares food and fun

By Betty Boone

The John Paynies are home-minded.
"But definitely!" declared young Mrs. Payne, better known to you as Anne Shirley, RKO's piquant star. "We like the place we are in now, but we want a home of our own. Whenever we have twenty minutes to spare, we pore over blue prints or look at illustrations in home magazines. And if we have half a day when we are both not busy, we hop in the car and go out home-shopping.
"The trouble is, we're never completely satisfied. If a house is a picture outside, it doesn't suit us inside, and it looks like heck outside, it's usually a dream within! This place is simply darling, but the owner wouldn't part with it, so we must find another cottage eventually. We planned to build, but estimates of architects are so high we've about given that up for the present. If we should build, there are things here I'd like to copy.
"In the first place, we like the idea of a Colonial cottage, like this, with plenty of space in the garden for badminton. We simply must have a badminton court, even if we do without the house! Take the kitchen here: I'd like to copy it exactly. It's done in cream and red, with dotted curtains at the windows and a little checked cloth for the breakfast nook, which has red seats. Then there's a wide space under a window where we can have plants growing. All over this house there are little places for pots of ivy or little jars of flowers. We love that. The living-room has hooked rug and plenty of bright chintz on such furniture as isn't maple. I could be happy anywhere if you just gave me pretty chintz. Yes, and an open fire! I like the rafters in the living-room and we have a most unusual dining-room, too—the murals on the wall are photographs of New England scenes and the buffet is sort of half china clos with the most priceless antique plates, while we wouldn't dare use!
"Johnny and I are the most informal people you ever saw. We never do formal entertaining. We like to keep open house ever so often (Continued on page 77).
Dirty Faces...Hungry Hearts
BUT WITH A SONG IN THEIR SOULS!

Help The Lawson School of Music Give Till it Hurts.

Kids who'll dig right down into your heart—so human, so natural, so downright lovable! And a glowing romance that will send you from the theatre with a lump in your throat!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
Jascha HEIFETZ
in
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC!

with
Joel McCREA • Andrea LEEDS
Gene REYNOLDS Walter BRENNAN

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

SCREENLAND 13
A pleasing filmusical which gives you an idea of what goes on behind Hollywood scenes, with the industry kidding itself. Its story parallels the real life Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power romance of a few years ago. In the film, Ty promotes the romance for publicity's sake between two stars, played by Sonja and Rudy Vallee. Irving Berlin's catchy tunes sung by Rudy, Mary Healy, and Ty sings one too. Sonja's exquisite skating routines include a rhumba.

**Mickey** (Tommy Ryan) is the son of Jim Larch (Bruce Cabot), bank-robber and killer. Larch snatches a school be filled with children in which to escape with his son and when it stalls in a snow bank Mickey refuses to leave with dad, stays with kids until help comes, and becomes a hero. Tommy is good and makes Mickey a teaching role. Cabot makes his role of bad bandit-loving father ring true even though, at times the story itself seems unbelievable.

This is a grim tale of the plight of passengers of a South American bound plane, forced down in a headhunter's jungle where fear brings out hate and greed, cowardice and courage among the passengers. After days, pilots Kent Taylor and Chester Morris repair the plane, but it will only take back five. There's piercing suspense when who's to stay and die is being decided, and the fear and tragedy portrayed by an all-around good cast will grip you.

(Continued on page 88)
We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't — and the boss' son doesn't. And this little difference of opinion develops into one of the biggest comedy hits in years! ... How Ginger wins her man by losing the argument rouses as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing gas. Try either one if you want some fun!
“Africa holds a hundred nameless dangers! Fever... heat... cannibals... jungle...!”

“Darling, I beg you... make Stanley turn back... before it’s too late!”

“Death shall not seal the secrets Livingstone knows! We go on until we find him!”

“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?” The famous words of Stanley... an unforgettable thrill!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's Production of

STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE

with the finest acting cast ever assembled!

starring

SPENCER NANCY RICHARD
TRACY • KELLY • GREENE

Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric
Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!
An Open Letter to Garbo

Welcome back—in the nick of time.

If you had stayed away from the screen for a split-second longer, people would be asking each other: “Garbo—let's see now—the name seems familiar, but I can't put the face—” and hurry along for another look at Bette Davis as Queen Elizabeth, or a gander at newcomers Geraldine Fitzgerald or Brenda Joyce. You've been away for long intervals before this, I know; but now you have returned to Hollywood remarkably changed; a Hollywood having growing pains in the box-office—a motion picture business in the painful process of becoming an Art—and without you, too.

But you know all that. You are nobody's fool, Madame. I remember you once said to me, “Oh, yes—we read all your screen magazines very carefully in Hollywood.” Nothing escapes the long-lashed cynical eyes, I'll bet. So you know all about that current wonder-woman, La Davis, who shaves her head in the cause of characterization; about the triple-star film, “The Women”; about the new films of some social significance we're so proud of. You are, I'm sure, prepared.

So—you're doing a bright, light, brittle comedy, “Ninotchka” (working title), under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch, whose last effort, if I'm not mistaken, was that Dietrich film (her last, too) called “Desire.” By your own wish, I understand, you're doing this light, bright, brittle business, believing a comeback in a gay film is the solution to your particular problem. I hope you're right. How I hope so. Because I'm one of those faithful Original Garbo Fans. I've loved it when other fans, instead of asking what Hedy Lamarr is really like, have said instead, “I wish Garbo would come back. There's nobody like her.” I feel the same way. For the true Garbo is an artiste in the grand and dateless tradition—the sole cinema personality save Chaplin with the magnificent touch—surely, the one legendary lady the films have produced or will produce. Garbo belongs on a pedestal. If she starts taking falls, or playing screwballs; if she so much as makes a gaudy gesture, she will break our hearts. We want to keep on believing that not only those eyelashes, but the art, are real.

Delight Evans
Wayne Morris and Maxie Rosenbloom, looking like a scene from their latest picture, "The Kid from Kokomo," enacted the real-life roles of fighter and his second at Gilmore Stadium, where Maxie slapped out a knockout victory.

Latest thrill for somewhat jaded cinema celebrities is the newly opened Pine Needle Ski Club which features skiing in California sunshine on a slippery slope of pine needles. Opening brought out Henry Fonda and the Gary Coopers, above.

William Powell, looking better than he has in a long time, was among the ringsiders at the Rosenbloom fight, with his agent, Myron Selznick. Richard Arlen was there with Virginia Grey, below.

The indefatigable Jane Wyman and Rosemary Lane, at left, compute their bowling scores at the Sunset Bowling Center in Hollywood, where a hectic match was in progress between the two girls.
Step right up, folks! See the stars at play! They don't know there's a cameraman for miles around—not much, they don't!

Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman

Sea, Mrs. Fonda was there, too! She's the pretty blonde at left, in picture above, watching hubby Hank point out the progress of a descending skier. "Rocky" Cooper and her Gary seem interested, too, though not as exuberant about it.

Most consistent daters in Hollywood are Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, her honest-to-goodness, not-for-publicity boy friend. They're at the Cocoanut Grove. So are the Jack Oakies, below.

No picture spread would be complete without close-up of those still-blissful newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor, right. Barbara goes in boyish garb when she goes to the fights. Nice, to
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No picture spread would be complete without close-up of those still-blissful newlyweds, Mr. an Mrs. Robert Taylor, right. Borbolo goes in boyish garb when she goes to the fights. Nice, to
Bette Davis was sponsor, with Mary Pickford and Basil Rathbone, of a recital given by famed Cissie Loftus at the Beverly Hills Hotel. At left, Bette, sporting a new hair-do, greets the statuesque Kay Francis, who is striving for a screen come-back. That's noted author Louis Bromfield over Kay's shoulder. He wrote "The Rains Came," now a 20th Century-Fox movie with Myrna Loy, George Brent and Tyrone Power.

Interesting group at right includes Metro's famous dress designer, Gilbert Adrian, Kay Francis, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, handsome Basil himself, and Janet Gaynor, at the Loftus recital. Center below, close-up of Janet and Adrian.
Not too glamorous, this close-up, at right, of Bette Davis and George Brent. But they don't care. Bette's old-fashioned short bob is occasioned by eccentric coiffure she must effect to play Queen Elizabeth. And this is the way George really looks in private life. Specs on both are for practical reasons, not disguise. The event: the Cissie Loftus recital. Miss Loftus has supporting rôle with Bette in "The Old Maid."

Now here's a picture for your book! Left, the seldom-photographed Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross. What, you don't know them? For shame! She's Jean Arthur, hiding under that hat; he's an associate producer. Center below, platinum-plated threesome attending Loftus recital. Samuel Goldwyn, producer of "Wuthering Heights," and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy.

Far from blasé is Myrna Loy, above, as her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., points out the flying monkeys and balloons at Paramount party in Cocomo Grove. Left, Una Merkel and Madge Evans with Paul Draper, distinguished dancer.
If you were giving a dinner party in Hollywood which
you wanted to be as brilliant as it was amusing—and
exclusive—what name would you write on the place
card of the "only great glamorous figure" in filmdom?
If you were asking Hollywood's Grand Duchess—
socially speaking—whom would you telephone?
What star would you ask for her "pure feminine
appeal"?
What decorative figure would you ask to help save
flower bills?
Whom would you ask because he is the "greatest
heart palpitator" in Hollywood, even has a waiting wall
around his home?
What famous producer's wife would you invite—and
without her husband—because of her "chic and unex-
pectedness"?
What male star would run the party or be the party
if he felt like it? And what name would you list belong-
ing to that rarest of birds, a gay guest?
Why would you ask Mickey Rooney and not invite the
charming eligibles, David Niven and the Earl of Warwick?
What three famous directors would you ask—one,
because he is a "twinkler," two, because of his "bound-
ing enthusiasm," three, because he is like a Wall Street
business man?
What noted wit would you invite, and what noted wit
would you NOT invite?
Where would you find among the movie capital's in-
tellectuals the "most fascinating, simple, attractive
married couple of guests"? (Please turn to page 94)
Maxwell's Party Lists

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper
Mr. and Mrs. Reinhart Fairbanks
Grace Bennett

Ann and Jack Warner; Norma Shearer, Dietrich; Gregory Ratoff; Connie Bennett; Elsa, Doug and Sylvia Fairbanks; Ty Power with Annabella, Mrs. Charles Bayer, Norma.
Now We Can Tell!

By Jerry Ashe

True Story of Robert Taylor's Romance
THERE is a personal satisfaction in writing this story, because Bob Taylor took me into his confidence when he asked Barbara Stanwyck to marry him, on December 15th, 1937. It was the day Bob returned from making his picture in England. I have never seen anyone so happy to be home again. I never hope to see another young lover, as thrilled as Bob was to be close to the woman of his heart. Bubbling over with enthusiasm, Bob was all for shouting their engagement to the world, right then and there. Perhaps, with greater foresight, Barbara held the restraining hand. “Let’s wait, Bob, until we can set the day,” she suggested. “It may take a year or two before we can adjust our affairs, settle our responsibilities and all that. If we announce our engagement and wait that long, we will never have a moment’s peace. We can’t explain to the world our personal reasons for waiting.”

In spite of doing what they felt to be right, no two people have ever been more on a spot than Barbara and Bob. Perhaps it was meant to be, as a test of their devotion. If ever a romance has weathered the storm of gossip, rumor, and deliberate destruction, theirs certainly has. Even with complete faith, tolerance, and the knowledge that right was their might, they came perilously close to an unhappy ending.

One evening, while Bob was still in England, I had a phone call from Barbara. She doesn’t like to drive herself, so she asked me if I would take her out for a breath of air. We drove almost to Santa Barbara. I knew that Barbara was lonely and wanted to get away from her own thoughts. But I also knew that she hadn’t planned on suddenly unburdening herself about Bob. But here she was, talking about him.

“I’m trying not to be selfish,” Barbara confided. “But I never realized how lonely I’d been until Bob came into my life. Bob is just going through that first taste of success, big money, and women throwing themselves at his feet. I’ve been through it and I know how empty it can be. But I can’t tell that to Bob. He has to go through it himself. He’s growing and he’s got to find out for himself. I don’t want to tie Bob down in any way, until he has experienced everything that his fame and fortune will bring him.”

Great credit must be given to good judgment in recognizing character. The more the writer of this story has seen of Bob, the closer he grew to Barbara, the more he could prove to Bob that in Barbara there was an acceptance, stability and an honest attraction, which resort to feminine wiles for ambitious posses.

One night Barbara and I were sitting before the place at Marwyck Ranch, Barbara does not talk. But when she does, sometimes we have sat there for an eight-hour stretch. Quite naturally and easily, we were discussing Bob, how wonderfully he was keeping his head and his anxiety to become a better actor to offset the glamour boy buildup. Just then the phone rang. It was Bob calling Barbara from England.

When she came back from the phone, Barbara could hardly speak. Finally, she went on. Bob wanted her to rush right over to England where they could be married. Bob was terribly lonely. She was terribly lonely. They loved each other. That was all that counted. Nothing would have made Barbara happier than to tell Bob she would take the next boat. But she couldn’t walk out on her home, her son, and the possibility of starting a picture the following week. There were so many reasons, so difficult to explain over a trans-Atlantic cable. Finally, Bob hung up in a huff.

There were other quarrels too, the same as any other healthy young couple might have, who are deeply and desperately in love. But always there was a stronger bond that brought them closer together, as their romance progressed. Right from the night they met at a Trocadero party, Barbara and Bob discovered a mutual love for the same things. Both were seeking peace, for different reasons. Bob is essentially a one-woman man. Barbara was not interested in parties, plunging into a social whirl and indulging in the frothiness of Hollywood that is so foreign to her nature. So the two of them made a date that many an everyday couple has made—to do the Venice Pier concessions! (Please turn to page 84)
as a child's kaleidoscope, the pieces all whirling in little splinters which formed fantastic patterns which didn't make sense. When it stopped whirling, he said, I'd be all right, I am all right now.

You all read stories in the magazines and newspapers about the movie stars. I am an extra in the movies so I not only live in Hollywood, I work here, too. And those glittering stories are all true. And they were what kept revolving through my head, making crazy patterns, taunting me. I'd see flashes of the stars in their beautiful, shining long cars, in their mink coats and jewels. I'd see sort of sky-rockets which would form the stars' names in electric lights. (Almost no one knows our
Hollywood has its few great stars—you know their names and their stories. But it also has thousands of extras whose names you never hear, whose stories remain untold—until now, when a typical extra girl tells the plain, unvarnished truth about her life and work.

Names, the names of us extras.) The stars winning Academy Awards. The stars being stamped after their previews. The stars making enough money per year to keep me and my baby for the rest of our lives, comfortably. I’d get cold when I’d think of how I’ve had to rob my baby’s little bank for food, medicine, shoes. When I am myself, I’m not jealous of the stars, I’m not jealous of their money or of their fame. They deserve what they have. I like pretty things, too, luxuries. But I’m not one to begrudge them to others because I can’t have them myself. I’ve seen stars do certain scenes in certain pictures and have felt that I could have done the scenes as well, or better. But not often. And if some of the stars are not great actors or actresses at least they have the ability to get them where they are. And that’s a kind of talent, too, and not to be despised. Only one thing could make me jealous, and that would be if I couldn’t provide for my baby. If I had to see her want, I would go berserk. So, ordinarily, I have no resentment because I am an extra and the stars are, well, extraordinary. It was just because I was ill that the contrast between my life and theirs sort of got me. And I’d see those crazy flashes—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Tyrone Power and Annabella, all so much in love and newly married, everything about them lovely and exciting and successful and rich and romantic—like dream people in a dream—and then the dream would turn its bright face to the reverse side of the pattern, my side.

For Hollywood is not all like this. Hollywood has a few great stars. But Hollywood also has hundreds, even thousands of us extras. Hollywood has its gorgeous estates, but it also has miles upon miles of little side streets and back streets and bungalow courts where girls like me live. Or try to live. Hollywood has its royal romances but it also has its shabby, sorry little heartaches like a couple I will tell you about myself.

So as I was getting over my breakdown, after I stopped feeling sorry for myself, I thought that I would try to tell girls all over the world that Hollywood is not all orchids and limousines, not all Hedy Lamarrs and Ann Sheridans, like many may think when they read the stories about the stars and almost no stories at all about the rest of us. I have never written an article before so I may not sound very literary. I may sort of ramble on. But I think I can express myself well enough to make girls realize that if they are manicurists, stenographers, housewives, or whatever, they had better be satisfied with their jobs. Yes, unless they have great, terrific talent, or very powerful backing, they had better stay satisfied with their jobs. Hollywood is a very glamorous place. But you can’t eat glamour!

So I will just tell my story in my own way. To begin with, then. I live in a little one-room apartment, with kitchenette. It’s in quite a (Please turn to page 80)
Hollywood
Changes
"SOMETHING has happened to the air of Hollywood since I went away. There is more wine, more excitement, more zing in it!" declared Vicki Baum.

She was sitting in the patio of her Hollywood home that overlooks the Pacific. Business had taken her to London and Paris for six months. Now she was back, to live and to work in the movie capital.

"The movies used to be such a frightened industry," she went on, "Now it seems as if they are rolling up their sleeves to fight. See what pictures they are making today, which before they wouldn't have dared to make. The story of Edith Cavell, for instance; and Vincent Sheean's 'Personal History,' and 'The American Way,' which six months ago they would have said is fine for the stage but not so hot for the movies.

"Then of course there is 'Confessions of a Nazi Spy,' and that short about Haym Solomon, the Jew who gave his whole fortune to save the American Revolution. I understand Warners will make a picture about Pastor Niemöller, the minister who will not give up his principles, and so he sits for years in a Nazi jail. And 'Juarez'—I saw it on the steamer, coming back—not so obvious maybe, as some others, but still more moving with its fine appeal for democracy. But this I liked best of all—the news that they will film Steinbeck's 'Grapes of Wrath.' That is really a sign of growing up for the repose. Yet she has the traditional vivacity of the Viennese, and her warm blue eyes light readily with humor. They had been looking inward for a moment at the Hollywood she has known well for years. Then they picked up the thread again.

"It is a great change to come in so short a time. You remember 'Fury.' Everyone cried 'Bravo!' Yet when Fritz Lang finished it, he was fired right off the lot. Dieterle made 'Blockade,' but he couldn't take part for either side in Spain. He could only say: 'This is Spain, and people are fighting here and suffering here.' And saying no more than this, he got into an awful mess just the same, with boycotts and what not.

"Of course I am not fool enough to believe that this sudden change has come through pure idealism. It was first a question of markets. I remember two or three years back, I was working on a treatment of 'Idiot's Delight.' One day the producer called me in, very excited. 'We have to stop for a while,' he said. 'Mussolini makes difficulties. I will go to Europe and talk to him and see if I can fix it up.' Today he wouldn't care what Mussolini thinks, because you can't sell films to Italy anyway. Half of the foreign market is wiped away. 'All right,' they say, 'as long as we can sell abroad. Let's be very courageous and say what we think.

"I don't say they are not glad to be able to come out with their true feelings. It must be a great relief. As when a dam breaks, and the steam rushes where it will. But they would never have broken that dam of themselves, you see what I mean? After all, it is a business, and in business money comes first. Not only with those at the top but with everyone—all, let's says, almost everyone, because you do find an exception or two.

"Dieterle, for instance. Dieterle is a pure idealist, there is nothing mixed in with it. I knew him for years abroad as a brilliant young actor, and I know him now, and the years have done nothing except to make him more and more crystal clear, With him the idea is all. He doesn't say, 'I want a good part for Muni, or I want a great production film. He (See turn to page 92)
The Tyrone Powers

At Home

Those happy honeymooners, Ty and Annabella, invite SCREENLAND readers to be their first guests in their new home.
The home Tyrone Power bought for his bride is a miniature estate which formerly belonged to Grace Moore. But the Powers are doing it over from roof to rhododendrons. Annabella's own family furniture, shipped from France, will augment especially designed modern pieces. You'll soon see the interior views of the home in this magazine.

Outdoor life is life these sweethearts love. Annabella promises we'll be first to see and photograph interior of her home when furnished—so watch for this treat.

The dog that "adopted" Ty when he first came to Hollywood has now also "adopted" Annabella, as you see at right. Below, a gay lunch on the patio just before Tyrone and Annabella sailed for their late European honeymoon.
PREVIEW Of Your FUTURE By NORVELL

Norvell's predictions for the movie stars came true this year! For 1939 Norvell predicted:


What will this man who advises the Hollywood stars predict for YOU?

WILL GARBO marry in 1939? Will Joan Blondell find happiness in her present marriage? What do the stars reveal for Martha Raye's future? Is Claudette Colbert happy in marriage? What does the future hold for Fred MacMurray? Will Fredric March return to the screen?

These are some of the questions that are being asked about these famous stars who have birthdays in August and September. Through the science of astrology let us pull aside the mystical veil to the future and take a preview peek at what will happen to these stars in the coming months and, incidentally, if YOUR own birthday happens to fall between August 23 and September 22, you may get a little inside information about what to expect in your own life!

If you are a Virgo perhaps you have wondered why you have had so many discouraging experiences in the past, why it has seemed so difficult for you to attract success and happiness in your life. There is a reason for this according to astrology. Take the amazing career of Joan Blondell, whose birthdate is August 30. Years ago I first read her chart when she had just come to Hollywood and had not yet crashed the studios. Her chart revealed that there would be heart-breaking experiences, romantic unhappiness, all the severe penalties that the
Norvell's predictions for screen stars have come true. Find out what Hollywood's pet astrologer foretells for your future.

The science of astrology is fascinating. Every day thousands are turning to astrology for a solution to their many problems.

Sign of Virgo exacts from persons born under its expansive rays. However, I was able to interpret for Joan Blondell the reasons why these strange and trying events should try her strength and test her patience to the breaking point. It was to develop her mentally and spiritually, to teach her that life exacts a certain toll that must be paid for fame, fortune and success. This is the lesson that all Virgo persons must learn if they wish to progress and find happiness and success in life.

For Joan Blondell I predict continued success on the screen and that she will go on to even greater heights in dramatic roles than she has so far attained as a comedienne. Joan has accepted success and riches gracefully like most Virgo-born do. Fame has left her unspoiled, and grateful for the blessings of life. Her chart reveals too that she will continue to find happiness in her marriage to Dick Powell. Although there are afflictions in her chart in the house ruling marriage, Joan is intelligent enough to overcome any and all such unfortunate afflictions, and to make a success of her present marriage.

In the Sign of Virgo there are, of course, many different characters, but all have their basis in similar characteristics, and their lives generally follow a certain plan. Martha Raye whose birthdate, August 27, also falls in the Sign of Virgo, has also had her early struggles, and her disappointments in love and marriage, but her chart shows better times for her in the future. Although her chart shows another marriage, perhaps Martha has learned her lesson through past mistakes, and she may be able to overcome these adverse influences. The most crucial time of her entire life comes in the early part of 1940 for Martha Raye, and if she overcomes that period of disturbances she should be able to find happiness in marriage. As far as her career is concerned, I predict according to her chart, that Martha Raye will have greater success than ever in the future in the same type of roles she now portrays on the screen.

Fred MacMurray, born on August 30, comes under the full influence of the earth Sign of Virgo. His chart shows fortunate aspects for career and marriage. It will be recalled that Fred also had very discouraging experiences when he first tried to gain recognition in Hollywood. This is so typical of those born in this Sign, that you should take heart in your own life if things do not seem to be going just right at the present time. During the remainder of 1939 Fred MacMurray will have an opportunity to make a picture for another studio that will be a pronounced success. It will follow the current trend of glorified westerns, Fred must watch his finances during November and December of this year and avoid investments that might be a bit shaky. Virgo persons often like to invest in gold and oil ventures, and very often such investments prove disastrous. Real estate ventures appear quite safe in the chart ruling Virgos for the next few years.

Of all charts I have read in my years of advising the screen stars Claudette Colbert's is the most serene and fortunate. Born on September 13, Miss Colbert was predestined by her chart to greatness as a movie star. Her chart shows however, that she will establish herself in the future in a new medium of entertainment, possibly radio and television. Her (Please turn to page 90)
"Who IS That Guy?"

You may not remember his name, but you won't be forgetting his magnificent performances. So here we give you a close-up of Thomas Mitchell, himself.

By
Kay
Proctor

Tommy, the man, is as colorful as one of his own best performances. Right, as you saw him in "Only Angels Have Wings." Left, as he will appear in "Gone with the Wind," as Gerald O'Hara, father of Scarlett.

ONE lulu of an earthquake was shaking up Los Angeles the first time Thomas Mitchell came to Hollywood. Concurrently the banks all over the country shut up tighter than Angus MacDonald's fist on Christmas eve.

Nothing momentous happened as far as the movies were concerned, however, so Tommy packed his bags, made a rude noise in Hollywood's direction, and promptly took himself back to New York where his name was some shakes on the stage as an actor-producer-playwright. He's the kind of an Irishman you don't push around if you want to stay healthy.

Three years ago he came back. He claims it was to "learn under that master movie-maker, Frank Capra," Maybe it was; Capra can make stars out of dead ducks, as other directors and studios have reason to know. My personal lunch, however, is that Tommy came back to make a smug town eat the words it had not been interested enough to say, if you know what I mean. If so, he has done one bang-up job of it. Producers are fighting to get him in their pictures. True, he is no glamor boy and women don't hide under his bed and fight for a snip of his hair, but the boys who count the shekels at the box-office will tell you he's worth ten of them in folding money. What "The Goldwyn Touch" is to producing, "The Mitchell Touch" is to acting. More important, the fans from coast to coast have discovered him and climbed right up on the Mitchell bandwagon. Quite frequently they cannot tag him with a name and come out of the theatre saying "Who is that guy?" But they remember his homely pan and magnificent work long after the rest of the cast and even the plot of the picture is forgotten.

Do you recall the absconding financier in "Lost Horizon" who wanted to put the idyllic Shangri-La on a modern plumbing basis? That was Tommy. So was the
happy-go-lucky French doctor who delivered the baby in a whale boat during the storm in "The Hurricane" and the bibulous old medic with a 24-hours thirst in "Stage Coach." You are seeing him around now in one of his greatest roles, with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant in Columbia's "Only Angels Have Wings." In that he is a veteran pilot who loses his sight; and in playing it, incidentally, he does his first death scene on the stage or screen in 20 years. After that he will play the rambunctious Gerald O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" and still later, a fat part in Columbia's "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

Aside from his vivid screen characterizations, I wish you could know Tommy Mitchell the person. It's a genuine treat. He's no young blade exactly. I'd say he is around 40 or 45 but only because I know his daughter, Anne, is 21 this year. He is one of those rare and blessed souls who go through life looking the same until they die of old age. He is stockily built and on the short side, just a bit pudgy here and there. A snub nose indomitantly dots the middle of his ruddy face and he has shaggy eyebrows, nondescript brown hair which grows every which way and rarely is combed into any semblance of order, and the blust of laughing eyes. They chuckle constantly with his vast amusement with this business of living. The only time I ever saw him wear a necktie it had slithered around under one ear in a dejected lump and his shirts inevitably look as if he deliberately had bought them three sizes too large. Being a lover of physical comfort, he probably had. By that you can gather it is just as well Tommy never had any desire to play young romantic roles even as a kid of eighteen when he made his stage début. He has about as much of the physical "oomph" necessary to a stylized hero as a wet mackerel.

"In one way my face proved (Please turn to page 74)"
Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, gay girl stars of Metro's terrific new all-femme picture, look peaceful enough here—but watch them fight for first honors when you see their film!
"MA" GABLE GOES RUSTIC!

First pictures of Carole Lombard in her favorite rôle of Mrs. Clark Gable and boss of "Pappy's" ranch.
"Thin Man’s” Lady

Soon another in the popular “Thin Man” series will hit the screens, with the luscious Myrna Loy again playing the wife of William Powell.
To your attention, that he is appearing in "Stanley and Livingstone," with Spencer Tracy, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nancy Kelly.
ERROL FLYNN AS ESSEX

History's most tragic romance, between the dashing young Earl of Essex and the brilliant but aging Queen Elizabeth, is masterfully re-enacted on the Warner Bros. stages in Hollywood. No sugar-coated movie history, this!
Screen’s greatest actress gives a daring portrayal of England’s magnificent Queen Bess, submerging her natural good looks in realistic make-up you see in portrait above. “The Lady and the Knight” marks the finest flowering of the screen to date, artistically and technically. Davis and Flynn are no period puppets but superb performers of their roles against a background of Elizabeth pomp and splendor.
We call him that because fourRon Colman films established a new box office high for a series made by any star:
- "If I Were King."
- "Prisoner of Zenda."
- "Lost Horizon."
- "A Tale of Two Cities."
Now he is making Kipling's "The Light That Failed."—another hit.
Charm, poise, combined with wholesome naturalness, distinguish Gale Page, again seen as one of the "Four Daughters" with the Lane girls in "Daughters Courageous." Her quiet sincerity is often eclipsed by more flashy performers, but we think she has the makings of a brunette Bette Davis if she ever gets big roles.
Girl Makes Good!

You've seen this smile before! It belongs to Brenda Joyce, who posed for innumerable pretty-girl advertisements before 20th Century-Fox "discovered" her for films and gave her the coveted role of Fern in "The Rains Came." So Brenda screen-debuts in such distinguished company as Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent.
England's
First
Lady
of Films

Anna Neagle, famed British star, whom you have applauded in her most notable role of Queen Victoria, recently completed her first made-in-Hollywood motion picture, "Nurse Edith Cavell," directed by Wilcox. Here's Anna, herself!
COLIVIA DE HAVILLAND as "Melanie"

The movie grapevine is whispering that little Livvy, in the poignantly sympathetic secondary role, delivers an astonishing performance, that beyond a doubt her work in "Gone with the Wind" will make her a really great star.

VIVIEN LEIGH as "Scarlett"

This decorative English girl is best known to American audiences for her sirenish performance with Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford." She is said to capture the wild sweetness of the century's most talked-about heroine.

WHICH WILL "THAT"

You, the Public, will decide which one of these four stars gives the best performance. Meanwhile we give you these "in character" new portraits of the principals.
LESLE HOWARD
as "Ashley"
Personification of Southern chivalry of Civil War days, the character of Ashley Wilkes as written by Margaret Mitchell had subtle charm and fine dignity. What actor better equipped to play such a role than Leslie Howard?

CLARK GABLE
as "Rhett Butler"
From the first, American movie audiences could visualize no other actor in the leading male character of "Gone with the Wind." Clark Gable has his great chance to prove that his acting is as powerful as his personality.

Now that "Gone with the Wind" is completed, at reputed cost of $5,000,000, word is going around Hollywood that a certain somebody "steals" the big show.
English epic of Empire, "Four Feathers" is a grand adventure film, crammed with color and action, and distinguished by the superb performance of Ralph Richardson, right and above, as an heroic Captain in Egypt, dauntless in battle but defeated in love—left, with June Duprez, the girl in the case. Alexander Korda produced "Four Feathers" in England and Egypt—see our Still of the Month, made on the River Nile.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
FRC 24 "FOUR FEATHERS"
LITTLE FRENCH GIRL

Lovely Olympe Bradna has the right rôle at last, in "Happy Ending," in which she plays the piquant daughter of Pat O'Brien.
Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne co-star in a new romantic comedy to be called "A Modern Cinderella"—until Universal thinks of a better title. The Boyer-Dunne screen team scored sensationallly in Leo McCarey's "Love Affair," the picture that people are still discussing; and now, by popular demand, they appear together again, with Irene as a waitress, Charles as a heart-palpitating foreign invader. See our story on opposite page for a word picture of Irene
LOWDOWN ON A LADY!

Champagne and caviar Irene Dunne turns out to be as human as hamburger, in this gay story by the Hollywood writer who knows her best.

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

WHY don't you write something about Irene Dunne?" someone is always asking me. "She's one of the best actresses on the screen. The most womanly woman of all the stars. Don't you like her?"

"Like her? Why, I saw 'Love Affair' three times! I—"

"Well," someone always says, "why don't you write a piece about her?"

It's this-er way. I find it extremely difficult to write about people I like a lot. I had rather take a dose of arsenic with a strychnine chaser than write about friends, and strangely enough my friends feel that way about it, too. I didn't always have this complex. When I first started in this Hollywood writing business I laid bare the souls of the stars I knew intimately with the most delightful abandon and the most delicious grammar. I was getting along swimmingly—in fact, I was rapidly becoming the fair-haired child of the fan magazine industry—when suddenly I got the Complex.

It started the day I told Madge Evans that I had an assignment to do a story on her. "Why," asked Madge, "is it that you always write so much better about people you don't know than you do about people you do know?"

Later she said she was only kidding—but the seed was planted. It got off to a good sprout when Zasu Pitts out of the blue said one day, "Promise me, Elizabeth, you won't ever write about me," followed closely by Carole Lombard who assured me that she would crack my skull wide open, or do me in in some horrible manner, if I didn't stop writing about her. And then Claudette Colbert said, "Darling, I know you're a good writer. You're the best writer in Hollywood. You don't have to tell me that. But why don't you write about somebody else?"

I'm not awfully bright, but after that I did sort of get to wondering. It couldn't just be syntax, now could it? I wondered myself right into a beautiful Complex. But when the fifth person in one week asked me why I didn't write something about Irene Dunne I decided with a toss of my head that now was the time to stop pandering to my friends and do a little pandering to my readers, who after all pay my salary, though I don't feel I owe them very much for that. So—"If it were done then 'twere well it were done quickly." William Shakespeare.

You have doubtless read in dozens of stories (other writers, it seems, are not harassed by an Amicus Complex, time and again, "In addition to her beauty, Irene is recognized as one of Hollywood's most intellectually brilliant women." And, "She's one of the loveliest and most worth-while women I have ever met." And "Miss Dunne is very poised and very, very much the lady." And, "Glamor at its best, charm at its best, romantic melody at its best—that's Irene Dunne." And, "Miss Dunne, charming and reserved in real life, has given to the screen the same kind of character."

All of which is quite true. I've known Irene rather well for several years now, and she is beautiful, she is intelligent, she is charming, she is reserved, she is poised, and she is a lady. (But don't let it throw you, she doesn't work at it.) Yes, she's all this, and heaven too. But why should I re-write what has been written so many times before? And far better than I can ever write it! So let's simply accept all this pretty talk and get down to a dandy bit of dishing.

My first personal contact with Irene was when I did a story on her (that was B. C., Before Complex) about the time "Show Boat" was (Please turn to page 98)
GINGER ROGERS’ new picture—without-Astaire is the best movie buy of the month, a triumph for Ginger, a treat for her audience. I have only one fault to find with it—it’s too funny. You have to see it twice to catch the laughs you missed the first time. But that’s no hardship. Like “Love Affair,” “Bachelor Mother” improves on second view. Thanks to the inspired direction of the new Hollywood wonder boy, Garson Kanin, a preposterous farce becomes enchanting entertainment; incredible characters assume engaging reality; and no one situation seems perfectly plausible. Thanks, also, to Ginger’s wholly captivating performance of Polly Parrish, a very nice shopgirl who finds herself with a baby on her hands through no fault of her own. The fun is on when David Niven, as the son of Polly’s department store boss, believes she’s the baby’s mother; when Frank Albertson is convinced that Niven is the baby’s father; when Charles Coburn thinks—but it isn’t what happens in this picture; it’s the guileless charm of the players, the disarming air of innocence pervading the most provocative scenes that makes it the most fun to be found anywhere, with the exception of the parachute jump at the N. Y. World’s Fair.

SMUGGLERS! Shipwrecks! A sinister squire and a beautiful damsel in distress. And the wind and the rain, on the Cornish coast—wow! Here’s a melodrama to make your hair stand on end even though up coiffures are no longer what they were. It’s an Alfred Hitchcock show, with Charles Laughton in his juiciest role since Captain Bligh in “Mutiny on the Bounty”—need I say more, or will you go quietly to the nearest theatre playing “Jamaica Inn”? You are sure to have a swell time. Daphne du Maurier—yes, the author of “Rebecca”—wrote a bold and blistering tale of the smugglers who infested the Cornish coast in the early 19th century; and created a grand character in Sir Humphrey Pengallan, the district squire who is the secret mastermind of the villainous desperadoes. A lovely Irish girl comes to the inn, all innocent of the nefarious goings-on, and soon she’s up to her pretty neck in infamy, though luckily the best looking of the desperadoes turns out to be a young naval officer in disguise. The brilliance of Hitchcock’s direction, the superb photography, Laughton’s fine performance, and the flawlessly acting of a distinguished cast make “Jamaica Inn” a super-thriller. Maureen O’Hara is a girl to watch.

NOT one of the “important” pictures of the month, perhaps—but a lot more fun than most; and a well-deserved field-day for one of our best little actresses, Anna Sothern, who makes Maisie genuinely likeable even to the ladies in the audience, and downright lovable to the gentlemen. Maisie, a show-girl stranded in a small Western town, turns lady’s maid on the ranch managed by Bob Young, owned by Ian Hunter, cowboy songs by Cliff Edwards. But if you think Maisie takes undue advantage of her opportunities you are very wrong. It’s Maisie who has the heart of gold, and the upright wife of rich Mr. Hunter who’s not all she should be. The plot comes in about here and climaxes with a courtroom scene in which Maisie, bless her heart of gold, saves the day for everybody except the undeserving wife. Miss Sothern does a grand job of sincere emotion in her “big scene,” and in fact all through the film she gives adequate evidence that she possesses all the necessary equipment to step right in to a big-star spot any time now. While we’re on the subject of star material, when will Metro get around to appreciating Robert Young and give him a picture to himself? And when will nice Ian Hunter get a real role?
FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-United Artists

BRILLIANT in every department—direction, acting, and vivid Technicolor—"Four Feathers," adapted from A. E. W. Mason's well-known novel, is spectacular cinema at its best. The adventures of intrepid Englishmen in Kitchener's army in the Sudan provide the rousing background for the personal drama of two officers in particular: Harry Faversham (John Clements) determined to redeem himself by incredible acts of bravery for his cowardice in resigning from his regiment on the eve of departure for Egypt; and Durance (Ralph Richardson), his unsuccessful rival in love, whom he rescues from the Dervishes, thus earning the right to return the "white feathers" his cowardice had brought him. The fantastic feats performed by Faversham are super-serial stuff, though small-boy connoisseurs of American Westerns may find fault with Faversham's disguise; but even not the most blasé Lone Ranger fan can stay slouched in his seat when the battle of Omdurman occupies the screen—Dervishes whirling down on the doughty Coldstream Guards as they stand their ground. In the acting department "Four Feathers" definitely belongs to Ralph Richardson for his most skilful, restrained performance.

MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

JACK BENNY'S best picture is not his picture at all, but Rochester's. You know Rochester if you're a Sunday radio fan of Mr. B.'s program—the cracked-voice valet never at loss for an answer. Well, here you'll meet Rochester face to face, and you'll find him even funnier. In fact, he turns out to be none other than the fine sepien entertainer Eddie Anderson, whom you may remember as the marvellous Noah of the film "Green Pastures." When I say "Man about Town" belongs to Rochester it doesn't mean Mr. Benny is not at his best. He is, and very ingratiating, too, as an American girl-show producer in a London fog—a nice guy, but a bit on the dull side, so that his own star, Dorothy Lamour, and even his own show-girls duck dates with him, practically hurling him into the friendly company of Binnie Barnes, a British lady. Edward Arnold as a gruesomely jovial jealous husband, Betty Grable being decorative, "Play Phil" Harris doing just that, assorted "Petty" girls, and Miss Lamour pointing out a languishing love song contribute to the entertainment; but it is Rochester who steals the show with his restless rhythmic feet, rolling eyes, his authentically droll comedy—thanks to Jack Benny, good sport.

GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

MEET the dizzlest screen heroine of the season, an incredible combination of Daley and Zita Johann who. If played by any other actress than Joan Blondell, would have sent me screaming from the theatre. But Blondell plays her to such cockeyed perfection that she gets by both with the audience and the Will Hays office. Hers is a dazzling performance of the little waitress who wants to get to Paris the worst way but is prevented by her "flutter," as she calls her conscience. Melvyn Douglas is a great help as a humorously college professor who can't seem to break himself of the habit of giving fatherly advice to the would-be gold-digger, thereby becoming hopelessly involved in her amorous intrigues—and loving it. Alan Curtis also lends valuable aid as a susceptible scion. The inimitable Walter Connolly as the eldest of our gay heroine's conquests gives Miss Blondell a friendly terriest for first honors in their scenes together; there's no sight I enjoy more than two such grand troopers in an amiable scene-stealing contest. Thanks to director Alexander Hall's excellent taste, good girls may go to Paris or anywhere else and emerge with "flutter" intact and Melvyn Douglas as their exquisite reward. Ah, me.

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS—Warner

"BY POPULAR demand" the family group of "Four Daughters" plays a return engagement. "Daughters Courageous" is no sequel, although the Lane sisters and Gale Page are still squired by Jeffy Lynn, Frank McHugh, and Dick Foran; it is an entirely new and fresh story in which Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola and Gale acquire a father, Claude Rains, a picturesque character who upsets their tranquil household by turning up after twenty years of vagabonding just as their mother, Fay Bainter—also newly acquired—is about to marry the dependable Donald Crisp; and in which John Garfield makes a miraculous recovery from that fatal accident in "Four Daughters" in order to break Priscilla Lane's heart again. Don't let the silly, coy antics of "the girls" in the opening scenes depress you; stick around, and you will enjoy the poignant picture of the four daughters being gradually won over by the charming stranger who is their father; the touching moments when Rains faces the realization that the family he had deserted would be better off without him; and the dynamic scenes in which Garfield, as the adventurous rebel who wants to see the world and take the littlest Lane along, burns up the screen again.
BY MONDAY—which was forty-eight hours later—Lester Donnelly had rented the Queen Anne man- sion. Had moved in. Had tried the swimming pool.

By Tuesday he had acquired a number of ready-made, though fashionable suits of clothes, an automobile painted a bright robin's-egg blue, a chauffeur, a Filipino cook, a Japanese gardener, and a butler who claimed to be Eng- lish. Had given three interviews to hard-boiled, but friendly reporters of the daily press and four to females connected with fan magazines.

By Wednesday he had turned down a couple of flat- tering motion picture offers. Had contributed generously to the Actor's Fund. Had hired a publicity agent. Had engaged a rather pontifical-looking and extremely efficient male private secretary who was busy until all hours sending out the telegraphed invitations for the coming Saturday night house-warming; answering a mass of begging and crank letters; forging his employer's signature so as to gladden the hearts of autograph-hunters; accepting, or refusing, requests for Lester's presence at breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, cocktails, supper here and there and everywhere; and endorsing, in his name, a variety of articles that included an after-shaving lotion, a collapsible typewriter, a new brand of prunes, and a slenderizing nostrum.

By Thursday, having worked ten hours at a stretch on “Hollywood Pavement,” he had seriously considered toying with a quart of Scotch. Had recalled what the stranger in the park had told him: “The wonder-boy of Broadway—weren't you, Lester?—as long as you kept off the booze.” Had, in consequence, contented himself with a single drink and ten grains of aspirin.

By Friday, having again worked on his script all day and until far past midnight, he had been in a dither. Had decided that he didn't know a damned thing about writing or producing. Had, in his mind, cursed Gwen roundly for having got him back into harness. Had seriously debated returning to his news-stand on Sunset Boulevard.

By Saturday morning—a brilliant idea ament the de- velopment of his drama having come to him while he was shaving—he had told Francis X. Toomey, his pri-
vate secretary, across the breakfast ham-and-eggs: "Boy, this is going to be the greatest screen play you've ever seen!"

By Saturday noon he had sent Gwen an enormous box of orchids, with a note saying: "Don't you wear them to my party. You come shabby—or not at all."

By Saturday night he was his old lean, swarthy, cheerful, slightly sardonic and supremely confident self, greeting his guests who arrived in droves and, soon, filled the large Beverly Hills house to overflowing.

Almost everybody who was anybody—here, in Hollywood, where nobody doubts that he is somebody—was there. A bizarre and picaresque medley. Writers. Composers. Producers. Directors. Yes-men. Yes-sir-men. Assistant-yes-sir-men. Also—and chiefly—Thespians, each of them playing a part; each, so desperately and so pathetically, endeavoring to appear like somebody which he—or she—or it—was not.

There was, for instance, a famous German actress who over-emphasized the ultra-chic of Paris in vogue and vice. A recently imported French ingénue who, a more or less natural blonde, aped old-fashioned Teutonic Lorelei innocence by wearing her hair in a naive Gretchen braid cunningly inter-woven with ribbons of baby-blue silk. A juvenile—a few months earlier, thanks to his classic profile, raised from extra to star and, by the same token, from seven and a half (Please turn to page 88)
"Your Pal TARZAN"

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THE greatest swimmer in the world is a broad-shouldered, good-natured young giant named Johnny Weissmuller, who attributes his success to the fact that he always liked to go fast. To movie millions he is Tarzan, visual version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' talented ape-man, tree-climber par excellence, yodeler extraordinary. To women the world over he is a dream of male perfection, six feet four, broad at the shoulder, tapering at the hips, 200 pounds of sinew and muscle, without a pound that could be liquidated.

When you penetrate the streamlined fastnesses backstage at the Aquacade where Johnny contributes his skill to the New York World's Fair, you find him diffident but poised, pleasant, smiling, and affable in a subdued way. A young admirer of some six years was waiting to shake hands with his hero, and in the hurrying bustle of exciting chorus girls and aquabats, Weissmuller leaned over solicitously to inquire how the moppet had enjoyed the Aquacade. There is a lot of the small boy in Johnny, despite his grownup salary, which Broadway reports to be $2000 a week and all the water he can drink.

"Of course Metro gets that," Johnny explains. "I've been on the M-G-M payroll ever since I started doing Tarzan six years ago. They pay me every week whether I work or not. For months I did nothing between pictures but loaf around and swim. But last year they farmed me out to Billy Rose for his Aquacade in Cleveland. That was a big hit, so he wanted me to repeat for him in his show here at the New York World's Fair. I don't mind, since they have some method of purifying the water and keeping it nice and clean. It's heated to stay at an even temperature regardless of the weather."

It means four strenuous shows a day, during each of which Johnny does two rhythmic swimming routines with the talented Eleanor Holm, and a sensational dash to the rescue of his comic partner, Stubby Krueger. While we were talking, Krueger just happened along, and his reminiscences of fifteen years swimming with
Johnny Weissmuller is big news again as hero of new "Tarzan" film and the star of New York World's Fair Aquacade. Here's a good story about this genuine guy who's idol of small boys everywhere.

Johnny provided many intimate details that the reticent merman never would have yielded.

Although Johnny was born in Windber, Pa., a stone's throw from Johnstown, he was taken to Chicago at an early age, where he started his aquatic career.

"I always loved swimming better than anything, 'cept sleeping," says Weissmuller. "Because I like to go fast. I'd swim every day, when I was a kid. Gee, four—five hours, I guess. In the summer, in Lake Michigan. In the winter, at the Y. I always wanted to go faster than the other fella. And if I couldn't the first time, I'd keep practicing until I could."

Johnny rigged up an inner tube from his dad's car and sticking both feet through the tube, he practiced arm strokes. Then he put the tube over his arms in the water and propelled himself solely by kicking. This strengthened his stroke and perfected his kick, giving his body a perfect arch when swimming.

Johnny never cared about school. It interfered with his swimming. Before high school he quit. One reason was that he had just captured his first world's title in the 500-yard swim at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. William Bachrach, veteran coach at the (Please turn to page 87)
Clothes for a lovely lady, posed by the charming cinema aristocrat, Connie Bennett, in her own home

Bennett likes blue! She chooses vivid blue sheer chiffon wool for the trim frock at left, with white handkerchief linen ruffle. Her lizard bag and suede gloves are snowy white, her hat trimmed in white azalias. Below, dusty rose and black crepe make a stunning combination for Fall chic. For the cocktail hour Miss Bennett selects the arresting costume on opposite page; combining sheerest wool chiffon in a deep shade of blue with the rich contrast of sand accessories. Her high hat in shiny sand straw with snowy blue and sand dotted long veil omuses Connie so much she is having it copied in felt for Fall.
Bennett Glamor for Evening
The handsome fireplace in the drawing-room of her own home provides a picturesque setting for Miss Bennett and her most beautiful dinner gown. (Opposite page). Massive white flowers are splashed against the black skirt background and black against white in the bodice. Constance Bennett always selects her personal wardrobe with an eye to harmony with her home surroundings.

Below, a study in sophisticated simplicity! Constance Bennett's favorite evening gown is this brilliant magenta chiffon with many yards of fullness in the skirt and a soft crushed chiffon belt blending a rainbow of colors from magenta to purple to blue. Miss Bennett wears velvet magenta sandals with this gown. Rich accents: priceless diamond necklace and bracelet in bold modern design.

Her own gracious, beautifully appointed Beverly Hills home serves as the luxurious background for these fashion pictures posed by Constance Bennett.
Beginning
All Over Again

Good-bye to casual days and ways! Back to college, business or home, with a new plan of beauty habits

By Courtenay Marvin

Two great screen campus favorites: Above, Anne Shirley, typical college girl, knows that powder's place is on the nose, but urges you to keep that puff fresh. Opposite, blonde Betty Grable, scintillating skyrocket of pep, all done up for a big dots. "Good health is one secret of pep," says Betty.

AFTER Labor Day, our world takes on a new tempo. Gone, along with lazing on sunny beaches, dancing in organdie under the stars, and suntans and vacations, are those happy-go-lucky, carefree days, and many of us must begin a more regimented plan of living. College, career, or home remind us that play days are over and it's time to get down to our respective business. And because we have to begin again to live by a plan, this is also a wonderful time to begin to get better looking by a plan.

To you who are about to enter or return to college, here are words based somewhat on a study of college girls' beauty habits and their biggest concerns. But these words also apply to all girls within the younger age group, because study hall, office or home do not change human nature entirely.

First, you are at college or school primarily to work and learn—and play, if and when you can. Dates are terrifically important, because you can't have too many. They are big moments and you have to meet them with all you have. Not one of you will have too much time on your hands to devote to appearance, and plenty of you will have a limited budget, what with the large number of girls working for part or all of their tuition. Thus, you are minus one of two things—time or money, or maybe both. So our idea is that you must economize in both time and outlay.

Perc Westmore says, "The rudiments of beauty should be taught in the cradle!" And here was the equipment ordered for the dressing-room of a little six-year-old player, Janet Chapman—brush, comb, tooth brush, tooth you have time to apply it thoroughly and take real pains with your face. Applying it first to take off soil, then applying some fresh cream and leaving it on while you set your hair or bathe gives an extra clean, nice, soft effect. Then dash on plenty of very cold water. Now Anita Louise and Betty Grable, whose blonde skins are like rose petals, will never apply fresh powder, rouge or lipstick during the day without removing as much of the old as circumstances permit. This is a good rule for everybody.

Two of your most serious skin problems will probably be oiliness and blemishes. Here's a simple treatment for the oil. Wash with warm water and soap, rinse thoroughly, then work up a fresh lather and apply. Let it remain on until you feel a drying, pulling sensation, then rinse off in plenty of (Please turn to page 86)
Young, care-free, and comfortable is this Jolene Hollywood-styled stepper that trips lightly over campus or street. This is the Zuyder Zee Pump, in black suede, instep studded with brass rivets. Tiny perforations for a forward touch, and a junior wedge heel for a back accent. World's Fair-goers, note: wonderful for walking. Price, $3.

Smart, young, practical fashions! For college, careers, or just pleasure. You can buy them in your city in stores listed on Page 92

By Marina

Date dress! A Deanna Durbin frock on a singing D. D. mannekin. You'll sing when you see it, too, because it's so perfectly done in velveteen with beautiful detail. A slimming princess silhouette with new back fullness through goring. Panel outlining in wool fringe. The frock buttons down the front and the Peter Pan collar is of white pique. The fine quality of velveteen gives it a lush richness in black, green, royal or wine. A wardrobe "must" to see you through the day on to dinner dates. About $16.75.

An example of the highly styled Kayser gloves for Fall. A palm of American leathertette or double woven fabric, and a back of capeskin. A combination both exceedingly smart and wear-resistant. That Creed stitching gives a slimmimg, modern design. Here are gloves for all-day, all-purpose wear. They come in black, white, port brown or chocolate. These gloves are $1.95. The whole Kayser Fall collection is smartly designed with many styles selling from $1 to $1.95.
Cameraman
Beery

Since 'way back in 1915, Wally Beery has been camera-crazy, and now he takes 1500 shots a year. How many readers can match that record?

By Ruth Tildesley

Wally has the latest telescopic lens on his candid camera—see above, right. Airplane view of the big Beery home in Beverly Hills was made by the actor himself, flying his own plane and working his own camera.

WAY back in 1915, there was a picture studio at Niles, California. Wallace Beery was production manager, director, actor and cameraman on some of the movies made there. It lasted three months.

"Flew over the place a month or two ago and the ruins are still standing," commented Wally, recalling those old days. "That was when people thought they could have a studio anywhere so long as it was in California. They had them in Santa Barbara and San Diego and out there on the coast near Santa Monica. Anybody that could grind a camera got behind one and ground.

"Can't say I ever set my heart on being a cameraman,
In the world of cameras, and particularly in the world of cinema, Wally was one of the pioneers who began capturing moments with his camera at a time when movies were still a novelty. He was a cameraman at Niles because that was part of being in pictures, he directed a few pictures out at Universal later on, but he didn’t think he wanted to be a director, either. Taking brains to direct, I’m an actor—that don’t take any brains!"

He smiled his wide smile and his eyes crinkled. "In those days they didn’t have the sort of cameras they have now, and nobody really knew what to do with the ones they had. It was a great event when the close-up was invented—one great big head on a screen. But I can’t remember bothering much about the arty side of cameras then—I was with Broncho Billy and our pictures were all action stuff.

"Twelve-thirteen years ago, home movies began to come in—maybe they came in earlier, but that was about the time I noticed them. I got me an outfit. Now I’ve got three—four of them. Kind of fun. But same time I got me a still camera. Began to fool around with pictures and dark rooms and different kinds of printing.

"I bought me a plane around about then. I think it was, and got a lot of fun making pictures from the air. I still do that. I’ve got a special rack on my plane for my cameras and equipment. But I’ll tell you what’s a honey for making pictures from the air—this new telescopic lens for my candid camera! Bought it last year over in Vienna."

He brought out the lens, a formidable looking affair glinting with metal, and attached to the little Leica. "I make portraits with it," he explained. "That’s really what I got it for. But it can be used excellently for air shots or for distance shots. I think it was invented to make pictures of the Olympics events. I saw the telescopic lenses over there in Austria and Germany, used to shoot sports affairs. The cameramen were all armed with the things—they looked like so many guns and they used them like that, aiming at what they wanted, pulling triggers, then up and at ‘em again."

But the real reason that cameras held a strong fascination for the actor arrived a little more than six years ago, when Carol Ann, aged twelve months, was adopted by an adoring Wally. He took pictures of Carol Ann, either with the home movie cameras or with the various still cameras he owned, at least three times a week. He always takes a dozen shots at a time. There are thirty exposures to a reel of film, so he probably takes fifteen hundred shots a year. He showed me the enlarged pictures on the knotty pine walls of his den—Carol crying, Carol laughing, Carol drowsing in Wally’s chair, his coat protectively around her, Carol as a baby. The child always visits him on the sets of his pictures, and he takes shots of her with stars and leading players. Once when she worked with him in “China Seas,” he had someone else hold his camera and record the scenes. He wants to make a record of Carol’s life.

When he took Carol to Europe, he made pictures of her through out the trip, getting in and out of planes, at historic places. Together they flew across the Mediterranean, down into Egypt. Traveling abroad isn’t as easy as traveling over here. More than once at the borders of a new country, Wally’s cameras caused delay. Officials felt the cameras might be better left behind; Wally refused to move without them; the officials gave in, and the actor went triumphantly on. Sometimes authorities went to the trouble of sending guides with him to (Please turn to page 85)
India is not the only spot on earth to boast of a group of men and women whose beliefs prohibit them from coming in physical contact with anyone from another social strata. Until very recently Hollywood too had such a sect. But in the case of the film colony, those designated as "untouchable" were religiously avoided by the very group whose favor they ardently courted.

Ever since the psychologists made the world conscious of such phrases as complexes, libidos, and suppressions, they have instilled the fear and dread of adolescence in almost every parent who took the trouble to study the new science.

"Beware of the growing boy or girl!" they warned. "Handle these embryonic men and women with care if you want them to grow into healthy, normal adults." Or, "The adolescent age is the dangerous age!" These and similar other direful forebodings were shouted from the housetops by the school of social scientists. Educators and physicians throughout the world sat down and formulated rigid laws for the feeding, educating and upbringing of the future men and women. As a result, more care is taken with the period of adolescence these days than with that of infants. But because of these stringent precautions, the group of youngsters from ten to sixteen have finally
Who are they? Why are they "untouchable"? This strange story tells

By Gene Schrott

become the "untouchables" of our own civilization.

When the edict hit Hollywood, the film mart merely raised a supercilious eyebrow and disdainfully pooh-poohed the dolorous admonition. "You don't have to tell us," it answered. "We knew about it all along. We never took chances with youngsters. After they reached the age of ten, we dropped them in a hurry. We put them away to mature, and nine times out of ten, they never came back. Something in the process of maturity went haywire and they were out for good."

And then as if to back up their statements, the monarchs of movieland rattled off an impressive list of child stars who were never heard of after they grew up. And in their number, they were sure to include Jackie Coogan as the outstanding example of what they meant. As a sweet, adorable youngster, he took the world by storm when he co-starred with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." But today, as a box-office attraction, his stock has dropped down to the very bottom.

Until now, the risk of signing up a child star involved considerable headaches and heartaches, to say nothing of the huge sums of money which invariably went to waste. After grooming a child to the point where he could emote unflinchingly before the cameras, he would suddenly start sprouting gangly arms and legs. A sense of shyness would overcome him and sometimes even an unexpected falsetto would creep into his voice.

Even at this time, the problem has not been completely solved. Though Shirley Temple is a fetching little gosling who goes consistently on laying golden eggs for her employers, she has yet to go through the stage of life that brings trepidation and heartbreak with it. She still has to get through the years when her legs begin to look like stilts and she finds her arms uselessly long and her dimpled hands always getting in her way. Who knows but that the famed dimples may even disappear and the cherubic little face lose every vestige of its winsome appeal?

But Hollywood says that no child star can remain in films through adolescence. Today, when the first lady of films suffers from a tummyache or head cold, the news is headlined and front-paged. Every time she frowns, her employers acquire a few more strands of gray in their hair for fear a permanent wrinkle might encrust itself on her angelic face. Around the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, the thought of Shirley going through her adolescence is a forbidden topic. The subject is verboten—taboo—and should you ever commit the error of broaching it, your welcome is bound to be surprisingly short-lived. (Please turn to page 72)
REVIVED star-of-the-month is Robert Montgomery, who's over in London now to effect his return to the ranks of the important. After a ten-year stretch at Metro, where he ultimately lost out to Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy and his original rival Gable, Bob has surmounted revolving instants of cultivated diplomacy, and today he's certainly sitting pretty. He is to star in Metro's next three British-made pictures, and they have even allowed him to work on the scripts to be sure he'll be advantageously presented. Mrs. M. and the two children are settled in Mayfair with Bob, and they won't be greeting Hollywood until Christmas. Incidentally, much as Bob has battled for the underdogs in Hollywood he doesn't disdain money. "Anyone who says he doesn't like to make a lot of money is crazy!" he exclaimed just before exiting smiling. "I do! It enables me to buy the things I've always wanted." Do you suppose he'll run into that "crazy" Luise Rainer over there? She's been doing a play in the West End, and telling English reporters how much happier she is without Hollywood's dough.

O ur Cinem a Town Reporter Brings You the Latest Star and Studio News in Brief

HERE'S Hollywood

By Weston East

HEDY LAMARR has inherited the Harlow dressing-room suite at Metro, and the Harlow maid, and perhaps she will inherit some of the eyebrow-raising that poor Jean got by being too good-natured. To be explicit, Hedy had her music box—she'd taken him over from Joan Crawford—put on a hot Artie Shaw swing number while they were between scenes. She was gaily improvising steps. Hedy couldn't see anyone at the rink, but she glanced up in the catwalks above the stage at an electrician who was a swing fan. She asked him to come down and cut a carpet with her, but he cried, "I can't, lady, cause I'm a married man!"

NIGHT baseball is almost as popular as a day at the Del Mar race track now. Gail Patrick is the most enthusiastic baseball fan; her husband is vice-president of the local club. But a Hollywood actress just has to run up an enthusiasm concern over these diversions if she wants to be popular with the men. Virginia Peine, George Raft's favorite person, is an example—she agrees with George whenever he wants to go out to the ball park of an evening. Virginia, who was Chicago society, has made her movie debut in a bit role at Metro. She has a little daughter whom George adores.

RANDY SCOTT, who is by no means free to propose marriage since he is only separated from his society wife, calls Chicago often now that he's intrigued with socialite Eleanor Thompson there... Woolie Donahue, of Park Avenue, feels that Joan Bennett is definitely terrific and will Connie Bennett invite him West to be her house guest once more so as to promote this romance?... Both Norma and Constance Talmadge have returned to Hollywood—they're rich from their fame of the good old silent days, but they've each had another unhappy marriage... Marjorie Weaver, who belonged to the snooty college sorority (Kappa Kappa Gamma) is this month dating Mack Gray. George Raft's buddy-bodyguard who's long been kiddingly tagged "The Killer"... Clark Gable has personally paid for the week-end trip the Westwood Boy Scout Troop took recently, and he personally took time off from Carole to visit them on their location... Ann Sheridan can't take her path straight—she went whirling down the street the other day on one of the Dead End Kids' motorcycles, and looked far too tomboyish to be a fatal lady... George Brent would have had the registration certificate stolen from his car by one of his ardent lady fans if his husband hadn't been there to slap her down.

So this is Hollywood, the land of beautiful women, eh? See what they do to them! Perhaps they're doing "she who gets stopped with a custard pie" for her rôle in "Hollywood Confidante."

IT'S a lie that Sonja Henie's fallen for Robert Kellard, a new juvenile at her studio. She enjoys his flattering attentions, but equal, in her estimation, are the others in her Hollywood date book. Weston East knows Sonja well enough to have peeked into it, and just before she left for the Norwegian vacation she's now ending she also stepped out with Lee Bowman, Robert Shaw and Eddie Norris.

MOST exciting of the new girls is Lana Turner, who is full of old-fashioned "It." She's a real beauty, and she loves a good time. While the other newcomers are seriously studying fiction and acting, Lana's relaxing so she'll be ready to step out with the very good-looking, successful young attorney she's been seeing. He sends her a whole basket of flowers every morning she has to work, and every day without fail. Lana won this gesture after putting him on the anxious seat by a few dates with Tom Brown. She confesses there's nothing like making a man guess once in a while—to keep him in line. Whenever romance is too smooth Lana does something rash that drives her "steady" wild. They've often contemplated eloping, but it's not her mother or her studio's advice against marrying so young that stops her. She merely lets an impulse be her guide.
HERE'S what Mrs. Jimmy Cagney has in her new Hollywood estate. Jimmy earned $234,000 last year, which classed him as Warners' highest-paid star. (Was he glad he listened to those arguments that he return to the fold and play the roles they’d hand him?) And so, being able to buy himself a bit of the East Side in one of his court-yards. It's cobble-stoned, there are two gas street lights, and it's a replica of the street wherein he used to tackle the toughs. You've heard of movie-rich folks going on antique jags, of them indulging in jools and furs and the trimmings of bluebookers, but did you ever hear of any sentiment of this sort? If a snob drifts in Jimmy can show off the Cagney ancestral background.

BY HER own request Jean Arthur continues to be a fugitive from all gossip chatterers, including your own Weston East, who has been to her home a dozen times but won't break up a beautiful friendship by writing anything about her. If you don’t think Jean is different, listen to this: ever hear of a woman who wouldn’t bring about her husband? Jean’s husband has risen to the vice-presidency of the Hal Roach Studios. She proudly interior-decorated his office, but she’s doing her part to keep it a secret that her husband is so prominent. A writer mentioned his job, and she axed the reference. He’s a handsome Princeton graduate, in case you’re curious—which, if you want to be on Jean's list, you’ll never, never be!

This scene from "Hollywood Candelades," historical drama of motion pictures—1913 to 1927, shows Alan Curtis, Alice Faye (minus the custard pie make-up of picture opposite), and Dan Ameche.

IRENE DUNNE switches on and off her "systematic" schedule with an abruptness that's positively startling. The moment she arrives at a studio everything has to be accomplished in a specific way, and at a certain time. She's never having to sit around town for rewrites, because she invariably sees to it that her contract says she is to be absolutely finished with a picture on such-and-such a day. "I have to have everything just so at the studio," she admits, "I want people around me who have orderly minds, and who can get things done without confusion. I like to have each day marked out then go through as I've planned. Confusion and haphazard methods distract me, and keep me from doing my best work." Yet at home she’s the exact opposite. She has a white of a personal secretary, who presides at a desk in the library, and she has a cook, a maid, a gardener, and a nurse for her child. They function superbly—so that: "At home I’m just the opposite, I do things as the mood strikes me, and don’t ever bother about set routines or precise methods." She's apt to toss her raincoat on her drawing-room table, or cross up the cook by following a sudden whim to dine out. Before you crack that one about nice—il—you-can-afford-it, realize that Irene deliberately studied and worked so she’d eventually be sitting pretty. She never let her heart rule her head until she had provided herself with what she wished in the little matters of environment. There's a really smart gal for you!

THE foremost Brent-will-marry Davis announcer is Louella Parsons, who swears the two stars will marry as a mutual Christmas present—Bette's divorce from Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., band leader won't be final until then. Both George and Bette insist she's wrong. They point out how temperamental they are, how difficult they've been in the past as home companions. They kid a lot. George loves to rib Bette about her "great acting." When she was asked to discuss Academy Award possibilities for 1939, Bette said she hoped he wouldn't see the story or he'd laugh at her. She is very grateful for the reconfirmation voted her. Both of Louella’s "lovelingly" have been battling for better health. Bette's had to quit work because of laryngitis. She is dickering for a new contract providing for but two films a year, so she can have time off to gain more weight and strength. George was out of commission three times providing on his last picture, because of colds caught during rain sequences. He's also been suffering from a spinal injury he got when he was a child. So if they really care the courtship is not an uncomplicated one.

THERE'S a possibility Robert Donat may be persuaded to get before a camera before Christmas. His next professional engagement can be chatted up to Art; he's doing Romeo in a dignified presentation of "Romeo and Juliet," at the venerable Old Vic theatre in London. He's insisted he won't do another picture until January, preferring the stage. But Norma Shearer will be dropping in on him any minute now, and in her mind is the idea of co-starring with Donat in a British-made film. It would be a new thrill for her. And, being charming and influential, Norma generally gets what she wants. It would have been something, wouldn't it, if she'd essayed Juliet on the stage with him?
IDA LUPINO and husband Louis Hayward went driving to look at the flowers a few Sundays ago. A real estate salesman hail'd them, and in twenty minutes had sold them a home in Brentwood. A week later Ida got time off from work to go examine it. She was horror-stricken to discover she'd bought a place without a dining-room. She didn't know whether to sell it, or build on. They decided on the latter course, and are adding a playroom in the guise of an old English pub. Someday that Ida is going to crash through in the big way. Teaming with Ronald Colman is her present break, but what do you suppose she's up to in her spare hours? She's taking dancing lessons so that she can campaign to team with Fred Astaire! This is a secret; she won't let anyone come to the house when her dancing coach has her tapping and gliding to the full blast of her phonograph.

Frances Dee, who is Mrs. Joel McCrea, seems as content as a kitten in the arms of Randy Scott in this scene from "Coast Guard," but Ralph Bellamy doesn't like being left out in the cold. Now see picture opposite of Frances' husband, Joel.

THE unfortunate fate of Fay Wray is something to think about, if you want to turn serious for a second. Remember a couple of seasons ago when Fay was so much in demand that she starred in thirteen films in one year? At present she's starring in summer stock in New England—and she's only done one picture in the past year. Such a short time ago she was earning a big salary regularly. What happened? Too much of an emotional strain between Fay and her brilliant writer husband, John Monk Saunders. She secretly went through one crisis after another trying to salvage their happiness, but they were defeated, Fay's beautiful home now belongs to the Dick Powells. She has a three-year-old daughter, for whom she had to fight John in court. This past winter she co-authored a play with Sinclair Lewis, no less. Still lovely, but determinedly serene these days, Fay only needs the luck she lost to get in the swing again. She played so many successful career women, but after a grand send-off her own story fell flat.

It's no wonder that most of the Gory Cooper fans are women. Scenes like this one with Andrea Leeds from "The Real Glory," saga of the Philippines, are meant to make feminine hearts flutter.

THE father-daughter relationship between Wally Beery and Carol Ann is even more touching now that Wally's carrying on his fatherly duties solo. Since she divorce him and remarried quickly he's bought Carol Ann "gob" navy suits. He himself is a lieutenant-commander in the United States Naval Reserve, and he recently had to buy five brand new uniforms, tailored according to new regulations. He couldn't say no when Carol Ann didn't over them. He took her shopping and bought her three small-size navy suits for her summer wardrobe. She's been visiting him at the studio, arrayed in a freshly pressed uniform of her own. Chester Morris is another devoted dad, even though he's got to conform to picture schedules. He sent his son Brooks to a summer camp over at Catalina. Chester has chartered a small boat to take him over to the island every week-end, and three times a week if he isn't on call. The movie pops are emotional enough to assume a personal responsibility for their children's proper guidance and welfare.

FIRST thing Mrs. Tyrone Power scribbled back to Hollywood from her honeymoon tour was how glad she was she'd had Irene, popular Los Angeles designer, do her wardrobe for her return to Paris. It's caused many a "second take" in the smartest spots on the continent. The Power honeymoon tour is in the grand manner. Tyrone planned it all; first a flight to New York, then the Rex for a Lido crossing to Naples, even timing the sailing so they'd be at sea during full moon. They found the Isle of Capri all it's cooked up to be—this was Tyrone's first trip abroad. The Powers kept their servants on at home with full pay, their Boy Scout deed. And with the addition of the exquisite pieces of furniture Annabella had shipped across they'll no longer have to feel like squatters in their California mansion. Annabella is resuming her special coaching to get rid of her native accent, because Darryl Zanuck, production chief at 20th Century-Fox, has personally promised to give her another big chance to click on the screen.
AND now who's going to team in the filming of "Rebecca"? If you've been reading your casting columns, you know that Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are to be man and wife, photographically speaking. Laurence was East impressing Broadway as Katharine Cornell's leading man all the time Vivien was characterizing the Southern siren in "Gone with the Wind," which meant heavy business for the phone and telegraph companies.

BRIAN AHERNE continues to be a catch, from any Hollywood slant. Now that he's stolen a Mumu picture, a rare feat, he wants to go back on the stage for a while. He once amazed Irving Thalberg, you may remember, by turning down a long-term contract at M-G-M; he's never wanted to be held down. Lately he has taken Natalie Draper, divorced wife of Tom Brown, La CONGA-ing.

It can only happen in Hollywood! Here's Joel McCrea, who's happily married to Frances Dee (opposite page) siring two lovely ladies. Wifey has nothing on him, but it's only a scene from "Career Man," with Nana Bryant, Brenda Marshall.

NO ONE seems to know what happened to that marriage Joe E. Brown sponsored so enthusiastically. He practically adopted husky Mike Frankovich; Mike lived in the Brown home all during his college football years. Then the Browns gave Mike a marital send-off. After the crucial first year Mike, a radio sports announcer since graduating, was out of love. He is rushing older women—mostly Binnie Barnes, but sometimes Ria (the former Mrs. Clark) Gable. Speaking of Binnie, she is an amusing realist. She lives in a beautiful home in Brentwood, surrounded by lovely old trees and furnished with fine antiques, paintings, and sculptures. Binnie, herself, is a whirlwind of energy. She gave a tennis tournament, invited many professional players, and she won her own trophy; she played fourteen sets in one day. She had a husband in England, but since her divorce she has been going in for mass formation dates. She usually turns up with a trio of six-footers—Mike, Ted Rogers, and Cesar Romero.

The rôle of Joe Louvin in "I Stole a Million," a man who ruined his life because he refused to pay penalty for his first slip, seems tailor-made for George Raft. Claire Trevor is in it, too.

And handsome Vincent Price is dr. Walter Raleigh in "The Lady and the Knight," six walkers the bay of history who gallantly laid his coat over a mud puddle so gentle ness wouldn't soil her pretty slippers.

EVEN if Gloria Swanson held onto very little of the big money she made in the movies you must admit she's done well by her oldest daughter. Gloria's own marriages were not successes, but young Gloria started off from the altar with all the odds in her favor. Gloria, Jr., was sent to excellent private schools, and then enrolled at Stanford University. The girls there are on the conservative side, and it was a credit to vivid Gloria, Sr., that her namesake was accepted as a regular Stanford woman. Gloria, Sr., had no such polishing; she married Wally Beery at sixteen. But Gloria, Jr., met a twenty-year-old student at U. S. C., the son of a wealthy contractor. There was a shower for the bride in the Colonial Room at the Brown Derby, given by Gail Patrick whose husband, Bob Cobb, took over the Derbies from Gloria, Jr.'s, dad—now dead. Then there was the formal church wedding. The newlyweds will reside in Beverly, where maina Gloria once splurged a quarter-of-a-million on one house, and Gloria, the second, will be only a wife.

It's hard to imagine Mischa Auer as a father. Above, telling son Tony that the Stradivarius belonged to grand-father Leopold Auer. Mischa is Baby Sandy's co-star in "Unexpected Father."

L-T HAPPS IN HOLLYWOOD memo: Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck went strolling down the crowded Boulevard the other night, window-shopping hand-in-hand; not one soul stopped them for an autograph. . . Gene Raymond and Jeannette MacDonald were having breakfast on their terrace when they sighted two peeping peds perched in a tree above them; Gene, immaculate in white flannels, climbed up and helped them down—whereupon Jeannette served them hot waffles. . . Otto Kruger met his most trustful fan when he opened his front door and was handed a baby; the woman said she couldn't afford it and knew he'd raise it gladly—he got her a job. . . Heddy Lamarr does not use a heavy clinging perfume, but a light scent contrary to her type. . . Nan Grey is more than content with her jockey husband, even if some folks think such a match was a social error. . . Summer skiing, on the new ski slope near Universal City, is the new rage—with Henry Fonda leading the "shoeing."
Hollywood Untouchables  Continued from page 67

But Twentieth Century-Fox is not the only studio to be confronted with so unpleasant a situation. Warners went through it when it had Mickey Rooney on its hands. After the impish Mickey had turned out a loudly-lauded performance in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the studio became panic and disclaimed further interest in him because he was rapidly approaching the dangerous age. They felt themselves facing too great a problem to be tackled by anyone who was not an authority on the psychology of adolescents. Any day they expected his voice to break or his skin to start erupting like a miniature Vesuvius. Never confronted with so dangerous and tricky a problem, they were glad to relinquish him to M-G-M.

What happened afterward, not only astounded the world but even shocked young Mickey Rooney himself. Before his youthful coquettishness could be mustered into sight, he found himself a world-wide hero, a universal champion of that vast horde of forgotten youth who find the years between ten and sixteen unbearable. It is their undying gratitude that Mickey earned. For them he brought the dangerous age out into the open and showed the rest of the world how interesting and complex it could really be. There was enough appeal in its problems and adventures to provide a new note in screen entertainment. But what was even more significant, he proved that even an adolescent could cure the ailments of the languishing box-offices.

Starred for film fare of this very kind, the public threw out its welcoming arms to this snub-nosedurchin with his impetu- dent face and slyment speech. Here was a lovable young scamp who brought to the screen the human heartaches and homey realism of everyday life—who made us think of the young scamp living next door to us or the kid brother who was always getting under our feet. Something about him—something unaffected—the way he walks, the way he thrusts his hands into his pockets, his funny face grimaces, his glib tongue and his laugh-provoking seriousness, all breathe the slightest suspicion of make-believe. In championing "the forgotten age" Mickey merely resorted to the good old standby—he proved himself a "natural."

When Metro decided to cash in on adolescence and raise it from the ranks of the scorned, it was unconsciously setting a precedent. Perhaps in doing so, it has even insured the future of Shirley Temple and the inevitable child stars that will follow her. For the first of the Hardy pictures, "You're Only Young Once," struck so responsive a chord in the hearts of film audiences, it was decided to incorporate it in a series of pictures based on the doings of the Hardy family. What had started out to be another casual film resulted in an unforeseen hit that keeps repeating itself. But more important than the actual dollar and cents consideration of the series is the fact that it served as the solution for the long puzzling and distressing problem of adolescence. The vogue quickly caught on—as vogue do—and before long every other company in the business was busily wooing the adolescents they had hitherto scorned. Thus the success of Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Jackie Cooper and even the young East Indian lad, Sabu, is partially due to the pioneering efforts of Mickey Rooney and his employers.

Deanna Durbin loves the glamour and excitement that accompanies picture making. Even before she ever appeared in motion pictures, she was the singing sensation of Hollywood and had a ready eye cocked in the direction of the studios. In spite of her talent, it is not as another singer that she has won her laurels; rather because of her fresh vital charm and wholesome personality. Because she makes no overtures at wanting to be glamorized and

is contented to be a growing girl who likes to sing and act before the cameras, who likes to ride her bicycle and to swim, she is to be given more credit than is metered out in her direction. Getting out of life the share of enjoyment and pleasure that is normally due her and living simply and unostentatiously makes her more real than if she indulged in the weird extravagances one associates with the lives of stars.

Right smack in the most trying years of her adolescence, Deanna is a graceful, dignified young lady who gives no outward indication of being disturbed by the physical changes that are transpiring within her. Though there have been rumors of her matured voice, this physical advance- ment in no way has affected her otherwise normal development. In every other respect she is a typical girl who is greatly concerned about her music and lessons and the career she is building for herself, and whose thoughts may dwell on the handsome boys who are vying for her attention, although her preference for Vaughn Paul, Universal's young assistant director, has been noted.

Psychologists point her out as one of the finest examples of what can be done to aid the adolescent during the troublesome period. Concentrating on an outside interest with such complete thoroughness makes better adults of the embryonic men and women. At the same time, Deanna is too engrossed in her countless activities to "go Hollywood."

Because of this, Deanna is to every girl what Ginger Rogers is to her older sisters. When she made a cross country trip, girls by the hundreds played hooky from school just to get a glimpse of her and to pay homage to one who has championed their age. To her too, the adolescents of the world owe a debt of gratitude. She is responsible for having made the couturiers of the world aware of the need for better fashions for her age. And because of her, the trend in clothes has not only been revo- lutionized but department stores and shops have installed special departments to cater to the horde of heretofore forgotten young- sters. Though thirteen may be unlucky to most people, Deanna says: "It will always be my lucky number. I shall always remember that when I was thirteen the world completely changed for me."

To Jackie Cooper belongs the distinction...
by achieving what, in motion picture circles, has for years been considered impossible. For years, he successfully played child roles and even when he approached the dangerous age, he was unmoled by what was coming. For this, I applaud Mabel Cooper Hagleove, to thank. Because of her guidance and intelligence, he was able to hurdle the obstacles of the youngster who strives to rise in the almost impenetrable tissue of the screen. When she came face to face with the problem, she used good common sense and customary Hollywood theory, she says, "Is that a child star should retire for at least our five years while growing through the difficult age. But I have a firm belief that the years between fourteen and twenty are psychologically the most important ones of the lifetime. I know that if Jackie did not go on with his career during these years, he would lose his self-confidence. He would be forced to begin all over again. And he might not even want to resume his career."

"In order to keep his efforts directed on pictures, he was offered small parts," she goes on to say, "but I was afraid that this could prove detrimental rather than helpful. He might begin to doubt his ability. Subconsciously, after playing important roles for years might even prove harmful."

So for an entire year, after doing 'The Devil Is a Sissy,' Jackie made no pictures. We were holding out and when monogram came along and offered him the part of Jack in the Streets, I felt that my theory was proven—that there were parts for the youngsters in their formative years and that there was no need of only abandon them."

There is a chapter in Jackie's life that was not divulged up until now. Most people are apt to think that everything for the young star begins and ends with Monogram, but even as an actor of established reputation, he found himself on the verge of adolescence with no takers for his services. Matal had no immediate need for him. The other companies didn't make a mad rush to bid for his services. There was even an interval when he was out of work, at which time Monogram's Pictures flung all contrary advice to the winds and signed him up, they gained the respect of their business competitors who knew that was a key role. It was at this time that it was difficult for Jackie to get decent assignments. He was no longer in great demand. But the lad who created "Skippy" in screen and whose performance in "The Champ" was unforgettable was not destined to go tumbling into obscurity. His stars were kind, as soon as he was taken away. When Monogram Pictures had the inevitable rush of bids for his talent. And after making 'Boy of the Streets' his services were once more at a premium."

The Champ" was at a party and found him slightly embarrassed by all the attention he was attracting. Those who looked about him to detect any outward sign of his new or unusualness. The charm and simplicity of this youngster was not changed one bit by the public adulation meted out to him. Everyone marveled at his authentic boyhood and at his good-natured submission to hundreds of silly questions and remarks he was obliged to withstand. But these very qualities make Jackie Cooper better liked and show that his lack of affectation is a result of proper guidance through his hazardous years."

On the threshold of manhood, young Cooper has nothing to fear. He already is firmly settled with both feet sanely planted on the path he is to follow. Watching his progress, now that he has weathered the process of maturity, will be interesting, perhaps, even more so than his emergence from childhood."

Another adolescent to plop into popularity right smack in the midst of the dangerous age is Judy Garland, the lovable, charming youngster whose singing and comedy antics have won her acclaim. What Deanna Durbin is to grand opera, Judy Garland is to swing. With a vibrant personality that is both sympathetic and amusing, she has discovered the unknown quantity that spells success. She has a simple philosophy which she sums up briefly by saying "I give them what they want."

But the breaks were not as simple as one expects of a youngster imbued with a magnetic personality and a gifted talent that swung her to the top. On the contrary, it was a series of crises from the very beginning. One unhappy incident followed another in rapid succession. Finally, at the grand old age of twelve, the long-awaited break came along—but so did another problem, adolescence, the boogy man of the producer's nightmares."

Judy herself regards life beyond thirteen as something very strenuous and tiring. She has no desires to grow older and would like to remain just as she is for the rest of her life. "There's no fun in growing up," she explains, "because you can't do all the things you do when you're a kid. You have to be careful what you do and how you act; but if you're a kid, people just let you get away with everything. And most important, you can't ride a bike in high heels and long skirts. I know, I tried it."

While most people are apt to regard them as serious rivals, Judy is the first person to offer her allegiance to Deanna Durbin. She looks upon her as her own special champion and says, "If it were not for Deanna, I guess we in-betweener would still be going along waiting for our big chance. But when Deanna showed that even the awkward age had talent, she did her best deed. Until then, nobody paid us any attention. Whenever anything happened, we were always left out. But now we are getting the chance to show our stuff. And judging from the letters I get, thousands of kids all over the world are glad. Even though adolescence is a confusing age, I wouldn't want to miss it. Sometimes, I don't know what's the matter with me. One minute I feel like playing with dolls and the next, I start thinking about grown-up clothes and parties and dances. But there's so little time to play with mud pies and have fun, I'm really taking it all in now."

Not quite as fortunate in overcoming the pitfalls of maturing as his contemporaries, Freddie Bartholomew has decidedly undergone a change. Today, he is no longer the adorable youngster of the gentlemanly school whose perfectly clipped speech and British accent proved so entertaining. His arms and legs have sprouted. His voice definitely shows signs of changing. He has become Americanized in his speech and characteristics. No longer is he the youngster of "David Copperfield," or "Captains Courageous."

Over in his native England, Alexander Korda is grooming his precious adolescent find, Sabu. Discovered in the jungles of India, he is developing into a personality whose charm and acting ability scores another point in favor of the in-between age. With a perfect body and a naiveté that is refreshing, he has successfully shown his worth in "Elephant Boy" and "Drums." Currently, he is at work in England making "The Thief of Bagdad."

Perhaps indirectly responsible also for the vogue of juvenile youngsters in pictures these days are the young rodeo boys who precipitated themselves at us in "Dead End." With their crude, brusque interpretations of the "other hall," they are credited with bringing to the screen some of the most realistic portrayals of slum children that the stage or screen has ever seen. To them is due the credit for adding a relished sharpness to the "lost" generation of youngsters.

From all these kids, the screen has learned a great lesson. No longer will it entirely ignore adolescence and shun it as the dangerous age. By experimenting, it has discovered that the awkward years can be justified and prove entertaining. And now, the children of the screen may go along unmolested by the thought of the approach of the awful years between ten and sixteen. No longer the untouchables of Hollywood, today they are the champions who have paved the way for those to come.
to be a definite handicap," Tommy said. "I had a terrific time becoming known because I had no physical feature by which I could be identified. God bless me on my slender and violet and I tried hard enough to be remembered and identified as Thomas Mitchell but there just wasn't anything about my face that made it stand out from thousands of other faces. I'll never forget a certain gentleman in the Lamb's Club in New York. I used to meet him there occasionally and he always could speak pleasantly although I noticed that he never called me by name. At that time I was starring in 'The Little Accident' which I also had written and was producing. One day this gentleman asked me casually what I was doing. I said I was in 'The Little Accident' at such and such a theatre.

"Oh yes," he said, "Tommy Mitchell's play. Say hello to him for me when you see him!"

For a long time producers didn't seem to think the characters looked like Mitchell. Tommy went on. Now, fortunately, they realize Mitchell looks like the character he is playing. And when one is satisfied, because he doesn't think an actor should be remembered by an audience as a personality so much as the character he is playing.

"If the illusion is complete, the audience forgets the actor as an actor," he said. "And if the play or picture has to trail along after the actor, it misses its goal entirely. That is why I've always pleaded with producers to let me be the character I am playing, not Thomas Mitchell as the character."

But if Tommy hasn't got physical "oomph," he has something you cannot create with a little make-up and a lot of high-powered publicity. It's something that doesn't depend upon broad shoulders, thick wavy hair, and a Grecian nose. It's something the years cannot touch. It's personalty plus. A quick-warm friendliness and charm flowers from him as naturally and steadily as cheer and comfort from an open hearth. He likes people for themselves, not for their possessions or their income; he is so devoid of guile as a newborn babe and as big-hearted as all outdoors. An innate kindness rules his feelings for his fellow men and his galantry is born of affection, not affectation. A grand spinner of yarns, he also possesses the knack of listening well, and the quizzical eagerness in his eyes somehow adds importance to the unimportant thing you may be saying. He has the quick wit of the Irish which marks a sensitive capacity for understanding and sympathy. Men are drawn to him by his strength and women by his gentleness.

There is a funny streak of shyness in him that hails his gibb tongue when talking about himself, and the studio biography he filled out under orders is a classic in brevity. In the proper places he dutifully recorded that his pet peeve is inquisitive people and that he can speak Gaelic; that he likes children and ice cream cones but abhors salt masks and carrying an umbrella; that he thinks reading in bed is a pleasant occupation and riding street cars an odious one; that modern architecture has a good deal in its favor but he wouldn't be caught dead wearing "skil underwear." In the ample blank space in which he was supposed to write at length concerning himself he exploded with: "Good heavens, what else is there to say?"

He might have mentioned the utter futility of his family trying to make a newspaper man out of him back in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he was born and worked at it three or four years, to be sure, but under protest. From the beginning he was —and still is—the most consistently stage-struck person he's ever known. In school they didn't have to urge him to act; they couldn't keep him from it! At the drop of a hat he'd be up on the platform reciting "The Chambered Nautilus" or some other dramatic tid-bit he could really get his teeth into with a vengeance.

It was some satisfaction to learn later in his life that he had come by his love of the theatre honestly. Quite by accident he discovered that members of his mother's side of the family had been thespians in Ireland and Scotland for generations with what he called notorious lack of success. Too, the family home in Elizabeth once upon a time had been part of the old Elizabeth Opera House. His father, a furniture dealer, had converted half of it into a home and half into a warehouse for his stock in trade. His father, a bachelor, five boys and two girls, had plenty of room to rattle around in and eventually grew up to become successes in their various lines of work. The Irish theatre, naturally, came straight from County Tyrone and County Roscommon where the elder Mitchells were born.

After a false start as the star of a vaudeville sketch which he wrote when he was 17 and which he admits was pretty awful, Tommy eventually hit his stride as a triple-threat man on Broadway. He wrote plays, produced them, and starred in them with equal ease. At one time, he remembers, he was starring in "The Wisdom Tooth" while "Glory Halleluja," a play he had authored, was being presented directly across the street. Among his subsequent appearances were "Stick in the Mud," "Riddle Me This," "The Little Accident" and "Cloudy with Showers." It was that latter play which first brought him to Hollywood. He wrote the screen version. He has given up his writing entirely now; says he is having too much fun (and making too much money) sticking to acting.

At heart Tommy is a worrier. The more he has to fret about, or thinks he has, the happier he is. He is not working and stews when he's working, but he's the two parts at the same time. It keeps his house in a gentile sort of an uproar the whole time. For the most part he has the good nature of a puppy and never has been known to indulge in a fit of temperament. To be sure, he gets in a good Irish temper now and then but it's only when he goes on a reducing diet for a waistline that seems to go on expansion binges every so often. Nobody else seems to mind the Irish but Tommy and his personal affront and brews up quite an annoyance about it.

Anne, his tall, slender daughter, is the apple of his eye. He knows that, five minutes after meeting him. He no more can keep her out of a conversation than say no to someone who asks him for a favor. He admits her social education has been somewhat orthodox—he is technically proficient in the many arts of self-defense, for instance, and knows her way around a cocktail—yet Anne is in a way more English than Emily Port recommends—but they are the greater pals for it. And, as he pointed out, makes him the more of a personal affront and brews up quite an annoyance about it.

As you would expect, it is not a "movie-

ish" family in the movie sense. There is no splurge in decorating or fancy trimmings in furnish-

ing. Tommy's pet place is his "picking"


garden in the back, a small plot of ground

proflantly and informally planted in flowers
to be picked and enjoyed. There is no more pretense or sham about the place than around Tommy himself. I learned how little love of the Irish was in his veins by his famous ancestor, Dion Boucicault, the great Irish dramatist and actor of the 1880's. The studio biography on Tommy quoted: "He's an Irishman!"

"He's no ancestor," said Tommy. "I made him up!"

As I was leaving the bowl was floating a bit

freely one night, it seems, when some snob

archly inquired of Tommy if he had any

famous relations. Doing a little quick think-

ing, he at once replied: "Dion Boucicault!"

—and the legend has persisted to this day.

"How did you happen to pick on him?" I

asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," Tommy answered.

"The first three names that flashed in my

mind were Shakespeare, Molare, and good

Dion Boucicault. As a matter of fact the last was

out. Shakespeare was going it a bit thick,

I thought, and so that left Boucicault. And

as one Irishman to another, I didn't think

be'd mind!"

“Who Is That Guy?”

Continued from page 34

INTERNATIONAL

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Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.

Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.

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- If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

Coty “Sub-Deb” does double duty. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

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; 50¢ or $1.00.

“AIR-SPUN” Rouge in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

50¢ $1.00

Yours for Loveliness

Beauty that sees you efficiently through college, career or home days

HERE is a treasure box that performs a dual purpose. Within is a gay and lovely array of Early American Old Spice toiletries, by Shulton. Everywhere you look is another delight in the form of hand soap, guest soap, sachets, dusting powder, bath salts and toilet water, with that rich, deep, refreshing scent of old spice, as past generations knew it. The containers have a hand-painted look with their very old-fashioned motifs in bright colors. You’ll cherish them for odd uses, but that’s not all. The mirrored box, about eight by eleven inches, makes a charming beauty box. A top dressing table, it furnishes mirror and compartments. All girls will adore it—and rightly!

GOOD-BYE, gift college girls cry for, I am told, is a La Cross slide fastener manicure set. But the college girls are not the only ones, and for a good reason. These sets are so completely equipped with just what you need, implements and preparations, including two shades of polish—a party color, for fun, and a class-room color, for work—or, for graduates, a day and night tone. The cases are faultless done in beautiful dark leather, soil-resistant tones, and they slide closed for easy packing or open for easy use. Priced to please.

A TOOTHPASTE is something to be reckoned with seriously, concerning mouth health and beauty. Its bristles must resist softening and loss of resiliency through daily wetting, and splitting or breaking through daily action. Johnson & Johnson announce an important development in treatment of natural bristles in Tec brushes that assures six times longer life! Distinctive shaping means better cleaning, too. Tec Double is a smart idea, two brushes packaged together, one for morning, one for night, distinguished by different colors.

WORDS on that painful subject of perspiration—for it is most painful when it ruins a new garment or leaves an embarrassing reminder in woolens that day cleaning doesn’t seem to remove. Use your deodorants and use your non-perspirant, but for those frocks, blouses and sweaters you cherish, use also Kleinert’s dress shields for double protection against the time you forget to use your preparation or when you over-do to the extent that nothing seems to stop nature under your arms. Sketched, are frosty, lace-edged Kleinert “aristocrats,” with no rubber but guaranteed perspiration-proof. Dainty, airy-light, they belong with lovely lingerie and perfect grooming. They come in white, and are easy to adjust.

THE first Harriet Hubbard Ayer Car, yall was dedicated to collegiennes of ’37. The new edition, sketched, is dedicated to collegiennes of ’39, a triangular case of fabricoid in patent leather or alligator grain, with a sparkling buckle for accent and security. It comes in black or rose-brown, with inside of apricot washable material. Fitted into a removable compartment is a complete beauty routine, all you need for care and make-up, that you can lift out and set anywhere. There’s also room for personal gadgets. Car, yall for all of us. Travelers will love it.

C. M.
Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 12

Sunday and have our friends drop in as they please, any time from one o'clock on. The boys play badminton on the court, and I'm sure the play that goes on ought to win championships. They're really good. The girls and I usually sit around and talk or listen to one of the radio programs. Anyone who feels hungry goes to the kitchen and gets a Coca-Cola or ginger ale out of the ice-box and fixes himself a sandwich.

Tell you a good way to do when your guests want to fix their own food: Lay out slices of different kinds of bread, and plates of good crisp crackers like Educators' cheese thins or Crax butter wafers. Then have a platter with slices of tomato, cold cuts of meat, pickles, olives, celery and Kraft's cream cheese. You can have paper cups — those tiny ones — with Kraft's mayonnaise in them, if you want to go to the trouble. People love to try different things.

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California fashion, with a salad, I adore shredded carrot and raisin salad with heavy French dressing, but we had avocado and grapefruit with French dressing last time, and everyone liked it. So thing I ' telly' learned to make—biscuits! You know Johnny is from Virginia and he surely likes hot biscuits. To make biscuits for four people, I take:

2 cups flour
4 level teaspoons Royal baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons Crisco
3/4 cup milk

Sift the flour and baking powder into a mixing bowl. Rub in shortening with finger tips (or cut it with two silver knives). Add enough milk to make a smooth, firm dough. 3/4 cup usually does this amount of flour, but you may need more. Lightly pat out the dough until about 3/4 inch thick. Cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven at 450 degrees F.

"If I'm making biscuits for girls, I use a thimble-size cutter, but Johnny takes his as big as he can get them. Sometimes I add more milk and make a softer dough and drop the biscuits from a teaspoon onto a biscuit sheet. That way, they bake faster. Johnny likes these biscuits with blueberries, too.

"When I want to be really fancy, I dip a cube of sugar into orange juice that has grated orange peel in it, and press it onto the top of each biscuit just before I put it in the oven. Sometimes I use orange maraschino or strawberry jam—but never use jelly. I tried it once, and it ruined the biscuits.

You can use the same recipe for making cobbler or shortcake, too, by adding a tablespoon of sugar to the dry ingredients. And if I want to make meat or chicken pies, I don't use the sugar but I add an extra teaspoon of shortening.

We went through the white swinging doors of the dining-room back through the living-room to the master bedroom, all done in soft blues. "So much I like about this room!" sighed Anne, looking lovely in her pale blue housecoat. "The color is perfect—I adore blues and greens—and the way the dining-table is set back into the wall with the windows throwing good daylight on the mirror is such a help for daytime make-up. But yesterday, on one o'clock, I was afraid to look in the mirror. There's room on the floor of a place, up the hill from the Trocadero, up and up that winding road. There's always something wrong with a house, and this one looks like a vault outside but inside it's adorable, and the views are magnificent! No matter where you look, you have a view that's superb! Can I think of anything more wonderful?"

"You enter downstairs, where there are two bedrooms and bath and hall, then go down to the living-room and dining-room and bedroom on the floor below that. There's a breakfast room, too, with big bunches of cherries on the wall-paper, and the kitchen is like ours here. There's room on the grounds for a badminton court, for they slope down and then go level for a piece and slope up again. But what could we do with the outside? The roof is flat—but we could put an awning on it and some patio furniture and call it a deck. It would be marvelous for a party some summer night with all the garlands of colorful lights below.

"We can't make up our minds about it! It's a bargain, but we can afford burden. Sometimes they cost more, but got that regular prices by the time you get through with them." She shook her red curls and laughed. "Oh well, house hunting is so much fun!"

Holly-Pax

How Hollywood solved one of woman's greatest problems! Screen stars can't afford to be "indisposed" certain days of the month. Their "mood" may come the day their big scene is to be shot. Or the evening of an important night.

Holly-Pax, the revolutionary new mode of sanitary protection, was developed in answer to screen stars' insistent demand for a form of protection that would make their secret theirs alone.

A tampon used internally, Holly-Pax eliminates pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax can't show—even in a swimming suit! Its comfort is astonishing—no chafing, no binding, no disposal problem. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind and poise this feature brings!

Ask for Holly-Pax at any drug, department or ten cent store! Package of four, 20 cents; package of ten, 40 cents.

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FOR BROWN-EYED GIRLS LIKE ETHEL MERMAN

There's Glamour in Marvelous Matched Makeup!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, keyed to the color of your eyes!

LOIS: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your eyes?
JUDY: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!

LOIS: It's perfect on you, Judy! But your eyes are brown! What about me, with blue eyes?
JUDY: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

LOIS: And they found eye color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?
JUDY: Lois, they found it's the only true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—the color of your eyes!

JUDY: I'm devoted to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look... just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so smoothly—gives your lips lovely, long-lasting color!

LOIS: And Marvelous Makeup gives you so much more than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!

JUDY: With Marvelous, you look as you want to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for perfect color harmony, use them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! (65¢ in Canada)

MARVELOUS Matched MAKEUP

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue □ Brown □ Gray □ Hazel □ Name—

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal contain-
era. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs. City—

SCREENLAND 79
Honest Confessions of an Extra Girl
Continued from page 27

nice neighborhood because I have my little girl to support and she's six years old now and I want her to live in a nice neighborhood. You read about the few who make $5000 a week or $7500 a week, how Garbo makes $10,000 a week. Yes, some do. But most don't, most live on exactly $565 and some odd cents. On that amount I took care of my baby, my mother and myself. Well, we're still alive. And decently fed and clothed. But I admit it. Am I going to the shops where the star shops for my clothes. I've never been inside those shops. I buy my things in little, out-of-the-way places. I make all of my baby's clothes and many of my own. Last month I had 10 days' work, at $8.25 a day. And most of that went to pay the debts of the month before. And I am what is known as an extra in "good standing." Which means that I have a good reputation, nothing against my name, and that I pay my $4.25 quarterly dues to the Guild. I get my share of work. People say to me, "you can't complain." I'm not. I don't. But I can try to explain. I'm just a girl who lived in Hollywood as the Promised Land that there is another side to Hollywood, a side called "seamy.

When I'm not working, I spend my life by my telephone. I'm all spend our lives by our telephones, we extras, either dialing Central Casting to let them know that we are "on call" or hoping and praying that Central Casting will call us. Sometimes I get down on my knees by my telephone, knowing that I must look very silly and melodramatic, but not caring about that. Sometimes when the phone doesn't ring for days I have to rob my baby's bank to buy food. Sometimes I have to use my rent money to buy an outfit for a day's work. We extras wear the same clothes, you know, except in the case of a costume picture, like "Robin Hood," for instance, then the studio outfits us. I nearly died not long ago when Central Casting called me for a day's work and told me to wear slacks. I don't need slacks so I didn't have any, I had to buy them, however, and they might have been on sale to rise from a break that time, though, because I got four days' work on that picture instead of one, and so the slacks paid for themselves. One that Central Casting forced me to take care of the next day. Naturally, I can't budget as girls on a salary can. Extra work is too spotty and uncertain for that. I can't say either that I'm living on a $1000 life insurance policy and I pay 25 cents a week on an educational policy for my baby, and that's all I can manage.

There are hundreds of girls doing extra work who live as I do. Quite a number of the girls have babies to support, too. Even among the extras, marriage in Hollywood doesn't seem to appeal. Every girl I know it's because we see too many attractive men out here, Clark Gable and Charles Boyer and Robert Taylor and all, and it goes to their head and they go to waste and rush into things too fast.

Many of us would like to get out of extra work because we know, in our hearts, there is a little more to our future in it. But most of us don't know anything else. And we haven't the time or the money to take courses in anything. We don't dare stay away from the telephones long enough to even go down town to see about taking courses. And when we get a call, we have to work. And here we stay.

One thing that makes my story of some value is not so much that it is my story as that it is with few variations the story of hundreds of others of us whom you know little or nothing about. The extras in life are never necessary! We are necessary en masse, as a herd. We are not necessary as individuals. If anything should happen to me, to Hedy Lamarr, to Claudette Colbert, it would be an awful tragedy, a terrible loss, in every way. If anything should happen to an extra, another one might take her place. And several thousand others would be right here to fill up the little vacancy any one of us might leave. It's so a sad name, too, "extra." Because we'd like to feel a little important on their job.

Here's something that hurts me, too. Many of the talent scouts who go over the world searching for "new talent" when we, the extras, are right under their eyes and—they don't see them. They don't see us as individuals. We're not seen. There is a great deal of talent and beauty in our ranks, I know what I'm talking about. Hedy Lamarr is simply ravishing. But I know hundreds of the extras, who are, given their clothes and her beauty, could be every bit as ravishing as she is.

I'm not a raving beauty myself, though. I have had that thought. I'm a bit on Margaret Sullivan's type. Anyway, I'm attractive enough as girls go. This isn't vanity. It's our business to estimate ourselves. So in this chapter, must estimate accurately the number of words she can take per minute. I wear my clothes well, I think. The few chances I've had to do anything that's good. But I've never had anyone or anything big enough back of me. I don't mean what you may I mean I don't think it's necessary or having been an "angel," as they say, with very ungentle intentions. In fact, I will tell you later how this kind of thing harms far more than it helps. But I do think you have to have someone take an interest in your career. Particularly if you started as an extra. Because once you are known as an extra, it's very difficult to rise from the dead as rise out of the extra ranks.

Perhaps some of you girls don't know how we extras work. Well, once you are registred, you may take weeks or months before you can get registered—you sit by your phone and dial and dial and dial until you get it. When you do get it, you don't say your name. Like I get them and I say "Alberta Hamblet" and that is all. Not even "this is Alberta Hamblet..." For Central Casting believes the "seven days of creation" from dawn to dawn without ceasing and so they haven't time for anything but the name. When they hear your name they know that you are "on call." Then you wait for them to call you. It may be the same day, it may not be for days or weeks. When they do call, the process is like this: Let's say that some extra is needed for a film in production at Warner Brothers Studio. The director tells the assistant director how many extras he wants, for what scenes and how many they are to be. The assistant director then relays the order to Warners' casting director, Warners' casting director in turn relays to Central Casting and Central Casting calls us—some of us. We are told what studio to report to, what set, what assistant director and what time. I am an $8.25 a day extra. There are four classifications of extras: the highest paid are the $10.50 a day or "dress" extras. They are recruited from among girls who are known to have the best, the smartest clothes, evening clothes, especially
Then come the $1.00 a day extras. They are supposed to have the smartest street clothes. Then the $8.25-ers who are supposed to have very good street clothes, though not quite as ultra as the $11.00 a day layers. Last of all come the $5.50 a day extras, and they are used mostly in big show scenes, crowds. If we have worked for a director in one scene of, say, “The Old Maid,” we usually can’t work in that picture again. We may have been used in street scenes, you see, in which case the director wouldn’t want the same faces in drawing-room scenes. This curtails us quite a lot. And once you get classified as an $8.25 extra it’s just about as hard to break into the $16.00 class as it would be to break into stardom. What we extras all hope for, about all we hope for, really, is that we may get “bits” to do. A bit is when you say one line, or even one word. If you just say “oh” or “hello” that’s a “bit” and you get $2.50 a day for that. Once I did a silent “bit”—it was in “Music For Madame”—and the camera showed my reaction to Gilly Gilbert making funny faces. We all hope for bits, not only because they pay more money but even more because they might lead to something better for us, something which would make us individuals, with names and faces and personalities of our own.

I made quite a nice start in pictures, too. I was born in Indianapolis, I didn’t come to Hollywood to get into the movies. My mother and I came out here to live when I was a child. My mother had a good secretarial position and we had a pleasant home. I went to convent schools for a time, had my own car and everything I needed. One day when I was sixteen a friend of mine suggested that I go with her, while she made a test for Larry Ceballos, the dance director. I said I would try, too. I had had a few dancing lessons. Out of 55 girls tested, 26 were chosen and I was one of the 26. That’s how I began. Then I worked at Paramount and at Warner Brothers. I was in dance ensembles, mostly. I did some extra work between whiles, too. I wanted to be a dancer but I couldn’t afford to take more lessons. I did all sorts of other things, too. They used my hands for close-ups of stars’ hands. They posed me for stock ads. Photographers used me when they wanted to experiment with a model. I even got a contract at Warner Brothers as a stock player. My hopes were way Up There, then. Then, at the end of my first three months option, my mother decided that I must go back to school, I went back. That was my first tragic mistake. My next tragic mistake was when I got married. I married an actor, yes. My marriage lasted only a few months. My husband left me before my baby was born. I had no money and my mother lost her position. I was in the hospital for four months before the baby came. After she came I had double pneumonia and was in bed for four months more. My mother helped me through all of this by pawnng her rings.

When I got my strength back a little, we were penniless. And I couldn’t get a job. Even after I finally got registered at Central Casting, I couldn’t get work. I wouldn’t go to the few friends I had. That isn’t done any more, in Hollywood. I’d gone to Fairfax High School with Sally Filers. Sally was always swell to me. She always “knew” me when we met on the lots. The first picture I ever worked extra on was “Broadway Babies,” with Sally. But I knew another girl who had been my closest friend at school. I won’t mention her name because she is a big star now and I don’t want to hurt anybody. Anyway, whenever she’d see me she’d say “hi, allo” and go on her way, quickly. I wouldn’t bother her. But I guess she didn’t know that. And she made me realize that a Great Divide there is between the stars and the extras. How little “I know you when” really means.

My baby was two and a half years old before I got work again. I don’t know now, how we did live during that time. If it had not been for my baby, I would have been glad to have stopped living. It is never fun when your tummy touches your spine. When I did get work it was, again, through Larry Ceballos. He was interviewing dancers for “Sitting Pretty” with Ginger Rogers and Jack Oakie. I got a few days work. Ginger was very sweet to us girls.
Kisses Don't Just "Happen"!

She not only treated us to cakes and ice-cream but she would stop and talk to us, too.

About this time I had a dreadful experience. I guess it wouldn't be too sensational to call it heart-breaking. And it does prove my wild ideas about individuals, with prides to be hurt and hearts which can (and do) break. I was having a bad time getting work. One day I met a publicity man I knew slightly. He will call him Harry. I ran into him on Hollywood Boulevard and he looked at me as if he was seeing a Great Light. He talked to me in a kind of off-handed, rather manner, and I sort of felt I would have to go over to the commissary at the studio and have lunch with him and with Pierre. Pierre is one of our big ears. Then I didn't think, Pierre is not his name, of course. On the way over he asked me if I had ever met Pierre, I said that I hadn't. He asked me what I thought of him and never did say I thought he was simply wonderful. Funny, silly, sad part of this is that I really did have a yen for him, the only man on the screen I'd ever thought about, romantically. I couldn't believe my ears when Harry offered to take me to lunch with him. I didn't believe my ears when, after that luncheon, Pierre asked me if we could have dinner with him that night. Can you imagine how I felt? I should have known better, of course. But once or twice to every girl, I guess there comes a dizzy hour. That was mine.

Well, every night for almost a month Pierre sent me flowers, took me everywhere. He was patient and won me. I think I fell in love with him, pretty hard. I must have. That's the only way I can alibi my blindness, my stupidity. It was like a fairy tale. It was like a dream. I was so happy. I didn't make keeping to myself, "this can't be happening to me!" He talked about buying me a ring. Poor little sucker that I believed. No, not that I actually did believe then that he was in love with me, intended for us to get married. He told me to tell my friends about Us. I was the only man who ever got me worked up. He was proud of it and asked me to tell people, world to know. He said that he was, that he did. He asked me that I wanted to know about us, and laughed some more. Then one night after hearing his doorbell ring, I thought it was Pierre. It wasn't. It was Harry. Harry said, "I just came to tell you that you won't be seeing Pierre any more, everything's all fixed." I didn't know what on earth he was talking about. I said "What do you mean, 'everything's all fixed'"? Harry laughed: "Don't play dumb, you know what I'm talking about!" Then he looked at me more closely and said, "Why, you little sap, you didn't think Pierre was in love with you, for crying out loud? He was in trouble with him. He was in hot water. Through no fault of his own, he'd got mixed up with a married woman and her husband was about to have him for alienation of affections. That would have cooked his goose, the Public thinking him Galahad's twin brother and all. Only way we could figure out of it was to have him got up and someone else, on the verge of the engagement and marriage with another girl. I ran into you and it struck me all of a heap. You were the answer. You were the one. I'm so glad I'm glad you're confirmed and not the kind to make trouble. To do me credit, I thought you might get some work out of it too, meet people who'd talk about the whole thing. You get a lot of swell dinners and theatre tickets and flowers out of it, didn't you? What you crying about?" I said, "I'm not crying." But I was. But not for the reason he thought. Not for that reason, at all. He tried to hand me an envelope. He said, "Pierre's a good sort and he does like you, a lot. He sent me this and said he can't work off for six months if you feel like it. Only thing is, when you do work don't try to work extra on any set of his. It wouldn't cut." I shut the door, but very quietly, on Harry and on the envelope. And on the whole thing. It was the kind of a hurt that doesn't last very long, but I thought, too, that it doesn't us girls any good to have friends among the Biggies. I have a girl-friend, an extra like me, who went out with Pierre for an entire year together for over a year. My friend didn't think he would marry her. But she did think that he would help her get work. He never really did, but when they broke up he asked her not to work on any set of his. It would "embarrass" him to have her around. You know how it is yourself, if you've made mistakes in your own life—you don't want to see them around.

The idea that "wild, Hollywood parties, friendships, engagements, and engagements or directors get you breaks in pictures is definitely NOT. There isn't much of that kind of thing going on in Hollywood any more any place.

I had one other bad experience: I was framed. I was framed beautifully. At a certain studio there was a certain man who called himself Mr. Duncan. He could do anything he wanted to. Because that isn't his name, either. He was quite a bit older than I. He often talked to me, and found out about my baby. He said, "I'd like to do something about him. I can't he said. And so he did. He promised me once that he'd get me a small part in a western. He didn't, but he kept my hopes raised all the time. One day he said flatly to me he asked if I'd go on location for two or three days. I was thrilled, as I had never been on location before. They never take any girls out of the state. That night we were having dinner in the restaurant built on the location for the company. At a table near sat this man. He came over and asked how I was, but as he had a legitimate reason for being there I didn't give it a second thought. After dinner, the assistant director came to me and said that Mr. Duncan had been taken very ill, had a temperature of 103 and was calling for me, I would please go down to his cabin. The assistant director got scared and called a doctor. I would not go. The next morning, right after breakfast, I was sent home, I lost my three days work, I've seen Mr. Duncan more than seven times since. He never "knows" me. But this kind of thing is very, very rare, much rarer, I daresay, than it is in offices and in other lines of work. Just the other day I met only known three girls who were cut off from working because they would not play "ball" with the men higher up. The assistant directors are really the only men we extras come into contact with very much. The assistant director rules the
George Nicholls, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture
"Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile"
—but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, your smile is handsome when you let
Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne
is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists—
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help you make your smile brighter, too.

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You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy
taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of
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unique, flat package too—slips so smoothly into pocket or
purse. Just try Dentyne!

S C R E E N L A N D
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Now We Can Tell!
Continued from page 25

From then on life was a series of friendly adventures. They rode together on the Beverly Hills bridge path. Bob began to drop by Barbara's house for dinner. Very seldom did they ever share their evenings with another couple. Their romance was the gradual outcome of a steady growing appreciation for each other's qualities. Theirs was no puppy love affair. As they grew fonder of each other, they realized the seriousness of the responsibilities ahead. Even though the culmination of their romance is the result of painstaking patience and planning, the actual public announcement was as big a surprise to Barbara as it was to fifty million friends, fans, and Hollywood columnists. As the time grew nearer when they could announce their engagement, it grew twice as tough for Barbara and Bob to state that the date had not been set. Barbara insisted there was nothing to tell.

Then one night Bob stopped by on his way home from the studio. "Our engagement will be announced in tomorrow's paper. The studio told me today that they leave for location after I finish this present picture. We've waited such a long time, Barbara. I just won't put it off until I get back. I knew you understand, so I went ahead and announced it."

Just the day before Barbara had told an interviewer there was no announcement to make. She was homesick telling the truth. She had denied it to columnists, radio commentators and studio intimates. She was sorry she had mislead them. She knew that someone would be surprised. She had never expected things to happen quite so suddenly. Needless to say, she was thrilled at having it with those who were interested.

The importance of the marriage to Barbara and Bob is that all adjustments were made before and not after. Barbara's love and devotion to young Don Stanwyck is by this time a legend. His affection for Bob is therefore doubly gratifying.

Actually Barbara and Bob were only engaged eighteen months. They went together three years. Up until the day that Bob returned from his lonely stay in England, they had never considered marriage. Barbara wanted to get her ranch on a paying basis before she took the serious step. Under an old contract agreement, she still owed pictures to 20th Century-Fox and RKO. She wanted to do these, too, before they had to take a long honeymoon trip. There were other obligations too, all assumed by Barbara before Bob came into her life. In all fairness she felt she could not expect Bob to make these plans as his.

Barbara and Bob planned on a home wedding. They wanted it simple, but as beautiful and sentimental as a wedding should be. Twice their plans were made. Each time production schedules and location stops interfered. They grew to the realization that they were attempting to achieve the impossible. As it was, Barbara was back with "Golden Boy" on the morning following their marriage. Typical of Hollywood, Bob, on the "Lady of the Tropics" set had to go through a second wedding ceremony with Hedy Lamarr!

Sticking to their first affirmative statement, that they would be married sometime in May or June, Barbara and Bob drove down to San Diego for their license. On the same day they visited some of their friends too. In all probability, had they tried to make a big mystery trip out of it, the story would have hit the front pages. Instead, they simply applied for the license under their own names of Ruby Stevens and Arlington Brugh. No one caught on.

At eighty-three the following Saturday evening they asked their good friends, Metheny and Zephyra Case, to accompany them immediately to San Diego, for the wedding. Buck Mack, Barbara's godfather and closest friend, gave her away. Barbara's wedding dress was blue. And very new. From Holly Barns, her friend and hairdresser, (whom Barbara had stood up with the day before), Barbara borrowed a one young hat. The groom's boutonniere was a slender gold band, completely encircled with rubies. Mrs. Robert Taylor's first phone call came from Joel McCrea, Harry's brother, with the news. From Barbara through many pictures. Her first wire was an amusing one sent by young William Holden, who thanks Barbara is tops for her kindness and encouragement on his first picture. "Gosh what a blow!" read the kidding message. It was signed, "Golden Boy!"

For the present they are in Barbara's house. When she selected the furnishings for Bob's ranch house (while he was in England) Barbara picked only things with a definite masculine trend. Bob's house has but one small bedroom. While Barbara's house is larger and more comfortable, accommodations for Bob are limited. If they remain in it, alterations will probably be made. They would like to have a small place in Beverly Hills to use when they are working. Both are dead set against a large movie star establishment that requires a corps of servants and a terrific bankroll to run. They want to feel free from worry and the responsibility of too many expensive possessions. When he finds the right buyer, Bob will undoubtedly sell his ranch and move his fine horses over to the Marxweyl stables.

Of one thing I am certain. If Barbara and Bob are allowed to live their life together as they have their marriage, nothing can spoil it. As long as they have love, and the individual enthusiasm, there's everything good promised. Neither has travelled extensively. So they are looking forward to that day when they can explore the world. They have a grand illusion about movie fame and their positions as great stars, I think they have a great deal more in their favor than any
Cameraman Beery
Continued from page 65

Sun, Wind, Water often make HANDS look older. Worth while to prevent this

YOU CAN HAVE "Hollywood Hands"—thrillingly soft, smooth as satin! Just don't let wind and water dry out the skin.

Supplement the depleted natural moisture by using Jergens Lotion. So marvelous for helping beautify your hands. Many doctors—to help soften harsh, rough skin—use 2 of the very ingredients you have in Jergens. Regular use of this fragrant lotion helps prevent unattractive roughness.

JERGENS LOTION
NEW! For Smooth Complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against chaps, dry skin. 50c, 25c, 10c, at beauty counters.

*Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "The Real Czar." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

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See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:
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CUPID'S ADVICE: Help prevent unattractive roughness—furnish beautifying moisture for your hand skin with Jergens Lotion.

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SCREENLAND
Beginning All Over Again

BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR!

Send for our September bulletin that entitles you to our hair beauty gift of the month, and tells you how to correct that Summer hair, plus other tips on fashion, good looks and good times. This bulletin is especially dedicated to drob heads, and is yours for a three cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screeiland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Continued from page 62

Girls with Luxor powdered face always fill their date book spaces!

A heavily overpowdered face has no charm for the stag-line. Why not use Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with a light touch? Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. Choice of shades. All five of the season's smartest! Each 55c. Rose Rachel is very popular.

also try the New LUXOR Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect." Makeup 5c.

LUXOR - CHICAGO - LONDON - SYDNEY - MELBOURNE

Is Warners building up Brenda Marshall to be a "Hollywood Brenda Fraser"? Both beauties wear their lovely dark hair in long bobs. Look for the Marshall girl in "Career Man."
"Your Pal Tarzan"
Continued from page 57

Illinois Athletic Club, had him under his wing by this time, and envisioning this tall, well-built lad as a natural champion, he was priming him for the Olympic trials. The canny coach was right.

"I was always lazy," says Johnny, "cept about swimming. Bachrach figured that with training I'd have a chance at the Paris Olympics because I don't rattl easily. I take things as they come."

Johnny took things as they came for five years, winning everything he entered. In 1924 during the clamor and roar of the Paris Olympics the tranquil Weissmuller was the hero of the American victors. In 1928 he again starred at the Olympic games in Amsterdam. He holds seventy-five world's speed records. But the fastest time he ever made is not on the record books.

"I was down in Florida swimming one day," he says with a grin, "when I got out beyond the breakers. Suddenly I heard the people on shore yelling and waving at me. I looked round and saw a bunch of fins in the water, so I started for the beach—but fast. I found I'd beaten a school of barracuda and I think I made the best time I've ever made, but nobody clocked me."

At twenty-two he forsok amateur swimming, and signed to exploit B.V.D. swim suits. For three or four years he toured the country, giving exhibitions in tanks and pools, at country clubs and Y.M.C.A.'s, performing his water magic in every state in the union.

When Granntland Rice asked him to do a sports short it was just routine swimming to Johnny. He did his stuff before the camera naturally, without self-consciousness, unconcerned about the mechanics of it all. This unrestrained performance caught the eye of Woody Van Dyke, scheduled to direct the first "Tarzan" picture, and wondering where he would uncover a really looking ape-man. He approached Johnny to do a test for the picture. "I'm no actor," said the swimming ace. (He still says so today.) But the dynamic Van Dyke decided the matter for him. "You're going to be Tarzan for me or you'll have me to fight!" Johnny grinned at him tolerandy, figured Mike'd be all right with this guy, and the next day he was tested and signed. He has been Tarzan ever since. Independent producers used his name on other Tarzans to the public but Weissmuller was the genuine, authentic, in-demand ape-man.

Matriomally Johnny is an in-and-out. His first wife was the charming Bobbe Arnst whom he married in March 1931, after a romance of two weeks. They met while she was singing with the Ted Lewis band. That alliance only lasted until October 1932, and then Johnny was captured by the tumultuous Mexican tamale, Lupe Velez, and they were married a year later. Lupe sang Johnny's praises over the country for years, but their marriage was a stormy one. Lupe filed two suits for divorce, changed her mind and withdrew them, but went through with the third one which she filed in 1938. Current gossip has Johnny about to marry a San Francisco society girl, but he was noncommittal. However, from all reports Beryl Scott, an attractive brunette, may be the new Mrs. Weissmuller by the time you read this. She's the Frisco society girl.

Johnny has always liked the girls, and the girls swarm round him. When he was barnstorming Europe with Kreuger after the 1928 Olympics he was offered a world tour that would have included India, Aus-

tralia, and other alluring places, But Johnny wouldn't go. It was too far from his girl in Chicago.

He doesn't smoke and drinks an occasional glass of beer. "Moderate drinking is all right but it never stays that way," says Johnny. "When you figure you'll only drink a few one night a week it won't hurt. But then it turns into two and three nights a week and you're behind the eight ball, Me, I leave it alone. It's bad for the engine. I've got to keep in shape all the time.

The average "Tarzan" picture (there have been four) takes four to six months to come to a boil, which is the time required for epics. The reason for the delay is the animals dotting the cast. Shooting is often held up by the whim of a monkey or the indisposition of an elephant. Johnny is the ideal star to build such a series around because he is patient, tidy, easy-going and dependable. In Hollywood he lives a quiet life, maintaining bachelor quarters presided over by a man-servant.

His chief recreation is swimming. Weekends find him at Palm Springs, entertaining the crowds with Weissmuller antics in the water. His powerful, long-armed stroke appears deceptively simple and effortless, as slow and unstudied as his walking stride or his soft drawl in conversation. He is a natural in the water or out.

He recommends swimming for a living, if you can go fast enough. It has done all right by Johnny. In Hollywood he owns an apartment house besides his home, and there are a few annuities tucked away to take care of his declining years. "When I won't be doing four shows a day for Billy Rose," he grins. "If I get through the next three years of my new contract," says the smiling water boy, "I'm set. For keeps, I mean. Swimming gave me my start, but Tarzan did the real work. My pal, Tarzan!"

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**IF YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOUR SKINNY FIGURE**
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**GAIN NEW POUNDS, NEW STRENGTH Quick!**

HERE'S grand news for many of the thousands of thin, tired-looking, jittery, disinterested girls who have never seemed able to add an ounce, and seldom attract friends and have the good times they deserve.

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The reason is easily understood. You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people today are thin and rundown, tired and nervous—often unable to eat or sleep properly—only because they don't take enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough Vitamin B and iron, their body cannot make and distribute the new tissue they lack. With a little Ironized Yeast tablet and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

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**TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR.**
See your local newspaper for exact time and station.
Tagging The Talkies
Continued from page 14

Stolen Life
Paramount

Elizabeth Bergner in a dual rôle, that of twins who fall in love with the same man, played by Michael Redgrave. When Sylvia drowns, Martine masquerades as her twin, even deceiving Sylvia's husband, Alan McKenzie (Redgrave), but she's forced to confess her deception when her twin's shady past comes to haunt her. Will please sophisticated fans. Bergner charming.

Three Texas Steers
Republic

The Three Mesquitesers (John Wayne, Ray Corrigan, Max Terrhune) come to the rescue of Nancy Evans (Carole Landis) whose dishonest business manager is trying to get hold of her ranch because he knows the State wants the site for a dam. It's a lively western with some non-sense injected into it by Nancy's circus troupe, and it has a good share of thrills.

SOS—Tidal Wave
Republic

Television plays a big part in this fast-fetched drama in which views of a supposed tidal wave are used to panic voters. It has some swell scenes showing New York's skyline toppling over, but you must stretch your imagination. Ralph Byrd screen's "Dick Tracy," plays a news broadcaster who won't war against crooked polities until circumstances force him to fight.

Hollywood Pavement
Continued from page 55

dollars a day to seven hundred and fifty a week—who gave the lie to his native Nebraska prairie by broadening his a's and dropping his g's and otherwise trying to pass muster as a simon-pure Briton. An Irishman who claimed to be a Russian: a Russian who claimed to be a Norwegian; and an Italian-American girl from Baltimore—Maria Bartellitti, before she had become Fleurette Simpson—who announced, with never a blush, that she was first cousin to Wallis Simpson herself and alluded to the Duke of Windsor as "Dear David." Even the English actors forgot the small beer and said, boiled mutton with caper sauce of their Bloomsbury upbringing and referred, mysteriously, to Huguenot grandmothers and Spanish gran-dadies great-great-grandfathers.

It was, to Lester, all very amusing and very unlikely. It was all so—oh—so brittle; in such sudden, garish contrast—with itself and with facts. It was all—he reflected—so fantastically, so amazingly Hollywood. And yet, beneath its gaudy, twody surface, it was, somehow, romantic and picturesque and delightful. And they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

"They're having," a voice cut into his thought, "precisely the sort of time which they imagine is a good time."

Lester turned. He saw a tall, heavy-set, red-faced man. "Don't you like them?" he asked.

"Like them? No. But I love them—and hate them. Because they're actors and not—other."

"People?"

"That's it. Not people. Part monkey they are, part tiger, and with a good dash of peacock. And a great deal of skunk. Treacherous, Vain, Irresponsible. Fliglty. But so gifted. So damped charming when they want to be." He shrugged his shoulders.

"You've got to know how to treat them. Give them a lollipopol today, a sound kick in the pants tomorrow."

"You talk like a director. By the way, I didn't catch your name. So many people here."

"I didn't crash the gate. I'm Jim O'Shea."

"You mean—Colossal O'Shea?"

The other laughed. "More O'Shea than colossal—in spite of my paunch."

They shook hands. "Happy to meet you, Mr. O'Shea."

"That goes both ways. Mr. Donnelly." A pause. "I believe you knew my dad." Lester was startled, a little frightened. "I—" he stammered—"I—"

"Don't you remember Pat O'Shea who ran the speak the corner on Mulberry? Why, you were born in that neck of the words—weren't you?"

"Y—yes—" still stammering.

"Must have known dad. I bet you bought many a slug of hooch at his joint. At all events, he remembers you."

"He—" more nervous than ever, recalling the night when he had held up the old man—"he does?"

"Surest thing you know! He's living with me now. Saw your name in the paper the other day. Told me how tickled he was, years ago in New York, when you made good and brought glory and fame to the old Mulberry ward. Wants you to come round and see him—chew the rag about former times."

Lester was conscious of an intense feeling of relief. Naturally—he considered—Pat O'Shea would remember him. Had been held up by him—just as all the neighborhood had been.

Then Lester said: "Oh yes—I made good in those days. So've you made good, O'Shea."
"I'll tell the cock-eyed world. Two local girls make good—eh?" He stopped a servant who was carrying a tray; took a highball and went on. "Here's to a couple of bright young Micks—and your brother!"

"Speaking of bright young Micks, any news to the report that you're busy on a play about Hollywood? Or is it just a phase of money-making?"

"It's true all right, all right."

"How's it shaping?"

"Good as gold. I've got the plot. The situation—"

Regulation sweetness-and-light hokum? unk meets Punk—and, together, they set Hollywood afire?

"Say!" Lester was indignant. "Who'd you think I am? Eddie Guest rewriting she's Irish Rose?"

"Sorry. No offense." The other lit a gin. "I'm interested. Ready to talk it over with you."

Lester hid a smile. He had boasted to was that he would sign up, for himself and for her, with Colossal-O'Shea, the most important motion picture concern, on his own terms. Here, if he played his cards right, was his chance. "Glad you're interested," he replied. "But I'm not sure that am. Fact is, I may prefer to make my own education."

"Going to be expensive?"

"I'm figuring on tossing a million bucks to the pot. Maybe more."

"Got the dough?"

"Why—quite truthfully, since he still a couple of thousand left—I've some of it—"

"But not all. I repeat—I'm interested."

"And—I repeat—I'm not sure that am."

"Minding telling me why?"

"Because 'Hollywood Pavement' is going be the real thing, I," with tremendous gravity, "am giving it the gun—everything have in me—won't pull my punches. Brass tacks, if you get me. Honest, basic emotions. No romantic flir—"

Lester, noticing the light from the Hollywood production house, continued: "And I know what the Hollywood producing tribe would do to my brain child. They—oh—they'd drag in a beauteous mannequin girl or two—an equally beauteous nurse so chastely in white—and an even more beauteous female private secretary with more sex appeal than gray matter and more shape than heam. Pep up my play—that's what they'd do—put in a dash of paprika here, a squirt of perfume there, a couple of sentimental moons, a theme song, a tap dancer and a whole lot of passionless blah. They're just as lousy, perhaps lousier, here in Hollywood as back home on Broadway. They'd goulish up my play to make the angels weep. No—I'd rather produce it myself."

"A silence."

"Look here!" O'Shea said presently. "If the play listens good to me, I might ask you produce it yourself—but under the Colossal banner. How does that strike you?"

"Okay, I guess. But—there's something else."

"Yes?"

"The casting. I've got to do it myself, at least when it comes to the woman star."

"Colossal has the pick of all the famous stars."

"Too damned famous."

"What're you giving me?"

"The right dope. I've a notion that the public is sick of these same famous stars and their famous mugs. They want a new mug for a change. A new personality. Now—oh-stage tricks. New, that is, from the screen angle."

"Got somebody in mind?"

"No," Lester lied. "Let me know if you should happen to find her. May be something to what you're saying. Anyway, I declare myself in on your play—if it's all right. Okay with you?"

"Sure."

"Jim!" A passing actress hailed O'Shea. "Jim darling! I want to see you about something."

"Right with you, Loretta." He turned to go; said to Lester, over his shoulder, in a whisper: "Better watch your guests, since you're writing a play about this burg. You'll surely be able to pick up a comedy situation or two."

"Thanks for the tip."

Lester laughed. He sat down in a corner and watched the party that was now roaring, full swing. Men and women, Talking, drinking, flirting, grossing. Making and unmaking reputations good and bad. Back-biting and check-kissing. Flattering and boasting and bragging. Saying things which they had painfully thought out ahead of time and which they hoped would be considered brilliant and quoted—with due credit given—or be considered profound and mediated over. Wire-dropping and remonstrating, since both were their stock-in-trade. Acting off the screen as much as on. Trying to impress one another, there being no audience to impress. Sacrificing their best friends for the sake of a witicism. Stealing each other's pet "stuff" and "lines." Dramatizing the lighting of a cigarette, the munching of a sandwich and the raising of a highball glass. Quarreling over trifles. Forming violent intimacies, dislikes, alliances and revenges—all in the space of a few crowded, hectic hours. And everybody on the make. Everybody endeavoring to squeeze something—in sensation or admiration or, at least, envy—from everybody else.

Lester was amused as he sat there in a corner of the great, central room that stretched through the length of the house. He nursed his drink, observing the scene as he might a dress rehearsal of a Broadway play from the wings of a theatre; made mental notes for "Hollywood Pavement." So far, after rather perfunctory handshakes and "How d'ye do's," they had...
left him pretty well to his own devices. They had accepted his invitation because of the newspaper publicity. On the other hand—

they had wisely reflected: It was, perhaps, nothing but a little—well—Kerkovitz, Lester's former assistant stage manager, made a point of recalling to people’s minds that the star had failed, back in New York; had gone through bankruptcy proceedings and disappeared for quite a while. And now—this sudden come-back.

"Maybe," was his starring comfit, and, without knowing, he hit the nail on the head, "Donnelly's merely running one tremendous bluff."

Richard Foster, the recent Nebraska discovery, inclined his marcelled head. "I rather fancy," he drawled in his best King's English, "that you're right, old trout." "I won't vote to it, yet—he may be doing this just on a shoe-string. He's always had the gall of the damned. Yes—perhaps he's as down-and-out as his ex-wife Gwen Mapleston."

"Gwen—who?"

"Mapleston."

"Never heard of her. Who's she?"

"Used to be a famous Broadway star."

"I see. Speakin' stage?"

"Yes."

"Oh—" superciliously—" the speakin’ stage doesn’t matter a hang."

"Listen!" cried the other in a sudden access of rough Broadway loyalty, it mattered one hell of a lot—and so did Gwen—only a few years back when you were still helping your father shuck corn, you little Nebraska pah-loha!"

"My word! How dare you?"

"Keep quiet! I'm in the secret. Anyway, Gwen made the grade—and made it big—when she was under twenty. Is still young," with malicious intent, "than you, Dick—boy, your weighty, so-called properties, 'she's already a has-been. She's in Hollywood now. Out of a job. Positively begged me for one the other day. I had nothing for her. Made her feel bad. But, untruth, I lapped her some money for old times' sake."

"Dashed decent of you, old thing."

"Least I could do. Donnelly, her ex, gave me my first chance. He was silent; then returned to his original point. "Well—maybe he isn't."

"And maybe he is."

Others thought likewise. So they left Lester alone. And then, after a while, there came a change in the psychological atmosphere.

It was due—Lester discovered afterwards—to Jim O' Shea who had casually mentioned to somebody that he was thinking of buying Lester's screen play and of having him cast, produce, and direct it. This somebody had told somebody else—who told somebody else—and somebody else—and somebody else. The result was that, suddenly, the whole house buzzed with the news. And there was a more or less concerted rush in the direction of the host who found himself the center of attraction and, catching on to what was happening, laughed and shouted; "Line forms on the left, boys! Give me a chance—but not the old!"

Women, young and some not quite so young, predominated. Stars, at least almost-stars, all of them, whose names twirled electrically above them, were entranced, whose opinions—ane Pen Mussolini, the Dione quintuplets, the New Deal, the rearing of babies and puppies, the proper way of preserving a ring once cadged, and whose dozen or so weighty and not so weighty subjects—were printed, and quoted, month after month. They gaped espectively, to Lester, They "Oh'd" and "Ahh'd" with admiration and adoration and adulation. They pursed their mouths—decorated in any of the prevailing shades, dawn-orange, raspberry-red, geranium, crimson rambler, California sunset glow—and inquired about the play; though less about the play itself than the stellar rôle. They were so eager. A play writer-producer, new to Hollywood, the bloom still on him, not yet hard-boiled—there was something new about him.

"My dear Mr. Donnelly," boomed dark-haired, dark-eyed Fay Hawthorn in her rich full, frilly voice, a voice which could infuse any romantic reading with the mystery of your masterpiece, I understand, is tragedy.

"Oh no, it isn't. It's—well—about life."

"But life is tragic. Always."

"Not always."

"Always!" she repeated crescendo.

Almost be qualified—and she concluded: "Just before the final curtain—if I shou—"

TWO REELS TOO LATE, whispered Ange Warren, the other's bosom friend.

Fay Hawthorn paid no attention to the comment. "Mr. Donnelly," she added, "we come to tea tomorrow and read m—"

It sounded like a royal command. Roya太多 was, too, the swish of her purple-and-silky gown as she turned to go, while Peppy Corners, the lovely, golden-haired dancer, asked; "Oh Lester—may I call her Lester—?

"Perhaps I adore the title. You must let me in it, Lester dear! A danth on th' pavement! I look the thrill—ina —-a tense, weeny short thrift—"

"And, doubtless," he retorted, "e—sweller without the skirt, darling."

"Oh, you bad, bad boy!" She slapped him. He laughed.

He was in his element—his old element—among stage folk, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. He had come home. He liked the attention they gave him. He even enjoyed the squalor, the weakness, the malice of their vanity. They were his own people. He knew them—he had known them—"I damned sight better than did Jim O'Shee."

The latter was a business man, an executiv—whe himself, he was, an artist—he belonged to the heart and soul of New York, the children of the theatre—That's what they were. Delightful, talented children playing at make-believe at grand dame. The west, debour, Joan O'Arc, heroine, sophisticated Park Avenue society woman, sugar-coated ingenue. And, for one, gawking inside a draft. He believe, That's what the good Lord mean to them to do. That's why he had given them their special, golden, glittering gifts. And, the public petted them over and over, praised and over-paid them—well, that, was as it should be. For they made up for it. They brought joy and laughter and, occa—But she'd catch on quick enough if--and no Gwen. Where was she?

The party must not break up before she came. He had—with the help of Francis's two tricks, he had, prepared a splendid entrance for her. No the entrance of a Cleopatra, a Queen of Sheba, a Salome, a Brunnhilde. He had prepared a splendid entrance for her. The party must not break up before she came. She was always been clever at picking up impromptu ensembles. If only she'd come! This was the mo
got the plot all written down, haven't you?"

"Not much more than that. Except a few high-spots, situations—you know—shreds of dialogue."

"That'll be enough. I've got some imagination."

"Okay," Lester turned; called to his secretary: "Tooey, show Mr. O'Shea into my study. Give him what I've dictated."

O'Shea left with Tooey, while Lester addressed his guests: "Boys and girls, I want you all to know Gwen Mapleson."

They crowded about Gwen. They were nice to her. Nice because they were actors, children easily moved to tears and laughter, to sympathy and affection. Nice, perhaps a little, because they were people who had arrived, who were stars and who, in this girl, young, pretty, yet already passed through the gamut of both success and failure, saw a grim warning of what might happen to themselves. Nice, some of them, because it was on the cards that this fallen girl might rise and shine a forgettable, with her being, so evidently, in high favor with Lester Donnelly, Hollywood's coming man, whose eyes, as evidently, was in high favor with Jim O'Shea—of Colossal-O'Shea. So, at least, Sam Kerkovitz figured—though, too, he was genuinely ashamed of his former behavior. He drew Gwen into a corner, he was a louse," he told her, "the way I treated you."

"You bet you were," was the blunt rejoinder.

"Will you forgive me?"

She did not speak for a moment or two. She looked at him; and, suddenly, a memory came to her of former days on Broadway, when he had been assistant stage manager, thin, shy, bespectacled and, really, quite decent—and she had been hard on him, that day when he had forgotten some stage prop or other. She said now: "It's all right, Sam."

"You—you mean it?"

"Yes, Oh—" spoke the actress, though, beneath her psychological greese paint and hastrionic endeavor, was a layer of honted rise and shine a forgettable, with her being, so evidently, in high favor with Lester Donnelly, Hollywood's coming man, whose eyes, as evidently, was in high favor with Jim O'Shea—of Colossal-O'Shea. So, at least, Sam Kerkovitz figured—though, too, he was genuinely ashamed of his former behavior. He drew Gwen into a corner, he was a louse," he told her, "the way I treated you."

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"You bet you were," was the blunt rejoinder.
Before censorship in writing was as technical as it went, I'm sure some hundred and twenty writers had left. Then I found out that the picture was supposed to be based on a sort of diary written by a colonel of the Foreign Legion, who had also died. There was no story, just a diary telling what the men had done this day and that day. But I read it, it was interesting, and I said: 'All right, I will make the picture.'

'I was supposed to write it, and Fritz Lang was supposed to direct it. Then the Foreign Legion said they wouldn't like a German director like Fritz Lang, so he was out. Then they said they couldn't have a German writer. So Bernie Hyman asked me to do it. I called me Virginia Tree. Well, by this time, I had grown fond of the picture, so I said, ' Baum or Tree,' whatever difference does it make?'

'We went seventy reels of stock shots which turned out to be useless, because they were badly lighted. We got a handsome young man to be our technical adviser. He was actually a Russian but he grew up in France, he had served in the Legion, he had credentials from the French government. I went on with the story, and because it is obvious that French Legion soldiers are not actually angels, I didn't write them as angels. Just when we were ready to shoot, censorship came along and cut out the main part of the story. Bernie Hyman said: 'Let us not wreck the story by taking out all feeling and all truth. Let us wait till censorship blows over.'

'So we waited. Meantime I went around the world and when I came back, Bernie Hyman said: 'Censorship doesn't blow over. We'll have to get the girl married and clean up our boys a bit, and we'll still have a good picture.' Then we had to wait again, because our handsome Russian got into a mess with an automobile accident and went to jail for it, and it isn't good to have a technical adviser who is in jail.

'When everything was set and ready to go, came the war in Abyssinia. So they said: 'We can't glorify in a picture exactly the same things we condemn in life—that is, fighting the natives, forcing them to clean themselves up and plant palm trees.' By the time the war was over, three or four Foreign Legion pictures had come out and everybody was sick and tired of them. Besides, there was a certain tension between France and Italy. They looked at our poor little picture, into which they now three or four thousand dollars had been sunk, and they said: 'Better get out of the Sahara, and leave North Africa alone.' So they laid it quietly on the shelf.

'That is the kind of craziness which has happened over and over again, and can still happen. Only now there are new forces which begin to work in the opposite direction. For so and so many years, the movies said: 'Let's make people forget their troubles. So long as they sit in the theaters, they should not be obliged to think of the difficult outside. Let's treat them like children at a birthday party. Let's feed them with marshmallows and buy them funny little hats to laugh at.' Now they seem to be coming to the point of saying: 'Better look at the world as it is. Then maybe we find the strength to do something about it.'

'It was the foreign directors who first took up the fighting attitude. Which is not strange. Americans had no need to fight.
They felt themselves safe. Only when unpleasant things began to creep into this country, only when they woke up to the fact that they might have to fight too, I think the changing outlook of the movies came from the changing outlook of America. "America used to look up to Europe as something finer, mellower than herself. She even had an inferiority complex, so she beat the drums and waved the flags and cried: 'We're wonderful!' Now I think she has reached beyond that. America is discovering soberly what it means to be American. She is glad, yes, but she also understands her great responsibility to keep what America stands for—sainity in a mad world. That leaves no room for arrogance."

"And I think the picture industry takes its cue from the people. That seems to me the explanation of this change. The movies have always cried: 'Give the public what they want.' Obviously they want to know what goes on in the world. The newspapers tell them, the magazines tell them, the radio tells them. Why, the only screen be deaf and dumb? Well, now it has begun to talk, and to talk means that the child is growing up. I hope it will grow up strong!"

Who's Who on Elsa Maxwell's Party List

Continued from page 22

What couple would you ask because their happiness is like "soft candlelight"? What married star would you ask, without his pride, because he is the greatest "girl provocateur"?

Elza Maxwell, international hostess, knows all the answers. As a matter of fact I put the cart before the horse in this article because the qualifications of guests on her exclusive party list interested me as much as their names! Having spent a life devoted to the gay adventure of entertainment—now bringing the abundant buoyancy of her personality to a new medium, motion pictures, Miss Maxwell's opinion is expert. She's polled over European capitals, the world is her playground; and she is as much at home in Hollywood as in any other capital.

Where Elsa Maxwell is, there are parties. And where there is an Elsa Maxwell party, it's a knock out. There is never a bore on any of her party lists, which read like a veritable Who's Who, no matter on what spot on the map she throws a party. And so, when I asked this star party-thrower whom she would invite to an exclusive Hollywood dinner, and why, I knew all the pearls wouldn't be in her oysters. With her characteristic fearlessness and frankness, Elsa Maxwell pitched right in where two outstanding star Hollywood hostesses and eight husbands on the screen, would fear to tread for obvious diplomatic reasons.

"I would ask Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman to my dinner," she saluted of a partnership of the most sincere, intelligent men, with a quiet sense of humor that is perfectly delightful. His wife, Benita Hume, is a lovely creature, bred to the gay adventure of entertainment, knows all the prices, has fascinated a prince, and is married to the son of the greatest man she loves. She makes him very happy. This creates an atmosphere of human happiness—the highest goal to be achieved.

Happiness is an ingredient of entertainment, casts a soft glow over any party.

"I would ask Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his wife Sylvia. Douglas is one of my oldest friends. Wounded, he bore the same day. He is so much like me that when I speak of his qualities, it is almost like flattering myself! Douglas' gayety, sweetness, redlessness, love of adventure are irresistible. His gayety alone would make him the perfect guest, for guests who are gay are rare birds indeed. Sylvia is also an addition to any party. To look at, she is always beautifully dressed. She lends herself with gay insouciance to every occasion. She plays cards, dances. Intrinsically, she is one of the kindest people I have ever known."

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, I would ask to a party. Gary is very quiet as a rule, but he is a wonderful host when he makes all the feminine hearts palpitate at sight of him! Men like him immensely, too. I once used to call the wall outside my door the 'wailing wall.' His women fans moaned over that wall every night! Gary's wife, Sandra—they call her Sandy—is very decorative. She's a wonderful listener, which always makes a man who is holding forth feel more brilliant than he really is.

"I would by all means ask Constance Bennett because she personifies all the qualities I admire in a woman. She is intelligent, she has beauty and sex appeal, and a wonderful sense of humor, even about herself. She has a man's business brain, also a mother complex about her little son Peter. She has a fascinating speaking voice, and she can talk on any topic."

She is one of Hollywood's best-dressed women—she's decorative as well as a delightful guest. She is a perfect hostess. I happened to be her guest while I was making 'Hotel for Women,' at 20th Century-Fox. I can say that Constance Bennett is the most diplomatic and civilized hostess I've ever stayed with. You are not regimented. You don't have to go here or be there at a certain time. She tells you what she chooses. She is as different from the average hostess as Mrs. Corrigan is from Lady Merril (Elsie de Wolfe). A woman who knows all the chains knows how to be a desirable guest!

"I would ask Marlene Dietrich to my party. She is the one great glamorous figure in Hollywood—and yet, she isn't making a picture! She has physical beauty, she has a certain wistfulness combined with willfulness which may be intriguing to men. She is all that other electric women aren't."

"She is clever, well-informed, she has traveled and lived. She can hold her own in any discussion about music, art, books, movies. She has many hobbies, but it is all the allure of her beauty which holds you. Marlene Dietrich is part of the decorative scheme. Beautiful women at a party save force for their husbands."

"I would want Loretta Young at my party. She is pure feminine appeal, soft, delicate. She is the most feminine of all the stars I know. And she always looks lovely and is beautifully dressed."

"I would invite the Grand Duchess of Hollywood—Norma Shearer. She is a lovely woman. You always can count on her to run things."

"Mrs. Jack Warner would be asked to my party. Ann is unusual. She has great capacity for admiration that is good for any party. When she was in Europe last summer, she created more excitement and admiration than any other woman, French women raved over at her Warner's clothes and general chic!"

"Most certainly would never make out my list without Charlie Chaplin—and to give the last place to himself. He is a great addition to any party. If he feels like it, he runs the party. If he is in the mood, Chaplin is the center! As an entertainer, he is wittier, equal."
He has nice manners—he has been beautifully brought up which speaks well for the stage. He talks well, and he listens with concentrated, flattering interest.

"I would invite James Cagney. He is one of the best-informed, cleverest men in Hollywood. He is somebody who stands out.

"Bob Benchley would be invited to my party. Because he is so clever, witty, and amusing, such a rare raconteur. He usually looks bored, but he never is.

"I'd ask director George Cukor. He is one of the most 'twinkling' men I know. He's amusing. He's full of sentiment and love of beauty. He has a warm friendliness, and a warm quality of devotion to his friends that is very rare.

"I would ask Mr. and Mrs. Aldous Huxley—two of the most brilliant and fascinating people in all Hollywood. Aldous is the only intellectual I know who is so simple that he enjoys contact with every circle whether he belongs to it or not. Needless to say, every circle enjoys the Huxleys.

"I'd ask Gregory Ratoff for his bounding enthusiasm and bubbling good humor that makes him such a lovable guest.

"I'd ask pretty little Mary Healy because she can put over a song better than anybody I ever heard.

"I'd ask Fanny Brice and Roger Davis for no party is a success without this team.

"I'd ask Mickey Rooney. Mickey is the whole works as an entertainer he runs the gamut from fiddle to piccolo.

"I'd always like Frank Capra to come to my parties. He has more the qualities of a Wall Street business man than of an artist. He is charming, a regular ordinary fellow, and a good listener as all Wall Street business men are!"

"What about Dorothy Parker?" asked when Elsa Maxwell finished her list, and I discovered the wittiest woman in Hollywood wasn't on it.

"No," said Elsa Maxwell. "I love her but I wouldn't invite her. Dorothy Parker would scare all the others! A single person can throw a whole party out of gear!"

Having named her "Who's Who, and Why" Hollywood party list, Elsa Maxwell, with characteristic agility, started me further by declaring: "But I never would attempt to give an Elsa Maxwell party in Hollywood! My parties usually are like putting on a big show. Costumes have to be bought, rehearsals held. My guests like to get used to the idea of being someone else, Hollywood works at the show business, works like a slave. Stars who play somebody all day every day in the week haven't the time, strength, nor inclination to go to the infinite trouble I go to for my parties. One night, that's Saturday night, they want to be themselves. Play cards, dance, dine and be merry. Hollywood parties are absolutely right—for Hollywood!"

she added. "That is, unless it's a cocktail party, which heaven help us, it so often is!"

"All the borses of the world are asked to cocktail parties," is Elsa Maxwell's belief. "You ask people you don't ask to come to lunch or to dinner. They are not good enough to be taken singly. They are all asked together.

"Your Chinese cook or your Swedish servant girl mixes the drinks in the morning. By noon the vermouth and the gin hate each other, the lemon peel isn't speaking to either. The limp celery is running with hot cheese, the same old sad sardine lays its tired head on a damp piece of toast!"

"Horrible things—I hate cocktail parties! I never give them. Yet I've got to give an Elsa Maxwell cocktail party on the screen—where I don't believe you could ever give a good one. While my parties are built on an idea, they are largely spontaneous after the guests arrive. On the screen, parties are talked over, rehearsed, taken over and over again—where is the fun? Therefore, I am going to kid the cocktail party, show it up. Have some fun!"

"Have fun! that's the secret of success of Society's so-called court jester. Also her genius for hand-picking her guests with what she dubs "utter ruthlessness."

"A successful hostess must be merciless in making out her list," she explains. "There must not be a single person on it to whom she is under obligations. The moment you have to ask somebody, you—and your party—are finished!" is the expert opinion of this international party-thrower.
Preview of Your Future by Norvell

Continued from page 33

Women born in this Sign have found success in some of the following occupations: acting, teaching, writing, secretarial work, librarian, bookkeeping, accounting, business, cashier, or sales work. The men born in this Sign are also successful in medicine, law, journalism, printing, acting, inventing, or musical work.

Most Virgo persons make their greatest success in business, or in some form of personal interest. They rarely ever marry anyone in poor circumstances, and although they are not mercenary in the real sense of the word, they do seem to demand a secure, established, and prominent social position.

Just as there is a certain destiny for all Virgo persons, so there are definite indications of future events for other Signs of the Zodiac. To find out what the star predicts for you, merely consult the section below dealing with your own birth month, and you will find out what to expect this month in the way of your own personal fortune.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

A new acquaintance may enter your life this month who may vitally affect conditions in your life. You may be called upon to go for romantic changes, engagements, courtship, marriage. Decisions you may make should be positive and will meet with success. Avoid change of residence this month. At this time, Mars favors you, and Jupiter brings financial opportunities for bettering your station in life. Favors real estate and other investments, also excellent for business expansion or changing place of business. The best days for active business affairs: 1st, 4th, 5th, 7th, 11th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 21st, 24th, and 29th. The other days are favorable for routine matters.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

Better conditions about your home life this month. If you have been worried about a romantic or marriage problem, it should be successfully solved at this time. Handle money carefully and avoid being extravagant. Money may come from selling something you have, or through legacy somewhere in the family. Guard the health of the 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, and 17th. Avoid smallpox and other dangerous contagious diseases. Venus favors romance, especially new love affairs all during the month. Short trips also favored.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

Mercury favors signing contracts, leases, legal papers. Also good month to go into business for yourself. Long absent friend may return, messages from distant members of family also likely. Music, art, literature favored. Those in artistic professions will find excellent conditions about business this month. Money may come from two sources: windfalls and quarrels on the 4th, 5th, 7th, 14th, 18th, and 20th. Long standing investments favored. Seek business changes on the 3rd, 8th, 14th, or 20th.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

There may be an opportunity this month for you to change your residence or place

Fresher, Smoother, Skin Can Be Yours

Use Mercolized Wax Cream to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovely complexion. It flakkes off the drier, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelantine Deplatory to remove superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive. Ask Saxoline Astringent to refresh the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxoline in one-half pint warm water and pat briskly on the skin several times a day. Sold at all Cosmetic Counters.
of business. Various aspects of the planets incline to financial transactions that will require caution lest you make mistakes in judgment, and incur losses, both from new friends and new opportunities for progressing financially, so make the most of them. If you have an opportunity to travel this month, the stars are favorable. Although Venus favors new romances, it is wisest to wait another month before making radical changes in the love life. Watch the health after the 15th for colds and excesses.

July 23 to August 22—Leo
Fairly good aspects prevail for you this month. Finances are especially favored. Invest cautiously, and then only in known business projects. Good for advertising, publicity work, and artistic work. The Sun, being your ruler, is very well placed at this time, and gives you strength and courage to try new ventures. A man in communication with some of the Jupiter qualities will assist you in some way. Good for new ideas, inventions, and independent business action. In romance and marriage use care to avoid quarrels, and misunderstandings. A decision may face you in love this month. Choose wisely and you will not regret your choice.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo
The month begins under very excellent aspects for all personal and business ventures. You come under the favorable aspects of the entire month, and should be alert for several chances to improve your personal fortunes. favors investments in stocks, real estate, or in an independent business. This month will be favorable for buying. You may be tempted to make some change, or to seek a solution to a trying marriage problem. The planets favor such a change after the 23rd. If you should make such a decision you may find unexpected results. Changes of location in business or residence are favored. Some unrest may exist in romance or marriage, owing to disquieting aspects of Mars around the 15th of the month. These temporary difficulties can be overcome by using patience. Travel is favored by land, water, or air. Be careful not to be too quick to act. Money should be used with caution. You may have to use the 15th for Saturn as not altering your as much as it has in the past. Pay strict attention to financial matters during this month, for you will have need of money to carry out plans you have made. Good time to change location, move place of business or residence. Also favorable this month to study music, art, writing, or to carry out any creative ambitions you may have. This Sign rules motion pictures, and many screen stars, so if you are interested in this profession this month may bring you some encouragement. In romance you must, as usual, exercise strict caution to avoid disappointments. You may attract one or two romances, and should be most discreet in your actions at this time.

September 23 to October 22—Libra
Unusually good vibrations emanate from the stars this month for your Sign. You may easily control the affairs of those around you. The plans you have made. If you have felt restless and unhappy in love or marriage, this month brings you excellent prospects for change. Love situations may be improved. Venus will feel mentally stimulated at this time, and may desire more social activity than formerly. Venus, your ruler, favors meeting pleasant people who give you friends and entertaining. Money matters may occasion you some worry in the past few weeks, but changes for the better are shown by an examination of your financial position, or money coming to the family, is favored. Seek advancement and a salary raise.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio
There is less agitation for you this month than last month. Calm should be reflected in your activities. This should be true of romance or marriage especially. You are attracting the things you want gradually, and must not permit yourself to become discouraged when things go wrong. Strength comes from the Mars influence this time. Money matters are favored, especially good for going into business for yourself. Work of a mechanical nature, selling, secretarial work, and news-gathering, all that have to do with the public is good this month for you.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius
Better aspects this month for business, as Jupiter favors new ventures, new locations, or aggressive action in all business matters. The creative side of your nature should be permitted freedom at this time. Those who are musically or artistically inclined have wonderful prospects ahead of them. Neptune brings a chance to travel by water, also favors work connected with beauty products, oils, entertainment world and the arts. Good aspects for a short trip on vacation or for business reasons. Beware of making romantic or marital decisions, however, as the 22nd is not favorable for sudden separations. The last two weeks of the month are better for new love affairs.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn
There are excellent aspects throughout the entire month for this Sign. Push all business ventures, hold on to your money, and avoid entanglements that might limit you in business. Also avoid legal papers, unless absolutely necessary to sign them. The planet Jupiter helps you this month, and you will see amazing changes in all financial matters for the better. Deals that have been pending should be encouraged at this time. Romantically things are about the same, and should be pretty much under your direct control. No immediate change is imminent. You may find that although Venus looms on the horizon within a month and may bring pleasant changes into your life at that time.

January 20 to February 18—Aquarius
You should be out of the mental fog that has enveloped those born in this brilliant Sign during the past month. You have felt in health should also be over for Saturn is not alienating you as much as it has in the past. Pay strict attention to financial matters this month, for you will have need of money to carry out plans you have made. Good time to change location, move place of business or residence. Also favorable this month to study music, art, writing, or to carry out any creative ambitions you may have. This Sign rules motion pictures, and many screen stars, so if you are interested in this profession this month may bring you some encouragement. In romance you must, as usual, exercise strict caution to avoid disappointments. You may attract one or two romances, and should be most discreet in your actions at this time.

February 19 to March 20—Pisces
This month holds even better aspects than last month, so be prepared to take advantage of several splendid opportunities in business and finances. Money should come from many directions. You may be under the wave of a financial change. Some unrest may exist in romance or marriage, owing to disquieting aspects of Mars around the 15th of the month. These temporary difficulties can be overcome by using patience. Travel is favored by land, water, or air. Be careful not to be too quick to act. Money should be used with caution. You may have to use the 15th for Saturn as not altering your as much as it has in the past. Pay strict attention to financial matters during this month, for you will have need of money to carry out plans you have made. Good time to change location, move place of business or residence. Also favorable this month to study music, art, writing, or to carry out any creative ambitions you may have. This Sign rules motion pictures, and many screen stars, so if you are interested in this profession this month may bring you some encouragement. In romance you must, as usual, exercise strict caution to avoid disappointments. You may attract one or two romances, and should be most discreet in your actions at this time.
Lowdown on a Lady

Continued from page 51

released, and had me fairly drooling over the way she sang, Only Make-Believe. Irene is the worst person in the world to interview—she's what we call "bad copy" in the writing racket—but she's so charming and gracious about it that you don't realize that you haven't got a story until the next day when you face your typewriter. I remember that she was the friendliest and firmest of handshakes, the most cordial of "Hello's," and a laugh that was just about the most cheery, pleasant sound I'd ever heard. I remembered that her hobbies were shoes and perfumes, which she blends herself, and that she'll take a glass of sherry with you, just to taste and drink it. Well, after all, I can't write a story with those meager details so I simply spread it on about her beauty, charm, intelligence and the name of the man. When Irene read the story in a magazine she wrote me a note thanking me, and added a postscript which has been one of the delights of my memory, Irene, "that you mean what you wrote." Well, I was completely bowled over! Imagine finding a star who wouldn't take it personally! It was just the kind of all the wonderful things you wrote about her! Miss Dunne's pleasant little suspicion of my insincerity pleased me no end. "She can see through my tricks," I thought. "I'm not 'she's not conned, and she's nobody's fool.' That's top praise from me. She didn't know it, but from that postscript on, Irene had me in her hand.

I don't want to take too much credit for it, but I think that in my simple little sarastic way I broke Irene of one of her worst faults. For a number of months after I met her she wouldn't tell me perfectly innocuous bits of gossip when I ran into her at the studio or an occasional party—such as, it's a beautiful day but it might rain, and I'd like to know if you have an umbrella, etc., etc.—and then would quickly add, "But please don't print it." Now no self-respecting writer likes to have her conversation with a snoop, or, "no comment, don't print it." We can be trusted, we hope, we hope, so. In the due course of time I snapped a nickname on Irene. I called her, "Missy." It was suggested by a friend that I give her a nickname that fit her. "Missy," since then, I've noticed. Irene's chit-chat has become considerably better, and meeter, and she no longer feels that she must end every conversation with "I don't want you to print it." This horrible fear of seeing herself quoted in a newspaper or magazine is one of the nicest things about Irene, and stamps her better than looks. And looks was it. She is in a town full of extra-torors and show-offs who gladly talk about themselves at the drop of a Westmore eyelash I must say it is extremely pleasant to find someone so human and modest that sweat forms on her forehead and her stomach does its thing at the very thought of an interview. Pleas- ant, indeed, is the very first word I write when I consider the writing business, Irene, I believe, gives fewer interviews than any star, with the exception of Garbo. It isn't that she's snooty, she's simply not interested in the topic. "What do you say," she'll sort of stammer all embarrassed-like, "and what I say always looks so silly in print." Next I thought of seeing herself quoted in print is her horror of the radio. She has but the worst case of mine fright of anyone in Hollywood, and when you've got mine fright, you suffer. During the few minutes before she goes on the air the famous Dunne compose does a complete collapse, and she even plays with the idea of not ever rushing up to the radio she never coming back. But once the broadcast begins the actress in her takes over and she gives her usual superb performance. Since knowing Irene I have had to take on a third fear—the fear of press parties. (Oh, I'm a great help to my friends.) It all started when "High, Wide and Handsome" was played here. Irene was one of the two stars of the picture, and during the tournment at the Westwood Village theatre a couple of years ago, Irene was working in "The Awful Truth" at the time and suggested that I come down to the midnight showing and tell her all about it. Well, I didn't like the picture, it's awfully hard to tell a star you think her newest picture stinks. A little smooching, I've discovered covers a multitude of brutal truths, But I might have known it wouldn't work with Irene.

"How is the picture?" she asked when I dropped by the set. "Irene," I chirruped, "You looked perfectly lovely on the screen in the scene with Cary Grant." "Oh," she said, "I wish he'd had a different picture to love." "As soon as I walked in the lobby of the theatre," I said, "and saw a bar set up for refreshments, with everything to drink, and all kinds of divine dinners and things—I knew, Irene, you had a bad picture." "Irene was all agog with interest. "You mean," she said, "that when the studio and distributor scenes arrive, a preview of the picture isn't so hot?" "The better the hand-out, as a rule," I said, "I always expect the contrary." As far as I'm concerned it was just passing conversation. But Irene has never forgotten it. She never asks me now how the picture is, but I know. She can't wait to ask me, "What did they serve before they showed the picture?" (Unfortunately for the hungry press, Miss Dunne has been battling such swell pictures that we haven't had a chance to get our hands on.)

When I told her how much I liked "Love Affair" she said, "Yes, it did turn out awfully well. Didn't it?" But Irene's tips for a few days there in the beginning of the picture when I was sure you were going to have champagne and caviar.

And that, I believe, ends the fears of Irene. She's not afraid of anything else she is afraid of—except, of course, reckless driving. She drives extremely well, and conservatively, and herself, and gets awful mad when you do it. To me. Irene is a story that I'll never forget. What she called a man (under her breath, of course) who almost took off her side fender the other day was neither charming, nor well-built, nor dashing—she called it a "lady-like." It was intelligent. Brilliantly so.

She has a memory second to none (a memory is something you're not supposed to brag about), but when she does her a favor she never forgets it. Years later she will pop out quite unexpectedly with, "Ducky, remember the day" and then relate the most charming and wonderful thing she did for a favor that you have long since forgotten. In her home she is the perfect hostess. Too perfect, for the likes of me. But I've been told. Irene had it what we shall call a headache. With the little men hammering away in my head I simply couldn't bear the idea of soup. I had to go out. Whereupon Irene immediately ordered the butcher to bring me some fruit. Under ordinary conditions I like soup, but just try and get it in Mrs. Westmore's and you'll find that guests will sit down to nice steaming bowls of the most delicious fragrance, but I always have a fruit cocktail at my place. "Elizabeth" she says to the others, "doesn't like soup." She has one of the nicest husbands you'll find in a month of Sundays, and certainly do think of the little girls. Little four year old Mary Frances Griffin (called "Missy") was adopted by Irene and Mr. Griffin two years ago and in her own sweet little way has made her home in Holmby Hills. Her tea parties, where you don't get any tea, but have to play like you do, are quite famous. Irene drinks six cups of Missy's special brew the other Sunday, Dr. Griffin at least a dozen, and I did right too, except I spilled one, much to Missy's horror. She had to run to the drug store to buy a Picture King and wipe up an imaginary spot. I was somewhat ashamed.

At the end of the tea party I decided to include a business note in the conversation. "Irene," I said, "I think I'm going to do a story on you." "Are you, Ducky," she said charmingly, and then after a moment's pause, "Do you know, the best publicity an actress can have in a magazine is a portrait. Don't you?"
There's ONE NEGLECT few Husbands can forgive

. . . but "Lysol" can help correct it!

Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping yourself attractive.

Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.

Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about his clothes, if you're careful about your own person.

Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make you more attractive.

BUT...do you neglect yourself?

MOST HUSBANDS CAN'T FORGIVE THAT

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Carelessness about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in your routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

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5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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A happy combination for more smoking pleasure
How Tyrone Power and Annabella Stay Romantic Though Married!

All Fashions by Deanna Durbin, Priscilla Lane
ALL THAT 'I AM A FUGITIVE' OFFERED
AGAIN IN THIS
FIRST BLAZING STORY
OF AMERICA'S
MIGRATORY WORKERS!

JOHN GARFIELD
AND
PRISCILLA LANE

Triumphantly Teamed in the First
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From the flaming pages of the novel that
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—the migratory workers . . . of a boy and
girl searching for the grapes of happiness,
battling alone against the wrath of a vio-

ten destiny. Watch for it! See it! Everyone's
calling it 1939's Academy Award drama!

with
ALAN HALE
Frank McHugh - Billy Halop
Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Robert Rossen
From a Novel by Jerome Osborn
Her trim tennis dress first drew his eye but it was her smile that won him completely!

Your smile is your own priceless possession! Guard it with Ipana and Massage!

A "LITTLE GIRL" tennis dress, snowy-white against sun-bronzed skin, can stop almost any man's glance. But it takes a bright and sunny smile to hold him for keeps!

Not even perfect style sense can win for the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush." For a dull, pathetic smile soon discounts other charms.

Avoid this tragic neglect. Remember no other aid to charm is more important than care of your teeth and gums. For on them depends the beauty of your smile.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink," it's your cue to see your dentist at once! It may not mean anything serious. Often, he will tell you that your gums have become lazy from lack of vigorous chewing—and you can frequently blame our modern soft-food menus for that. And, like so many other modern dentists, he's likely to advise "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in lazy, weakened gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. See how much Ipana and massage can help you to have brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a lovely, winning smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

NEXT MONTH!
READ
Exclusive Story of
HOLLYWOOD'S
MOST AMAZING
ROMANCE!

It's incredible! It's fantastic! "They said" it would never happen. But it's TRUE!
Hollywood's most mysterious star has fallen in love! She is a great artist, who has won
the world's acclaim—but of all the screen's
glamorous personalities she has had the most
tragic love-life. Everything else has come to her
in abundance by reason of her terrific talent:
a huge fortune, artistic triumph, the independ-
dence to live her own life as she chooses; but
never a great and lasting love. Now she has
found it, and it looks like the real thing!
You may guess right now the identity of
the great star. But you would never guess the
identity of the man who apparently is giving her
life new meaning. So you'd better be sure to
got the next issue of The Smart Screen Maga-
zine, which will tell you the fascinating story.

Also in the November Issue:

LESLEY HOWARD AND
THE LADIES!

Ever since "Pygmalion" the smooth and suave
Mr. Howard has been the attractive subject
of feminine discussion—and argument! In our
next issue he turns the tables and talks—about
women. We believe our men readers will
to know what he thinks and says: we KNOW
the ladies won't miss a word!

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

NOVEMBER SCREENLAND IS ON SALE
OCTOBER 1ST

October, 1939
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4
Out of the boudoir... on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!
THE other day Barbara Stanwyck quietly walked into a Hollywood store and picked out a baby buggy. She was trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. That only increased the tension. Bob Taylor a father? Before the vision begins to overwhelm you, listen carefully. I investigated, and there is no Taylor heir on route. Barbara was merely playing the fairy godmother once again. She'd heard that an electrician on her picture couldn't afford to buy a baby buggy for his new child, so she sent him one anonymously. Of course this is an habitual action with Barbara. She never encloses her card, either. Maybe when she was a poor orphan she always wished that a miraculous present would just drop out of the air for her.

THE Joan Crawford-Charlie Martin romance continues to be a pet Hollywood topic. So many women here can't see how Joan could be so intrigued with a man so much younger than she is. The good-looking Charlie is only twenty-four. And then there are the gals who say if they were in Joan's shoes they'd find a devoted youthful beau exactly the answer. Some of the village cats argue that his name is really Charlie Wiener. The successful scenario writer who is now Joan's constant escort is a lot in common with her in that only a short time ago he was a radio announcer in Brooklyn. Young sprouts in their early twenties, who have an eye for movie queens, take heart!

He's no dunces! The cap was put on Gary Evan, top, eldest Crosby son, in fun, and Professor Bing Crosby himself. Above, how the Crosby kids, Gary Evan and twins Philip and Dennis, react to scenes for Paramount's "The Star Maker." They cut-up and bring "teacher" an apple.

IF YOU were Bella (Mrs. Paul) Muni the chief thing you'd have to put up with would be Paul's moods. He's always in one. When they're good he's very very stimulating. And vice versa. Lately Bella has been attempting to dispose of property. He's made a violent about-face in the little matter of owning a home of his own. He was an enthusiastic rancher until he marveled at the gorgeous panoramic view a costly sea cliff house offered. They spent fifty thousand dollars remodeling this secluded dream place, which was expensive to start with. A year of a superb view of the Pacific and Paul had another change of mind. He and Bella rented a small home near the studio, within walking distance. The ranch and the dream went on the market. They're still there at last report. But even a rented house was too great a strain. While making his new film drama Paul's been living in his studio dressing-room, while Bella has been staying with her brother and sister-in-law, the Abe Finkels. It'll be a New York address for the Munis for the winter, because he's actually found a play after four years' search. He'll return to the theatre in a Maxwell Anderson show.

THE Hawaiians are still buzzing over Ginger Rogers' vacationing there last month. Used to movie people, the islanders (of all races) were vastly amused at her disguise stunt. It garnered far more publicity than if she'd just arrived as herself. Ginger and Ruby Keeler took the boat trip together, Ruby as is, but Ginger beneath the brunette wig she affects whenever she wants to ditch her public. The thing actually does change her looks amazingly! You never guess who she is. That is, unless you look pretty closely, as a number of clever fellows did. From then on everyone who could read knew that Ginger was playing a Hollywood game.

YOU can't hold Judy Garland down now that she has a car of her very own. It was a birthday present, and her mother sprang it in the novel manner any girl would love. There was a ribbon which Judy had to follow from her bed, when she awoke. It led all through the house until, on the front porch, Judy found a tiny box. Inside were the keys to the car, which was hidden around another corner. She also will have a swimming pool, but she's acquiring it a harder way. She has a two-dollar-a-week allowance (how's that for economy for a gal who earns a thousand a week?) and she intends to pay off the pool at the rate of a dollar-and-a-half per week. Her mother has advanced the necessary cash for the construction of the pool.
NOTES
from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdycce

99 kids and Bing... One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".

Miss America has a new Beau... Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age... but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste". William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career. And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste"... and well, there's just no comparison... the new one is twice as thrilling.

Hollywood's newest glamour girl... Rumors round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet.

More laurels for Laughton... With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Nayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdycce, will play. Remember If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.
ALL honor to "Stanley and Livingstone," triumphant picturization of high adventure in darkest Africa—the heroic search of Henry Stanley, ace newspaper reporter, for Dr. Livingstone, missing missionary. It's excitingly staged and acted—and especially thrilling because much of it actually happened! You'll cheer Spencer Tracy's superb performance of Stanley, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke's inspired portrayal of Dr. Livingstone. A great show, for young and old.

Spencer Tracy as Stanley gives another great performance—it's a habit! His best scene occurs when he faces a "jury" of skeptics who doubt that he ever found Dr. Livingstone, despite his plea for tolerance. Right, a Tracy close-up. Left, a scene with Walter Brennan and Hardwicke. Top, just after Stanley's historic words: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"
Let this new tooth paste with Luster-Foam give you a million dollar smile!

New Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth and brings luster in thrilling new way
What's the secret of this new dentifrice? Why does it make teeth so clean, so brilliant? Why do people who bought it as a trial, keep coming back for it? Why do we sell a million tubes a month?

The answer is Luster-Foam detergent... that amazing energizing agent found only in this dentifrice.
At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam's energy is released in a dainty, aromatic "bubble bath" of amazing penetrating and spreading power. You have no idea of how clean, how fresh, it makes your mouth feel, how it brings out the highlights on the tooth enamel and super-cleans it.

It surges over and around the teeth, and even goes to work on hard-to-get-at areas with their pits, cracks, and fissures, where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

Start now using this dentifrice with Luster-Foam detergent. See in your mirror how it helps to brighten teeth, and to give them the luster you've always desired.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

THE NEW FORMULA

LUSTER-FOAM

P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder Also Contains Luster-Foam

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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

Regular size tube, 25c

"You're absolutely right, madam, the new Listerine Tooth Paste fights decay better because of its marvelous power to penetrate and cleanse tiny defects in enamel where so much decay starts."

"I see that my youngster uses it because of the way Luster-Foam cleans the little pits in enamel that are so seldom reached otherwise," says Mrs. Maida Seyer, of City Island, N.Y.

"That marvelous Luster-Foam 'bubble bath' wakes up your whole mouth—and gets teeth cleaner and brighter so fast," says lovely Athalia Powell, famous New York model.

"Can't kid me! There's nothing like the new Listerine Tooth Paste for getting oil tobacco stained films from teeth," opines Henry W. Herbert of New York, N.Y.
**Internal Sanitary Protection**

No Odor, Belts, Pads or Pins

A nurse told Mrs. L—about B-ettes and suggested she try them. Now she finds this dainty internal method of sanitary protection a blessing every month—no pads, pins or belts and no odor problem. Invisible even under the sheerest gown—and so easily disposable!

Try B-ettes next time and you should never go back to older ways. Buy them at any drug or department store and pay nothing extra for their many extra advantages—$2.50 for twelve, 10¢ for purse package of 4. Say "Bee-ettes." Mail coupon below today for trial package.

*Based on letter in one film.

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**TALENT**

**Delight Evans' Reviews**

on Pages 52-53

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**The Man in the Iron Mask**
Edward Small—United Artists

A lavish, romantic spectacle has been filmed from Dumas' classic. The dual heirship to France's throne is settled by making one twin king and exiling the other. Louis Hayward subtly enacts the dual lead by differentiating between the two portrayals only by change of voice and mannerisms. Dashing sword play, dungeon brutality, gallops to the rescue, turnsh thrill, Joan Bennett plays dark-haired Maria Theresa. Joseph Schildkraut, Warren William in cast.

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**Frontier Marshal**
20th Century—Fox

The story of the "wickedest" town in the old west—Tombstone, Arizona—is told in this hang-up western. Randolph Scott at his best as Wyatt Earp, sheriff who brings law and order to Tombstone, and Cesar Romero does justice to a good role. Doc Holiday, most-feared man, Binnie Barnes is exceptionally good as the dance hall queen, and Nancy Kelly plays Doe's faithful sweetheart. A good picture which captures the bawdy atmosphere of early western camps.

---

**The Magnificent Fraud**
Paramount

An amazing deception which takes place in a mythical South American republic when an actor impersonates the dictator, who's been killed by an assassin's bomb, in order to obtain a ten million dollar loan. Akim Tamiroff, ace character actor, plays the dual stellar role with great skill. Love scenes between Lloyd Nolan, the dictator's right-hand man, and Patricia Morison are torchy, Steffi Duna's a native solo dancer. Ideal picture for sophisticated audiences.

---

**What A Life!**

**Paramount**

The every-day troubles of a school boy are told in this cute story. If, in your high school days, you knew a boy like Harry or your luck ran life like his does, you'll understand what a life Harry leads. Jackie Cooper gives an outstanding performance as the blundering, bewildered kid who's always getting into trouble. He manages to get into a first-class jam when he wants to take a girl (cute Betty Field) to the school prom. All others in cast are good.

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**And the Hardy Gets Spring Fever**

**M-G-M**

The seventh of the popular "Hardy" series turns out to be the best to date. This one is concerned with the love of an adolescent schoolboy for his teacher, Andy, jilted by a boy with his dramatic teacher, played by Helen Gilbert, a charming, capable newcomer. The comedy's very funny and human, and Mickey Rooney does a swell job as the love-sick Andy. Lewis Stone as Judge Hardy, and Hardy family members lend fine support.

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**Indianapolis Speedway**

**Warners**

An action film built around the thrills and heartbreaks of auto racing. Famous racer Joe Greer (Pat O'Brien) tries to keep brother Eddie (John Payne) from the game, but fails. They split because of Ami Sheridan and a brother race, a friend, Frank McHugh, is killed, unnerving Joe. The brothers are reunited when Eddie's injured and Joe connoisseur fear and races to win with him. Pat makes the speed-mad racer touching and believable.

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**Unexpected Father**

**Universal**

The cute antics of Baby Sandy, of which you ten-who have been incorporated in this film, and Mischa Auer's clowning, especially his ballet steps, are the only redeeming features of this comedy. Sandy, baby girl, who plays boy parts, is a model orphan who's taken care of in haphazard fashion by a group of theatrical people in order to keep him from a disreputable uncle. Dennis O'Keefe and Shirley Ross, who must marry to keep Sandy supplied romance.
Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!

The annual Dartmouth College Winter Carnival provides background for this film. It takes place during the two-day annual festivities when students display skill on skis and skates. Not much of a story, but it's gay, light entertainment and has Ann Sheridan as the ex-Carnival Queen who wins back the college professor (Richard Carlson) she once jilted. La Sheridan is easy on the eyes, but that is not enough. She needs a good meaty story for her next.

A homespun story of small-town life featuring John Archer and Alice Eden, "Gateway to Hollywood" contest winners, Edward Ellis delivers a fine performance as town's chief storekeeper who prevents a financial panic when the local bank fails. The romantic angle has Ellis seeing his son (Archer) through a tragic romance when Anne Shirley jilts him. Leon Errol and Raymond Hatton contribute some side-splitting comedy as the town's drunks.

This domestic comedy is No. 3 in the "Higgins Family" series. The question brought up by the title covers the plot of this farce about a typical American family. This time they're in the cosmetic business. The man of the house loses his job and his wife gets the important position the husband's been after. The jokes and gags are funny, yes, but they're not new—we've been laughing at 'em for years. Jimmy, Lucille and Russell Gleason are in cast.

The third in the series based on Hugh Wiley's thrillers about the eminent Chinese detective, James Lee Wong, is a fast-paced murder mystery. A Chinese princess is killed by a poison dart and Wong finds the motive and names the murderer. Boris Karloff plays the Chinese sleuth to perfection and Grant Withers gives a good performance as Inspector Street. Marjorie Reynolds is seen as the over-anxious reporter. Not very exciting, but has suspense.

Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would you do—if you knew a girl lovely in other ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're expected to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... you'll say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, dependable cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular always! Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE

For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!
EX-LAX MOVIES
"The girl who punished herself"

BETTY: I don't know which is worse... constipation or the remedy!
SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?

BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for me... a little chocolate tablet?
SALLY: Don't let its pleasant taste deceive you. Ex-Lax is a dependable laxative—thorough and effective!

BETTY: I don't know which is worse... constipation or the remedy!
SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

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CALLOUSES
NEW Amazingly Quick Relief!
Dr. Scholl's new discovery! Quickly relieves painful callouses, burning sensations on bottom of feet. New shape and design. 60% softer than before! Separate Medications included for removing callouses. Cost but a trifle.

NEW Super-Soft
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

BABY PICTURES
Developed on a thumbnail
By
Malcolm H. Oettinger

GERALDINE FITZGERALD:
tragedy at Vassar; masked beauty.

BOB HOPE:
Cyrano in the groove; streamlined Punch.

RITA HAYWORTH:
crooning Circe; brunette heat-wave.

ROBERT DONAT:
attorney for the defense; Frank Merriwell redivivus.

GAIL PATRICK:
honeymoon at Lake Como; black velvet on marble.

JACK BENNY:
Caspar Milquetoast for mayor; on echo backfiring.

SHIRLEY ROSS:
Fanny Brice's sober sister; cafe conony.

RITZ BROTHERS:
visitors' day in the ward; Utopia in reverse.

BOB BURNS:
cornets and corn; Joe Miller in overalls.

SCREENLAND
WHAT DOES YOUR SMILE REVEAL?

John Brahm, Director of the Columbia Picture, "LET US LIVE", calls this a "hopeful smile"...winsome because it reveals sparkling teeth.

DENTYNE HELPS PUT SPARKLE IN YOUR SMILE!

Your smile has charm only if it reveals clear, bright teeth! Dentyne's specially firm chewiness is a fine aid to healthier mouth, brighter teeth. Dentists praise firm chewing gum as a "Stimulant to all oral tissues"..."Aid to firmer gums"...and a "Benefit to oral hygiene."

DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

HELPs KEEP TEETH WHITE...

RICH IN SPICY FLAVOR

Remember the rich aroma—the spicy goodness—of old-fashioned coffee cake fresh from the oven? That fresh, cinnamony flavor is what you get in Dentyne! Its convenient, flat pack slides handily into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today!
MR. STEWART GOES TO WASHINGTON!

Here's the story with a punch! All the inside stuff on JAMES STEWART on location in the Capitol, acting in "MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON." Packed with interesting experiences of the young actor making this great picture in the nation's Capital, EXCLUSIVE IN THE OCTOBER SILVER SCREEN!

ONLY IN THE OCTOBER SILVER SCREEN

10c Now on Sale 10c

Charming Joy Hodges says Fall is her favorite party season and confides her pet recipes for pumpkin pie and other timely goodies

"LIKE my little house because it's so farmy!" exulted Joy Hodges, greeting me at her low, white dwelling in the valley. "In the morning, when I wake up, I can hear the horses going by on the bridle trail, and the birds doing their various exercises, and chickens—there must be some very important chickens around here, the way they sound! It all reminds me of my home state, Iowa. I wasn't actually born on a farm, but I spent a lot of time on one, and I love anything farmhousy. Mother and I had an apartment when we first came out, but we knew we wanted to live in a house and be in the valley, so we've been looking on and off for months. It was while I was away in New York that Mother found this and sent me a telegram about it. I called her up and she was so excited she could hardly tell me what it was like. Finally I said: 'Well, if you like it, and it's farmy enough, take it!' We've just moved in," went on Joy, conducting me into the house. "so things aren't as they will be when we are really settled. But it's fun fixing things up. We hope to have everything sort of early American farmhouse, if you see what I mean. You know, chintz and maple in the bedrooms—mine is green, because I rest better in green than anything else—and rugs that are good but you aren't terrified when your guest wander in on them from the garden. Th couches here in the living room have the chintz I am using for drapes—but the drapes haven't come yet. Most of the flowprints for the walls are up—and I have mine, piano, of course.

"I want it to be a modern farmhouse though, I want people to feel that they can have a good time here and not be afraid the family heirlooms will fall to pieces, or they'll break something. But I insist on beamed ceilings and a fireplace. This one burns wood and we can get a good sized log in it for these chilly California nights. I can hardly wait to have a party! I like to serve dinner first, then have everyone stay and play games," she went on. "I don't cook, though I'm learning how to make some things because my little Chinese maid is learning American dishes and it's fun to experiment with her. But I just play around at it.

"I know what menu I'll have for my first Fall dinner. It will be a harvest party—quite informal—and we'll probably run w
to Arrowhead and get some colored leaves to decorate, as well as gourds and apples and jack o’ lanterns. We’ll begin with my favorite soup. It is green split pea soup combined with tomato soup. According to the size of your party, you may take one can of Heinz green split pea soup to half a can of tomato. When you serve it, you put a spoonful of unsweetened whipped cream on each plate of soup.”

Because turkey is a festival meat, Joy will serve that, with a special chestnut dressing.

CHESTNUT DRESSING
3 cups finely broken stale bread
2 cups diced celery
1 cup chopped onion
2 cups chopped chestnuts which have been boiled and peeled
4 tablespoons butter
Salt and paprika

Place in a large bowl the finely broken stale bread and pour over it just enough boiling water to make the bread adhere in a dry dough. Then place some butter in a frying pan and when hot put in the diced celery and chopped onion and fry together slowly until slightly browned; then add to the bread. Place ½ lb. chestnuts into a pan of boiling water, first slitting the shells with a small sharp knife. When they have boiled for 20 minutes, take them out one at a time, place under cold water and peel. Do not drain the water off the chestnuts as the skin will then dry on them and be difficult to remove. When they are peeled, cut them into small pieces and place them with the rest of the ingredients. Add paprika and salt to taste and thoroughly mix all ingredients.

“I suppose candied sweet potatoes would be a little too much, so we’ll have a sweet potato dish that we’re awfully fond of here. It combines apples and sweet potatoes.”

FARMHOUSE SWEET POTATOES
4 medium sized sweet potatoes
4 medium sized apples

½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup brown sugar
Butter and bread crumbs

Wash sweet potatoes thoroughly and boil until tender. Meanwhile pare, core and slice the apples into a saucepan with the granulated sugar and 1 cup water; boil slowly until the potatoes are ready. Then peel the potatoes and cut lengthwise in thick slices. In a deep buttered baking dish put a layer of sliced potatoes, dab with bits of butter and sprinkle with brown sugar. Add a layer of cooked apples. Repeat until all the ingredients are used. Add the liquid from the apples. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and add a few dabs of butter. Have a moderate oven and bake for 15 minutes.

(Continued on page 92)
The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” brought back your happiest memories...so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in “Hollywood Cavalcade” warm your heart anew!

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Hollywood Cavalcade

Staged anew!
Photographed today!
with great stars of today.
and great personalities of yesterday!

SEE Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops in slapstick, custard pie comedy, with Don Ameche directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

HEAR Al Jolson sing again “Kol Nidre”...the song that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was...as it is...in a three-ringed circus of entertainment!

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

with
ALICE FAYE
DON AMECHE

J. Edward Bromberg Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari Stuart Erwin • Buster Keaton • Donald Meek Jed Prouty • George Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

MOVIE FANS...HERE’S THE PICTURE MADE FOR YOU...AND WE DO MEAN YOU!
DEAR MR. BARRYMORE:  
Will you step right up, please, and let me pin SCREENLAND’S own Special Award for Valor and Merit upon your chest?  
The fact that you can step right up is the grandest thing that has happened in Hollywood for years. For you, Mr. Barrymore, are its Number One Actor, even though perhaps not officially so acclaimed. For my money, and I have paid it out to see your films a second time (first time free, on pass) you are the motion pictures’ truest, sincerest dramatic actor, and one of its finer persons. Also, to me you are THE Barrymore. And always have been. Not so beautiful, maybe, as your spectacular brother John; but a far greater artist. And the fact that it has been eight—count ’em, eight—whole years since you have won an Academy Award is a disgrace. It was ’way back in 1931 that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences “honored” you for the best acting performance of that year, the rôle of Norma Shearer’s lawyer-father in “A Free Soul.” I think you honored the Academy with your acceptance.  
Now you have won something much bigger than a mere Oscar. You’ve won through to celebrate your 61st birthday, the anniversary of your 30th year in motion pictures, and your return to health after three years of suffering. You, Lionel Barrymore, are above paltry awards. You make your own. Your great performance of Gramp in “On Borrowed Time” must have been richly rewarding. Even more, your personal accomplishment on your San Fernando Valley farm: the split-rail fence you built yourself. I met you just once, but the memory of your kindliness, your modesty, and your absolute lack of all hamminess remains with me—as your splendid performances have done. Any time you want a little help with that split-rail fence, don’t fail to call on me.

A great actor—and a great man—wins his battle! Lionel Barrymore, below, with his Scotties on his farm—healthy and happy again. Left, with the split-rail fence he built himself. At right, his great rôle as Gramp in “On Borrowed Time,” with Bobs Watson as Pud.

Delight Evans
Typical big-time Hollywood social event: Norma Shearer is hostess to supper party at the "Troc" honoring Helen Hayes after opening of Helen's play, "Ladies and Gentlemen." Left to right in Weissman's candid shot at left: Rosalind Russell, Burgess Meredith—stage actor in Hollywood for another film try; Norma; Orson Welles, young Mercury Theatre producer-actor making first movie for RKO; and Miss Hayes, the star of the evening.

Close-up, below, of noted Leland Hayward and famous wife Margaret Sullavan as she gossips between acts at opening of Miss Hayes' play at the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles. Play drew only lukewarm notices, but the audience was terrific.

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

Early arrivals at theatre were Norma Shearer and her party. Above, Shearer's screen team-mate in "The Women," Rosalind Russell, is seen with Burgess Meredith. Right, Franchot Tone's supper partner was Loretta Young, sporting smart new coiled coiffure she wears in new film, "Eternally Yours."
Now what do you suppose Norma and Franchot Tone, in picture at right, can be talking about? It's Franchot's first public appearance since his Hollywood return after Broadway stage run; his ex-wife, Joan Crawford, is Norma's rival in "The Women." Another ex-Broadwayite, Margaret Sullavan, talks over the shoulder to Frank Borzage, who directed Maggie, if you remember, in "Three Comrades." You'll see her on screen again soon.

Isn't this just like Hollywood! All the somebodies show off their best party clothes and spirits for opening of—a stage play, not a movie, with great big spree afterward honoring—Helen Hayes, who snoots the screen.

That Sullavan gal! Seems she sort of stole the show that evening with her dynamic personality. Above, she tells a story—with gestures—to George Cukor and Miss Russell. Left, Orson "Man from Mars" Welles and Miss Hayes. Left above, Hedy Lamarr and Sullavan flinch at Weissman's camera.
Mickey has a girl. Mickey has a girl. Yes, and he doesn’t care who knows she is Joan Swingle, pretty youngster shown with the irrepressible Rooney enjoying antics of the Dancing Hartmans at opening of the Coconut Grove, above.

Here is a Hollywood couple we see photographed all too seldom: Alan Mowbray, one of the movie colony’s genuine guys, and his charming wife—watching floor show at Grove.

Mary Martin, left, the My Heart Belongs to Oscar girl of Broadway, now with Paramount, steps out with Cesar Romero.

They didn’t know it was being taken! Paulette Goddard and Chaplin, at “Four Feathers” premiere, think they’re dashing cameraman Weissman—but they’re not!

It may not be glamorous, it may not be big news—but every time we get a grab shot of Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney we print it, because we sure do like ‘em.
Three refreshing Irish grins, belonging to Frank McHugh, Lynn Overman, and Jimmy Cagney, caught by our cameraman as they swap stories above, at the gala opening of the Cocosnut Grove. You'll note the boys are drinking—coffee.

Page Conrad Nagel! Joan Fontaine, Conrad's favorite person, is dancing with Brian Aherne, above, at Grove. Judging by her blissful expression she's having time of her life.

Mrs. Ray Milland at premiere of "Beau Geste" with Joan Crawford and Charles Martin while hubby was at microphone.

Another happy couple we can't resist grabbing whenever we see 'em—Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris. Next month we'll show you their very gorgeous home.

Remember nice Lois Wilson, film favorite of silent days? Here she is, with Jeanette MacDonald, who is today's nicest star, at luncheon at the Ambassador.
ARE MOVIE STARS Good Sports?

BY ALICE MARBLE

Queen of the tennis court tells you the plain truth about the good and bad losers of Hollywood

IN ENGLAND

when a losing tennis player flies into a tantrum, the spectator creases the brow and muses aloud, "Beastly rotter, what!" Over here, at the first sign of froth on the loser's mouth, the onlooker curls his lip and sniffs significantly, "Just can't take it!"

A bad loser just doesn't register with the spectators. He is a sore-head—a poor sport.

In Hollywood, however, a movie star's frothing and fuming after dropping a close match is by no means an indication of his being a poor sport. The movie colony is a unique place where serious money is invested in high-powered emoting. The movie star gets his five figures in round numbers each week for expressing emotion—not concealing it. Life, essentially, is an episodic drama to everyone who works before a camera. Privacy is at a premium. Consequently everything they do, in and out of harness, is a challenge to their talent.

A tantrum on a Hollywood tennis court is a thing of beauty. When the French and volatile star, Claudette Colbert, drops a close match, she shakes her head so violently you'd fancy her pretty brunette locks and shell-like ears would fly right off. And after unreeing three minutes of choice expletives with the rapidity of a sputtering machine gun, the spectator arches the eyebrow and gasps admiringly, "Such expression! Such emotion! It is magnificent!"

Groucho Marx who, incidentally, is one of the crack tennis players in the movie colony, leans to his
Only woman tennis star in the world to hold the six most important championship titles at the same time, Alice Marble has signed a film contract and will soon be a movie star herself!

"A tantrum on a Hollywood tennis court is a thing of beauty!" says Miss Marble in this gay story. Here's a brand new slant on movie celebrities from the girl wonder of the sports world.

Stars revealed in their true light as good or bad sports include Clark Gable, Jack Benny, Charlie Chaplin, Groucho Marx. Above, Alice Marble with her best friend among picture people, Carole Lombard.

forte—laughs—when facing defeat. With the inimitable Marx an flourish, he unwinds an American twist service to the back of his partner's neck that leaves the unwary victim staggering around wondering who threw what at him while all on hand roll around the ground in convulsions. By way of soothing the victim as he comes out of the fog, Groucho observes, "Hear that laugh? Next time I'll murder you. They'll probably throw in a little applause."

It may seem that I am looking for a graceful way out of the question: "Are Movie Stars Good Sports?" This is not so—at least, not very much so. After all, I am placed in somewhat the same position as a major league baseball player who is asked to write an article entitled: "Is Judge Landis Just In His Decisions—And Why Not?"

A movie star mixes into a tennis battle with the same zest and fervor that he pitches into a high-tension dramatic scene. With his vibrant personality so exposed, it is the star's prerogative to open the emotion valve and sport fire and fury after a lost match. After all, tennis is not the pink tea and crumpet pastime it was once generally believed to be. There is more concentrated action and physical energy expended in a hotly contested tennis match than in any sport extant. Individual competition is fierce. The player rises or falls on his ability to outsmart and out-wear his opponent. And because of this very demand for prolonged concentration in the course of a set, movie stars are probably the game's greatest disciples. It gets their mind off the toil of the studio and the grief of the cutting-room floor.

Paul Lukas and Charles Farrell, two of the closest friends in Hollywood, rarely let a day slip by without waging their celebrated grudge match. Two soaring buccaneers fighting a gory duel to the death for a stolen cargo of pieces of eight would seem like a couple of prattling gossips compared to Lukas and Farrell on the tennis courts. Paul is Hungarian. And fiery. Charley is determined. And grim. After an apoplectic hour and a half both drop exhaustedly to the sidelines. One elatedly sipping the sweet wine of victory. The other draining the bitter dregs of defeat, as the (Please turn to page 94)
Girls! Want to be more popular? Then learn to cultivate the art of conversational charm from five smart Hollywood stars

By Adele W. Fletcher

Don't be a dud... SHINE!

We all have the same magnets with which to attract. Some use their magnets and, in consequence, they are popular. Others neglect their magnets and wonder why they don't get around. One of our most powerful magnets is our conversation. Which brings Joan Crawford instantly to mind. Joan has a way of catching your interest and holding it. With sure instinct she has avoided the several pitfalls which threatened her conversational charm. There always are visitors on the Crawford set. The last time I was there (and when you go to California it is a must to see Joan) Adrian took time to come over and say hello. One of the executives of a big radio program must hear what she thought of last night's broadcast. Jimmy Stewart and Lew Ayres cornered her. And Charles Martin telephoned; but maybe that doesn't count. It was evident that morning, as always, that Joan had escaped all of the conversational pitfalls into which she might have fallen, that her magnet was working.

First, as Joan rose in the world, she might have become stupidly snobbish about her background and embroidered stories of her past. This would have ruined her. She would have fooled no one but herself and the slightly false aura which would have surrounded her would have alienated the men and women who now are her friends and quite as interested in and affectionate toward the little slavey of Stephens College who did more than her share of work and took more than her share of heartbreak as they are in the
glamorous, self-educated movie star she grew up to be. Self-educated! Those words encompass the second pitfall Joan avoided. One by one she discovered the many new interests a cultural world holds. Books, Music, International affairs. Art. The eternal parallel between events current and historical. And because it is human nature to assume that knowledge which is new to us is new to others also Joan could have stuffed her findings down her friends' throats or, just as bad, tried to be impressive and bore everyone unmercifully. Instead she absorbed her new knowledge quietly and as it colored her point of view she became a more interesting and stimulating talker. Also, gradually and quietly, Joan managed to become a more beautiful talker. For she worked on her speaking voice, which originally was somewhat flat with a midwestern twang, the way a smart woman will work on her wardrobe and a beauty will work on her face and hair.

It takes perception to realize our voice isn't all it could be. We're likely to be deaf to our own voice. We're likely to fail to hear the midwestern or New England twang, or any other unfortunate geographical characteristic of which we are guilty. But not Joan Long before she began to take voice lessons, ambitious for a singing career too, she brought her tones the deep beauty of a cello—by tuning her ear to voices that undoubtedly were beautiful, by experimenting with different tones, and by refusing to be discouraged when it proved no overnight job to correct the bad voice habits of years.

We were sitting on the (Please turn to page 74)
How Tyrone Stay Romantic

Still honeymooners, the Powers invite us for an informal visit to their new home—where they have made marriage a glorious and glamorous adventure.

Ever since that eventful night last spring when Tyrone Power pushed me through Claudette Colbert's cellophane party tent into a pansy bed (he didn't mean to, really, it was simply a case of not knowing his own strength) I have held in my little pink paw something vaguely resembling—er—refined blackmail. (Blackmail is a handy little gadget in the writing racket—some day it may even take the place of the typewriter.) And so when I read in the newspapers that Ty and Annabella had moved into their lovely honeymoon house out in Brentwood, and like the newly married Clark Gables and Bob Taylors wanted a private life all their own with no snooping Press allowed, I merely shook my head sadly, sighed a couple of "Tchs, Tchs," and reached for the telephone. Who did the Powers think they were to enjoy a private life while I had crushed pansies all over the back of my new evening dress! And that, so help me, was how your Cousin Liza was the first writer to get invited to the Tyrone Powers for an
and Annabella
Though Married

By
Elizabeth Wilson

intimate look-see at their new home and their domestic happiness. I had so much fun with them that I think I will go in for blackmail entirely. I find it much more subtle than the sledge-hammer.

When I arrived at the Powers' (they live right across the street from the Gary Coopers and the Fred Mac-Murrays which makes it nice for Annabella if she wants to borrow an egg or a cup of sugar in a hurry) they were sprawled across the grass down near the swimming pool engaged in an exciting game of backgammon. Annabella, looking like a fifteen year old in her white shorts and blouse, was beating the daylights out of Tyrone. "It's a pleasure to let her win," said Ty, winking at me as he folded up the board. "She's so cute when she wins."

"It's the only game," said Annabella, "at which I can beat him. It doesn't give him any pleasure to let me win at badminton or the pin machine game, I notice." Annabella speaks with a delightful accent which cannot be duplicated on paper. A frank, straightforward young person, she looks you right in the eye when she speaks to you—but not for long—those eyes invariably turn to Tyrone with a look of adoration in them the likes of which I have never seen in this world.

"We give you exactly a thousand guesses," said Ty magnanimously, "to tell us what that peculiar marking is on the back of the backgammon board. Examine it carefully, and don't throw (Please turn to page 78)
What, Skippy smokes a pipe? Yes—he's now seventeen and leader of his own swing band—but still a nice, unspoiled kid

By
Jerry Asher
On September fifteenth of this year, Jackie Cooper turns seventeen. On this same day, his current starring picture, Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," will be released throughout the United States. As a symbol of everything that typifies the normal, healthy American boy, Jackie steps across the threshold of maturity. With a background that is rich in experience, mellowed with sane and intelligent guidance, his prospects are inspiring.

To you especially who have suffered the pain of a hazardous adolescence, Jackie's story should be appealing. Gratifying too is the realization that a child can practically be born and brought up within the confines and confusion of a Hollywood studio and still remain unspoiled. It doesn't happen often. Jackie is an outstanding pattern for ambitious movie mammas to follow.

The Jackie Cooper of today no longer has to pout that lower lip, because a studio insists that his naturally curly brown hair be bleached a more-photographic blonde. Neither does he have to suffer the embarrassment caused by the stupidity of a rumor that once whispered he was a midget. Jackie stands five feet nine inches in his bare feet. He weighs close to one hundred and fifty pounds and is as husky as they make 'em.

How nice it would be if there were more women around studios like Jackie Cooper's mother! Mabel Cooper, who is Mrs. Charles Bigelow today, once supported Jackie by playing the piano in vaudeville. When Jackie became a big M-G-M star, then his mother really did go to work. Perhaps it was her own determination that Jackie be treated as any other normal child, that was instilled in her son early in life. Knowing how easily Jackie could become precocious in his world of adult movie stars, his mother allowed him as much responsibility as he was capable of handling. At Christmas time he wanted to give presents to his studio friends. Instead of calling a department store and ordering a selection of expensive gifts, Jackie's mother had him make out his list. Then they decided just how much he could spend. She took him shopping and made him look around until he found what he wanted for what he wanted to pay. Then Jackie wrapped and delivered all the presents himself. His mother wanted him to know the value of money, to experience the pleasure of giving things himself.

Contrary to what has been printed, M-G-M did not deliberately let Jackie go. When he approached that age that makes executives fear and tremble, they offered him a straight two-year deal. There was no guarantee however, of the parts that Jackie would do. Signing again meant a steady income and security. Then again Jackie's entire future might be ruined by wrong parts. Everything was at stake. Having the courage of her convictions, and faith in Jackie's talent, his mother refused to sign.

Perhaps the neicest thing Mabel Cooper ever did for Jackie was to select Charles Bigelow for his stepfather. As a matter of record, it was Jackie who was calling him "Dad" before Mr. Bigelow had popped the question! Never has there been a closer association or a finer understanding between a father and son. In Charles Bigelow Jackie has a real friend, a confidant, with tolerance and a broad-minded approach to all the problems of youth, life, and living.

When Charles Bigelow (who is a production executive at the Monogram studios) speaks of Jackie Cooper, there is no mistaking his deep regard for the boy. Jackie never ceases to amaze him with his adult approach to things, the reasonable way he figures things out, the respectful way he listens, takes advice, and uses it. With eyes that grow moist and a voice that chokes a bit when he mentions Jackie's name, Charles Bigelow speaks: "When Jackie left Metro he went out on a highly successful personal appearance tour. When he returned we realized that another turning-point in his life had come. Whenever there has been a decision to make, Jackie has always been right in on it. It concerned his life, so it was up to us to suggest but never force. We asked Jackie if he'd like to go to public high school, pointing out that it would be different than the private tutor he had been used to. We reminded him that the other children might resent him because he was a movie star. We tried to point out all the advantages and disadvantages of the change. Jackie listened, thought it all over, and decided he wanted to go. That's all we wanted. The next day he entered high school."

"The boys were kind of tough on Jackie at first. But the girls liked him, which made the boys worse, because they blamed it on Jackie's movie career. So they were really out to get him. Jackie never complained. Pretty soon after he had entered into all the school activities and proved himself regular, the Seniors took him up. This doesn't happen often in high school life. After that everyone was Jackie's friend. He'd bring them all home, and we had the understanding that our house was always open to them. Finally, though, Jackie began to get a bit restless. He didn't say much but I knew something was bothering him. (Please turn to page 93)"

Jackie's first pipe, left, was a present from his parents—read in our story just why they let Skippy smoke! Above, cute scene with Betty Fields from Paramount's "What A Life." Right, Bob Burns performs with the Cooper band.
IN HOLLYWOOD more and more stars are turning to astrology every day for guidance and advice. It is not only the old vanguard of stars who seek to tear aside the veil to the future, but the newcomers who are placing their trembling feet upon the first rungs of the ladder to fame and fortune are also turning to astrology with the question on their lips, “Will I succeed in my quest for happiness?”

Astrology points out the way to success or failure. It has announced the success of many great stars months and even years in advance of the time they were discovered. Astrology clearly pointed out the rise of such luminaries as Garbo, Hepburn, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Ginger Rogers, Shirley Temple, Robert Taylor, and Hedy Lamarr, and it can still reveal the road to greatness for the Hollywood unknowns of today who will be our stars of tomorrow. Astrology can also indicate the path YOU should follow in your pursuit of elusive happiness and success.

Let us examine the chart of one of the most outstanding newcomers to the screen in many a day, and find out what the future holds for her. I had the good fortune, just a few months ago, to predict for lovely Greer Garson, whose success in “Goodbye Mr. Chips,” has established her as one of Hollywood’s most promising stars. It was at the home of producer Gabriel Pascal that we met, and Miss Garson had not yet flashed across the screen firmament as a star. I was instantly captivated by her radiant charm and found that Miss Garson was born on September 29 in the brilliant Sign of Libra.

The next day I set up her chart and visited her in her dressing room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There I interpreted the amazing findings of that chart. “You are destined to become one of Hollywood’s leading stars,” I predicted. “Your chart reveals that success is definitely assured for you in 1939 and that after the release of your picture, ‘Goodbye Mr. Chips,’ you will be acclaimed by press and public.”

That prediction was made for Miss Garson before the film had even been previewed. There was no possible way of knowing that the picture would be such a tremendous hit or that Greer Garson would be so widely acclaimed, except through the revelation made by her chart. The message was inscribed in the stars in fiery letters.

The question has been asked: Is Greer Garson a flash in the pan? Will her sensational success endure, or will she marry in the near future and retire from the screen? Her chart reveals that Miss Garson is definitely here to stay, and American audiences will respond to her charm, culture, and grace. Although she had never before played in pictures, she had previously appeared on the stage in London, where she obtained the valuable training which prepared her for the screen. It is shown in her chart that Greer Garson will marry by the end of 1940 but she will not give up her career for marriage.

There are other famous screen stars who were born in the talented Sign of Libra. That Sign includes all those whose birthdates are between September 23 and October 22. If you were born in the Sign, it might prove helpful for you to observe the trend of events in these stars’ lives so that you may mould your life to
NORVELL, noted astrologer who predicts the future for Hollywood stars, offers SCREENLAND readers his expert advice in the solution of their problems, according to the science of astrology. Send for FREE horoscope reading for your birth Sign. Simply write name, address, birthdate in coupon below, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and mail to: Norvell, Box 989, Dept. F, Hollywood, California.

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SPECIAL OFFER TO SCREENLAND READERS

Noted Hollywood astrologer Norvell, opposite page, predicts the future for famous screen stars and for you. Right, Greer Garson, whose success in “Goodbye Mr. Chips” Norvell predicted. For right, Norvell with Priscilla Lane, whose Sign is Gemini, suitable for romance with Libra. Right below, Norvell interprets his astrology findings to Miriam Hopkins at her Hollywood home.

fit the coming events shown in a chart for Libra-born.

First there is Carole Lombard, whose career is typical of the indomitable courage possessed by Libra persons. It will be recalled that Carole was once disfigured in an auto accident that threatened her entire career, but her courage and perseverance stood her in good stead and she won out over terrific odds. Now Lombard, in common with many others born in the Sign of Libra, is definitely starting a new cycle in her career that will carry her on to greater fame than ever in the next five years.

What about Carole Lombard’s marriage to Clark Gable? Will it last? For several years now I have predicted for Carole and it was only two weeks after her marriage to William Powell that I read in her chart that they would be separated. When she was engaged to marry Clark Gable she asked me anxiously, “Am I taking the right step, Norvell? Will we be happy together? I could never stand the disillusionment of another unhappy marriage.”

I carefully checked both Carole’s and Clark’s charts to see what their future together would hold. There were many pleasant surprises and some warnings, but in general the results were excellent. I warned Carole that she, in common with most Libra-born, was inclined to be a little too dominating and independent for marriage. Clark Gable’s chart shows that he is the type who must be the boss, and if Carole listens to the warnings of the stars, she and Gable can find the supreme happiness in marriage of which they have both dreamed.

Next among those born in the Sign of Libra is Miriam Hopkins, whose return to the screen in “The Old Maid” was clearly indicated by her chart. I have read Miss Hopkins’ chart several times in the past, and have predicted many of the outstanding events of her life through the science of astrology. Recently, at her charming hill-top home, I again interpreted the message of the stars for her future. Her chart reveals that Miriam will concentrate more on her career in the coming months than she has in the past year or two. She will attain fame in a certain type of rôle wherein she submerges her own character. Although Miriam has a decided flair for light comedy, her chart shows that she will be remembered longest for her serious dramatic portrayals, rôles which have a definite psychological undertone. Her rôle in “The Old Maid” shows clearly the versatility and scope possessed by most persons born in the Sign of Libra. Although Miriam Hopkins will (Please turn to page 88)
OF COURSE I was as pleased as punch, just like millions of other Americans, over Queen Elizabeth stepping down from her throne and mingling with the people. I think it was very heartwarming and friendly. But I don’t want Elizabeth to get stuck up about her muchly publicized mingling, and I don’t want all that praise to go to her pretty little head, because the World’s Number One Mingler is not England’s Queen, but Hollywood’s Barbara Stanwyck. Mrs. Robert Taylor to Metro. And Ruby Brough to those friends lucky enough to have Barbara call them over the phone and say, “This is Ruby Brough calling.”

Time was, and not so long ago either, when an interview with Barbara Stanwyck was just about as impossible as an intimate little gabfest with Garbo. In fact, the girl from Brooklyn and the girl from Stockholm...
had a lot in common. Both of them were shy, unapproachable, exclusive, reserved, and just about as chatty as a dish of cold cuts. Garbo wanted to be alone, but Barbara doubled it in spades. On the studio lots, and on the Hollywood streets, those days when Barbara had to go to the dentist or the bank, she scurried along, sort of cold and distant, with a chip on her shoulder. Today it's a clip on her shoulder—a costly little bauble of sapphires and diamonds from Mr. Taylor.

Barbara always was a swell person, she was born that way, but Hollywood slapped her down but good when she first came out here, and being shy and sensitive she climbed into her shell and stayed there in all her lonely misery until regular guy Bob Taylor came along and dragged her out by her hair. Bob's always been a great one for having people around, he loves people, and so when Barbara married Bob she suddenly found herself knee-deep in people—and discovered to her surprise that she was crazy about them and they were crazy about her. Ever since then she has been mingling like mad. "We want to rent a house in town next winter," Barbara told me recently. "It's so far out here people don't want to come out. And we want to have parties and things." Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather duster.

The first time I was admitted on a Stanwyck set the freeze-out system was in use, and I had to tip-toe around, I couldn't raise my voice above a whisper, and I only caught a hasty glance of Barbara as she ducked into her dressing room and banged the door. "She's a grand person," the studio press agent hurriedly assured me, "She's just a little standoffish." Hub, I'll say! But the last time I visited a Stanwyck set—it was some weeks ago and the picture was "Golden Boy"—I heard shrieks of laughter coming from Barbara's portable dressing room which had a big sign "Mrs. Robert Taylor" painted across it. And what a happy little family group presented itself! Bill Holden (Golden Boy and White Hope of Mr. Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures) was eating a hearty breakfast while Hollis Barnes, Barbara's hairdresser and best friend, massaged his neck. On the couch sat Robert Kalloch, designer, with two girls from the publicity department, and a guy from the trade papers. On the floor lounged Adolphe Menjou and a visiting fireman from Iowa who was just wandering through and dropped in for the laughs. Barbara, the bride, was endeavoring to tell Mr. Kalloch (Please turn to page 72)
Forget the "great actor" stuff and see Charles as an old friend knows him

By Stiles Dickenson

No, he hasn’t changed a bit. Greatness stays great in any country or environment. Charles Boyer is the same in Hollywood as he was in Paris. If Boyer were dumped in the heart of cannibalistic Africa he would impress the hungry chief with his aura of greatness and escape being boiled in the pot. I was most interested to see Charles at work and at play out here in Hollywood after having seen him for years in his native France—in the studios, playing in the theathers, and acting as host in his charming modernistic home in the Parc Monceau.

My first sight of him was in his new home topping one of the hills overlooking miles of canyons and mountains, with Hollywood nestling far below. Now, of late, I have been watching him making his new film out at Universal City. The original plan was to have Boyer co-star with Deanna Durbin but they decided to postpone that interesting project for a year, to let the young lady grow up a bit more. After the overwhelming success of “Love Affair” the natural thing was to team him with the lovely Irene Dunne again and the film is called “When Tomorrow Comes.”

I remember seeing Charles do some scenes in the Paris studio for “Mayerling.” Particularly do I remember those where he was surrounded by scores of young women in the restaurant scene laid in old Vienna. The ladies surrounding him didn’t act like blasé extra people working on just another picture, but seemed as excited as all you female fans would be at finding yourself in such close proximity to the fascinating Boyer. Between scenes they would flutter around him, which I must admit he seemed to enjoy. Then, what should I see on arrival on the set at Universal City but Charles once more surrounded by scores of young ladies! It was a scene where all the girls were waitresses on strike, holding a meeting. Of course I’ll have to wait till I see the picture on the screen to find out how and why Charles was in the midst of these lovely striking waitresses. Between shots the same scenes that I had witnessed in Paris occurred at Universal City. The gals all fluttered about Charles and once again he seemed to like it and enjoy it thoroughly.

Many re-takes were made of the crowd singing the theme song, the rallying song of the striking waitresses. Everyone seemed to have great fun at each re-take. Then the climax of hilarity came when they were told to hold a certain note, with mouths wide open, at a given signal from director John Stahl, for a still photograph. Some of the blue notes issuing from the gaping mouths were so funny everyone was convulsed. Over and over they had to do it and over and over the scene was spoiled with shrieks of laughter till at last a good shot was obtained. Then all the gals were free to sip some coffee, light some cigarettes and flutter.

Boyer qualified for membership in the Universal Studio production crew’s “Behind-the-8-ball” club when he reported for a scene wearing the wrong necklace. Irene Dunne attaches official emblem to his coat. Membership in the “club” automatically ensues when a member of the cast or crew commits some error. New members must wear emblem for 24 hours.
Hollywood, don't forget that the Young Crowd must have a fling! Make all the costume dramas and socially significant epics you like, but give us also contemporary Youth at its gay and carefree best, portrayed by such fresh and vibrant personalities as Lana Turner and Lew Ayres, shown here in a scene from "These Glamor Girls."
Newcomer of promise in appealing roles is Linda Darnell, 20th Century-Fox discovery on current exhibitors circuits. She made her screen debut in "Hotel for Women," and later played the leading role in "Public Defender," and "Number One."
DASHING DON

She has won more success with screen radio audiences than any more spectacular performer. Now in "Hollywood Cavalcade," the page of early picture days, with Alice Faye.
Joan Crawford, as the siren in "The Women," must wear clothes calculated to lure the wary male. Here, she poses in a cunningly sophisticated white dinner gown with molded bodice and jewel-encrusted belt.
The woman demonstrates that outdoor clothes can be glamorous! She is wearing an ensemble composed of a beige circular skirt with wide cummerbund, knitted sweater of interwoven old rose, pale blue, and beige under a camel's hair jacket with silver buttons. Her fishnet turban matches the sweater.
HOLD YOUR OWN CLOTHES!

Norma Shearer, as the wife in "The Women" who manages to hold her own against competition by Joan Crawford, wears "charming lady" fashions such as this brown and white wool suit.
In this corner, Shearer fights the battle of "The Women" in a black and white polka dot dinner dress. Now see the picture and find out who wins the fashion fight of the Hollywood century!
Very, very special! Seldom does Irene Dunne consent to pose for fashion pictures, so take a good look at these. Above, Irene makes fashion news with her beaver jacket with bright red leather belt, her postillion hat with wide streamers, her large stitched leather bag. Right, she is lovely in black velvet with starched Irish lace collar and cuffs. Irene's new picture is Universal's "When Tomorrow Comes," with Charles Boyer.
DREAMED UP FOR FALL!

All gowns worn by Miss Dunne are designed by the famous Hollywood fashion authority, Bernard Newman—except fur costume by Willard George; hat, the May Co.

More fashion news! Wool for evening! At left, Irene Dunne slings a moss-green Rodier wool jersey jacket over her plaid chiffon dinner dress, which combines green, brick-red, gold, beige, and ties in a loose scarf at the neck. Above, the bustle, bursting back into fashion, is further honored by Irene, who wears a handsome version of the modern bustle evening gown of black taffeta with blue and pink satin dots.
If you saw Randy Scott in "Frontier Marshal" you're probably wondering why this stalwart Southerner doesn't draw more and better rugged roles. We're for him! How about you-all?

We give you, on opposite page what we consider the prettiest portrait Alice Faye ever posed for! She plays a composite the famous Sennett bathing beauties in "Hollywood Cavalcade"
David Niven plays a master magician in "Eternally Yours," Walter Wanger's bright new comedy. "For my first illusion," says David in scene above, "I shall create a woman." Now see opposite page.

PRESTO-CHANGO!

The charming "illusion" at right is none other than Loretta Young, all tricked up as a Persian princess. Loretta, playing Niven's assistant in his magic act, looks more like her usual self in other scenes.

LOOK-WHO'S THIS!
NELSON EDDY'S
New Screen Love: Ilona Massey
How do you like Nelson with Ilo Massey, who plays and sings opposite him in "Balalaika?" The new Eddy nautical for M-G-M; a colorful romance of old Russia, with your favorite baritone in the role of an officer in the Cossack Guard.

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Frank Lloyd's "Ruler of the Seas"
WHEN a Hollywood agent wired Ronald Reagan, in Des Moines, Iowa, that Warners had offered him a contract, and ended: “What shall I do?” Reagan wired back: “For heaven’s sake, sign it, before they change their minds.”

Because to Ronald Reagan, radio announcer, that telegram meant that at last all his dreams were coming true. He had always wanted to act. Everything else, even his love of sports, took second place to his love of acting. When in his role of sports announcer he covered the Chicago Cubs’ spring training camp at Catalina Island, a friend introduced him to a movie casting director. But Reagan had only faint hopes that anything would come of it. The interview took place on a Monday morning, and that evening he had to leave for Des Moines.

No wonder he went jittery with joy when the news of the proffered contract reached him the following Friday. He was at the broadcasting studio at the time. “I read the first line of the telegram,” he told me, “and let out a yell. The rest of the boys finished reading it for me while I was telling the boss ‘I quit’.”

Nearly two years have gone by since Reagan arrived in Hollywood, with a willingness to work hard and a fine voice, trained by years of radio work, his only assets. Sitting with him, I thought what a long way he’s come since, lonesome, he reported for his first day’s work.

“I hadn’t thought about being lonesome until I walked on the set,” Ronnie recalled. “I guess I was too excited to think about it. But when I saw all the others talking together like old friends, I realized I was just a stranger.”

Being nervous, too, he imagined all the glances directed at him were hostile. It seemed to him that the harder he tried with his lines, the rotter he got. There was just one tiny fleck of silver in his cloud of misery, and he clung to that. He was playing a radio announcer in “Love Is On The Air,” and he tried to pretend that he was back at the broadcasting station, and that this was just another day back home. It helped a little.

Ronnie’s first days in Hollywood seem to have been lived in constant dread of being sent home. When he made “Sergeant Murphy,” he was thrown from his horse the first day. A dislocated shoulder sent him to the hospital. The next day, with his arm strapped to his side, he reported for work. “It was only my second picture,” he explained. “I was afraid I might get fired.”

No word about that accident was sent to the papers. “The leading man in a horse opera, thrown from his horse the very first day!” smiled Ronnie. “The editors would be sure to say: ‘Who dreamed that up? It sounds too phony.’”

Ronnie paused, looked stern, as one of the Dead End Kids went by. They appeared (Please turn to page 90)
THE OLD MAID—Warner

THE handles chief manufacturers should be very, very grateful to Bette Davis, who has certainly done more to bring Back the Hankey than any other actress in years. Of course if you prefer to bring along a whole box of Kleenex for eye-rubbing and nose-dabbing it’s all right with me—but you’ll need some sort of tear-catchers before you’re through. You may hold out through Bette’s unfortunate love affair and her sacrifices for her unacknowledged daughter; you may even remain dry-eyed as Bette, before long a bitter, disillusioned and difficult so-called Old Maid, does her most pathetic scene in pictures—dancing in the shadows with her memories of her lost love—though I shall hate you if you don’t at least swallow hard. But you will never be able to resist the final, heartbreaking scenes in which the Old Maid at last has her reward—one brief kiss from the daughter who knows her only as an irritable Aunt. If that doesn’t get you, then I will! I know you’re all sick and tired of my saying “This is Davis’ best performance”—but when the girl persists in topping herself, what else can I say? Blame her, the best actress in pictures, and don’t fail to have a good cry at “The Old Maid.” Oh yes—Miriam Hopkins is expertly charming as Bette’s rival, and Donald Crisp, Cissie Loftus and George Brent are also present.

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Samuel Goldwyn—United Artists

FOR knowing music-lovers, a Jascha Heifetz concert is an occasion—and here they have it. For movie fans, a good picture about street kids who reform is always welcome—and here they get what they want, too. All in all, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn’s latest screen novelty is an event, and I think everybody should go to see and to hear it. Whether the above-mentioned Heifetz audiences will accept the Dead End Kid motif unreservedly, I wouldn’t know. But it’s practically certain that movie-goers will applaud the Heifetz fiddling—although they may yell for Humoroscope as an encore—and personally I think the great violinist should have thrown in some “numper” of definite popular appeal among his exacting and technically superb selections. If that’s sacrilege I’m sorry; but with a plot so frankly “movie” and melodramatic surely Heifetz and Mr. Goldwyn would not have lost caste if they had included at least one hummable selection. Mr. Heifetz is seen and heard as himself, surrounded by a story relating how a young hoodlum is reformed by his love of music; joins a settlement music school, and saves the school from closing by persuading Heifetz to play a concert with the children’s orchestra. The young musicians are charming and talented. Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds, Walter Brennan and clever young Gene Reynolds make up the good cast.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—20th Century-Fox

IT MAY sound downright maudlin to call a picture “noble,” but that’s how “Stanley and Livingstone” impresses me. It is a fine and noble effort. I’ll eat those words, though, if they do anything to turn you away from theatres showing it. For noble as it is, it’s grand, exciting entertainment, crammed with action from first to last, and made doubly important by scenes shot in Africa by Mrs. Martin Johnson, showing the real country against which the drama of Stanley’s search for Dr. Livingstone was acted. Darryl Zanuck deserves a special award for making this picture—not so much because he spent over $2,000,000 making it, but because he resisted every temptation to cheapen its theme. For—oh yes—“Stanley and Livingstone” has a message; and it shies through all the thrilling melodrama and cannibal chases so brilliantly that it is never lost and never resented. A skillful blend of fact and fiction, the account of ace reporter Henry Stanley’s greatest scoop, his discovery of the missing missionary, Dr. Livingstone, in the heart of Africa is intensely absorbing, thanks to masterful direction and inspired performances. Spencer Tracy as Stanley is at his magnificent best. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is almost equally fine as Livingstone; and Nancy Kelly gives a poignant performance—her best—as the only girl in the cast. A must-see!
HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

A GAY and sparkling cinema piece in the modern manner, "Hotel for Women" is as good a woman's show as "Beau Geste" or "Each Dawn I Die" is he-man stuff. I don't mean men won't flock to see it—how can they stay away, with this practically all-girl cast, and all girls who are young and pretty, too? Yes, I include Elsa Maxwell in that, for Elsa is young in heart and pretty cute herself. The girl of the picture, though, is newcomer Linda Darnell. It's her first part, she's very young and very "new"; and she has everything: charm, grace, and of course beauty; and best of all she is very, very, very, fresh; dewy is the word I want, I suppose. Anyway, she's head girl in this all-harem film, as a photographers' model living in a big hotel for girls only, who upsets several gentlemen including John Halliday, rich and powerful; and Jimmy Ellison, young and handsome. Other girls in "Hotel for Women" have their troubles, too—and take them straight to Miss Maxwell, who plays sort of general all-round adviser and guide. Smart, shrewd, clever and crisp as it is, "Hotel for Women" never becomes too wise or brittle, but keeps the human touch so adroitly that it holds your sympathy throughout. Just consider the cast—which, besides "find" Darnell, includes such troopers and beauties as Ann Sothern, nicer better; Lynn Bari, and Jean Rogers.

ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M

IF YOU'VE skipped seeing this one by accident or design, please listen to me and catch up with it. I wouldn't miss it if I were you. And see it from the very beginning, before Mr. Brink enters the scene; then you'll be prepared for the weird happenings in which he participates. People who walk in on "On Borrowed Time" when the picture is halfway through can't appreciate it; and it deserves appreciation and support. I don't often speak about "pictures that will live" but here's one that will. Lionel Barrymore plays an orner and lovable old fellow, Gramp to a very real and believable little boy, called Pad, beautifully enacted by little Bobs Watson. The two are great cronies, who go fishing on Sundays, cuss a little, and generally enjoy life a lot—despite the bigoted interference of a horrid relative, Miss Demetria. Gramp is getting along, though; and one day he meets Mr. Brink, a courteous gentleman who turns out to be—well, never mind: Gramp keeps him up in a tree until the right time arrives to let him come down. By that time you will love this picture, and Gramp, and Pad; and you'll probably come to agree with Gramp that it was about time to let Mr. Brink loose. Acting honors go first to Mr. Barrymore for a grand performance; next to little Bobs Watson—and then there is Sir Cedric Hardwicke as that Mr. Brink.
The pretty "baby" of the Lane Sisters, Priscilla, has selected for us the highlights of her Fall wardrobe. We like this two-piece suit with its fitted jacket and flared skirt of wood-brown flannel accented with bands of creamy beige. Priscilla's Scotch chapeau and handbag are of brown felt, her gauntlet gloves of beige suede.
Jaunty checks, juicy apple, cute girl make a refreshing Fall picture! "Patsy" Lane chose to pose for us in her favorite dress of black and white boldly checked wool, in princess style, and which closes at front with a slide fastener. The collar and revers are faced with black velveteen—a new note.

Priscilla Lane lends her aid to the fashion campaign to "Bring Back The Bustle," with this new modified bustle dress of whirled white and orchid bengaline. The deep squared back and two tiny ruffles below the waist are youthful versions of an extreme style.
For festive Fall afternoons, Priscilla Lane prefers this black and white silk jersey—black skirt with unpressed pleats; diagonally striped top with full sleeves, high circle neck, broad shoulders. Her gloves, bag, and pumps are of rich black suede.
When Deanna Dances

She wears brown moiré taffeta with pastel pink ruffled lace bodice and long-sleeved brown velvet bolero. The new Durbin film is "First Love."
Grand for the girls of Deanna's age, the saucy two-piece frock above with its plaid skirt and hood, its zipped-up all brown jacket. Deanna's pumps are popular with the sub-debs for combining comfort with chic. Left, a Durbin favorite is this light sheer wool in apricot tan with white angora trimming. At right, school suit in two tones of blue—swinging skirt of dark blue flannel, jacket of shetland wool in lighter shade. Deanna's high-cut open-back sandals are of dark blue suede and lend the Youthfully sophisticated note that she likes.
HE STARED at her. "How did you get in?" he demanded. 

Her explanation was simple: "I never left."

"Well, you're going to leave right now!"

She stretched out comfortably. "I won't either," she announced.

He stood over her threateningly. "Get up—put on your duds—and beat it!"

"I'm going to stay right here. Right in this bed. It's comfy. I like it!" She turned her back on him and switched off the electric light. He switched it on again. He felt like yanking her out by the ear; decided, instead, to persuade her by using common sense and logical argument.

"Listen, kid! I—I'm not saying I'm not happy to have you here—"

"Why—" with heavy-handed irony—"how charming of you! How delightfully chivalrous?"

"Shut your face!"—not so very chivalrously. He glowered at her; made another start: "There's the moral side to be considered."

"And since when are you in the habit of considering it, Lester Donnelly?"

"I wasn't speaking of myself personally. I was referring to Hollywood. I mean Hollywood motion picture contracts—that is, if you want one. They contain what's called a morality clause. An actress has got to mind her p's and q's, walk the straight and narrow. If she doesn't—curtains! Rotten publicity, see? Hollywood won't have it. For the public is always ready to tear a star to pieces and give her the bum's rush—the public that, before the newspapers spill the dirt, treat this same star as if she were a lady angel with pink wings. That's what will happen to you. Why—for how can I keep my servants from gossiping?—the local Walter Winchells will have your name smeared all over their columns, the moment they find out that you spent the night here. Colossal-O'Shea will hang you a brick, instead of a break."

She laughed. "Are you through?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, Lester—do you recall, some years back, a stifling New York night in mid-August? When I came to your office, almost as shabbily dressed as I'm today—and when you suggested that I should—"

"Why bring that up?"

"Wait! And we drove over to your place at Bayside, on Long Island. And on the way, being a little gent, you married me. And we reached your house. And your Jap prepared supper. And after supper, in a low, flat voice, 'you—""

He looked away from her for a second and mumbled thickly, "I fail to see what that has to do with it."

"Just that, tonight, I am the one who insists on the conjugal rights—at least," she added hastily, "as far as sharing your house."

He shook his head. "You're nuts, baby," he informed her. "We were married—then. Aren't—now."

Again she laughed. "Are you sure we aren't?"

"Sure I'm sure!"

"That's where you're wrong, Lester."

"Eh?"

"I," casually, "didn't go through with the divorce."

"You didn't—what?"

"I—very slowly, spacing her words—'did—not—go—through—with—it."

"I—I don't get you!" He frowned. "Mind giving me the low-down, kid?"

She sighed. "How can one explain—really explain—one's heart, the queer, contradictory things in one's heart?—I—you see—I hated you—because—"

"Aw—" roughly—"you don't have to draw a chart!"

Exciting and colorful drama of love and life in glamorous Hollywood. Abdullah, famous fiction writer, takes you behind the scenes in this emotional movieland romance.

"How did you get in?" he demanded. Her explanation was simple: "I never left." "Well, you're going to leave right now!" She stretched out comfortably. "I won't either," she announced.

Please turn to Page 84 for synopsis of preceding chapters.
"I prayed for revenge. Saw my way when I discovered that you loved me."

"And that's why you—?"

"Yes! That's why I telegraphed you from Chicago, telling you I was going to obtain a divorce. And you wired back—sort of stiff—"

"Didn't expect me to be in a glow, did you?"

"I consulted a lawyer. Paid him a retaining fee. Money wasted—" she smiled wanly—"as it turned out. I—and it's no use asking me why, don't know myself—I couldn't go through with it. I dropped the suit."

He jumped up; paced the room. He said: "I didn't pay much attention at the time. Imagined you were pulling one of those fast divorces. Didn't notice, I guess, that no papers were served on me. I got soused good and proper the moment I had your telegram—see? Was soused for weeks. It hit me sort of hard. Took the soul—and the heart and guts—"right out of me." He slurred; went on: "And now—"

"And now—?" she echoed.

He answered by humming: "Happy days are here again!"

**ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGIA WARREN**

A few months later, rehearsals began. Real rehearsals, as on the speaking stage, since Lester, for his first screen play, used the Broadway technique: repeat and repeat—sharpen every line, every situation—try, try again—until everything dovetails and clicks. So, evening after evening, lights burned in one of the studios on the Colossal-O'Shea lot. From the broad window the radiant miracle of electricity streamed out to cast an attenuated but significant reflection upon Hollywood's asphalt river—indeed, it has no other river—and the policeman on the beat, yawning, swinging his stick, approached the night watchman, borrowed and lit a cigarette and asked: "Lester at it again?"

"Sure. Picture'll be finished in a couple of weeks."

"More power to his elbow! Swell guy, Lester!"

"Are you tellin' me? A prince, that's what Lester is."

Lester. Not Lester Donnelly or Mr. Donnelly. That's what, by this time, he was to half Hollywood—to actor and actress, to star and extra, to cop and newsboy, to taxi driver and Salvation Army lass and drug-peddler and street-walker and soda fountain cowboy. Lester, spoken with affection. Because they liked him. Because—and, partly, it was his shrewdness, since he wrote about every-day people—he talked to Tom, Dick and Harry; was simple and friendly. Because, though the coming man, he had not "gone Hollywood." Lester—spoken with admiration. Because the actors in the cast of "Hollywood Pavement" reported great things. He knew the theatre—they told their friends—knew every last trick, knew how to endow these tricks with the depth and glamor of reality. Knew, too, how to get the best out of people—with a persuasiveness, an enthusiasm, that was dynamic, was like a force of nature. He neglected nothing—and nobody. Took as much trouble with the least little extra as with Gwen Mapleson herself, his wife—and the star. And once—when Sam (Please turn to page 84)
"I'M NOT 'glamorous,'" young Robert Preston told me at the take-off of this, his first magazine interview, "but my life is! I just got on a certain zephyr and it kept blowing!"

Which, if I may say so, is a singularly inept and misleading turn of phrase on the part of young Mr. P., that "zephyr" touch. For no mere zephyr could ever blow this stalwart young man anywhere. Not anywhere he didn't want to go, that's sure. If Robert had been born in March instead of in June, one would say of him that he "came in like a lion." But as he was born in June, of all unlikely months for so lusty an infant, we'll simply have to paraphrase and say that he came in (to pictures) like a lion. Which he emphatically did. No cooling of heels, no long apprenticeship in program pictures for Robert, the Robust. Certainly no zephyrs. Instead, a hardy gust of wind, only a couple of breaking-in "B's" and then—"Union Pacific." And then "Beau Geste." And now, as sure as Gable, Tracy, and others of the Great Brethren made the grade, stardom ahead for Robert P.

The people who simply cannot be happy unless they make comparisons are calling Robert Preston "a young Gable"; are saying that he is reminiscent of Spencer Tracy. Well, there's something to it. Young Preston does have Gable's brawn and vigor—more than a little (ah, there, girls!) of the Gable virility. He has the Tracy rough-and-readiness, too—that famed "earthiness" which makes Gable, Tracy, and the whole world kin. Also, he is of their breed of men who go about in tweed jackets which do not match the accompanying trousers, hair tousled, pipe clenched between teeth—there is nothing even remotely manicured about Bob. No one will ever call him a Pretty Boy. Young Preston admits that he likes to play "rough parts." He says: "I can honestly say that I have no 'glamorous' aspirations. I go too far in the opposite direction, if anything. If I can play a scene without combing my hair, all the better for me!"

Nope, nothing "arty" about Robert, even if he did rise, a sort of pugilistic phoenix, from the esoteric ashes of Little Theatres and such. Nothing of the Glamor Boy about Bob—except that Nature fashioned him six feet one inch in height, weight 175 pounds, gave him dark golden hair with curious streaks of brighter gold running through it, eyes of a brilliant yellow-gray, strong teeth, big hands, big feet, a strong will, or I miss my guess. Which may not be Glamor but what do you call it? There's something sort of leonine about his appearance, at that—if ever you met him coming out of a jungle you wouldn't say, startled, "what are you doing here?"

Robert was born, however, not under a mango tree but in conservative New England. In Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, on June 8th, just twenty years ago. Twenty, mind you! Out of the months—and abilities—of babes come now, not only (Please turn to page 96)
HOLLYWOOD has discovered talent in candy stores on Hollywood Boulevard, among movie extras in rare cases, in an Omaha stock company, among headline news personalities, on the Broadway stage, in London, Berlin, Paris—in fact in every nook and corner of the world from Brooklyn to Capetown, but John Wayne's is the unique case of a movie star being discovered by Hollywood. And all because of a director's faith engendered from the director's conversation with a prop boy on the Fox lot ten years ago.

But first, let's follow John Wayne from the time he left his native Winterset, Iowa, at the age of four. Then he was known as Marion Michael Morrison, a blue-eyed brown-haired tike. "I wasn't cute or anything like that," recalls John. "I was just a plain Scotch-Irish baby."

The Morrisons moved to California because Grandfather Morrison spoke glowingly of the Golden State, and father Clyde L. Morrison, a druggist, decided to start anew there as a rancher. Lancaster, California, was the first California home of the Morrisons, and it was here John received his first equestrian training, "I had to ride a horse to school every day, and I used to take short cuts over rough country when late, long cuts when the day was too ideal to come early," Wayne laughed.

Ranching duties helped build the Wayne frame. He was naturally a big-boned, big-framed lad, a Morrison heritage. Piling hay, roping, furrowing, hunting, swimming, fishing—all the pleasures of the boy privileged to live in open spaces branded early into Wayne the "outdoor" appearance he retains today, the convincing look of one bred to break an outlaw stallion, to dwell with the wind and breathe with the mountains, a pioneer type of American hero. By the time John reached high school age, the Morrisons were living in Glendale, California. At Glendale High School one September morning a schoolboy crush led John to take a step which was eventually to lead him to prominence in the movies.

"I had a kind of case on a blonde when I was a sophomore in high school," John tells it, "but she had a crush herself on the senior football captain. I was going to go out for football anyhow in my junior year, but I decided I was going to show that girl who the better man was, so I went out for the varsity."

John took to football as if he had nursed a pigskin for years. He became the outstanding linesman on an outstanding team, a stalwart guard who ripped opposing interference to shreds and opened gaping thoroughfares for his own backfield. The blonde by this time had turned her affections to the basketball captain, but John's puppy love was now forgotten.

The University of Southern California became interested in John, and when they offered him a football scholarship, John was theirs. He enrolled in a pre-legals course, and made the varsity as tackle in his sophomore year. That 1928-29 team of Southern Cal's was a national terror and the giant Wayne a tough tackle. When summer came, the University secured a job for him at Fox studios as a prop boy. And that was the end of his law career ambitions. (Please turn to page 82)

He's been making Westerns for the past seven years, yet it took "Stagecoach" to make him famous

By Sam Adams

Re-discovered:

JOHN WAYNE

SCREENLAND 63
HAVE you any advice for Allan Jones? He’s a candid camera fiend as well as a home movie fiend. He’s much better at the home movie stuff—just why he doesn’t know.

"I can’t go anywhere or look at anything without wanting to make a picture of it," he confesses. "I like to have pictures to remind me of trips I take, how the kids are growing, parties Irene and I give, and things we do. I get exactly what I want with my movie outfit, but I’m not a bit satisfied with my stills. I’ve had the movie outfit eight or nine years and even my friends who know me well enough not to be too polite don’t mind sitting through my movie shows. But my stills—!

"I got a terribly expensive camera, with a light meter, soon after I came to Hollywood, and went around shooting pictures, framing what I wanted with my hands, the way Hollywood cameramen do; but my pictures were awful.

"Last Fall I went to New York with Irene—my wife—and the first night I was there, I saw the show ‘Hellzapoppin,’ where my good friend George Marin is making a hit. During this show, they black out the stage at times and have the action go on in a balcony. In this interval, faces in the audience are lit by reflection from the lighted balcony, and this gave George an idea. He gets out in the dark with his camera and snaps famous faces he spots in the audience. He has the most amazing collection—almost all of them simply terrible likenesses because the people are all roaring with laughter. There are Joan Bennett, Walter Wanger, Al Jolson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the President and some of the Cabinet—oh, a lot of important people—every one with their mouths open or their eyes rolled up, shrieking. He got Irene and me, too, but it happened unfortunately that we were not so bad. He must have taken us when we were still waiting to hear the joke.

"At any rate, George is an expert. He can do anything with a camera. He looked at my stuff and he shook his head. ‘This is frightful,’ he informed me, as if I didn’t know. ‘No background, no composition, no proper focus. You can’t do that—and this is impossible!’ In fact, George felt so badly about my stuff that he decided to give me a different light meter. ‘This will almost take your pictures itself,’ he promised me. Well, I took my pictures with the aid of the new light meter, and they were worse than ever!

"In the end I went out and bought a little Brownie camera. My pictures aren’t quite so bad as they were,
He admits his pictures might be better, but he couldn't possibly have more fun

By Ruth Tildesley

and I don't need a light meter, thank heaven. Any hints are acceptable, though, I'm going to build a dark room at the house, and study camera technique in a big way."

He tossed me a snap of the family vehicles, including station wagon, trailer, and kiddie car. "I know that there isn't enough contrast between the trailer and the sky here," he pointed out, "but that's an example of a picture that brings me happy memories. And yet what a nightmare I had last night! I was awakened by my son this morning and was I glad to wake? Let me tell you a story: Once upon a time I had a fight with M-G-M about a part I didn't want to do. I swore I wouldn't do it, and they swore just as solemnly that I would. In the end they rewrote the thing and I did it, but as part of the studio persuasion they gave me a trailer to use as a dressing room. It was an outright gift to me and was put in my name. Well, last night I dreamed that Eddie Mannix, an executive at M-G-M, sent for me, and we complimented each other on how well we looked and so on. Then he said: "Oh yes, by the way, we want that trailer back." I burned up! I told him it was in my name and I'd be a so-and-so if he ever got his hands on it again, and so on and on. I don't know what would have happened if the baby hadn't wakened me just then!

"We have the most marvelous time with the thing. It sleeps four and we can cook in it and keep things iced. Bob Young and his wife and Irene and I wanted to go up to Victorville to the rodeo not long ago, but we couldn't stay over the week-end for various reasons. We'll..." (Please turn to p. 76)

The Jones Family's vehicles, from left: trailer, station wagon, and kiddie car. Left, Allan by Irene; above, Irene by Allan. Top, Baby Jones takes his first ride on Smoky, Allan's favorite horse.
THE Ida Lupino who smiled a greeting at me from a love-seat in her suite at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria bore no resemblance to the Ida Lupino I had seen several years ago. This slim, dark-haired girl, with clear grey eyes, was certainly not the plump blonde that I recalled. This change was another startling example of Hollywood, except that the changeling before me was a product of Ida Lupino, herself, whereas the blonde I had seen before was a product of Hollywood.

We launched immediately into a story of transformation that almost wrecked the picture career of this competent actress, and it began with dieting to become slimmer at any cost. The cost, as you will hear, was health, energy, appearance and personality. In fact, about all the assets a girl possesses. However, in Miss Lupino’s case, good sense and courage remained. But let Miss Lupino speak: “When I first went to Hollywood, I weighed about 127 pounds. That, of course, was frankly too much, but I was very healthy. I had energy and good sound nerves. Immediately, I was told I must reduce. I must reduce rapidly for picture appearance. If I had used my better judgment, I would have gone to a doctor or someone competent to advise me on this subject, but I took the matter in my own hands. I cut down and down on food, so that before long I had reached about 102 pounds. I had lost weight, and I had lost sparkle and stamina. I became nervous and irritable. It did not occur to me that I was semi-starved. However, it is my experience that when one continues rigid dieting for a period of time, desire for food goes, and building-up again is always a far more lengthy and difficult process than that of losing a reasonable number of pounds. Reducing is still a popular subject for feminine discussion, but I would warn every girl against strict dieting, unless under competent direction. I think we can do ourselves great harm. As for me, I became thinner and thinner. One day the studio called me and told me that I was in no condition to appear before a camera. I was advised to rest and try to regain a normal weight. This was serious. My picture career hung in the balance. Immediately, I tried to include building-up foods in my diet, but found I had no appetite. I had accustomed my system to so little, that even the addition of a cereal was too much for me. Then I put myself in the hands of a doctor. My diet was scientifically planned to remake me and to replenish energy, good spirits, and sound nerves. It was a slow process, and it required from me hope, patience, and persistence.”

Again, looking at the girl before me, I could see that she had exercised these qualities and that she had won. I believe that today the general attitude on reducing is sane. Girls have learned that bone structure and our general physical build should control a normal weight. That sufficient firm flesh is necessary for loneliness, rather than a chart figure. For some types, 112 pounds is far too much, while for others it is distinctly under-weight. Reducing, like make-up tones, is a very personal matter. We still find tragic cases in reducing, but not as many as formerly. For today we know something of food values. For example, we know that fried foods, rich sauces and gravies, pastries (Please turn to page 76)
Topps True Form Shoe Stores present these pretty-on-your-feet suede oxfords, with an accent on souache. Practical for daytime, yet you’ll want them for dancing. You can get them in black, brown or wine, and their price is $2.98.

Famous for inexpensive smartness, Joyce Hubrite shows this rayon crepe dress, which has as many personalities as the accessory changes you choose to give it. Replace the fresh white trim with some glamorous gold jewelry for dates; or wear a bright belt to match the feather in your hat. It comes in black, brown, navy or marmalade. Its price is $7.95.

"Fun on a budget" best describes these college and career-likeables. You can buy these in your stores. For where to buy, turn to Store Directory on Page 87.
MYRNA LOY hates to hurry more than any other woman in Hollywood; she never does today what she can do tomorrow. She’s so sold on the most relaxed way of living that the idea of fast traveling was simply something she never even imagined. But now she knows! Her producer-husband, the talented Arthur Hornblow, had been talking about a European trip for ages. She chalked it off to male pipe-dreaming. You ought to hear Myrna describe what happened to her this last summer! One day Arthur phoned from his executive suite and said, “Minnie, we’re leaving this week-end.” Just like that, Myrna would have gasped, only she didn’t want to exert herself so severely. “I didn’t believe him until I stepped into that first plane.” Next morning they were in New York City. They had a breathing spell, time for Myrna to think maybe she was going to be ill if they stuck to the schedule that had been handed her by her devoted mate. But they embarked in swank on the Normandie, and she was seasick and oh—! She was so weak when she was taken to walk off that she couldn’t get the press the way the reporters wished. “We flew to Stockholm and Oslo, then saw Norway by auto and boat. Some exciting days in Paris and London, a return on the most deluxe of French ships, and when she boarded the New York to Hollywood overnight plane she had a strange new spring in her step. But the moral isn’t what you’d expect; Myrna hasn’t become a brisk woman. She can whip up sufficient zip for screen roles requiring snappy delivery, but in private life she’s once more figuring that easy does it. She throws up her hands in a Zazu Pitts fling whenever she remembers how she covered fifteen thousand miles in thirty days’ time. All that constant dressing was “too much trouble, believe me.”

When Franchot Tone returned to Hollywood he was met by a swell new car which he’d ordered for himself. He opened his apartment door to be bowed over by a huge floral tribute from Joan Crawford, “Just a memory!” Then he proceeded to have a lengthy lunch with an old pal of his, a fellow who’d lovingly devoted himself to many stellar friendships. “I’ve been gone eight months,” declared Franchot, “and what I want to know first is if you’ve learned yet that such wholesale devotion isn’t the best policy?” Franchot’s not cynical; he just knows how selfish most actors and actresses are. They have to be, to become dominant personalities.

SONJA HENIE’s real age has just come out. She’s twenty-nine! Everyone in Hollywood was surprised to read this news in a national magazine. It also appears she has earned two million dollars in the three years she has been working in America. Do you wonder what kind of rent a single as such as Sonja is would pay? Well, here’s the data: she writes out a check for fifteen hundred bucks each and every month she resides in Hollywood.

A scene from “Intermezzo,” left, showing Leslie Howard, the star with Edna Best, British screen favorite, who’s featured in the picture with him. In private life, Miss Best is still Mrs. Herbert Marshall.
Hollywood

By

Weston East

THERE'S never a dull second around Bette Davis. Just when every predictor was positive she and George Brent were secretly carrying on a magnificent obsession, who should return to town but "Ham" Nelson, Bette's ex. Bette and "Ham" have remained friends—Bette once vowed that any woman who still liked her ex-husband was a sap, but we'll forget that—and so now the gossips can't decide whether she's consulting "Ham" about George, or what goes on. From the way in which she's fixed up the grand bungalow she now has on the lot you'd think no man was ever going to be important to her. Bette's brought most of her best antiques over, and when she's working she generally stays all night. With fifty-two cops patrolling the studio at night she has no fear of burglars. She happily does her own dish-washing, too, when she's informally week-ending with chums in everyday circumstances.

LIPSTICK your boy-friend loves to taste is the vogue in Hollywood since Brenda Joyce moved from her college classrooms at U.C.L.A. into leading ladyhood at 20th Century-Pix. It takes youth to wonder why, and Brenda frankely complained to Buddy Westmore, Martha Raye's ex who's a make-up expert at this studio, about the taste of regulation lipstick. Sadness in a beautiful woman is one thing Buddy has never been able to resist, so he diligently set to work and created special lipstick for her—with peppermint flavor. Owen Ward, a Los Angeles college boy, is probably responsible for this new craze that's sweeping the town, because he's Brenda's ideal. When he had to go to Monterey for military training she and her mother soon went vacationing in the Carmel woods, five miles from the presidio. She's promised her boss, producer Zanuck, not toelope, however.

THAT Orson Welles has something even Hollywood can't match is now a proven fact. He is going to do a picture for RKO as no picture has ever been done before. Leave it to Mr. Welles to hold out for what he wanted. The picture will be Shakespeare, no less, probably "Macbeth," which is surprise enough. But Orson will have complete say and the last okay on everything. He will produce, write, direct, and act the picture. (And at his age.) RKO has no say at all, they only pay for it.

HEDY LAMARR can't hit the broad side of a barn with a pistol and she admits it; in fact, she's afraid of the things. In a scene for "Lady of the Tropics" Hedy didn't know how to hold a gun, much less pull the trigger. Finally she told the director that she couldn't do it, and she couldn't without closing her eyes at the sound of the shot. It took a lot of off stage coaching to teach Hedy the trick. But Garbo delights in her prowess as a marksman. She used a pistol and target for diversion on the set of "Ninotchka" while waiting between scenes and proved herself a crack shot.

RETURNING from England, where they appeared in the picture "French Without Tears," Ellen Drew and Ray Milland brought back two big smiles. The third smile belongs to charming Mrs. Milland.

Next month we'll be able to tell you the intimate highlights of Tyrone and Annabella's European trip, because they've always been loyal about rushing our way with the news that's worth repeating. They didn't miss a trick and it was the sort of glamorous honeymoon Tyrone had always dreamed about. We're waiting to tell him about the theatre owner in the Middle West who now breathes easier. It seems the fellow had worried no end about Annabella not having a last name. So when he ran her most recent film he happily billed her as Annabella Power. She's going to tackle her none-too-successful career with renewed zest now, because the home folks back in Paris expect that if she's enchanting enough for Tyrone Power she can be a Hollywood victor yet.
THE nineteen-year-old Mrs. Wayne Morris is no society snob even though she and Wayne have sunk a hundred thousand dollars in that mansion in Brentwood. Our other Park Avenue wives in town, Mrs. Gary Cooper and Mrs. Fred Astaire, mix only with the Right People and don’t permit interviewers or cameramen to come near their husband’s private lives. However, “Bubbles” Morris, whose mother is as rich as the families of the other two women, thinks all that sort of pretense about Society is sheer nonsense. When she met Wayne she was working as a reader for a publishing company, and money to her meant only a means for living graciously. She met him, you know, when Minna Wallis gave a party and paired them. “Bubbles,” despite her youth, has supervised the decorating of the Morris home with excellent results. It’s cozy in a luxurious way, and while they’re not entertaining much all of Wayne’s old pals are first to be invited. Mrs. M.’s flair for domesticity has all the girls who chased Wayne so fruitlessly envious. She’s adding the clink in two months—when the Morris baby arrives.

UNTIL the front office of 20th Century-Fox appreciates Lynn Bari to the point of giving her a star’s rightful set dressing room one of the prop boys on the lot is determined to carry on valiantly for her sake. She makes up and changes in a cheap portable affair. But on the door, when she enters, she can read his next nameplate: “Hedy LaBari.” Inside there are pictures on the cardboard walls, new ones drawn every day by the gent. In fact, he even arranges early enough to dust and mop up the floor. When a prop boy will go to all that trouble for a gal who’s happily married, and when a pleasant thank-you is the only reward, I say there’s a gal with real oomph!

WHEN Louise Fazenda and her husband, producer Hal Wallis, were seeing Norway and Sweden last month they left their six-year-old son Brent, with his governess, at an exclusive hotel in the country near London. Louise was frankly worried. Perhaps Brent was too typical an American boy! He has excellent manners, but like all peppier youngsters his age he is apt to exercise his own discretion as to when he wants to be quiet or noisy. She kept wondering all the while she was touring Scandinavia whether he was being put in his place by the very proper British lads. When she returned for him the hotel was no longer stuffy. The English kids were speaking American slang, using Brent’s pop gun, and playing football with lusty glee.

IT’S nice to discover that when Tyrone Power splurged on a long-distance call from Paris, while abroad last month, he put in the call to his faithful pal and secretary, Bill Gallagher. When Tyrone was attempting to crash the New York stage Bill, nephew of the attorney who staked the Power trip during dark days dedicated to conquering the East, was an enthusiastic booster. The reward, so far as Tyrone was able to reward a friend of such caliber, was the job as right-hand man. Tyrone and Annabella went into Germany principally because Annabella had never been able to get back salary out of the country. They figured they might as well spend it as have it salted there indefinitely.

This is first time the boys have been able to get a shot of Gary’s child. Picture shows Coopers arriving in New York to visit Mrs. Cooper’s parents (center) and to do the Fair. Little Mario will never get lost while Daddy’s around with that grip.
"Happy Ending" brings Pat O'Brien to the screen in a new type of rôle, that of a once-great actor, and one which will tug at your heartstrings. Olympe Bradna, with him above, plays his daughter.

JOAN CRAWFORD hates her short coiffure and will let it grow out as fast as possible. . . . Mickey Rooney calls his new ranch "The Blue Diamond," so you can see what sort of literature he reads. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan missed a ride in the biggest new plane built on the Coast because she and her director husband made a vow never to go flying without the other, and he wasn't invited. . . . Fay Holden celebrated her twentieth wedding anniversary by asking the Dick Baldwins (Cecilia Parker Baldwin is Mrs. Judge Hardy's daughter) out to celebrate their first. . . . Corinne Griffith has been in Hollywood, chiefly to check up on her local investments—she was the star they paid a quarter-of-a-million to quit, because her salary was so high that was cheaper. . . . Didn't Clark give Carole an engagement or wedding ring? She's told the L. A. county assessor she has no jewelry worth paying a tax on!

NOW that Leslie Howard has finished "Intermezzo" and is back in England, it can be told. Incidentally, this picture has had, literally, hundreds of suggested and temporary title changes, and will most likely still come to your theatre as "Intermezzo." During the rehearsal of a scene that required all of Gregory Ratoff's fiery Russian words and gestures in the war of direction, there repeatedly came at the very climax of the action a shrill, off-stage piping sound. After it had spoiled Ratoff's mood in a number of rehearsals, with the raging Russian's ire rising with each bellow of, "Quiet, please," there came the denouement. Ratoff stopped all work and roared that whoever had done the childish trick was fired. Just then, off stage, but in plain view of everyone Leslie piped a plaintive "poot" on one of the musician's clarinets. With blood in his eyes, the intense Ratoff shouted, "I still mean vot I say, you're fired!" However, Selznick felt differently about his valuable star. Ratoff's still mad. By the way, Leslie Howard's daughter who takes her famous father's name in full, and is 13 years old, is the most economically valuable child in the family chauffeur takes her shopping and she runs him ragged looking for bargains.

Old-timers and new favorites helped Director Irving Cummings celebrate his 20th Anniversary in motion pictures at a luncheon. Dan Ameche, center, is trying to divide his attention between the guest of honor and beautiful Alice Faye.


PARTY-OF-THE-MONTH: thrown by Virginia Bruce; behavior infinitive. Appropriate because it was Susan Ann's sixth birthday and Gimmy hired a real merry-go-round. Result is that her daughter is now most popular deh in the youngest set. Surprise-screen-comes-back-of-month: Doris Nolan's. She was a fizzle the first time Universal tried to put her over, and now she's back on the same lot for another stellar send-off. Substitution-of-the-month: Leatrice Joy for Spring Byington. Once a big star and the wife of John Gilbert, and now the wife of a wealthy business man, returned to the screen in the new Durbin picture because a "Jones Family" commitment jerked disappointed Spring from the rôle. Most-amazed-gals-of-the-month: Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford. Because two co-eds had themselves made up as Myrna and Joan, attended a preview, and were accepted by cheering throngs as the McCoy. Most-desperate-try-of-the-month: Ida Miranda's. Acclaimed in Italy for her charm, she is attempting to click in her second American venture. The script on her first was beyond redemption.

JIMMY STEWART recuperated from his longest picture schedule in the gayest night clubs he could locate, which is excusable when given a four-month shooting schedule. . . . Carol Ann Beery isn't going to waste any time—she's the first kid in Hollywood to have a bedroom done (under Wally's supervision) in what he calls "true collegiate" style! . . . Melvyn Douglas's wife, Helen Gahagan, went East to play in summer stock—she urges her to keep up her career—and he's sporting a burned finger as a result of his attempt to cook his own pancakes last Sunday morning. . . . Ellen Drew's finally recaptured the eight pounds she lost while making a picture in England; seeing so much territory was so exciting to this ex-candy store clerk that "it wore me down". . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acquired a farm in Virginia along with his new wife—which was rather a jolly down-shoot what.

Those who be "Dead Enders," the "Little Tough Guys," are also reformed, cinematically; they're destined to survive by becoming polite "average" American boys. . . . Richard Greene is now a full-fledged star, and watch the Hollywood women go for him now they're sure Darryl Zanuck is when you know him over a four-roller. . . . Mischa Auer, of all people, has the nightclub complex and he won't go home until morning. . . . Robert Montgomery began his eighth month in England in the right way—by selling the Queen of England four handkerchiefs at a benefit. . . . Norma Shearer entertained the cast of "The Women" but Rosalind Russell toppled that—Roz took the stand-ins of all the ladies involved in the show to the Coconut Grove to dine and dance with their boyfriends.

JITTERBUGGING isn't dead and in another month or so you can see Artie Shaw at your favorite theatre. He's receiving a mere fifty thousand bucks for leading his band in the Lana Turner-Lew Ayres film, "These Glamor Girls." And if you don't go out of the world over Artie's arrangements, if you don't want to send every time he begins to build, you can get into a saner groove with Kay Kyser, who's being starred in an elaborate film musical, also. A graduate of the University of North Carolina, Kay still has six U. of N. C. boys in his band.
Barbara Learns to Live

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about some of the new creations—the hats, coats and suits, and the daytime dresses and evening gowns she wanted him to design for her personal wardrobe.

"I want you to make them all very striking and exotic," Barbara warned Mr. Kalloch with a shy smile. "They must be exceptionally alluring. I want people to think I am Marlene Dietrich or perhaps have them mistake me for Hedy Lamarr."

If you only knew how Barbara's friends the last few years have begged, and begged her, to buy herself some chic dresses and hats—but Barbara would always complain that she couldn't be bothered with those dreary fittings, and anyway she'd look silly if she tried to be glamorous. Any old suit would do, and her hat she usually carried in her hands. But you ought to get a load of the chic Mrs. Robert Taylor when she goes stepping of an afternoon or evening now.

"Come on in!" Barbara called to me as she saw me teetering on the steps. "Everybody else is here. You might just as well move in too. Isn't it nice and quiet and homey? I thought you'd love it for an interview."

"Is this the Capra Company?" somebody shouted over my shoulder.

"No," Barbara shouted back. "Two stages down and to your left. Isn't it awful," she said turning to me, "I have to run an information bureau, too?"

"I can take a hint," said the guy from the trade papers. "Give me a story for the column, Barbara, and I'll leave."

"All right," said Barbara. "Did you hear the one about the taxi driver who drove into a gas station and asked for the Dionne Quintuplets? The station attendant put five gals in his tank. Keep it clean, boys."

"Ready to work, Miss Stanwyck," called the assistant director. "You gotta cry in this scene. Do you want me to blow menthol in your eyes?"

"No," said Barbara. "All I have to do is think about some of my pictures and I cry plenty."

If Barbara was once the despair of the publicity department, the photographers, the fan writers, and the visiting firemen, she is no longer. At one time you practically had to beat her over the head with a sledgehammer to get her into the gallery for a fashion sitting. She'd sit there like a ramrod and glare at the camera. But now she goes willingly (though she still says she feels silly) and when the photographer says to "drap" and "droop" she says, "Okay, I'll do a Glamor Girl for you. But remind me to sue you if I don't look like Hedy Lamarr!"

The fan writers adore her—Barbara's never too tired or bored to help them with a story—and fairly stumble over each other getting interviews from her. And when it comes to the visiting firemen, Barbara went on a personal appearance tour to Omaha, Nebraska, several months ago and mingled so beautifully that she practically had fallen arches, laryngitis, and writers' cramp when she got home.

"I wouldn't have missed that trip for anything," she said. "But I could have used a little more sleep."

Before romance and marriage made a happy person out of Hollywood's second-best isolationist Barbara used to have those good old black moods of the Irish, when she'd feel so low that nothing mattered. She used to worry herself sick in those days at the drop of a hat; in fact, she wouldn't even wait for you to drop a hat before taking a big swig of worry. But these last three years (she was engaged to Bob almost three years before she married him) she has developed a divine sense of humor, and to save her life now she simply can't work up a good worry.

I remember being with Barbara Stanwyck shortly after she made the picture, "The Plough and the Stars." She took her pictures very seriously in those days, and when she read the reviews on that picture she nearly hit the ceiling. The critics panned the daylight out of her because she didn't keep her Irish brogue all the way through the picture. The Abbey Players, they raved about, but Barbara—well, that was a Hollywood movie star for you. That revue's a hear-it-and-now-you-don't Irish accent wasn't Barbara's fault at all.

The truth of the matter was that Miss Stanwyck had really worked herself into a frazzle trying to perfect her accent and it had been used in the early sequences of the picture. But one night in the projection room the producer decided that somebody in the picture had to be understood, somebody had to carry the plot, or else the non-Irish movie-going public wouldn't have the faintest idea what was all about. Well, you can't exactly ask an Abbey Player to change his dialect, so poor Barbara was elected. And to make it all the more mortifying they refused to retake the early sequences.

Now Barbara, you know, is not a Glamor Girl only interested in her close-up; she is a real actress. And those reviews that accused her of lousing up Dublin with Brooklyn simply tore her soul in threads. She was in black despair for months.

But not long ago she again played an Irish girl in "Union Pacific." Mr. DeMille told her she could have her brogue and she bet him fifty dollars that she wasn't going to lose it during the entire picture. Mr. DeMille did not have an opportunity to collect. But this time the critics complained bitterly because Barbara was so back seated down with her brogue that they couldn't understand her. Mrs. Taylor did not hit the ceiling, she didn't even go to bed with a sense of disbelief.

"Oh, well," Barbara said with a laugh— at least I think she said "well"—"you can't win. No fight, no nail-biting, no worry, no nothing. Happiness, I fear me, has done her in.

In the old pre-Taylor days Barbara hated publicity almost as much as she did fashion pictures, and it was like pulling out eyeteeth to get her to go on. But now the Taylors can be found several times a week at parties, premières, and night clubs, Barbara, who used to take a book along on the few occasions she went to parties, is now so witty and gay that the menfolks gather round to hear the story. "Have you heard the one about Bob? Can be found at the ring-side, and on baseball nights they can be found at the Hollywood Baseball Park, with plenty of hams, peanuts, soda pop. When Barbara wasn't becoming a motion picture star he would have made a darning good pitcher.

When Barbara and Bob married, Bob and his Great Dane and his horses moved into the Marwynck Ranch, and judging from my recent visit there, they have just about everything. Mr. Stanwyck's clothes were scattered about the living room when I arrived (Barbara's building them a special room has just finished), and when I walked towards a comfortable looking couch Barbara called, "Don't sit there! It's the dog's bed. You'll get hair all over your hands."

Bob slipped bites of lamb chops to the Great Dane who watched him with worshipful eyes. "We'll have awful grease spots on the rug," said it. "It'll never do if she were announcing the coming of spring."

"Hagar doesn't dribble," said Robert with his great dog's dignity. But Hagar, like all dogs, did. And no one got the least bit excited.

I must say it's one of the most comfortable homes, and households, that I've seen in these persnickety parts. It's well furnished, but it doesn't make any pretense of being anything but what it actually is—a ranch house. It has quite a "lived-in"
around Boyer some more. Charles wandered about the studio with me. "I love working in American studios," said lie, "for everything is so efficient and the pictures proceed as on oiled wheels. When you want a certain prop, by the time you may have smoked a cigarette the prop is in its right place on the set. In France you would have to wait a week for that certain prop. Of course the working hours in France appeal to me greatly. In France, you see, they don't start shooting till noon, and they stop at the dot of eight o'clock. no matter how important a scene they might be in the midst of. Then, there is no work ever on Saturday—so from Friday evening till Monday noon the artistes are free. "I like, too, the personal interest all the American fans take in the actors. I don't mean necessarily in the personal lives of the artistes, but the deep interest and concern they have in the parts we play. In Algiers I had to consider the American public in conceiving the character. They would not have liked me to play Pepe le Moko in the same rough way that won success for Jean Gabin, who played in the original French version. I had to temper him down to meet the ideals the English speaking audiences had endowed me with. In France the artistes sink themselves into the characters they play, which very often takes away from the individuality of the star, but which appeals much more to the French people's taste for the drama. So, when I make films in France I am more free to enter into the character I'm to portray. As often as I'm free I go back to Paris to make a film in French. Besides the joy of seeing again my old comrades I think it's a very good thing, for in that way I will never get into a set rut or groove—and then it gives me appreciation of the great studios over here when I return. I would love to play again on the stage in Paris, but that is too difficult to arrange with my shooting schedules here."

With what pleasure I recall those great performances Boyer used to give in the Bernstein plays produced at the Gymnasium Theatre in Paris, generally with Pierre Blanchard and Gaby Morlay as co-stars. Morlay played Queen Victoria in the French production of Queen Victoria and Blanchard's pictures have been successes in America. His crazed doctor in "Lite Dances On" will be long remembered. Blanchard and Boyer went through the Conservatoire together in Paris. That is the National Academy for actors. The pupils are schooled in drama, tragedy, and comedy so that on graduation they are really finished artists, fitted to play any type at all. That, to me, explains the superb artistry of so many of the continental players. Boyer has tried to induce Blanchar to come to Hollywood but Pierre is far too happy in his native Paris to be lured over here. The nearest he has come to it was to go to London to play Napoleon to Ruth Chatterton's Josephine in a British-made film.

Boyer in the studio is an interesting study of the combination of good fellowship surrounded by the aura of greatness. I have watched various directors working with him and their evident pleasure in the collaboration. The actors give of their best when pitted against his suave, subtle, and at the same time brilliant technique. They all love to work with him but would never dream of slipping him on the back or calling him Charlie.

I say he hasn't changed a bit, but I must admit that he seems gayer, very much gayer, than I have ever seen him in Paris; there is a brighter sparkle in those dark eyes, especially so when he is at home and you admire his roses. They are his particular joy and pride. Whenever away from the studio he is generally to be found digging, snipping, and spraying his beloved roses. The new home is very, very modern but at the same time very comfortable. Many of the rooms are round and all about are books and more books, in French and English. The main feature is the big central room with the ceiling that can be rolled back so as to admit the moonlight, starlight, or sunlight, but can be closed against the damp fog that very often steals in on this California. Then, of course, there are the tennis court and swimming pool, without which no self-respecting Hollywood home could exist. Charles is a splendid tennis player and swimmer so these last features get their full use.

I am quite sure that when all of you see this latest Charles Boyer—Irene Dunne film you will feel as I do—that each year we should be enabled to a film or two, and all of us in that self-satisfying team. Just as we have the "Hardy Family" every so often, so we should have Charles and Irene.
sidelines between "takes," Joan and I. And we were talking about talk. "Well, look then," Joan began with the warm intimate quality of speech she never has forsaken, in spite of all the other changes. "I'd like to say complete honesty is the surest claim to interest that anyone's talk can have. It is—it really is—for better to talk about scrambled eggs, if they interest you at the moment and they're something you know about, than it is to pretend familiarity with a new bill that's due to come up before Congress." 

Then can we get three darn good rules with which to govern our talk:

**Be honest. Only when we are sincere in our conversation is it possible for us to be admired for what we are. And it's only when we are admired for what we are that we can hope to hold any esteem or affection that we gain.**

It is only smart to cultivate the loveliest speaking voice of which our vocal apparatus is capable. For the more beauty our words have the more they will intrigue people.

Conversation never should turn into anything that even remotely resembles a lecture. And we never should assume that knowledge which is new to us is also new to others. For trying to be impressive we will only succeed in being pompos and boring.

If anyone has any doubt conversational powers can be vastly improved I'd like to contrast for them the Irene Dunne of six years ago and the Irene Dunne of today. Six years ago, when I met Irene, my editor said to me: "We've got to get something about that Dunne girl in the book. She's more popular than ever. But no one I've assigned to see her can get a story. Her life story should do the trick. Get it! There must be some events in her life which she'll discuss. Her comings of a good southern family, I understand."

That was the whole trouble. Irene came of an excellent family. And she had RESERVE! It took me, well remember, one solid hour to wrest from her the most impersonal facts surrounding her father's death. Irene was raised on the theory that it is not good taste to show your feelings or to discuss your personal affairs. And a very good theory this is undoubtedly, if it isn't carried to excess, the way it often is. We might as well face facts. In our hurried modern lives there's little time for pretty chit-chat. Consequently if the things you feel and believe do not animate your speech it's going to be very wooden and very dull. Not that you must blurt out your thoughts and sourns. But you must get something of yourself into your conversation—the way Irene does today.

I spent a Sunday afternoon with Irene a month or two ago. We had tea before a blazing fire. We ate mammoth pieces of the cake Irene had baked the day before. While I counted her average size screws screwy sometimes; for girls who look like Irene and can act like Irene shouldn't be able to make cakes like Irene makes! Missy, four years old now, padded in to say good-night, her cheeks as pink as the rabbit appliqued on her stockinged pajamas. Doctor Griffin and several men returned from golf and there was the clink of ice and glasses in the ice box. It was all as charming and in as impeccable taste as it was six years ago. But Irene was different. She actually referred to the oil well which she had turned into a very dull creatures when they were afraid to respond to the attraction of other women lest they get sharp looks and sharper post mortem as well.

The first time I met Irene I liked her, even while I tortuously extracted her life story. In the intervening years I've seen her many times when no story had to be written and when could relax and enjoy her as a charming woman. But never before has time sped the way it did that Sunday afternoon. I left Irene finally and reluctantly to find I was one hour late for a cocktail party for Walt Disney. And he's my extra-special idol and I'd been looking forward to that party for weeks.

So:

**Don't be restrained in conversations. Relax! Get yourself and the things you feel and the experiences you've had into what you say so your words won't be stupid and wooden, but glowing. Do things.**

Olivia de Havilland is one of the Hollywood girls credited with being most interesting. And I think this is somewhat because of the way Olivia listens. Not that she doesn't talk. But she listens gloriously, with her eyes intently level, and with her lips half parted. And as if that wasn't enough she often will delight the person who is talking by saying, "I don't understand. Please explain!" Olivia's eager attitude, of course, increases her interests and her knowledge every day.

For, finding her receptive, people give her the best they have to give, in substance and in manner.

Olivia rates Basil Rathbone, the most fascinating actor she knows. "He's familiar with so many things," she says in explanation, unaware that some of her conversational charm can be explained the same way.

We were lunching in Olivia's bungalow dressing room at Selznick's, where she was playing in "Gone With The Wind." She had just come over from Aust. Pittock's house in Atlanta, where wisteria climbed around the funny porch columns and jasmines grew amidst the roots of the trees between the porch and the white picket fence. Her brown hair sloped gently from a center part and was fastened at her neck in a heavy knot and held with a sash. Over her hoopskirted dress, dark blue bengaline with brown velvet bows, she wore a brown worsted hug-me-tight. She was a demure little wren, a lovely Melville, and both Rhett Gable, and Scarlett Leigh, who were working on the Tara plantation set immediately following luncheon, in a sequence in which Melanie didn't appear, called to us as they passed on their way to the stage.

Olivia opened a jar of marrons from a big basket of delicacies which Mr. David Selznick had sent her. "You know," she said, "talking of Basil Rathbone, I well remember the first time I met him. The talk was of plays and books, urbane things largely. And I thought I never had met anyone so well informed or more genuinely enthusiastic. But I wondered, mildly, how he would be on a desert island. Then we went on location. And, to my amazement, he knew all about wild life too. He could find the trail of a coyote. He was virtually certain we would stir up partridge at a certain spot—and we did. He made me regret I had heard so much about wild life. He made it so exciting.

"He cares about the things of which he talks," she said, "so he makes you care too. John Garfield is the same way. Though I doubt he's as interested in as many things as Mr. Rathbone. Few people are." She laughed and she must finish her marrons quickly to tell me about a luncheon John Garfield and Barbara Stanwyck had together. "John talked about the stage," she said, "and the Group Theatre, to which he
saying."

Olivia gives us a wonderful conversational guide-post:

"We must care about whatever it is we talk about before we can expect others to care."

It always surprises me when blondes with cute noses, like Sally Eilers, prove smart, thinking girls. And it shouldn't, because Sally and half a dozen other blondes, almost as saucily pretty, have been demonstrating their brains for years. By chance I lunches with Sally the day after I had been with Olivia. At the famous Lucey's, Where sherry in thin glasses is almost as yellow as the tips of the flames in the high-breasted fireplace. And the spaghetti, unlike any other spaghetti you have been able to get at home, takes you back to Italy's sunny hillsides and you feel warm, even though it's California's rainy season, to good stimulating conversation—with men especially.

"In Hollywood," she wrapped her spaghetti about her fork like a Neapolitan, "small talk at any dinner party is simple enough. You merely say to the man next to you 'Your last picture?' He's almost certain to be an actor, a producer, or a director. And he's absolutely certain to give you his entire attention while he tells you of the difficulties and prejudices he had to overcome in order to make that last picture. Outside of Hollywood," Sally went on, "it isn't that simple. I've often felt like a trout fisherman as I've thrown out one line after another without getting a strike. Eventually, though, if you keep right on casting you do hit upon something that's mutually interesting and then your search proves worth while. For then it isn't polite talk which you and your dinner partner will the time away, but much better than that—good, vital talk—that later leaves you wondering where the time went and trying to remember just what constituted the salad course anyway."

Right here—before we make any summation about Sally—something must be said

Screen charmer Myrna Loy and hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr., can always find something to smile about. Attending some theatre party as group opposite, they're amused because flowers on hat at lady back of Mary Astor look cute on Mary.

Sally is one of those people you start to interrupt immediately, not because you disagree with her or don't want to hear what she's saying but because she stimulates you so that you can't talk fast enough to keep up with the thoughts that race through your brain—cluttered thoughts, too, that you never knew you had.

"One thing I did very deliberately for my conversation," Sally said. "I learned small talk. It didn't come natural to me. I had to force myself to become adequate with it, really. But I did it because I can imagine no social experience more ghastly than to be the girl who eats her dinner flanked on the right and the left by the backs of the gentlemen seated beside her—except for those brief moments—as brief as the nanosecond make them—when they turn to give a polite smile and explain that Tillie Winkle on their other side has been telling them the most marvelous things about the love life of birds in Samoa."

Sally grinned. "It's well worth while to be a good conversationalist," she granted. "But it doesn't do you much good unless you get a chance to talk. And I firmly believe small talk to be the best introduction for the way she delivers her small talk. For, like Joan Crawford, Sally has taught herself three or four or five things about the way to say it. Sally wasn't always such careful of her diction as she is today. Careless caused her to slur the endings of her words and do many of the slipshod things that are all too common. Today, however, it is different. Today Sally has a fine appreciation of words and their subtle meaning and she is sensitive of the way they should be pronounced. She finds what she has to say important enough to say it well; consequently her speech has come to be clean-cut and arresting and important to others too. Make no mistake about it—your manner of speech suggests your personality and from the beginning it either adds or detracts from your charm."

Fair enough:

Good conversation must interest both the person who talks and those who listen. If at first you don't succeed in broaching a subject that gets response, try, try again. * * * *

Good diction and a feeling for words is vitally important. For those things are your speech and your personality too—clean-cut and arresting.

There is one very definite difficulty about talking to Sally. If you're not smart enough to get to Roz she's one of those amazingly busy people who seem to have all the time in the world. The difficulty lies in keeping others from getting to her too.

An afternoon which Roz and I lately spent together was interrupted by Bob Montgomery to ask if he might drop in at five o'clock to discuss a matter of radio equity, and ten other people calling about ten other things. Until I stopped Roz. I was hoping for any end to the interruptions.

Roz had just come back from a luncheon and she looked very elegant in a soft black dress with candy stripes of blue and red and yellow. "My one Paris creation," she announced. "And I wear it so incessantly that it soon will be threadbare! I remember arriving in America when I was over there. But I had to indulge in one important number."

One in town talks better than Roz, for my money. She thinks clearly. And she has a divine gift for reducing things to their simplest form. "Well, of course," she says, "if you can get yourself to talk to people won't run away for the minute you start to speak. Even if you're shy!"

I'm so shy I die, with men especially. I'm not afraid, I know perfectly well no one is going to do me any harm, or even want to. And I'm not bashful. I don't blush or stutter or falter over things. But I am timid about taking any initiative, even about speaking up, until I get the feel of people, I don't know any other way to put it. I'm not a Judy Friendly."

"Shyness," Roz went on, "is a stygie. For it keeps you so aware of yourself that you don't think very clearly about anything else—even though you may know a considerable amount about the subject under discussion. So what can you do about it? You can, I've discovered, train yourself to listen at such times. To listen properly. To listen with your whole mind, not with only half of your mind while the other half goes right on worrying about you and the fact that you're appearing too dumb."

For once you learn to listen properly you'll find you will relax. Then your brain can begin to function normally. You won't be as effective the first time you speak as you will be the fifth time you speak up. Naturally! But you'll be on your way."

Roz flexed her arms under the black chintz of her gown. "Come on," she said, "you've already don't see such strength from muscle! Really! The more you use it the more able it is to do you speaking."

To put it in a nutshell:

We never should force ourselves to speak. But to speak, talk of the make of talking and making a showing. We should, especially if we are shy, listen with all our attention, forgetting ourselves. Then, when something that is said gets a sincere response from our brain we will find it easy enough to voice our thoughts.

Jean Crawford, Irene Dunne, Olivia de Havilland, Sally Eilers, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine are all giving good performances, but I don't think quite enough to their stardom. For, among other things, they were quick to appreciate the magnet that conversational charm provés—and to realize there is no insurmountable barrier to keep anyone from claiming it.
and too many too sweet desserts are un-
natural with her, and the sweet things she
ate were both foods contribute to weight. We also know
that alcoholic drinks are, for many, fattening.
We can get along on a small propor-
tion of such foods and drinks. We know,
by contrast, that the vitamins found in
grains, such as wheat, in vegetables, and in
fruits are essential to well-being and are
great beauty builders. We need meat, cheese,
butter, and some starch and sugar. Every
human being needs a balance of normal
food, simply prepared, except in special
medical cases where certain foods are elim-
inated for definite reasons.
Before anyone attempts a rigid diet, she
would do well to know something of her
physical and chemical make-up, to read
some authoritative work on the general
subject, and to be sure that though she may
cut calories, she is still consuming with her
body actually needs. Far wiser, says this
department, to have an extra pound or two
and sound nerves, a good disposition and
good health, than perfect proportions, re-
sulting from an under-fed body. Reduce, by
all means, if you need to, but do this by
food control rather than by complete denial.

The change in weight, however, was only
one problem that Miss Lupino had to face.
Normally, she is a soft brown-haired type,
with a prominent cheek, a chin and greyish
eyes.
Several years ago, however, that made no
hit with Hollywood. That was in the era of
the blondes. So, according to the pattern of
those days, Miss Lupino’s hair was bleached and
over-curled. Her own nice, dark brows were eliminated, and an eye-
brow pencil gave her brows for the camera.
With blonde hair, she says she used a pink
and white make-up. Now the actress had
become a type, not a personality. This,
she found very depressing. There was Ida
Lupino, very rich in many of the stage, a
trouper by instinct, an actress with much in
her own right made to look like the girls
that Hollywood was then turning out by
the thousand.

Though many of us become dissatisfied
with ourselves and long to be different,
ever forget that personality and physical appearance have some relationship to each
other, and when you put these two—which
make you—in terrific contrast, you cannot
live with yourself. To decide on what you have
to make the very best of it and to dramatize a little is an ex-
cellent idea, but to try to change the basic
pattern is a task for one that we all realize
sooner or later.

After living for a while with this strange
blonde, herself, whom Miss Lupino did not
care for, came the great upheaval. She de-
cided to revert to herself. I am also told
that her recent romance and marriage to
Louis Hayward had much to do with her
decision. Loving Ida, rather than the type
Hollywood had attempted to make of her,
Mr. Hayward encouraged her decision to
become herself again. Looking at her, there
is no doubt but what Miss Lupino has be-
come herself, again, and is more serene,
more confident, and far happier than in a
long time. Picture assignments await her,
and though you won’t see the blonde you
may remember—unless possibly in a period
picture, when one never knows—I think
you will sense more power and ability in
this actress before than.

Miss Lupino is very clothes-conscious,
but her taste runs to simple, conservative
styles, of beautiful fabric and cut. She is
never too ever to make a flamboyant type,
even if her taste ran in that direction. She
likes black, which is a splendid foil for her
clear, clear skin, and soft tones like fuchsia
and powder blue. Black and white she con-
siders truly chic. She says she would rather
have one beautifully tailored suit than
dozens of chi-chi costumes. She uses little

As I arose to go, Miss Lupino repeated:
“Warn your readers against haphazard, un-
guided redressing, and tell them not to try
to change themselves too much. It is too
cut-rate, heart-breaking, and useless to try to
become somebody else. They will do far
better to make the most of what is right-
fully theirs.”

"Candid" Allen Jones

Don’t Try To Be Somebody Else
Continued from page 66

LIPSTICK FOR ENCHANTMENT
Our gift-of-the-month is a little lipstick
that promises you satisfaction in tone,
texture and staying-on qualities. Send for
our free illustrated Make-Up bulletin which
tells you how to get your gift, and also
offers help in the choice and use of
make-up generally, besides tips on fash-
ion and beauty. Yours for three-
cents stamp to Courtenay Marvin,
Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th
Street, New York City.

Ruby Keeler, who is Mrs. Al Jolson
in private life, suns herself and
sips some refreshing Hawaiian pine-
apple juice on the beach at Waikiki.

As I went to see, the trailer hitched up to the station wagon,
which is equipped with electricity. We
played cards most of the time on a
trailer up, and ate snacks from the icebox, and it
rode so smoothly that not a poker chip slid from the stack.
Then we went to see the rodeo, stopped in afterwards
to wash up, went out to dinner and to see
a show up there, then we all got back in the trailer and went to bed. We rode
without a lamp and got up at three A.M.
Now we have the trailer parked in the
back-yard with an awning on the side you
used to have in this picture, and when we give a
party, there’s an extra card room, kitchen-
ette or what-will-you.”

He handed me a shot of two little girls
and playhouse, which I already knew
that if I had had a lighter, I’d have had a bet-
ter contrast in this,” he observed, “but I
hate to bother with filters. If you take
pictures of kids, you usually have to do it
quick, so I seldom wait. Gail—this one is
Gail, our daughter—is a little ham at heart,
but I get better pictures with the movie out-
fit, because she knows that every-
thing must be dramatized, and she acts all
the time, some sort of rôle that appeals to
her.”

The baby is a good subject, too, if you
ought quick enough, but he usually wants to come
to me the minute he sees me so he starts
creeping forward and sometimes gets out
of focus. Irene took these two pictures of
the baby with me and Smoky, my favorite
horse. Bob Young and I have stables where
we keep 55 horses; 30 of them are horses we
work for other people, 18 are horses we
own and rent out to those who like to
ride, and the rest are ours. Irene and I
both ride and so does Gail. She has taken
photos of horses and prizes and she often shows
horses.

“Smoky” is my special pet. I bought
him three years ago when I happened to see
him at some stables I was visiting, and I began
to train him myself. He follows me, kisses
me, does anything I tell him to. If someone
else rides him and I ride another horse, he
stands by the other horse and I let the
other man do a thing with him.
But he will come to me without a bridle
or rein and go wherever I go, without my
even turning round. When you take him
behind, he takes the greatest care of her. And
the baby has been on his back several
times and Smoky knows he must see
that the baby doesn’t fall off. He’s very gentle, but
when I’m on his back he can do all sorts of
dangerous stunts.

“Lrated to ride when I was very little.
We had a mine, you know, and my father
used to turn out the mules and such horses
as there were on Sundays to give them
a good run. We used to be the only boys in
our old car. I wouldn’t go with them, but
the minute they were gone I’d gather the
neighborhood kids and we’d get bailing a
bunch of some empty barrels between
the mules’ teeth and use the rest for
reins and off we’d go, riding bareback. When
my father got home, he’d tick the tar out of
me, but I didn’t care. I’d had my ride!”

Screenland
QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's Cold Cream has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on morebecomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.
away your guesses. Take all the time you
want to think about it."
I gave up in three. "Tell her, Annabella," said Ty.

"It's the rear end of a donkey," giggled Annabella, doubling up in a laugh. It seems that the Powers are passionately fond of
backgammon, played it all over "Suze" and South America, and so quite naturally when they drove to the Grand Canyon for
a five-day honeymoon right after their marriage they threw the backgammon
board in the back of the car. The day they went down into the Canyon, astride donkeys in the tourist manner, they took the board
along with them, slung over the donkey just so, in case they wanted to play a
game in the bottom of the Canyon—which they did. The donkey, alas, left his print, not his finger print, but quite a print.

Second in popularity with the Powers is an
electric pin machine which someone
gave Ty on his last birthday, and which
has become practically a family heirloom.

"Except for our bed it was the only piece of
furniture we had when we moved in," said Annabella. "We ate dinner off it at
night, and Tyrone would run up perfectly
beautiful scores between the soup and the
roast, and it has served every purpose from
dressing-table to writing desk. I don't
know what we would have done without it."
Now that Annabella's furniture has arrived from France, at long last ("the
tsilly boat seemed to like Panama it stayed
there so long"), the pin machine has been
relegated to a corner of the playhouse by
the pool, where it waits for innocent vic-
tims who think they can match their skill
against Ty's.

"Give me a dime," said Ty. I thought it
rather unusual for the screen's hand-
somest and most romantic actor to turn
panhandler suddenly, but I don't surprise
easily when it comes to these movie folk,
so I gave him a dime, and not my last one either.
Ty pretended to look at it care-
fully, returned it to me and said, "Scratch
it." Annabella, a perfect assistant, was right
there with a little open frantically from the
playhouse bar, and together we managed to
scratch it up quite a bit. "Now watch,"
said Ty, the great magician, swinging into
action. He put the dime in the pocket of
his white pants and with a look of dejected
annoyance said, "Tut, tut, I must get this
out of my pocket, it crowds things too
much." Out he pulled a little red box with
a rubber band around it. "Now in wonder
where your dime is," he said mysteriously,
while Annabella giggled, "Must have lost it.
Wait a minute, wait a minute! Maybe it got
in the little red box." Annabella was
so excited she could hardly sit still. I was
blasé. It would be easy enough to slip
that dime under the lid of the little red
box. I wasn't born yesterday. And I
wasn't going to be excited, even for Tyrone.
He opened the little red box. Inside of it
was another little red box with a rubber
band. Inside of the second little red box
was a third little red box with a rubber
band. Inside the third little red box was
a little red woolen bag tied at the top. He
untied the bag— and there was my dime,
scratchings and all! My mouth opened and
I forgot to shut it.

"Isn't he wonderful?" beamed Annabella.

"Darling, show her the glass and spoon
trick!"

I'm a sucker for magic, and Tyrone is
no slouch at it, and I would still be there
with my mouth open if people from the
nursery hadn't arrived with some trees for
the front yard (Annabella called them
trees). Dinner table magic is quite the
thing in Hollywood now, all the best movie
actors are going in for it. But I must say
that Ty gets more encouragement from his
wife than most others. Sandra Cooper
spoiled Gary's best trick one night (the
one about the handkerchief and the burn-
ing cigarette), by saying, "Get your false
thumb, Gary." But not Annabella! She
must have seen that dime in the red box
trick a dozen times or more—but she was
just as excited as I was. And no amount of
cowering from me would drag the solution
from her.

"Before Annabella shows you the house,"
said Ty. With another of his dejected
thumbs, "I want to show you the little Charles."
She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept that always fragrantly clean.

...a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her meals tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.

...an Ideal Mother. Her young-ster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.

Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on his side. She sought vainly for the reason.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

If you yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about “Lysol”.

For half a century “Lysol” has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, clinics, and wives, as a clean, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene use. Some of the reasons are...

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
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Dept. S-910, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name:
Street:
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“Eyes of Romance”

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW WINX

Here’s the “perfect” mascara you’ve always hoped for! This revolutionary new improved WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem naturally longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter... sparkling “like stars!”

New WINX does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarring.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!

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Amazing new WINX is guaranteed to be the finest you’ve ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ... makes them appear youthful, moist... the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying— and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, today!

MAGIC HARMONY! WINX LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!
"Join the Revolt against Heavy Creams—and keep your Accent on Youth!"

"Trust to youth to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you'll find a rebellion against heavy, waxy creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!"

"Why cling to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look)... waxy creams that leaveskin shiny? My 4-Purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your accent on youth!"

"Our rapid, modern living gives your face cream more work—a different kind of work to do. Heavy, waxy creams aren't as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that's why modern girls have swung to my cream as the one cream for their skin."

Life's delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be yours with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin "young skin care." Help it be beautiful always and you'll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a modern cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one cream for you?

Lady Esther urges you to make this "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW

F or the sake of your own appearance... to help keep yourself from looking older than you really are... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test"!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and look at your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed...yes, shocked then and there... to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams fail to get!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put more accent on your YOUTH!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)

LADY ESTHER,
7562 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME
ADDRESS

CITY___ STATE___

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

SCREENLAND 81
Rediscovered
Continued from page 63

"One sniff of movies was enough," John nodded emphatically. "I realized immediately as I carried tables, poles, crockery, et al, from stage to stage that this was the business for me. I had no thought of acting. I wanted to develop into a director."

A man named John Ford was directing the silent classic, "Four Sons," when John "propped" for that production. Ford was intensely interested in football and the two developed into fast friends. When Ford made "Sahute," a football picture, and went to Annapolis to shoot location scenes, he took the young prop boy with him. John was assigned the job of arranging for Southern California football players to make the trip and appear in the picture, and was a sort of general manager of the large cast of football-players. He also acted in the production, taking a very small speaking role.

When he returned to Hollywood and proping, Wayne was seen one day by director Raoul Walsh as he carried a table on set. Walsh was then preparing to direct "The Big Trail" and was looking for a lead. He told Wayne to let his hair grow long and then report to him. "I thought somebody was going to recast the hairdresser, but I relaxed the growth, but I calmed down and let it grow naturally. Walsh looked, tested me, and I was an actor, or rather I was in the movies. I knew I couldn't act, but I knew also that with the proper development I could become an actor." John stated this in deep seriousness.

"The Big Trail" was produced in 1930 and was a big success. Walsh was heralded far and wide, and was sent on a nightmarish appearance tour with the picture. "I was dressed like a at a dime novel hero off the prairie, with long hair and ten gallon hat. I required more than nerve to go on a stage with the outfit I had on, and rectify the prepared speech the publicity man wrote for me. It required insatiable and a blind faith in human nature! No sane human would have dared tempt an audience to throw vegetable like that I did on that tour."

But John lived through it, and returned to Hollywood with the physical frame he carried with him. Fox officials had changed his name from Duke Morrison to John Wayne when he was signed for the lead in "The Big Trail." John had been as well known as that high school days on, and had fought many a fist fight to prove to disbeliever that the Marion was misleading.

"They just walked up to me," John laughs, "said that my new name was 'John Wayne' and walked away. I had no say, I didn't even get a chance to grunt, either 'okay' or 'no'."

But Fortune which had smiled so suddenly on the tall young man, dropped the corners of its wings just as quickly and frowned young Wayne into obscurity. He was cast immediately into two horrible fiascos, one a college story in which the male basketball team played the girls' basketball team in the climax. Then another poor picture role, and John was through temporarily. His star had zoomed and then hurtled down just as quickly. But the young giant did not root out. The acting bug was too deep in him to be curred by a setback. Courage and determination are sold in Wayne, and he quickly set about making a new name. He made a few westerns in 1932 for Columbia and other studios, and then Leon Slesinger took Wayne under contract and starred him in a series of action roles. Then Trem Carr placed him under a six year contract.

From 1933 to 1938 Wayne appeared on the average of eight sagebrush sagas a year. In May of 1938 Wayne's contract with Trem Carr ended. Wayne's agent signed him with Republic the day after his contract with Carr lapsed. Republic wanted Wayne for its "Wayne Mesquiteers" series in westerns, a small-budgeted series which enjoyed tremendous popularity with kids and smaller towns. Wayne signed a five year contract with Republic the same day he took the place of Robert Livingston, who was being featurized in a series of action features. Livingston originated the role of "Sven" in this western series of three films: "Stormy, Tucson and Lullaby. Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune are the other two "Mesquitters."

But even while he signed with Republic, John Ford still had plans for Wayne. Ford had taken an option on a short story written by Ernest Haycox, titled "Stagecoach," for Wayne to play the lead. Wayne took the role of "Stagecoach" and even had the chance to direct but if he ever directed the picture he was going to cast Wayne in the male lead.

"You're just the man in Hollywood to play the Ringo Kid, John," Ford told him, "and you'll get that role if I can humanly help it." This Ford had stated in 1937. Wayne knew that Ford was dead serious, but he quibbled at first, despite the increase in name value for the role. Shucks, exhibitors were getting me in Republic's westerns for a much lower price, so why should I not do Westerns by Wanger at much higher rentals?"

But still the role meant so much to Wayne, almost as much as Ford's faith in him, and Wayne paid silently for two entire years that he be given the chance to do right by Ford's faith. Then Wanger announced production on the picture late in 1938 and castings were begun. Ford insisted on Wayne for the Ringo Kid and Wanger consented to test him.

"Was I nervous when that test came? John laughs, "I don't remember, I was in the thick of it. "We did the love scene from the picture, Claire Trevor and I—the scene over the fence after the baby is born. Three things kept praying on me. I had to justify Ford's faith, I had to overcome the producer's opinion that I wasn't a big enough name, and I had to do it for myself. I don't think I ever knew the kiddy!"

Wayne went home from that test, and told his wife, the former Josephine Saenz of the California social register, "It's all off."

But Wayne hadn't muffed it. Wanger raved so over the test he became more enthusiastic than director Ford over Wayne. Wayne was offered the role of John for a loan-out from Republic, and here again Wayne became nervous.

"I thought maybe the studio might have some objections to my loan-out since we had to finish the 'Mesquitters' series for the season, according to our contract with exhibitors. But the two studios finally got together and made the arrangement."

The rest is Hollywood history. The Ringo Kid was brought to vibrant life by Wayne, and over the country reviewers, fans and country fans hailed his performance. Many a city reviewer called him a "new personality on the Hollywood scene. John Wayne faces a brilliant future. He will do one picture a year for Wanger for the next three years, according to terms arranged by Republic, and negotiations are current to allow Wayne to make a western picture a year apart from his Republic chores. In addition Republic is planning to star John Wayne in budget films after he finishes his "Mesquitters."

"Please don't get the idea," Wayne is insistent on this point, "that I'm rebelling against my Republic contract. Far from it. They say they're going to be fair with me. I walked into the Republic contract with
my eyes open, and I know full well how much good these 'Mesquites' films do me in small towns, and no movie star can ever afford to overlook his small town fans."

An incident which occurred after the preview of "Stagecoach" is full indication that Wayne still retains his level head, his modesty and forthrightness. William Berke, who produces the "Mesquites" for Republic, also attended the preview. Wayne, having just signed his autograph for a clamoring group and having just been enthusiastically applauded for his performance, walked over to Berke, and asked in full sincerity, "When do we start the next Mesquites, Bill?" Not the slightest bit of swelling of the ego added, self-importance. Just an ordinary guy asking about his job.

Modesty is a keynote of Wayne's character. He is modest almost to the point of bashfulness. Ask any of the crew on Wayne pictures about him, and the opinion is unanimous: "He's an okay guy." Wayne has excellent possibilities of reaching his first movie ambition—to become a director. I talked with Berke, the producer, and he told me John had a keen insight into the making and directing of pictures. "He knows his scripts better than any star in Hollywood," Berke stated. "He has come to me many times with suggestions and every suggestion has been beneficial and, believe it or not, incorporated into the final draft. And," added Berke, "many of the suggestions have been for other members of the cast, to build their roles or throw a scene their way. Wayne realizes that it's the story that makes a star and is unfilish and intelligent enough to offer constructive criticisms and suggestions on the general script and not the parts which affect him alone."

All the fast fights in Wayne pictures are done by himself. He will not allow doubles in these scenes. "It's one way of keeping in condition," Wayne says grinningly, "and anyhow I'm a big brute" (he's six feet three and weighs 200, although he screens to look less than his actual height)—"and I can take care of myself."

Wayne lives with his wife in an apartment in Hollywood. He has three children, Michael Anthony, a boy aged four, Toni, a girl aged three, and the new baby, another boy.

When Wayne isn't making pictures, you can find him hunting in the High Sierras, or down in Mexico sailing on the Pacific in someone else's boat since he doesn't own one himself, or working out at the Hollywood Athletic Club, swimming or playing handball or boxing. Off the screen he never wears cowboy clothes. He believes cowboy outfits are for the screen and screen alone, unless one lives on a ranch or is an actual cowboy in real life.

The Waynes were married in 1933 in Loretta Young's yard, and Loretta today is one of their best friends.

"Guess I owe a lot to one man's confidence," Wayne points out in summing up his Hollywood career. "The movies and the public have been kind to me. I haven't had a day off contract in seven years. And I'm darned happy to hear that people liked me in 'Stagecoach.' It's swell to feel maybe I can act after all. But all it takes is one good role and good direction to make the industry and fans realize what you've got."

Returning to the screen after a long absence, Lilian Bond, as Guards, fights off the unwelcome attentions of Marc Lawrence in the role of Floro, the underworld chief, in this scene from "The Housekeeper's Daughter," a new Plo Rouch production.
Kerkovitz, his assistant today as he had been years ago, in New York, argued with him, begged him not to waste so much time and effort over a girl who played only a bit, saying that her part was unimportant and did not matter—Lester explained: “Which shows how little you know, Sam. No part is unimportant. A good production is like a fine, sound engine. Everything down to the tiniest cog must be smooth, oiled, in perfect condition and coordination—” He interrupted himself: turned to Gwen. “You’ve been lousy all morning, you’re lousy all day!” yelled at her. “What’s the matter with you?”

“I—” weakly—“I’ve a headache.”

“So have I! And it’s you’ve given it to me—the way you’re muffing that last scene. Oh!” he stormed—“a ham—that’s what you are. You—you give no illusion of reality—no emotion—no nothing!”

She was furious. Oh, she thought, to be blown up in front of the whole company—and some of the extras giggling. “Lester,” she cried, “I want you to understand, once and for all, that I am—

“The star! Sure. Well, you won’t remain the star much longer, unless you make up your mind to shimmer and glitter a little more.”

She sobbed—and he glared. “Cut out the water-works,” he cried, “and try that scene again! From where that newspaper guy—that’s you, old man!” to Bruce Macdonald—“gives you the frozen eye, tells you, by his silence, that you give him a pain in the neck. So, at least, he wants you to be bad. So, he will pick up the Bouquet. In the direction of Vine Street. Automobiles shooting right and left. You—Gwen—don’t give a damned thing to him—dance, damn near get run over—” He paused. “Well—go on! Run!”

She obeyed. He was far from satisfied.

“Didn’t you hear me? Run!”

“I did run!”

“You didn’t. La-de-da stuff-hand on hip—the old-fashioned kidney-walk—that’s what you gave me. Now then—let’s try it again! Run! You’re trying to catch up with the fellow you’re crazy about.”

She ran. “A little better,” he admitted. “Okay. You’ve caught up with the news-stand guy. Say the words—‘I love you, Bill—’ you need you—’”

“I love you, Bill—” she echoed—“I need you.”

“My God! His voice peaked a frantic octave, “Lousier and lousier!” He tore his hair, “Yes! As lifeless as a mechanical doll!—I—won’t let you run my play! I shall awaken you—to flesh and blood—if I’ve to bounce a brick off your dome.”

Then, suddenly, almost, she laughed. Why, she reflected, it was just like former days, back in New York. The same old Lester, And no use arguing with him. No use losing one’s temper, getting mad or hurt. He knew his tricks, but no, it came to the theatre! She said meekly: “All right, Lester, I’ll try and do better.”
Lester smiled—and upheld Lester.

So the rehearsals went on. Longer and longer hours; and Lester driving himself as pitilessly as he drove the others—the actors, cameramen, soundmen, stage-hands—who dragged themselves home at night, tired to the marrow. Tired—though inspired and happy. Eager to carry on. For—they felt it with actors' sixth sense—victory, the making of motion picture history, was in the air. The huge Colossal-O'Shea concern buzzed with the excitement of it. The editorial office buzzed; the casting office; the wardrobe room; everything and everybody in that enormous movie rabbit-warren buzzed. Rival firms buzzed: "Lucky stiff—Jim O'Shea. Got another world-beater up his sleeve."


"No. Thanks to you. You're the star."

"The play is the thing."

"The star—"

"Don't let's quarrel. Play and star—combined."

"There would have been no star—without you. There never was—without you."

"Aw!"

You know it's so. I—I used to hate you in the old days. Because you made me suffer. And now I realize that, to be great on the stage, one must not shirk the suffering. One must welcome it, embrace it. One must feel, feel every experience in one's own heart and soul and body. One cannot portray life until one has lived it—to the hardest, richest, fullest. Until one has learned all its lessons—its most sordid—and its most glorious."

He laughed. "Author! Author!" he cried.

"Swell lines you're spilling, kid. Maybe I'll find a place for them in my play."

"Not in this one. This one is perfect, is sure to be a triumph."

And triumph came, one evening, when Hollywood Boulevard was packed, and when a gigantic electric signboard, above the entrance of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, hissed through the dusk with crimson, orange and emerald-green bulbs that spelled:

COLOSSAL-O'SHEA PRODUCTION
LESTER DONNELLY PRESENTS
GWEN MAPLESON
IN
HOLLYWOOD PAVEMENT

Oh Yes! A triumph. Even rival producers, rival supervisors, writers and directors forgot their envy—at least temporarily—as the last reel faded out. Applause it was, Applause like far thunder; steadily bloating, jerking, thumping, drowning in hectic beats; then growing like a solid phalanx of sound. And loud yells:

"We want Lester! "Gwen!"

He stepped in front of the curtain, arm in arm with Gwen—who was lovely and young and beautifully gowned. The applause continued; was followed by sudden silence as he raised a hand. "Not much to say," he began, "except that we thank you—the wife and me—from the bottom of our hearts. We thank everybody on the Colossal lot—from Jim O'Shea down or up, just as you prefer—for having helped us so loyally, so bravely—for having turned the play into a success. And—" he paused—"the wife and me think this is a swell team, and we're thinking seriously of taking out California citizenship papers. And now—" another pause—"let me say a few words about our climate—"

And laughter. More applause.

Very late that night, three people—Lester, Gwen and Jim O'Shea—were happily yawning over one more bottle of champagne. O'Shea got up. "Lester," he said, "lunch with me tomorrow—you, too, Gwen—and I'll have your new contracts ready."

"We got to have more dough, Jim."

"I know that song by heart. Well, I'll see what can be done. And—speaking of dough—you might pay me back the five thousand bucks."

"What five thousand bucks?"

O'Shea did not reply. All he did was to reach into his pocket, to take out a jeweled platinum cigarette lighter and toss it on the table.

A silence. Then Lester stammered. "So you were the guy who—?"

"Yes." The other laughed. "Thought you were bluffing me—oh! Well it was me who had you bluffing—all the time!"

"Okay by me. I share the pot."

O'Shea left; and Lester turned to Gwen:

"What about a spot of bed, kid?"

"Go on up. I'll follow in a moment."

She stepped out on the terrace. She looked upon Hollywood—so garish and so lovely—so mean and so decent—so hard-boiled and—oh—well— She interrupted her thoughts. She smiled. There was a breeze that brought to her the warm, sweet odor of that great Californian world, and the blurred noises of the night were to her as the happy voices of children at play.

THE END

The perfume that says
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S C R E E N L A N D

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MARVEL TO SEE
THEIR SKINNY
BODIES FILL OUT

As these Wonderful Little
IRONIZED YEAST Tablets
Add 10-25 lbs. in a Few Weeks

SCIENTISTS have discovered that
nourishments of people are
lack through lack of Vitamin B and iron
from their daily food. Without proper food,
you may lack appetite and get the body-building
elements you need for all of what you eat.

Once these elements are supplied — and you get them now in these
amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets — you will feel and look
better; and you will enjoy the results.

Why they build up so quick
Food chemists have found that one of the richest sources of
iron is yeast. It is rich in Vitamin B and iron;
without this combination, you may lack appetite and get the body-building
elements you need for all of what you eat.

The result is these new easy-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets, which thousands of formerly skinny people who
needed their iron now have a new lease on life. The
same ingredient — Ironized Yeast tablets — gives the
same results, without the expense of large iron tablets.

Make this money-back test
Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If
you don't like the results, return the unopened
package of Ironized Yeast tablets and get your
money back. You can't lose by trying.

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1. Take 1 tablet daily with each meal; start with 1 tablet daily and increase to 1 tablet 3 times a day.
2. Take Ironized Yeast tablets with food to avoid digestive upset.
3. Ironized Yeast tablets should not be taken within 2 hours of medication that contains iron.
4. Women during pregnancy should consult a physician before using Ironized Yeast tablets.

IMPORTANT
Beware of substitutes. Be sure you get genuine
IRONIZED YEAST. Look for "Y" on each tablet.

Yours for Loveliness
A beauty background for
the tones and styles of Fall

THE Don Juan lipstick is scoring great popularity
for a newcomer, and for good reason. Here, as
the makers say, is "The Lipstick That Stays On!" Not
only that, but Don Juan gives two types of lip
make-up—a soft, natural patina of color that lasts all
day without retouching and leaves no traces, even
when you kiss, or a highly lustrous brilliance that also
stays on all day, but is not entirely traceless. Directions
tell you how to achieve either effect. A versatile aid,
indeed, in making your every look as perfect as you
came to. True

HOW many times, when you need a quick change
in nail enamel, or when you're off on a week-end
or longer trip, have you wished for a compact nail
grooming kit with the bare essentials and no more? Well,
Revlon gives you one—"Quick Trick"—a little
tweed-like case, palm size, holding Revlon Nail
Enamel, Oily Polish Remover (twice as much of this as
Enamel), orange wood stick and emery boards. A
grand groomer when traveling, for your desk drawer
and for home too, or the little gift. The case comes
in three color combinations, at just the price we like!

THOSE hands that had a happy Summer
in sand, sun, and wind probably show it,
and now need a little care. For softening,
smoothing, and erasing Summer signs, I
couldn't find Rapidol Hand Lotion very helpful.
This is a fragrant, creamy lotion, not sticky
or greasy. It spreads rapidly, takes a few
seconds to apply, and is one of the quickest
and pleasantest hand conditioners I know.
A good general softener for arms and
ebrows, etc., and you will find it in the
chain stores.

ARE the "weathered" marks of Summer
still on your face? Apparently, from
the letters received. A wonderful way of
retouching beauty is the DuBarry Beauty-
Angle Treatment you take at home. Two
especially good lubricating creams are the
DuBarry Tissue Cream, for normal or oily
skin, and Special Skin Cream, for dry
cases. Ask for the booklet explaining
the Beauty-Angle Treatment and use your
cream accordingly. Results are something
for eloquent praise!

THERE is a skin condition that many of us suffer
from today. That is the slovenly functioning of
the tiny under-glands that should be constantly
and normally eliminating, so that the skin remains clear,
smooth, and finely textured. Modern living habits
seem to retard correct skin functioning, and the result
is, frankly, a poor skin. Recently, I came across
Morey Dissolving Lotion, a fluid, that simply does
wonders for a congested skin condition. I am delighted,
personally, with results, and so are others who have
used it. It helps to eliminate pore ob-
structions, truly cleansing them, so
they naturally con-
tract. It helps to
bring a clear,
smooth
skin.

A NEW presentation of Coty's perfume, L'Amant,
is reason to remind you of this distinctive and
lovely fragrance. As an accent to your Fall costumes,
you will recognize its unfailing charm and attraction.
Ten fine Coty creations for make-up and toilette,
from perfumes to perfumed accessories, appear in this
"Links of L'Amant" series—magnets, indeed, for
attraction and admiration. Beautifully packaged. C. M.
Fashions featured on Page 67 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Joyce Hubrite Frack by Hubrite Informal Fracks, Inc., 100 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Davis & Co., Cambridge, Ohio
Bon Marche, Cheyenne, Wyo.
W. M. Norvell Co., Chillicothe, Ohio
D. G. Stewart Co., Decatur, Ill.
Dupont Wideman Co., Detroit, Mich.
John Taylor Dry Goods Co., Kansas City, Mo.
The Marks Store, Miami, Fla.
Chapman & Turner Co., Norwich, N. Y.
Thomas Kilpatrick Co., Omaha, Neb.
The Paris Co., Salt Lake City, Utah
H. S. Barney Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
Rhodes Department Store, Seattle, Wash.
Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc., South Bend, Ind.
Smith & Lang, Stockton, Cal.
Walker Bros. Dry Goods Co., Wichita, Kansas

Topps True Form Shoe Stores are located in the following cities:

Baltimore, Md.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Jersey City, N. J.
Louisville, Ky.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Syracuse, N. Y.

"Bias-Bro" by Modell Brassiere Corp.,
358 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Flint & Kent, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
The Lindner Coy, Cleveland, Ohio
Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
H. P. Wassen & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Halm & Co., Newark, N. J.
Lord & Taylor, New York City
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Lambghurgh & Bro., Washington, D. C.

"Girdles of Grace" by Real-Form Girdle Co.,
358 Fifth Avenue, New York City

M. O'Neil Co., Akron, Ohio
W. M. Whitney & Co., Albany, N. Y.
Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
The Glove Shop, Berkeley, Cal.
Boston Store, Chicago, Ill.
Titche-Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas
Nelson's Dept. Store, Denver, Colo.
Wolf & Dessauer Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
Gimbels Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.
L. S. Donaldson Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.
Langston, Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Olds, Wortman & King, Inc., Portland, Ore.

Neglected Hands often Look Older
—Feel too Coarse for Love. Take Steps that Help Prevent This!

Anne's pretty hands were getting unattractively harsher and coarser. Sun, weather and water tend to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin, you know.

But—wise girl, Anne! She began to care for her hands with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens supplements nature's moisture. Quickly helps give back delicious softness, even to neglected hands.

Many doctors help roughened skin to lovely smoothness by using two ingredients Jergens Lotion gives you. Jergens actually helps prevent unromantic coarseness when used faithfully. No stickiness. No wonder thousands of grateful women swear by Jergens! Start today to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters.

FREE!...PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

...Sealed—empty—free! Jergens furnishes beautifying moisture for the skin, helps give your hands lovely softness. Mail this coupon today to:
The Andrew Jergens Co., 2354 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio (in Canada, Perth, Ont.)

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
return to the stage periodically, her gifts will be claimed by the screen the greatest part of the time in the future. Her chart shows that she will either win an Academy Award, or some other distinguishing honor through some role she will portray in 1940. Janey Gaynor has not enough luck in her picture to give her the success and happiness that she has come to many Libra persons. What does the future hold for Janey? Will she continue in pictures? Will another marriage prove successful for her? Will Janey be as popular in favor of a home life? The stars show that Miss Gaynor will make several more outstanding pictures and that she will not consider retiring until the end of another three years. Her career has been a long and successful one, and there will be a public demand for her talents for years to come. Janey will return to the screen for two years or even more after she announces "retirement," and when she does finally give up her work, her chart shows that she will be financially independent and seek happiness in a lasting marriage.

Two other stars, who are typical of the qualities that most Libra-born have in common, are Conway Bennett and Virginia Bruce. It will be recalled that both these stars have had more than one marriage, which brings us to another critical point regarding the happiness of persons born in the Sign of Libra. In fact, most of the stars mentioned above have had two marriages. It is not the course of events in a marriage for Libra? It is true that those born in this Sign have attracted unhappiness in love and marriage in the past, but it has been a very few who have lost which they have gained. It is by no means decreed by the planets that all Libra-born persons attract unhappiness in love and marriage. They can find happiness in marriage if they observe a few simple astrological rules and if they work with the stars to attract marriage partners who are compatible mentally and physically.

Here are a few "Don'ts" that you should observe in romance and marriage if you were born in the Sign of Libra.

Don't try to dominate the one you love. Don't be flirtations in an effort to arouse jealousy. Don't maintain a cold, aloof personality. Don't give encouragement to someone you do not love.

Don't become involved with "in-laws" after marriage.

Don't try to run the home and the husband's business also.

Don't seek a divorce until you have tried for at least two years to make a success of marriage.

Don't expect all men to be gods with divine ideals, for most men still have clay feet.

Perhaps it will be helpful to those born in the Sign of Libra to give a list of the eligible signs for romance and marriage. By observing these astrological guides it is often possible to avoid misunderstandings and unhappiness in romance. The following signs are the most suitable to Libra-born: Gemini, May 21 to June 20, an air sign, and one of the most compatible for those born in Libra. Typical are: Priscilla Lane, Paulette Goddard, and Jeannette MacDonald. These people are idealistic and romantic, and have the light, humorous touch to their personalities which most Libra persons enjoy. They are excellent for friendship, romance, and marriage. A union with a Libra-born is not divorceable.

The next most compatible sign for Libra is that of Aquarius, January 20 to February 18. Clark Gable, Ronald Colman and Florence Rice are typical of this sign. Their natures are calm and well-balanced. They keep in check the tempestuous Libra nature and know how to retrench when it is necessary.

If you find, however, that Gemini and this person are not quite right for you and you might find happiness with one born in the Sign of Taurus, April 21 to May 20, typified by Margaret Sullivan, Gary Cooper, or Bing Crosby.

YOUR FORTUNE THIS MONTH

Every Sign of the Zodiac will be influenced in a certain way this month. Some will find romantic happiness, others are inclined to disappointments; financial problems will Van from many, while others will begin to emerge from financial chaos for the first time in years. It is important for YOU to know the astrological indications for you at this time, so if you were not born in the Sign of Libra, which we have been discussing, find the section dealing with your own birth Sign below, and learn what the stars portend for you this month.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

Watch your finances this month, avoid taking unnecessary risks. Modest promotions and assistance through superiors. Go on trips, change residence, or expand socially, for Mars favors new friends and contacts. In literature and the arts, the emotional life; you may be somewhat discontented in romance or marriage. Make changes only after due deliberation. It is wise to wait until May does for radical changes such as divorce, or a new romance. A strange message may come through a letter, or by telephone. Watch your health and diet in the last two weeks of the month.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

Venus brings into play romantic vibrations at this time that may tend to change existing love affairs. It is a most favorable period for romance, engagements, courtship, and weddings. In literature or musical affairs may be encouraged this month owing to vibrations from Mercury. Finances are still somewhat doubtful; in the main, get in sales, and the money you have at present. No crisis is imminent in your life this month, and temporary disasters are to be overcome within the next two weeks.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

A good month to change your environment and move to another location. This period favors travel, business deals through correspondence, or the handling of finances through a second party. Checks, or other monetary considerations may come through some connection established in the past. Guard the health, and rest and relax when times of stress or excitement arise. Those who are married may find some restlessness this month. Difficulties should be settled without resorting to divorce. The last two weeks of the month are decidedly romantic. The conjunction of Venus and Mars will cease and the vibrations will be more conducive to peace and calm. The 3rd, 5th, 8th, and 11th are for love affairs and the family are routine. Seek promotion and changes in business.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

Your ruling planet, the Moon, brings you several good opportunities to advance along artistic and creative lines. On the 7th, 12th,
14th, and 21st, you will meet several persons who may assist you in attaining your goal. The month is favorable for all personal and business activities. It marks the beginning of a cycle of prosperity and your luck should suddenly be better than it has been for several months past. This month presents opportunities to romance that you should take advantage of. If you have been disappointed in the past look to your stars for courage to face the future; happiness will be yours in a romance that is consummated this month.

**July 23 to August 22—Leo**

Travel and change location at this time. Interest yourself in finances, and if you handle certain situations right you stand a chance of making a good-sized sum of money. Real estate, oil, gold, stocks, and bonds all hold promise of returning profit for those Leos who invest their money in such ventures. Some famous person in power may assist you this month. Take care of your health, as affictions to the stomach, heart, or nerves may cause undue anxiety. The month ends on a favorable note.

**August 23 to September 22—Virgo**

Have confidence in everything you do this month; you have been reluctant to make changes for fear you might be taking the wrong step. If you desire to break old ties in romance, you will have justification at this time, for someone may cause you unhappiness in love. It would appear best to sever such ties and begin anew in your quest for romantic happiness. Money conditions will improve; new ideas for changing present business conditions may come to you. The month favors office routine, beauty parlors, restaurants, institutions of public welfare, insurance and banking business. Those associated with others in partnership may seek to dissolve such ties. The month is excellent for all progressive moves.

**September 23 to October 22—Libra**

To the changes already predicted for Libra-born, I may add that Venus, the love planet, offers love-fulfillment this month. A good time to seek a new romance, or to become engaged or married. Your principle fault this month will be toward extravagance; curb expenditures, and save your money, for you may suddenly need it. Visits to relatives or friends may occur this month. Do not become involved with the problems of some person who may seek your advice, for Venus makes you to sym pathetic. The month is generally good for all routine affairs, and for romance or marriage problems. Favors literary, musical, or artistic interests.

**October 23 to November 22—Scorpio**

Watch the health this month, especially the diet. The vibrations from Mars and Saturn may cause some nervousness and confusion. Try to attain orderliness in all personal affairs and avoid what might lead to legal entanglements. The vibrations of Venus and Jupiter are favorable for meeting new friends, or for better state of understanding in romance or marriage. Remember that you are apt to be slightly dominating, and you can avoid quarrels.

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When "Beau Geste" was screened in the days of silent films, Ronald Col man, Ralph Forbes and Neil Hamilton, showed at right, led roles which Gary Cooper, Roy Mil lard and Robert Preston play in the new talkie version of the French Foreign Legion story.
November 23 to December 21 — Sagittarius

The home comes under better rays from the planets this month. Any misunderstandings that exist should be ironed out by this time. A letter or message may come that holds news important to your future. Seek out people socially for you have seduced yourself too long. Beware of the jealousy or enmity of some person who dislikes your favors money matters, especially the acquiring of money through an independent business venture. Music, teaching, secretarial work, selling and clerical work are favored. A change in position is likely the latter part of this month.

December 22 to January 19 — Capricorn

Caution should be the watchword for you this month. This is especially true in regard to finances. Saturn still obstructs you in something you are trying to accomplish, but do not give up yet. Money owed you may be repaid at this time. Promote any new business ventures that you have in mind for the rays from the Sun are giving you vitality and energy that has been lacking for some time past. The automobile trade, amusement ventures, inventions, must be favored for those born in Capricorn. Venus brings into play very romantic vibrations and solution to some trying problem of the heart. Those unoccupied may seek separation if there is no other solution, for the stars favor a new cycle in romance this month.

January 20 to February 18 — Aquarius

Uranus brings gains from contacts you have made in business. Money may come through an investment in real estate; inventions or creative plans may materialize at this time. You have been under a cloud for some time in health, finances, and romance. These departments of your life are due for startling changes now. Do not accept delays any longer, but force any situation that you wish to materialize at this time. Do not make concessions in romance or marriage, for the chances are you will have to dissolve the present emotional affair in your life in favor of a happier state. However, if there is no dissolved connection at last, you will find the consummation of their love dreams at this time, so if you are still unhappy seek further for love happiness.

February 19 to March 20 — Pisces

A good month to tackle any problems that may exist in business or personal life. You have the assistance of Jupiter in business, and of the beneficial rays of the Sun to carry you through any plans you may have outlined. The rays of Mars may bring some disturbances or marriages. Watch out lest you force a break that should not occur in marriage or romance. The month is excellent for travel, investments, going into business for yourself, or into partnership with someone else. Favors restaurants, beauty shops, drug stores, soda fountains, musical work, acting, dancing, singing, radio and writing. These born for Pisces are better off in business for themselves than working for others.

Different Astrology Reading for Each Sign

Through the study of astrology you may be able to gain a better understanding of your problems, thereby making it easier for you to solve them. However, it is the condensed advice given on these pages for each Sign of the Zodiac, Norvell cannot give a thorough and complete horoscope reading for every Sign, therefore you must consult YOUR particular astrology reading.

Announcing Ronald Regan

Continued from page 51

with him in "Hell's Kitchen." "Good afternoon, Ronnie," said the little terror in a subdued voice. Even if I hadn't caucubited the suppressed grins of Reagan and a property man standing close by, I would have known something was up. The Dead Enders are seldom so polite. "I've got them Etonians!" Ronnie confessed, "They think I'm a tough guy." He laughed. "I told them I used to be known as 'One-Lunch Reagan' when I boxed in college. They don't know I never went in for boxing."

He could have told them about the sports he did go in for, at Eureka (Ill.) College. His record in football, basketball, track and swimming make him out tough enough. Also, he holds a 2nd Lieut. commission as a reserve officer in the U. S. Cavalry. There were the seven summers he spent as a life-guard, too, on the beach near Dixon, Ill., when he won many medals for saving lives. They started on that job. He worked at it seven days a week, from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., and during those seven summers he had only by chance when he wasn't doing them, doing. Those vacation jobs paid Ronnie's tuition fees at college. In spite of the long hours, Ronnie thinks it was the best job he ever had. He also got a lot of life experience. In guarding, there's that sign on your chest gets you places with the girls," he says, "eyes, twinkleings, but when you're stuck on them for fourteen hours a day, what good does it do you?"

There's another phase of the job that gets life-guards down. There's the moral impression that the rescued throw their arms around their savior's neck, crying, "my hero," or pump his hand in an excess of gratitude (according to whom was rescued). Ronnie says that isn't so. "They very rarely even say thanks," he told me. "More often, they blame the life-guard for not getting them out sooner."

Ronnie found a satisfactory way to get even. He took to cutting notches in a log, one for each person he rescued. He'd wait until they were swimming. If they showed signs of getting nasty, he didn't wait to hear the complaints. He walked over to the log, and deliberately cut a notch. Someone might be sure to notice when the log was cut down. Ronnie would point nonchalantly back at the victim. "That's him," he'd announce.

Not having time to date the girls on the beach didn't bother Ronnie as much as it did the other guards. He was in love with the girl who lived next door to him, and had been since they were in the seventh grade. They stayed in love all through high school and college, and played opposite each other in some plays. They became engaged, and were planning their marriage when she took a trip to Europe. They'd been out of college about two years by this time. Ronnie went back to Europe with her return. "I told her she'd better take the trip before she married me," Ronnie said, "because there didn't seem much chance of her getting it after the wedding."

Ronnie's income as a sports announcer, added to what he earned writing a weekly sports column for a local newspaper, would never bring tears to Etonians. Hardly a week without a dream of materialization. She took his advice and went to Europe. When Ronnie got back, he was a young man in the diplomatic service, and married him instead. Ronnie is quick to defend her. "It was a natural thing to happen," he told me. "All through high school and college our interests had been the same, but after we graduated things were dif-
The three Robinsons, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. and Monica, managed to squeeze in a European vacation just before the story started his new film, "The Life of Dr. Ehrlich."

He thinks a sense of humor is essential, too. As to whether he prefers blondes or brunettes, he isn't particular. "What's the difference?" he asked me, laughing. "Nowadays, the color of a girl's hair is like the map of Europe. It's liable to change from week to week, anyway."

Ronnie isn't married—yet; though he and Jane Wyman are among Hollywood's constant t Kovosomes. His great love, next to acting, is still for sports. He was pleased as punch when invited to announce the Rose Bowl Game this year. Everything went smoothly. Ronnie being careful to stay in the press-box for the duration of the game. Because he nearly missed out on announcing a game back home once, when he left the press-box to buy a hot dog, and then nearly couldn't get back again. Only that time it would have meant his job.

"I lost the ticket out of my hat band," Ronnie said, "and the gateman didn't know me. The harder I pleaded, the tougher he got. Finally, after I'd told him all over again about the column I wrote and all the rest of it, he threw me out, one hand on my coat and the other where it would do the most good. By that time, I didn't have much time left, and I was frantic. By running around in circles, I finally located a gateman who knew me, and he let me through, just thirty seconds before I was 'on the air.' Up to then, Ronnie smiled, 'I'd thought I was getting to be pretty well known around town. But after that, I was careful to stay put until the game was over.'"

"Staying put" was not always a hardship for Ronnie. He did it voluntarily when he was fourteen years old, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. It was when he and another boy were digging a cellar for a building contractor during summer vacation. They were earning 35c an hour. "Only we weren't earning it," Ronnie laughed. "We dug a hole big enough for the two of us, and then stopped. Day after day we just sat there, talking, and eating ice-cream and pies we bought when the wagon went by. Whenever our employer called down to us, we told him we'd struck rock and were doing our best. Of course," Ronnie told me, with the same grin he must have worn then, "he couldn't possibly get in to find out for himself. We'd taken care to make the hole just big enough for us, and he was an enormous man."

That job piracy was exactly at noon one day, Ronnie had started a down-stroke with a pick, when the twelve o'clock whistle blew. He never completed that stroke, for what seemed to him an excellent reason—it was lunchnime. The next summer Ronnie Reagan began his career as a life-guard.

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**RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City**

My eyes are Hazel ☐ Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Gray ☐

Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10c to help cover mailing costs.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

"String beans, sliced thin and cooked the English way, so they are green when served, would be our vegetable. The salad—I must tell you about the salad! You needn't serve cranberry jelly with your turkey with this one. Take crushed fresh cranberries, a little grated lemon peel, some finely crushed Dole pineapple, and mould them in cherry jello. It's wonderful. I wish I had some right now! You can get this ready the next day, if you want to.

"Of course the dessert will be pumpkin pie. What Iowan would refuse a chance to serve that? I understand there are various schools of thought about pumpkin pie. Some say you have to use molasses, some wouldn't dream of it. The recipe we use here is this:

PUMPKIN PIE
(The filling is made first and allowed to cool, then it is put into the unbaked pastry and the two baked together.)

1 1/2 cups cooked pumpkin, mashed
1 1/2 cups milk
3/4 cup light brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon powdered cinnamon
(Burnetts)
1/2 teaspoon ginger (Burnetts)
1/2 teaspoon powdered clove
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted butter

Dice the pumpkins into a saucepan, almost cover with water and simmer over a slow flame until tender. Strain off the water and press through a wire sieve with the back of a large spoon. Put the mashed pumpkin and all other ingredients into a bowl and beat with a rotary beater. Cool.

Pie Crust
2 1/2 cups sifted, all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup Spy shortening
5 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together and add 1/2 of the Spry. Cut in with a pastry blender or two knives until the mixture is as fine as meal. Add the remaining Spy and cut until the particles are the size of a navy bean. Sprinkle water, 1 tablespoon at a time, over the mixture; with a fork, work lightly together until all the particles are moistened and in small lumps. Add just enough water to moisten. Press dampened particles together into a ball. Do not handle the dough any more than necessary.

The telephone bell summoned Joy to the den, where she sat perched on the desk beside a typewriter and assured her caller that she was already invited to the preview of her latest picture, "Unexpected Father." Before she had slipped off the desk, a second caller extended an invitation, also to the preview, but refused to ring off until he had made a date for dinner the next free evening. She hadn't reached the living room again before a new summons revealed that old friends from New Orleans had just arrived and hoped to take Joy to see "Unexpected Father." Studio luncheons, Brown Derby dinners, etc., had to be substituted.

"Sounds like plagues for the picture," beamed Joy, "but this is such a friendly town, I think. Everyone wants to be nice to you! But talking about food for Fall, what about chocolate cream pie? It's heavenly!"

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE
2 squares Baker's bitter chocolate
3 tablespoons cornstarch
2 cups milk
3 egg yolks
1/2 cup sugar
2 egg whites
2 teaspoons Burnetts vanilla

Mix chocolate in double boiler. Mix together sugar, cornstarch and egg yolk, add milk and stir. Then pour into top of double boiler with melted chocolate. Cook until thick, stirring slowly but constantly. When quite thick, remove from fire and add vanilla. When cold pour into pastry shell that has been previously baked and cover with meringue made with egg whites and sugar. Brown quickly in the oven.

When Joy entertains a crowd, they usually play the numbers game, "It makes a tremendous lot of noise, but it's fun. Each person is given a number, from one up to whatever number is playing. The first in line calls out a number and the one whose number is called must immediately call another number, or go up to the end of the line. To keep up, rapidly, until you're exhausted. Once I was three and Allan Jones was eight and we got so we couldn't re-

The name of William Lundigan's new film is "The Forgotten Woman," a Universal production, but the title will never apply to Bill's mother, Mrs. Michael Lundigan, of Syracuse, New York, who is visiting her son in his new Hollywood home.
member another number quick enough—he would shout 'Three' and I'd scream 'Eight' and he'd shout back and so on, until finally I managed to gasp another number and could get my breath. Maybe it doesn't sound funny, but it is!

"Another crazy game that we play is the pan-and-spoon game. Some one is sent out of the room and the rest decide what he is to do when he comes back. When he comes in, I have my pan and spoon and beat loudly on one with the other until he gets close to where he is to do his stunt, then I beat softly and he knows they're there. The beating goes louder if he doesn't do whatever it is, and softens as he gets near it and stops when he does it. Once Jeanette MacDonald told us that Gene Raymond could stand on his head and do acrobatic stunts, and we decided he should do one, and he did! Irene Hervey had us play the game at her house and they had me sing a song from the New York show, You're My Dish!

"It's the funniest feeling when you have never played the game before and you can't imagine how you are going to know what to do. You hear the frightful noise and you know you must move. Then you step forward—or across the room—and the noise lessens and you know you are in the right direction. You touch a lamp and the noise gets louder, you touch the piano and it gets softer. Then you sit on the piano bench and it lessens. You play something and it gets louder. You play something else, but that isn't it. Then you sing and the noise stops! I don't know how you know, but you do. Something seems to tell you. Nobody ever misses. It's interesting thinking of something complicated that you are sure someone can't do—but he does."

The telephone bell rang again. This time it was someone from the home state, wanting Joy to go to see "Unexpected Father."

Finally one day he came to us and said, "Hey, when am I going back to work again?" Naturally, we asked him why.

"High school's swell and the kids are swell," he explained. "But gee whiz, I'll lose my confidence if I don't work soon. I guess I never was happier than when I was working. I'd sure like to be busy again."

"Either way, we knew we were taking a fifty-fifty chance. We had tried both ways. We reminded Jackie that he'd have to have a private tutor again, no kids to play with, and all the other changes that must come. We assured him, though, that it was up to him to make his own decision. So Jackie went back to work."

Having been off the screen for several years, Jackie's parents thought it much wiser for him to sign a one-picture deal with Monogram. This he did. "Boy of the Streets," a production that cost little money, sent Jackie Cooper right up the ladder to his former place. Since then he's been working steadily and finds it impossible to accept all the jobs that are offered him.

Jackie has caused his parents so little trouble because the word "can't" is never used in their household. Not once have they ever said to him, "You can't do it." They've trained Jackie to come to them and ask, regardless of what is in his mind and heart. If they think the question at hand is wrong, they try to discourage him by suggesting something twice as good.

When Jackie felt that he wanted to smoke, he went to his parents and asked permission. They didn't throw hysteresis and scream, "You can't. You're too young. Cigarettes are bad for you." Instead, Jackie's father went out and bought him a pipe. Not only that, but he started a collection of pipes for Jackie. Every time he does something particularly good, he gets another for his collection.

Ever since he took a boat trip through the Panama Canal, Jackie has been mad about swing music. When he developed a great enthusiasm for playing the drums, the Bigfowes were happy to encourage this pastime. Their one concern now is to tear him away from the drums long enough to get his proper rest. Jackie has organized his own band. He has ambitions to take it out on the road and he throws himself into his work with all the frenzy of seventeen. It's a wonderful outlet for his emotion. But they have to curb him occasionally, to keep him from getting too nervous. Most of the members of Jackie's band, though just kids, have to support their mothers. So Jackie is always trying to get them jobs in his pictures. Those Sunday afternoon jam sessions in the Bigelow home are tough on the neighbors. Their playroom isn't sound-proof and even Marlene Dietrich, who lives across the street, has to close her windows. It keeps the kids at home and that's what the Bigfowes like. Jackie has great admiration for Spencer Tracy, but Gene Krupa, the sizzling skin-beater, is really the number one idol.

One Sunday when Krupa was in town, he came out to Jackie's house. Spade Fields was there too. Jackie was beside himself with excitement. He really snapped his boys into it and they put on a twenty-five thousand dollar show. Judy Garland sang. Tommy Wonder danced. Lana Turner, Freddie Bartholomew, and other young hopefuls were among the spectators. Jackie practices as much as three hours a day. He sits with his drums in front of his victrola and plays with such swingsters.
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Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew may be screen rivals, but that doesn’t keep them from being good friends. They’re together again in Universal’s “Bright Victory.”

as Louis Prima, Tommy Dorsey, and of course the one and only Gene Krupa.

Another one of Jackie’s ambitions is to take his band out to Joan Crawford’s house and let them play. Jackie knew this so perhaps when she reads this story Jackie will get his wish. Jackie also has a great collection of guns and swords. He’s taking boxing lessons and just to give you a rough idea of how good he is, his dad offered to wrestle with him one day. Bigelow came out of it with two cracked ribs and a sprained thumb! After Jackie finished “Spirit of Culver” his father sent him to Palm Springs for a few days—to get him away from singing—and presented him with a typical Gene Autry cowboy outfit, complete even to spurs. When they made Jackie Mayor of Palm Springs for a day, it was well worth his sacrifice of swing!

There isn’t one ounce of jealousy or selfishness in Jackie Cooper’s make-up. At the preview of “Boys Town” he laughed and cried and applauded Mickey Rooney every time he came on the screen. Later on Jackie had occasion to work with Gene Reynolds, who so poignantly played the crippled boy opposite Mickey. Gene had a crying scene to do, but it wasn’t coming off very well. Jackie, who is a good mixer and good speaker, set himself to try to help every- one, took Gene aside. “What do you do if your mother died?” suggested Jackie.

“That’s what I always ask myself when I have to make myself cry.” Gene Reynolds went back into the scene and cried his heart out. Jackie on the sidelines cried right along with him. Just two young troupers. Freddie Bartholomew, who was in the same picture, is eighteen months younger than Jackie. In spite of Freddie being heralded as a dangerous rival, Jackie thinks he’s swell.

Jackie likes to go to cafes and he likes to take pretty Pat Stewart when he does. After he has heard the band, Jackie is perfectly content to walk out on a large party and be home at the time promised his mother. The advent of his seventeenth birthday is causing quite a bit of readjustment in the life of young Mister Cooper. His old hopped-up flivver that looked like a Christmas tree on wheels has now been replaced by a sedate sedan, given to him by his parents. While he still objects to tight-fitting clothes, Jackie is watching his appearance carefully. In fact, one day on the Universal lot, he carried on a serious discussion with that studio’s “Little Tough Guys.” The topic of conversation: “how important it is for boys to keep their hair cut.”

There is one other person who enters into this story. He is Norman Taurog. Jackie’s uncle who has made many of the finer pictures to come out of Hollywood. It was Norman who directed the never-to-be-forgotten “Skippy.” It was Norman who recently directed “Boys Town” and many other great pictures in between. To Jackie, Norman poured out his own tender and many championed, to the most beloved directors of Hollywood stars, it was Norman who first told Jackie, “You’ve got to live a thing to make people believe it.”

Jackie has never forgotten this. That is why Jackie today is a living example of the best in American boyhood.

Are Movie Stars Good Sports?

Continued from page 23

professional writer or the reporter puts it.

Not all the movie folks are explosive on the tennis court. In fact, I have found that by and large the individual stars generally express their screen personalities while in the throes of a pitched tennis battle. Charlie Chaplin, for instance, is a cool and calculating player. He plans every play carefully. Being left-handed he has a trick swing that puts a terrific spin on the ball. He deservedly prides himself in outsmarting his opponent with his deceptive delivery. His attitude toward his tennis is the same as that toward his work. By virtue of his sensitive, artistic nature, when he fails to come up to his own expectations he buries the very depths of desperation. A bitter man and a woeeful figure—until tea is served.

Carole Lombard, on the tennis courts, is as unpredictable as she is consistent on the screen. She has a keen and analytic mind. She knows every shot on the court and can sense an opponent’s weakness almost instantly. As for her playing, like many champions of the court, she is either very good or else. At times, her game becomes downright inspirational. There was one instance where Carole and I were having some publicity pictures taken. While warming up, Carole played her usual good game. But suddenly something happened. The moment the battery of cameras was turned on, I thought I was playing a combination of Helen Moody, Anita Liza and Berkeley Bell. Swell gal, Carole!

Marlene Dietrich is an interesting example of a constant personality. She approaches tennis as though it were a role in a von Sterberg movie. Mystic, detached from the other players (and often from the ball), and comporting herself as though wrapped up in dreams of a life on some faraway enchanted isle, she is always a source of delight to the onlookers and irritation to her partner. There is no doubt that she thoroughly enjoys the game, but
she insists on playing it her own way. Her will to win may be lacking, but this is compensated by her acute desire for good form and grace.

I always think of Ronald Colman as the perfect gentleman of the screen—and the tennis courts. Unruffled as a palm leaf on a still summer night, he whizzes through a tennis match with all the ease and graciousness that he portrays in a screen role. When faced with a momentary disappointment, inevitable in the course of a set he merely creases his brow, smiles disarmingly and passes it off with some dry, self-deprecating witticism. It is difficult for me to believe that he does not write his own dialogue, so closely do his private habits and speech resemble those of his screen work.

Comedians supply another side to Hollywood tennis. Whenever I have played with comedians, tennis seemed always to be subordinated to laughs. Edgar Bergen and Jack Benny often play at the Beverly Hills tennis club. I have never seen Edgar play a straight set of tennis. Perhaps Charlie McCarthy was right when he told me during one match: “Bergen couldn’t get the ball over the net with a steam shovel. So what does he do? He plays to the house for laughs with his clowning. He ought to stick to tennis. He’d get exercise—more than he would as a daredevil motorcyclist.” I wouldn’t know whether Charlie was right. But I do know Edgar gets a lot of fun out of tennis. His pet pastime is to pump a deep lob across the net, rush in short, close to one of the alleys and, thrusting his voice to the opposite side of the court, shout a bit of nonsense at his adversary. The latter, keeping his eye on the ball, is naturally deceived. He lams the ball to what he thinks is the unoccupied side of the court. Whereupon Edgar liberally takes the range, makes the kill and nearly strangles himself laughing.

Jack Benny has no inferiority about his game. He says that he may not be in a class with Vines and Perry, but he sure can take just as good a shower.

Groucho Marx is a player who fairly drips with confidence. To all who care to listen, he loudly contends that he could beat any man twice his age—or over. All Hollywood is scouring the land, it seems, for a phenomenal octogenarian tennis player, hopeful of catching Groucho eating his words. None too sure but what Hollywood might unearth his master, Groucho is somewhat reconciled and is content to let his laurels rest on this bit of repartee: “All right. If they find the guy, so what? I’ve eaten a lot worse than words when I was in college!”

The tennis court is not only an escape from the blistering Kleiglights and a rehearsal hall for the mirth-provokers. It also has become Hollywood’s favorite site for the settling of petty grudges and the readjustment of injured egos. The head of the studio becomes just a guy named “Joe” if cursed with a faulty backhand. And an unemployed actor can ascend to the seventh heaven of self-satisfaction by smoking a current screen idol with an overhead smash and a neat lob.

No ops on Hollywood tennis is complete without special mention of one celebrity who divides his leisure moments between running for lions in the Rocky Mountains and running for Carole Lombard’s goat on the tennis court. A crack marksman and an accomplished tease, he always brings home the baccarat or become a hit by setting up some ritual with Carole to greet each new day with a solemn and “So Help Me” declaration that she’d rather have her option dropped than be seen on a tennis court with “that man” again. Yet before the sun dips silently into the distant Pacific, you can be sure that Miss Lombard has had another exasperating session with “that man—the brute.”

His pet method of peeling La Lombard is to bear down from the opening shot and run up a three or four game lead. Then throw away points till the score is tied and the seething Carole bursts a pipe screeching a plea to the tennis deities on high to unleash their wrath upon the head of the ruthless creature across the net. Whereupon he chuckles immensely and proceeds to annex a few more games before giving her pride another severe jolt. To add to her vexation, when she flubs an easy shot he halts the game to pick apart her latest picture and describe in cruel detail the mess she made of her important scenes.

You know, of course, who this monster is. The only man in the world who could do such things and somehow square them to the glamorous Lombard—and get away with it. That’s right. Clark Gable—who likes tennis, likes horse-play better, but best of all likes Carole Lombard—whom he fondly calls “Ma” both on and off her clay, line-striped “torture racket.”

And what do you call H.M., Carole?

A picture of Alice Marble, only woman tennis star in the world to hold six most important championship titles at the same time: U.S. Singles; All-British Singles; U.S. Doubles with Sarah Palfrey Fabian; All-British Doubles with Sarah Palfrey Fabian; U.S. Mixed Doubles with Don Budge; All-British Mixed Doubles with Bobby Riggs. Miss Marble, above with trophy, won her first U.S. Singles in 1936, ending Helen Jacobs’ four-year reign. It was her first competition in a major tournament since 1934. She regained U.S. national title in 1938 at Forest Hills and went on to a clean sweep in doubles and mixed doubles. This past June she won the All-British title at Wembley, England, after two unsuccessful attempts. Last year she won permanent possession of the Seabright Bowl by capturing three Seabright championships in three consecutive years. Miss Marble was the first to retire the trophy since Miss Mollie Donelly elimated a three-year reign over the field in 1923. Alice has not lost a major tennis match since the early Summer of 1938.
words of wisdom, but the performances of maturity. Robert's mother, a musician by inclination, was one of the eldest children of a large New England family. So that she had, early, to become one of the main stays of the family and did not, therefore, have much chance for expansion along artistic lines. Climbing around on his Family Tree as he will, his mother's musical ability is the only artistic bent Robert can discover on either side. His father, Frank Meservy, is a clothier, a solid and substantial citizen, one of that great social type called "the backbone of the Nation" who just about manage to make ends meet as their reward for being backbones. So that while Robert and his younger brother Frank went through grade school and high school, they were public schools, and though they were offered college if they wanted it, they had to earn what spending money they had, they were brought up to believe that what we get in this world we work for, or go hungry.

When Robert was two years old the family removed from New England to Hollywood. Strangers here, they settled in a small house in a neighborhood which, it developed, was entirely Mexican. So that the boys went to school with little Mexicans and were dragged out when they began to speak with Spanish accents! They were removed to another school which turned out to be pupilized almost entirely by Italians. One of Robert's best friends now is one of the Italians he went to school with. And by the way, just now, for the understanding of foreigners, of the sons of laboring men which his cosmopeline schooling gave him.

Eventually, Robert went to the Atwood Lincoln High School in Los Angeles, met a few Americans for a change, decided to become a boxer, Made His First Appearance On Any Stage. He still thinks it's one of those things that he ever did school dramatics at all. Because he did not, he says, particularly admire actors. "Boxers, gridiron heroes, tennis champs, those were my men!" says Robert. But he had a friend who was a member of the Glee Club, did a lot of school theatricals, and Frank used to hang around school, now, for his pal that the dramatics teacher finally gave him a part in a play "just to fill in space. The play was called "The Pirates of Penzance." The dramatics teacher's name was Edward Wenig. "And," says Robert, "I've never reach that state of grace where people care about who 'discovered' me, the credit line or the blame attaching goes to Edward Wenig. It all dates back to him, everything I've done. He made me an actor. Against my will, too. All set to be a boxer but he made a lot late for rehearsals and kept poor Mr. Wenig in a state of perpetual exasperation, anyway, I appeared in a number of school plays.

I was in the Shakespearean contests, of course, they went along with your Lat. class. I'm sure the first thing I ever 'rendered' was Hamlet's Soliloquy. It must have been. Contrary to most guys, though, I liked Shakespeare. That should have warned me. It didn't.

"The summer I got out of school, that was in 1935 and I was fifteen, Edward Wenig took me by the scruff of the neck and practically gave me to Mrs. Patricia Power, Tyrone's mother, you know, who with her stock company was doing Shakespearean repertoire out here. And I got the part of Julius Caesar, playing opposite Mrs. Power herself. Isn't that terrific! I spent the next year wandering around Hollywood, playing in Little Theatres, the kind that want you to pay as you play; at benefits in the Hollywood Bowl for Mothers' Day—that sort of thing.

"Then I went to one of the public readings at the Pasadena Playhouse, I forget the name of the thing I did—it was an original. I must have fascinated Gilmor Brown, and he hired me. He gave me his first part, he (I hope) and only juvenile part, as Dennis in 'Ethan Frome,' I don't want to play juveniles. You see," explained incredibly young Mr. Preston, "I don't feel young. I'm not the coltish type. Not a play-bo, I've never been much of a one with the girls. Haven't had time. Playing at the Playhouse, working in a parking station, ate up my days and nights. My brother, Frank, two years younger than I, has had quite a life already. Not me. And by the way, I had to wear a mustache for 'Beau Geste' and discovered that I could grow my own, overnight!" (Let Gable tie that!)

"Well, then I got what it takes—the 'breaks!' There I was at the Playhouse playing supporting roles as humbly as any I've. Then the Screen Actors Guild de-
Ginger Rogers – Hollywood’s sparkling star. See her in RKO’s new motion picture “Bachelor Mother”
"When Tomorrow Comes" is a triple treat—besides Irene Dunne and Charles Beyer it has Frances Robinson above.

Stanwyck is simply terrific. She was so good to me—she wouldn't let me do a thing unless she okayed it. She wouldn't even let me take a drink unless I first okayed the pose. She'd take me off and give me all kinds of tips—like there's the camera over there, take a good look at it and then when I come out to get anything let me get too far in front of you! She'd advise me about how eyes screen the best—she gave me a lot of tips—too, talking to me to read only the bad things about myself, saying that there are enough back-splitters in the world so that I'd be sure to get a healthy load of the lovely things said about me—telling me that no matter how thickly I was buttered there'd always be some reviewer or critic, maybe even in Kearney, who wouldn't like my face and would say so—and how right she is! Gosh," breathed Bob, "when I first saw 'Union Pacific' I thought it was terrific, I thought I'd be a delightful acting job in my life as Mrs. Preston's little boy turned in—and then I saw it a second time and I thought that Mrs. P's little boy might have done a whole lot better—and then I saw it a third time and—let's skip it! Enough to say that I saw so many faults they'd make another story—so many they'd make a big story again that I'm practically Preston, Limited!"

"Barbara warned me, too, never to think of myself as of unique importance. Well, I was a little bit of a fool, too. Myself, we went out on personal appearance tour with 'Union Pacific' I found that out. When I appeared, they cheered me and they appeared to be natural devotees and they didn't know what a natural devotee was before another actor stepped out and got the same identical hand, and then some of the extras and cops and they didn't even know their names but doggone, if they didn't get the same hand, too! The golden word 'Union Pacific' is what gins the orchids on us. I learned that for keeps.

"Well, after 'Union Pacific' I went right into 'Beau Geste'—and again I didn't have the worry of the worry over what Gary Cooper and Papa and he took the best of care of me. I don't know, at this minute, what I'm going to do next, who my next Papa will be. I think maybe Lynn Overman from what I hear. Lynn was my Papa when we made the personal appearance tour. He told me what to and what not to—and if I do, Mama and Papa Know Best, I'll eat it!"

"I sure have to give it the laugh when I remember how I used to think that the Hollywood bunch were a cynical lot, having been bitten and all. Why, say, short of giving me their names and parts and contracts they didn't stop at anything. I have to laugh when I think how some arty people look down their five yards of noses at motion picture stars. I played with some mighty fine artistes at the Playhouse but I never had a leading lady that approximated Barbara Stanwyck. Everything Gary Cooper knows he learned in pictures. And if you think these stars get along just because they are 'personalities' that's because you've never worked with them. When you do work with them, as I've done, you know that they are actors who know their work. So here I am, and—"

"What?" I interrupted him here, "what about your Private Life? You have now attained to that state of living in a goldfish bowl full of personal information and the Private Life of Robert Preston is indicated. So, come, cast caution to the winds, give!"

"Younger, Preston looked not a whit dazed. A very self-confident young man, Paramount's Very Whitest Hope—you wonder how, at a piffling twenty, he has even managed to achieve so much self-possession, poise, balance, what the flowery novelists would label savoir-faire.

He said: "This is my first magazine interview, you know"—(I did Clark Gable's first magazine interview, too, by the way—is history repeating itself?)—"so I may be a bit stupid about what you want. But when you mention my Private Life I take it you mean—have I got a gal? Yes, I have got a gal. Her name is Cay Felter. She does dramatic work on the radio. So we have much the same interests. We're not going to get married suddenly, nothing like that. I can only say that it's this serious: we do intend to run around together for quite a while!"

"I haven't done the social at all, in Hollywood. Haven't even been inside the Troc. I don't know hardly any of the picture people socially, as yet. But we're going to do the social sometime, my girl and I, just to see what it's like. I know that a little of it will go a long way with me, as long as the rest of my life, no doubt. I still spend a lot of my spare time at the Playhouse. I sit in at the round table discussions. We go to the movies a lot, Cay and I, and I go to all the fights. I've got a nice house, now, that's what I wanted most. And my folks are happy. My mother doesn't have to work any more if she doesn't want to. She's been manager of the record department of a music shop for 16 years. She's still at it because she wants to. The big kick is that she knows she can quit if she wants to. The rest of my kick consists in the happy fact that I don't have to put on the same suit every day any more. And I've bought what I always wanted—a new car. Instead of one of the second hand fives which were my lot in cars, B.P.—Before Pictures.

"I want to make pictures like the story, "F.O.B. Detroit" which I may do, an automobile factory story. That's the type of thing I want to do—pictures where I can do six or seven scenes with my face pretty dirty. I have only one fear, of getting typecast. I'm not a 'moon' man," laughed young Robert, "but I do have enough temperament to want variety in what I do, guts and plenty of them."

"So," grinned Mr. P., "not a bit of breath after the longest "side" any actor ever delivered for an interview, "so, the zephyrs are still blowing and where they will blow next, nobody knows!"

I repeat, they are not zephyrs—blasts and gales and hurricanes have wammed Mr. P. right out of the "B's" and into the "A's"—and now and then I hear from Robert Preston, hardly toward stardom.
WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?

Sally asks Irene Dunne

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Lux Toilet Soap removes stale cosmetics thoroughly. It has active lather.

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